

EXCHANGE

A CANADIAN REVIEW NOVEMBER 1961, 50 CENTS



THE GRIEVANCES OF FRENCH QUEBEC

CANADA'S SUMMER FESTIVALS

ON THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY

ONE SENTENCE ON TYRANNY



There is a need for a new Canadian magazine which expresses the bi-cultural reality of Canada and publishes the best English and French writers of the country. There is a need for a new Canadian magazine that provides both a link and a dividing line between Canadians and the rest of mankind — a magazine that both records and helps the realization of individual and national identity.

There is a need in Canada for a new political magazine that provides a free exchange of views on our moral, social and economic problems. There is a need in Canada for a new political magazine that is guided by the belief that the challenge of the free flow of opinions is vital to the mental and social well-being of our nation — a magazine that is guided by moral principles instead of ideologies or the principle of expediency.

There is a need in Canada for a new literary magazine that can prove to the reader that good literature is not a bore. There is a need in Canada for a new literary magazine that publishes writers of talent and daring, whether they are known or unknown and regardless of what they are trying to say and in what style and form.

There is a need for a magazine of courage and integrity — a magazine which is ready to please no one and offend everyone but the innocent.

There is a need for a magazine of intellectuals which bows only to the powers of truth, beauty and intellect.

There is a need in Canada for a successful magazine of literature and politics—a magazine that is an instrument of power for those who know most and can do most in this country.

There is a need for a new magazine that can fire the imagination of men to realize their strength, to realize that each man's thoughts and actions may influence history.

This is the kind of magazine we hope to publish. If we succeed, much of the credit must go to those who already serve similar aims with THE CANADIAN FORUM, with THE TAMARACK REVIEW and at the C.B.C. Moreover, if any new Canadian magazine will succeed, credit must go to Mr. O'Leary and his commission; their hearings and report did a great deal to awaken Canadians to the need for national publications. We offer here our sincere thanks to all of them.

In launching EXCHANGE we may well over-estimate our ability to create the kind of magazine this country needs — and we may well over-estimate the forthcoming sympathy and support.

We are not certain of our success, but we are certain of the need.

LETTERS

A month ago we wrote to a number of distinguished Canadians in politics, education and the arts, outlining our plans for EXCHANGE, inviting their comments on the following questions:

Do you think Canada needs a new magazine, and, if so, what kind?

Is it possible for a new Canadian magazine to achieve and maintain a high artistic and intellectual standard?

What do you think our chances are — or those of any other Canadian magazine of this kind?

Here are the answers we received so far.

ON THE POSSIBILITY OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

In reply to your letter of August 5th re the establishment of the new Canadian magazine, *Exchange*, as a medium of literary and political criticism in Canada, may I wish you luck. I think there is need for such a magazine, particularly one that can be objective and courageous in its political criticism in particular. There is a great need for a medium which will give an accurate reportage of the facts rather than the slanted and irresponsible so-called news of international events which daily adds to the war hysteria on this continent.

Whether such a magazine can survive or not is another question. A lot will depend on its quality, its good judgment and its courage in facing issues, and the determination and persistence of its backers.

DONALD CAMERON
The Senate.

May I first of all thank you for associating me to the launching of a most interesting project. I am delighted to hear that you will soon be publishing a new monthly which will be, to use your own words, "A Canadian Review of Contemporary Thought".

You will no doubt agree that it is difficult for me at this time to give an opinion on the merit of this new periodical. As a matter of principle, however, I have no hesitation in saying that an intellectual and literary review will be a valuable contribution to Canadian culture. It is most gratifying to note that you have enlisted the collaboration of such outstanding writers as are mentioned in your letter.

Whether or not your magazine will survive the stormy period of the beginning is not for me to say. One may well reflect, however, that if Canada is unable to give its wholehearted support to an intellectual publication, all our efforts towards the preservation and expansion of our national culture would be pointless.

It is to be hoped, and I want to believe, that *Exchange* will find its place among our readers. The Canadians who understand the meaning of the civilisation which has been entrusted to them in America will fully realize the scope of your endeavors, and I have little doubt as to the outcome of your initiative.

May I extend to you my very best and most sincere wishes of success.

ROGER DUHAMEL
Office of the Queen's Printer.

As the new publisher of *Saturday Night* and *Liberty* I welcome *Exchange* to the Canadian scene.

Yours is the second new magazine to appear this Fall and the existence of more magazines will, I hope, stimulate more and better writers in this country. In *Saturday Night* and *Liberty* we shall compete with you for them and we shall also try hard to get all your readers as well as our own. Such competition can only mean a better periodical press in Canada, with which I am sure you and I are both equally concerned.

ARNOLD EDINBOROUGH
Saturday Night

Let me say briefly that I believe Canada should have magazines of the kind you hope to produce, that I believe the talent is available to write competently, even perhaps brilliantly, on the themes you have in mind, but that there is little evidence to support the hope that such a review can be made economically viable.

Years ago a small boy of my acquaintance wrote a fairy story about a great king who called upon the youth of his kingdom to perform some task of incredible difficulty. If a young man succeeded, he was to have the hand of the king's daughter in marriage. If he failed, the penalty was immediate execution. The boy wrote: "Many tried, and the streets of the city ran blood."

Your position is not unlike that of the unsuccessful heroes of the fairy story, for many have tried and failed. This does not mean that you will not be the one to succeed. Certainly I wish you good fortune.

G. V. FERGUSON
The Montreal Star.

I shall watch with great interest for the first issue of the magazine, and wish you all success with this new venture.

W. KAYE LAMB
Public Archives of Canada.

I must say I am delighted to

hear of your intentions regarding the proposed magazine. I feel there is at the moment a sad lack of such stimulus and leadership in Canadian publications. I think it is very doubtful that what you plan will succeed, but I think you deserve the warmest plaudits and encouragement for having the foresight and the guts to try. Needless to say, I hope I am wrong about the prospects.

With best wishes.

MICHAEL LANGHAM
Stratford Shakespearean Festival

Many people in the past few years have thought about starting a literary and political monthly, but very few have had the courage to look beyond the first formidable obstacles and do what the editors of *Exchange* are doing. The question of whether Canada really needs such a magazine can only be resolved by testing one out among the people who are likely to buy it, and I congratulate you for trying.

You ask if it is possible in this country to achieve and maintain a sufficiently high standard for such a magazine. I think that it is. Any publication's editorial quality, of course, depends entirely on the willingness of the editor to insist on good writing and to resist the temptation to be "literary" at the price of being incomprehensible.

Can *Exchange* survive? I would say that its chances of success depend entirely on content, rather than on the degree of publicly sponsored protection it receives from foreign competitors. I have read the O'Leary Royal Commission report and am conscious of how discouraging some forms of competition can be for Canadian magazines. It remains true, however, that the best Canadian publications survive, and that the mortality rate in the publishing industry is no higher in this country than it is in the United States. Those which have failed did so because their readers (followed inexorably by their advertisers) lost interest.

SHANE MACKAY
Winnipeg Free Press.

I do indeed think that Canada needs a new literary and political monthly. *The Canadian Forum* has done a most worthwhile job alone for forty years, but it has never been able to pay for contributions nor attract a large body of readers. If you can establish and maintain a magazine that has the literary and intellectual quality of the *Forum* plus the kind of flair needed to enlist a substantial list of subscribers, you will do an inestimable service to Canadian culture. Almost every writer of stature in Canada over the past forty years has had his early work published in the *Forum*, and if you can do as much to encourage native talent you will earn the gratitude of all. I do hope, however, that you will put quality first, and seek always to encourage experiment and dissent: if you attempt to cater to a mass audience by lowering your standards, you will probably fail to get the necessary circulation and you will certainly fail to do the job that needs doing. I hope will try also to avoid dullness and pedantry, and that you do not carry your announced policy of special issues too far: let us have wit, diversity, and surprises.

DESMOND PACEY
*The University of
New Brunswick.*

Since even countries like Great Britain and the United States do not produce many periodicals such as *Encounter*, or *Harper's* or the *Atlantic* these days, perhaps the fact that Canada does not possess any such broadly based "quality" magazines of its own should not be too surprising. Nevertheless it would be nice to have at least one national Canadian magazine aimed at the intelligent layman — the (perhaps mythical) cultivated general reader. It would also unquestionably be very good for Canada.

One major contribution which such a publication could make to Canadian national life would be the establishment of more and better lines of communication between those who are articulate and their potential audience. At the moment, CBC radio is prac-

tically the only substantial means available for such interchange — an interchange which is of course vital to the growth, in fact to the survival, of any sense of identity in a country with a population as scattered as ours. Canadians with something to say have not lacked journals in which to publish their opinions (as the Canada Foundation's current list of more than sixty "Canadian Cultural Publications" makes clear), but most such periodicals now in existence are, at least to some extent, aimed at special audiences. Certainly none of them regularly reaches a significantly large segment of the Canadian reading public.

What the trade terms the "quality" magazine, as its label implies, does not seek a mass audience. Yet obviously it must have a sufficiently large number of readers to enable it to survive. Can Canada support such a magazine? Have we enough "quality" readers — and even more important, have we enough "quality" writers? One must remember that both the potential audience and the potential contributors for such a magazine are, in Canada, divided into two main language groups. Canada's "two cultures" lend it distinctiveness, but they also considerably reduce the chances for success of a "national" magazine published in only one of its two official languages.

In any event, in order to succeed, a magazine of this kind must have "quality" in every sense of the word. As has frequently been pointed out, mere Canadian-ness in itself is not a guarantee of goodness. To justify its existence, such a magazine must be at least as good as (and preferably better than) *Encounter* or *Harper's* it should be able to compete with them in the world market. It would naturally feature mainly the writing of Canadians about things Canadian, but certainly it should not do so to the exclusion of outstanding contributions from and about other countries — and its Canadian discussions should always show an awareness of a wider context.

Given such characteristics, would it win support? All the evidence points to a long uphill struggle.

"Quality" magazines have not been notably successful in Canada in the past. And briefs submitted to the recent Royal Commission on Publications supply ample evidence concerning the fierce competition for the Canadian advertising dollar. The types of firms which support quality magazines in other countries — mainly book publishers and large companies which go in for "institutional" advertisements — are not major buyers of advertising space in Canada. The potential reading public certainly exists, though just how large it is, and just what proportion of it could be induced to subscribe to a new magazine, is difficult to estimate.

One can only wish such a new venture well. Canadian writers can certainly use an additional outlet for their wares — particularly one which pays in cash as well as prestige. And Canadian readers require the stimulus of further exposure to the opinions of their countrymen, well and vigorously expressed. And Canada badly needs a first-rate journal which can take its place with distinction on the newsstands of the world, and provide tangible evidence that Canada's writers do not lag behind its actors, its dancers, its musicians. The prospectus of *Exchange* sounds promising. Time alone will tell whether it can measure up to the demanding task which it has set itself.

JOHN STEDMOND
Queen's Quarterly.

I am much interested in your magazine and in your questions. Speaking merely as a curious reader, I don't see how you can have too many magazines which aim at a high artistic and intellectual standard. And the sort of magazine you propose, which unites the substance of art and politics under the same cover, has more potential vitality and influence than any other. But whether Canada can provide the money, mind and interest to sustain such a venture is a different matter. It may be that financial resources are less of a survival problem than intellectual. Forgetting readers for the

moment, what community are you going to draw on for your writers? The odd intellectual reporter or journalistic academic isn't the answer. They're a pair of infertile hybrids in this country anyway; and between them lies the underpopulated desert in which any aspiring Canadian journal of opinion is going to dry up. The first-rate intellectual commentators whom you will need are an undeveloped class; since there's no real Canadian market for them, you won't find them waiting to write your articles; you'll have to create them as you go along, and most of the time you'll do with a poor makeshift. If you have any success creating Canada's missing class, you'll certainly deserve it.

MILTON WILSON
The Canadian Forum

ACADÉMIE CANADIENNE FRANÇAISE

Les occupations du Directeur de l'Académie ne lui laissent pas les loisirs de se rendre à votre invitation.

(The above response was received without salutation or signature.—Ed.)

ON CULTURAL AND LITTLE MAGAZINES

"While their voices may sometimes seem rash and irreverent, they are of our proud heritage of dissent, a right which we set confidently against the totalitarian way. To know the story of freedom is to feel their need . . ."

from the REPORT OF THE ROYAL
COMMISSION ON PUBLICATIONS.

FACING UP TO THE MASSES

The confessions and memoirs of contemporary American intellectuals frequently strike a poignant note which bears little resemblance to the moods and ideals of their recent ancestors. An earlier generation of writers and intellectuals proclaimed its hatred of America in terms that were defiantly aggressive, even confident. To read the personal essays and letters of American writers of the recent past — H. L. Mencken or Richard Wright, Sinclair Lewis or Theodore Dreiser — is to witness a forced march on American complacency. To read the equivalent work of their successors is to watch, at best, a confused retreat.

In its broad outlines this is a by-product of the well-documented loss of innocence and the equally well-described end of ideology. Who, after Auschwitz, could maintain that faith in European — particularly German — civilization which sustained a Mencken in his attacks on America? Who, after the 1940's, could maintain that respect for the Soviet Union which was apparently so essential to a Dreiser? And the young intellectuals cannot, on the other hand, make the accommodation with America which began to be expected of them after 1945. The new America, in their eyes, is far more hostile to genuine culture than anything Lewis knew; far more alien to a humane view of life than anything Mencken might have imagined. It contains, as James Baldwin says, "probably the world's most bewilderingly empty way of life."

The difference between the writers of the present and those of the recent past is, I suggest, the mass media. Apparently it is not possible for the present generation of American writers and intellectuals to ignore the mass media,

though the mass media may ignore them. Television, radio, movies and advertising have become so central to the American experience that to ignore them would be like refusing to read about politics — only eccentrics can manage it. The post-war writers constitute the first generation conditioned by mass culture; they are the first to react violently against it and to define themselves in terms of it.

Sometimes this results in a weird celebration of the grotesque, like Jack Kerouac's hipster babbling about his love for "The Shadow" and "Popeye," printed in *Playboy*. Sometimes it leads to a richly textured form of sociology, best illustrated by such *Commentary* contributors as Anatole Broyard, Norman Podhoretz, and the late Robert Warshow. Sometimes it produces the most curious sort of withdrawal, like J. D. Salinger's — hiding out from interviewers in Westport, he sends his stories to the *New Yorker* as if they were reports from a Zen underground, but he places at their centre a writer much like himself and a group of precocious mystics whose parents sell the children's talents to a quiz-kid radio show. James Baldwin has taken the opposite course: in response to the slick anonymity of the mass media, he reveals himself directly, painfully and embarrassingly, sometimes in a mass magazine like *Esquire*. When Baldwin discusses the mass media directly he catches the sense of exquisite horror which many people feel at this confrontation:

"What the mass culture really reflects is the American bewilderment in the face of the world we live in. We do not seem to want to know that we are *in* the world, that we are subject to the same catastrophes, vices, joys and fol-

NOTES & REVIEWS

lies which have baffled and afflicted mankind for ages. And this has everything to do, of course, with what was expected of America: which expectation, so generally disappointed, reveals something we do not want to know about ourselves. The American way of life has failed — to make people happier or to make them better. We do not want to admit this, and we do not admit it . . .

But if mass culture provides a dream-world for its audience it also provides a harsh view of reality for the writer. Confronting mass culture, the writer must admit its implications, as Baldwin does: this is what America wants, this is how America thinks, this is America. The mass media immediately place the writer terrifyingly close to the society around him. Flaubert's disdain — "I abhor ordinary existence. Personally, I have always held myself as aloof from it as I could" — is at last not only obsolete but impossible. No writers have ever had to face the truth about ordinary existence, about the quality of ordinary life, so directly as the American writer (or, for that matter, Canadian writer) of today. For no large mass of people has ever before made its tastes and desires so brutally evident. The people have come out of the slave compounds, the peasant hills, the sweatshops, and they have spoken. The message is devastatingly clear . . .

For the moment, the best response to this new, inescapable mass society appears to be comic—Philip Roth's half-comic, half-romantic approach to bourgeois Jewish-American society in *Goodbye Columbus*, for instance, or Edward Albee's corrosively satirical assault on the clichés of American family life in *The American Dream*. But in essays, confessions, etc., the comic response is so rare as to be almost extinct. Three books published in the last two years present the records of three personalities confronting America: *Nobody Knows My Name*, by James Baldwin; *Views of a Nearsighted Cannoneer*, by Seymour Krim; and *Advertisements for Myself*, by Norman Mailer. Given the limits of the New York scene, these are

three very different writers. Yet their books have something important in common: a sense of anger and bewilderment, amounting almost to panic, before the society with which they must deal. If there is any humor here it is only the half-choked laughter of bitterness.

James Baldwin, the most eloquent and imaginative of them, describes American society in the terms which are given to him by his life as Negro. But he is saved from becoming a "Negro writer" by the fact that his essays, however often they concentrate on the specific facts of Negro life, have an application that is close to universal. Baldwin himself has said that his flight from America (to Paris, of course) was not very different from the flight of any other American writer, even though he felt at the time that he was escaping the inferior status American society pressed on him. Baldwin discovered that even in Paris, or especially in Paris, he was first an American. There came finally the day which comes to all expatriates: "It is the day he realizes that . . . if he has been preparing himself for anything in Europe, he has been preparing himself — for America." So Baldwin came home. Since then his essays (most of them reprinted in *Nobody Knows My Name*) have concerned the miserable life of the new Harlem housing projects; the desperate ambitions of southern Negro parents who send their children to formerly all-white schools; the attitudes of American Negroes to the white people who are always in favor of integration somewhere else; the myopia of the white liberals who believe that only a few eccentrics or Communists are responsible for such incidents as the Negro demonstrations at the United Nations.

These essays are among the best of their kind, and they deserve to be regarded as a permanently valuable record of Negro life in this period. But their significance goes farther. Everything Baldwin writes about America's handling of the Negroes can be generalized to an indictment of mass society; the issues surrounding the Negroes, that is, are not isolated phenomena. The new tenements in Harlem are

a direct result of a mass society's desire to label a "problem," find a bureaucratic "solution," and then move on aimlessly to the next disaster. The liberal attitude to the Negro demonstration at the UN is the result of a similar innocence — all minority peoples in America are expected to believe in the American ideal, whether or not it has anything to do with their own lives: Negroes will just have to wait, and in the meantime keep order. These attitudes, based as they are on undefined, quasi-religious beliefs (particularly the belief in progress) are the unspoken everyday assumptions of the mass media, the cement of a blank wall which resists reality.

This is the wall against which Baldwin flings himself. A few years ago he wrote mainly for the literary magazines; now he appears in such wide-circulation publications as the *New York Times Magazine* and *Esquire*. Everywhere he offers the same message — *wake up!* At times he delivers it in a panic; at other moments he seems almost to gloat over the disasters of the future: "We do not, in this country now, have much taste for, or any real sense of, the extremes human beings can reach; time will improve us in this regard." He goes on (in an essay on Mailer and himself, "The Black Boy Looks at the White Boy") to say that the American fear of experience is one of the reasons the American writer has a peculiarly difficult and dangerous time. In the same article Baldwin recalls a time in Paris:

"I was weary, to tell the truth. I had tried, in the States, to convey something of what it felt like to be a Negro and no one had been able to listen: they wanted their romance. And, anyway, the really ghastly thing about trying to convey to a white man the reality of the Negro experience has nothing whatever to do with the fact of color, but has to do with this man's relationship to his own life. He will face in your life only what he is willing to face in his."

Baldwin's essays range widely over men and ideas, but they come back always to this point: he can-

(Continued on page 67)

EXCHANGE

A CANADIAN REVIEW OF CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

VOL. 1

NO. 1

EDITOR:

Stephen Vizinczey

ART DIRECTOR:

Vittorio Fiorucci

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

*Earle Birney
John Robert Colombo
Robert Fulford*

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT:

Kina Buchanan

ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR:

Arnold Gelbart

BUSINESS MANAGER:

Michael Teff

PUBLISHER:

Robert B. Hershorn

**EDITORIAL, BUSINESS AND
CIRCULATION OFFICE:**

1559 Pine Avenue West,
Montreal 25, P.Q.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

\$4.00 a year
.50 a single copy

The opinions expressed in *Exchange* are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the magazine.

All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. Entered as Second Class Mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Exchange is published monthly by Exchange Publications Inc.

No contents except short excerpts for review purposes, may be reprinted without written permission.

On the Possibility of the Impossible	2	LETTERS
Publisher's Page	8	
Editorial	9	
Social Thought and Politics	14	John R. Seeley
On The New Democratic Party	14	André Philip
Power (poem)	15	F. R. Scott
The Coin Tossers (story)	17	David Lewis Stein
One Sentence on Tyranny (poem)	19	Gyula Illyes
Students and the Soviet Ambassador	23	Dimitri Roussopoulos
Poems	24	Avi Boxer Leonard Cohen Irving Layton Raymond Souster
They Muffed It	26	Robert Weaver

CANADA'S SUMMER FESTIVALS

Stratford and Success	29	Jack Winter
Vancouver and the International Arts	33	David Watmough
Montreal Film Festival	37	Guy Glover
Four Poems	42	John Robert Colombo

THE GRIEVANCES OF FRENCH QUEBEC

The Old and the New Regime	45	Léon Dion
Pierre Jérôme (portrait)	50	Jacques Tremblay
Excerpts from Insolences	51	Pierre Jérôme
The High Standard of Corruption (cartoons)	53	Vittorio Fiorucci
Exchange of Views	57	André Laurendeau vs Pierre Bourgault
From the Manifesto of R.I.N.	59	
The Outraged Bipéd (satire)	63	Jacques Ferron
I'm Not Desperate! (story)	64	Hugh Hood

NOTES AND REVIEWS

Facing Up to the Masses	5	Robert Fulford
Goulet's Violent Season	69	Paul Gottlieb
Leonard Cohen	71	Stephen Vizinczey

PUBLISHER'S PAGE

About our poets: LEONARD COHEN has escaped to Greece for the winter in order to complete his first novel. IRVING LAYTON is now writing short stories some of which will be published in later issues. FRANK R. SCOTT, who has become Dean of the Faculty of Law at McGill, is also one of the contributors to *Social Purpose for Canada* which will be reviewed in our November issue. JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO is a regular contributor of poetry and criticism to several Canadian periodicals and an associate editor of both *The Tamarack Review* and *Exchange*. RAYMOND SOUSTER, a founding member of The Contact Press and a former editor of the international poetry magazine, *Combustion*, is getting a new volume of poetry ready for publication. Perhaps less well known than his poetry is the fact that he makes his living as a clerk in a Toronto bank. AVI BOXER, who has published poetry and articles in a number of little magazines, is a student of psychology at Sir George Williams University.

DAVID LEWIS STEIN has been publishing short stories in various Canadian periodicals. He is also

Associate Preview editor at *Maclean's*. ROBERT FULFORD is the book critic of *The Toronto Star* and a frequent contributor to the CBC and various Canadian magazines. PAUL GOTTLIEB writes book reviews for *The Gazette* and studies psychology at Sir George Williams.

GEORGE JUHASZ has been a political cartoonist for various Swiss dailies; his sketches in *Exchange* are his 'first' in this country. BRUCE JOHNSON who illustrated *One Sentence on Tyranny* lives on an island.

Most of the French material in this issue was translated by KINA BUCHANAN who has been associated with a number of Canadian periodicals. LOUIS MARTIN, a writer with *Le Nouveau Journal*, wrote the biographical notes on our French contributors. He also selected the passages from *Les Insolences du Frère Untel* for translation. MARY McILWRAITH, who, in addition to her lecture courses at Sir George Williams, is preparing a long study for *Exchange* on books concerning nuclear policy, has also been editorial assistant for this issue.

ENEMIES OF LIFE

This magazine is committed to provide a free exchange of ideas because it is conceived to serve the cause of freedom. And if it will serve the cause of freedom it is because this magazine is founded on the belief that human life is the supreme value in the universe.

There were times in history when such a statement may have been superfluous, but it is sadly imperative today when, to recall the judgment of Albert Camus, "murder is the only problem". Moreover, this tragic condition has a tragic peculiarity: as murder becomes more universal it also becomes less noticeable. Executions are being replaced by the production of industrial waste-products and chain reactions — by mechanical, impersonal and invisible processes. Yet it is still possible to point the finger at the executioners.

In showering upon mankind a new series of nuclear tests, Khrushchov has once again manifested himself as the chief enemy of life and liberty. So much has been written about his "reasonableness" and his "genuine desire" for peace that many had begun to think that he was really a nice old man wanting no more than his bottle of vodka. We would suggest, however, that he is drunk on stronger stuff than alcohol — stuff that clouds not only the mind but the heart. He is drunk on the blood of the people he murdered in order to rise and stay in power.

This truth about the man is too awesome to be generally realized, and at another time we shall attempt to measure the depth of misunderstanding which has led many experts to conclude that one of Stalin's ablest henchmen is concerned with creating a sensible and humane communist policy.

Even though such change of character takes place only in melodrama, there are commentators — cold war warriors, among others — who try to explain even Khrushchov's latest decision as a rational act. They would have it that, pushed by the Chinese and by his own military leaders and scientists, and confronted by the western powers at Berlin, his resumption of nuclear testing was a rational thing to do.

We draw another conclusion. It was not sensible to expect that the Soviet testing would "soften" western policy and it has not. It merely serves to increase the influence of psychopaths on this side of the iron curtain. Indeed, these psychopaths may now claim a partial victory; the U.S. has resumed testing underground, in spite of the fact that its nuclear arsenal is already more than enough to destroy civilization. Admittedly, these tests do not improve defense; they only improve weapons — which is a way of demonstrating that western policy makers are just as mad as Khrushchov. However, there are simpler ways to demonstrate the same kind of irrationality — for example, President Kennedy could turn up at the U.N. and pound *his* shoe on the table. If every Soviet action must be matched by like action, this would be a cheaper way of doing it; it might even be more clearly indicative of the level of intelligence at which Washington's foreign policy is conducted.

The folly and crime of one side, however, do not diminish the folly and crime of the other. We should not join those who find Hungary less of a crime because of Suez or Cuba — or vice versa. Nothing the west has done (or will do) should obscure our view of Khrushchov. He is still the neurotic bully he has always been, obsessed with keeping and getting what he wants, regardless of the consequences.

The fascinated gambler, shrewdly and stupidly, has successfully introduced an era which is worse than the times of earlier testings. Up until now nuclear deterrents were only *referred to* as means of persuasion; now they are actually being exploded (above or underground) simply to prove a point.

As the Berlin crisis submerges into speeches and face-saving solutions, we hardly notice that we have learned to live with nuclear tests as a means of communication, that we have learned to live with an increased possibility of the inconceivable. And in the meantime, as a result of Khrushchov's orders for the explosion of a small arsenal of nuclear weapons, the life of every man on earth has been shortened.

Thus fades the fame of Caligula.

EDITORIAL



SOCIAL THOUGHT AND POLITICS

JOHN R. SEELEY, *Professor of Sociology, York University, is a co-author of Crestwood Heights and a frequent contributor to various Canadian and American publications, among them The Atlantic Monthly and the University of Toronto Quarterly.*

Let me begin by asserting, at the risk of being trite, that communication in general, language and thought, arise in action, are a species of action, flow back into action. They are judged, and ought to be judged, according to the qualities of the actions they permit, engender or release. What makes Einstein's statements in Physics preferable to Newton's is judged by their capacity to permit a wider range of action (including further "thought") of a desired kind.

In the case of statements in the physical sciences, their viability is decided by two tests. The first is a social agreement at least to entertain the assertion long enough to make possible a cooperative test of a different kind. The second test is an appeal for agreement to the entities the statement speaks about. If I assert that the moon is made of green cheese, one version of the second test would be to get there (with Russian help, I presume) to take a bite and to let others observe the dental and digestive consequences. But note that this test depends on the "consent", the non-objection of the object, of the data, the thing *given*.

Now, in the case of statements in social philosophy, the second test is essentially the same as the first, i.e. the agreement of the data, in this case, people. If I say "people are essentially good" (or evil) I may not directly make them good or evil thereby; but as men come to credit the statement as "true" they will be or become better or worse, and, certainly, different. If I say, with many modern analysts of organizations, that the effectiveness of authority depends on the consent of those over whom authority is held (i.e. that rank and file men are effective mules) then, as men come to believe this seeming assertion, organizations will be indeed different and the problems of government have not only been verbally recast, but substantively altered. If I say that universal history is the history of class struggle, I may well exacerbate such class struggle as there is; or I may, as has happened, add a new dimension of hate (shared by all classes) to international war-

fare. If I say, at a lower level of abstraction, that middle-class Canadians are largely guided in their social evaluations by reference to the symbols of nineteenth century English aristocracy, I shall expect, after a hurricane of angry disclaimer, some diminution in the factual warrant for my assertion.

The reader may think the illustrations trivial, and taken rather more from philosophy than social science. Let me compensate by taking a still living example of far-reaching consequence. I hesitate between Machiavelli as the first great political scientist and Adam Smith as the first great economist. Either would do, but I will select Smith, because economic theory may seem to be more casually relevant than political theory.

In *The Wealth of Nations*, Smith, a very close observer of the society of his day, puts forth some very interesting observations on some really quite "objective" matters: the division of labour, the sources of "wealth," the nature of markets and such-like recondite phenomena. It is true that he draws the logical implications of what he asserts and observes. And it is also true that he somewhat sanctifies the way things actually work by invoking, as an analogy for the market, "The Invisible Hand," which providentially brings high public good out of low private motive. Providential or not, he made it crystal clear that if only men would behave like sensible economic beings, leave the market alone except for protection from force and fraud, and leave everything to the market, the best possible world would ensue.

It may go too far to lay at Adam Smith's door the rape of the beauty that was England, the emergence of a new type of nearly universal man, the organization of the best part of the world under the hegemony of the City of London, two world wars, the emergence of fascism and communism, the depression, and the promise of a final, universal atomic holocaust. All this, I believe, lies latent in the simple assertions of this gentle Edinburgh professor, this spokesman for moral philosophy. I shall not attempt to support this thesis in detail here, leaving the curious

to pursue it further in Karl Polanyi's *The Great Transformation*. Certainly, Smith and his intellectual heirs, in reporting history, made it; in observing human psychology with particular reference to the possibilities of cupidity, transformed it; and in putting forth some observations upon and about society, they well-nigh destroyed it; returning us to the jungle, the *bellum omnia contra omnes* of which Hume so movingly speaks. The civilized world up to about 1930 could quite properly have been stamped "Made in Britain" and borne the legend "Adam Smith, Edinburgh" for the manufacturer's signature.

I am now asserting that this picture is prototypical, that social philosophy and social science function normally thus, and that the bounds on what men can be brought to believe about themselves are not immediately evident. Certainly men can be brought widely, if not enduringly, to think of themselves as very like ants or bees, or worms or grass; as naturally good except insofar as institutions spoil them or naturally bad except insofar as institutions control them; as distinctively political animals; as basically rational or non-rational or irrational; as fundamentally like rats or Pavlovian dogs; as manifestly predictable; or obviously unpredictable; as masters of their fate or eternal victims of circumstance; as producers or produced; creatures or creators; masters of the universe or specks in a cosmic void.

At the very least, it is the business of social science to certify to men, as credible, certain assertions from among "true propositions" about themselves. Since there is an infinity of such true propositions, social scientists are bound to select some for certification and neglect others, if only because their own lives are finite and their readers' patience even more so. Since, as I have asserted, the beliefs about this kind of "object" (men) alter the nature of the object in a very sensible degree, it is hard to escape the notion that social science makes, rather than reflects, society.

Let me take as an example of how the problem arises, a recent

invitation I received to speak at a conference on "The relation between individual and society". I am forced to say that the invitation constituted a very tempting political offer, something like the offer of a cheque, blank as to amount and payee.

One may, of course, without self-contradiction take the view that there is "really" no such thing as society. What is to be observed are persons: not just "individuals" but "unintegrables," elements not only not to be divided, but not to be properly assimilated into larger wholes. These individuals act, react and interact. We may recognize the interaction; but it is an error — the fallacy of misplaced concreteness — to give it a name, and then try to study it as an object. Society on this view is nothing but a name for the interactions of individual men — a verb masquerading as a noun.

I think one can, alternatively, but also without self-contradiction, take the view that it is society that is real and the individual who is illusory. The society persists. The so-called individuals appear for a brief instant, embody some of the society's knowledge and purpose, taste the rewards and punishments by which the society ensures its own survival, fill the roles which society allocates, are used, discarded, and, unless socially commemorated, are for social purposes, finally forgotten. According to this view it is an error to say *I think*; *methinks* would be better grammar as condensation of *it thinks me*. And by *it* should be meant society. We are what we are because of social influence; our significance to ourselves and others is a matter of social influence; and we may be regarded as a mere cell, and a readily replaceable one at that, in the body corporate. The willingness of men to die if only their society or culture may endure testifies to the strength of this view. The universal concern of the suicide with the social appearance of his act — giving his death just the right cachet — is further evidence. Men can bear to die; they cannot bear to think that their lives and deaths should have no social significance, no result in the increase or de-

crease of the social capital. According to this view, "the individual" is the name we give in a moment of ill-advised misplaced concreteness to the passing aspects of the enduring social life.

Actually neither view represents anything except a slogan pointing to a program. Both views, in terms of the program to which they point, command my entire and unswerving disagreement, although both are equally respectable formulations by any other test. It probably seems obvious that one formulation points to a rather radical anarchism politically, while the other points toward a sort of monolithism. However, these political consequences need not necessarily flow from these views: men have an infinite capacity for producing and sustaining effects quite different from design. No aliens, for instance, no pagans have spilt so much Christian blood, produced so many Christian martyrs, as other Christians in order to ensure the dominion of love to all men. "Better the fez of the Turk in Byzantium," said one Orthodox Patriarch, "than the tiara of Rome." No torture chamber, before the Nazis, compared with that of the Holy Inquisition, in the Name of the Prince of Peace. I reject the views rather because they are so extreme as to be unlikely to lead to any intellectual or political result I care about, than because I can clearly see and dislike an inevitable political result that flows from either.

What needs emphasis is that a statement about the relation of individual and society has already more of a political than a theoretical or intellectual bearing. The statement, whatever it is, is a program. Perhaps I should also allow that such a statement is a theory; or, more precisely an ideology, which is to say a theory for the sake of a program. More particularly it is implicitly a theory of social causality, leading to a political and moral judgment, and to alterations of economic, social and psychological — perhaps also cultural, geographic and historic — relations.

Let me try an illustration. Depending on one's view of the rela-

tions between individual, group, institution and society one may well view delinquency as being caused by the individual delinquent, or his particular individual parent, or his mentor-in-crime who teaches him what every young delinquent should know. Alternatively, we can ascribe causal role to the institutions of "the gang" or "the family" or "the broken home". Or we can locate the difficulty in "the slum," or the rapacious landlords, or the rent or tax system; or, by an easy extension, in the very nature of the metropolis; or in the conflict in the culture which always underlies any persistent social trouble. We may even, since dollars spent on armaments cannot be spent on people, reasonably impute cause or blame to the Soviet Union. Since, as W.H.O. says, "Conflicts begin in the minds of men," we might even choose these as the locus. We might, quite simply, regard the laws themselves as the cause of the delinquency, since it is obvious that their repeal would eliminate the problem.

Now many people are under the illusion that there is some scientific way to deal with this rather generous list of candidates for causal election. The list is actually infinite, so it is no solution to say "accept them all as causes." Science can only tell us about correlations: its statements are about phenomena in the world "out there." Picking out *the cause* of some-

thing is quite a different, and not a scientific but a judicial matter. This is especially true where, as in most human affairs, the phenomena are in continuous mutual interplay (e.g. police aggression wakes boy-aggression, which leads to increased police action, which leads to further counter-aggression, etc.) Even in the supposedly non-reciprocal causal net what we mean by "the cause," is that attendant phenomenon we may alter most conveniently. If it is easy and convenient to spray stagnant pools, then lack of sanitation is the cause of malaria. If it is easier or more convenient to swat mosquitoes, mosquitoes are the cause.

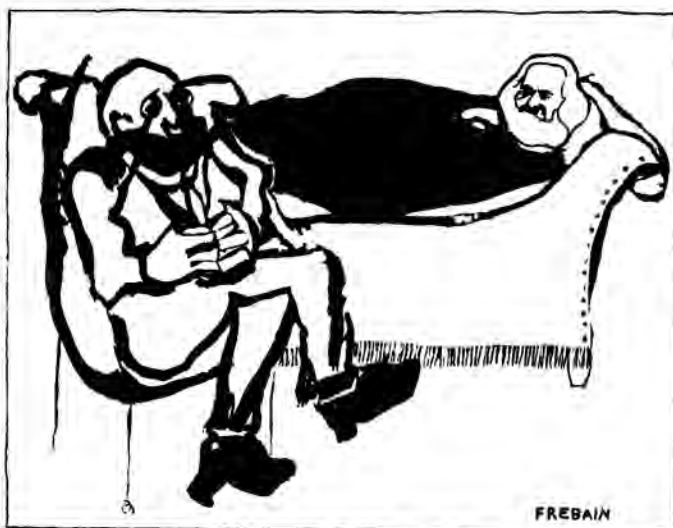
In the physical sciences, the canons of convenience are ultimately social, although they appear as technical, which saves a great deal of fussing. What allows them to appear as technical is a clear pre-existing and explicit understanding as to costs at any given moment. Whether lightning or lack of lightning-rods is the major cause of barn fires is pretty well settled by the prices of metal and labor. In the intermediate sciences, the conventions are semi-hard and semi-explicit — which poses some problems both for doctors and public health theorists.

In the social sciences, it must be obvious that what is "convenient" or "easy" depends on whose ox is being gored. And there are virtually no cases in which no one

has a vested interest in a given ox. Hence what is a social cause (or the social cause) is a matter of adjudication — literally the handing down of a judgment. The assertion that X is the cause of Y is socially a legislative act: this is the way the infinitely open situation is to be viewed. It is also a judicial act: X is or are responsible. And, of course, it is an executive one in which the playing possibilities of X's hand are altered.

It does not matter very much to the people concerned, whether the line of investigation being pursued is scientific or ethical, whether we are asking "What is the cause?" or "Who is to blame?" Blamelessness, ascribed or felt, is a cash-value asset. Whether, in directing attention to rapacious landlords as a factor in delinquency, I in effect call out rent-controls over landlords or contempt and hate for them, as a social response, is not a very significant difference. The point is that first the identification constitutes a fine of one kind; and, second, that it leads almost invariably to a second fine of a different, a politico-economic kind. Curiously, even then, the fine does not expiate entirely the offense for which it was ostensibly levied.

I do not think judicial function can be avoided by the social scientist, especially the student of social problems; and it is, for the social philosopher, perhaps *only function*. Both act then in the role of Cadis. I use the word advisedly, since their function is not simply judicial, but unguided by any explicit body of case or statute law, and, indeed uninformed usually by conscious principles of justice. The whole procedure is saved to some small degree from the ascription of pure arbitrariness in so far as, and only in so far as, social scientists and philosophers identify themselves successfully with some more general and transcendent good than the interest of any party at issue. The operative word here is "successfully." I do not doubt that we all comfort ourselves that we are operating in the general interest: even General Motors allegedly believe that what is good for it is good for the country. What I do doubt is that many



"But really, you can't expect to change the world, Mr. Marx".

of us are capable of correct identifications. And what I do know is that it is not customary in an open society to leave judicial decisions entirely unguided except by private views of public interest.

Since nobody proposes to abolish social philosophers or social scientists, nor seriously to curtail their activities, I only suggest that they and we openly recognize the political nature of their professional acts. A social scientist who establishes the undoubtedly true fact that much delinquency results from the lack of care or knowledge in the delinquent's parents is saying implicitly: let us attack ("help" as they call it) the parents. The next scientist, who establishes that the lack of parental care is due to the parents' own lack of care from *their* parents, may be only impugning the dead. But that they are attempting to direct action cannot be disguised.

If my positions are well taken, then we should assess all statements of social philosophy and science solely or principally from the viewpoint of their programmatic implications — apart from assessing credibility, of course.

It is for this reason that I have studiously avoided here any definition of the relation of individual and society, or any enumeration of the problem of the individual and society, in the modern world. I have, in effect, impugned the very social philosophy and social science you were counting upon to get you out of your peculiar and parochial perspectives — out into the free, wide life of all mankind. And, indeed, you may well ask how you are to judge the program implied by the pronouncements if you do not have a social philosophy and some social science to begin with.

I cannot wholly extricate myself from the plain implications of my argument, and I shall not try. I have attempted to shift the reader's gaze from propositions to implied programs. But even these cannot be assessed by themselves, for all programs have further programmatic consequences which can rarely be foreseen. These secondary effects, rather than immediate or intended consequences, may be

Leonard Cohen

FOR MARIANNE

It's so simple
to wake up beside your ears
and count the pearls
with my two heads

It takes me back to blackboards
and I'm running with Jane
and seeing the dog run

It makes it so easy
to govern this country
I've already thought up the laws
I'll work hard all day
in Parliament

Then let's go to bed
right after supper
Let's sleep and wake up
all night

what most urgently need assessment.

Of the doors I have closed I will now open one or two — by a crack and no more. I have indeed said that the social philosophers, wittingly or unwittingly, are making political pleas, and hence, in effect, recruiting party members. I have also said that they may frequently, in the nature of things, not be clear whom or what they are serving, or to whose banner and against whose army they are calling you. But I have not said, even so, that their adversions are no better than the suppositions of the unphilosophical or uninformed. They are politicians, but not low-level politicians. What they say has usually been thoroughly examined for internal consistency. It is also a selection, on political or psychological grounds, from among well-finished thought-systems rather than mere philosophic bric-à-brac. I invite the reader to a guided scepticism, not a blind counterposition of one view to another as though all were equally good.

The modern world is one in which social science is emerging as a set of ideas of actually realized and, more important, potentially revolutionary consequence. The post-Marxian world will never be the same world. The post-Freudian world is unalterably different. Post-Dewey education is changed beyond measure or repair. The post-Pavlovian psychology cannot return upon itself. These names mark the big explosions. Simultaneously, thousands upon thousands of relative unknowns are working their minor social revolutions by social science day by day: changing a perception here, noting a connection there, like minor St. Peters binding this and loosing that. The total is a major social movement worthy of our attention as such.

Writing this article for a new magazine of literature and politics, I might add that when we as readers are confronted with an artistic or scientific image of reality — we are not simply "finding out", but find out for or against. And, in this sense, we are all judges and legislators.

ON THE NEW DEMOCRATIC PARTY



ANDRE PHILIP, professor of Comparative Social Politics at the University of Paris, is one of Europe's leading socialists and a strong advocate of a United Europe. He was a member of the Resistance Movement during the war and Minister of the Interior of Free France in 1942. After the war he became Chairman of the Constitution Committee and subsequently served two terms as Minister of Finance (Gouin government, 1947 and Blum government, 1948) and one term as Minister of Economics (Ramadier government, 1949-52). He was a member of the Economic Council 1951-57. This summer he was invited to attend the founding convention of the New Democratic Party, and the Couchiching Conference where he recorded his comments on the NDP for Exchange.

Before giving my impressions on Canada's new party, perhaps I should warn my reader that I am merely an occasional visitor here and that, most of the time, I have to rely on journals and family letters for the news about this beautiful and tascinating country. My views are those of an interested foreign observer.

This being said, perhaps I may offer my impress.on that, with the New Democratic Party, a genuinely new political force is appearing in Canada. I cannot foretell its future, cannot tell whether or not it will succeed, whether or not it will appeal to the majority of Canadians. However it seems to me that there is a good chance of a change in Canadian politics and that if this change is realized, it will be through this new party. Its program of planned economy and decentralized administration is a program — and this I say with certainty — which responds to the needs of all countries in the modern world.

Indeed, the adoption of a policy based on the recognition of these needs (i.e. planned economy and decentralized administration) is vital for any successful economic expansion — which, in turn, is vital for the normal functioning of any industrial society. The facts force this conclusion upon us day after day, though to act accordingly is not always an easy matter. Here perhaps I should recall our difficulties in France. The state we inherited from Richelieu, Colbert, the French Revolution and Napoleon was a very highly centralized state with an administration in Paris which made all the decisions. The state was not supposed to intervene in the economic life, but where it did it was always through Paris. Until quite recently it was possible to maintain this contradictory situation of a largely unplanned economy within a highly centralized state, because most of our industries were centred around Paris or in the north-east (near coal and iron ore). Today, however, with new chemical and electronics industries developing in the Alps, and with oil beginning to arrive from the Sahara, a whole new complex of industries is developing in the south of France. Thus

there has been a revival of local and regional life and, at the same time, a revolt against the centralized state which is simply unable to adapt itself to the new economic conditions. Yet — and this is the paradox — the whole of our economic growth needs to be centrally planned if it is to succeed. Obviously then, the structure of the state must be completely transformed, and, incidentally, this has been a source of a number of crises in France. The transformation is of course taking place, because it must, but there have been many inherent difficulties.

When and if Canadians accept the program of the New Democratic Party and try to resolve this paradox of planned economy and decentralized government, they will, I think, have an easier time of it than we, thanks to the existence of provincial governments.

While approving the economic and social program of the new party I, as a European socialist, feel a certain pride: this program has obviously benefited from the pragmatic solutions of modern European socialism. In another sense, however, it must be said that the New Democratic Party is ahead of European socialist parties. To take again an example from my own country: in every major political decision which has been made in France in the last five years, the socialist party has split in two. The reason for this is that the conventional socialist parties of Europe were created to solve the problems of the 19th century and all too often they are still fighting past issues with an ideological heritage which no longer corresponds to reality and only serves to disrupt the forces of democratic socialism.

This is now recognized and there are many organizations — the non-communist trade unions, student groups, farm groups and regional development groups — working to create a new democratic party in which all the democratic elements of the country may co-operate to solve the problems of modern society. To my mind, what makes the Canadian New Democratic Party internationally significant, is that it has achieved

exactly what we are still trying to do in France and elsewhere in Europe. By uniting all the democratic elements of a country — not so much on an ideological basis as on the principle of personal freedom and a sound economic program — the new Democratic Party is a model for socialist parties all over the world.

However, economic and strictly political considerations by themselves are no longer enough for solving the problems of a modern, mass society. And if I have any criticism to make about the New Democratic Party, it concerns the lack of emphasis on education and culture. From the program and the founding convention, I had the impression that the members of the New Democratic Party do not give these problems the priority they demand because of their magnitude. I am convinced that, in the final analysis, the success of our democracy depends upon whether or not the majority of people are educated, and whether or not they

are exposed to a living culture, I feel very strongly about this, which is why since the liberation I have been organizing the French federation of youth and culture houses — by now we have about 400 of them. We are also trying to develop public educational centres and cultural enterprises (like theatre) which are practically free. We find that it is between 30 and 40 that a man can learn the most and therefore it is vital that we provide education and culture to this age group. Now I don't really know what should be done about these problems in Canada, but there obviously should be more of an interest and concern in finding solutions.

Finally, I would like to mention that, coming from Europe, I find it rather surprising that there are still people in North America — both in Canada and the U.S. — who regard the growth of socialist movements (or socialism) as a step toward communism. This is not only absolute nonsense, it is

the exact reverse of the truth. The fact is that, in the world at the present time, if you confront the people with the choice between free enterprise and communism, you have a greater and greater risk that people will choose communism. Communism gives some high rate of progress while free enterprise in its classic form just does not correspond to anything any more — free enterprise countries have shown in the past years that they have an increase of only 1 or 2 per cent in the national income a year, which is absolutely impossible to accept today. Thus the option is not really between free enterprise and communism but between communism and democratic socialism: the latter being able to offer not only high economic growth, but individual freedom as well. That is why everything which strengthens democratic socialism is a blow to communism and everything which diminishes the influence of democratic socialism helps the spread of communism.

F. R. Scott

POWER

The king I saw who walked a cloth of gold,
Who sat upon the throne a child of God,
He was my king when he was most a myth.

Then every man paid homage at his feet.
Some fought his battles and shed ransom blood,
Some slew their rights to magnify his claims.

It was our centuries that cut him down.
Bold kings would totter with the lapse of time.
We pushed them over with our rebel shout.

Yet of this metal are new kingdoms struck,
The unknown kings that filter through the laws
Make baron plans to multiply their fiefs.

We break their shackles but new kings are close.
We smell them in the churches and the schools.
We see their garter on the righteous judge.

And now the corporate kingdoms raise their flags,
Their marriage-contracts stretch their boundaries
And pour their armies into foreign lands.

This clink of gold is echo of a crown.
Father and son are founding dynasties.
Each hailed invention lays a palace stone.

While far across the ploughlands of the East
The single master who is history's dream
Holds up his hand to daze the patient throngs.

It seems the shadow of a king is here
That strides before us to the rising sun.
Some shadow of a king that will not fade.

The tumbled limbs of monarchy are green.
A hundred heads survive our mightiest stroke.
These broken dreams, these fragile interludes.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF OPINION AND THE ARTS

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Founded in 1920, THE CANADIAN FORUM provides informed and timely comment on Canadian politics, society and culture, reviews of current books, articles on world affairs, and a wide selection of poetry and fiction from Canada and elsewhere. It aims at a comprehensive and unprovincial, as well as a vigorous and opinionated, view of Canadian things and of the world at large in which they have their place.

Business Manager: L. A. Morris

Subscription: \$5.00 a year

Managing Editor: Milton Wilson

Address: 30 Front St. W., Toronto.



*wise people
have*
**SAFETY
DEPOSIT
BOXES**
at
**THE
TORONTO-
DOMINION
BANK**

Where People Make The Difference



THE COIN TOSSERS



It was Hank's lunch hour and we played ping pong in the lobby of the "Y". I was ahead, but then we made it for cokes and he really put the pressure on. It was four out of seven and Hank cleaned me four straight.

"Wait until I finish work", he said. "And we'll go down to the beach and get some sun."

Hank worked in the men's locker room at the "Y", checking tote boxes and giving out soap and towels. He was my club leader. Every club in the "Y" has to have a leader and when we got organized they gave us Hank. He was good at sports and with his coaching us, we won out in volley ball and floor hockey and came second in basketball. When we got our club jackets, all the boys chipped in and we gave Hank one for free.

When summer came, we suspended the activities of the club and most of the boys drifted away. I had a deal where I took over three morning paper routes and I stayed in the city. During the day, I hung around the "Y". Hank got off early in the afternoon and we always did something together. The gym was deserted at that time of day and we played twenty-one and practiced our shooting. Sometimes we went for a swim in the "Y" pool and sometimes we went up to the steam room on the men's side and sat for hours, just the two of us, and had a good sweat.

When Hank finished work, he took a couple of "Y" bathing suits and towels and we went down to the gas station where he parked his jeep. He called it "Pegasus" after the Greek horse with the wings. Whenever we had a club function, like a ball game, or we were going to a show together, all of us piled into Hank's jeep. Once when we were supposed to be going on a hike in the country, he went off the road in four wheel drive and spent the whole afternoon racing up and down the hills with us hanging on for dear life in the back. It was the best club function we ever had.

We went first to Nancy's house because he had called her and she was going swimming with us. Nancy was the girl that Hank was taking out. When we ran the milk bottle game at the "Y" carnival, she came and took money for us. Some of the guys said that Hank was engaged to her, but he told me once when we were alone in the steam room that he didn't plan to get married to anyone for a long, long time.

Nancy was sitting on the porch with her mother

when we came by, and we parked the jeep and went up. They were drinking iced tea and Mrs. Berney asked us if we wanted some. I looked at Hank and he said yes we did, and Nancy went into the house to make it. I sat down on the steps and Hank sat on the railing across from Mrs. Berney.

"And how are things with you, Henry?" she said.

"Very well, thank you", Hank told her. "The work is easy and I get off early now in the afternoons."

"You've been at the "Y" almost a year now. You must like it there." Mrs. Berney had a newspaper folded in half and she was fanning herself with it.

"I find it a very pleasant place to work", Hank said.

"I'm sure it is", Mrs. Berney said.

Nancy came back out carrying a tray with iced tea. There were slices of lemon hanging over the edges of the glasses, and she gave one to me and one to Hank and put the other two on the table for herself and her mother.

"Henry has been telling me about his job", Mrs. Berney said. "He likes it very much at the "Y".

I tried to catch Hank's eye but he was staring right over my head. I wanted us to get out of there as quickly as we could. The iced tea was pretty sour stuff and I didn't want to ask them for any sugar.

"Hank is planning to go back to school in the fall", Nancy said. "He's going to finish up his B.A."

"You can't go very far these days without an education", Mrs. Berney said.

"Well", Hank said, "I figure that with summer school, I can finish it off in one year. I was thinking of going into high school teaching. I'm very fond of mathematics."

"High school teachers can do very well for themselves", Mrs. Berney said. "My sister-in-law teaches school and she goes to Florida every Christmas."

Hank stopped looking out over my head and turned to Nancy. She said it was time we were going and she went into the house to get her things. When she came back and everyone was standing up and talking I slipped the glass of iced tea back onto the tray. But no one said anything about me not drinking any of it.

When we got to the beach, Hank paid for all of us and Nancy went off to the girls' side and we went to the men's to change. While we were putting our clothes in the locker, I asked Hank about it, and he told me he was giving it serious consideration.

"I have to do something sooner or later", he said. "And high school teaching is a pretty soft touch."

I said I thought he would make a fine teacher. He just laughed and rumbled my hair.

When we got out on the beach, Nancy was waiting for us. She had a shopping bag in one hand and a blanket over her arm. We went a good distance from the beach house and spread out the blanket and anchored the corners with handfuls of sand. It was a weekday afternoon and there were very few people on the beach. Nothing like it is on Saturday and Sunday. Hank and I stretched out full length on the blanket. Nancy took a pair of sunglasses and a magazine from her bag and lay on her stomach to read.

There were two ships in the harbour way out in front of us and we watched them heading for the docks that ran along in front of the city. They were so far away that all we could see was the outlines of them above the water. I asked Hank which one he liked and he took the one with the red rings around the smokestack.

"You're blind as a bat", I said. "That's the smaller one."

"All right", Hank said, "I'll take the grey ship. It doesn't matter which one I take. It's all a matter of chance, anyway."

Nancy looked up from her magazine. "That's silly", she said. "If it's a race, you should be able to judge the size of the ship and the speed and things like that, and make a pretty intelligent guess. Luck plays only a small part in it."

"That's where you're wrong", Hank said. He sat up on the blanket and turned to face her. "Everything is a matter of luck. People keep running around choosing things and making big decisions, and what finally happens to them in the end is all blind chance. They'd be further ahead if they just flipped a coin."

"That is some philosophy", Nancy said. "If everybody thought like you, things would really get done, wouldn't they?"

"What's the difference?" Hank said. "They get done anyway. Things work themselves out in the end. If you made every decision by flipping a coin, heads or tails, the sides of the coin would eventually even themselves out and you'd make just as many good moves as bad ones."

"I'll think about what I'm doing, thank you", Nancy said. "You go flip a coin."

"All right", Hank said. "I'll prove it to you." He marked off a big square in the sand and divided it in half. At the top of one half, he wrote "Heads" and on the other half, he wrote "Tails". I was appointed official scorekeeper and Hank took a quarter from his bathing suit pocket and started tossing it. While I kept track of the results, he flipped it in the air and caught it with his other hand, turning it over once on his wrist to see what he got. Nancy watched us for a while and then went back to her magazine. At first, tails seemed to be coming up almost every time and then it started to even out a little, but it was still almost three to one for tails. Whenever I had four marks in the sand, I drew a fifth crosswise and we could tell easily just where we were.

It was a beautiful afternoon. The sky was grey, like maybe it was going to rain later, but the sun was still overhead and very hot. It seemed to pour down all over us as we worked.

After a while, Nancy got up and went to the beach house. When she came back, she had Cokes in paper cups for us.

"The score is one hundred and thirty-five to eighty-seven for tails", Hank told her.

"Are you doing all this just to prove something to me?" she said.

"Oh no!" Hank said. "This is a pure experiment. If it works out we're going to do a paper for *Scientific American*. Wait'll Oppenheimer hears about this."

Nancy lay back on the blanket and put the magazine over her face. I think she fell asleep. Hank and I kept at our experiment. I couldn't toss the coin because Hank said we had to have "Controls" and that meant the same person had to make all the tosses. We had a whole section of the beach to ourselves and we were able to make our scoreboard as big as we needed. I looked out at the ships, but they never seemed to move. I could see the little puffs of grey smoke coming from the tops of them but they were far out in the harbour and they seemed to be always directly in front of us.

When Nancy woke up, it was two hundred and seventy-eight for tails to two hundred and fifty-one for heads, and we were getting pretty excited. Heads were beginning to come up almost as much as tails had when we first started. Our scorekeeping squares reached almost to the water.

"It's getting late", Nancy said. "Let's go in the water before we have to go home."

"Later", Hank said. "We can't leave our experiment now. The mephisticator might blow up!"

"Come on", Nancy said, "you can finish it after. I want to have at least one good swim while the sun is still hot."

"Fine", Hank said. "You go down and have a little dip. We'll catch up to you. We haven't far to go now."

Nancy put on her bathing cap, and I watched her go down to the water and keep on walking steadily until it was up to her waist. And then she dove into a breaker and kept right on going. She was a fine athlete. She swam straight out until all I could see of her was the white bathing cap when it bobbed up behind a wave.

By the time she came back, we had it down to a difference of five between heads and tails, but that was as close as we ever got. Nancy came to the middle of our square and began to erase our marking with her feet. I yelled at her to stop, but Hank just sat where he was, with the quarter in his hand, and watched. She kept it up until she had completely covered all the square and there was nothing left of our experiment but a pile of sand.

"It was three hundred and twenty-two to three hundred and seventeen", I said to Hank. "I can still remember it."

"No", he said. "It doesn't matter. We'll do it again some other afternoon. It's time to go home now."

What Spain was for us twenty years ago Hungary will be today. The subtle distinctions, the verbal tricks, and the clever considerations with which people still try to cloak the truth do not interest us . . .

It is not the function of intellectuals or of workers to glorify even slightly the right of the stronger and the fait accompli. The truth is that no one, neither individual nor party, has a right to absolute power or to lasting privileges in a history that is itself changing. And no privilege, no supreme reason can justify torture or terror . . .

At least we shall try to be faithful to Hungary as we have been to Spain. In Europe's present solitude, we have but one way of being so – which is never to betray, at home or abroad, that for which the Hungarian combatants died and never to justify even indirectly, at home or abroad, what killed them . . .

The untiring insistence upon freedom and truth, the community of the worker and the intellectual (who are still stupidly warring here, as tyranny aims to keep them doing), and, finally, political democracy as a necessary and indispensable (though surely not sufficient) condition of economic democracy – this is what Budapest was defending. And in doing so, the great city in insurrection reminded Western Europe of its forgotten truth and greatness. It made short work of that odd feeling of inferiority that debilitates most of our intellectuals but that I, for one, refuse to feel.

(Albert Camus: *Resistance, Rebellion, and Death*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1961.)

ONE SENTENCE ON TYRANNY, a poem translated into more than forty languages, appears here in a new English version of GEORGE JONAS and JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO. "No translation," they write, "can even begin to do justice to the technical brilliance of One Sentence which is written in quatrain, in iambic metre, and in which each end-word rhymes with either "tyranny" or "gun-barrel", and no end-word is ever repeated."

GYULA ILLYÉS is the poet laureate of his country; along with the composer Kodály he is considered to be the greatest living Hungarian by his compatriots. His unchallenged reputation, however, did not prevent a fascist military court in 1944 from condemning him to death in absentia for his participation in the resistance movement. After the Russian Army had moved back into Hungary, instead of prison, he was put into a mental hospital to account for *One Sentence on Tyranny* and his support of the revolution. As a result of the protest of western European writers – led by Albert Camus and Ignazio Silone – he was freed and is now publishing poetry on aging, and translations of the works of Shakespeare, Molière, Baudelaire, and Pushkin.

ONE SENTENCE ON TYRANNY

Where there is tyranny
there is tyranny,
not only in the gun-barrel,
not only in the jail,

not only in interrogation rooms,
not only in the words of the guard
who cries out in the night,
there is tyranny,

not only in the persecutor's speech
flaring up like dark smoke,
in forced confessions,
in signals prisoners tap on their walls,

not only in the judge's dispassionate
pronouncement: "guilty"
there is tyranny,
not only in the manner of the military

as it barks out orders: attention,
fire, in the ceaseless drumming,
in the way the corpse drops
into the ditch,

not only in the way
they half-open the door in secret,
in the fearful whisper of the news,

in the finger as it falls across
the mouth to signify silence,
there is tyranny in the face
immobile behind the furrows,

between which a wordless cry
flutters for help,
and in the distended pupils where a waterfall
of silent tears permits the quiet to grow,

there is tyranny not only
in cries of "long live", in hurrahs and songs
as we shout
standing up at attention,

where there is tyranny
there is tyranny
not only in the applause
of exhausted hands,

in bugles, in operas,
in the resounding stones of statues
that lie just as loudly;
in colours, in art galleries,

separately, in respective frames,
and even before, in the painter's brush;
not only in the soft sound of the automobile
that slides through the night

and in the way it will
stop in front of your door;

where there is tyranny it is
apparent
on heaven and earth,
more like a god than your god;

there is tyranny
in the kindergartens,
in the advice of fathers,
in the smiles of mothers,

in the way a child
will answer a stranger;

not only in barbed wire
in books, between the lines,
or in the slogans that stupefy
more than any barbed wire,

it is here,
in the parting kiss,
in the wife's asking:
when are you coming home, dear;

in the normal how-are-you's
that can be heard in the streets,
in the handshake
that suddenly becomes soft,

in the way your lover's face freezes
all at once
because it is there,
at your rendezvous,

not only in the interrogator's questions,
but also in the confessions
in the sweet drunkenness of words,
a fly in your wine,

for in your dreams
you are not alone,
it is lodged in the wedding bed,
even before, in your desire,



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



there is tyranny not only
in cries of "long live", in hurrahs and songs
as we shout
standing up at attention,

where there is tyranny
there is tyranny
not only in the applause
of exhausted hands,

in bugles, in operas,
in the resounding stones of statues
that lie just as loudly;
in colours, in art galleries,

separately, in respective frames,
and even before, in the painter's brush;
not only in the soft sound of the automobile
that slides through the night

and in the way it will
stop in front of your door;

where there is tyranny it is
apparent
on heaven and earth,
more like a god than your god;

there is tyranny
in the kindergartens,
in the advice of fathers,
in the smiles of mothers,

in the way a child
will answer a stranger;

not only in barbed wire
in books, between the lines,
or in the slogans that stupefy
more than any barbed wire,

it is here,
in the parting kiss,
in the wife's asking:
when are you coming home, dear;

in the normal how-are-you's
that can be heard in the streets,
in the handshake
that suddenly becomes soft,

in the way your lover's face freezes
all at once
because it is there,
at your rendezvous,

not only in the interrogator's questions,
but also in the confessions
in the sweet drunkenness of words,
a fly in your wine,

for in your dreams
you are not alone,
it is lodged in the wedding bed,
even before, in your desire,



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON

for you can find beauty only
in flesh it has raped,
and tyranny you embraced
when you thought you loved,

in plate and in glass,
present in nose and mouth,
in cold and in dusk,
outdoors and in your room,

when you open your window
and the stink of death enters,
as if the gas
had been leaking someplace in the house,

if you speak to yourself
tyranny questions you,
in your imagination
you are not independent,

the milky way becomes a border zone
where spot-lights are searching for you,
a mine field; the star
a peep-hole;

the busy tent of sky:
a great concentration camp;
because tyranny speaks
in the fever, in the tolling of bells,

in the priest to whom you confess,
in the sermon,
in church, parliament, torture chamber:
in so many acts, on so many stages;

close and open your eyes
it always looks at you;
like illness;
it walks with you like memory;

you can hear the wheels of the train
saying: you are a prisoner, a prisoner;
on the mountain and on the seashore
you breathe it;

the lightning strikes, it is there,
it is in all unexpected
noise and light,
in the beat of your heart;

in rest,
in the chains of boredom,
in the fall of rain
the bars that reach to heaven

In the snowfall that closes in around you
like the white walls of your cell;
It stares at you
through your dog's eyes,

within every purpose,
it is in your tomorrow,
in your thoughts,
in each of your movements;

like river and its banks
you follow tyranny and create it;
if you try to see beyond its circle,
it looks back at you,

it watches you, you cannot run,
you are the prisoner and the guard,
in the taste of your tobacco,
in the texture of your clothes,

it eats its way in,
it penetrates your very marrow;
you would try to wake up
but you cannot think of anything but its ideas;

you would look, but you can see
only what it has marvellously created,
and around you a forest is blazing with a fire
made from matchsticks,

for you threw it down,
you did not crush it out,
now it is guarding you,
in the factory, in the fields, in your house;

you cannot feel what it is to live,
what bread and meat are,
what it is to love, to desire,
what it is to open your arms,

the servant wears his chains
and manufactures more of them;
if you eat, it grows
and you beget its children;

where there is tyranny,
everyone is a link in the chain;
it has an odour, it flows out of you,
you are tyranny yourself;

moles in brilliant sunshine,
we walk in darkness,
we are restless in our chambers
as in a desert;

because where there is tyranny
everything is in vain,
the song no longer has strength in it
no matter how true it is,

because tyranny stands, has stood
over your grave from the beginning;
now it declares who you were,
and your ashes are its best servant.

As soon as the Soviet Government announced its intention to resume the testing of thermonuclear weapons, the Secretariat of the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament mobilized for an emergency demonstration before the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa over the Labour Day week-end. Some eighty students and friends set up a two hour picket of the Soviet Embassy. Finally the Soviet Ambassador granted the student leaders an interview. The students submitted a strong letter of protest to the Ambassador which included the following statements:

"The Soviet announcement to resume the testing of thermonuclear weapons has descended upon us with great shock and despair. We young people find it hard enough as it is to sustain our hopes in a bright future that will be free of murderous nuclear weapons and free of the arms race, with the irresponsible attitude that great powers have towards disarmament and world peace . . . This new Soviet intention which will mean the further poisoning of our health, the damaging of our children, and countless generations to come, is nothing short of a criminal intention.

"This action on behalf of the Soviet Government is an affront to the dignity of all humanity. No aim can justify the deaths of human beings. We demand an immediate stop to this madness."

The Ambassador, however, was quite unmoved. "You have not studied the Soviet Government's reasons for resuming nuclear testing", he said. "We have resumed testing with great regret. You have shown yourselves to be irresponsible and hot-headed students. We were forced to resume testing to preserve world peace and security. We have upon our shoulders the responsibility for the lives of over 200 million people. You have no such responsibility. We refuse to discuss nuclear testing as a separate item to general and complete disarmament."

To this the students replied, "No matter what your interpreta-

tions of Western intentions are, you have no right to poison people whom you do not represent."

Nevertheless, the Soviet Ambassador's response was confined to the statement that we are "irresponsible" and that the Soviet government will poison the atmosphere with their testings only "to protect people".

It is interesting to ponder upon the conducts of governments. In July 1956, when Mr. Krishna Menon was advocating a cessation of nuclear testing at the Disarmament Commission of the UN, the Soviet delegate was his only supporter, and Mr. Wadsworth, the United States representative, used the same language as that of the Soviet government's representative in Ottawa, or, for that matter, Khrushchov himself. "The United States", he said, "has a responsibility not only to its own people, but to the people of the free world, to maintain its capacity to defend itself and to deter aggression. By so doing, it contributes to the maintenance of international peace . . ." (UNDC. Official records, Jan.-Dec. 1956, p. 13).

From this it seems that the great opponents are in agreement on more points than one would generally suppose. They also agree in calling us "irresponsible", and do whatever they can to hinder our work. (The anti-bomb protest march of an American group has recently been turned back from the East German border, in spite of earlier promises that they would be allowed through — promises given at the time the group was touring Western Europe. And we have just received the news that Bertrand Russell has been imprisoned in England!)

Sometimes I wonder whether the western and communist government's common disdain toward nuclear disarmament movements isn't strong enough to provide a platform for their peaceful co-existence, with no further need of testing?

Until that day, however, it is we, men of the street, who have the burden of trying to stop the race toward total annihilation.

DIMITRI ROUSSOPOULOS

STUDENTS AND THE SOVIET AMBASSADOR AT OTTAWA



Dimitri Roussopoulos is chairman of the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CUCND).

Leonard Cohen

SONG

I remember you, pretty frock.
I tore you from
a faultless body
twenty years ago.

I found you this morning
under the bed,
with the snapshot
of an old woman.

Irving Layton

THE GODS SPEAK OUT

Yes, Yes. Sarajevo or Berlin:
That's our name for doing mankind in.

Men we loathe; women, only less so.
Into the holocaust let them go.

Yet on these creatures, malign, perverse,
Is laid no irremediable curse.

Untimely made out of air and slime,
Disorder hurtles them into crime.

For reason and conscience, subtle pair
Engendered by the luminous air

When streaked with mud that nothing may cleanse
Are both perverted, serve evil ends.

Their reason into simple cunning grows
To first invent, then destroy, their foes.

While conscience leads them to devise
Cruel delusions and hypocrisies.

And those whom reason and conscience maim
The pale companions of guilt and shame:

The virtuous who damn up their hell,
The meek—why, we know these by their smell!

And is there one whom power to kill
Does not secretly exalt and thrill?

Troubled by light as by the dark, men
Must hurt their kind however they can.

Harder it is to love than to hate;
More thrilling to ruin than to create.
We do nothing; merely watch and wait.



Avi Boxer

WEDLOCKED

If you love poetry
more than Circe
you are a pig, beyond a doubt.
Worse, you lack the decency, the herb
the guts to die of self-
realization,
the imagination
to decapitate
when you hear a severing verb
present your head upon a plate
with an apple in its mouth.



Raymond Souster

THE GOING

in memoriam Anne Wilkinson

Anne dead . . .
And getting the news cold
From William Arthur's weekly mortuary,
The words jumping off the page at me.
Last seen at Collier Street
You tried to smile that night
But death looked out from your face
Gave back the charming lie.
Now let me keep
One last fantasy of you:
Those flashing blue eyes, red hair flaming
As your lips take one last puff from the cigarette holder
And blow it with a fine sense of timing
Square in the face of your Unholy Hangman.

THEY MUFFED IT

ROBERT WEAVER, *editor of CBC special programs and of The Tamarack Review is responsible for the discovery of many poets and writers of the younger generation.*

It is four months since the Queen's Printer published, in a plain yet attractive format, the Report of the Royal Commission on Publications. It is a brisk and often quite graceful piece of writing. It seems a pity that it should suffer the disadvantages of being essentially both inadequate and irrelevant.

There has been a great fluttering in the editorial dovecotes ever since the Report appeared. "Time" spoke a warning to its Canadian readers, and its partner in unfair competition asked wistfully: "Does Canada Still Want The Reader's Digest?" A dozen major newspapers have questioned the wisdom of the Report's recommendations, and they have been ticked off by "Saturday Night", which has been on the barricades since June. The Periodical Press Association has reproduced an editorial from the Ottawa "Journal" (Mr. O'Leary's newspaper) as a magazine advertisement. In mid-September "Weekend" published a two-page advertisement promoting the Report; it was signed by every large magazine and weekend newspaper in the country with the exception of "The Star Weekly". Even "The Canadian Forum", which should know better, has accepted by implication at least, most of the findings of the O'Leary Commission. The politicians and the people have slumbered.

One trouble with the Report is that it is an entirely negative and defensive document. It offers no positive recommendations that might help us to create a better, more varied, and healthier Canadian periodical press.

It is true that the Report lifts its sights from "Time" and "The Digest" for long enough to make a recommendation about the "little magazines". It proposes "That non-profit cultural and 'little' magazines carrying less than one-third

advertising content be granted free mailing privileges throughout Canada for their first 5,000 copies per issue and for authorized sample copies". This recommendation was frequently quoted in newspaper coverage of the report. Here was a Royal Commission that marked the sparrow's fall. But as I've said elsewhere, this recommendation is an empty (maybe even insulting) gesture. It would assist the "little magazine" with which I'm connected, "The Tamarack Review", to the extent of about \$75.00 a year. It wouldn't keep "Canadian Art", the largest of our "little magazines", in cigarette money.

I don't think it's necessary at this date to examine the other recommendations in detail. Most of them are designed to make it as difficult as possible (that is, impossible) for "Time" and "The Reader's Digest" to continue publishing Canadian editions. The other barrel of the shotgun has been aimed at American magazines like "The Saturday Evening Post", which publish split-runs that make it attractive for Canadian advertisers to publish advertisements in those issues intended for distribution in this country.

As supporters of the Royal Commission say, there is no real issue here of freedom of the press. If "Time" and "The Digest" stopped publishing Canadian issues, we could still read the American editions of both magazines. But I prefer to read the Canadian edition of "Time" and its four pages of news and opinion about this country, and so do a great many other Canadians.

Yet "Time" and "The Digest" do have competitive advantages in Canada, and I think that the Royal Commission should have recommended measures to force both magazines to spend more money on their operations in this

country. But "Weekend" has what seems to me unfair competitive advantages in its struggle with "The Star Weekly" and the Canadian consumer magazines. The CBC goes after advertising with certain advantages that some other organizations lack. "Maclean's" has been accused of experimenting with split-runs that offer unfair competition to regional publications in Canada. The Report of this Royal Commission notes that in 1950 the Maclean-Hunter organization accounted for 56.4 per cent of the advertising revenue of Canadian consumer magazines, and that by 1959 its share was 78 per cent. One member of the Royal Commission, Mr. George Johnston, argues in a supplementary observation to the Report itself that one way to limit the danger of a Maclean-Hunter monopoly is to feed back into the Canadian magazine field the advertising revenue that now goes to "Time" and "The Reader's Digest". Mr. Johnston's theory is that in this way new magazines will be encouraged to enter competition with "Maclean's", "Chatelaine", and "Canadian Homes". But the new magazines do not exist, and the aggressive Maclean-Hunter organization does.

There is no easy solution to these problems, but the members of this Royal Commission were hindered in their search for solutions by some curious blind spots. The Report opens with a brief statement about the "feel" of a truly Canadian press. But the Commissioners do not seem to have any real "feel" when it comes to magazines. The exception is Mr. Grattan O'Leary, who in the public hearings last winter showed a more lively interest in all kinds of magazines than either of his colleagues. Mr. Beaubien and Mr. Johnston are both public relations executives, and it is hard to see how that qualifies them particu-

larly to decide the future of any number of magazines. It was Mr. Johnston who said during the hearings that "I do not read 'Time'. I pay someone to read it for me and point out the things that are important". Since the hearings ended, Mr. Johnston has cancelled his subscription to a Canadian magazine with which I'm acquainted. He was offended by a short story by a young Canadian writer. Mr. Johnston has, of course, the privilege of refusing to read any magazine he doesn't want to read. But it seems odd to have on a Royal Commission investigating magazines a man who seems in danger of having to hire a whole corps of bright young men to read for him, and "point out the things that are important".

This business of "feel" is more significant than Mr. Johnston's choice of magazines. Periodicals in other countries are in a time of crisis, but the Report doesn't show that the members of the Royal Commission were aware of this situation. There is, for example, no chapter in the Report relating the Canadian experience to the situation in England and the United States. While I was reading the Report, I also read for the first time Theodore White's *The View from the Fortieth Floor*. It would be a fair guess, I suspect, that the members of the Royal Commission haven't read Mr. White's novel. I can't recommend it to them as fiction, but taken as a kind of sociology, it might have been useful evidence for them to consider.

The View from the Fortieth Floor is the story of two mass-circulation American magazines fallen on evil days. The magazines are "Trumpet", a weekly with a past reputation for muck-raking under an iconoclastic editor, and "Gentlewoman", a monthly designed for women readers. In the television era both magazines have huge circulations still, but their advertising revenue has declined, their costs have steadily increased, and the "image" they once projected has grown befogged. The two magazines are owned by General American Publishing Company, and this corporation has several other, profitable divisions.

The losses of the two magazines more than wipe out the profits made by the other divisions in the firm. Sentiment and even a muddled sense of responsibility say that General American Publishing must continue to publish the magazines; but business logic says that they ought to be killed.

Mr. White's novel is a melancholy morality about the death of "Trumpet" and "Gentlewoman". The novel will remind most readers of what happened to "Collier's". But this summer, after the Report of the Royal Commission on Publications was published, "Coronet" was killed, despite its circulation of three million. One of the giants of the American magazine industry, Curtis Publishing, has been re-designing "The Saturday Evening Post" and trying to discover a new editorial stance for it; and meanwhile, Curtis has had to watch "The Ladies Home Journal" fall behind "McCall's" in circulation and advertising. No one is immune, and it is those who appear to be strongest who often succumb first to the plague.

Maclean-Hunter is Canada's Curtis Publishing. This firm too has been re-designing its magazines, and ironically, it hired an American designer to do the job. Its profits come from "Chatelaine" and from the business and trade journals that are the pilot fish of the organization. "Maclean's" has been losing money, and it seems to me that the magazine is going through an uncertain and uneasy editorial period. It's easy to assume that the only problems Maclean-Hunter has come from "Time" and "The Reader's Digest", but the evidence from the United States is that the general consumer magazines are faced with difficulties that are not simply national in origin. It is this kind of evidence that the members of this Royal Commission do not appear to have studied.

The magazines that are thriving in the United States — "The New Yorker", "Playboy", "The Reporter", "Esquire", and many others — are magazines of a kind we do not have in this country. They are read by a variety of people, but they appeal to special interests just the

same. Oddly enough, the magazine that has often seemed most in danger of disappearing in Canada — "Saturday Night" — has qualities in common with the more secure magazines in the United States, and if it could be given some flavour in its middle to match the personality of the editorials in the front and the book and movie reviews at the back, it might become as invulnerable as any magazine in this country. But it costs money to establish or maintain a magazine in this category, and this is demonstrated by the history of "The Reporter", which is now making money but needed some years and the backing of millions to make the grade.

I objected at the beginning of this article to the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Publications because they were negative and defensive. They are designed partly to hurt a magazine — "Time" — for which Mr. O'Leary and Mr. Johnston showed a plain dislike during the public hearings. They seem designed hopefully to keep alive five general magazines: "Liberty", "Saturday Night", "Maclean's", "Chatelaine", and "Canadian Homes". They throw a bone to the "little magazines", and as I've suggested, there is very little meat on it.

But is it good enough to be satisfied with the five magazines I've just mentioned and a handful of obscure quarterlies? Here is a list, made up as I type, of the magazines I watch for because I really want to know what they're publishing. (The list may be damaging to my reputation, but I'll have to risk that. It doesn't include any quarterlies because there is a different rhythm for a quarterly.) And so, the list: from England, "The New Statesman" and "Encounter"; from the United States, "Time", "Newsweek", "The Reporter", "The New Yorker", "Esquire", "The New Republic", "Harper's", "The Atlantic", and "Commentary"; from Canada, none.

This list shows that I'm a North American, and the Royal Commission spoke eloquently about that.

The Commission has rejected, too, the too-widely voiced opinion

that the culture of the American people is in some way an alien culture, a monolithic, inferior way of life from which Canadians need shelter. The Commission has preferred to believe that the people of Canada, like the people of the United States, are basically North Americans, inheritors of the thought and traditions of Europe, but also the children of geography, products of the environments, the emotions, the driving forces, the faith, the dreams and the forms of expression of the North American continent.

It's a pity that the recommendations failed so miserably to match that flow of rhetoric. For we *are* "the children of geography", and all across the Northern half of the continent our eyes and our spirit turn inevitably to the South (even

the eyes and spirit of "Maclean's" magazine). But somehow we now exist in defiance of geography, and we have to find ways to communicate from East to West and from West to East when the pull is to the South. One magazine like "Encounter" would do more to further that cross-continent communication than any damage we may do to "Time" and "The Reader's Digest". This Royal Commission must have understood that a magazine of that sort in Canada would be in the same position as a ballet or opera company: it would have to raise about half of its annual budget through donations and subsidies. (So do the much more modest "little magazines", whose postal charges do not eat up half their budget.) The Royal Commission should have

recommended a method of bridging the gap between the consumer magazines on the one hand and the quarterlies on the other. They should have made "Time" and "The Reader's Digest" partners (willing or not) in that enterprise.

The one recommendation the Royal Commission did not make was for a direct subsidy to establish and sustain one or two of the magazines we now so obviously lack. Yet we have a long history of subsidies designed to keep communications open across the continent. The idea of a subsidy might have been rejected by the government, but the fate of the recommendations the Commissioners have made doesn't seem promising. They had the opportunity (maybe the only one there will be), and they muffed it.



LEACH TEXTILES LTD.

MANUFACTURERS OF FINE CANADIAN
WORSTED AND TERYLENE—WORSTED
FABRICS FOR MEN'S AND LADIES' APPAREL

LEACH TEXTILES LIMITED, HUNTINGDON, QUEBEC • SALES OFFICES, 7000 PARK AVENUE, MONTREAL

CANADA'S SUMMER FESTIVALS

STRATFORD AND SUCCESS

JACK WINTER

The 1961 Stratford Shakespearean Festival has been proclaimed a success! In other words, attendance was eighty-five per cent. As a matter of recorded fact, Stratford has been comparably "successful" for the past few years; by now its official swans are plump, and its former tent-theatre is rooted in concrete and ritual. But quantitative aesthetics are one thing, and after the 1961 season it has begun to occur to the unbedazzled play-goer that Stratford's economic success is compounded of a considerable measure of artistic failure.

Stratford as a festival

In choosing to function as a Shakespearean festival, Stratford has voluntarily restricted its repertoire. Despite modern scholarship, Shakespeare wrote (more or less of) only thirty-seven plays, which are being bitten into at the rate of two or three plays a year. And the fact of two other full-fledged Stratfords limits still further the repertoire. To challenge Robeson's *Othello* and Olivier's *Coriolanus* would seem — and has proven — to be disastrous.

Attempting to overcome the inevitable limitations of a Shakespearean festival, Stratford has tried various expedients. At the very beginning (1953) it introduced the notion of adding the occasional non-Shakespearean classic to its annual productions. After a flurry of directional throat-cutting and in spite of an excellent eventual production of *Oedipus Rex*, the experiment has never been repeated.

More recently, music and film festivals have been added as fringe attractions — the usual come-on device of festivals which have out-

lived their initial impact. Although it sometimes shows signs of developing into a Glen Gould showcase, the Music Festival has done better than anticipated. Its concerts have been so uniformly excellent that they have undoubtedly side-tracked a certain amount of patronage and critical attention from the plays. Not so the Stratford Film Festival. Since its inception the event has dwindled into parochial inconsequence, at the same time that the Vancouver and Montreal film festivals have grown to international stature. After this season's fiasco of half-filled houses, second-rate films, and wholesale critical snubbing, there are rumours of the Stratford Film Festival's imminent demise.

Through some alchemy of public taste and private press-agentry, a flattered Stratford has become host to two of Tyrone Guthrie's essays into Gilbert and Sullivan. Both operettas — predictably — have ended up on Broadway, and it has become increasingly evident that these ventures have no more than a parasitic relationship to the festival. Guthrie's productions have used Stratford in much the way that the occasional new musical uses Toronto: a training ground equipped with relatively inexpensive administrative and technical facilities, and with a ready-made and largely unsophisticated audience which is very likely to support, and unlikely to torpedo, the production while it is being whipped into Broadway shape.

These various attempts to brighten and diversify the Stratford scene are irrelevant to the basic repertorial problems of this and other highly specialized festivals. Gradually Stratford has been having to face the choice of repeating itself — a potentially dis-

astrous move for obvious reasons— or of reaching into the dregs of the Shakespeare corpus for those obscure pieces which are usually ignored—and for very good reasons. The result is almost unhappy, and the 1961 production of *Henry VIII* is a case in point.

Henry VIII is a bad play. Constructed loosely on a medieval fall-of-princes format, it documents three variations on the theme, handling three deaths, one coronation, and one christening along the way. The play includes some of the worst dialogue and clumsiest theatrics in the Shakespeare canon: lines like "his abject object", "this Ipswich fellow's insolence", "by my life, this is against our pleasure" — devices like the over-used long level look, anonymous exposition-mongers, instantaneous love or hate, illogical character conversation. What little humor there is, is remarkably crude and irrelevant to the central issues.

Worst of all, at the center of the play are a cluster of divided and largely perfunctory characterizations. King Henry must appear consistently regal and, at the same time, must constitute the only wholly successful political pragmatist in the play. Before this fall Cardinal Wolsey is an overwhelmingly malignant creature, and after his condemnation he must suddenly become the noble and sympathetic interlocutor of one of Shakespeare's most moving soliloquies. Buckingham and Queen Katharine must emerge as both gigantic and pitiable. These characterizations are almost unactable. One finds oneself applauding the dexterity with which the actor momentarily overcomes the basic impossibilities of his role, then nodding in chagrin as he inevit-

ably succumbs to them. The virtue of such academic gymnastics escapes me.

No doubt aware of the hodge-podge, pot-boiler quality of the play, the director decided to turn *Henry VIII* into Stratford's production showcase for the season. And burst after burst of sartorial prodigality culminated in the christening scene — a ten minute explosion of colour that consumed the equivalent of innumerable acting scholarships, new play commissions and amateur group subsidies. Impressive though it is, one is far from convinced that the whole thing is worth the opulent effort.

As a Shakespearean festival, then, Stratford is inexorably going the way of all such enterprises.

Stratford as summer-stock

The staple of summer-stock is the gutless situation comedy from which all intensification has been carefully excised, and the domestic melodrama into which every drop of sentimental import has been poured. The vacation audience to whom such soothing diversions are aimed is generally seduced into the theatre by the inclusion of at least one "big name" in each cast. These drawing cards may be older stars on their way down, heavily publicized and undertrained starlets (of either sex) on their way up, Hollywood personalities desiring practice in legitimate theatre, or established foreign stars from abroad who are perhaps acclimatizing themselves to North America before their first appearance in New York.

Over the years Stratford has displayed definite symptoms of summer-stockdom. This season's production of *Coriolanus* starring Paul Scofield is part of the trend.

Coriolanus is a victim of Pride. (He is called "proud" no fewer than twenty-two times!) More specifically, he is a super-individualist who seeks to re-position himself by his own efforts on that divinely ordained and inviolable socio-religious hierarchy which lies at the heart of the Elizabethan cosmos. As such, he is an earthly agent of universal disorder, around whom

whirl the storms of civil and international war, of domestic and social inversion, of potential chaos. And although Shakespeare has leisure and genius enough also to humanize this gigantic figure, any attempt to render him *only* in terms of the mundane destroys much of the play's thematic content, vitiates most of its theatrical effectiveness, and reduces the language to grandiloquent fustian hugely in excess of the facts.

Langham's interpretive keynote is diminution! All facets of the production reflect the flaw. Even the horrendous decision to costume in styles of the French Revolution is a part of the pattern, for it reflects a first impression interpretation of the play in which the class conflicts do perhaps appear to be similar to those of the French Revolution. Bluntly, there is a fickle mob, there are inflexible aristocrats, there is a revolutionary hero. But surely the similarities are shallow and dangerously misleading. The mob in *Coriolanus* is a motley of duped vulgarians who vacillate under the direction of various trade-unionist charlatans, and who are never in real danger of controlling the progress of a revolution or of forging a revolution of their own. The aristocracy is not contemptible, and is primarily represented by a genial and humane champion of the hero who mediates between the anti-heroic patricians and the unscrupulous representatives of the faceless mob. Finally, to see Napoleon in *Coriolanus* is obviously inane, but the obtrusive costuming almost requires the audience to do just this. What results is an absurdly over-specific analogy between two revolutionary epochs which blurs and burlesques the major points of the play.

The character of the protagonist is similarly diminished. Coriolanus' Pride is seen exclusively in terms of the modern perversion of the word; it becomes a sort of thin-lipped integrity — Jack Armstrong in a toga. Granted the character has overtones of intelligence; after all one remains in sympathy with the quisling only insofar as one is conscious of his sensitivity as a man and his integrity as a soldier.

The central irony in the play, however, is the eternal incompatibility between the rampantly inflexible, self-centred idealist and the pandering, opportunistic political utilitarian. And Shakespeare was not primarily concerned with a moralistic value judgment on this clash. The play is more a satire than a tragedy. All are criticized: the senators and consuls for their hypocritical time-serving, the mob for its mindless enthusiasm, and Coriolanus for his petulant obstinacy and self-righteous inhumanity. Coriolanus is an anti-nationalist of terrible and impressive stature. It is only the sentimentalist searching for an emphatic thumb to suck who needs to see him as totally admirable and as Shakespeare's recommended norm. Coriolanus is far closer to Brutus as seen by Antony, to Hotspur as seen by Falstaff, to Brand as seen by Ibsen, than he is to Hemingway's Jake Barnes. To miss this point is to render the strongest moments of the play pointless. Volumnia's stature is diluted as her son is merely a right-minded purist, so that her kneeling before him in the climactic scene of the play connotes hysterical heroics rather than cosmic inversion. The character of Aufidius is split in two, and therefore ceases to exist theatrically. His embracing Coriolanus is effective only if both are seen as giants of the human spirit — as allies in the highest ethic of universal nobility. But to protect Coriolanus' figuration as a likeable man, it is apparently essential that Aufidius be a contemptible, gnashing villain. And so in a final tear-bath Coriolanus is anachronistically shot in the back and stabbed by the now sinister Aufidius who then delivers himself of a recantation. But it is too late to recoup the characterization. Scofield does emerge as pitiable and pristine as an acquitted prostitute, but his victory is pyrrhic; Volumnia, Aufidius, the play as a whole have entered the ranks of detergent-tragedy.

At root the fault is Stratford's star-system: the annual importation of a super-virtuoso around whom whole productions must centre, and who must emerge as consistently stellar and unfailingly

likeable. The effect is to distract a director's attention away from integrating a production and toward the sensational flattering of tourist stars and audiences. The summer-stock habit of preparing pleasant fare for holiday consumption, and all the attendant chicanery of sentimental theatrics follow inexorably from this basic policy.

Is it Canadian?

Some or all of the above blandishments being granted, I have nevertheless heard Stratford being defended as "an oasis in the middle of the Canadian cultural desert", as the one seriously "professional" theatre organization in the country, and as Canada's closest approach to "National Theatre".

The first claim defends Stratford with the faintest possible praise, and makes no real judgment upon the stature of the Festival. The second point echoes the ignorance of the *Oxford Companion to the Theatre* which — in 1957 — blandly observes, "This vast Dominion combines the complete lack of a professional theatre with an immense theatrical activity (from) local amateur groups . . . from the stronger and more energetic (of which) it is hoped, a professional and national theatre will one day arise." (The article tolerantly concludes that Canada's theatre "is probably no more amateur than were the first plays of mediaeval Europe"!)

The third point, however, appears to be interesting. Is Stratford in fact a step towards a National Canadian Theatre?

It is clear that there is nothing distinctly Canadian in Stratford's main repertoire or in its stage — unless Canadianism consists in a deliberate eschewing of the British and the American, and, in the case of its famous stage, just about everything else as well. Neither proscenium, nor picture-frame, nor apron — neither Greek, nor Elizabethan, nor modern — Stratford's stage is a bastard construct designed with deliberate exoticism. It has been modified slightly through the years, and will undergo a major face-lifting in 1962.

Kate Reid



The administrative personnel of the Festival are predominantly Canadian, but most of the artistic directors are European. The fact that the Festival was founded by Tom Patterson but was put on the map by Tyrone Guthrie is indicative of the bifocal character of its total administration.

Most of each season's players are Canadian, but, as I have pointed out, almost every major production focusses upon a visiting, foreign star.

Stratford, then, is not in essence any more distinctively Canadian than it is British or American. There have been, however, several deliberate attempts to give it a recognizably Canadian character.

Gradually and inevitably Stratford has trained a stock of Canadian directors and actors. Many have left for the United States or for Europe, but many have stayed to tour with Canadian Players, to work in Canadian TV, to starve in Canadian repertory. It is quite likely that a Canadian will be ap-

pointed Artistic Director after Michael Langham leaves. And now with the National Theatre School, associated with Stratford during the summer months, it is likely that future casts will be almost entirely Canadian.

But the ultimate irrelevance of this sort of chauvinism is clearly demonstrated when Stratford's most obvious step toward National Theatre is considered. In producing Donald Lamont Jack's prize-winning play, Stratford graphically proves the folly of making nationality a condition of creativity. It is obviously intelligent to use the Festival's facilities to promote a modern Canadian dramaturgy. But to think for a moment that *The Canvas Barricade* is a modern play simply because it is a contemporary one, or that it is distinctively a Canadian play because it was written in Ontario, is the merest nonsense. It is a bad play and bad plays are timeless and without a country. Giving them a country does not make them better plays.

Like the equally important *World of Suzy Wong*, *The Canvas Barricade* describes an outcast artist "incasting" himself without losing nutrition, integrity, or his girl. According to the formula in such matters, Misty Woodenbridge as a painter must spout Swinburnian-Thomasesque noise ("A truck erupts in the firing squad of the street"). He must be wistful regarding his unlucky parentage ("Dad's compromise brought him mediocrity", "He set me on fire and then he sold me out", "But I did love him"). He must be filled with "Moral Anger", "Divine Fire", "Moral Principles", "Truth to Himself", and so on. He must demonstrate his vulnerability to crass humanity by self-gratulating second-thoughts ("O Lord, will I never be satisfied!", "What have I got to show for my life? I haven't even got a decent pair of shoes"). And finally his genius must be cosmically confirmed, his body voluptuously refurbished, and his amatory enterprise must be crowned with slush. Thus, Misty is praised, paid, de-loused, fed and wed under the beaming auspices of a gregarious millionaire. And a new stage here is reborn: the conforming eccentric, the upright sell-

out, Cinderella with trained mice.

And Donald Jack is not parodying this hero! Windy is supposed to be making fun of others! The playwright's sneers at stock plots — TV, Diefenbaker, debased foreign aristocracy, sex, businessmen with accents — possess much of the vulgarity but none of the energy of the average high-school musical review. There is no real fun of any kind in this play. Its stage devices are as ugly as its basic attitudes. When the actors are not stumbling down an obtrusive trap-door, or up a skyscraper, they are tripping over yards of clap-trap stage properties. And when they are not lurching through a joyless square-dance, they are upstaging the main speakers by irrelevant business.

The parochial little lectures by Misty's girl-friend on Understanding (difficult but important), Responsibility (useful), Love (nice) are so insufferable that one wonders when Misty will break down and slug her. But no: he doesn't really mind. He rather enjoys Elly's puerilities: they complement his own so well. And all his fuzzy rant about The Meaning of Life (big and vague), Compromise (bad), Art (good), and Freedom (nice) cannot hide the delighted twitching of his beard as he luxuriates in Elly's affectionate tongue-lashings. After all, his aunts were kind but afraid of his father, his mother was sweet but died young, Daddy was mean but didn't spank. So where else to go for gentle scoldings and healing hugs but to the capacious bosom of Miss Reid whose mechanical reiteration of her neurasthenic, suburban TV heroine is perfectly adequate to Misty's needs. And after all what could anyone do with lines such as these: "If you would only tell me what you are after in Art — or Life", "Misty, darling, for my sake give it up", "I really don't understand you", "In the end you are responsible to yourself?"

Despite Mr. Jack's insistence (Montreal Star, August 5, 1961), Misty is not "heroic", "mystic", "naive", "eloquent", and possessed of "a great deal of integrity". Nor is he "a fanatic" as he delightedly confesses himself. Rather he is a thirty-five year old weakling and

brat: a Gulley Jimson gone soft—and, unfortunately, in the head. Judging from the appearance of his works and the calibre of his admirers, he is also a talentless painter eager to sport some of the more obvious affectations of sentimentalization of the breed, and content to placate a quite understandable doubt in his own worth with the most juvenile set of aesthetics ever spouted. Art can do without Mr. Jack's stagey, pretentious, and sentimental defence of it; it has troubles enough of its own.

Toward Extinction or a National Theatre?

It is absurd to conclude that because Stratford is limited as a Shakespearean festival, because it limits itself artistically in deference to its audience, and because it does not really represent its nation, therefore it is on the road to eventual extinction. In fact the contrary is true, economically. It would be equally absurd to conclude that Stratford can raise the level of its artistic accomplishments by abandoning its function as a festival and converting itself into an ordinary repertory company, or that it should deliberately seek out the esoteric in Drama, or that it should make a dedicated attempt to commission and perform Canadian plays which catalogue the birds of central Ontario or document the language and mythology of the Eskimo.

Stratford does its most creative work when it is freest from the usual idolatrous restrictions of a Shakespearean festival: its brilliant *King John* was tantamount to a re-written play. It creates its most organic and moving productions when it least attempts to second-guess public taste: this season's *Love's Labour Lost* was most successful in its notoriously unpopular dark comic scenes and rang most hollow when its frequent harshness was deliberately overlooked. Stratford has occasional moments of sensitive, intelligent and courageous interpretation when it comes close to touching the core of its still untrained audience. It is at these moments that the Festival augurs well for a National Theatre.



DAVID WATMOUGH

VANCOUVER AND THE INTERNATIONAL ARTS

Criticize a Russian novel to a Russian, however mildly, and you invariably receive a shrugged reply to the effect that if you haven't read it in Russian you haven't read it at all. Something of this attitude exists among the native and adopted population of Vancouver when criticism, however mild, is made against its four-year-old International Festival of the Arts.

A raised eyebrow at mention of the fact that Harry Belafonte is to represent International Art on the Pacific coast evokes hurried defense along the lines that whatever is less than perfect this year is so great an advance on previous years as to render all complaint superfluous, if not downright irresponsible. One reply to this particular defense could be that Mr. Belafonte appeared at the Festival back in 1959, and that therefore no particular advance is indicated by his presence again this year. However, there are heavier cudgels with which to lay this fallacy of the Festival's qualitative evolution since 1958.

"Vancouver 61" organizers have pointed with pride at such attractions as Miss Irmgard Seefried who gave two recitals — one of lieder and the other a concert in association with the Festival Chamber Orchestra — the North American premiere of Benjamin Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Glenn Gould, the New York City Ballet performing in Canada for the first time and La Comedie Canadienne's production of *Bousille and the Just* from Montreal.

Ostensibly it is true that these, in conjunction with other events, look as if they could well form the

basis of an exciting Festival on a par with and comparable to such festivals as Edinburgh or Vienna. A closer look throws a number of interesting points into relief, one of which surely demolishes the proud claim that the programming of this year's festival witnesses to a steady growth.

The New York City Ballet, in the event, gave the Festival merely a selection of old-hat items — *The Cage*, *Afternoon of a Fawn*, *Stars and Stripes*, *Western Symphony*, etc., with nothing more contemporary than the *Liebeslieder Waltzer*. And, apart from the general feeling — shared by me — that the company was lifeless, slack and distinctly below the standards it exemplifies back in New York, criticism seemed to divide evenly among those who would have settled for at least a performance of *Electronics*, its most challenging production of late, and those, including myself, who felt that for its Canadian debut in general and attendance at this Festival in particular, the company should have mounted an entirely new production altogether. What seemed a fine opening augury for the Festival turned out to be a flop.

Then there was Miss Seefried. The German soprano's lieder recital, an all-Schubert one contained a plethora of such chestnuts as *Kennst du das Land*, *Im Frühling*, *Erlkönig*, and *Die Forelle*. And, just in case these might have been above the heads of her audience, she also threw in Schubert's *Ave Maria*! Progress from previous years? In 1960 mezzo-soprano Kerstin Meyer presented in her recital works by Mahler, Ravel, Hugo Wolf, Sibelius and Bartok.

Benjamin Britten's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was, to be sure, an advance on last year's embarrassingly commonplace operatic contribution of *Madame Butterfly*. But to my possibly cynical eye this was more closely connected to the fact that the Britten opera, with the identical main singers and production, was to go straight on to San Francisco for its Fall opera season, than to any aesthetically bold standards on the part of Vancouver's festival authorities. By like analysis, the most uncompromising programming of the Festival,

the recital by counter-tenor Russell Oberlin (songs drawn from the 11th and 16th through 18th centuries) was surely the result of chance, as he happened to be singing the role of Oberon in the opera. That he would have been brought to Vancouver specifically to present a counter-tenor singing rare and little-heard art songs from the distant past is hardly congruous with the pattern of middle-to-low-browism that has largely characterized this year's Festival.

I can perhaps best sum up my reaction to Mr. Gould's third appearance at a Vancouver Festival by describing an incident that occurred at a Bach concert when the young pianist, adept at talking about music as well as playing it, instructed a Festival audience on "the universality of Bach". "The point about Bach is . . .", solemnized Mr. Gould — when a lady in the audience stood up and reminded him that the point about Bach was that he was meant to be played. I understand that last year Glenn Gould, apart from talk, played works by Schoenberg and Berg. I should not describe a programme of Bach in 1961 as retrogression, but I most certainly refuse to call it more than 'consolidation'. We are, after all, describing the contents of an International Festival of the Arts, not a cultural finishing school in British Columbia.

Which brings me to the first of the Festival's plays, *Bousille and the Just*, and also something of a digression. To start with, *Bousille and the Just* is not in the running as a play with the dramatic offerings of previous Festivals such as Schiller's *Mary Stuart*, or the theatrical phenomenon which is Marcel Marceau.

But it is not my purpose here to present critical snippets of reaction to each and every event I witnessed between July 24 and August 19. Rather I am concerned with the ominous trends I discern in the actual quality and scope of the Festival generally, and to submit that such rationalizations for this year's program as the development theory on which I've already touched are basically false and ultimately crippling to the

concept of a festival, *per se*. So far I have mentioned a number of events which I consider either substantially inferior in kind to offerings of earlier years or merely indicating a marking of time which, when you are only four years old, you cannot afford to do.

But another point arises immediately out of precisely these events I have singled out. It is this. The reactions of the audiences I observed in Vancouver suggest that taste, sophistication and a spirit of adventure are in fact much higher and more marked than the Festival's organizers realize.

Now it is true I cannot speak of earlier years in this matter but, time and time again, as I mingled with intermission audiences this summer, observed the quantity and quality of attendance, and marked the applause the various events and single items inspired, I was forced to conclude that, generally speaking, the Vancouver audience is the cultural equal of those I've been associated with in San Francisco, New York, Paris and London.

I've stated that the New York City Ballet was a disappointment. I've also remarked on the interruption to Mr. Gould's speech-cum-Bach concert. It remains only to add that the Schubert *Ave Maria* was greeted coldly in the Queen Elizabeth auditorium and that the Russel Oberlin concert was presented before a full house and an exceptionally responsive and enthusiastic audience. And, for good measure, may I also refer to the fact that a Gershwin concert consisting of such fatigued juke-box items as *Rhapsody in Blue*, a *Porgy and Bess* suite and *An American in Paris* played to rows of empty seats in all parts of the theatre and received only moderate applause during the course of the evening. It is true that the Red Army Chorus was playing to a mass audience the same evening in the city's Forum, but it is reasonably certain that the overlap of audiences here was a limited factor. How else to explain the coolness of those who did attend? For the performance, though hardly world-shaking, was not entirely disastrous under Julius Rudel's

uncertain baton and with Earl Wild as the grand-mannered pianist for the *Concerto in F* and the *Rhapsody in Blue*. Nicholas Goldschmidt, the Festival's artistic director, told me that eighty-five per cent of the general audience is drawn from Vancouver and its immediate surroundings, so audience response (including full houses for the five performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) would seem to be well ahead of Festival management in knowing what it expects from a festival and how to evaluate what it is in fact given.

But when we come to *Bousille and the Just* we touch upon a matter on which I find it as difficult to exculpate the Vancouver public as those in whose hands they have put the management of their Festival. For this play was a tremendous success – something which I sincerely believe it should not have been. For me it was a hackneyed piece of melodrama, incurably vitiated by a distillation of thought process to the point where it reached the innocuous universality of a wartime Hollywood B movie. Challenging M. Gratien Gélinas, the play's author, director and principal actor on this point, I received the answer that *Bousille and the Just* was not meant to be more than a modest offering and what was wrong, anyway, with a play that had a mass appeal?

My objections are as follows: Festivals of the International Arts are not, and never have been, cultural manifestations which could compete on a quantitative basis with a major league ball game or even the Calgary Stampede. In the age of the fast buck, the cheap thrill and the endless quest for the lazy man's route from nowhere to somewhere, I suggest that festivals should be conceived as bastions, concentrated pools of excellence, barriers between the commercially stunted standards of the box office jungle and the real thing. Ideally, they are places where hard work is acknowledged not as a necessary evil but as a prerequisite of the good life. With *Bousille and the Just* we certainly saw hard work, for the play was deft, written with professional

competence and the ensemble performances of M. Gélinas and his troupe were brilliant. But from the public, the great lay-witness, nothing was demanded and, by extension, nothing of ultimate worth was vouchsafed.

At quite a different level I suggest that M. Gélinas may be profoundly mistaken. It was not the mass appeal of *Bousille and the Just* that brought out the potential Festival audience in full strength to see his play. It was because he and his company are French-Canadian and because the play depicts aspects of French-Canadian life that the audience foregathered and stayed to applaud. A good proportion of the motivation was thus *guilt* – guilt stemming from ignorance on the part of English-speaking Canadians as to how French-Canada lives.

It would certainly be arrogance on my part if I were at this point to presume knowledge of the mosaic of mistrust, ignorance and antagonism which provides the interior dialogue of Canada speaking to itself in two languages. It would be impertinent for me to suggest ways and means of implementing that formal unity that loosely umbrellas the two Canadian cultures. But, more than that, it would be irrelevant. I came three thousand miles to review the musical and dramatic events of something claiming to be an international festival of the arts, and not to adjudicate upon the efficacy of a means of explaining French-speaking Canada to its English-speaking counterpart. This play of Catholic petit-bourgeois life in Quebec was inflated to ludicrous proportions because of these extraneous factors. The public, sincere and patently well-meaning though it was, for the only time during the Festival, found itself in much the same mood as the Festival organizers over *Bousille and the Just*. For it was here and here alone that people responded with any enthusiasm to the notion that they were attending something in order to be "improved". The notion of the Festival as a kindergarten for the arts, as a series of events calculated to suppress the spectre of lumberjacks and cowboys which the Festival authori-

Poems by

EARLE BIRNEY

and

RAYMOND SOUSTER

Notes and Reviews

UNPLEASANT WORDS
ABOUT CANADIAN
POETS AND THEIR
CRITICS

SOCIAL PURPOSE
FOR CANADA

THE 25TH
ANNIVERSARY OF
THE C.B.C.



ties anachronistically insist has still to be exorcised from the Pacific Northwest, if audiences are to be finally coaxed into a legitimate festival diet of strong meat — this notion received unwitting support from those who mistakenly placed their hearts where their heads should have been.

Bousille and the Just might also be used to throw light on yet another aspect of the Vancouver Festival of 1961 which made the overall presentation, to my mind, generally inferior to comparable activities in Edinburgh and Vienna (the other two leading festivals designed to embrace *all* the arts). The dominant reaction to the French-Canadian play suggests that Vancouverites are still uncertain as to what their Festival is, or rather, what it should be.

There would appear to be uncertainty and clouded thinking over the following points. How far should the Festival attempt to live up vigorously to its title of international festival of the arts? How far should it be influenced by the fact that it is set in Canada? What significance should the fact of its Vancouver location have?

Obviously these are all connected questions. However, as the asking and answering of each question has influenced the Festival in varying ways, I think they should be treated separately.

In my opinion, the Vancouver Festival sees itself, and quite rightly, as belonging to the major festival league. I have mentioned dangerous trends discernable in the programming but they still remain *only* trends. There has been the unwelcome suggestion of presenting major artists and events — ones which would most certainly appear congruous at Edinburgh — in inferior 'subfestival' programmes. But the artists have appeared nevertheless. Apart from this, Vancouver has one important advantage over many festival cities in its possession of the Queen Elizabeth Theatre and an excellent recital hall in the relatively new auditorium of the Vancouver Art Gallery. There is also the promise of yet another festival site — a new smaller theatre which is to be completed this autumn. For just

one of these — the Queen Elizabeth Theatre — Edinburgh, for example, would give its eye teeth, as replacement for Ushers' Hall which is currently its major festival building.

Of course, Vancouver, like any other festival city, has its disadvantages. It cannot boast of the restaurants of Lyon, it has nothing of the historic associations of Salzburg or the eighteenth century architectural charms of Edinburgh. Nor, in spite of a magnificent topographical situation, can Vancouver hold a candle to the Mediterranean exoticism of the Festival Athenon or the idyllic charm of sleepy Aix.

But what ultimately makes or breaks a Festival is the people it attracts, or fails to attract, and in this context I submit that Vancouver has no reason to hang its head. Audience reaction, both positive and negative, has revealed a calibre of informed opinion that suggests a distinct cleavage between reality and the concept of audience that clutters the mind of the Festival's organizers. It is the latter whom I find guilty of schizophrenia, proudly proclaiming catholic and exalted tastes in art in the well-produced festival program and in the publicity reaching out to New York and Europe on the one hand while, at the same time, treating the local citizenry as a University Extension Course class in dire need of cultural improvement and education.

Because the Festival seeks deliberately to project an image of quality commensurate with that of European Festivals, an element of duplicity made itself felt during the proceedings. Ostensibly the Festival can command the finest artists and artistic events the world currently offers, but time and time again the habit of inserting third-rate goods into first-rate contexts resulted in a characteristic I can only describe as phoney. For Miss Seefried to sing Schubert's *Ave Maria* was phoney, the New York City Ballet program was phoney, and La Comedie Canadienne's offering was phoney. All these offerings were distinctly below the level one has come to expect from major festivals of the international arts.

We come, then, to the question of how far the Festival should be coloured by the fact it takes place in Canada. That it should in some measure reflect Canadianism I think perfectly valid — provided, that is, it does not do so at the expense of artistic standards. But in fact we had very little that was distinctly Canadian in origin. Apart from what I have already mentioned, the most important single item of exclusively Canadian origin was the performance of the Montreal choir, *Les Disciples de Massenet*. It is my melancholy duty to report that this choir was perhaps the most dismal event of the Festival.

I heard the choir immediately upon returning from an afternoon listening to the Red Army Chorus in rehearsal — with the result that after listening for a few minutes to appallingly amateurish renderings of Vittoria's *O Vos Omnes*, a setting of the *Sanctus* by Gretchaninoff and an excerpt from *The Messiah* I was driven to ardently wishing that the Red Army could have forsaken Godless Communism for an hour or so, and performed the program of *Les Disciples de Massenet* in their stead! A colossal error of judgment was made in bringing this choir to Vancouver and if the attitude that formed this judgment is that which insists on native Canadian products during the Festival I can only submit that in this case it was utterly self-defeating.

While I do not say that Canadian matter should be ignored as far as the Festival is concerned, I do suggest it come up with better provender than this, if it is not to become the laughing stock of the Festival circuit. What happened in this case was that by excessive sensitivity towards Canadian nationalism, an important branch of music-making was presented in British Columbia this summer as the exclusive diet of the unsophisticated in search of a little emotional uplift amid the ambience of amber-stained Victorian church glass.

It is perhaps an irritating paradox, but nevertheless a true one, that Canadian self-consciousness has come to a head at a time when — especially in the artistic context

— internationalism is in full flood.

Today, by virtue of the phonograph record, the TV screen, etc., a Canadian actor or singer, a Canadian play or opera is answerable only at the bar of world standards. To refuse that challenge and take a defensive attitude under the banner of "little Canadianism" is outmoded and ultimately harmful to national standards themselves. It is both imprudent and profitless to present an International Festival of the Arts, drawing on international audiences as well as international contributions, while at the same time offering works of sub-standard quality simply because they bear the imprint of the maple leaf!

Again, if this is true of Canada in general, it becomes intensely more so of Vancouver in particular. Although this festival did not in fact lean heavily on Vancouver contributions, it did present a single performance of *Men, Women and Angels*, a poor adaptation of a weak play by Giraudoux, by local performers. This was not a happy argument for utilizing native resources, but as I was acutely dissatisfied with Herbert Berghof's direction of this play, which had Uta Hagen and Fritz Weaver in the main roles, there is room for excuse as far as the local performers were concerned.

I personally felt that while the Festival was progressing there could, indeed, have been more manifestations of local enterprise than in fact there were. And these need not have been specifically included in the general program but offered as fringe events — in much the same way as Edinburgh organizations present their own offerings during festival time. As it was (apart from a University of British Columbia presentation of a play called *Dark of the Moon* and an open-air, excessively languid production of *Guys and Dolls* by the Theatre Under the Stars company in the city's Stanley Park) there was a dearth of local activity. The *Guys and Dolls* performances concluded, the Theatre Under the Stars was left "dark". *Gone with the Wind* was the best local movie theatre operators could come up with. The film festival concluded before the official Van-

couver Festival began. And little theatre groups did nothing. Perhaps it was for this reason that the official programme included, under the heading of "Other Events Not Organized by the Festival", such bizarre items as Beauty Contest Finals, a Ladies' Golf Championship and some photographs, maps, diagrams of the S.S. *Canberra*, a new P. & O. Ship.

This brings me to a final point connected with the fact of Vancouver as the site of the only major festival of the arts in the Americas! This is the lack of any informing impact of the Festival upon the city. It is still quite possible to speak to local citizens only to discover they've never heard of the Vancouver Festival! The flags I saw flying in plenty about this attractive city, cradled between ocean and mountains, were put up for the International Trade Fair last Spring and were simply never taken down. The Chamber of Commerce and the other local business organizations are yet to be convinced that what is good for the Festival is also good for Vancouver's prestige and will sooner or later rub off its virtue on them.

Though the shopkeepers of Edinburgh or Salzburg have long since found that visitors to their festival offerings also eat food, buy clothes and share the trait of generally spending money along with the rest of the species, Vancouver's cautious business enterprises, restaurants and the like need a little more convincing, it seems. At present the Festival could be a meat-packers' convention for all the contribution it makes to the general spirit abroad on the streets.

When Vancouver recovers its festival nerve, and is prepared to utilize such assets as local theatrical resources in a healthy 'fringe theatre', when it throws a challenge to performers from afar rather than meekly accepting shop-soiled goods, when it persists in a long term plan rather than lurching from year to year trying to do the impossible in compromising standards to please an abstract mass audience, then, and only then, will it possess an authentic allure.

THE MONTREAL FILM FESTIVAL

The second Montreal International Film Festival, August 11-17, attracted a total audience of around 37,000 to a large downtown movie theatre — a remarkable public response. This year, besides fifteen main programs of feature films from nine countries, there were five morning screenings of scientific films, and a series of afternoon screenings: one of American experimental short films, one of short films from abroad, and two of Canadian short films. The evening programs also included a number of short films. The festival's coverage of the contemporary cinema scene can be considered, with one notable exception (the Hollywood feature film), representative and fairly comprehensive.

Outside the festival, there were also opportunities for film enthusiasts with enough stamina to see several other films: a new feature film made by an independent director in Hollywood, one produced independently in New York — a representative of the "New American Cinema", a "nouvelle vague" comedy from France and Chaplin's last feature (these latter two, having had commercial releases here, were revivals, though not the less interesting for that). The films which could be seen during the festival period, therefore, provided a wide spectrum of types and production auspices.

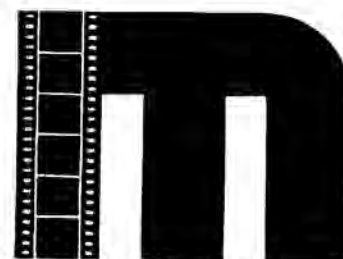
To be plunged into a week of concentrated film-viewing can be traumatic, and I must confess chiefly at the moment to feelings of depression. The reader might be prudent, therefore, to discount my judgments, delivered, as they are, so soon after the bombardment.

Awareness of my own state of shock, however, or my wish to avoid one of the clichés of contemporary criticism does not deter me from reporting, on the ample evidence of this film festival, that those who have maintained that

the film medium is facing a creative crisis of major proportions are right. Moreover, if in the past this crisis could be blamed in large part on the "Film Industry", this is no longer possible. Whether commercially-produced or "free cinema", whether government-sponsored or "personal", film in general is facing its present (to mention nothing of its future) in a shambles of half-baked techniques, hand-me-down subjects and forms, and more than half blind to even those of its unique resources which some of its practitioners have discovered. Removed somewhat from this dilemma are the animation film and some types of "applied" uses of film — the mere existences of which are a rebuke to the primitive inadequacies of the general run of feature films and "documentaries" which spell Film for most people.

It is tempting to ascribe film's uncertainties to moral decadence, to social irresponsibility, or to economic madness — or to all of them combined, but the truth, though serious enough, appears to me to be elsewhere in a less emotionally loaded territory. The notes which I made on some of the festival films, and which are given in no particular order of merit or demerit, may give some indication of where that territory lies.

La pyramide humaine by Jean Rouché, French anthropologist and film-maker, is an eye-witness account, with the participants "in" on the film-making, of a group of white and negro students in Africa who were encouraged to see what would happen if they were to ignore racial barriers in their daily contacts at college and in their social, spare-time activities. Pieces of candid "reportage" are heightened, with the director and young people co-operating, into improvised narrative "action" based on the probabilities of the situation. Rouché's earlier film



Moi un Noir adopted a related device and, in a rough way, achieved something valid. In *La pyramide humaine*, however, the ambiguity of method obtrudes and with all its sophisticated playing with levels of "truth" makes an awkward compromise between record-film and psychodrama, of limited scientific value, I would think, and certainly not offering that hope for the cinema which Rouché's enthusiastic supporters have claimed. A second feature-length film by Rouché, *Chronique d'un été*, was also shown at the festival and many consider it much superior to *La pyramide humaine*. This generosity of programming (only one other director was represented by two long films) served at least to deflate a reputation which, in the dotty world of contemporary cinema, was in process of becoming grossly inflated.

Michelangelo Antonioni is represented by two films, *L'Avventura* and *La Notte* finds his subject matter rooted in the lives of the well-to-do with enough time and luxury on their hands to "eliminate the distractions of the chores of daily life and permit a deeper and more profitable concentration on the emotions" — as one critic has written without the least trace of irony. Of *L'Avventura*, Antonioni himself has said: "I wanted to show that sentiments which convention and rhetoric have encouraged us to regard as having a kind of definite weight and absolute duration can, in fact, be fragile, vulnerable, subject to change. Man deceives himself when he hasn't courage enough to allow for new dimensions in emotional matters—his loves, his regrets, his states of mind — just as he allows for them in the field of science and technology — *L'Avventura* naturally does not pretend to have the answer to the disturbing questions it raises. It's enough for me to have posed them in cinematic terms." What "in cinematic terms" meant, for Antonioni, apparently, was to take material sufficient for an anecdote, to stretch it out over an immense time axis and to elaborate the space axes in order to produce a superficial effect of an "action" which is, in fact, not a true action at all but a symbolic space symbol

for psychological or emotional action. Although its dependence on the actor's performance proves *L'Avventura* to be "filmed theatre", this tends to be disguised by its psychological "close-up" technique and by the ample, leisurely richness of its vast surfaces. But given the nerve and the money, a brilliant metteur en scène could produce the same effect, and with more esthetic justification, on the stage. If Antonioni, as this statement (quoted above) suggests, would be the Proust of Italian cinema, then he must be vouchsafed a technical revelation as genuinely radical in film terms as Proust's was in terms of the nineteenth century novel. Put this way, the absurdity of the notion becomes clearer and with it, I hope, my positions: today's cinema and its audience are no more ready for a Proust than literature and its audience were in the time of Chaucer. Cinema, as an expressive medium, has still to establish its identity by identifying its own forms, and my chief complaint is that few film-makers appear to realize this.

Of *La Notte*, I can only say that I think it a more interesting failure than *L'Avventura* and that, in general my criticisms of *L'Avventura* apply to it.

From Antonioni to Federico Fellini and his blockbuster *La Dolce Vita* is not so far as Fellini's bustling, operatic sermon might lead some to suppose. Fellini attempts an overt moral criticism of Italy's upper-crust and its hangers-on, all seemingly able to live without gainful employment (another, coarser, province of Antonioni's territory). The sins of the rich and those who play with them, and the newspaper and publicity world which both consumes and nourishes scandal, are depicted with a varnished grandeur worthy of a Norman Rockwell, illustrating The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah. To carry the banner of Goodness in this wide-screen version of a narrow evil, there is an insufficient and arbitrary invocation of youthful innocence in the person of a lovely country girl who has come to the big city to work and who remains, *to the end*, untouched by the mad jig of wickedness — an

escape, one feels, due more to Mr. Fellini than to Providence. Stuffed and staggering with its own ornamentation and as hollow as the characters it is calling to order, this monster talky grinds on for around three hours. It is a clear case of ends approached by inappropriate means. One's incidental admiration for Fellini's energy and image-making skill only underlines one's despair with the wrongheadedness of the whole affair. The subject area is worthy of film treatment (given, of course, a sufficient amount of moral unction) but it needs an Hieronymus Bosch to make it stick, and in movie terms, Fellini simply has not got that level of resources.

Romeo, Juliet and Shadows, by Jiri Weiss of Czechoslovakia is a crisply-edited and decently photographed "well-made play" on one of the vital subjects of our epoch (the plight of Jews in German-occupied territory during World War II in a Diary-of-Anne-Frank-type story). It is a story which has been told before and its significance is important enough that a re-telling is fully justified. But the re-telling must find new ways to penetrate our chronically thick skins. *Romeo, Juliet and Darkness*, by sticking with the tried-and-true conventions of conventional cinema — the theatrical form, the stock characters (over-prettified heroine included), does less than justice to the hideous facts of the truth. Mr. Weiss gives us a mild emotional work-out and then allows us to skip through the gaping holes of a threadbare structure which presents itself as a film but which, in fact, is theatrical literature recorded on film. In this, of course, *Romeo, Juliet and Shadows* is not unique; it is merely following current tradition. The title, incidentally, is as theatrical a gesture as the rest and has nothing to do with either Weiss's subject or Shakespeare's.

Lola, the film which opened the festival and one of its few comedies, is by Jacques Demy, a young French director belonging to what one might call the "nouvelle vague sans larmes" school (that is, no tears save those which can be brushed away to let a smile come through). The French love of a

tart with a heart here received an affectionate airing with technical glamour of an extremely deliberate and craftsmanlike kind. *Lola* is filmed operetta without songs, its forms in part being those of a facile music — and is an unblushing bid for popular applause, meretricious in subject matter and, finally, even in its luxurious craftsmanship. Like a gold-plated, mink-lined Daimler presenting itself as a space-vehicle, its irrelevance for the job is preposterous. By that I mean merely that the difference between theatre, say, and film is just about of the order of the difference between an automobile and a sputnik — or will be.

Dedicated to Max Ophuls, *Lola* was followed two days later in the festival, by Ophuls' *Lola Montes* in its original form and not in the truncated version shown to the public in its first commercial release several years ago. Ophuls' film is a great circus of a picture in wide-screen colour, in the form of a circus about Lola Montes as a circus act late in her career with flash-backs of earlier incidents in her life occurring in her memory but precipitated by the re-enactment of these incidents in spectacle form in the circus, with Lola herself the chief performer. The form is complex (although the matter is basically simple) and Ophuls manipulates it with an eye to its spectacular possibilities. The human significance of the story, however, is lost among Ophuls' colossal effects and the non-circus material on Lola's life is sugary and mechanical. Such flamboyant gestures (and the commercial cinema has a compulsive tendency to make them) are not without a certain morbid fascination — but in the end one turns away with a sense of material waste and opportunities lost.

Ballad of a Soldier, directed by Grigori Tchoukhrai of the U.S.S.R.'s younger generation of filmmakers, tries its hand at a sweet, wholesome story of bravery and love behind the lines in Russia during the last war. With an unusually handsome young actor as its leading protagonist and a pretty actress as the girl who figures in the most relaxed part of the story, the picture is as determined

an audience-catcher as *Lola* and even more wedded to the conventions of the day-before-yesterday's cinema. Filtering through are Mr. Tchoukhrai's pleasant and energetic personality and the pleasant personality of the Russian people, but these are diluted by a technique which can only body forth a simulacrum of what one takes to be the real — tricked out as it is with stylish camera angles, fancy lighting and camera-lenses for the close-ups and good old-fashioned pancake make-up for the skin's youthful beauty. If a good story (as literature) about good people would guarantee a good film, *Ballad of a Soldier* would be good; but they do not, and it is not. Like most feature films to be seen today, its conventions are derivative and moribund and its meaning thereby and therefore tainted and distorted, its truth falsified.

The Hand in the Trap directed in Argentina by Leopoldo Torre-Nilsson is an eclectic exercise in the international style and, by those standards, well-acted and well made. The story — again dealing with the emotional problems of the well-off and formerly well-off upper middle-class — presents its material cunningly in a structure of modest scope, although its literary antecedents weigh it down thoroughly. Dealing its moral judgments more deftly than *La Dolce Vita*, and as perceptive of the relativity of human emotions as *L'Avventura*, it came as a surprise to me since I am unfamiliar with Argentine films. However, if *The Hand in the Trap* proved that Argentina is on the movie map, it also showed that it is as peripheral to the heartland of film as any of the other better-known film-producing countries.

Of the more than seventy short films presented at the festival I can mention — and those only briefly — very few. This is not fair to the short films which merit in fact an article to themselves because some of them at least touch, and are touched by, the essence of cinema.

Anna la bonne directed in France by Claude Jutra of Montreal was a stylish, artful manipulation of a personality (Marianne

Oswald), a song and a situation, with a grasp of the film medium that puts to shame the festival's feature films. To find real cinematic simplicity, I am convinced that film will first have to become very tricky, and it was precisely this "trickiness" that Jutra seemed prepared to tackle.

Actua-tilt by Jean Herman, produced also in France, was a savagely shot and edited comment on contemporary life. The scene is a pinball and shooting gallery with machines using the take apparatus and images of war. The subject is the interplay of these machines and their human "players", intercut with newsreel shots of actual wartime destruction. The picture was hypnotic, maddening and deployed about as brilliant a use of "candid" camera as you could well imagine. Though it did not deal with the sins of the idle rich, I found *Actua-tilt* more truly shocking than *La Dolce Vita* and more enigmatic than *L'Avventura* — at about one-twentieth of their length.

Life is Beautiful by Tadeusz Makarczynski of Poland was another savagely bitter comment on everyday humanity — more conventional in its means but, except for its ending which was "outside" the style of the film, entirely successful. A second film by Makarczynski, *Night* (not seen in the festival proper) convinced me that this Polish director is one of the masters of contemporary film.

Seawards the Great Ships directed by the American Hilary Harris for the "Films for Scotland Committee" was an unusually fine composition, at once abstract and superbly concrete, on shipbuilding. It was marred somewhat by an over-literary commentary and an ending which, in my opinion, did not match the formal mastery of the rest which is a superb example of the film camera's peculiar expressive quality.

What seemed to me to be a good and representative selection of Canadian short films was a feature of the festival — in the two special afternoon screenings and scattered among the evening shows. Since most of these were produced by the National Film Board of Canada, however, ob-

jective comment by me is impossible.

The five programmes of scientific films raised some questions. What is a scientific film? Is it a film *about* science? If so, for what public and for what level of education? Or is it a film *of* science — a film which is an instrument of the scientists? Is it a type of teaching film or is it non-fiction entertainment? The festival's scientific films included the florid exercise in popularization (*Marine Snow* by Yone Kobayashi, Japan) and the pure embodiments of mathematical concepts for teaching (*The Cardioid* by Trevor Fletcher, Great Britain); the straightforward, if brilliantly and beautiful photographed, instructional film (*Embryonic Development of Fish*) by J. V. Durden, Canada) and tricky romanticized didacticism (*Una Lezione da Geometria* by Virgilio Dabel, Italy); the film by-product of scientific experiments (*Spontaneous Movements in Plants* by Jan Cabalek, Czechoslovakia) and the sophisticated animation film of quasi-philosophical leanings (*Universe*, by Colin Low, Canada). Except for those which merely made use of their materials for "show-business" purposes, many science films seem to me to be very much "of" film, and when much of what today is called film has withered away, its function absorbed by television or re-absorbed by theatre and literature, the "scientific film" will remain. The reason is that science has simply availed itself of some of the purest and most characteristic film techniques and thus, along with the animation film (which spills over into science as it does into everything else), scientific films or the films of science remain close to the heart of the cinema.

As for the feature film or fiction film, the most highly prized of all types of cinema in the public's opinion, I must now draw conclusions from the intemperate remarks I have made earlier in this article. Most of the feature films we see are animals with at least four legs — one squarely planted in the theatre, one in literature (the novel, especially), one in painting and one in music (when

it is not in film's own mouth, so to speak). Realizing this, critics long ago devised the theory that film was a synthetic art — a reasonable enough theory since, after all, it described the observable facts. My conclusion is that the film-as-synthetic art theory is about as reasonable a picture of the unique nature and potential of cinema as Ptolemy's "Map of the World" (circa 150 A.D.) was of the existing real world. Of course, with a poor map and primitive equipment, a great navigator can travel far, and, manipulating the patchwork of techniques available to them, a handful of powerful artists working in film have achieved memorable and unique visions of the human condition. But those triumphs should not blind us to the fact that they are the mysterious exceptions to the rule, the divine monsters which spring up to confound the generalizations of the theorist. Chaplin, Vigo, Kurosawa (to mention only three names which come to mind) are heroes of film's Age of Exploration; what they discovered, however, we have been slow to believe in, slow to understand and slow to claim.

The film, invented scarcely more than sixty years ago, has scarcely begun to find its identity and we do it harm to act as if it had reached, as have media like literature and painting, an accomplished maturity with a fully-articulated "language" at its disposal. To grasp the emerging qualities of the essential cinema and to express with them what they and they alone are best suited to express will require fanatical devotion and all the imagination and intelligence the film-maker can muster. But an audience too must somehow be found to share in that creation, and not just by sitting passive in its seats having paid the price of admission. The old line about box-office receipts being "the best kind of criticism" was never more than a cynical joke — but it will be even less applicable to the emerging new cinema which may no more make money than would a piece of research in nuclear physics carried on in the depths of a laboratory, although the emerging cinema will never be developed in a labora-

tory but in contact with a live audience, if only a small one.

But to become a healthy expressive medium, the film (however drastic its temporary strategic retreat may have to be) must not shirk, finally, the responsibilities of communicating with a wide audience.

The Montreal International Film Festival continued in 1961 to provide its large audience with the opportunity to assess in one compact period the contemporary cinema over a quite wide range. That is its justification and a quite sufficient justification it is. That this report has been so largely negative in no way diminishes my gratitude for the festival which has been, in my opinion, an important expression of Montreal life and a unique experience for thoughtful film-goers and film-makers.

OUR THREE ANGRY CRITICS

GUY GLOVER is a director and executive producer of the National Film Board of Canada, recently in charge of the preparation and production of the films which will commemorate the centenary of Confederation. He is an occasional guest critic for various Canadian publications and the C.B.C.

DAVID WATMOUGH has been a B.B.C. producer before becoming a full-time writer. A young Englishman, who now lives in the U.S.A., his criticism has appeared in a great many magazines on both sides of the Atlantic — in Encounter, The Spectator, the New York Times Book Review, among others. Presently he is writing a book on D. H. Lawrence, to be published by Appleton-Century. He was C.B.C.'s music and drama critic for this year's Vancouver International Festival.

JACK WINTER, drama critic for The Canadian Forum, has written criticism for various Canadian magazines. Ph.D. candidate in English Drama at the University of Toronto, he is now working on an adaptation of Lysistrata, to be presented by "Workshop Productions" this fall.

Superb Clothing

for the fashion conscious
gentleman, perfectly tailored
to fit both you and
your budgets.

Chateau Stores Limited

Men's Wear

3 stores to serve you

607 Craig St. West

4255 Wellington St.

1310 St. Catherine St.

The Agency with
THE REPUTATION FOR
MERCHANDISING
KNOW-HOW



Schneider Cardon
LIMITED

MERCHANDISING, MARKETING
AND ADVERTISING

1224 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal



*A real life sketch
from the*

Hyde Park

"Traditionals" Collection

HYDE PARK CLOTHES LTD • 2050 BLEURY ST • MONTREAL

CAPTIVE CONQUEROR

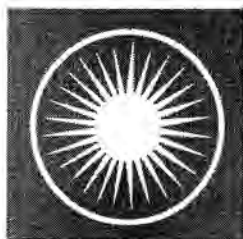
John Robert Colombo

Close at hand I sight her, the female master,
I summon my army armed with lust's mortar.
But my forces crumble beneath her armour.
She claims she is a forsaken conqueror.
Again I storm her flesh, then I surrender.
Her voice rings me with words, love's ambassador.
I lie bound and dumb to her legislators.
My head is held as a captive listener's.
But my armies rise up like fallen pillars.
And when she storms my flesh, I emerge victor.
Of both fleshy fortresses I am master.
To all her portals I speed my courier.
He sues for love though his words are like pebbles.
Soon her limbs tumble on my ears like temples.



TO POSTERITY

Wars need no Nostradamuses to be predicted,
Anyone can do it after reading the papers.
Two days ago, to regulate public opinion,
They opened a Department of Misinformation.
Now newspapers warp and alter the very words
In our mouths. Even the latest slogan is hackneyed.
I assume that for years justice has been illegal.
When you see it, which is seldom, it must be a lie.
My advice? A smooth skin is a better mask than most,
For it seems they treat the most respectable the worst.
And today the innocent are judged to be guilty
Unless their innocence has been proved unnatural.
I was told they changed the law on freedom yesterday,
But I know of no one who knows anything about it.
You tell me you are waiting for your case to come up!
Today the man who processes your papers is off,
Tomorrow he goes on holidays. His replacement,
Shortly to be announced, must be bribed immediately.



THE ECONOMICS OF EDEN

Funny that none of our friends
have committed suicide recently
no deaths through anticipated fallout
or because of the terror around the corner
no one dying on account of an undelivered letter
or a phone call that never came through

But this is really not surprising
since most of the deaths will occur after the fallout
between the chaos and the final destruction
after the terror appears around the corner
when the letter is finally delivered
and the phone call ultimately put through

This is not terror but horror
for the gates of the asylums are opened up
and the psychopaths swoop down upon the city
like surgeons constricting a paralyzed brain
and the terrorists begin by destroying
and they end by conflagrating tissue civilizations

The helpless continent is effectively dealt with
by the four commissars of kingdom come
the minister for the prevention of speech
the minister for the slaughter of gods
the minister for the contrived famine
and the minister for fear and sudden death

Funny that none of our friends
have committed suicide recently
who can account for it the turn of the wheel
can you account for it the turn of the wheel
sallies into the self might be dangerous
but you can be killed walking along
Main Street



THE ULTIMATE ORPHEUS

The ultimate Orpheus has fallen,
But is singing. Listen
To his song for his electric
Guitar bids you listen.
The ultimate Orpheus has fallen.

The ultimate singer in his singing
Sings the ultimate song.
"We are alone, my love, alone."
The song is barely sung,
The ultimate singer barely singing.

The essential singer is Orpheus.
It is essential, this song,
"Love, forever I will find you,"
As much to him as to you,
Essential singers who are Orpheus.

Orpheus has failed but in his singing
His voice and face are serene.
"We will never be together, love,"
Silence is a longed-for dream.
Orpheus has failed, but not his singing.

The ultimate Orpheus is falling.
In tigers' eyes the tears,
In trees' and in listeners' ears,
In rocks' uncertain fears,
It is ultimate Orpheus falling.

THE GRIEVANCES OF FRENCH QUEBEC



"Each of us can read the story of any American city without a guidebook from what we know of our own. That stone figure in the breastplate and the plumed hat, with a drawn sword, that is, of course, the founder of the city. The bronze Indian crouching below the pedestal—the proper place and proper attitude for him—recalls the salvation of the city by the founder. Those military figures, with little three-cornered hats, knee breeches, and stockings, their hair in pigtails, those are the great American generals who beat the British and the great British generals who beat the Americans, and both of whom beat the French."—
Stephen Leacock, *Montreal, Seaport and City*. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, 1948.

THE SPIRITUAL CLIMATE

It is interesting to wonder whether the profound relief we all experienced during the Sauvé term of office, immediately following Duplessis' death, would have continued through the subsequent general election which Sauvé no doubt would have called. Such hypothetical questions cannot now be answered, but one fact is clear, and it greatly diminishes the psychological significance of the June 22 election. The fact is this: Quebec's political liberation was not a result of the Liberal accession to power, but a process which began under a National Union government.

I do not deny that the situation seemed to deteriorate again during the Barrette administration. It is also possible that, had the National Union won the election, unrest and stirring within the party might have resulted in a return to worse servitude than we suffered during the last years of the Duplessis regime. It remains true, however, that for the first time in our lives, we had political freedom under a National Union government.

The influence of the Sauvé term was such that our New Regime cannot go down in history as the harbinger of political freedom in Quebec. This is just as well. If a government can lay claim to too many meritorious acts, it often becomes arrogant and backslides toward the very faults it originally corrected. We should always remember that governments, by their very nature, incline more to vice than to virtue . . .

APPEALS FOR CRITICISM

Although governments generally fear criticism above all, several of our cabinet ministers have repeatedly stated that they expect firm criticism, that criticism is essential to the successful completion of their heavy legislative program. I

think this desire for criticism stems from their political inexperience and their genuine desire to do a good job.

However, those who govern, particularly those whose power comes from the electorate, tend to believe that the only valid criticism is that which bears out the soundness of their actions. On the other hand, a new, inexperienced government often favours what we might call "preventive" criticism, prior to legislative action. Such criticism permits an assessment of public opinion on a given question ahead of time. I think this is the type of criticism the New Regime expects, and we would be remiss if we refused it. Still, it would be too much for the government to expect only criticism of this kind. If it does not wish to undermine the democratic values it accepts in principle, it must submit with good grace to "therapeutic" and "diagnostic" criticism.

THE ROLE OF THE OPPOSITION

It is a sorry fact that no serious parliamentary opposition menaces the New Regime. In the annals of British parliamentary history, rarely has so numerous an opposition been able to do so little damage to those in power. The opposition's greatest fault is its inability to realize that Duplessis-style political techniques produce dividends only when employed by a party in power. An opposition party using the techniques of "bossism", when there is no longer a "boss" capable of carrying out his threats, succeeds — except at election time — only in reflecting discredit on itself and arousing moral indignation. This is a serious problem: there is no organized opposition to exercise effective control on the new government. It is illusory to expect that the nomination of a new National Union leader can produce any tangible effect on the purely obstructionist nature of the present opposition . . .

THE OLD AND THE NEW REGIME

Léon Dion of the Faculty of Social Sciences at Laval University, studied both in the U.S. and Europe and wrote his doctoral thesis on fascism. Sometimes called the 'Frank Scott' of French Canada, he has published in a wide range of magazines and journals. "The Old and the New Regime", parts of which we publish here, first appeared in the June-July 1961 issue of Cité Libre.

In a situation such as this, there is only one way out for the government, if it genuinely wishes to be criticized, if it genuinely wishes a healthy opposition to help it to govern well. This way out is the calling of a new election . . .

UNDER THE OLD REGIME

By its very structure, Duplessism, like McCarthyism, was basically allergic to anything that might be labelled an "idea". Neither movement could lend itself to "intellectualization" without revealing in the process its constitutional deformities and its organic putrefaction. Duplessism, which could have richly rewarded intellectuals, made no attempt even to attract them, because the "boss" knew instinctively that such a move would have been suicidal. Not only did he not seek to win them, but he deliberately estranged them, preferring to neutralize their influence by discrediting them with the voters.

The few intellectuals whom the Old Regime saw itself forced to use in order to assure the functioning of the party press, of publicity and the rest, always remained in the most distant background and were completely muzzled. The few names that we could cite are such pathetic cases that it would be indelicate to do so. But to explain the scope of the Old Regime's anti-intellectualism, we must nonetheless offer one example. I cite the case of Clément Brown because he was smart enough to flee the rat-trap, while he was still intact. A 1948 graduate from the social science faculty at Laval University at a rather advanced age and at a time when graduates could not easily find a job of their choice, Brown was asked by Duplessis to take charge of the party's official journal. Having long intended a journalistic career, Brown accepted. We know now, since he has become Ottawa correspondent for *Le Devoir*, that Brown is capable, on occasion, of producing excellent journalistic

commentaries on current political events and that he does not fear to voice his opinions — opinions occasionally not without interest. How is it, then, that he was unable to accomplish anything of worth during his few years in charge of the National Union journal? My last conversations with him date back several years, but it seems to me that he would not disown the following explanation: although basically of a conservative bent, he is, intellectually, altogether honest and principled, and was never able to witness his employer's intrigues without a reaction of profound disgust. He was thus never able to serve the National Union cause with sincerity despite the suggestion that he limit himself to feeding to the news media the "cream" of the political picture leaving the others, elsewhere and in more intimate conditions, the task of placing the "skimmed-milk". Now, if a journalist, much like any other writer, is not perfectly sincere, he can accomplish nothing of value. This, in fact, is one of the reasons why there are so few good journalists.

THE GRAPES OF SCORN . . .

As long as Duplessis held the reins of power firmly, the absence of intellectuals in the party favoured rather than limited his control of the population, by permitting a small group of "realists" to follow their schizophrenic impulses. Conversely, as soon as the emergency brake was applied through our constitutional democratic process, and the National Union became a mere opposition group, its lack of intellectuals became cruelly apparent. The party has no official spokesman with intellectual prestige high enough to attract anyone other than fanatics of the "cause" who are blind followers anyway. More serious still, the absence of intellectuals in the opposition deprives the New Regime of intelligent partisan criticism — of the kind of criticism it

hopes for and which would do it much good . . .

. . . AND OF WEARINESS

Some will say that, despite the lack of "intellectual" partisan critics, there certainly must exist independent critics who, free from bias, are all the more useful, even precious to the New Regime. Such critical voices have yet to make themselves heard. We should not count on them too much. You have only to read *Le Devoir*, *La Press*, *Cité Libre*, or any of the non-partisan provincial newspapers, or listen to so-called political programs on TV or radio, and you will be surprised at the small number of people who discuss political problems of provincial interest. You will realize then, I fear, the similarity and mediocrity of their opinions. Even though these people have different backgrounds (they include former lay catholic disciples, fascists, socialists, marxists) most of them have united, for the time being, to pay court to the new administration . . .

THE NEW REGIME AND THE STATUS OF THE ELITE

The New Regime signifies not merely a new government, but the evolution of a new society, the mid-wives of which are the politicians themselves. Their views and

To begin with, I would like to point out that the new public "virtues" which the men in government created in their general campaign for honesty are resulting in the moral reform of public administration.

On a deeper social level the fight for honest administration results in the mingling of public and private domains. The result will be measurement of values by a common standard, that of individual morality. An example of this is the recent series of hospital investigations. It is clear that the new hospital insurance plan has played a large part in initiating or encouraging these investigations. We see here the phenomenon of

hospitals, which are private institutions, becoming a public concern . . .

Another sign of change is the expression "the Quebec State", often used by certain key government officials to signify the government of the province of Quebec. Some believe that this stems from a background of nationalism, but I am inclined to believe that the men of the new government are so awed by the government's role in undertaking a far-reaching policy of social security and welfare that the traditional expression "provincial government" seems to them entirely unsuitable for translating the dream of today into tomorrow's reality. Given such a concept, only the splendid and magical word "state" appears fitting to them.

So many changes tax the capacities of the opinion moulders, journalists, publicists, radio and TV directors, commentators, etc. Nevertheless, as a result of their situation and power, the opinion moulders, assistant mid-wives at the birth of the new society, reveal specific traits which influence the conclusions they reach about it.

OPINION MOULDERS

Who are they? In a society such as ours, demographically limited and relatively underdeveloped intellectually, they are few. I refer to the higher echelons, the minority who communicate mostly through the mass media. There are maybe one hundred at most. Almost all reside in Montreal.

Their group, formed intellectually between 1930 and 1945, is profoundly rooted in Canadian society and particularly in French-Canadian society. Until recently, they were socially "marginal". But in the present transitional period between two regimes, this group is in the process of merging into the new society.

Three factors are especially favourable to them. First, their ideas now attract generally favourable reaction from political, and even

from clerical and social authorities. Second, their ideas, transmitted by powerful mass media, are absorbed by the opinion moulders in the lower echelons, all the more easily since they have ceased or almost ceased to be "unorthodox". Third as the elite acquires a taste for the fruits of power, its appetite becomes more restrained; its attitude becomes more "proper" and thus less "scandalous". Today, their ideas reach the masses and we can hear them echoed in the buses and on the streets.

At the same time, a new problem arises. In the months that follow a change of power, those who favoured the change and who in the past were non-conformist must take a new position. Thus we either become unconsciously conformist, in a new way, or we re-examine ourselves and look for new struggles.

But to find a new struggle is in fact to point the finger at a "wrong" that the change of regimes has not corrected. That is always a very delicate operation. Whoever undertakes it runs the risk of finding himself alone, deprived of the support of his old companions-in-arms.

During the last six years of the Old Regime, Duplessism was the dominant issue occupying the attention of opinion moulders; during the last four years of the regime, it was virtually the only subject of discussion. Other issues, such as nationalism and clericalism, were mostly subordinated to it.

Since Duplessis' death, and especially since the Liberal electoral victory, Duplessism has become less and less an issue. Intellectuals in general have been left without a cause. For some, a new "enemy" was required, and, logically, some diverted the struggle from the political level to the clerical. But only those who wanted to fight for the sake of fighting, or those who had fought clericalism as they fought Duplessism, rallied to the banner. The majority are content

to consolidate their hard-won victory, and refuse to engage in new battles.

THE LAY MOVEMENT

Of all the old fighters, my excellent friend Marcel Rioux is doubtless the one who has the most resolutely declared himself in favor of a new fight. Proceeding with the ardor of a tested veteran, he is, in his articles and the rest, fully committed to the struggle against clericalism. Wrongly or rightly, many consider him a dominant figure of the Mouvement Laique (Lay Movement) recently organized in Montreal. Writing and speaking, he becomes unwittingly a smiling scapegoat. Suspect and hardly recommendable in the eyes of his friends, fustigated by those who were happy in the past to see him expose himself on the old front line of fire, he is for his enemies nothing less than a reincarnation of Satan. He is trying to win the New Regime to his cause, but his chances of success are, to say the least, extremely thin. He is now considered an undesirable element by some of the most influential members of the New Regime. Understandably, the very idea that his party could be mixed up in any way with the Lay Movement, or with any lay trend whatever, horrifies Lesage. To consider only the strictly political motives, it is clear that he could hardly allow even a shadow of a doubt to darken his stand against beliefs which are not shared by the majority of the population . . .

POSSIBILITIES OPENED TO US

Despite the excesses of some, we must realize that, in general, the opinion moulders are, for the time being, anxious to make use of the possibilities opened by the New Regime. They are careful at the same time to maintain an independent position with regard to established power. This, as I indicated earlier, is an attitude which flows normally from the

logic of their present situation, probably also from their temperament and from the logic of events.

Le Devoir, perhaps the only paper in which a vigorous independent stand may be expressed, has traced the path. In my opinion, André Laurendeau expresses better than anyone the attitudes and trends emerging among the opinion makers. On his side, he has his experience, his spirit and his talent. In addition to his qualities and talents as a journalist, I cannot forget that he is one of the rare ones to show more than a superficial interest in scientists and researchers, and to concern himself about the fate that befalls them in our society . . .

DECLINE OF SOCIALISM

The paths which the opinion makers and intellectuals in general seem to be choosing are not without serious repercussions on the present and future of certain social movements. I will cite but one example: socialism was, in the past, the rallying point of a certain number of intellectuals; today, most of them have deserted socialism. The New Party, which is trying desperately to regroup the various leftist currents and which has offered all possible blandishments to intellectuals, finds itself deprived of serious support at a time when it faces decisive choices. The leaders of the New Party will no doubt become aware that circumstances do not favour their movement. Before arriving at anything, the New Party will have to resolve the profound ambiguity of its very existence. And how can this be achieved without the co-operation of first-rate intellectuals?

The New Regime needs competent and conscientious opinion moulders. The various roles which they are called on to play are essential and irreplaceable. As I have indicated, they have a certain greatness; they also have their limitations. By the very nature of their occupation, opinion makers make excellent populariz-

ers of ideas; their training, their tastes, their way of life prevent them from being inventors and creators.

If the New Regime wants to bring to birth a new society, it is important to find the means to include in it scientists, researchers and philosophers. These groups, though not numerous, surely include a high percentage of socially marginal types. Having few or no colleagues, with the possible exception of some in the United States, Europe and Toronto, they constitute the "forgotten men" of our society. A highly developed society should create conditions assuring the psychological and material security of its intellectuals. It should supply the tools they require and procure for them the means to publish their findings. These men must not be considered popularizers but creators in their respective fields. And it is up to the opinion makers to make intellectual achievements known to the public. It is through the opinion makers and them alone that scientists and humanists will be integrated into society. And let us not commit the irreparable error of making known and encouraging only work relating to French-Canadian society. Research, like science itself, knows no frontier. The need to increase our self-knowledge requires the presence in our midst of scientists and philosophers who will open for us the new horizons of the contemporary world.

LONG-TERM OBJECTIVES

I come now to the gravest problem facing men today — our goals. The New Regime could hardly keep in tune with the needs and aspirations of the society currently in process of gestation without formulating long-term objectives to guide today's actions and projects. Thus, for example, the New Regime, willingly or not, can no longer simply be an appendage of capitalism as were its predecessors, the Duplessis and Taschereau re-

gimes. The consequences of our socio-economic structures, of the social security and welfare laws already in force and of others to follow in the next few months, will no doubt be enormous, if we judge by the effects similar legislation produced on the populations of western Europe, notably of Scandinavia. North America is actually the only region in the world where the capitalist position still appears solid. In recent years, however, some first-rate economists have discovered several chinks in the system's armor. The system reacts and readjusts and modifies itself unconsciously. The great economist Schumpeter predicted that the end of capitalism would come, not as a consequence of catastrophic revolution as Marx tried to show, but rather because people would cease to consider it a desirable system. Thus, according to Schumpeter, capitalism would perish slowly from want of interest in it by the majority of the population. This will more likely occur as the result of new social security and welfare programs which will accustom people to prefer control by public officials to control by private corporations; to prefer the security and welfare benefits put at their disposal by governments, to the benefits produced by private enterprise with the help of advertising . . .

THE NEW SOCIETY

In the period of transition which the New Regime is undergoing, each law, each new project, each stand taken by the elite — all will produce reactions and have their effect, in one way or another. We will be able to observe the evolution of the collective mentality and its gradual modification on fundamental questions, and the emergence of new behaviour patterns.

The New Regime, if it sticks to its self-assigned mission, has assumed the responsibility for bringing forth a new society. By the force of things, traditional attitudes and morals will be chal-

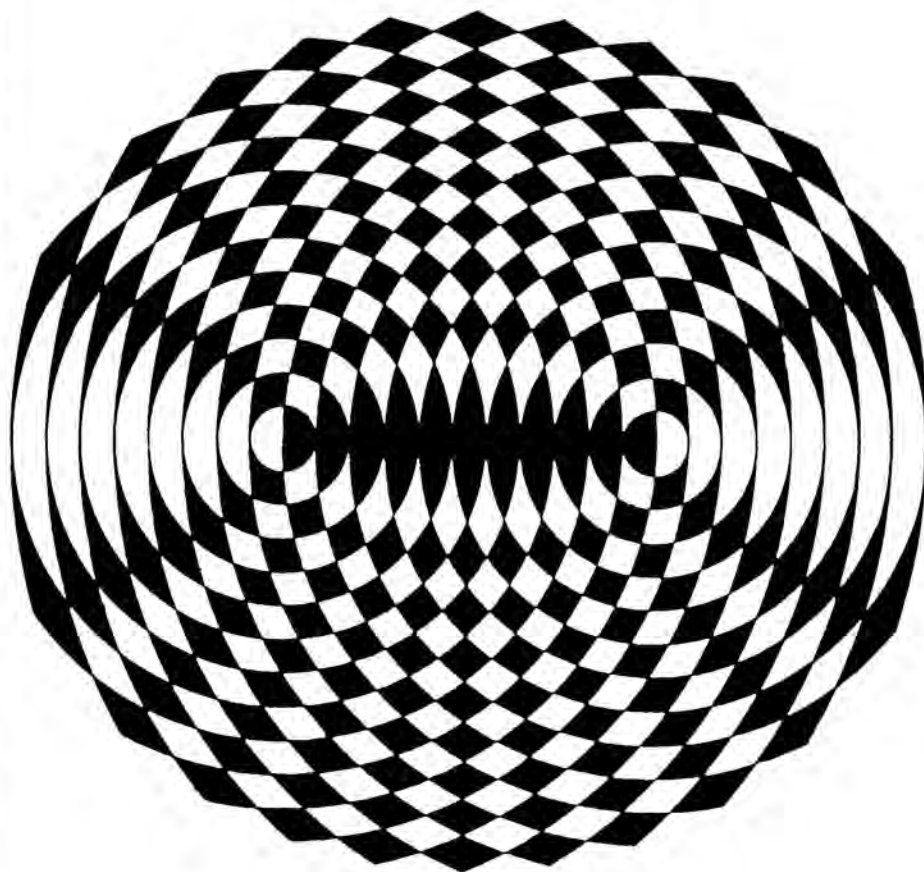
lenged, but not necessarily discarded. It is a question of a revision that certainly will be made by men — but by men whose thoughts and actions are of these times. It is not with one blow nor in one day, but piece by piece and over the years that the economic system, as well as every other institution, will be weighed and evaluated as to its efficiency and worth.

THE NEW ELITE

Are we really at the dawn of a new regime, or will June 22, 1960 simply have meant a transfer of power? Are we to witness a repetition of the events of 1936 or will we have a government which will officiate at the long-retarded birth of a new society? In a moving letter sent to *Le Soleil* last fall, René Chaloult related the hopes which he, along with the best men of his era, had placed in Duplessis and in his "new regime". He confessed the depth of disillusionment which soon overcame the best elements of the party — even those who had contributed so much to Duplessis' victory — over a government corrupt to the marrow.

An entire generation was thus sacrificed and our society's evolution was considerably delayed. Now, if we want the New Regime to realize the high hopes many have placed in it, our watchful attention must first be fixed on the politicians. But they will fail in their tasks if they are deserted or betrayed by the elite, especially the new elite. No man, no narrow group of men can assume the entire responsibility. The burden must be spread among many, among the majority. No group is useless or superfluous. Society must learn to use its intellectual elite. Then, perhaps, it is not unimaginable that we will be able to say in ten years that June 22, 1960 truly marked the start of a New Regime.

(Translated by Kina Buchanan and Bernard Dubé).



The Tamarack Review

IN THE SUMMER ISSUE: *Stories* by HUGH HOOD & LEONARD COHEN / *'Four Corners of My World'* by ANNE WILKINSON / *Poems* by D. G. JONES, DAVID MCFADDEN, R. G. EVERSON & JOHN GLASSCO / *Article & reviews* by STEPHEN VIZINCZEY & DORIS MOSDELL. IN FUTURE ISSUES: *Stories* by JACK LUDWIG, JOHN PETER, DAVE GODFREY, HERSCHEL HARDIN / *'The Journals of Saint-Denys Garneau'* translated by JOHN GLASSCO / F. R. SCOTT & ANNE HEBERT: *'A Dialogue Between Poet & Translator'* / *Articles* by DIANA GOLDSBOROUGH (on Mazo de la Roche) & GEORGE WOODCOCK (the Spanish Civil War).

\$1.25 a copy / \$4.00 a year / BOX 157 / POSTAL STATION K / TORONTO

PORTRAIT

PIERRE JÉRÔME

By JACQUES TREMBLAY

I knew Brother Pierre Jérôme at university, but distance later separated us. We still meet irregularly when one of us takes a trip, and we meet regularly through the good offices of the Royal Mail.

Pierre Jérôme often quotes a sentence from St. Exupéry: "A craft unites its practitioners". Perhaps those are not the exact words, but that is the general idea. In any case, I am unused to exact quotations and accurate references to a source. That is more in P. J.'s line. He has a faculty for tracking down the passage he wants, if not from memory, then in a few minutes of searching. Our long conversations are, for me, a form of reading: two lines from St. Exupéry, two from Alain, Péguy, Plato, Camus, Céline, St. Thomas, Malraux, Montherlant, Bernanos; a summary of the last editorial in *Time* or *Maclean's*; an article from *Cité Libre* or *Liberté*; from *Esprit*, *Le Figaro Littéraire* or *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. P. J.'s quotations are always exact and carefully arranged around a theme. P. J.'s mode of thinking is eclectic, a trait common to those born under the sign of Pisces. I do not claim that this is from choice; rather, his excellent memory and the speed with which he reads determine his method of thinking. The natural disposition of the grey matter determines the form of our thought. We use the tools we are given. Let us say that P. J.'s tools are quick, supple and penetrating.

"A craft unites its practitioners". We have proved the truth of this proposition. A profession fills out a life, gives it substance, ensures its dignity, prevents it from dispersing itself. For the individual, a profession provides unity; for men as a group, union. The framework of our lives, in P. J.'s case and mine, is absolutely different. But our profession unites us in

such a way that all the other differences, no matter how profound, make the union complete. Practising the same profession in different circumstances, our exchange of views is simply the more human, and we maintain the unity and the pluralism essential to man's nature. Is this what is known as friendship — two lives deriving their substance from the same action, and two men united by their differences?

FROM PIERRE JÉRÔME TO FRÈRE UNTEL

Brother Pierre Jérôme became famous under the name of Frère Untel, and I have been asked to introduce him to readers of *Exchange*.

Sometimes things move too fast. P. J. became famous too quickly, and I am not yet used to considering him as a famous person. It is too soon to ask me to sketch his character, because P. J. is still living. One can write successfully only of the dead, because they are fixed in eternity. But the P. J. who wrote *Les Insolences* is not quite the P. J. with whom I correspond today, and I will not be able to circumscribe my subject.

In any case, how does one write of one's friends? We cannot judge our friends. All I could say about Frère Untel would be anecdotal, and even then a certain intellectual modesty would prevent me from relating the most revealing anecdotes. Rather than commit some indiscretion, I shall remain with banalities. But I shall attempt the portrait.

I heard of Frère Untel for the first time on November 8, 1959. In a letter P. J. wrote me that day, I find the following post-script: "I'm sending you page 4 of *Le Devoir*, November 3, in case you didn't see it. I have a piece in the *Letters to the Editor* column. I wrote to Laurendeau after I read one of his commentaries on current events, and he replied, saying he would like to publish my letter. I have since learned that the letter was commented on during a CBC programme at 12:15."

An item in the paper, but that first letter touched off a polemic. Frère Untel had started a battle,

but he was enjoying himself. In our own correspondence of that period, Frère Untel took up very little space, but he continued to write to *Le Devoir*. In our letters, we talked of books we had read and problems of the teaching profession.

The following May, Frère Untel became a serious topic of conversation. His piece denouncing fear as a national characteristic appeared in a prominent position on the editorial page of *Le Devoir*. The gravity of the issue was apparent to everyone. Frère Untel had put his foot in his mouth, irrevocably. In the world of schoolteachers, such daring is frightening. People were talking of the horrible fate in store for the brother. (And this was not over-fanciful imagination at work. Their memories were good.) Up until then, Frère Untel's letters were discussed only among educators. After "De quoi ont-ils peur?" (What are they afraid of?), there was a heavy pathetic silence. It was as though Frère Untel's readers felt themselves facing the accused who had just passed the death sentence on himself.

That is barely a year ago, and we already find it difficult to recollect the atmosphere of the time. This is a yardstick by which we can measure the depth and extent of the release brought about by various factors in 1960. It was not just the June 22nd election that caused our release. It must already have begun in order to make June 22 possible. The trend of thought which developed after the '56 election and continued to grow was the beginning of deliverance. Duplessis' death, Sauvé's tenure of office, Frère Untel's audacity — all played their part. Analyses of this sort, however, are better undertaken by specialists. Here we have only to recall the heavy atmosphere of Quebec a year ago to understand the anguish P. J. must have suffered from May to September, 1960.

Because of the risk attaching to the publication of "De qui ont-ils peur?", I changed my epistolary habits. Instead of criticizing, I became encouraging. I wrote an enthusiastic letter to P. J. I quote a part of this letter because its grandiloquent tone demonstrates

the importance I attached to what my friend was doing.

"Dear P. J.,

"I read your 'De qui ont-ils peur?' in *Le Devoir* of April 30. I can't tell you how glad and enthusiastic I am. It was more than an article by a very dear friend; it was an article describing very accurately the most basic element of the atmosphere in our province: fear. You are all the more to be congratulated because the element is difficult to isolate — it is diffuse and has a tendency to evaporate. You avoided the stumbling-block: you didn't try to concretize something which has no form; nail down something which is in constant motion; define what must remain indefinable. There we have it, and let those who have ears hear.

"At long intervals, over the last twenty years, truth have been spoken, with similar echoes. Each time, a new hope was born; each time, some human energies grouped themselves around the voice which had spoken, in the attempt to write a great symphony of human intercourse. Each time, the main theme was smothered. What happened to the one who was first to speak? Was he smothered, or did he merely run out of breath? Both, probably. With enough breath, the best constructed barriers can be blown down. I am sure that your article, straightforward and strong as it is, will produce unlimited echoes and give birth to hope once again. Here and now, more than ever, hope is the beginning of life, but the new life will not take form immediately. First it will have to assume responsibility for eternity. No compromise is possible; it must have permanence or remain only a flash in the pan.

"You took the plunge, or rather, Frère Untel took the plunge. Frère Untel can never assume the shape of Brother Pierre Jérôme. Frère Untel began the job and he alone can continue it. There is your present responsibility; you must carry on Frère Untel to the end, and I think it is the right path for you.

"No one is better equipped than you to work for the liberation which is at stake here: intellectually, you are prepared; spiritually, you are free socially, you can take

all the risks; you have a facility of expression; you are attached to cultural things; your long physical suffering has given you understanding of all human suffering; and above all, you made a successful start. Why should we look for anyone else? Frère Untel is the only name which, historically, coincides with our outlook: Frère — bother the scapegoat, the whipping-boy, the very incarnation of the spiritual slave (at least, that is a commonly held view). Untel — so-and-so, a neuter, nameless, colourless, indefinite person. That was your point of departure, and it was the correct one. Frère Untel means to us all that is left of our soul — our poor soul we subjected to every yoke, to every fear, to every sin, our poor, sexless, colourless, nameless soul."

P. J.'s CONSCIENCE

Frère Untel's first book was not long coming out. Four months later the Editions de l'Homme published *Les Insolences du Frère Untel*. In the theatre, the man primarily responsible for a hit is unknown to the audience; the director is never applauded, even though the actors, without him, would struggle in vain. In this case, the man behind the scenes was Jacques Hébert, the former head of Les Editions de l'Homme. Jacques Hébert was the one who forced Frère Untel's hand.

Toward the end of July, 1960, Hébert and P. J. were discussing publication plans. P. J. agreed to publish his work but he wanted six months to get his manuscript ready. Hébert insisted on two weeks or never, and by August 4, the manuscript was in his hands. In good hands, fortunately. Subsequently, Hébert had to defend the work to various timid old fogies and even to the author himself. But he knew his craft, and he knew what he wanted. The book was released on September 6, according to schedule.

On the day it was published, I received the following telegram: "Jacques Hébert's conscience is as strong as P. J.'s. Stop. With you in spirit. Stop. P. J." And a few days later, P. J. explained it to me in a letter: "On September 6 you should have received a telegram

Excerpts from
LES INSOLENCES

AFRAID OF WHOM?

I am a bit unhappy, all the same. I didn't state clearly of whom we are afraid. We are afraid of authority, because we haven't the courage for freedom.

WE WERE LEFT WITH THE FAMILY ESTATE

When the Protestants left our father's house (I may, I think, borrow John XXIII's metaphor), they took with them a small portion of their heritage. We were left with the family estate, the house and the working capital. They left with a few coins of freedom.

IN OUR SILENCE, WE ARE ORTHODOX — BECAUSE WE ARE AFRAID

The all-pervading fear amidst which we live sterilizes our actions. If we write anything, we must be able to justify our words to potential inquisitors; if we act, our actions must be measurable by the traditional standard — in other words, they must be repetitions of previous actions. We take the safest course: say nothing and think nothing. We preserve. Our motto is "je me souviens" (I remember).

FRENCH CANADA — A DRAMA OF NON-COMMUNICATION

The failure of our educational system is the reflection of the failure or the paralysis of our thought. In French Canada, no one dares to think, or, at least, no one dares to think aloud. The absence of all serious discussion in the province brands us irretrievably. Conversation with oneself is the beginning of madness, they say. Solitary thought processes can lead us to madness as well. French Canada's drama is one of non-communication.

saying 'Jacques Hébert's conscience is as strong as P. J.'s' I knew what I was saying. Basically, I am not entirely proud of myself. One thing I am sure of: I tried in every possible way to get others to make the decisions. In the last analysis, I was completely passive."

The manuscript was written with the enthusiasm of an audacious youth. A month later, it was as though the author had become a doddering old man. The cowardice of those who should have protected him, the withdrawals on the part of the authorities aged him—quickly, and he regretted having spoken out. P. J. wrote me at that time:

"I am sure I am not exaggerating when I say I have aged ten years in the last few weeks. Not physically, because I seem to be fairly well, although I am tired; but in some vital way, because of my experiences. Several years seem to have been telescoped; I feel as though I absorbed a capsule of concentrated experience."

"Hitler said: 'I have come to free man from his conscience.' I have never before understood so well how a man could wish to be freed from his own conscience. I always thought that nothing was more desirable than to be conscious and conscientious. I felt that was the very essence of man's life. Now I realize we can very rapidly reach a point where we want to be delivered from our conscience. I also realize that it is impossible. It is all very well to hope others will make the decisions. We can be as crafty as we like, and just when we think we've won out, the little devil of a conscience jumps up and reminds you he's still there. We are always alone, face to face with our conscience. We can never interpose another, not even our best friend, between ourselves and our conscience."

I shall not attempt to relate what went on between August 15 and September 6. It was enough to shatter a man.* It was enough Hébert's firm conviction, the powerful publicity of *Les Editions de l'Homme*, the success of the book and the strength of public opinion helped Frère Untel to survive his "insolences".* No one could fore-

see that the book would be a best-seller or that it would create such a stir. When P. J. uses the word anguish, he is not exaggerating. Events do not always respect our forecasts; but our forecasts determine our attitude to come. When the immediate future seems to be nothing but a deep chasm, anguish can devour a man's youth more thoroughly than a cancer. Take a man who is being gnawed by uncertainty: his actions radiate from his own lines of force, but he is unaware of it. If the uncertainty persists, any news of victory will arrive too late. For Frère Untel, things happened too quickly. It was very soon apparent that the chasm could be skirted. The tide of premature age receded, and life reasserted its rights. But the experience left its mark. We can hope that P. J. will describe it soon, from the point of view of one who has lived through it.

Human experience can be described only from the internal viewpoint. I insist on my belief that the work of *Les Insolences* resides in the fact that it is not a dissertation but testimony of actual experience. Others before P.J. talked about sloppy speech ("joual"). Others talked about the failure of our school system and the vacuum in our thinking. Their works may have been better disciplined and more complete, but they were cold. Frère Untel has been accused of making many unfounded accusations. But Frère Untel writes of what he has seen, what he has felt, what he has suffered. He writes from an unprotected position, right on the firing line. His point of view is not objective; it is one man, himself, who is in question. Man, meaning first of all the author, with his personal tastes, his own small life-history, his whims and his passions; but also man himself, eternal man eternally challenging creation with his own freedom. There is only one way to arrive at human truth, and that is to arrive at one's own truth. There is only one way to speak to man: it is to surrender to him, as the criminal surrenders to his judges.

St. Gédéon, July 26, 1961.

Jean-Paul Desbiens, alias Frère Pierre-Jérôme, alias Frère Untel (Brother So-and-So), was born at St-Jérôme, Lake St. John. Of his origins, he says, "We were always poor, practically destitute, actually destitute at times. Most of my homework was done by the light of an oil lamp because my parents couldn't afford electricity. When the Brothers gathered me in, they literally had to pay my carfare and my clothes and give me free education." At twenty, suffering from tuberculosis, he entered a sanatorium, where he remained for six years.

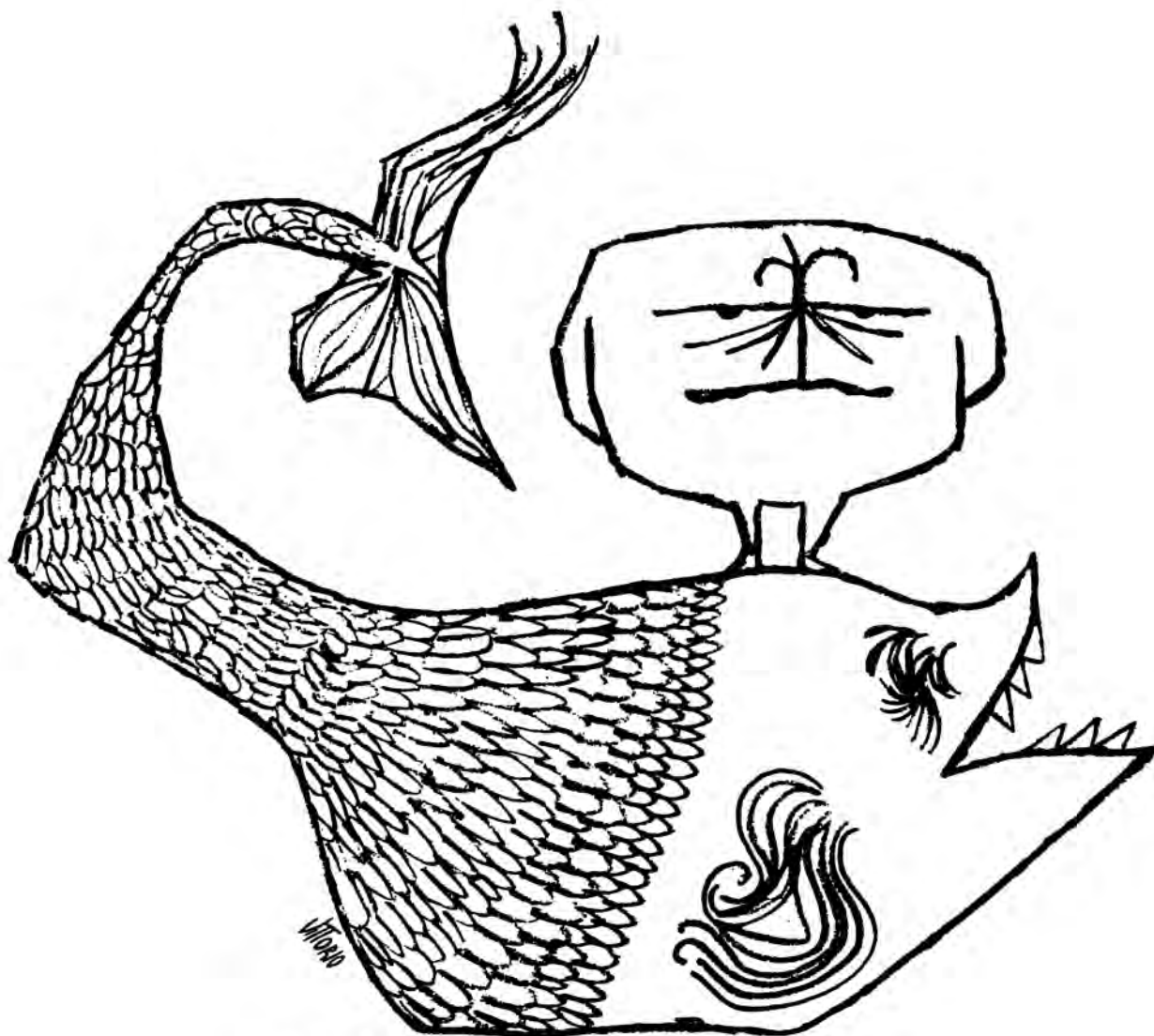
After his recovery, he studied philosophy at Laval University, which he later taught in Chicoutimi.

From his college, he wrote a series of letters to *Le Devoir* flaying our bastardized language, and attacking a school system clogged in a centuries-old routine, our conceptions of authority — a stifling, strangling authority perpetuated by generations of ecclesiastics — our terror of freedom which blocks all progress, and the ridiculous way of life inflicted on teaching brothers and nuns.

His letters were assembled in a book called *Les Insolences du Frère Untel*. It followed the defeat of the National Union on June 22, 1960, and figured largely in the vanguard of the immense hullabaloo after Duplessis' death. The book sold 100,000 copies, an unheard of record in French Canada. The son of an illiterate, Pierre-Jérôme has become the most widely read author in his country.

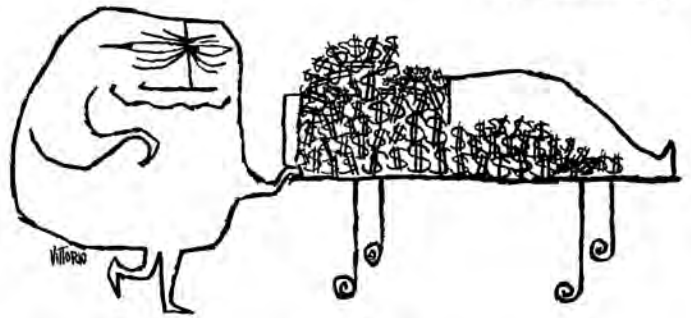
A few extracts from his stormy book follow. They should serve to illuminate the article on Frère Untel written by JACQUES TREMBLAY, a professor of philosophy at the Jacques Cartier School in Montreal, a close friend of Frère Untel and one who helped bring to birth the book in question. (Louis Martin).

*Since Prof. Tremblay wrote his article, Brother Pierre Jérôme has been sent into exile by the ecclesiastical authorities. He is now in Rome "to further his studies". His immediate superior who supported him against attacks was sent to France.



THE
HIGH
STANDARD
OF
CORRUPTION

HOSPITAL EXIT →



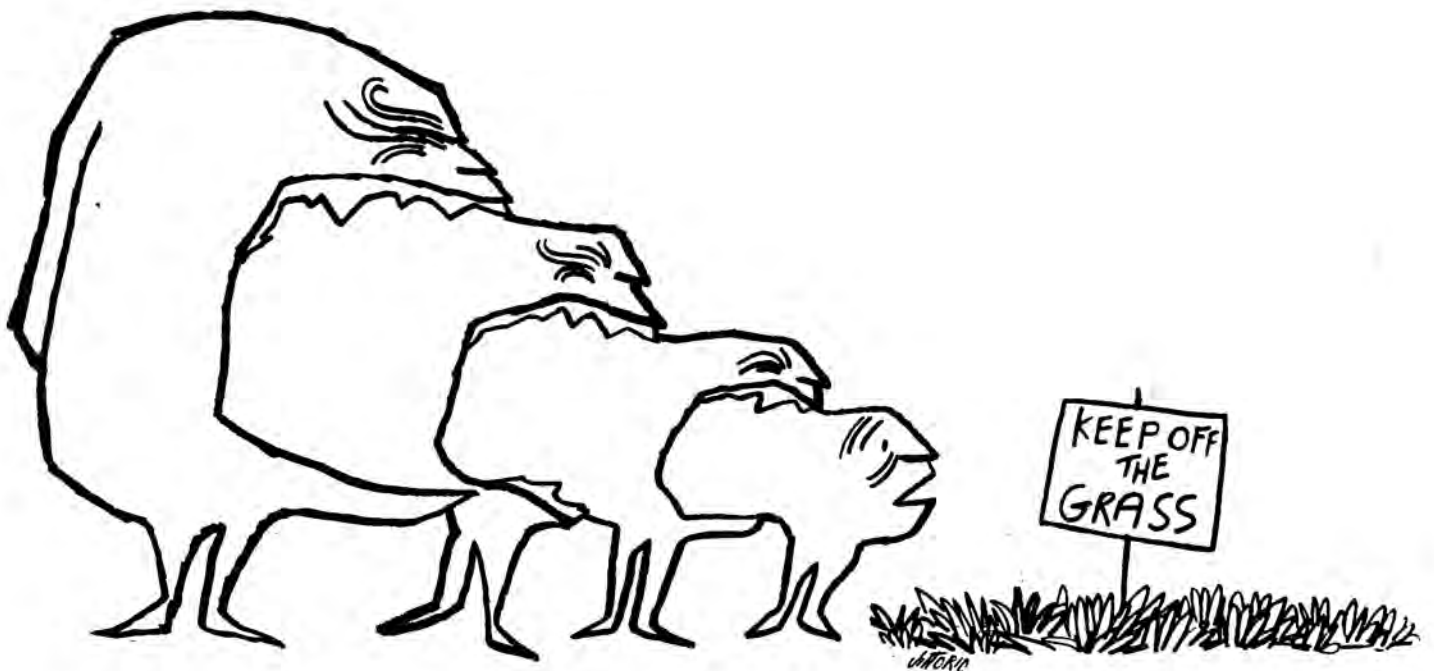
It isn't true that hospitals aren't
for the needy.

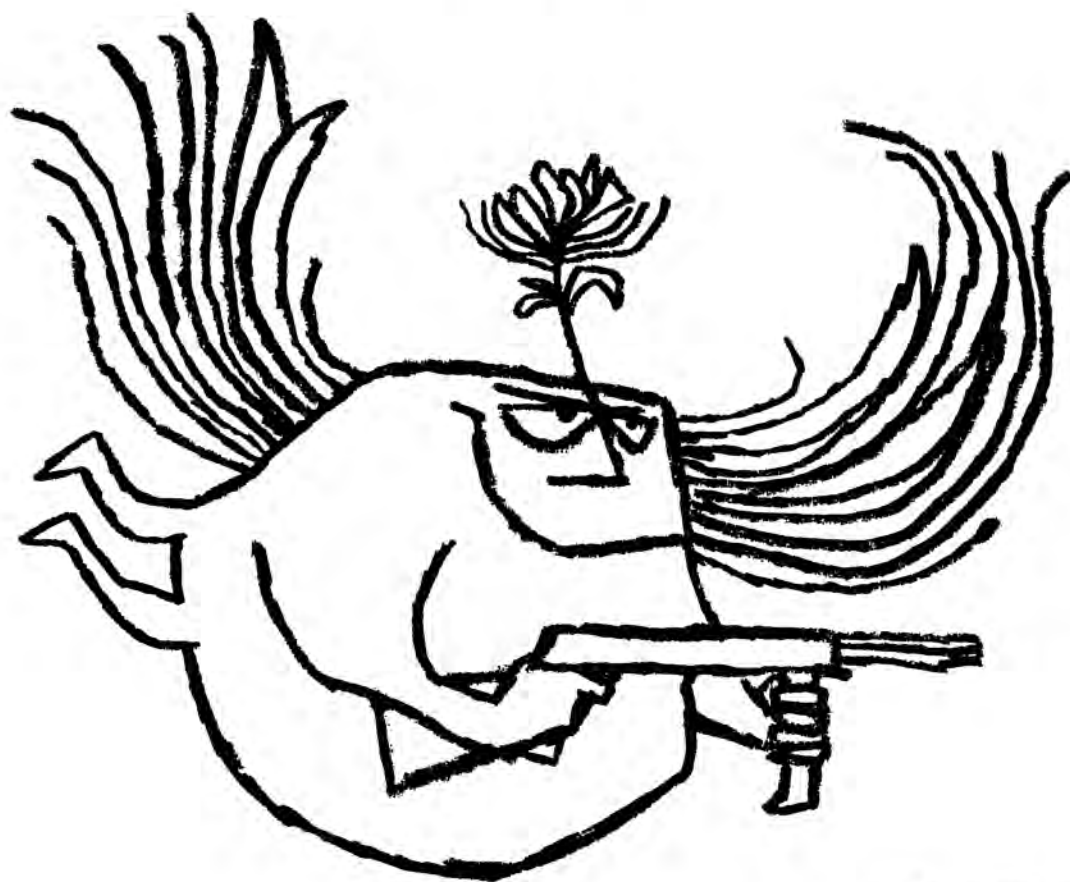
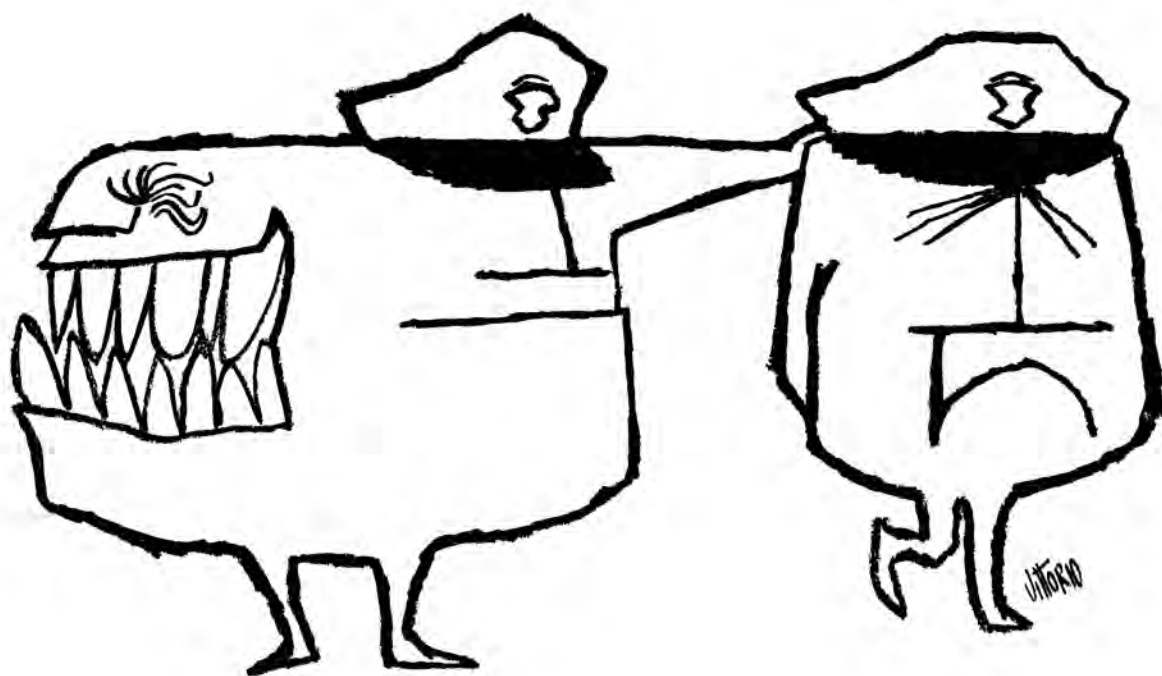


Every party loveth a cheerful giver.



Only the news that's fit to print.





There *were* scandals — but every-
thing has changed now.

EXCHANGE OF VIEWS

ANDRÉ LAURENDEAU

PIERRE BOURGAULT

THE DIALOGUE OF TWO GENERATIONS

André Laurendeau, editor of Le Devoir, is one of the best known spokesmen for the interests and grievances of French Canadians. Pierre Bourgault, playwright, is the leader of the Montreal branch of the Rassemblement Pour L'Indépendance Nationale. Their debate, which first appeared on the pages of Laurendeau's paper earlier this year, strikes us as one of the most important documents on present day Quebec. It reveals the issues and conflicts of French Canada in the tense, personal terms of human reality.

André Laurendeau:

SEPARATISM AND THE END OF COLONIALISM

Is it inconsistent to favour an end to colonialism for underdeveloped nations, yet to reject separatism for Quebec? I think not, for several reasons.

We must first of all distinguish between the various countries which have recently achieved independence. Some, like India, are as huge and populous as continents, and have already reached a peak of civilization. In such countries there have been political leaders and technically trained men for many years. Other new countries are tiny and undeveloped, unprepared for independence. Their very survival is open to question. What has prompted these diverse countries to seek their freedom is a passionate aversion to domination and exploitation by strangers. The differences between the hitherto dominant European and the African or Asian are obvious: skin colour; standard of living; civilization; religion. These Africans and Asians have felt despised as we never have; they are poorer than we have ever been. Awareness of their condition has rendered their lives intolerable.

I do not think that the situation in Quebec is similar, nor do I think that many people feel it is. Even when we demand that our lost rights be restored to us, even when we suffer cruel injustices,

we still believe that these problems however serious, can be resolved within the existing political framework.

We are often told that this is the outlook of a people too long bullied, whose reflexes lack vigour, the outlook of a nation afraid to assert itself. However, we cannot help being aware of the difficulties which a trend toward separatism could create. Just as the United States could not permit the southern states to secede, Canada cannot allow itself to be broken in two. No one has yet shown us how Quebec could achieve its independence peacefully.

This takes us back to the newly independent countries. While many factors were involved, they accomplished their liberation primarily through their categorical refusal to collaborate with the colonial powers ruling them. With passive resistance or terrorism, these peoples declared war on those who dominated them. They had, after all, very little to lose. Their very poverty helped them to freedom. I do not believe that French Canadians are prepared to run the same risks. They are too conscious of what they have already attained, and they are inclined to be conservative and peaceable and would certainly reject the terrorism that has been an instrument of liberation in most of the new countries. Where there is an unquenchable desire for freedom, where terrorists have the sympathy of the entire population

and can lose themselves in the mass only to re-emerge and strike again, eventually the ruling power must give up the struggle. Can anyone imagine such a situation in Quebec? I, for one, cannot, nor do I think it would be desirable.

It is true that there have been — and there still are — people in Quebec who have passionate feelings about the destiny of foreign nations, while our own destiny leaves them completely unaffected. They will applaud African or Asian nationalism but they have nothing but contempt for Quebec nationalism. They would no doubt lay down their lives to liberate Morocco, but they are incapable of the tiniest sacrifice in support of the demands of French Canada. This attitude of the "moral emigrant" is totally unacceptable, and it justifies the criticism that we lack vigour. Yet, separatism misses the point when it tries to identify us with the Indochinese or the Indians in the name of "logic". It invites us to plunge head-on into unreality. The pursuit of the unrealizable, so exalting to some of our youth today, may end in bitter disillusionment.

Let me say though that the Quebec separatist movement bears witness to the injustices we have suffered. In this sense, the movement is useful: it may encourage people to think. What worries me most is the personal attitude of the separatist and the disillusionment toward which he is heading.

Pierre Bourgault:

A MESSAGE FROM A FREE MAN TO
A GENERATION WHICH HAS LOST ITS
FREEDOM (PART I)

Dear Mr. Laurendeau:

In your "Blocs-Notes" of Monday, February 20, you state, without going into detail, that disillusionment is in store for the separatists. You specify neither its nature nor its consequences, yet you claim to know. Yours is a generation which builds only on its own disillusionment. May I say that we regret this? Perhaps you felt the same sorrow when you were our age, and you realized that you were alone, that everything had to be started over again and that your elders had lost their faith before they could pass it on to you.

We are grateful that you are not bitter. But why must you abandon us now? Why is it that we can hand down from generation to generation only the sum of our failures? A separatist does not work any more than any other citizen at charting out his own disillusionment. The greatest disappointment we separatists can ever experience is this: seeing you so reduced in stature, when we had heard in childhood of your greatness.

It is a disappointment to the separatists to see that their youthful ideals cannot find common ground with your ideals. You have lost something along the road. We have the impression that you reject your youth as though it were an unpleasant memory! We have the impression that you want to stifle our youth — perhaps you find in it too vivid a recollection of your own, and all that it revered?

You warn the separatists that, although their philosophy is defensible on many grounds, it is unrealizable in the circumstances and the milieu of today. I can accept your point of view to a certain extent. When you claim that our people are very conscious of the problems separation would entail, you are quite right. We separatists are also aware of these problems, but we cannot agree that

they are insurmountable. Of course, you accuse us of being unrealistic. Let me reply to that accusation. You state: "Even when we demand that lost rights be restored to us, even when we suffer cruel injustices, we still believe that these problems, however serious, can be resolved within the existing political framework." Such a declaration might not be astonishing, if it were made by a person unfamiliar with politics and the exterior realities which surround us. However, I cannot understand how you, with your experience and sensitivity and with the convictions you have held, can make such an unrealistic statement.

After one hundred years, the structure and spirit of confederation is still so hostile to French Canada that whenever we try to resolve any of our problems, we are stamped "fanatics". And so we fight — not for independence for its own sake, but for what will follow independence. We want to bring peace and tranquility to the French-Canadian spirit, so that it will no longer be disturbed by futile struggle. With its dignity restored, this spirit can begin developing itself instead of defending the gates of the museum where it is kept on display.

I accuse you, Mr. Laurendeau, of not being realistic, when you claim that we can develop ourselves within the existing political framework. You ask our people to live as heroes throughout their lives. You ask them to remain poised at the threshold, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, yet never to enter the arena of action. We have been doing this, without success, for a century. To be successful, action must be vigorous, well-planned and speedy. This has been the nature of any successful action we have seen in the past hundred years. We have watched many strong campaigns, all more or less well-planned, all short-lived. What did they obtain for us? A few crumbs from the rich man's table, nothing more. For action to be effective within Confederation, it must be sustained. Yet, we must admit, this is contrary to nature. Heroes perform only heroic actions, and they economize their talents, saving them

for the right moment. It would be frivolous to ask them to transform their lives into one sustained act of heroism.

I accuse you of being unrealistic when you claim that our problems can be solved within the existing political framework. Would it be realistic to demand that every citizen of Winnipeg, Vancouver or Victoria be able to express himself in French? It would not, I am sure you will agree. Yet it is indispensable if we are to retain a federal system. Why should we accept a constitution which provides for only one bilingual province — Quebec? (B. N. A. Act, Article 133.)

I accuse you of being unrealistic when you claim that we can preserve the French language in a bilingual province, rather than establish a unilingual province like the rest — contrary though this is to the Constitution.

Do you sincerely believe that our people will ever exercise real power in the commercial sphere when we know that economic transactions at the provincial level can be disallowed by Ottawa? Yet you maintain that we are reaching toward impossible goals, that we can end only in disillusionment. And why say that the newly-liberated peoples have felt despised as we never have? Are we more sensitive, thinner-skinned than you? Has no one ever said to you: "Speak white!"? It has been said to me many times. If you have travelled in France, has no one ever asked you: "How is it that you speak French? You're a Canadian, aren't you?"

If we ignore the fact that we today are despised, our own children will despise us. For three centuries, not a single generation has lived collectively in dignity sufficient to merit the admiration and esteem of succeeding generations. We have had a few heroes, but we have always been short of humanists.

At the risk of unduly lengthening this letter, I will add this: in your article, you speak of those countries which acquired their independence through terrorist methods. You seem to think there are no other methods, and you want to know how Quebec could

possibly win independence peacefully.

Well, we are democrats and we are ready to wait until the majority of Quebec's population is in favour of independence. This is the direction in which we are working. You would be surprised to know how many people are with us in spirit who are not yet ready to take action in public. We firmly believe that a silent majority already exists. Our purpose is to give them a means of expressing themselves; to provide them with the arguments they need for the rational, intellectual support of their emotional convictions.

What will happen the day this majority declares itself openly? Is it possible to have a peaceful revolution, without arms, without aggression, without destruction? Our answer is yes. It would probably be the first true example in the whole world of democracy in action. It is a possibility, and one clearly envisaged by René Levesque in an article published in "La Revue Moderne" of April, 1960. A relevant excerpt follows:

I have heard frequently, scarcely believing my ears, this supposedly crushing objection to Quebec independence: "What's the use? The English would never permit it." "How would they stop us?" murmurs an evil little voice. "Well . . . the Army . . . the RCMP . . ." Yes, and General Pearkes and his World War II strategists, I suppose. I can see it all now: The Vandoos deserters and rebels, being massacred 'somewhere between Montreal and Ottawa' by the valiant loyalists, the 100 per cent federalist Royal Canadian Guards. This is a ridiculous argument. We are going through a period when the all-powerful USA hasn't the courage, in the face of world opinion, to dispose of that thorn in its side. Fidel Castro. And yet the pow-

erful American sugar trust could knock him over with a feather! The unconscious lack of logic in our best brains is amusing. They will prove to you that gunboat diplomacy is out-dated in Suez, Quemoy or Cyprus, in the West Indies and everywhere else . . . except in the tragic exception of the St. Lawrence Valley. Our English-speaking compatriots have much less trouble sloughing off out-dated notions and facing reality. A few months ago, *The Quebec Chronicle Telegraph* editorialized thus: "If one day the majority of the population of this province accepts separatism, we will have to admit that they have the right to realize it. All over the world we are defending the right of others to self-determination. We cannot at the same time refuse it to our own people."

The purpose of my reply, Mr. Laurendeau, was to tell you that the disappointments you warn us about will be yours.

We want your generation to engage in discussion with us, to share your experience with us, so that we need not waste precious time doing over the work you have already accomplished.

We ask you to act as elders, but not as elderly people. We are ready to listen to you, on one condition: that you read over what you wrote when you were young, and that you try to recapture the spirit in which you wrote it. If your spirit is failing, we offer you ours. You can nourish our emotions; we can contribute to your understanding. This can and must be done, for we have no intention of passing on to the next generation the malady that has atrophied yours. We are building a heritage for our children; we have no intention of destroying it. We intend to hand down everything we have won, not your disillusion.

on nationalism, is tenable on paper. At 25, it is normal or, in any case, acceptable to be a separatist. At 35, it becomes more disturbing. Yesterday, Pierre Bourgault accused us of having lost our

From The Manifesto of the **RASSEMBLEMENT POUR L'INDÉPENDANCE NATIONALE**

French Canada is a historical nation which traces its roots to the first days of New France. Conquered by force of arms, cut off from its mother country, subjected to numerous and prolonged attempts at assimilation, the French Canadian nation has always shown an indomitable will to survive and to develop independently in accordance with its origins and its own character.

Confederation, the outcome of British imperialism and the conquest of New France, has forced the people of Quebec into an unnatural situation of weakness and inferiority. This regime, established by the British North American Act, was not based on the will of the peoples concerned but was imposed on them by the law of an imperial power. Furthermore, the rights which were officially granted by this Act to the French Canadian people have been continually violated by the federal government in Ottawa, in the whole of Canada, and even in the Province of Quebec itself. This constitutes a menace to the very existence of French Canada, already endangered by its cultural and social isolation and by the Anglo-American influence.

In the present day, when peoples throughout the world are freeing themselves from imperial domination and nations are demanding their complete independence, French Canada can no longer accept to remain under the political and economic control of outlanders.

Nowadays, nations need no excuse for the desire to be free, for if national freedom is not an end in itself, it is the essential condition for the full development of individuals and of nations. There are no true civil rights for the individual unless, first of all, his own country is free.

By demanding complete independence for Quebec, the R.I.N. rejects the pessimism resulting from the Conquest of New France and expresses its faith in the French Canadian nation, natural heir to one of the greatest civilizations in history.

André Laurendeau:

LOGIC AND REALISM IN POLITICS

Separatists write a great deal, and most of them write very well. Besides, the separatist stand, based

"faith". What he means is that we do not have his faith. But just as I cannot blame him for being young, he is at fault when he blames us for being twice his age. Doubtless, he is not referring to our age in a strictly mathematical sense; nor am I. What I really want to say is this: it is useless to live so many years without having learned something. According to our correspondent, the separatist is a realist and we are not. Here he is confusing realism and logic. Starting from a basis of fact — the situation imposed on us by Confederation — the separatist arrives logically at a conclusion which is in no way realistic, a conclusion impossible to live with and impossible to translate into fact. Moreover, no one has yet demonstrated how it would be possible for Quebec to become independent. Neither René Levesque's remarks, nor the allusions to the Anglo-Saxon sense of fair play (allusions which I find a bit dishonest in the context), nor the talk about the end of colonialism constitutes a real argument. The fact that forty nations have gained their independence does not prove that a solidly established country will allow itself to be sundered.

Quebec is not an island in the middle of the Atlantic; its secession would mean the death of Canada. It is impossible for me to believe that any Canadian government could accept without a violent reaction — or at least a vigorous reaction — the breaking up of a country which has been in existence for a century. Furthermore, the separatists want to solve by political revolution a problem which transcends politics and which stems ultimately from extra-Canadian causes. If we have the feeling that, as a nation, we are in mortal danger, it is not because we are a minority in Canada. We have long known how to fight, resist and yet progress. The real danger is the proximity of the United States and its culture surrounding us, weighing down on us, penetrating and taking root among us. We are not one against two, but one against thirty. This disproportion would prevail even if Quebec were independent — a political frontier would not pro-

tect us. The frontier is in existence now, and we know it stops almost nothing. Our sole protection lies in our own vital force, our power to live and create.

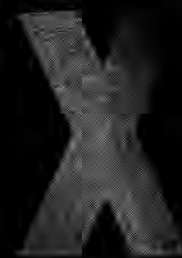
It so happens that Anglo-Canadians are engaged in the same struggle. They risk more than we do their identity as Canadians. In this, they are our allies — not from greatness of heart, nor from respect for French culture, but because geography and political institutions make us jointly responsible. Thanks to them, we are seventeen million instead of six million resisting Americanization. The task is not easy. Our collective results in the economic and cultural fields are thin. Americanization is the easy way out. Nothing would change this in the Independent State of Quebec.

Of course, assistance from English Canada creates problems, too. The central government through its very operation carries out a process of "denationalization". On the CBC French network, production is French but administration is English. In most federal departments, the situation is even more absurd.

Separatism protests against these things. Its protest makes sense: to a refusal, it opposes a refusal. Perhaps it can make part of the Anglo-Canadian elite understand that the situation is intolerable to us. But I fail to see how this protest can lead, except very indirectly, to positive results.

I have mentioned the disappointments in store for young separatists. I am firmly convinced that they will run up against a stone wall. I am very much afraid that when this moment comes, tired of reaching for the impossible, accustomed to dreaming of the ideal, they will turn away from less exciting but more practicable solutions.

The principal solution is on the political level; to make the utmost use of the power we have, and to regard the provincial government as the political instrument — insufficiently powerful but at least real — which corresponds to our needs. This has never been done before. It is a task from which a part of the French-Canadian in-



NUCLEAR POLICY AND THE DEATH WISH

on the psychological background

DR. DANIEL CAPPON:
Death Wish in the Age of Anxiety

DR. H. E. LEHMANN:
The Bomb and the Primitives

on the role of the scientist and of words
RICHIE CALDER:
Sunshine Units and Double-talk

the case for nuclear arms in Canada

DR. J. E. KEYSTON:
Nuclear Weapons and NATO Unity.

Exchange of Views

Exchange with
DOUGLAS CAMPBELL

the story of the
CANADIAN COMMITTEE
FOR THE CONTROL OF
RADIATION HAZARDS

BERTRAND RUSSELL
AND HIS PUBLIC IMAGE

From the following issues of EXCHANGE

telligentsia has systematically shrunk, and one from which successive governments have fought shy. Mr. Lesage assures us he will undertake the task. We will judge from the work accomplished. But

I maintain it can be done. It would be wrong for us to be diverted from it for the sake of some utopia, because it will require the enthusiasm and the energy of an entire generation.

Pierre Bourgault:

A MESSAGE FROM A FREE MAN TO
A GENERATION WHICH HAS LOST
ITS FREEDOM (PART II)

Dear Mr. Laurendeau:

We separatists are flattered by your remark that, in general, we write very well. Such a remark is not unpleasing, coming as it does from someone noted for his lucid style and faultless language. But good stylists though we all are, we still disagree on words and ideas. It seems we do not understand things in the same way — proof of our French ancestry! May I address myself once more to you and to the generation of which you are a part, so close to mine in years, so distant in ideas.

I am no longer 25 and not yet 35. You almost insulted me when you stated that it was disturbing for a man of 35 to be a separatist. Many members of our organization are well past their thirties. Will they ever forgive your remarks?

"Old" separatists are no more anxious than anyone else to be reminded of their age, but since you brought it up, let us talk about it.

We are pleased to see that the separatist movement is no longer dominated by alert but immature and misdirected brains. We are pleased to see people with experience of life, with social and political experience, declare themselves separatists in the eyes of the world. These men have acted after mature reflection: it was the facts of life that convinced them. They are totally unlike the sentimental, rebellious separatist of the past. They are adults. (We forgive you for being unaware of a change which is so recent.)

And now, on to our disagreement. I shall try to convince you that our position is realistic. You cannot believe "that any Canadian government could accept

without a violent reaction — or at least a vigorous reaction — the breaking up of a country which has been in existence for a century." Yet Quebec independence can come about in only two ways: through revolution (from within or imposed from without) or through democratic and peaceful means.

Let us first of all accept one major premise, essential to our philosophy — a majority of French-Canadians would like to see the establishment of an independent Quebec. What if they were to demand it now? Here I agree with you — Ottawa would refuse. Ottawa would panic and throw its forces into action. Quebec would panic, too: once the decision was taken, Ottawa's reaction would only fan the flames. It is not improbable that the U.S. would get into the act, automatically setting Russia in the opposing camp. An international conflict could very well ensue; the U.N. would be embroiled: some nations would take our side; some would oppose us. We live under a capitalist regime. It is not difficult to foresee who would be on our side. It would be tantamount to setting up another Cuba in North America.

Honesty demands that we draw this unpleasant picture; realism demands that we reject it as unsuitable for us as well as for English-Canadians. They would have to be much stupider than we to consider getting involved in such action without second thoughts. And this is a question of self-interest for them, not of "fair play".

The second solution is the only one: independence achieved by lawful and democratic means. Two things could happen: an already established party, sensing the growing strength of separatist opinion, will win an election on the separatist platform. Alternatively, a new separatist party will



form a government. In theory, from that day on, independence would be a fact. In practice, Ottawa and Quebec would open negotiations. How long the negotiations would last, no one can tell. Everything would depend on the goodwill and common sense of the parties concerned.

Independence thus acquired by democratic means will be built up slowly, with much difficulty, and not without sacrifice. It will not solve all our problems, but it will give us the means to cope with them ourselves. Again, the major premise is essential: that independence is desired by a majority of French-Canadians. All this may sound like nothing more than a simple transaction between two parties, which would be an oversimplification. Nonetheless, it is a feasible and realistic course of action.

As for your claim, Mr. Laurendeau, that independence for Quebec would be the death of Canada, we hold exactly the opposite view. Face to face with the threat from America, Canada's continued existence will depend on increased centralization. This is an essential in forging a national outlook and culture, Canadian rather than provincial in nature. Let us not forget that Confederation sprang from a desire to unite forces against a threat from the United States. The threat to Canada is even stronger today. But you will agree, we know, that such centralization as will be required can be only harmful to French Canada.

The greatest danger, and the one which could cause our extinction, is the presence of the USA at our elbow. You say so yourself and we agree with you, unfortunately. I say "unfortunately", because I wish we could disagree, but the facts are there. You are right when you say that the proclamation of Quebec's independence will not eliminate this embarrassing presence. One small point: this is not the most important problem, and you should not overemphasize it.

As you point out, we are not one against two, but one against thirty. That is the situation. After independence, we would be one alongside thirty. It is a minor distinction, but it indicates the status of equality we could hope to assume vis-à-vis other countries. We could not, of course, pretend to commercial or even cultural equality, but we would have judicial equality, which seems infinitely preferable to the politically inferior situation we occupy today. We

would still be a minority on the North American continent, but we would be a majority — and masters — in our own country. What could be more constructive? What could be more realistic?

We have repeatedly stated that we are not offering our people a panacea for their political, cultural or economic ills. All we want is to give our nation the means to heal itself. If and when it suffers from various ailments, Quebec will be able to find the cure through its own institutions. Should the ailments be serious, we will have no one to blame but ourselves.

This brings me to a misconception of yours. It is wrong to suppose that separatism is only a protest: a refusal opposed to a refusal. That is more the Pan-Canadianist approach, the struggle for bilingualism, for French-language signs, and all that. We separatists, realists that we are, do not see how we can demand respect for our people when we have no means of forcing respect.

It is wrong to equate a natural desire for liberty with simple resentment. I am sorry to contradict you, but the protests, the refusals do not stem from us. We are affirming our right. The small scale revolts observed in recent months cannot bring positive, valuable results.

You accuse us of disregarding the provincial state in its present form. Permit me to quote Mr. André d'Allemagne, national president of the R.I.N.: "A more powerful provincial state? We are absolutely in favour. But carry the notion to a logical and realistic conclusion: our chiefs of state, whether they are called Duplessis or Lesage, all fetch up against the barriers imposed upon our development by the central government, through clever manipulation of obscurities in the B.N.A. Act. How can anyone be a realist who lends himself on the one hand to centralization of federal powers and, on the other, struggles for the development of our provincial state? The one can be strengthened only at the expense of the other, and this is what has been going on for almost a hundred years.

"We must make full use of provincial powers, this is an absolute necessity, but it is only a first step.

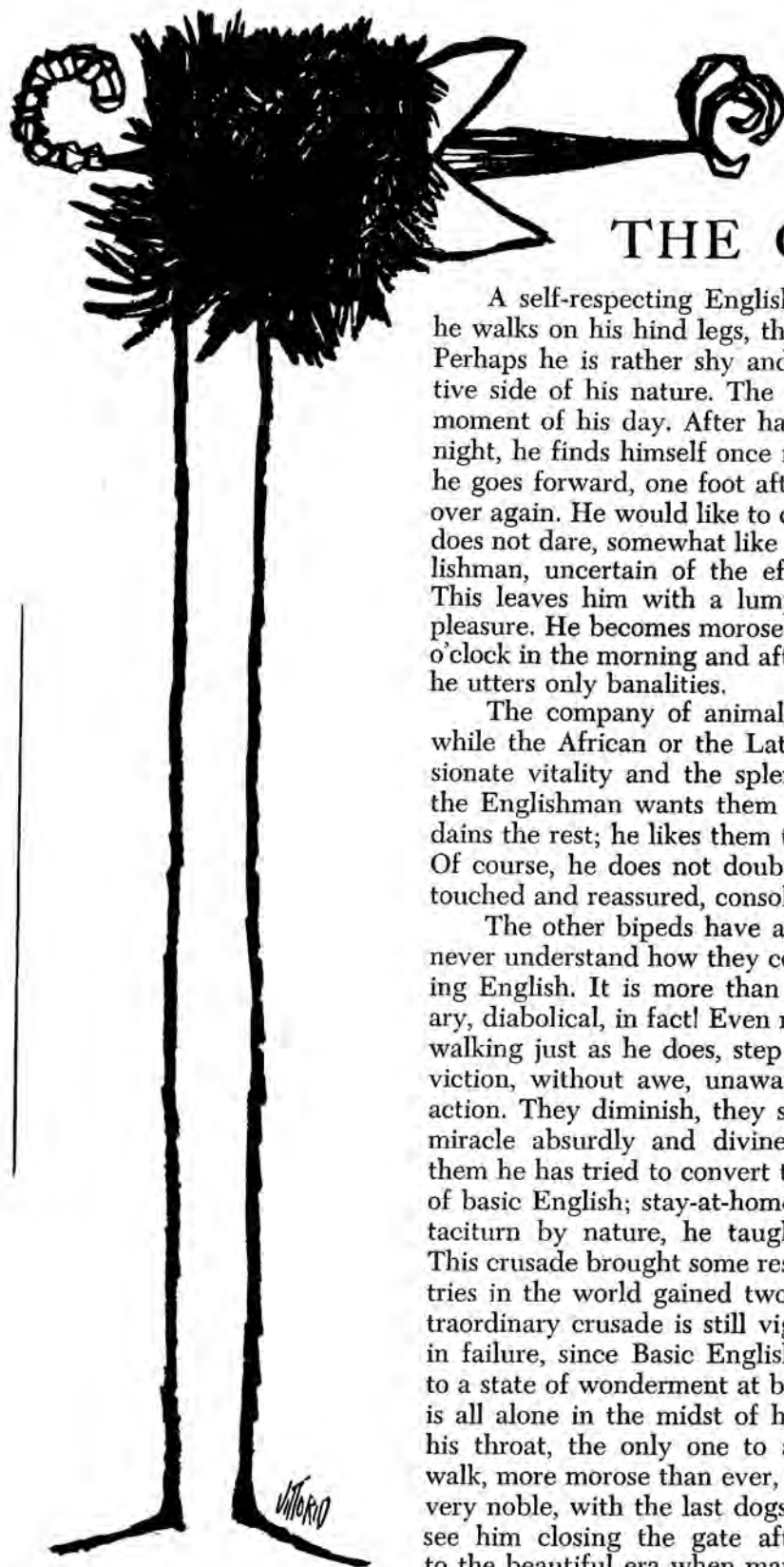
"New government departments, economic planning programs, educational reforms, training of civil servants: all these are desirable, but insufficient. How can we effectively protect our economic, political, social and cultural interests when we control neither banks nor credit, immigration, customs, diplomatic relations nor the cultural structure of the country? I repeat: autonomy is acceptable only as a first stage. Otherwise it is nothing but a half-measure, and can make of the nation nothing but a body without a head; we need both body and head to exist." I would like to repeat that independence itself can be considered only the beginning, not a final goal. The only acceptable goal for a human being is liberty. Institutions and the men who work to achieve liberty are mere instruments, and very small ones, in the evolution of a nation.

It is perhaps unkind to finish with a well-written paragraph, unkind because you wrote it, Mr. Laurendeau, and it was published in the last issue of the magazine, "Situations". You speak of the destructive attitude held by the central government toward French-Canadians, and you add:

"This attitude encourages Quebec separatism. It is easy to conclude that if they consider us foreigners in Ottawa, we might as well go back home. Some accept, for the sake of expediency, or in submission to the inevitable, a situation which nobody tries to change. This attitude leads to a logical conclusion. We might as well be practical and frankly align ourselves with those who have the power and the money, and in North America, they are *not* Canadians."

The separatist position here is clear and you yourself stress it. But you say, "some accept, for the sake of expediency, or in submission to the inevitable, a situation . . ." Do we include you in this group, or do you and the rest of your generation constitute a third category, not yet mentioned?

(Translated by Kina Buchanan and Joe Koenig.)



THE OUTRAGED BIPED

A self-respecting Englishman marvels at the fact that he walks on his hind legs, though he never boasts about it. Perhaps he is rather shy and troubled by the pure, primitive side of his nature. The morning is the most beautiful moment of his day. After having been flat on his back all night, he finds himself once more in a vertical position and he goes forward, one foot after the other. He is amazed all over again. He would like to cry out the news to the sun but does not dare, somewhat like a cock taking itself for an Englishman, uncertain of the effect of his cock-a-doodle-doo. This leaves him with a lump in his throat and spoils his pleasure. He becomes morose. He remains mute until eleven o'clock in the morning and afterwards, if he deigns to speak, he utters only banalities.

The company of animals does not displease him, but while the African or the Latin admires in them their passionate vitality and the splendour of their mating games, the Englishman wants them only to bear witness and disdains the rest; he likes them to see him standing, that is all. Of course, he does not doubt that they admire him. He is touched and reassured, consoled for being an Englishman.

The other bipeds have always troubled him. He could never understand how they could walk erect without speaking English. It is more than he can take. It is extraordinary, diabolical, in fact! Even more so, since these foreigners, walking just as he does, step after step, do it without conviction, without awe, unaware of the importance of their action. They diminish, they simplify, they render human a miracle absurdly and divinely English. In order to stop them he has tried to convert them. He became a missionary of basic English; stay-at-home that he is, he left his island; taciturn by nature, he taught his language to everyone. This crusade brought some results: one of the smallest countries in the world gained two or three continents. This extraordinary crusade is still vigorous, but it will finish, alas, in failure, since Basic English has not converted anybody to a state of wonderment at being a biped. The Englishman is all alone in the midst of his conquests. With a lump in his throat, the only one to appreciate the miracle of his walk, more morose than ever, he is withdrawing, very erect, very noble, with the last dogs and the last horses. We shall see him closing the gate after him and putting an end to the beautiful era when man was still a beast.

(Translated by I.G.)

"Allusive witty talk," Tony said, "witty allusive talk. Here we are, you and me, sitting in this dungeon enjoying our oblique elliptical witty allusive talk." He kept letting his eyes go out of focus.

"It's not so bad," I said.

"You're damned right it's not so bad," he said, "we've both been in the army and now that's over. We don't have to worry about that any more."

"It was a waste of time," I said.

"Sure it was," he said, "they abused our gifts. They made us be typists instead of teachers but that's all over now. We've done it, and besides," he gave me a threatening look, "a man ought to serve his country."

"Ought?" I said, underlining it, "OUGHT?"

"Sure he ought. It's a dignified and honorable thing to do." He rolled his eyes at me.

"Where did you get this morals kick?" I asked. Actually, I knew pretty well what he'd say.

He put down his glass and signalled to the waiter who'd thrown us out the night before. I think, one of these days, we're going to be cut off by the manager for singing. The waiter came, all the same.

"My round," I said.

"A decent thing, an honorable thing," he said, as though he had a grievance, "you pay for one round, I pay for the next, and we don't argue about the right and wrong of it. We know the rules."

"Two!" I said. The waiter brought two draft beers.

"What are you grinning at?" he said. Tony, that is.

"I don't know," I said, "we're not so very moral."

"Sure we are," he said, "we've served our country. I don't know why that sounds so funny."

"It isn't funny," I said, "it lasted two years and now we're too old to date the undergraduate women."

"That's no loss."

"No."

"Anyway, we're mature. We've been sobered by the experience. We have literary minds, we're men of letters. That's dignified, isn't it? The American man of letters, graceful and urbane, pottering amongst his books and his flowers."

"Like old Berenson," I said.

"Just so," he said. He's full of these literary coinages, "just so. An essay here, a travel book there, perhaps an appreciation of the poetry of Mark Van Doren."

"Or possibly Wallace Stevens."

"No," he said, "you don't see the joke. Anyway, Wallace Stevens was too good. I revere Wallace Stevens. If I were old enough I'd have contributed a graceful and urbane essay to the Stevens issue of some quarterly. 'Homage to Wallace Stevens.' You know."

"Drink your beer!"

"Are you watching that waiter?"

"Certainly I am. You owe me a round."

"Oh," he said sadly, "you shouldn't have mentioned that."

"I can't help it," I said, "I'm insecure about money. I always have been."

"That's a disfigurement."

"I know," I said, "but there are lots worse."

"One should do nothing mean," he said. He was just beginning to feel the beer. I noticed that he finished this glass in a hurry. That's always a sign, with Tony. He drinks them faster and faster and finally gets quite drunk, but I've never seen him *drunk*, if you know what I mean. "One should affirm the possibility of the good, the dutiful life, I affirm it," he said, "I affirm the meaning of humanly created values."

"Sure," I said, "pay!"

"Oh," he said, looking up at the waiter mistrustfully, "thirty cents for the beer and ten for you." Then he squinted at me. "I see where this Mauriac has written a book."

"He's written forty books," I said, "for Christ's sake."

"That's the other one you're thinking of, the father," he said, "the one with the sense of sin."

"Exactly," I said, "for Christ's sake," I was making a joke.

"For Christ's sake, and his own, and his publisher's."

"That's right."

"Don't joke about it," he said, "there are all these different sources of morals."

"All right," I said, "I'm sorry."

"I forgive you," he said, "it's a complicated, bitter, ironic, post-Christian joke, typical of the post Christian intellectual. Anyway, I was referring to the other Mauriac, the young one, Mauriac's son."

"Claude."

"*The Ferocious Tiger*," he said, "by Claude Ball. That's a joke I heard in the seventh grade."

"It doesn't stand up."

"There are a lot of those," he said, "*The Splash in the Pond* by Aileen Dover."

"All right, all right, what about Mauriac?" he was starting to indulge his infantilism.

"It's all about the younger French novelists," he said, "the generation under thirty, 'dans l'an trentième de mon âge,' the writers you haven't heard of yet."

"Neither have you," I said. After all, who has?

"They're just about your age, and my God, what bores!" he said, "I'm getting damned sick of hearing about the younger French novelists. Mauriac seems to take them seriously."

"The French take all their writers seriously, especially the young ones. They can't help it. Look at that nine-year-old poet."

"Poetess."

"Yes. And Sagan, my God! If Sagan was a nice American kid who'd done a book called *Teenage Madness*, who'd give her a second thought?"

I'M NOT DESPARATE!

"She ought to be spanked," he said, "she's such a dreary thing." He's always hated that sort of nine-days' wonder. Tony thinks nobody under thirty knows enough to write a book. He's twenty-seven himself. I'm twenty-eight.

"Who cares what the younger French writers think?" he said.

"The people who read the *Times Book Review*."

"Sure," he said, "and then they get the idea, in Larchmont or somewhere, that the younger French novelists have something deeply significant to say."

"It's all been said before. It's nothing new," I said.

"Value nihilism," he said disgustedly, "I wouldn't mind if it weren't so silly. A nation of barbarians civilized by the conscription."

"Who said that?"

"I don't know. Maybe Poincaré. I don't know. But it's true. They act as though they were the first people in the history of the world to go on living after a disaster."

"They aren't," I said. I know all about disasters, having witnessed two or three.

"Mauriac quotes one of them," he said ferociously, "to this effect: 'Our only affirmation is that we affirm nothing for there can be nothing to affirm. He is damned and a liar who dares affirm anything. There is only negation and nothing means anything, negation is what is. The truly mortal sin is the affirmation.' And so on, and on, the same old inconsistent dreary round. What annoys me about it, is that it flies in the face of the given facts of morals."

"There are no facts in morals."

He gave me a disgusted look. "Of course there are," he said, "and don't pretend that you don't know what I'm talking about. Morals exist factually, and they can be described. They're known to exist."

"That doesn't mean that they appear in truth-conferring sentences," I said, to kid him along. We'd had the same argument several times before and I wanted to see if he had thought of anything new. He worries a question like this, like a dog with a smelly old bone. He can't bear to let such a question drop. The first time I saw him after we got out of the army, he took up the conversation in the exact place where we'd left it two years before. This doesn't imply, mind you, that he ever comes up with any answers.

"Listen," he said impatiently, leaning forward in his chair and sticking his elbow in a pool of beer on the table, "I'm not trying to legislate a particular scheme of morals. All I'm saying is that morals and conduct unquestionably are the case, that is, they exist. We find no human person, who possesses the customary human powers, who does not conduct himself. Conduct is inevitable."

"So what?"

He looked at the leather patch on his elbow; it was wet and the leather smelled badly, from the beer. "Get the next one," he said, "I'm going to the Men's Room." He got up, quite steady on his feet, and marched off down the aisle. I sat looking after him, thinking that nothing would come of the argument, though I had to admire his point of view —

he's the only person I know who has the courage to be provincial. He has no Picasso reproduction in his room and he once bought a drawing from a painter we sometimes drink with. He paid fifteen dollars for it and had it framed, with glass. I was glad to hear him damn the younger French novelists because they don't carry much weight, after all, and we only defer to them because they speak such good French.

I must have met a couple of hundred European students, in my time, and as many imported professors, and they all act as though they're God's gift to American learning because they speak four languages including their own. I've had a lot of fun pointing out that the only reason they can all speak four languages is that the countries are so small. You go for a pleasant Sunday afternoon drive — and all of a sudden you're in some other country.

This annoys them. Then I always point out that French, Spanish, Italian, Latin, German, English, the Scandinavian tongues, oh, and I forgot Dutch, are only dialects anyway, and that any fool should be able to read them all at sight, and speak them after three months' residence. I'm sick of being browbeaten by intellectual imperialists, which is what they are. Tony agrees with me.

He came back from the Men's Room looking pleased with himself.

"Stebbins is in there," he said, "being sick. He gave me the two dollars."

"Oh, good! How much have you got altogether?"

"Five seventy-five."

"I've got nearly five," I said, "and I just paid for a round."

He looked at the full glass on the table thirstily. "I feel great," he said, "and we've got nearly ten dollars. I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll spend a dollar fifty each for supper, no more. That'll leave us seven dollars for to-night. If we drink drafts that's, let's see, that's fifteen into six hundred — I'm allowing a dollar for the waiter," he said generously, "that's forty glasses or a total of twenty apiece. We'll never get through that."

"God!" I said, "I hope not."

"You see?" he said, excitedly.

"See what?"

"You swore. You said 'God!' that's an oath."

"Now look," I said, "don't carry this too far."

"I'm not criticizing you," he said, "I'm just showing that you involuntarily invoked a source of morality. Men do this instinctively." You see? He won't let an idea go. "Everyone justifies his wishes and his acts by referring them to sanctions. Men conduct themselves. That may even be tautologous. It may even be the case that to be a man you've got to be moral. In fact, I think it is the case. Man is a value-secreting animal and the only one there is."

"You can't prove it."

"Yes you can," he said excitedly, "with the identical weapon that's for so long been used to deny it, the certainty, statistically speaking, that a probability is as certain as the statistical calculation asserts it to be."

"Statistics are mumbo-jumbo," I said, "everybody knows that."

"Whether with them or without them," he said, "we're forced to concede the existence of conduct. All men conduct themselves. Physicists and statisticians have values and act on them *before* they can do physics or statistics. Morality creates the possibility of science. Conduct is logically prior to science, and a moral intuition of the right and the good precedes all quantitative calculi."

"So?"

"All sciences of numbers are based on morals because unity is fundamentally a moral concept. It is *absolutely better* to be one, than to be two or more."

"Where are we going to eat?" I asked. It was getting close to closing time.

"Eat!" he said, "eat! That's all you ever think about."

"There's the other thing," I said.

"What other thing?" he was getting slower on the uptake.

"Sex."

"I count that with eating. It's all the same. It's all appetite."

"There's nothing wrong with appetite."

"Of course not," he said generously. He tries to see all sides of any question. "Look at our appetite for beer! Nevertheless, we can control our appetites morally."

"We can?"

"Damn' right. We don't have to have a good time to drink."

"True."

"Alcohol is no crutch in our lives."

"No."

"We've got it under control. We don't spend all our time in little bars. We're responsible members of society."

"We'd better order," I said.

"All right," he said. Stebbins came out of the Men's Room and up the aisle, looking green. He stopped beside our table. If there's one thing I hate when I'm drinking beer, it's table-hoppers.

"I thought you were sitting in the other room," Tony said.

"Janice got sick and went home," Stebbins said. He was waiting for us to ask him to sit down. We weren't under any obligation to ask him and I was glad to see that Tony felt this.

"I need the two dollars back," said Stebbins. He looked at Tony impatiently.

"I need it," Tony said, "I'm going drinking to-night."

"You lent it to me before."

"That doesn't mean I have to lend it to you again."

"Come on!"

"No," Tony said, "I don't have to be a good fellow all the time. I'm not running for any popularity contest."

Stebbins looked at me and I looked right back at him. "It's useless to ask you," he said.

"That's right," I told him. He lurched off up the

aisle and I saw him stop beside somebody else.

"It's a matter of principle," said Tony. "I want that money for myself, as it happens. I don't always have to sacrifice my own interests to those of others, especially when I don't like them."

"Stebbins isn't much," I said.

"He thinks History is a social science," Tony said. "Whoever heard of a social science with a Muse? Clio, the Muse of History!"

"I wonder what the Muse of Time and Motion Study is?"

"Or Clinical Psychology, or the Marginal Utility Theory."

"Yeah," I said, "Mumbo-Jumbo, the Muse of Statistics!"

Tony guffawed. "Stebbins has no Muse," he said, "I don't know why I lent him the two dollars in the first place." The waiter brought another round and we ordered our last before dinner; we were really hurling them down.

"I don't think one is obliged to be nice to everybody, at all times," Tony said uneasily. He was still worrying about Stebbins.

"The hell with him," I said, "you're a good man, Tony."

"I am," he said, very intensely, which is another sign. I was glad we were leaving before he began to sing. I don't know why I always sing with him. It's caused me a lot of trouble here and there.

"I make very little money," he said. "I sacrifice my immediate interests for a distant purpose. That takes discipline."

"It does," I said, to placate him.

"Mauriac says the younger French novelists are desperate. He says they reject all values."

"They can't do that."

"No," he said, "they can't do that." He looked for a minute as if he were going to slump over the table.

"Don't go to sleep," I said.

He stuck his head straight up on his shoulders and stared at me. "I have hope!" he said loudly. "I'm not desperate, because I have hope!"

"What in?"

"I don't know," he said, "I'm honourable. I try never to do anything willingly that I think is wrong. I'm virtuous." He looked embarrassed. "That sounds crazy, doesn't it?"

"I don't know," I said, "it sounds like a lot of things."

"I make a hundred and sixty dollars a month from a Teaching Assistantship," he said, "and I'm not a charge on anybody. I try always to tell the truth."

"You're a good man," I said. I knew that's what he wanted to hear. The waiter brought the last round before they closed for the dinner hour.

"I have faith and hope!" he said.

"Well," I said, "that's two of them."

"Everybody has morals," he said, "if they're here at all."

"We're certainly here," I said, "and this is certainly good beer. I mean *morally* good. Isn't it?"

From our next issue: poems by Irving Layton
A new story by Marcel Godin MEMORY OF MY YOUTH

(Continued from page 6)

not make his readers, and his country, understand. As a result, his more recent work sometimes takes on a grey, despairing tone, as if the words were about to dissolve into tears. At times Baldwin seems almost to give up, then to jerk himself back into the battle by an effort of will. It is a fight he can neither win nor abandon, and nothing can help him with it — for instance, an ideology of any sort would be so irrelevant to this problem as to be laughable. Nor can he place any real hope in the idea of progress; and this gives his essays, for all their brilliance, a feeling of hopelessness.

"O America, land of the fading dream!" writes Seymour Krim in a Whitmanesque moment. This is the conclusion to a sour piece on sports writers, but it could be the title of his book of memoirs and discursive essays. Krim's first dream, apparently, was to be a New York man of letters; and, as he tells it, he made his way into the little world of *Commentary*, *Hudson*, *Partisan*, etc., only to find that this kind of literary success had the taste of ashes. He gives us his personal history in the manner of the ex-Communists: like most of them, he tends to exaggerate his own importance and to assume that only he really understands the phenomenon he describes. But what is touching about his book is the sense of alienation from his society, unaccompanied by any secure system of thought or any genuine hope for the future. Krim, too, has contemplated the mass media. He expresses his outraged reaction to sex-drenched mass culture in a piece titled: *The magic Underwear Panty*.

"From TV newspaper shopwindow subway-lifesize-poster into the snatch-blazing eye of the shy pornographic fantasizing boysexed American man comes the new bold march of bras panties disembodied girdles and the whole secret universe of underwear bliss . . ."

Krim has observed the mass media from the inside as well. He's worked for the western pulps, the half-sophisticated girlie magazines, the *New Yorker*, the OWI,

and Paramount newsreels. The experience leaves him soured not only on the products of these factories but also on the people who work in them. His essay, "Making It!" is a feverish attack on the whole idea of success in the New York media world . . .

"The frenzied tempo of achievement is matched only by the endless desert within; the futility-powered desperado drives himself ever forward, trying to find in action some publicly-applauded significance that is freezingly absent in solitude. Does it matter that he finds his buddies who have made it as desperate and unsatisfied as himself?"

"Hell no. Doesn't the world admire us and isn't it obvious that it's better to be miserable as a storm-tropper than as a Jew? Wasn't my picture in *Look*, wasn't I on Mike Wallace's show? Doesn't my answering service hum with invitations, haven't I made it with that crazy-looking blonde who sings at the Persian Room?"

But then the question asks itself: what else is there? When Krim has rejected this world, and rejected the intellectual community he found lifeless and arrogant, what's left? Insanity, for one thing. Krim describes his own mental breakdown, his shock treatments, his appallingly frustrating interviews with psychiatrists who neither knew about him nor wanted to know. In the end he decides that the jargon of psychiatry is merely another way of imposing conformity. From here he moves to new and unlikely causes. Appearing in off-beat publications (*Exodus*, the *Village Voice*), he champions the Beats, most of whom are his intellectual inferiors; and he ends up writing a defense of homosexuality which is eloquent and pointed but which nevertheless contains a suggestion that he is searching desperately for something to say.

Krim, a typical figure in this way, has the equipment of the revolutionary without the content. His life-style points him towards the idea of rebellion, but where does that lead him? The thing he looks for, in this eloquently and painfully described Odyssey, is a purpose for his radicalism. He

FACING UP
TO THE MASSES





NORMAN MAILER

On The Blacks

"...Man turns to society to save him only when he is sick within. So long as he is alive, he looks for love. But those dying of inanition, boredom, frustration, monotony..."

As an only exception to the rules we want to follow, *Exchange* reprints from *The Village Voice* Mailer's study of a play and of the cancerous mind of modern man. His best work since *The White Negro*, it could not be missed by anyone interested in man's predicament in the nuclear age.

For the first time in North America
Gunter Andres'
Open Letter to President Kennedy
and
the letters of the man
who dropped the bomb on
Hiroshima.

From the following issues of *EXCHANGE*

shows no sign of finding it in the near future. In the meantime, he works for Otto Preminger, reading manuscripts; and all the while burns with an impotent rage.

"Nobody in America cares so deeply about so many things," Kenneth Tynan wrote about Norman Mailer. If we can believe that we should celebrate the publication date of *Advertisements for Myself* as a sort of literary holy day. For this book of essays, stories, poems, confessions, etc. is the record of Mailer's caring. In a passionate, unhinged style it describes all the things Mailer cares about, from marijuana to Hemingway.

The book has haunted me since I first read it two years ago, but it is neither the relevance of the ideas nor the brilliance of the style which keeps recalling "*Advertisements for Myself*" to my mind. With the exception of the piece on hipsterism ("*The White Negro*"), the ideas are mainly commonplace. And the style, on second reading, loses all its rushing force. Beside the carefully controlled rhetoric of a Baldwin, Mailer's essays sound faint indeed, like the voice of a man shouting wildly from the other side of a vast lake. The passion is too naked to last, the expression too clumsy to be memorable.

What is so absorbing in this book, and what is finally so appalling, is Mailer's ambivalent relationship with the mass media. He despises them, of course. He thinks book publishers are cowards, and *Time* is subtly totalitarian; he hates TV, Mike Wallace, the newspapers, the literary critics ("those creeps and old ladies of vested reviewing"). But, like the other writers I've mentioned, he cannot simply turn away; he becomes fascinated with the monster, and in this case there is no doubt at all that the monster is slowly eating him.

Mailer's brutal frankness in these pages may embarrass his friends; it even embarrasses total strangers. But we have his frankness to thank for a nearly perfect record of what it is to be an American writer in this period. As he

reveals it here, Mailer's personality is a grotesque caricature of the rebel-as-promoter. Simultaneously he hates mass society and yearns for its embrace. At one point, writing about the period just before *The Deer Park* was published, he says: "I needed a success and I needed it badly." This is far from unusual: who, at times, doesn't yearn for commercial reward? But as we read on we learn that Mailer (the American writer today) wants far more than this. He wants public success because this will prove he is important.

"I knew if *The Deer Park* was a powerful best-seller (the magical figure had become one hundred thousand copies for me) that I would then have won. I would be the first serious writer of my generation to have a best seller twice, and so it would not matter what was said about the book. Half of publishing might call it cheap, dirty, sensational, second-rate... but it would be weak rage and could not hurt, for the literary world suffers a spot of the national taint — a serious writer is certain to be considered major if he is also a best-seller..." To be considered major! The word "major" is itself a journalist's crutch — it makes only more striking the ephemeral status even of the best who reject the mass standard while still being seduced by it.

Norman Mailer has already the affection of his own generation; with *Barbary Shore* and *The Deer Park* he won the respect of serious critics. But this is still far from enough: the hero wants to become a mass hero, just like Herman Wouk and Irwin Shaw and Budd Schulberg; he wants the creeps and the old ladies to love him; and he wants, God help him, to be honored in the pages of *Time*. The pressure of mass media and mass society on the individual writer has produced no story more tragic than the one which is shown us with brilliant clarity in *Advertisements for Myself* — the *Illusions Perdues* of American literature, in first person singular.

ROBERT FULFORD

THE VIOLENT SEASON

An expatriate speaks of his native land, his mood is desperate, his voice full of anger, for the memories of his country still haunt and depress him. *The Violent Season* by Robert Goulet is one of the frankest books ever written about Quebec, mercilessly shattering the tourist folder image of rural French Canada as a "land of timber and bucolic innocence, of large families and good Catholic tradition preserved through the centuries by simple, upright and devout people". Yet, instead of being accorded the fanfare which usually heralds a "frank" book, Goulet's novel received from the press no more than the pat on the back which is customarily reserved for young Canadian writers. In my estimation he deserved more. As a literary work, the novel has serious flaws, but as a sociological study it is an important record of both the mood and the grievances of the French Canadian intellectual. Its condemnation of corruption and exploitation in the Church and in business) and its exploration of the struggle to retain human dignity amid the dehumanizing forces of society, cut close to the bone — too close for complacency, which perhaps explains why the press has tried to kill the novel with kindness.

If we isolate the plot of *The Violent Season*, we find material for a simple and straightforward narrative or, better, for a cunning little satire in the fashion of Gabriel Chevalier's *Clochemerle*. A group of big city operators have established a brothel, disguised as a rosary bead factory, in a little French Canadian town in the Quebec timberland. The logging sea-

son is at its close and the brothel owners are looking forward to brisk business, for the women-hungry lumberjacks loaded with money will soon return from the camps. The owners, however, have underestimated the women of La-Buche who, on learning the real nature of the factory, swear to destroy it. Under the leadership of "Les dames de Grâces" and with the blessing and encouragement of the Church, they prepare to raise a charivari — "a wild uproar caused by the banging of pans, mingled with hissing and groaning" — a fanatical, hysterical protest which can only end in burning or lynching or both. This, the women naively believe, will rid the town of "evil spirits" and LaBuche will settle back into its traditional, drab and mediaeval way of life. Of all the women, only the lusty and passionate La Pitoume, the wife of the grocer, has a natural and overt grievance against the brothel: it would rob her of her lover. Before each meeting of the dames de Grâces, La Pitoume meets her lover on top of a sack of peas in the back of her husband's store and only then does she go off to join the pious ladies who are plotting their hate campaign.

Against the background of preparations for the charivari runs the story of Claude Gauthier — a young man who is dying of tuberculosis. An operation could save his life, but the operation is never performed for Claude's mother and the townspeople, too, are persuaded by the Jesuit Father that Claude is predestined to die for the sins of the village. For the failure to save the boy's life Goulet

blames hypocrisy and bigotry on the one hand, ignorance and superstition on the other. To underline his indictment, the author makes caricatures of the mother and the Jesuit Father — caricatures which, however, are valid in terms of the sociological point he is making.

Father Boulanger is as much of a speculator as the businessmen who have established the brothel, and a more sinister one since he is speculating with human life. With Claude a saint, and the village a shrine, religion and piety, peace and order will be restored — or so he claims. But he has no answer to the accusation laid against him by Claude's brother Paul: "You don't give a damn about the people, so long as they believe what you tell them. You even kill in the name of God just to stay in business. And on top of it all we are supposed to thank you for doing a thing like that. For God's sake, sir, what are you trying to do to us poor lumberjacks?"

He has done plenty. He has, for instance, taught Claude's mother that to have enjoyed making love is a sin of which she must be absolved. Under his influence, her life has become a complex of chastify and suffering and her sole purpose in living is to make a saint of her son, a deed which she hopes will save her soul.

As for Claude himself, he had been a pious child who aspired to the priesthood. And now, with frightening complacency, he lives his agony and awaits his death. His apathy, however, ends abruptly when he meets Lise and falls in love with her. Lise is one of

the prostitutes from the brothel, a ghost of Dumas' Marguerite, the courtesan with a heart of gold. This is their first real love affair, innocent and passionate and in strong contradiction to their past. From Lise, Claude draws new strength to shake off the burden of his sainthood in order to live a full human life, if only for the few days before his inevitable death.

However, before Claude and Lise can escape from the village, the frenzy of the mob reaches its breaking point. The sympathetic parish priest, who had turned a blind eye on the brothel (hoping it might reduce the number of illegitimate births) tries to step in but is swept aside in the confusion. The cuckolded grocer, having found his wife with her lover, chases her into the mob shouting "whore! whore!", a cry which she takes up even more loudly — the proverbial response of one who joins the mob in fear of being mobbed. The unfortunate husband is one of the first casualties. In a scene echoing the description of the death of the grocer in Zola's "Germinal", he stumbles, is trampled upon and dies with the heel of a woman's shoe piercing his throat.

Inside the brothel, in the panic and confusion caused by the approach of the fanatical mob, a henchman of one of the brothel owners turns on Lise. In revenge for insults against his manhood hurled at him by another prostitute, he kills her, just as the crowd reaches the brothel and sets fire to it. Claude, not knowing that Lise is dead, rushes in to save her and perishes in the holocaust.

When the frenzy and the flames subside a little, the bodies of Claude and Lise are stolen from the mob and buried together in the bushland far from the village. And the following day, the people of LaBuche, more determined than ever to have their saint of the timberland, carry the charred body of the Jewish lumberjack, Israel, to the church.

Everything seems right again. Only a Jew has been buried as a saint and a saint lies in a grave with the whore he loved.

The symbol-happy mind of the contemporary reader almost automatically looks for different levels of meaning within any literary work. Indeed it is the vagueness of so much modern fiction which has forced critics and readers alike to indulge in the pastime of symbol-hunting. While *The Violent Season* does not demand of its readers that they uncover the novel's hidden structure, nevertheless it has social and political implications which should not be ignored. For beneath the narrative level of the novel lies the explanation of Goulet's despair for his country.

LaBuche is French Canada at the moment when 20th century "progress" begins to intrude upon the traditional, mediaeval way of life of the province. Father Boulanger is the reactionary Church who, realizing that his power is threatened, seeks to regain control by keeping his people in ignorance and inciting them to violence. And caught between the death grip of the declining Church and the growth of materialism are the simple peasants of LaBuche — the pawns to be manipulated for the profit of either the Church or Progress. Claude, though he escapes briefly, dies a death which makes a mockery of the designs of the Church. The grocer, Ti-Pit, a shade less simple-minded than Claude, for he had aligned himself with the intruders, is trampled upon by the people he had abandoned.

Miserable little M. Dupré, the station-master, is the suppressed petit-bourgeois who suffers injuries from both sides. As the man with the highest salary in town, he is forbidden by the parish priest of the village to prevent the coming of his children. He has to show a good example before the community by having nine of them. The mobsters blackmail him

because he accepted a "free sample" in the brothel. The pitiful little man's individual weaknesses are the shortcomings of his entire class.

The charivari itself is a symbol of the futility of a reactionary protest against change, and a warning that such a response can lead only to the destruction of both the provoker and the provoked. Nor does Goulet hold out much hope for an intellectual protest. The reasonable and well-intentioned characters he draws are too few, too timid, too indecisive, to assert themselves. All that is left for Paul Gauthier after burying his brother is to turn his back on LaBuche and join the ranks of the protagonists from other novels who go forth to seek Truth.

Even the socialists have nothing to rejoice about in Goulet's vision. The indifferent lumberjacks (working class) finally move to intervene between the maddened, sadistic mob and the besieged victims. But they arrive late, as they always do when fascism fights capitalism.

If Goulet, the visionary, has no answer, Goulet, the moralist, is more rewarding. Unlike most modern novelists, he is no mere recorder of events content to let his reader form judgments, or worse, to be lulled into the belief that to understand is to forgive. In an age when moralism has become a dirty word, this is a commendable attitude for an author to adopt. But, regrettably, it has undermined the literary merit of *The Violent Season*, for the characters are so overdrawn that they appear before us like the cast of a mediaeval morality play. If Goulet would weave subtler, better-developed figures into a novel with the same fine sense of timing, the same facility and freshness with language, then he might write novels whose importance is not only sociological.

PAUL GOTTLIEB

Robert Goulet, *The Violent Season*, Braziller. \$4.50.



LEONARD COHEN

Even the best prose may (though should not) be read for mere distraction — fascinated by the varying fortunes of strange characters, we may forget about ourselves. But poetry does not lend itself to narcotic entertainment; the poet cannot employ plots or any other devices to attract and distract his readers; his only genuine means of holding us is in the suspense of the most common yet most personal truths. Any lesser verse — however learned the harangue or clever the word-play — has never been able to gain lasting interest or significance. To make the grade, poetry has to be powerful enough to force us to face ourselves — while reading a poem we are reading our own souls. Perhaps this is the reason why the most sublime form of literature is both scarce and unpopular. Yet, how are we to keep our sensitivity, our humanity, without confronting the innermost realities of our existence? Without poetry, we are dead men.

One is made aware of this power of poetry once again while reading Leonard Cohen's new poems — poems charged with experience and emotions which are not only his but ours. The young Montrealer who came out with a dull, conventional book of verse only four years ago, has become a true poet. Indeed, his new collection, *The Spice-Box of Earth*, has the miraculous quality of sudden growth. This book inspires Robert Weaver to conclude that Cohen "has got it made as a poet", while another critic now calls him "Can-

ada's major poet!" He is certainly an important one.

Possessing the magic of honesty, the power of precision and the courage and ease of imagination, he transforms into poetry the most important realities of our time: the effects of the technological age on man's inner world.

His images give a compelling account of the individual's lot in the airless, spaceless metropolis. Psychologists, sociologists have written many volumes about the deadly shadow of the ever growing multitudes, about the individual's loss of faith in himself in a world where millions can replace him at any moment — yet Cohen tells more about man's sense of helpless futility in a single powerful image:

*"I wonder how many people in
this city
live in furnished rooms.
Late at night when I look out at
the buildings
I swear I see a face in every win-
dow
looking back at me . . ."*
(*I Wonder How Many People In
This City*)

Or:

*" . . .
You climb into bed and recover
the flesh
You close your eyes and allow them
to be sewn shut.
You create an embrace and fall
into it.
There is only one moment of pain
or doubt*

*as you wonder how many multi-
tudes are lying beside your body,
but a mouth kisses and a hand
soothes the moment away."*
(*You Have the Lovers*)

However, in another poem, a girl is "closing her eyes like perfect machines", and in *Morning Song* he writes of the nightmares a girl dreamed on "a night she slept beside me". Not even love can release man from his solitude.

*"And I hear
the irrefutable argument of
hunger
whispered, spoken, shouted,
but never sung.*

*I will kill a man this week;
before this week is gone
I will hang him to a tree,
I will see this mercy done."*
(*If It Were Spring*)

Cohen is able to express the darkness of man's inner world with such illuminating and liberating beauty, because he does not so much condemn the human lot as suffers it, because he does not offer abstract solutions but struggles to sustain his own humanity. He "imputes pain to the intense sky", but he seeks and finds happiness. Challenging the fashion of the day, he is not fond of despair. His agonies are intermingled with moments of relief — giving added poignancy to both. Just one of millions, "but a mouth kisses and a hand soothes the moment away". He does not accept defeat. When all else fails him, he cheers himself with self-sarcasm — as in *The*

Cuckold's Song, one of the more revealing poems about modern man:

"I repeat: the important thing was to cuckold Leonard Cohen. I like that line because it's got my name in it."

Accepting the paradox of the sad and ridiculous, of joy and pain, he rises above them, achieving both personal and poetic victories in *The Girl Toy*, *A Poem to Detain Me*, *It Is Late Afternoon* and *The Absurd Prayer*. He gives way to his emotions, but does not give in to them:

"I had a friend:
he lived and died in mighty silence
and with dignity,
left no book, son, or lover to mourn.
Nor is this a mourning-song
but only a naming of this mountain
on which I walk, . . ."

(*There Are Some Men*)

A simultaneous involvement and detachment endows Cohen's poems with a grace comparable to that of young Mozart's music. For him, *flesh is warm and sweet* and grief abiding. Like the kite, life "*pulls gentle enough to call you master, strong enough to call you fool.*"

This sensitive perception of the paradoxes of life finds its ideal form of expression in the subdued intensity and smooth delivery of his poems — as has been duly noted and praised by his critics. It is a style which also lends itself to satirical yet compassionate tableaux, such as *Priests* 1957:

"Cousins in the factory are unhappy.
Adjustment is difficult, they are told.
One is consoled with a new Pontiac,
one escapes with Bach and the folk-singers."

However, it is with his poems about the Jewish community and

Leonard Cohen: *The Spice-Box of Earth*. McClelland and Stewart: Toronto: 1961.

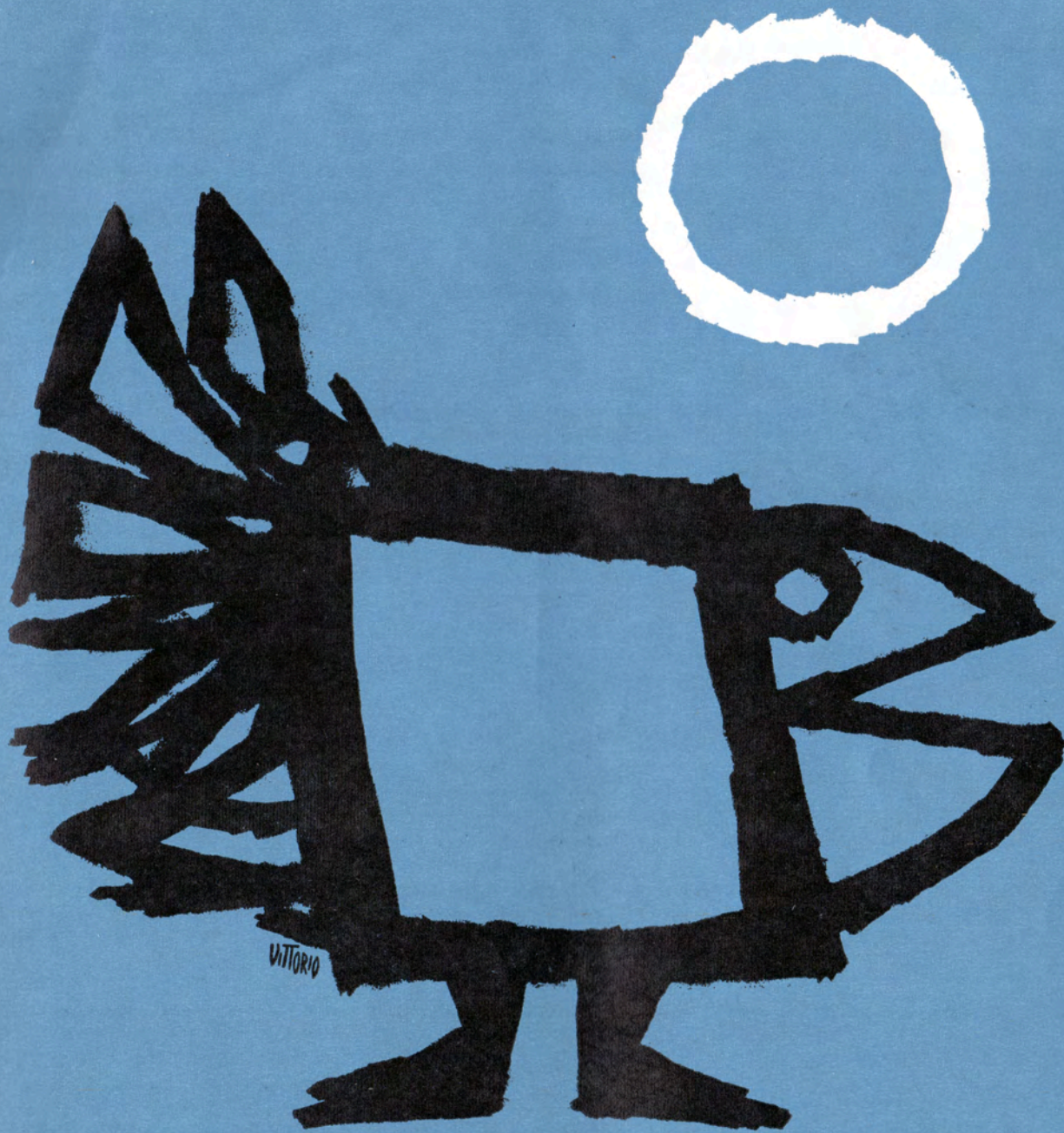
the problems of being a Jew that I must find fault. For, in spite of *The Genius* and many excellent lines in the *Lines From My Grandfather's Journal*, the Jewish poems, on the whole, are disappointing. It is not that the verse is inept. (Every poet writes some bad poems, and in Cohen's collection there are several literary reminiscences, confused poems bordering on meaningless nonsense — but this does not matter.) The fault with his Jewish poems is the outlook they reveal. Like so many others — most notably Mordecai Richler — Cohen is susceptible to a ghetto complex, given to brooding over the special virtue and special cross of being a Jew. I wish to put on record for all whom it may concern, that the subject of "I and my Jewish (or French) community" or even the rebellious casting off of the complex is utterly boring for the outsider. Graver still, an outlook that tries to cope with reality from an ethnic or nationalistic point of view leads to false human and artistic conclusions, for the simple reason that the forces that shape our destiny today are anything but ethnic. I am aware of the fact that much of Canadian art functions and flourishes on ethnic grounds, but it is precisely because of this that most of the country's artistic efforts are hopelessly provincial.

It is probable that the reason for this provincialism can be traced to the artist's isolation in a society that is none-too-friendly toward art. In order to be heard by anyone, the artist may feel compelled to speak to, and in terms of, the restricted group of his immediate community. Yet, in his best poems, Cohen has successfully withstood this compulsion. *The Spice-Box of Earth*, rich in universal relevance and beauty, makes him a poet not only of Canadian but international significance. Like every true poet, he is with us, yet ahead of us:

"Whatever cities are brought down,
I will always bring you poems . . ."

STEPHEN VIZINCZEY





EXCHANGE IS A NEW BIRD*

Arcmtl Scan 2014

*it needs wings to fly — subscribe.