

Hebdo



**Godfather to the counter-culture
You don't believe it?**

See page 12

'Corporate bums': populist muckraking

Louder Voices: The Corporate Welfare Bums, by David Lewis. James Lewis & Samuel, \$1.95.

Most people go from the cradle to the grave thinking that the welfare state is about the money they pay in taxes and reap from Mothers Allowance, Ontario Health Insurance Plan and Unemployment Insurance. They think of the welfare state as something approaching the golden rule, applied by advanced social workers and sophisticated Keynesian economists.

But somehow, it seems, the golden rule concept of the welfare state has been distorted to mean: "he who has the gold, makes the rules". Somehow, while millions applaud or jeer at the obvious manifestations of the welfare state like Local Initiatives Program or unemployment insurance, others have been silently manipulating the real levers of the welfare state.

Like the proverbial silent hog of western folklore — the silent hog that eats the swill — certain people with strategic locations in the Canadian economy have been quietly gorging on the advanced social work notions of the people who run the federal government's economic development programs.

These are the people that Trudeau refers to as the "vested interests", noting that: "I suppose in participatory democracy there will always be some whose voice is louder than others." These are the people that David Lewis has been slingshotting with the rather unpleasant turn of phrase-Corporate Welfare Bums.

In one of the best contributions to Canadian muckraking since Gustavus Myers' expose, *The History of Canadian Wealth*, Lewis wades his way through an alphabet soup of government agencies and peers through the loopholes of the Canadian tax structure to reveal a ripoff of unprecedented artistry.

Acting as the James Bond of the NDP set, he has been travelling across the country uncovering a Who's Who of Canadian corporate villains who are ripping off the Canadian taxpayer through enormous grants and tax concessions. The extractive industries are extracting grants, the land developers are enveloped in them and the industrial capitalists are capitalizing on them. This book brings together the information he has been making headlines with over the past months.

In terms of the major polemics his attacks have set off, the book seems to stand quite firmly. Lewis particularly takes issue with what he calls the blackmail approach of Liberal cabinet ministers who argue that the government is making offers it can't refuse. Both Turner and Sharp have been adamant in insisting that whole industries and towns would be put on the welfare rolls if it were not for government subsidies to free enterprise.

Lewis is convincing on the point that these grants are responsible for exporting unemployment to other areas rather than eliminating it. Given the chaotic pattern of the handouts, grants are often extended to

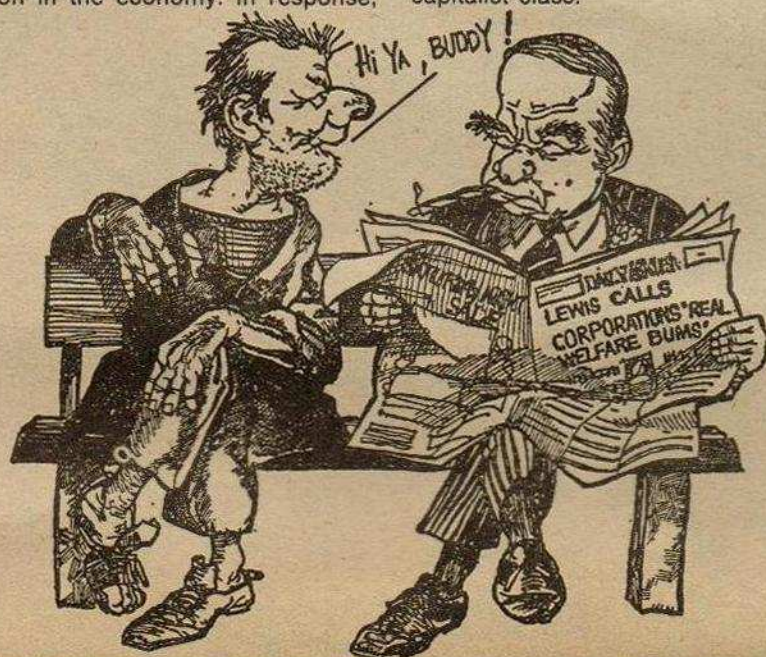
industries whose markets are already saturated. As a result of this market saturation, the infusion of grants for new plants is, as often as not, responsible for a decline in employment on an industry wide level.

In other cases, government grants are going to industries which are capital rather than labour intensive. Thus it came to pass that three million dollars in grants to the textile industry was responsible for the creation of 451 new jobs and the loss, through technological unemployment, of 450 old ones! In short, the job argument is hardly an adequate defense of current government policy.

In the broadest sense, the basic philosophy of David Lewis also stands up to its opponents. The Star, in its search for a rationale to oppose the NDP, has argued that Lewis' attacks violate a basic principle of social democracy-government intervention in the economy. In response,

government assisted industries had actually been influenced on their location decisions by government largesse. The Financial Post's Philip Mathias, in his book *Forced Growth*, also provides case studies of how ineffective funding led to forced growth, orchestrated by the sour notes of poor decisions, enormous distortions of economic logic and human waste and despair. Finally one of the government's own, Boris Celovsky, deserted his job with DREE (Dept. Regional Economic Expansion), taking ample evidence of government decisions with him to his new job as NDP research director.

This is the hard side of the Lewis pedigree: a side which reflects disenchantment with the technical-economic viability of the government's strategy for economic growth. It is a side of his argument which attempts to encompass dissident but farsighted sections of the capitalist class.



Lewis clarifies his own definition, one that is basic to social democracy as opposed to state capitalism: "Welfare is for the needy, not big and wealthy multinational corporations."

But for David Lewis, who until recently has been sharpening his lance against the Waffle dragons in his own party, there are certain limits to the analysis and solutions he proposes. Although the issue is somewhat of an echo of the old Waffle voices, Lewis draws his major inspiration from Eric Kierans, whose recent conversion to the NDP is essentially a pat on the back for plagiarism well done.

Kierans presented many of the essentials for the book in his June, 1971 speech to the Canadian Economic Association's meeting at St. John. He attacked the distortions of the economy, the stimulants to American investment, the inflationary direction and increase in personal income tax; all of which were related to the government's carefree grant policies.

The pedigrees for the book also include David Springate whose Harvard PhD thesis concluded that only one-third of 31

There is also the "soft" side of the book (to borrow a term from Richard Hofstadter), a dimension which draws more from traditions of which the NDP is the inheritor. Government economic policy has been traditionally judged not only in terms of hard economic critiques of investment patterns and growth mechanisms. It has also been judged as part of a larger morality play whereby "the interests" fatten off the people.

Yes, these "interests" have always been with us, even in Canada. They were with us in the days William Lyon Mackenzie denounced the Family Compact. They were with us in the days the Canadian people paid for the fortunes of the railroaders. They were with us in the days when tariff walls were raised to protect the inefficiencies and profits of Canadian manufacturers and to draw in American branch plants. "Protection whereby industry leans on the people", was how Edward Poritt put it in one hardhitting book at the turn of the century. It was with us when militant farmers lashed out at the CPR monopoly. It was with us in the 1930's when the CCF brain trust was striking out

at Canada's "50 Big Shots", doing research that left David Lewis free to elaborate a hard strategy for building a socialist movement on the basis of the trade unions.

It is this tradition which gives the book its hard-hitting character. It is this tradition which is best revealed in the chapter on Sudbury: "One City — Two Worlds", the city of the working people and the city of the fat cats.

But to transcend the level of a morality play, it will be necessary for Lewis to integrate analysis with a plea for justice. He admits, for instance, that he has "barely explored the edges of the complex interrelationship between government and the corporate sector. There is so much more to discover."

In his policy recommendations, he is sometimes reduced, as he puts it in his one concession to bilingualism, to a position of "reculer pour mieux sauter".

It is possible to see poor planning as the source of many of the government's policies. But is it more than an error of judgement that grants and tax allowances favor capital rather than labor intensive industries? Or is it possible that this is inherent in advanced capitalist countries, where individual capitalists are forced to pass the costs of renewing rapidly obsolescent plants onto the public? This is the opinion of internationally respected Marxist economist Ernest Mandel. Mandel distinguishes between state aid to industry in developing capitalist countries and state aid under mature capitalism: "the former is the forceps which facilitates birth; the second is the scalpel which removes a tumour that reappears with disturbing regularity."

It would also be worthwhile for Lewis to consider other dimensions of the corporate rip-off. Aside from taxes, corporations also have a built-in rip-off of their work force — the extraction of surplus value — which comes to them in the form of profit. This is a far more fundamental characteristic of capitalism than the tax dodge. Secondly, capitalism has a tendency to arrange social and economic priorities in a way that benefits profits rather than human needs.

Both of these aspects of the corporate rip-off are neglected in Lewis' analysis. "The government must dare to go it alone," he writes, "where private capital is unwilling to move in without large-scale handouts from the public treasury. Crown corporations are not only the most suitable instrument of achieving social goals in many areas; they are just as capable of competing in domestic and foreign markets as any private corporation."

This concession to the socialist logic of his attack derives from the major dynamism of the book. It is a book which whets the appetite for more information and invites the search for alternatives to current government policy. Of the various instant books being put out for the election, this is one of the few that does that.

Wayne Roberts

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Arch-bigot turns unloveable

Bunkers keep ramming the old message home

The Bunkers have become a North American institution. The thing about institutions is that they are rather remote, quite respectable — and they take themselves very, very seriously. There was a furor over *All in the Family* when it first crept into prime time in the dead of winter two years ago, a replacement for some vapid show that failed. It was a move of desperation; nobody at CBS thought that the series would catch on. The best they hoped for was that it would quietly finish out the season without "alienating" too many viewers.

That barren season when it arrived on our screens, it was a bracing, garlicky breath of life amidst all those impeccably sanitary, genteel families with a missing parent and microscopic moral dilemmas (a perennial one is that some sugary eight-year-old is inconsolably broken-hearted because daddy told a fib or broke a promise). Edith and Archie were so startling because they actually looked and talked like a real family. They were a little broad, yes, but they started from something genuine and familiar. They even lived in a dump, a duplex where things didn't get fixed and you could hear the toilet flushing all through the house. Everybody loved them.

But the furies descended. Professional anti-bigots like Laura Z. Hobson (who wrote *Gentleman's Agreement* twenty years ago) came out of seclusion to denounce the show in the *New York Times*. They were incensed; up comes television, which nobody takes seriously, and steals their thunder. The gall. Bigotry should not be made attractive, they maintain, people will follow Archie's example. If he's a bigot, he must also be a scoundrel, and a miserable one to boot.

The fact is that there are nice people and kind people who are bigots. Their bigotry is deplorable, of course, but it is not usually symptomatic of a cancerous soul. What Hobson and the rest want is the sort of tidy morality-play where wrongdoing is unfailingly punished — like the operas where courtesans died of consumption as if this were aperticularly efficient venereal disease. In other words, TV could deal with bigotry if they were artistically dishonest about it.

But now *All in the Family* is the



biggest thing to hit TV since *Bonanza*, and if anything is true in the American way of life, it is that success equals respectability. If a show tops the Neilson ratings and gets *Time* cover stories, well then, it can't be controversial, can it? Not in any potentially dangerous way, at any rate. The "dingbats" and "meatheads" fly about, now as wholesomely patriotic as "America the Beautiful". Even President Nixon watches Archie, presumably to get ideas he can pass onto Spiro's speechwriters.

The paradox is that *All in the Family* has gotten steadily worse. Norman Lear, the producer, couldn't leave well-enough alone. They attributed the show's popularity (which they probably called notoriety) to the "satire"

while it succeeded almost wholly as a tongue-in-cheek comedy-drama about blue-collar life. The political, racial and sexual howlers were howlers not because of their cutting-edge, but because they were so novel to TV screens (though so utterly familiar to the people who watched TV).

So Lear and company kept ramming their lessons home and to hell with the domesticity. Instead of the hit-and-run attacks on social cliches, Archie and crew were marshalled week after week to battle for enlightenment: liberal style. The Bunker household now grapples with society's problems more frequently than does the House of Representatives or Nixon's cabinet.

What is wrong is that in the eagerness to cover every damn issue, the upstairs gang has forgotten all about consistency. Archie used to call the president "tricky Dicky" — a rank-and-file democrat's catchphrase. But as the series advanced, and the scriptwriters nudged Archie further to the right (it makes everything so much tidier that way) he became a fervent Nixon man. Not just the shallow opportunist who supports whoever's in office, either. In one episode, Archie is revealed not to have voted in '68, despite his protests that he did too vote for Nixon. Edith reminds him that he voted for "the Kennedy Nixon, not the Humphrey Nixon". Now Archie, a dyed-in-the-wool union man, is as unlikely a Republican as he is a civil libertarian. And when was he calling the guy tricky Dickey? Back in 1952? If Archie ever switched allegiance it would have been to vote for the General. Only affluent Hollywood liberals could make this sort of blunder.

Or there's gun control, which Archie defends in reply to a TV editorial. The Bunkers are city folk to their bones, and gun control proponents are usually country boys, or a generation or so away. And if the availability of firearms is anywhere acknowledged to be related to crime in the streets, it's in New York City.

But even if we grant Archie an aberration on this one issue, it's hardly likely that he would hie himself off to a television studio to broadcast his views. Archie, after all, is painted with a craven stripe; he has that astute sense of camouflage and self-preservation common to his kind. Real-life Archies don't fall into dangerous tiffs by bazooing before they've scouted out the enemy. This Mr. Bunker, for the sake of an easy laugh, is reduced to a blithering dolt, numb to hostile vibrations. He wouldn't have lasted long in New York City, that way.

Archie, we all know, is a WASP — But how seldom is Protestantism mentioned. Whenever the script needs religious humour and/or relevance, there is some pretext to drag in a Catholic. (Last week Edith went off to consult a priest rather than talk to her own minister.) Perhaps the writers consider Protestant clergy too bland to give snappy lines to; or more likely, Catholicism has shaped up as the blue-collar,

pro-Nixon religion recently, and it was too late to change Archie.

Edith is distorted, too. This poor, feckless woman is not allowed to have one tiny little vice. Now and then she parrots one of her husband's inanities, only to reverse her stand as soon as the wrongness of it is pointed out to her by Gloria or Mike (who hand out a straight, if simple-minded, liberal line). She's wonderful to watch, but we don't for a minute believe she exists. (Penelope Gilliat wrote that she seems to belong more to a TV studio than a street; how true). Extraordinarily incurious about what goes on beyond her doorstep (and I don't mean Vietnam or bussing, I mean the street's scandal and scuttlebut), masochistically subservient to her husband (who exploits her like a coolie) Edith is a caricature of a middle-class Queen's housewife so appallingly misaccented as to make her bafflingly hollow.

Ask almost anyone to name their favorite episode and "Edith's problem" will be your answer. This episode won an Emmy last Spring, and the producers (no doubt) preened themselves that their "daring" paid off and ran home to think up more taboos to shatter. What they wouldn't realize is that Edith's problem — menopause — was hardly as shocking as the fact that in this one episode Edith screams back at Archie; for those thirty minutes she had stepped gloriously down from her doty saintliness.

It doesn't seem that the producers much care about anything but the message and the jolts anymore. As long as they have a hot issue to put in the mouths of the cast, and a few bawdy zingers to spice things up, no matter about honesty, or plausibility, or even a sense of fairness to the characters they have created.

And in the process they have sold out (unwittingly or no?) to the sour moralizers. In their lust to move up from comedy to "satire" they lost sight of entertainment. So that nobody will miss the point of their little parables, they have turned Archie into a crabbed, miserly curmudgeon; they've even deprived him of the comfort of his family, which even men worse than bigots enjoy. Laura Hobson should be happy; the message is finally coming through.

Bill MacVicar

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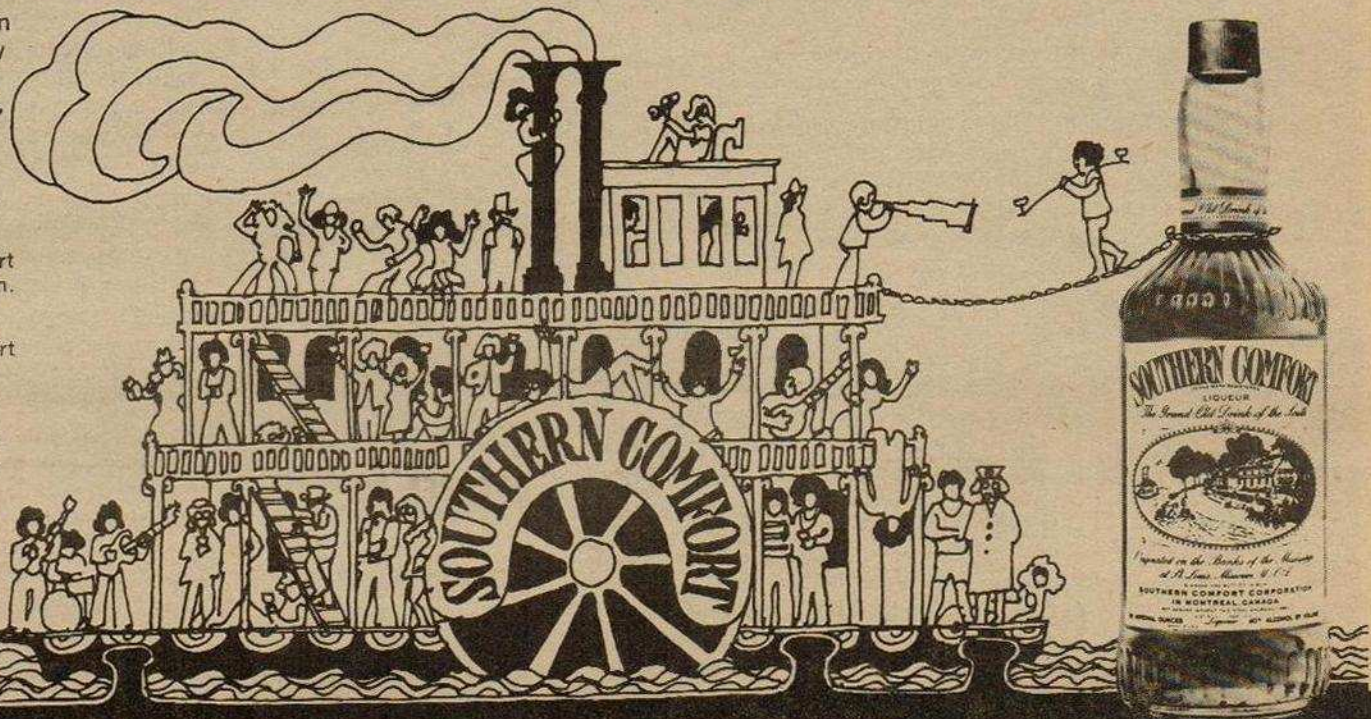
Arrivals from the South:

Cold Comfort
Pour 1½ ounces of Southern Comfort over crushed ice. Add a twist of lemon.

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Comfort Collins
Mix 1½ ounces of Southern Comfort with the juice of a quarter of a lime. Add some ice. Fill the glass with lemon-lime drink.

Try these, too:
Comfort 'n' Cola,
Comfort and Tonic,
Comfort Daiquiri, etc., etc.



The all-American culture



Elvis Presley in 'G.I. Blues': The halcyon days of the fifties: 'Doin' the best I can'.

In a few days, most of you reading this will vote for Pierre Trudeau. I do not mention that with any thought of swaying you: I don't care who you vote for as long as it is not for me. I vote crank myself, and will probably go Communist this time, just to keep the RCMP a bit paranoid and on their toes. I introduce Trudeau's re-election—your support for him—because that is the pivotal thing for a real, gut understanding of the blacklist, of McCarthyism, and of fifties culture. And, that is a sizeable chunk out of understanding ourselves.

Jim Harding at one time pointed out that there were two (English) Canadian cultures, a Canadian one, northern, rural and agricultural; and, superimposed on it, an American one, urban, seasonless, and monopoly-capitalistic. His point at the time was to remind us that the pure Canadian culture really did exist. Now, the pendulum has swung a bit, and my point is to remind you that the American one exists too, as a bona fide Canadian way of life. It is the culture I grew up in. I preferred the American Howdy-Doody with Buffalo Bob to the Canadian one with Timber Tom. I craved Snickers and Three Musketeers (cultural domination), but they were not available (isolationism). (As an aside, Snickers and Three Musketeers are now available (imperialism), but I no longer want them (anti-imperialism).)

My afternoon cartoons were pre-empted by the army-McCarthy hearings, no fun to watch, just as, a generation later, the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) was pre-empted by the cartoons of Abbie Hoffman and Gerry Rubin.

In between Tom and Jerry and Abbie and Jerry was the quarter-century of HUAC's heyday, a stolid, unjoyful, powerfully effective institution that created and was created by a stolid, unjoyful, and powerfully effective culture. It is now standard, since it is now safe, to look at HUAC as a side-show, but as Eric Bentley points out, the purpose of the side-show is to lure people into the main tent. We have been pulled in: you and I, our sexuality, our ideology, our music, our dancing, our patterns of thought, even our plans for escape.

MR. ICHORD: Mr. Counsel, the chair has just received a message from Mr. Gutman relaying a request of Mr. Rubin to be permitted into the hearing room. The chair has been informed that Mr. Rubin is attired in a Santa Claus costume. It is not the purpose of the chair to direct that Mr. Rubin attire himself in a certain manner or

take other actions in regards to his body, but it is the responsibility of the chair to maintain order in these hearings. The chair has exercised its prerogative of excluding, and I have so instructed the police to exclude Mr. Rubin from the hearing room, because it is the determination of the chair that such a dress could only add to the possibilities of disorder.

— HUAC Hearing, Dec. 4, 1968.

The sixties' culture, the counter-culture, contrasts mightily with the dominant culture. The counter-culture is Dionysian, colourful and reckless. The parent culture is thrifty. On the one hand there is the orgy, and on the other, the cadet corps, on the one, the head shop and on the other the shopping plaza. The one, *Like a Rolling Stone*, the other, *Tea for Two*. It is easy to trace the roots of the counter-culture, from Baba Ram Dass back to Leary, back to Mr. Wizard — salvation through technology: from the Stones through the Beatles back to Elvis — rhythm and release; from the new Old Left to the old New Left and back to Holden Caulfield, James Dean, and Marlon Brando as *The Wild One*: "What are you rebelling against?"

"Whadaya got?"

The counter-culture is at base effusive ("when you got nothin' you got nothin' to lose"). The parent culture is retentive: of family, prestige, authority and property. And, retentive in culture, retentive in politics, anal in politics, anal in culture. I do not compose this as idle theory. Test it. Turn your body-awareness to your anus. Is it tighter than it needs to be? Can you relax it a bit? It is the purpose of this writing to trace that tension back to the ass-holes on HUAC.

MR. JACKSON: Mr. Chairman, may I say that I can think of no greater way to parade one's political beliefs than to appear under the auspices of *Mainstream*, a Communist publication. . .

MR. MOSTEL: I appreciate your opinion very much, but I do want to say that — I don't know, you know — I still stand on my grounds, and maybe it is unwise and unpolitic of me to say this. If I appeared there what if I did an imitation of a butterfly at rest? There is no crime in making anybody laugh. I don't care if you laugh at me.

MR. JACKSON: If your interpretation of a butterfly at rest brought any money into the coffers of the Communist Party, you contributed directly to the propaganda effort of the Communist Party.

MR. MOSTEL: Suppose I had the urge

to do the butterfly at rest somewhere.

MR. DOYLE: Yes, but please, when you have the urge, don't have such an urge to put the butterfly at rest by putting money in the Communist Party coffers as a result of that urge to put the butterfly at rest.

— HUAC Hearing, Oct. 14, 1955.

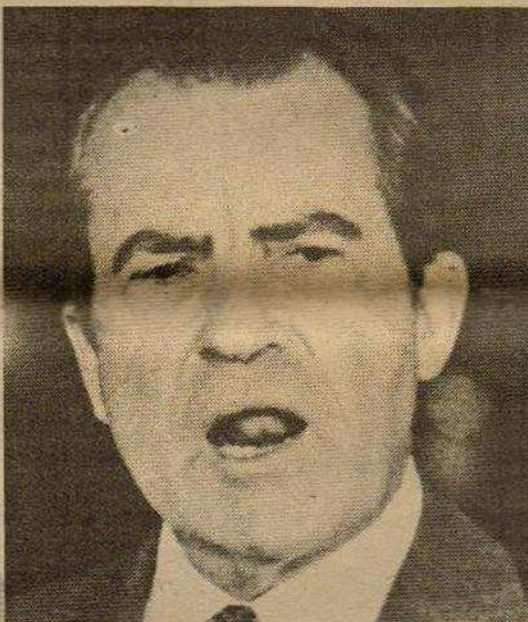
America, including urban Canada is a nation of merchandizers. Long Island was "bought" from the Indians, a transaction of equal validity to signing over the rights to the sun. The Intolerable Acts that brought on the American Revolution were largely intolerable to the colonial merchants. And so on. In Toronto, the stain-glass mural requisitioned by the city elders is of *The Marriage of Commerce and Industry* (in which Industry got Fucked). Only in the last few years have non-property owners been enfranchised for Toronto elections. Property ownership is the cornerstone of the temple; "Private Property, No Trespassing" the inscription.

The temple has been periodically threatened ever since it replaced feudalism. But the French Revolution was more for property than against it. The (relatively) universal franchise turned out to be more of a technicality, as did women's suffrage. The cooperative movement never really caught on. And even the union

U.S. may have avoided a Japanese invasion, but the Russians, might say, one says anything, assumptions differ, a spell, one often gets paranoid. Laing's alternative to paranoia when it is Laing writes, "have been persecuted."

It is paranoid to election is rigged, one party has much opportunity to have doggles, call the time, and place convenient locations. different from the stuffing a ballot box.

So, when I see class/government propaganda campaign, aged as all the rich men gathering basement board room Pentagon Papers some merit in the people maintaining they know. "It is, I wrote Richard Water-



As it was in the beginning. . . —Nixon

challenge, after a long bloody struggle, relaxed into the A.F. of L., and the status quo. But Russia, China and various little places actually fell to Communism, and the holdings of the elders were actually taken away.

This, not totalitarianism, purges and occupations is the source of American anti-Communism. Russia fell in 1917 and the Palmer raids began in America in 1920. The depression raised the spectre and fear of American Communism well before the knowledge of Stalinist cruelties. That it is credited the other way round is anachronism, just as it is hind-sight that pretends that the Second World War was fought to stop the German extermination camps. I do not deny either set of atrocities, I merely point out that they were not causal in the way it is now claimed.

The New Deal — limited interference with private ownership of industry — was the American alternative to Communism, and even it was loudly decried as "Communist". HUAC was formed by New Deal critics, and the Committee began its public hearings in 1938 with a successful attack on one of the New Deal programs, the Federal Theatre Project. It was an appropriate beginning, since the Committee's prime target was always to be the means of moulding public culture. The Committee was terribly successful. The means of retention squeezed tighter.

Just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean you are not being followed.

— Revolutionary maxim

I want to side-track for just a bit to say a word about paranoia. To suggest that the

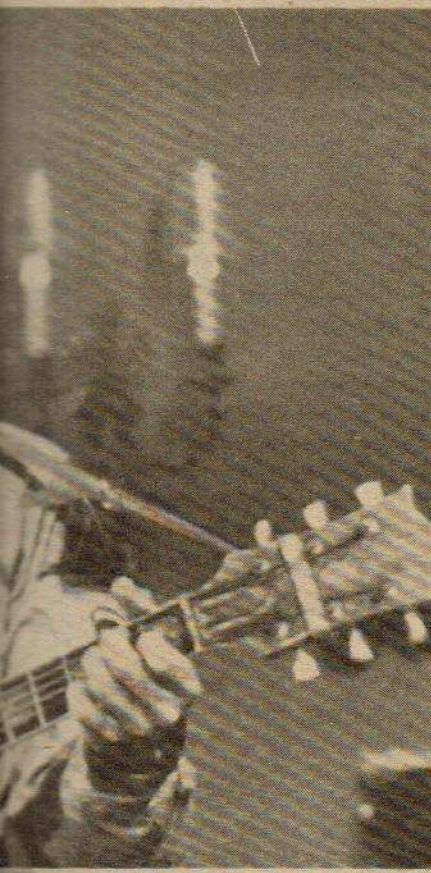
How many lower class people are in this picture? I can't see any.

sion to believe that makers are, as malicious or stupid attitude towards Undeniably they are furtively, on the order, but it does anti-revolutionary to realize that it is the box-office malice... In their believe, intended approximation of liberalism, they happens that all vestments, all of the and legions of de clubs, all their dream a great industrial instincts and emotions consciously imposed the side of the scheming villains. defenders of a system them to buy those tennis courts."

The most political pack up your trou-

The witnesses who wanted to see a blacklist named the blacklist. (The black digest of HUAC anti-left listing Channels.) The traveller, dupe or liar put it, not loss of life. The tales abound

The all-American culture of un-American a



the fifties: 'Doin' the best I can'.

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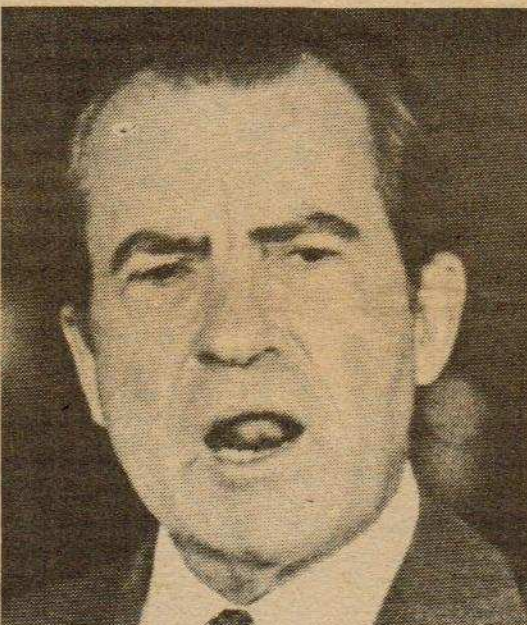
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The New Deal — limited interference with private ownership of industry — was the American alternative to Communism, and even it was loudly decried as "Communist". HUAC was formed by New Deal critics, and the Committee began its public hearings in 1938 with a successful attack on one of the New Deal programs, the Federal Theatre Project. It was an appropriate beginning, since the Committee's prime target was always to be the means of moulding public culture. The Committee was terribly successful. The means of retention squeezed tighter.

Just because you're paranoid, doesn't mean you are not being followed.

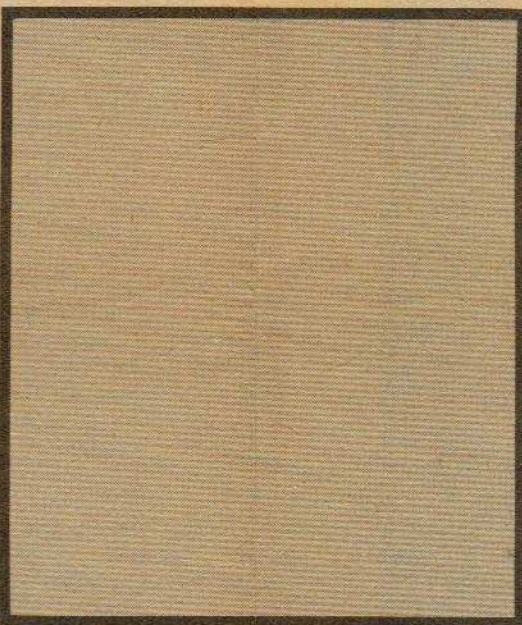
— Revolutionary maxims

I want to side-track for just a bit to say a word about paranoia. To suggest that the

U.S. may have atom bombed Japan to avoid a Japanese surrender to the Russians, might sound paranoid. In fact if one says anything out of ideological assumptions different from the ones in the speller, one often seems paranoid. One often gets paranoid. But there is also R.D. Laing's alternative concept, *metanoia*, i.e. paranoia when it is right. "Many people," Laing writes, "have delusions of not being persecuted."

It is paranoid to declare that Monday's election is rigged, despite the fact that one party has much more money, plus the opportunity to hand-out community boondoggles, call the election at a convenient time, and place polling booths in convenient locations. To me, only the image is different from the man in the trench-coat stuffing a ballot box.

So, when I speak of a propertied-class/government/media censorship and propaganda campaign, it needn't be imaged as all the richest, fattest, most powerful men gathering in a secret oak-panelled basement board room, although, given the Pentagon Papers, there appears to be some merit in the image yet. I just write of people maintaining as best they can what they know. "It is, I think, a great mistake," wrote Richard Watts Jr., during the depres-



How many lower communists can you find in this picture? I can find eleven.

sion to believe that the California film-makers are, as a rule, intentionally malicious or studiously unfair in their attitude towards revolutionary themes. Undeniably they are heartily, if sometimes furtively, on the side of the established order, but it does not make their definite anti-revolutionary bias any more pleasant to realize that it is the result of instinct and the box-office rather than intentional malice... In their hearts they have, I firmly believe, intended to go in for the closest approximation of harmless, mid-Victorian liberalism, they can hit upon. It merely happens that all of their handsome investments, all of their fears of censorship and legions of decency and the women's clubs, all their dreams of being big-shots in a great industrial world — in fact, all their instincts and emotions — make it sub-consciously impossible for them to be on the side of the exploited. They are not scheming villains. They are just instinctive defenders of a system that has enabled them to buy those swimming pools and tennis courts."

The most political song I ever heard was pack up your troubles in dreams.

— Pete Seeger

The witnesses subpoenaed by a HUAC who wanted to stay off their industry's blacklist named the names that became the blacklist. (The blacklist was, effectively a digest of HUAC names published in an anti-left listing service called *Red Channels*.) The named Communist, fellow-traveller, dupe or liberal suffered as Brecht put it, not loss of life, but loss of livelihood. The tales abound, frustrating, touching,

absurd, and can be found by the dozens in writings by Ring Lardner Jr., Alvah Bessie, Millard Lampell, Lillian Hellman or in Eric Bentley's compendium, *Thirty Years of Treason*. Nor is the period over. Pete Seeger is still barred from big network television (as Phil Ochs is from AM radio), and as you probably recall the only show that ever balked and featured Seeger, *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour*, was cancelled at the end of that season.

The crucial thing, however, is not what was disallowed, but what was left, because that is what we grew up to. The movies became universally bland, and our critical facility became the facility to distinguish between good and bad blandness. The retentive, up-tight studio head hired a neutered writer who created plastic characters; then thousands or millions of dollars was spent to bring the puppets to life. These were our models.

Television — a new medium — became the vast wasteland, the private terrain of the sponsor and the empressario. (John Bassett controls a band of your air-waves!) True, the ratings show a public predilection for sit-coms, but the ratings came after the programs among which the raters choose. And high ratings did not help the Smothers Brothers or *This Hour has Seven Days*.



"I shall return." —MacArthur

Music was shaped in the same way. Just as there is a Tin Pan Alley tradition (the tradition of *Pack Up Your Troubles in Dreams*) there is a folk tradition (of Joe Hill, Woody Guthrie, Ledbelly, Pete Seeger). This, we were not given to hear. Topical calypso continues in the mainstream of Caribbean music because it was never outlawed.

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—Alger Hiss, 1952

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An uncle, also kindly and good-humoured, became one of the Hollywood witch-hunters. So it goes.

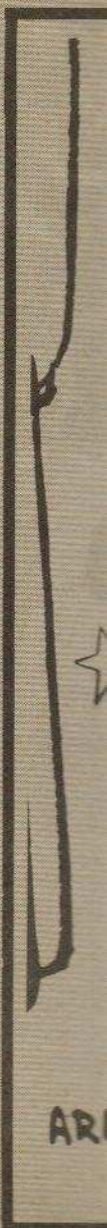
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more thoroughly ingrained than conceits of humanism. What remains to be seen is if we are any better.

MR HAYDEN: If you think you have had militant people before you in these hearings, you have yet to see what the seven and eight year olds are going to bring you over the next five or ten years. You have taught them to have no respect for your authority by what has happened in the city of Chicago. And that is a victory in the sense that committees like yourselves are now through. You exist only formally; you exist officially; but you have lost all authority... you have lost, period. That is why I have been quiet. That is why these hearings aren't disrupted, that is why no-one comes to these hearings to picket anymore. The job has been done on HUAC and the job has virtually been done against politicians.

—HUAC Hearing, Dec. 3, 1968.

The halcyon days of 1968. The nice thing about Bentley's thousand pages of HUAC excerpts and memorabilia is that it ends on such an up-beat. One passes through the years of fear until there is Mark Rhoades answering, "Were you ever, or are you now, a Communist" with "I certainly am!" (This is not meant as a criticism of the more timidly responding Hollywood Ten, of Seeger, Miller, Mostel; it would be foolish to try and interpret courage across time and cultures.) But unfortunately, the up-beat is a function of publication date and not of history. The war goes on. According to a recent Harris poll 55% favour continued bombing, 35% oppose and the rest are undecided. McGovern loses supporters daily. (Incidentally, McGovern has written the introduction to another recent book on HUAC, Robert Vaughn's *Only Victims*. After several readings, I still cannot understand how McGovern managed to say nothing at all.)

That is why I began with my assumption that you will vote Trudeau. It has been only two years since The War Measures Act. The parallels to McCarthyism are unavoidable: the government announced, and the press accepted, the existence of a

conspiracy against the government. Because of this, measures had to be taken. Like McCarthy's 57 Communists in the State Department, no conspiracy was ever unearthed. In the meantime people were jailed without evidence or trial; it became illegal to have been something that used to be legal; it became a crime to shelter kin. The leading oppositional spokesman in Quebec were jailed for months, though later acquitted of all charges. Montreal's FRAP urban reform party was smeared, some of its candidates jailed, and Mayor Drapeau's party swept to re-election. The remaining opposition was called by the old McCarthyist term "bleeding-heart liberals". The press was hysterical, and internal and external censorship was imposed. A producer friend at CBC was not allowed to air an interview with jailed singer Paulene Julien. The Varsity was censored by its printer, fearing that the government would confiscate its presses. Etc.

I remember thinking at the time that they had gone too far and it would be obvious. Then the polls were announced: 88% in favour. (To be fair, Quebec has shown itself to be much more aware of what was going on than English Canada.) Two years and all the evidence later, it appears that Trudeau is in for a cake-walk on Monday.

So I do not share Tom Hayden's 1968 optimism, although I find some hope and a good deal of joy in the alternate culture. I do not believe that a knowledge of history makes reliving it any less likely. I believe a Saint Joan must be burned every generation for people of shattered imagination, there are so many precedents. You, if I correctly guess your tacit support, and I, in my safely verbal criticism, have our precedents in the fifties, and long back before that.

Thirty Years of Treason: Excerpts from Hearings before the House Committee of Un-American Activities, 1938-1968, selected and edited by Eric Bentley, Viking Press, 1971.

Bob Bossin



"I shall return." —MacArthur

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Engineering: learning how but not why

Prologue:

Andrea: The fear of death is human.

Galileo: Even the Church will teach you that to be weak is not human. It is just evil.

Andrea: The Church, yes! But science is not concerned with our weaknesses.

Galileo: No? My dear Sarti, in spite of my present convictions I may be able to give you a few pointers as to the concerns of your chosen profession. In my spare time, I happen to have gone over this case. I have spare time. Even a man who sells wool, however good he is at buying wool cheap and selling it dear, must be concerned with the standing of the wool trade. The practice of science would seem to call for valour. She trades in knowledge, which is the product of doubt. And this new art has enchanted the public. The plight of the multitude is as old as the rocks, and is believed to be as basic as the rocks. But now they have learned to doubt. They snatched the telescopes out of our hands and had them trained on their tormentors: prince, official, public moralist. The mechanism of the heavens was clearer, the mechanism of their courts was still murky. The battle to measure the heavens is won by doubt; by credulity the Roman housewife's battle for milk will always be lost. Word is passed down that this is of no concern to the scientist, who is told he will only release such of his findings as do not disturb the peace, that is, the peace of mind of the well-to-do. Threats and bribes fill the air. Can the scientist hold out on the numbers? For what reason do you labour? I take it that the intent of science is to ease human existence. If you give away to coercion, science can be crippled, and your new machines may simply suggest new drudgeries. Should you, then, in time discover all there is to be discovered, your progress must become a progress away from the bulk of humanity. The gulf might even grow so wide that the sound of your cheering at some new achievement would be echoed by a universal howl of horror. As a scientist, I had an almost unique opportunity. In my day, astronomy emerged into the market place. At that particular time, had one man put up a fight, it could have had wide repercussions. I have come to believe that I was never in any real danger; for some years I was as strong as the authorities, and I surrendered my knowledge to the powers that be, to use it, no, not use it, abuse it, as suits their ends. I have not betrayed my profession. Any man who does what I have done must not be tolerated in the ranks of science.

(from *Galileo*, a play by Bertolt Brecht)

"Out of fear of creating men... who would refuse to submit to the discipline of a too narrow task and to the industrial hierarchy the effort has been made to stunt them from the beginning. They were designed to be competent but limited, active but docile, intelligent but ignorant of anything outside their function, incapable of having a horizon beyond that of their task."

Andre Gorz, 1967

Engineers feel threatened by radical ideas, radical politics and radical people. Towards such people an engineer is truculently silent or defensive and, if pushed, actively reactionary attitudes of engineers, must be understood. To become angry and accuse them of criminal immorality in designing and manufacturing napalm is like attacking blacks for living in a ghetto.

The student who enters a university engineering school has already behind him roughly half a dozen years of "engineering-type" training. He has shown an ability for mathematics and sciences earlier, and has gone through the mathematics-sciences-engineering

stream in high school. Here, he first encountered the attitude that problems can essentially be solved with a slide rule and the proper handbook, that history, languages and the like are simply exercises for the brain and not really very useful. This disdain for the arts is reinforced into a fine contempt during the first year at university through "banding together to fight the artsmen" organizations and revelling in the fraternal spirit of being an engineer.

Knowing little about what working engineers actually do, engineering students generally accept the dry courses, solve the never-ending problems, and perform the drudgery of non-creative labs. They place faith in the myth that they are preparing themselves to take up their rightful positions in the "technostructure", which is to be the kingpin of our technical society. Although they cannot quite see what the use of a certain course might be, somebody "up there" says it's required and he obviously knows more about it, so...

This mis-education is a means to an end, however. The report of the Goals Committee of the American Society for Engineering Education states, "The primary goal of engineering education is to prepare the student, ideologically, for constructive participation in a competitive, profit-motivated economy..."

Thus, when a radical demands of an engineer a human use of technology, he demands something alien to the engineer's experience. Further, when the capitalist system is threatened the engineer perceives a threat to technology and his supposed freedom to function within that technology. An engineer feels that a request that he make some judgements about how to use technology is not a viable question to ask. He has been taught that what can be done should be done because that's how we progress, so... on to Mars!

He has been presented with nothing but the use of technology inside a capitalistic profit-seeking frame of reference, and an attack on that frame of reference becomes an attack on his whole conception of how technology and he as a technologist function. Remove that system, remove his profits, his authoritarian work situation and his concomitant ability to shrug off decisions as to how to employ his skills; remove his profits, his authoritarian work situation and his concomitant ability to shrug off decisions as to how to employ his skills; remove his neat little barriers between science and humanism; and you negate the only career and identity of which he can perceive. So, of course, he is hostile.

But, how can such a horrid situation exist in engineering education within a university? The 1968 report of the Cox Commission on Columbia University says, "A university is essentially a free community of scholars dedicated to the pursuit of truth and knowledge solely through reason and civility."

While this is not quite the way things really are within the university, engineering training is the field furthest removed from this traditional "pursuit of truth and knowledge." (It might be noted that some engineers do seek and find the truth, which turns out to be $E=mc^2$ and $F=ma$.) The application of science is what engineering deals with, and engineering schools take the vast bulk of scientific knowledge as given from on high like the Ten Commandments. From this, one derives the formulae, tables, charts, et cetera which become the engineer's tools.

The search for truth, the enquiring mind, is not vitally important here. As described by John and Margaret Rowntree, the student is "expected to produce himself both as a robot and as a thinking





man." The educational system attempts to explosions in secondary schools and universities. This happens very seldom in the engineering schools because of the deliberate de-emphasis there on education, self-direction and self-determination for engineering students. That is, this robot-man contradiction is not apparent to most engineering students because the man half is missing!

But, this is necessary, of course. Capitalism could not function with aware, humanist, class-conscious technologists for they would not "submit to the discipline of a too narrow task and to the industrial heirarchy."

The harnessing of the educational system to the service of private profit and the corporate state, including the ideological preparation of students to serve these masters, is as much achieved by omission as commission. There is no need for a university course like "The Engineer and Capitalism" since the ethics and attitudes necessary have been already inculcated in grade and secondary school.

Many engineers would defend the omission of such a topic. It is not felt to be "engineering", but "politics" or "sociology" and, therefore, not of immediate concern to engineers. While such a defence is easily shown to be based on a perverted view of engineering, it can be shown that topics of undeniably vital concern to engineers are also ignored. Take, for example, the problem of pollution.

It is generally admitted that this is one area in which our technology has lagged behind and had better catch up pretty quickly. Yet, in our undergraduate engineering schools this topic, if not completely over looked, is given short shift. To illustrate: in the engineering faculty at Queen's University there is not one single course dealing with industrial and municipal pollution. There is usually some minor pollution research at the graduate level (about 22 projects spread among the 18 departments of Chemical Engineering in Canada).

Again, there is a reason for this lack: a thorough discussion of pollution would

man." The educational system attempts to build a self-directing man and then cause him to direct himself freely to the system's requirements. This contradiction within make plain to all concerned the rape-for-profit attitude of industrial managers, the pay-off-the-local-populace method of covering up pollution sources, the corporate lobbying to make up-coming pollution control legislation as painless as possible for them, the attempts to have pollution treatment facilities built at public expense for industrial use, the callous disregard for public health on the part of auto manufacturers, and so on. In short, expose the greedy rapacity of corporate capitalism. Such an expose seldom fails to produce a fine rage, and such an attitude in an engineer towards his bosses is obviously not to be desired by those bosses and their cohorts at the university.

Apart from simple anger, such a process would also bring to the engineer an awareness of his position vis-a-vis the corporate managers, an awareness that

he is essentially part of the working class.

The unwillingness to discuss pollution causes and control is indicative of another facet of engineering schools, (and of other parts of the education industry as well): the compartmentalization of knowledge. "L.A. Woods, Director of the U.S. Air Force Office of Space Research smugly asserts, "Now why is water pollution regarded as an engineer's problem? Isn't it a social problem... more a matter of social-political activity?"

Indeed, the pollution problem absolutely requires social, political, and economic as well as technical action. But God forbid that engineering students be encouraged to study in these fields and integrate their knowledge, for the docility of the engineering department would be gone forever!

Thus, the attitude "this is engineering, that is not, it's politics" builds up barriers to integration of knowledge and the insight thereby available. They are also barriers to awareness and actions that can en-

danger corporate economic control and profits.

There is an outward appearance of an attempt to overcome this lack of humanities and social studies in engineering training. Many engineering schools now require students to take several "arts options" on their way to a degree. This is mainly a sham. "Liberal Learning for the Engineer", the report of the American Society for Engineering Education's Humanistic-Social Research Project, exposes the scheme when it says, "In the university, the engineering school usually has very little to say about the kinds of courses which are offered by the liberal arts college, and even less about the kinds of faculty members the liberal arts college employs... (In universities) where structures are controlled by the engineering school, it is possible, in most cases, for the school to exercise some control over the content of programs as well, not obtaining special courses for their students but by pre-selecting those courses which will contribute most to the liberal objectives they envision."

(Recommendation 27)

In the university, the engineering school should seek to establish overall frameworks and to exercise a pre-selective control over courses.

It is assumed that the engineering faculty will not itself bias selection...

The "arts options", already preselected by the engineering school, are seldom related to technical courses, and vice-versa. Thus, while some dabbling in other yards takes place, the fences remain. That this system works, that courses exist but integration of course content does not, is apparent from discussions with and among engineering students. "Golden Words", the newspaper of the Engineering Society at Queen's University, commented on an analysis of engineering students similar to the one contained in this paper: "The entire argument against engineering students and engineering education is based on this single premise (that engineering students are unsure of what an engineer actually does, believes in the "technocracy" myth, abhors artsy things because he doesn't understand them, lacks confidence and abstract conceptual ability). Golden Words repudiates (this). We don't believe (this premise)."

To sum up, the engineering schools produce a narrow, variously competent, docile technician having little understanding of technology's role in society. He is unable to deal with that society's problems largely because he is unaware of them. For they, along with the effects of his own work, have been kept from his consciousness.

It is a rare engineer who has broken through the massive indoctrination effort and become aware of the contradictions in our society, in his chosen profession, and in his education. To condemn the unaware engineer as an immoral reactionary simply bewilders and angers him. Organization through revealing the perversion of Galileo's ideals is what is required.

Chuck Edwards

Chuck Edwards was an engineering graduate student at Queen's University.



Two books of non-essays a letdown

Canadian literary celebrity bares his ugly side

Shovelling Trouble, by Mordecai Richler. McClelland and Stewart, \$5.95

The Time is Never Ripe, by H.G. Classen. Centaur Press.

Bookstores are flooded with volumes of things that look like essays, sometimes read like essays. They are no such thing. The circumlocution "occasional pieces" is often used to describe such rag-tag collections. These are usually a few reviews, one or two pieces very like essays, and a lot of things, of varying length, in the nameless territory in between.

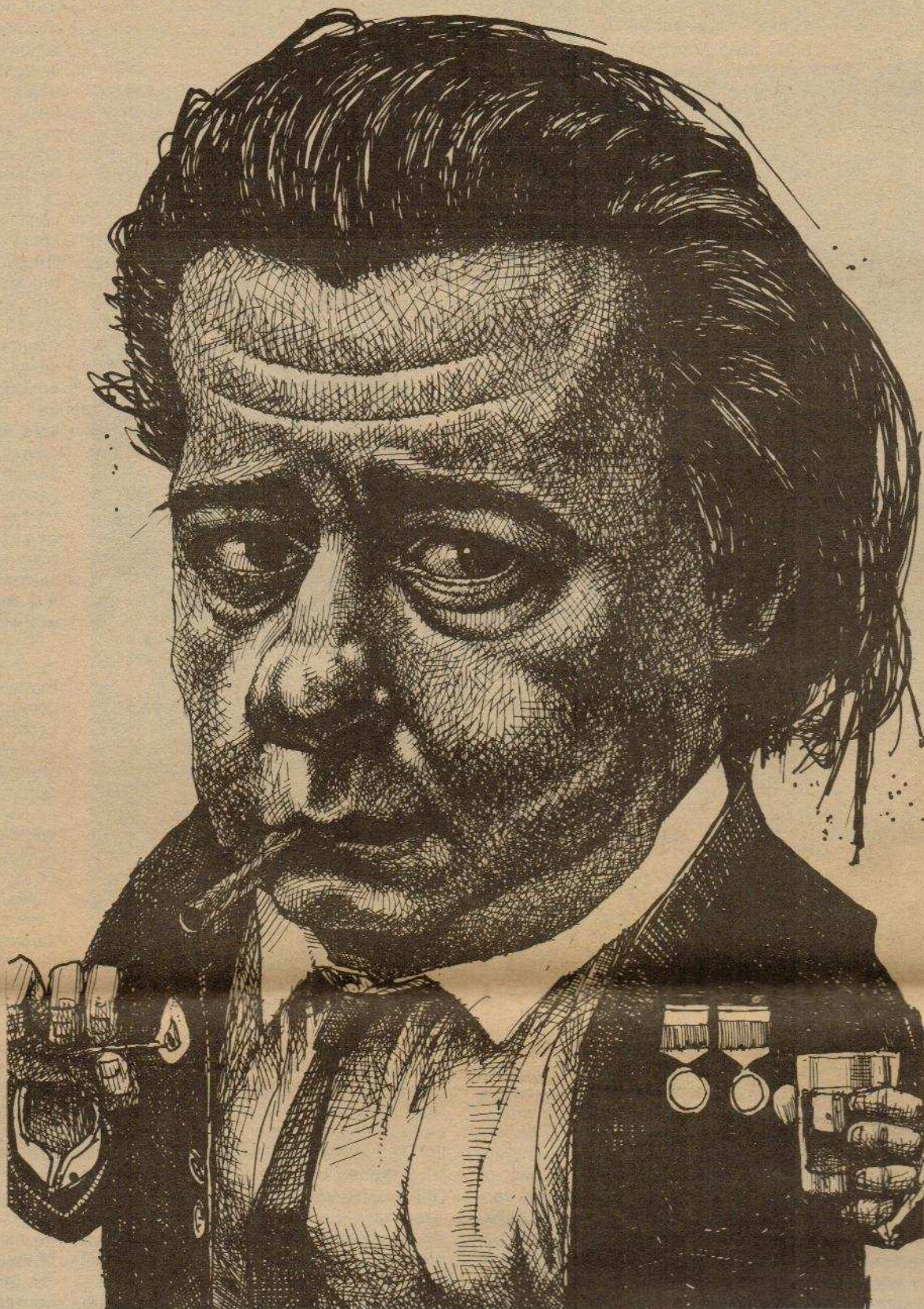
There is nothing really wrong with this, other than that there are so many of them. Some, of course, are quite welcome. The brevity of the short form extracts from some writers their best work: Mary McCarthy, Gore Vidal, Brigid Brophy. The shrewdest film criticism, too, is still to be found in individual reviews, not yet in book length studies or histories. In recent months two such books of pieces have been published by Canadian writers. *The Time is Never Ripe* by H.G. Classen is, strictly speaking, a crack at doing essays. His diligence is praiseworthy, but I don't think you'll be setting him in the same bookcase with Montaigne, or even Joan Didion.

Classen's scope is partly his undoing. Glance down the table of contents and you'll catch the following smorgasboard: On the Nature of God, On Sex, On Latin Americans, On the Origin of the Atomic Bomb, On Art, On History.

Well, all right. Let's see what he has to offer on that old perennial, sex. First, he raises several promising questions about just what activities properly constitute sex: nocturnal emission? sado-masochistic acts not involving the genitals? But these are just teases; Classen drags out that old dead horse — the Catholic Church's sex-for-procreation stand — and flogs it once again. (Note this absurdity, see that inconsistency; hardly new stuff.) Then he whisks us off on a whirlwind tour of sexual customs through the ages (look at this harvest-festival, pay particular attention to that folk-custom). Now and then he drops off an opinion: the birth-control pill is misnamed, and should be called a conception-control pill. Not much more enlightening than the rest of the piece.

It's really too bad. Classen is an obviously well-read man and a thoughtful one. He has a huge storehouse of anthropological and historical curios (though often from third-hand and unreliable sources) and you can imagine him as an endlessly absorbing conversationalist.

But Classen has neither the solid authority of the expert, nor the daredevil caprice of an undisciplined, but first-rate, mind. When he is instructing us, we are aware that there are better sources for our information. Moreover, wit and elegance are



Mordecai Richler, wearing his Governor-General's medal and indulging some of his favorite vices.

inconspicuous in his prose, and often a preachy whine creeps in. "There is much in his book that is good, and much that is new" begins an old put-down. In Classen's case what is good is not new, and what little is new could be much more engagingly put.

Mordecai Richler's *Shovelling Trouble* is a skimpy round-up of some odds and ends from the last several years. Somebody must have been pretty desperate for a book, since most of these pieces have already been over-published, and some should have been put through the paper-shredder long ago.

Not that everything is so bad. "Bond" takes Ian Fleming to task for the anti-semitism which

Richler finds in his stories; the whole of British adventure fiction has this nasty underside, argues Richler. True enough, but the genre is generally xenophobic, and not narrowly anti-semitic. Fleming, in this regard, is small beer compared to Sapper and his smug, priggish hero Bulldog Drummond. Still, Richler makes his case with skill and passion, though he fails to convince us that Bond should be consigned to the locked cupboard along with *Mein Kampf*.

There are reminiscences of being down and out in Paris in the fifties; thoughts on writing; some gentle apologies for "having made it". Every successful writer comes out with something of this sort sooner or later. Others have

done it better, yes, but it makes pleasant enough reading.

The rest of the volume needs some quick talking to justify it. In two or three pieces Richler doles out succulent little tidbits about the New York literary factions. Oh, he is affectionately patronizing about the whole business of jealousies and feuds, but passes on the gossip just the same. Elsewhere, Richler amuses himself by having some fun with rather indifferent books. "The mind boggles" he exclaims on reading that female sexuality differs from male sexuality, in a study of homosexuality.

Very clever. But if Richler wants to be arch, why doesn't he attack something of some

stature? Isn't it just a little too easy to annihilate these lightweight books? One wonders why Richler bothered to review this one at all — why, at any rate, he wanted to see his review preserved. If you're turning into a literary bully, it seems you'd want to hide the corpses of your puniest victims. (By the way, *Shovelling Trouble* is studded with little barbs about homosexuality. Does Richler really find it so offensive? If so, his revulsion did not keep him from accepting room and board from an affluent Paris homosexual whenever his own cash ran low; he relates this in his memoir "A Sense of the Reticulous". More likely, Richler just considers homosexuals an easy excuse for some low-grade jibes.)

There are even more objectionable sides to the writer, and Richler is not the slightest bit bashful about them. "The Germans are still an abomination to me", he begins in the collection's heavyweight piece. "I rejoice in the crash of each German starfighter."

This is the solemn, sombre copestone of the volume, "The Holocaust and After". Richler is a Jew, and to Jews their six million dead must be the central datum of the century. He articulates his hate with candour, and many would praise this; but candour is a moral neutral. Like courage, its worth is dependent on the ends to which it is put. Here it is pressed into the service of intolerance.

We can understand how deeply this hatred is rooted, how it can still flourish. But there is nothing admirable or loyal, there is nothing worthy in propagating that hatred. The Nazi holocaust must be remembered, yes, remembered vividly. But not in order to nourish this savage bigotry.

It's hard not to think that this sort of truculence (Mailer does it too), this loud-mouthed Philistinism, is meant to pass as some sort of sensitivity. Writers are finely-tuned, precocious oracles (the argument goes), we must allow them opinions we won't tolerate in other people.

But why not? Being an artist doesn't exempt one from the obligation to think and be reasonable. Richler's anti-teutonism is no less despicable than Pound's anti-semitism. The holocaust, in the long run, is not a mitigating circumstance.

Richler must know this. Can he be such a pecksniff about anti-semitism in secret-service novels and yet take comfort from the deaths of Germans not even born in 1945? I don't think so; it's puzzling how naively Richler has left himself open to attack on this point. But no more puzzling than why he bothered to paste together this selection of writings the sole effect of which is to present its author as a man we would probably pass up a chance to meet.

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Greek tragedy

Andreas Papandreou is the leader of the Panhellenic Liberation Movement (PAK), now living in exile in Canada, where he teaches at York University. He was interviewed about the Greek situation by members of the New Democratic Youth (NDY). The following is a transcript, corrected by Papandreou, of part of that interview:

First of all could you give a brief history of the situation in Greece.

The point of origin was the German occupation in October, 1940. The occupation lasted in Greece, after a very bitter war, for about 4 years, until the late summer of '44.

During the 4 years, there developed in Greece a very powerful resistance movement which was called the National Liberation Front, EAM, which was the first liberation front anywhere.

The movement had two very interesting characteristics; it was very powerful, it included 2½ million Greeks, roughly, in a population which was at that time less than 8 million. It included practically the totality of the youth, that's my generation. It was a populous movement looking to the overthrow or the repulsion and expulsion of the occupation forces. And then the building of a Greek society along lines that correspond very closely to radical thought today. That is to say socialist, democratic, in the sense of decentralized, not necessarily parliamentary, but highly decentralized regionally and otherwise.

Another of the features of this movement even during the occupation, was that in the villages there was substantial autonomy because while the Germans were in Greece, the movement actually controlled all of the Greek countryside during those years and the big cities were in German hands. So there was some experience, in fact, in running the country.

The one feature that turned out to be the undoing of the whole movement was that the leadership was in the hands of the Greek Communist Party which was tied up absolutely to Moscow, to the orthodox Moscow line. Now this had some tragic consequences.

Stalin turned over Greece to Churchill in October of 1944, after liberation. They made a deal and they split the Balkans. This is on paper signed, sealed and delivered. Churchill took Greece and in return for that gave Bulgaria and Rumania to Stalin. They agreed that Hungary and Yugoslavia would be 50-50. So Bulgaria, Rumania to Moscow, Greece to England. That was a pretty cynical deal and Stalin lived by it. That is to say he made no move to help the Greek Liberation Front. Not only that, but he actually discouraged others from doing that.

The one major supporter of that movement was Tito of Yugoslavia and this is really what kept the movement going after the return of the government, the Greek government from exile.

In '44, Greece was liberated. There was a temporary peace. But civil war broke out in Greece in the late '40s. Civil war broke out in Greece after '44 and lasted to '49, between a British sponsored government and the National Liberation Front led by the Communists and supported by Tito of Yugoslavia but not by the Soviet Union.

The British could not quite make it so in 1947 they turned over the whole operation to America. This is how the Truman Doctrine was born. America stepped in to take over from the British. They sent General Von Fleet to guide the anti-guerilla operations in Greece. They used in Greece for the first time napalm bombs. The first Vietnam was Greece. In fact it looked very much as is the case today in Vietnam; it looked as if the Greek guerillas would win or at least would not be defeated. The Americans were orientated towards political solutions, very much what is happening today in Vietnam.

When Tito broke with Moscow, that's one little event I want to mention, Tito broke with Moscow in '48 to '49. When that happened, the Greek Communist Party, which was in the lead of the Guerilla movement, instead of siding with Tito who was supporting them, sided with Moscow which was hostile to them. Tito immediately closed the border, the civil war came to an end and after that, Greece became basically an American satellite with America playing a decisive role in the political and economic affairs in Greece.

So the 50's were years of conservative rule in Greece under the United States for which Greece was the first experiment, in fact, in overseas intervention. I'm not talking about Latin America which has a longer history of course.

After the civil war, the forces of the left and generally the democratic forces, broadly speaking, were badly wounded and could not really effectively challenge. They weren't doing bad electorally but they couldn't effectively challenge the rule of the right that had the backing of the great super power.

But as we moved into the 60's, there developed a new optimism that the democratic forces could make it.

Greece was a semi-police state right through that period with police files on every 'subversive' citizen. If you were 'subversive' you had difficulty getting employment. You had difficulty getting a passport, you had difficulty getting into university. It was an overt semi-



"We too have troublemakers who don't appreciate authority"

police state. On the surface, there was freedom and in fact there was freedom for every citizen except those who had a file. Who had a file? All the members who had been in the resistance movement. There were, I would estimate, half a million youth who had been marked because they were in the resistance movement, who could really make no go of life. It was a very, very subtle oppression, but at least there was the possibility of political debate, elections, challenge. The newspapers were quite free to write and in fact they were writing all kinds of powerful things.

Finally the democratic forces managed to gather together to form a coalition which became a party under my father, George Papandreou which won in 63 in a major electoral confrontation, and once again, immediately thereafter in 64 and the majority that we had in 64, that's when I was myself active in the party, with 53% absolute vote, an absolute majority. Very unusual in any context to get that kind of a clear mandate. We started on a reformist path which I can compare very much to your Manitoba NDP.

The agricultural sector were really the dis-established, excluded people in Greek life. Greece is an agricultural country. Greek agriculture is the Greek hinterland. And, therefore, quite poor in comparison to Athens. I would say that the average income per capita, per head was probably, in the days I'm talking about, in

the early 60's, about maybe 400 dollars. The income per capita in the countryside was less than one half of that. In mountain villages you had not much more than 70 dollars per head per year. You have to go to India to get comparable figures. But Athens itself which was very close to one quarter of the country was a cosmopolitan centre with substantial wealth and it looked very much a European city. The contrast was very sharp.

We found a country in which education was restricted to the really better off part of the population, expensive, given the pocket books of the Greeks, and basically unavailable. So we took off then for very basic reforms on the education front and made education free across the board to all levels. But beyond that we also gave fellowships to the better university graduates for studies abroad. Almost as many as could win on some competitive examinations would be guaranteed up to five years abroad on full support for studies.

We introduced really a major measure which was a free lunch for all school children. In a country where poverty was basically rampant, at least in the countryside, a solid meal everyday was a major achievement. And this had other positive dimensions: the meal was not prepared by the school authorities but in fact the citizens of the community had to take turns to cook for the children.

So that there developed in fact, more than that, a community involvement, a new spirit of doing something clearly for the collectivity. For the farmers, the best thing we could do was guarantee them higher prices and eliminate interest on their past due loans. We didn't forgive the loans but we consolidated them and deducted all interest charges which was quite a significant move at the time.

And then we moved towards another front which I think you'll understand quite a bit here. There were major investment arrangements and contract from the United States and other foreign powers in Greece that we had considered exploitive and colonial in character. We proceeded to renegotiate those.

Then we confronted the United States which was subtly always in power in a number of ways, and this is where I personally come in very sharp conflict with the American establishment. There were four levels at which we came in sharp conflict. One was the business level where the U.S. embassy became quite upset over our renegotiation with Standard Oil.

Two, they were actually using our own government-controlled radio to propogandize through the Voice of America against the policies of our government. They had been given this right of half an hour a day. So what I did was to deny the Voice of America the right to use our own station. They had their own very powerful radio transmitter so there was no reason to use our own transmitter to communicate the American criticism of our policies. This they didn't like a bit.

The third front on which we confronted them was the intelligence front. It turned out that during my first phase in government, I was in charge of the Greek intelligence services as minister, supervisor. I discovered to my amazement that the Greek intelligence services were administered not by us, but by the CIA and were financed by the CIA, that is, left over from the civil war period. So, while I raised the question, I was not successful in bringing about a change and I went on to a different ministry, Economic Planning and Economic co-ordination.

The fourth one was Cyprus. Johnson, following the Acheson Plan, had determined in 64 that Cyprus should cease being an independent nation in the United Nations but be split between Turkey and Greece and thus be forced into NATO because if Greece took a part and Turkey took a part, then the country would all be in NATO. So Johnson invited both the Turks and us to Washington and I spent three days in the White House along with the Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs in which we were subjected to fantastic brainwashing. And when we said no, we would not use Greek arms to kill Greek Cypriotes so that we could occupy part of Cyprus, along with the Turks, we were threatened. We were told that the Turkish airplanes along with the Turkish forces would invade, would burn our villages, would burn our towns. I mean the cynical language of Johnson and MacNamara and Rusk is really unbelievable, you have to hear it to believe it. I have it on

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statement I have heard, and this is in the New York Times so you can look it up, was May 1971 when the United States Secretary of Commerce went to Greece and was treated by the Junta to dinner and there were many ministers of the regime present. At the end of the dinner he said to them, "I want to express my gratitude, our gratitude for two things; 1) nowhere is our American investment safer than in Greece, and 2) no where have we gotten as decent terms for our investment as we have gotten in Greece". This was in print, just incredible. In order however, to confirm the identification between the U.S. and Greece, Vice-President Agnew of Greek origin has just now been in Greece a) to congratulate the Greek regime for its good work, for its role in protecting the free world and b) to assure the people of the United States that this sincere man Papadopoulos is doing his best to return Greece to parliamentary institutions.

So, this is the story. For us, its an American occupation, its not an internal problem. It's an occupation supported indirectly, unfortunately, through inaction and through fear by NATO. That is to say, the NATO countries, especially some of them such as Denmark and Norway and non-NATO countries such as Sweden in the West, have been quite vocal against the regime. But they cannot go so far as to confront the United States within NATO and block aid to Greece and oppose the regime because they are fearful for themselves, because they are being blackmailed by the United States. And this I know, and I speak from knowledge and not from guess work. And NATO by silence, by inaction, by lack of courage, by lack of power, NATO countries, are more or less being dragged along by accepting the occupation of Greece by the United States as a fact of life. So, for us the task is one of liberation. Of course we wish to get democratic institutions but in the order of things, the first part is to liberate our country because democratic institutions are quite meaningless if you are not boss in your own home. I mean they're important for protections of the individual from abuse by the police. But we want more than that, we want effective popular sovereignty and effective popular sovereignty can not take place if we are an occupied country. For us, there is no compromise, our commitment is to get the Americans out of Greece.

But there has not developed yet in Greece what you would call a mature, well structured resistance movement. It is not that the Greeks accept. But you know, for those who have carefully looked at resistance movements and liberation movements, there are two ingredients that are needed for the development of a liberation movement one is desperation, two is hope. You must be both desperate and hopeful.

Now desperate we are, we must become a bit more hopeful. To become a bit more hopeful we've got to have ties with some allies. Then we've got to meet some material needs. Because liberation does not just come out of thin air, you have to have allies, you have to have support, you have to have the material needs for a confrontation. The trouble with us is that in general during this period there has been a recession of the liberation effort in the world. With the development of these centres of power, these super-powers, with the games they play. For instance the Soviet block has turned Greece over to the American block, its not their business. They now have settled in Europe and they don't want to disturb the apple cart. I could go on on this. The

other super power, China is now moving in itself in the arena and quite conceivably, in order to reduce the threat from the Soviet Union in the Eastern Mediterranean, China may welcome the presence of American forces in the Eastern Mediterranean as a counter balance to the Soviet Union. Big Power politics is very much against the small guy. Its a major task for us to develop a base of support outside, to develop this base

like to identify exactly, our people, unfortunately the jails are quite full with our members and this has not broken our spirit we have a fantastic popular base potentially in Greece provided that we have the means to really effectively organize for the tasks of the liberation war, and nothing short of a liberation war in Greece is going to free Greece.

Is this movement in Greece a socialist liberation movement?

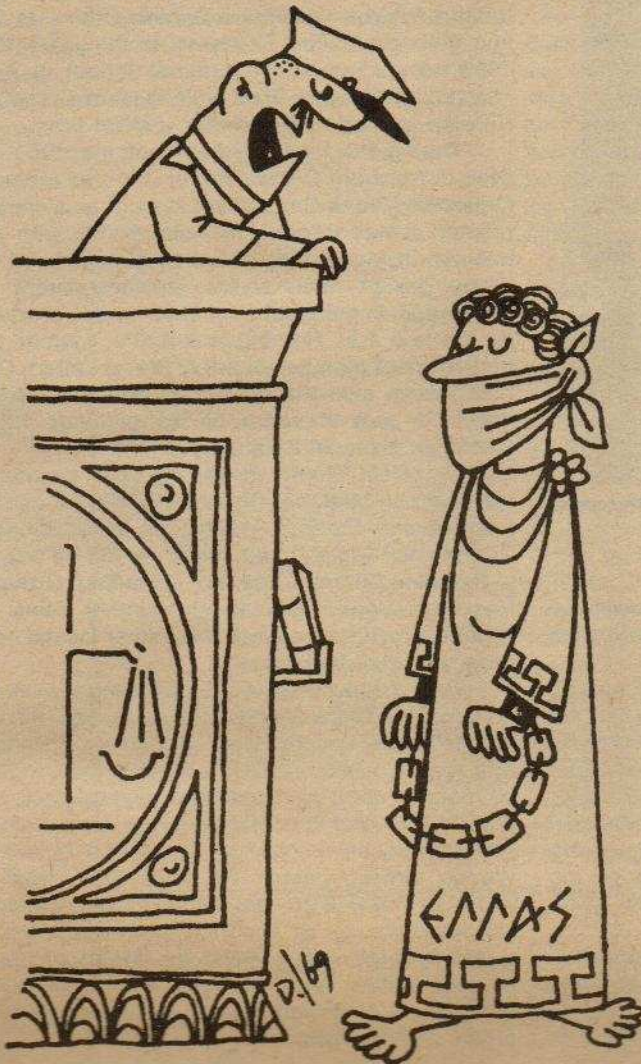
Our movement is socialist, yes. Our position is very clear, we want a socialist Greece. We want a Greece out of NATO.

Would the socialism of Greece be along the lines of Sweden or would it have a more radical, Marxist bent?

I myself would not use the word marxist. Not because it scares me but because it has unknown connotations. I would say that we believe very strongly ourselves that socialism has to fit the cultural patterns and the traditions of the country in which it is attempted. That is to say, you cannot have a universal mode. Our vision of socialism is not Swedish. It is closer to the Yugoslav model but not quite and this we haven't worked out entirely. We do not wish to have, to identify social property with government property. We are quite "decentralist" in our orientation. While we believe in planning that has to be on a national level, our first task will be to regionalize Greece. These regions will be responsible for their own socio-economic development within a national plan which will consist of a bargaining process and that will work within a set of constitutional rules by the eleven regions. This is a complex notion. The central state will not have a police force and we even look for a decentralized army of the guerilla type as the Yugoslavs now know. The most effective type of defence is a citizens army and we are thinking of a highly decentralized army structure. Men and women to be included on equal terms.

In the countryside we do not intend to take the ownership of land from the farmer. The land will be divided fairly but each man will own his piece of land, but he won't work it. He will have his ownership claim but we will do everything conceivable to really develop a collective exploitation of the land through production and marketing co-operatives. Only a foolish man would choose to operate his own land. But we want to work with incentives on the farm because everywhere, where it has not happened this way, with one exception, Mao's China, it has failed. The only collectivist socialist experiment in the country side that has not failed is the Maoist one. Everywhere else it has failed. So, this is a warning signal.

All industry, as we understand it will be socially owned which means, however not quite the same thing as government owned. And it does not mean also, for us, workers management as in Yugoslavia which has tended to develop many of the weaknesses that we observe in the Western world, including unemployment. What we are thinking of here is something which is unexplored and very interesting. The regional unit, the proper level of the regional unit being the municipality or the region, or the nation as a whole, would own something depending on its scope. Only those that must be at the national level will be owned by the state. The others will not be owned by the state, they will be owned collectively. The main objective is to avoid the development of establishments that are beyond their reach of the citizen and beyond his knowledge.



— Defendant, have you anything to say for yourself?



among political parties, youth groups, hopefully governments, but that is very hard and it hasn't happened to this point..

The task of our movement, the Pan-Hellenic Liberation Movement, is two things. Abroad we are basically a political instrumentality for mobilization of Greeks and all the allies we can get. But inside Greece we are an active resistance movement. While we don't

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William Wood retrospective at Hart House



Visual, historical, and educational are the aspects which best describe the William J. Wood Retrospective presently showing in the Hart House Art Gallery. Just who William Wood was and what his accomplishments were are in part answered in this exhibition. However his recognition on the Canadian art scene has been just recently brought to light. William Wood was born in Ottawa in 1877 and grew up at Port Colborne. In the years 1904-1905 he studied at the Central School of Art in Toronto under G.A. Reid and William Cruishank. He also studied in Boston for a short time.

During the opening years of the 1900's he lived in Northern Ontario and in 1910 he moved to Orillia with Frank Carmichael to work as a carriage painter. It was through his relationship with Carmichael in these early years of development that Wood gained most of his encouragement and inspiration. In the autumn of 1912 he was proposed by the late A.E. Heming and Arthur Lismer as a non-resident member of the Arts and Letters Club. And it was also during this period that he was urged to submit some of his etchings to the Canadian National Exhibition.

In 1913 Wood moved to his permanent residence in Midland, Ontario. In 1920 he became a non-resident member of the Society of Canadian Printers and Etchers and finally in 1933 he became a founding member of the Canadian Group of Painters. Wood, who sought neither fame nor fortune, continued to work as a rather insular entity until his death in 1954.

Over 70 pieces of work, spanning a period of almost fifty years, have been amassed through private collections, the National Gallery of Canada, and the Art Gallery of Ontario. Comprised of oil paintings, etchings, gouaches, watercolors, and pen-and-ink and charcoal drawings this retrospective reflects the versatility and scope of William Woods' artistic career. In conjunction with the works on the wall are two display cases containing various elements of historical and aesthetical interest such as letters from the Group of Seven, etching plates, drawings and small paintings, a photograph of William Wood, and a display of the artists etching tools and carrying case.

Upon entering the gallery one is drawn to the larger and more colorful oil paintings which,

although by no means the highlight of this exhibition, possess a certain charisma through their iridescent treatment of surface and form. This quality is evident in such works as the *Axe Grinders* and the *Ironing Lady*, but perhaps most notably in a painting of 1919 entitled *Memories Melodies*. For in this work the orchestration of hues transforms into a luminescent softness which hypnotizes the viewer with the musical qualities portrayed. Other paintings, however, such as the *Beach Scene* of 1938 and *Cicada Sings* of 1945 display the component influences of impressionism and post-impression, and lack the sensitivity of feeling projected in earlier works. In a still later painting of 1950 entitled *Landscape* the treatment is fauvistic and rendered in heavy impasto.

This ambivalence in approach in regard to oil painting indicates Woods' struggle for identification through this particular medium. Whereas in a painting like *Memories Melodies* his sensibilities are projected, in a work like *Cicada Sings* they are almost totally lost. It was through the medium of etching that Wood found himself and developed his own personal style; one which endured constant redefinition and refinement throughout his lifetime.

Canadian art critic Paul Duval said of Wood in the foreword to his book *Canadian Drawings and Prints* that he was one of the most original of the pioneer group of etchers. "Early under the influence of Anders Zorn, Wood has continued throughout his long career to redefine his technique into its present abrupt and economical style. Wood's handling of the etching needle is almost violent in its brusqueness but the resulting proofs, despite haphazard printing, remain among the most arresting produced in Canada." This retrospective provides visual testimony of this.

Altogether the William Wood Retrospective displays the genius which Wood possessed in the areas of composition and design, and historically it represents one of the many talented graphic artists who have for so long been swept under the dominant mainstream of the Group of Seven. Over forty years ago Duval made a plea that Canadians were ignoring the work of these individuals and this exhibition is a response to that plea.

Chris Ralph

Beautiful but empty film

The new film by Jean Paul Almond, *Journey*, now showing at CineCity is another in the wave of weak films coming from established filmmakers.

A promising beginning examination of a rural communal society is rapidly followed by clichéd symbolism. The commune, at its natural level, is depicted with almost documentary realism. Almond's progression to a story line to justify the film becomes a rehashing of every old line about an outsider's intrusion into a closed society.

Genevieve Bujold and John Veron are the only professional actors in the film, but even they never raise the quality of the acting above that of the non-professionals. They cannot receive all the blame, however, as the dialogue in no way inspires good performances from any of those involved.

Bad dialogue combined with the weak acting provide an effective contrast to the beautiful photography and the fine voice of Luke Gibson. Whatever else that can be said about Almond it is impossible to deny his sense of visual brilliance. The surprise (?) ending even creates doubts as to the validity of his photographic style in regard to this film.

Fernando Traficante

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STUDENTS FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF PERRY RYAN

(M.P. - SPADINA)

Highest calibre Czeck Quartet to return

The Czech Quartet, which has visited Hart House before, will be musicalizing the development of the string quartet from Haydn to Janacek beginning January 7, 1973 in a series of six quartets.

Last Sunday evening, it was a pleasure to attend a concert given at Hart House by the Czech Quartet, quartet-in-residence at MacMaster University. Since their last engagement here, they have acquired Milan Vitek as first violinist and the ensemble reflects a new-found vitality, perhaps as a result of this association.

The programme included quartets in G major by Mozart, in

F minor by Beethoven and in F major by Ravel. The encore, also in F, was the last movement of Dvorak's "American" quartet.

Their approach to the Mozart Quartet was interesting — dynamic yet respectful. The Andante in particular showed masterful handling of thematic content with fine balance among the voices. The Beethoven Quartet, subtitled "Serioso" was begun vigorously and dramatically. This quartet, the last of Beethoven's middle period, poses a problem of contrast between movements: each movement is marked Allegro or

Allegretto and players should therefore make the most of quieter and slower subjects. The opening cello scale of the second movement was somewhat hurried rather than the unpretentious introduction it should be. Again, the fugato theme begun by the viola was a little hurried and strident. One cannot feel the chromatic exploratory nature of this theme unless it is taken a bit more timidly. It is important that the listener's mind is "imprinted" with this theme so he can appreciate its return, in "stretto" fashion, later on. The Scherzo (Allegro assai vivace) erupts, in a flash, out of its

diminished seventh cocoon, and the Czechs attained a thrilling effect here. Within this movement the players must beware of quick dotted notes tumbling over each other. There is no fault in this as long as the longer notes are "sat upon", weighted by contrast. In this performance, one got the frustrating sensation of shooting at a constantly moving target. The second theme of the Scherzo must also offer contrast, a little slower and more pastoral in nature than it was played. The finale is Beethoven in one of his laconic minor moods. Although marked "agitato", this is more in phrasing than in tempo. The Czech Quartet's overpowering approach here seemed to stifle the quiet, almost breathless agitation of this movement.

The Ravel Quartet, beautifully chordal and expansive, demanded an abrupt change of pace from the Beethoven. The Czech Quartet was at its finest here, seeming to play less but

listening more and by their example drawing us into the gently sketched impressionistic landscape of this work. A small break in mood occurred in the opening of the second movement, marked *Assez vif, Tres rythme*. By overly accenting the last two notes of the opening phrase (which are already emphasized by Ravel, since he changes harmonies on both these notes), the more subtle syncopated parts were thrown into shadow, and the continuity of this circular theme was broken. However, to dwell exhaustively on small details is tantamount to admitting that the whole programme was of highest professional calibre, perhaps climaxing with their encore selection from Dvorak's Quartet in F. We look forward to the return of this fine ensemble in January when they will give a series of six concerts illustrating the history of the string quartet.

Tony Jah

Unpolished performers weaken impact of O'Casey's topical play

The Firehall Theatre opened its first season last Thursday with the staging of Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars*. The christening of this new theatre was of social as well as of cultural significance. Flocks of brightly dressed socialites seemed to enjoy exploring the spiffily renovated firehall and sampling the various exotic beverages before and afterwards, as much as the production itself. The theatre has more quaint and cosy lounge facilities than any other Toronto theatre, and this, as well as the successful adaptation of a stage, gives grounds for optimism to the organizers of the season, the University Alumnae Dramatic Club. The whole event was topped off with champagne, a formality quite superfluous with the alarming number of thoroughly bottled patrons about. But since free champagne will not be a feature of subsequent

shows, perhaps only the production itself is of interest here.

Patricia Carroll Brown, the director, designed and engineered a colourful and vibrant production, well-suited to O'Casey's diction and dramatic style. A creditable approach to the Irish dialect releases the full flavour of O'Casey's poetry. Quick pacing and strict attention to detail were two other features of Brown's directing which allow the play to live.

She has an ambitious, if somewhat unpolished company of actors to work with. George Truss, as Fluther Good, comes across very strongly, although he isn't really the central character. As a carpenter, a common Irishman, he approaches life in an offhand manner, and takes things as they come. He is, on account of Truss's exuberant acting, a stock character who deftly avoids the tragic crunch of the

play and still manages to upstage everyone. Nora Clitheroe (Doris Cowan) is caught dead centre in most of the conflicts of the play, and hence is the central dramatic figure. Ms Cowan carries this load successfully to a point, but is upstaged in her climactic mad scene, of all places, by another stock character Bessie Burgess (Morna Wales), the cynical, earthy woman upstairs. As a result, the dramatic line of the production is weakened considerably.

However, the political line of the play is its saving grace, especially because of its topicality, and it glosses over the weaknesses. A forerunner to today's Irish Republican Army schemes, against steep odds, to overthrow the British oppressors, and ultimately to rise out of their poverty. The characters must decide whether to pursue this



Peter Higginson, Peter Stead and George Truss in a scene from *The Plough and the Stars*.

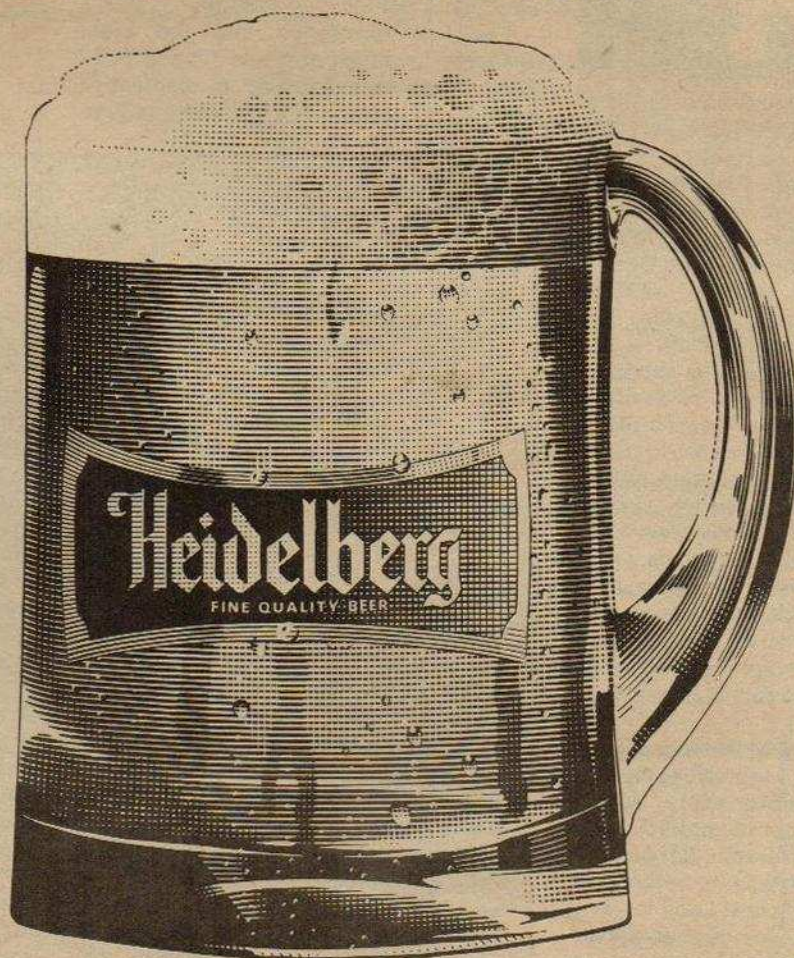
idealistic course, or to grasp at the reality of the situation, and draw off whatever advantage they can from it. It is this choice, between ideals and reality,

between the stars and the plough, that supplies motivation to the characters, and meaning to the play.

Mark McAllister

Heidelberg

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Yes keyboard man Rick Wakeman, in concert at Maple Leaf Gardens.

theatre

Godspell resurrected: Two weeks ago the hand of God was visited upon the Playhouse Theatre and it knocked the front part of that Godless institution into Bayview Avenue. Unrepentant, the followers of Mammon have restored their temple and are once again presenting, for profit, their blasphemous bastardization of the Gospel according to Matthew. Idolaters are invited to attend at the risk of excommunication and eternal condemnation to the fires of Hell. **Pleasure Reconciled To Virtue**: Don't let the pansy title fool you. This little sex farce comes direct from London's West End and the court of Liz I, or was it Jim I? Memory fails.... This opus from the pen of the notorious Ben Johnson, master of bedroom bedlam and degenerate doggerel, will be lain not too gently to rest tonight and tomorrow at 8:30 in the University College Playhouse. Admission to this group grope is free.

music

The School of Graduate Studies and the Graduate Department of Music are presenting a lecture in room 116 of the Edward Johnson Building at 4 pm entitled "Sounds of Instrumental Music at the Court of Louis XIV". **Marjorie Yates**, associate first flutist with the Toronto Symphony is giving a concert in the Concert Hall at 8:30 pm, no admission charge, no tickets required. Her program includes **Image**, a flute solo, by Eugene Bozza, sonata for flute and piano by Verne Reynolds, and **Discussion**, by David Amram. An **Improvisation** is promised and Miss Yates will be assisted by John Wyre, Robin Engelman, percussionists, and Monica Gaylord piano and William Findlay cello.

The first of the **Toronto Symphony's** series B/B1 concerts is this Tuesday, October 31, to be conducted by **Selli Ozawa** and requiring the services of Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; George Shirley, tenor and Victor Braun, baritone as well as the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir. The only work is **Berlioz' Romeo and Juliet**, a very interesting selection, especially for Berlioz revivalists. The first

student concert is this Thursday, November 2, and a series ticket for three concerts is five dollars. **Victor Feldbrill** conducts Weber, Beethoven's fourth piano concerto and Kodaly's light-hearted, sometimes frivolous, **Hary Janos Suite**.

The November 2 **Thursday Afternoon** free lecture series presents the "**Pianist's Paradox**" in the concert hall at 2:10 pm. A reminder that October 30 is the date on which tickets for the November 18 (Saturday) U of T Orchestra concert go on sale.

The **Oxford Quartet's** 1970 taped recital will be shown November 5 on Music to See on channel 5, cable 6 at 5 pm. CBC-FM presents a Ralph Vaughan Williams profile prepared by Boyd Neel on October 31 at 8 pm.

art

John Mattar, the Guelph artist is still at Scarborough along with William Kort. **The Pollock Gallery**, until November 16, has three shows going: **Norval Morrisseau**, an Ojibway artist, has ten years worth of paintings on display. Eleven of his pieces have been purchased by the Royal Ontario Museum. The east gallery has **International pieces**: Calder, Riopelle, Paul Fournier and Thelma van Alstyne — two Toronto artists. Third, an **Albers exhibit** of graphic is on the second floor; half of the exhibit is comprised of the framed plates from the artist's "Formulation-Articulation". At the **Aggregation's** gallery one, are gallery artists using various media. In gallery two is Chris Hayward's recent paintings: "Folded canvases. On to the **Isaacs gallery** which presents **John Ivor Smith's** "New Sculpture" beginning Sunday to November 14. **David Rabinowitch's** steel sculptures will be on view at **Carmen Lamanna** this Saturday to November 16.

The **Toronto Gallery of Photography** is seeking to make its non-profit exhibition function and bookstore more widely known to its prospective public. It is situated at 11 Charles Street. A photographic loan service is offered in conjunction with the Picture Loan Society and they hope to provide well-equipped darkrooms for the public by late December. Emmet Gowin is presently exhibiting at the gallery.

The **Merton Gallery** will have four Canadian artists exhibit their paintings from this Monday to November 10.

Now on exhibit in the Library showcases at the **Ontario College of Art** are pieces done in the 1920's and 30's from the OCA Permanent Collection. The OCA Permanent Collection came into being with the discovery last year of several brown paper bundles which had been in storage in the college for over 40 years. The OCA is obviously more than playing its part in faithfully generating authentic Canadianna for an eager public.

Ian Carr-Harris, the college librarian, has a one-man show on now at **A Space Gallery** south west of the Charles Promenade.

pop

Almost all of Canada's better folk-singers have been concentrated in the Toronto-Ottawa-Montreal area. The surest sign that the deficit in the west is being made up, is found in the music of a Vancouver Island farmer named **Valdy**.

Country Man (A & M) is Valdy's first recording attempt and he has every reason to be proud of it. Nine of the twelve songs are Valdy compositions, which offer a careful insight into the man's rustic lifestyle and his understanding nature. The album has a gentle air of peaceful contentment about it. The simple arrangements are perfect settings for Valdy's natural flowing poetic lyrics and Jim Gordon's excellent percussive work and Brett Wade's guitar move the melodies along forcefully without being overbearing.

Valdy's lyrics reveal a concern for preservation of the planet. A song called **Mm-Mm-Mm-Mm** (inspired by the L.A. smog) is a look into the future when cities are dome-covered and the people are frightened by the sight of the sun which has become extraneous to their environment. But **Country Man** is really what Valdy is about. Images of the simple life, close to the earth and the "real" things make you long to flee the city.

Valdy is at Grumbles, 71 Jarvis Street, tonight and tomorrow. On stage he's a personable messianic figure who exudes a sense of honesty and serenity. The audience were completely relaxed and receptive to his captivating natural quality. Occasionally stomping along in time with his big work boots, he went through most of the original songs from his album. He's a fine talent and you shouldn't miss him.

Next week, Grumbles is featuring a Mariposa favorite, Michael Cooney. Admission is \$2.50.

Free Music. You can hear the **Downchild Blues Band** at the taping of CITY-TV's Music City show from 3 to 4 pm on Sunday. The studio is located at 99 Queen Street East and an audience of 50 persons is admitted at 2:30 pm.

Yes has developed into the most musically inventive group in rock to date. Their music encompasses an element of drama and surprise. It's a delicate filigree

of harmonies and complex orchestrations that probe the senses with fingers of multilevelled awareness. They're a group that take time and care with their sound on stage as well as on record. The desire to recreate their studio quality in concert should make their appearance in Toronto on Tuesday night a special treat. Also with Yes, at Maple Leaf Gardens, is the **J. Gelle Band**, a very together, funky blues and R&B band. They worked with B.B. King on his LA Midnight album and that should indicate the quality of music you can expect on Tuesday.

movies

The Great Dictator (by and starring Charlie Chaplin) is worthwhile, even if for just a very few minutes of genius. This satiric slap at Hitler, anti-semitism (and, incidentally, Mussolini) was made long before Auschwitz and Buchenwald entered our vocabulary; you might squirm a little with hindsight, but not too much. Ignore the mawkish parts where Chaplin plays a gentle Jewish barber and watch his creation of Hynkle, dictator of Tomania. There are some glorious moments: a hysterical address to the "sons and daughters of the Double Cross" (Chaplin's variation on the swastika) and a few moments of breathtaking poetry when Hynkel bubble-dances with a balloon globe of the world to the love duet from Trisan and Isolde. At the Eglinton and Uptown Backstage.

Revels: The St. Mike's Sunday Night Film Club is showing Hitchcock's **Shadow of a Doubt** this Sunday — it is the master's favourite among his films, perhaps because it was one of the most human. You'll have to buy a series ticket for three bucks, but there are lots more good movies coming up. **Some Like It Hot** (which Brigid Brophy lauds for scaling "the true — the dizzying rococo — heights of true bad taste") is at the Roxy, Danforth and Greenwood subway, Tuesday October 31; only 99¢ and free pumpkins for the first hundred arrivals. **Bonnie and Clyde** will be there the following night.

Deaths: The New Yorker Cinema has passed away, reincarnating as The Tivoli. Tivoli is a very alluring Copenhagen pleasure-garden, but this Tivoli will be showing very nasty and sadistic horror films — not the good, masterful ones, but the mingy ones that show up at suburban drive-ins. I don't get the connection (Mac).

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Muggeridge speaks today

"Education is the great mumbo-jumbo and fraud of the age... which for the most part only serves to enlarge stupidity, inflate conceit, (and) enhance credulity."

Provocative comments such as this will no doubt fill Convocation Hall today and Monday at 1 pm as Malcolm Muggeridge speaks on "To Whom Shall We Go", and "What is Life All About".

Muggeridge is as interesting and unusual as his name suggests. Schooled at Cambridge (an experience he describes as "consisting of boredom, dissatisfaction, and misty afternoon walks"), Muggeridge has had a career in a variety of jobs, including edito of *Punch* and rector of the University of Aberdeen. Though a success in life, he has never been satisfied with it. Right from childhood, Muggeridge has had the sense that he is a "stranger in a strange land — a displaced person". Having tried various solutions to his alienation (including suicide) Muggeridge has, recently opted for the Christian alternative.

Muggeridge is not, however, your stereotyped Church-goer. He sees

Christianity as a very dynamic and personal relationship with God, and criticizes the institutional church as much as any devout atheist. Visiting the "non-event" of the World Council of Churches in 1968, Mr. Muggeridge's judgement was that the delegates "could agree on about anything, because they believed in almost nothing". The crux of the matter to Muggeridge is simply that the institutional church has abandoned its doctrinal foundation, that Jesus Christ is "alive and very truth", and has "compromised with the promoters of a heaven here on earth". And because of this betrayal, the church is now in "total disarray, and visibly decomposing, to the point that, short of a miracle, it can never be put together again with any semblance of order or credibility".

A socialist in his younger days, Muggeridge looked forward to the coming of the new heaven here on earth. Today, he no longer has faith in socialism (or any other ism) because he believes that "all purely human hopes are fraudulent, as their realization in purely human terms must always prove deceptive." **G Adams**