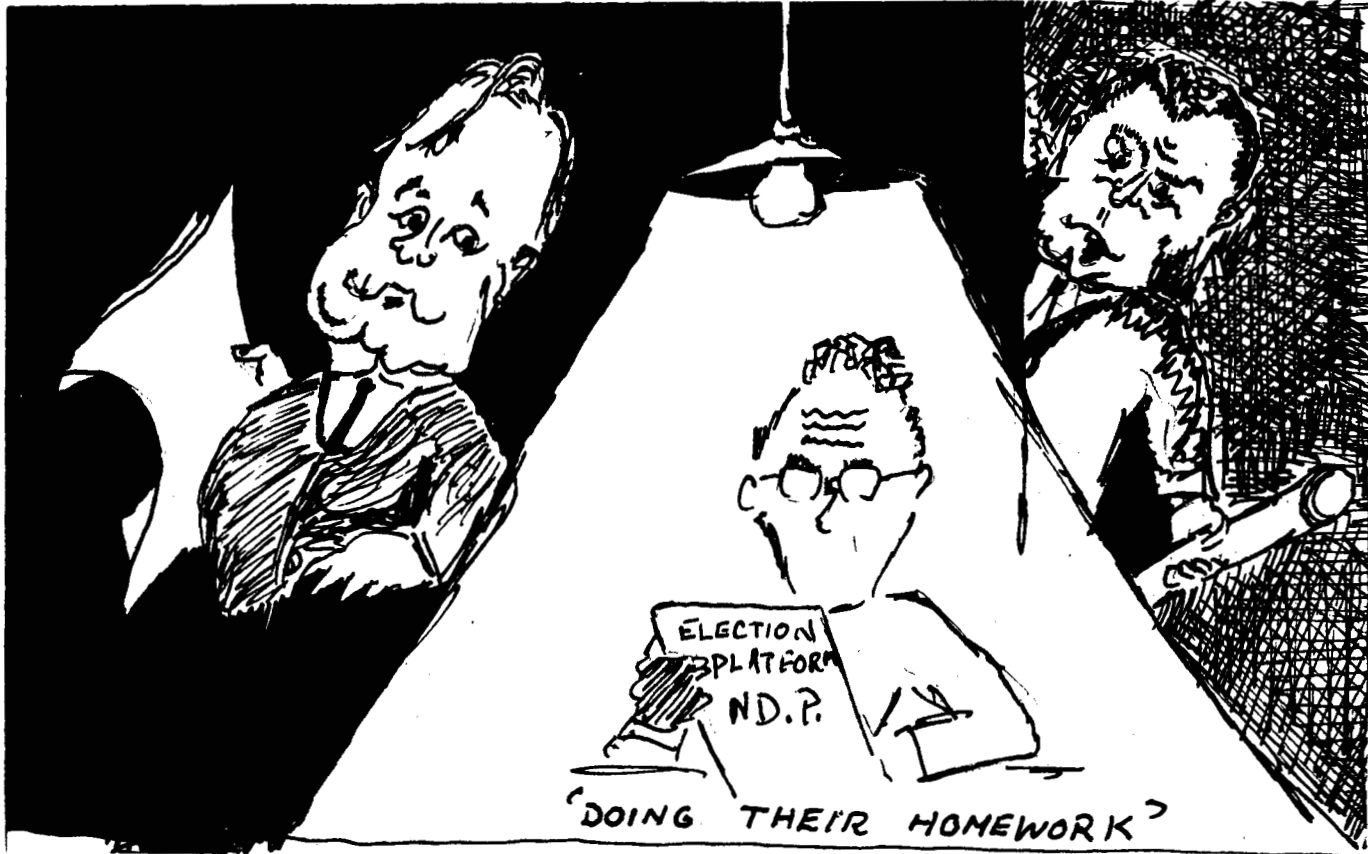


Martlet MAGAZINE

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N.D.P. — New Dimension In Politics

By RICHARD GRAVIL

However the next election may look to Canadians, the biggest European interest when polling day approaches and they know an election is on, will be the performance of the New Democratic Party—the only equivalent in North America of the great social democratic parties of Western Europe and, for that matter, the Commonwealth. Informed Europeans still look with frank disbelief at the political scene in Canada and the U.S. with the feeling that it really is time one of these countries developed a two-party system in effect as well as in name. Examined in the perspective of world political issues, where ideologies and not just personalities are at stake, the electoral choice in the U.S. is between corrupt pink conservatives and militant blue conservatives—or as beyond the fringe put it . . . “You see they have two parties in the U.S. just like ours. They have the Republicans, who are the equivalent of our Conservatives, and the Democrats, who are the equivalent of our . . . Conservatives”.

CLEAR CHOICE

Not that we are as badly placed. Here we have a clear-cut choice between 19th century agrarian radicalism and slightly adulterated 19th century industrial *laissez faire*. When Mr. Pearson came to power in 1963 he had an immense fund of international good-will, partly because of his diplomatic reputation and partly because of the bumbling ineptitude of his antagonist, from whose clownings Mr. Pearson had rescued diplomacy. But somehow the image has tarnished, and observers are aware that as a Prime Minister the accomplished mediator shows in a different light. The legislative achievements of Mr. Pearson look suspiciously like emasculated NDP measures, confirming the belief that Mr. Douglas' men are not merely the only protagonists of reform in Ottawa but are also the present agents of reform.

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Mr. Gravil is an Instructor in the Department of English, at the University of Victoria.

T.S. Eliot: Internecine Struggle

BY ROBERT M. MCGINNIS

The times between the two world wars were difficult and uncertain with both periods of elating wealth and numbing poverty. It was both the golden jazz age of F. S. Fitzgerald and the age of the lost generation of Ernest Hemingway. But out of this feverish period of disillusionment in politics and abandonment of principles, one dominant trend arose which symbolized modern man, in a word — isolation. It was isolation from the self, isolation from the society in which one functioned, and isolation from the times in which one lived.

The most influential spokesman of this theme was T. S. Eliot. The major poetry of T. S. Eliot, so firmly rooted in the past with its use of pagan myth and Elizabethan imagery, still remains the most modern statement of damnation of the scrap-iron society in which we live.

MUSICAL THEMES

In classical music (a Bach fugue, for example) there are major and minor themes running throughout the piece, both complementing and further developing the primary theme. So it is with Eliot's major poetry as in *The Waste Land*, for example, which was called by I. A. Richards “a music of ideas”. I believe that the major theme is that of isolation and alienation.

One of the first symbols of man's self-isolation is reflected in the psyche duality within the heart and mind itself. This concept was most brilliantly manipulated by Dostoyevsky who so refined his technique that his last novel, *The Brothers Karamazov*, is an incredible psychological development of one mind but on three different levels as represented by three broth-

Mr. McGinnis, whose contributions have appeared previously in this magazine, is an Instructor in the Department of English at the University of Victoria.

ers. Eliot will take this modern concept of the dualistic split within the conscious pulse of a being and say:

*Let us go then, you and I,
(Prufrock).*

As the poem develops, “you and I” is seen as the warring factions of Prufrock's mind in its state of almost contemptible indecision. For Othello, once to be in doubt, is once to be resolved. For the fragmented Prufrock, once the question formulates in his mind, it remains unasked, and as a consequence unanswered.



T. S. Eliot

TWILIGHT ZONE

Another device used to suggest the internecine struggle of the mind against itself is Eliot's use of the twilight zone. Eliot will use this atmospheric condition, where it is not day or night, to suggest that the modern mind, in its solitude, is neither in the resolving embrace of the shine of day, nor in the forgetful darkness of night. Consequently, we have such lines as: “I have gone at dusk” (Prufrock), “Six o'clock, The burnt-out ends of smoky days” (Preludes), “The violet hour” (The Waste Land), “The October night comes down” (Portrait of a Lady). This last example shows how the time of year is neither summer or winter, the time of day neither light nor dark.

One last image to suggest the duality of the mind is the image of the “patient etherised upon a table” (Prufrock). This was daring and bold imagery for 1917 which Eliot uses here, and elsewhere as in *THE COCKTAIL PARTY*, to suggest that in a state of mechanically induced drug, the mind can almost leave the body and stare down at the corporeal remains so brilliantly illuminated by surgery lights. In *THE COCKTAIL PARTY* the device used is one of a man walking down a flight of stairs. He miscalculates the last step and comes jarring down on a non-existent step. This, again, mechanically releases the mind from its bodily cage, if only for a second.

To compound the horror of a man afraid to look at himself, Eliot will reinforce his theme of isolation by depicting the above-mentioned solitary who is also afraid to look at society.

Ours is not the totally integrated society of Wordsworth's “body politics” (cf. “And all that mighty heart is lying still”), but rather a society of fingers, hands, feet, and faces. Eliot is suggesting here a disintegrated society composed of not whole beings, but of splinter parts. For example, one sees only “short square fingers stuffing pipes” (Preludes). Or:

*One thinks of all the hands
That are raising dingy shakes . . .
In the palms of both soiled hands.
(Preludes)*

Again, one “clasped the yellow soles of feet” (Preludes). The most damning example of all is Prufrock who prepares “a face to meet the faces that you meet”. It is never one ‘man’ to meet another. And so the world of Max Factor—of rouge and wigs—thrives.

The last thematic device to further propel the idea of man's sense of isolation—in the very times in which he lives—is developed by what Eliot calls the “mythic method”. In Eliot's review

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new democrats

eliot

nationalism

zorba

marijuana

uhuru

accent

In Defence of Nationalism

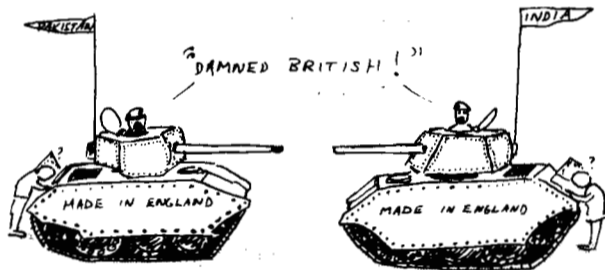
(Martlet Magazine welcomes material conflicting with views previously published. Here are two at issue with Mr. Bower's article — Nationalism — Pessimistic Principle, which appeared two weeks ago. Elsewhere Miss Marshall's Joyous Crippling Monkey has drawn an interesting reply.)—the editors.

By RICHARD GRAVIL

I agreed fully with Mr. Bower until he committed himself to a simple equation: "Nationalism . . . necessarily involves conflict and extinction of life."—False.

This equation necessarily overlooks certain positive aspects of nationalism. For instance, was it purely coincidental that the rise of nationalism in Europe coincided with the Renaissance and was a vital factor in the Reformation? Coincidence is not an argument. One should, however, ask whether there may be some real connection.

Certain advantageous aspects of nationalism easily suggest themselves: it can be a liberating and liberalizing force — as in Renaissance Europe and Reformation Christendom and post-Colonial Africa (the argument that nationalism caused imperialism in the first place won't stick: it isn't strictly true for one thing and, for another, nationalism has created greater unity in post-colonial countries than ever existed before colonization); and it can be a powerful ally of industrial and economic progress.



But it is the cultural aspect of nationalism that interests me. Mr. Bower related his thoughts to the individual. I shall share in the anthropomorphic heresy and do the same.

In the image of the small social unit where the full democratic ideal depends on individuals knowing their duties and knowing their rights, so that there is active, informed and mutually beneficial participation by all members, we see the nation which depends for the attainment of the same ideal on the vociferous and honest proclamation of 'enlightened self-love' by, say, provincial units. The analogy is applicable to the political dream of world government. Homogeneity is undesirable and, I hope, impossible. Smooth working of an international authority will depend paradoxically on friction (from perambulation to power-politics non-inflammatory friction is essential to progress) and this friction will be provided by the preservation of nationalism in two senses: institutional, in the form of regional government — the 'Airstrip One' of 1984 — and cultural.

In Canada, cultural potential relies surely on the preservation of two separate cultures — 'national cultures' — so that we have not a mingling but an interaction between two carefully preserved entities.

In *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*, T. S. Eliot argues that cultural vitality in Britain has depended to a large extent on the intense nationalism of the Celtic races. Whatever credence one feels inclined to give to this view, the simpler truth remains that it is good that these disparate cultures continue not just to exist as records in municipal

Mr. Gravit has an article appearing on page one. Mr. Phillips is an instructor in the Department of Economics and Political Science at the University of Victoria.

museums but to live. Can cultures survive, vitally, without the social fabric they helped to produce and were sustained by? How much do we care?

Nationalism, as Mr. Bower said, may pose a choice between being and not-being. That is one problem. Although nationalism is in the second half of that question, it is firmly in the first half of another question: the choice between being and half being. And there is still that nagging coincidence.

By PAUL PHILLIPS

In the realm of ideas "semantics" has probably provoked more wars than nationalism. It is with some reluctance, therefore, that I gird myself with pen (which we are told by irreproachable authority is mightier than the sword) and rise to the defense of nationalism.

One may always predetermine the outcome of an analysis by defining the problem in such a way that the "right" conclusion follows automatically. My argument with Mr. Bower's article on nationalism is that his conception of the word left the reader no other alternative but submissive acceptance.

Nationalism, however, also implies the advocacy of national independence. Now national independence carried to extremes will always be international irresponsibility. One can hardly argue with the contention that the member of the rugby team who asserts his independence by pub-

bing instead of playing is irresponsible and, therefore, detrimental to the larger group.

On the other hand, as the plethora of academic, artistic and athletic competitions attest (along with the statements of Chamber of Commerce and Communist officials alike) independent thought used constructively, that is to develop new and better techniques, art forms and economic processes, is considered the pinnacle of social responsibility.

Why not apply the same test to nations? Given the present rate of communications and organizational technique, the largest part of political and economic policy must be provided on a relatively micro scale, at the local, provincial (state) and national level. Nationalism in this respect can be, and is, embodied in the attempt to produce higher standards of achievement.

Take Quebec. Nationalism growing out of a belief in the viability of the French nation in Canada has led to new and, for me, most exciting experiments in economic and political organization, not to mention cultural achievements. As a result, the French in Canada show promise of rising above their previous underdeveloped and underprivileged condition. Even more important, however, to the extent Quebec is successful, it may provide models and techniques of considerable aid to other emerging societies in their struggle for development.

If as George Grant suggests in his book *Lament for a Nation*, industrial technology will lead to one monolithic international society, nationalism as a progressive force will be difficult, if not impossible, to maintain. If however, as I believe, alternatives are still available, nationalism can be used as an inducement to progress. Taking the liberty to misquote.

"The evil that nations do lives after them; the good is often interred with their prisoners of war."

N.D.P.

(continued from page one)

In view of the record of constructive opposition in the last parliament it is pertinent to ask, as T. C. Douglas is asking, what the Liberals want a majority for. The short answer is that it would make it easier for the Liberals to get away with shoddy legislation as shoddy as the Canada Pension Bill before the opposition got hold of it and told the government to take it away and do their homework again.

Another answer is that a comfortable majority makes it easier to do nothing at all. Mr. Diefenbaker's answer ("a man without lust" as Rev. Waite somewhat irrelevantly, but very reverently, called him) as that they want to conceal their manifold sins. But Mr. Diefenbaker's moral lance hardly amounts to a political program. What answer will Mr. Pearson give?

The answer will certainly not be a new program. After all, except in a few points, as Mr. Douglas quipped, "the old one is as good as new". The impression is that both Liberals and Conservatives are presenting 'not so much a program, more a way of life', and that way of life is a kind of irresponsible eclecticism.

SWEET NOTHINGS

Playing elections by ear, by waiting to see what will be popular, may be fun but it hardly amounts to responsible political leadership. The party leaders are enjoying an orgy of promises—sweet nothings in the electoral ear, on medicare and more dramatically on education—and blithely assuring every place they visit of special attention to local problems. Yet neither party has offered a coherent policy on the whole range of pressing social issues, or displayed much genuine concern about them. Will the Liberals finally give us real Medicare? They have been wooing the electorate with this promise for fifty years (or is it only forty-five?)—surely a world record for one election plank—and when a promise has acquired the status of an Ancient Monument one can't expect them to waste it by rash legislation. Meanwhile the Conservatives' gay propagandist abandon can only be explained by their knowledge that they cannot win and will not need a workable policy.

Anyone acquainted with social democratic parties might expect the NDP to find this empty pledge contest repugnant—and they would be right. The history of the CCF-NDP seems to suggest a wise use of the years in the wilderness to earn for the party a place among international social-democratic parties by creating a unified and coherent policy: the kind of policy which, despite its gaps, is too comprehensive to explain dramatically in the debased language of the hustings. The NDP sees Medicare and Higher Education as issues, but it alone seems to regard them as integral parts of an entire political philosophy encompassing such apolitical concepts as reverence for life, the pursuit of a higher quality of life, and the fostering of a vibrant participating democracy. The evidence for such a view can be seen by anyone who takes the trouble to read the NDP speeches in the throne debate in the last parliament: they consisted not of partisan bickering but of a thoughtful presentation of a radical alternative to the government's suggested measures.

CANADIAN CANADA

The issues are not by how much the per capita federal grants to education should be increased, or whether we should have a comprehensive medicare system — the NDP takes these as 'natural laws'—but how to evolve a better Canada for all Canadians; how to keep Canada Canadian; how, indeed, to ensure that Canada will survive centennial. And in the problems related to these issues, the whole problem

of economic growth, social regeneration and continuing reform; the restoration of economic sovereignty to Canada, and the democratic use of that control; the propagation of an independent yet internationalist foreign policy; the provision of strong leadership within a nation dedicated to co-operative federalism and the 'two nations' concept—in all these areas the only serious and intellectually respectable program is that of the party in the wilderness.

This election will probably achieve two things: it will return a minority Liberal government, and if the signs from Quebec are to be believed it will establish the NDP as a national party with the strongest voice in the opposition. This latter result would not only bring a sense of national purpose into politics, it would give a 20th century dimension to politics in North America.

Eliot

(continued from page one)

of Joyce's *ULYSSES* in *The Dial* (November, 1923), he points out how a mythopoeic writer like Joyce will contrast the vitality of a past era with the sterility of the present times by a violent yoking together of past virtues with present vices.

Presumably, for Joyce, it was the glory that was Greece versus the spiritual waste land that is Ireland. Eliot says, in fact, that in using the myth, "a continuous parallel between contemporaneity and antiquity" is achieved. Eliot will take this concept of the mythic method and contrast, for example, the vitality of Elizabethan love in the personages of Elizabeth and Leicester (*The Waste Land*, l. 280) with the insipidness of modern love in the personages of the carbuncular clerk and the typist. To further suggest that the present day waste lander is isolated from his times, Eliot will contrast modern furnishings to "Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold" modern ragtime songs to Shakesperian ballads, and ancient necromancy rites with modern gipsy clairvoyants. Apart from these specific contrasts, there is the over-all comparison of pagan fertility rituals producing abundance and vitality with modern man's acarpous attempts to revitalize "the arid plain" of his existence. The fragments shored up against the rivers of the modern soul were summed up by the words: "I can connect Nothing with nothing"

A complete selection of T. S. Eliot is available at Ivy's Bookshop, 1507 Wilmut Place, around the corner from the Oak Bay Theatre.

Democracy

(continued from page four)

wealth overwhelmed reason, just as surely as the same fear has gripped the whites in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa. It is so much easier to uphold our basically criminal activities beneath the facade of spreading great ideals.

BETRAYAL

We have used the bait of instant freedom and wealth to betray the finer principles which we so nobly trumpet.

And now it is too late for Africa. We are committed to carry through the scheme to the bitter, bloody end. Articles such as this are simply an exercise in futility.

Martlet Magazine

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Staff: Peter Axhorn, Kathy Tate, Peter Bower, Brian Excell.

'Zorba the Greek -- Farrago of Nonsense'

By Roy R. Johnson

"Zorba the Greek" has departed our shores, and the romantics in our midst are sadder if not wiser men; so must eighteenth-century Englishmen have felt when they heard of the death of Clarissa. But some of us remain unmoved, and ask ourselves what all the fuss was about: if this farrago of nonsense, as inept as it was pretentious, as inconsistent as it was dogmatic, as over-acted as it was half-baked, could betray usually intelligent people into uncritical rapture and run for a thousand and one nights in an otherwise discriminating Victoria cinema . . . what price critical standards then? There it was, large as life and ugly as Anthony Quinn, palpitating with naked emotion and replete with natural wisdom, posturing like something from a Rousseauesque nightmare: heart in the clouds and head on its sleeve — entertainment by prefrontal lobotomy. Soon, I thought, they'll be putting forward d'Annunzio as a misunderstood pop hero.

GOOD FEATURES

Let us get the two or three good features out of the way first: Anthony Quinn was first-rate in parts, Irene Papas, the young widow, did well enough to suggest she deserves a chance in a real film; and Alan Bates coped manfully with what must have been a very difficult role. ("Difficult?" — to borrow from my great namesake — "I wish it had been impossible!"). There was some good camera work, a couple of moments of low comedy, and one episode of quite Lawrentian erotic beauty.

To get these small mercies we had to endure more than two hours of persevering and unrepentant drivel, the more exasperating because whatever this the film had was not even completely communicated.

If the film were more subtle than one suspected, and asked us to judge Zorba as we would anyone else, to gaze at him with less than awe-struck adulation, to sometimes deny him our love and approbation — to look squarely, in other words, at the evidence the film itself presented us with — why did it never press home



Anthony Quinn: Zorba.

the point, why did it always side with Zorba, even in those episodes where he was at his most irresponsible? There was dishonesty here, as well as a double-standard: Zorba was the hero, and could do no wrong — even when we could see him doing wrong.

DOUBLE STANDARD

Perhaps the double-standard was intentional, a kind of latter-day latitudinarianism: Zorba was a manifestation of the spontaneous overflow of powerful goodness, and therefore deserved our praise. This is an attractive possibility and no admirer of Fielding — which I am — will dismiss it lightly. But the latitudinarian position emerged from a background of responsible Augustan Fielding, especially, brings even Tom Jones back to the fold and never lets his predilection for "spontaneous goodness" obscure the importance of a firm and fixed moral

order. Measured against so "natural" a man as Parson Adams, Zorba is seen to be primitive indeed: He is a child, and — at his age — not a very endearing child at that.

If this seems a little hard, let us look at specific instances of Zorba's culpability. When sent to the city for the supplies on which his companion's whole enterprise apparently depends, he squanders time and money in drinking and whoring. When the infinitely wiser young Englishman prevents him from breaking the heart of the pathetic woman who is devoted to him, he wantonly enters into a bigamous marriage and is saved from the consequences only by the contrived — sentimentally contrived — death of the woman. When his whole hair-brained scheme for transporting logs down the hill side ends in chaos, miraculously without loss of life or limb, his reaction is to laugh and dance: good God, how irresponsible can you get?

TWO WAYS

Let us be quite clear about this: there were two possible ways in which this film could have developed, honestly and acceptably. It could have shown us bluntly the deficien-

cies of Zorba's approach to life, and left us to make the obvious judgment; or it could have concentrated on different aspects of his personality, on his spontaneous goodness and capacity for love, on his genuine human sympathy, on his infectious zest for life, and put these forward, Lawrence-like, as genuine positive values worth cultivating and cherishing, taking as read that they must be accompanied by maturity and responsibility to constitute a viable style of life. What it could not do, what it should not be allowed to get away with, is to try to have it both ways — to show, in short, that Zorba was a menace to civilized society (which on the film's own evidence he was), and then to suggest that we should love the man because, after all, his heart is in the right place.

"Yet many people swallowed the thing, and that is a sobering thought, for "Zorba the Greek" was less a film than a confidence trick. The "image" of Zorba-the-natural-man was swallowed like a smoked oyster: it is easier, after all, to succumb to the brightly-wrapped merchandise in the super-market than to analyze the contents with a critical eye; and "Zorba," we must admit, was well-marketed.

Marijuana Monkey Maligned by Myth

By Cyril Charles

Last week in this magazine there appeared an article called "Drugs in Perspective" by Nancy S. Marshall. Miss Marshall in her article has classified marijuana along with mescaline, heroin and opium. By doing so, Miss Marshall has confused her perspective of the drug problem.

Marijuana, unlike those other drugs does not produce actual physical dependence. Marijuana is less addicting than alcohol, cigarettes or caffeine. It is true that psychologically it can be addicting but then some people get hung up on chewing gum and Carter's Little Pills.

There is no loss of self control when under the influence of marijuana, only a deep appreciation for everything that happens to be going at the time. If a marijuana smoker feels he is getting 'too high' he brings himself down by drinking beverages such as beer or soda pop or taking a cold shower.

There are no hangovers or side effects with marijuana. Because of this, marijuana has proved useful for helping actual drug addicts withdraw and in chronic cases of mental depression in mental institutions.

There is no proven connection between marijuana users and crime. Trafficking in marijuana is carried out by the users as opposed to drug trafficking where the pushers and big crime syndicates are involved.

Marijuana is not an aphrodisiac. Marijuana does not produce mental or physical deterioration, nor does it lead to other forms of narcotic addiction.

All these are facts. You may examine them for yourself in any of the following reports:

- Report of the Major's Committee on Marijuana (1944).
- The Marijuana Buzaboo (The Military Surgeon, 1943).
- Drugs and the Mind (by Robert S. De Ropp).

MARIJUANA AND LAW

Yet marijuana is classed alongside heroin and other narcotics under the Canadian legal system. A person smoking marijuana may receive several years for his disregard of these laws. A person selling marijuana may serve a maximum of seven years and a person smuggling may serve a minimum of seven and a maximum of life. R. P. Walton (Marijuana Problems, Journal of the American Medical Association) says "to place it (marijuana) for legislative purposes, in the same category with really dangerous drugs such as heroin and morphine is unrealistic."

A booklet issued by the Toronto Alcohol and Drug Addiction Research Foundation says:

"The fact that a smoker found with one cigarette may be sent to the



Rumours, not facts.

penitentiary is fantastic and ridiculous when compared with the use of alcohol and its effects. The situation is really a disgrace to our civilization and merits much consideration."

Last winter an honours English co-ed from UBC received six months for smoking marijuana. This means she will have a criminal record the rest of her life. With such a record this girl will not be able to teach high school and certainly any university will think twice about her appointment to its faculty. These are our laws, Canadian laws. They are based on rumours and hearsay; not facts. Perhaps we should change them. Don't hold your breath waiting.

Personal Accent Fills Gap

By John Hayman

Most guides to literature are platitudeous affairs; they tend to purr and clatter as if written by a machine. "The Brontes are not so genteel as Jane Austen, but they are considerably more passionate . . . George Eliot is not so passionate as the Brontes, but she is immensely more intellectual . . . Mrs. Humphry Ward . . ." Judicious, heavy, and expensive, these works usually offer little to disagree with and nothing to get excited about.

It is refreshing then to find that Mr. Bateson's guide has a personal accent. Remarkably, too, the individual tone is sounded even in the bibliographical sections which list editions and critical works any alert student would want to use. At one point, Mr. Bateson describes the *Manual of the Writings on Middle English, 1050-1400* as "an indispensable if uninspiring work of reference;" it is an indication of the individual assessment that is involved in his own list. "Critically naive," "rather thin," "there is no first-rate criticism," "acute," "brilliant," "intriguing" — these are some of the terms he applies to the authors and works listed.

But the guide is most stimulating in the four "interchapters" which are intended to "assist the reader to a historical point of view toward the literature of the principal periods." Mr. Bateson has for some years campaigned against those critics who

treat authors as though they were — in E. M. Forster's phrases — "seated together in a room, a circular room, a sort of British Museum reading room — all writing . . . simultaneously;" he has insisted on the initial necessity of a historical perspective as a corrective to eccentric interpretations. And yet, oddly enough, Mr. Bateson has himself sometimes been accused of arriving at eccentric conclusions — occasionally, it would seem to me, with some justification. There are traces of this tendency to present the odd idea under the guise of a historical consideration in the present guide. Having noticed, for example, that England suffered from a period of inflation from around 1525 to 1650, Mr. Bateson hazards the opinion that "Shakespeare's plays were . . . the objective correlatives of a morality that had been developed in the process of his society's adjustment to inflation." It is not, I would suspect, a very helpful suggestion. But such notions are at least arresting, and with very few exceptions the ideas are arresting to good effect. "Two concepts dominated the mind of Renaissance England. One was the

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Dr. Hayman is an Assistant Professor of English at the University of Victoria.

Democracy Destroys African Hopes

By PETER BOWER

It is customary for most Canadians to condemn outright the system of government in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. After all, the idea of white supremacy goes against the grain of most democratically inclined individuals.

On the other hand, it is not common at all for anyone to show signs of understanding why such a system should have evolved. As a result, we tend to look favorably upon Western pressures and incursions into various African states and regions. We favor the establishment of responsible government and universal franchise in these states. We look for economic and political pressures to be applied against those few remaining white-ruled nations where the system of government does not quite meet our Western standards.

Yet we simply stand back and wring our hands in anguish at the results of most black-ruled states.

A plea for reason at this time is probably too late to prevent further catastrophes as have already occurred in areas including the Congo, Zambia (Northern Rhodesia), and Ghana. However, at least we may understand why Rhodesia and South Africa have embarked upon their frantic and doomed social system.

HAZE OF OBSCURITY

The phrase "Darkest Africa" is rarely used any longer by the average man discussing the continent. The vast network of communications has penetrated the haze of obscurity which used to envelope Africa. We are all accustomed to read of fights for freedom, inter-tribal warfare and the usual news material that flows with newspapers. However, the term "Darkest Africa" still applies when it comes to understanding the motive forces behind the situation. This is not the fault of a lack of information, but rather the fault of a western obsession to spread the virtues of democracy to all, regardless of the consequences, or the circumstances.

The East is as fully to blame, for their participation is part of an artificial vicious circle which has been imposed upon the world. Blinded by these desperate attempts to force universal Communism or democracy, judgment cannot but fail to maintain a reasoned approach to assist Africa.

For our part, we fail to acknowledge that it is impossible for a purportedly more sophisticated and finer civilization to displace and absorb a so-called more barbaric culture in an instant of historical time.

EDUCATION

Surely we must know that a "civilizing" process requires education, and that education requires time. Even an imperfect democracy such as our own requires a minimal level of learning and understanding. Surely our own vast catalogue of limitations and failings shows us a brilliantly lucid message that even with our centuries of development,

Mr. Bower, a frequent contributor to the Martlet Magazine, is a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.



"We expect too much and understand too little."

we are still disconcertingly distant from realizing those ideals which we wish to impose upon these people.

Yet, from these people we expect instant acceptance, understanding and gratitude.

We expect whites in South Africa and Rhodesia to throw out their accustomed way of life at once without any show of resentment. We expect the blacks to gather together with the whites and form a democracy, when neither side has been educated to understand the ideal.

We expect too much and understand too little.

In our drive to give people instant responsible government, we fail to see that responsible government requires responsible citizens. Undoubtedly the blacks and the whites may have it within their capacity to maintain a responsible form of government — in time.

CRIMINAL INVOLVEMENT

In our obsession we fail to see how criminal our involvement in Africa has been to date. We don't care about the consequences, even when they have been hammered home with the devastating clarity of the Congo and Ghana. We rushed into these places, not to mention the dozens of other areas, screaming "freedom, freedom . . . at all costs" and the blacks responded in all honest hope with "uhuru, uhuru" — and the costs have been infinite. The blacks set up buckets of sand at the command of their witchdoctors, expecting the arrival of independence to turn the sand to gold. The whites huddled together in little knots of fear as the cry of "independence and freedom" echoed destruction to their ancestral homes and way of life. "Uhuru" — fed by the eastern and western firebrands and "do-gooders" — is relentlessly destroying any possibilities of a black and white conciliation, and dousing the hopes that the blacks will be educated peacefully to their equal and rightful place in society.

We fed the natural difference in our willful ignorance and fanned it into a hatred that can be resolved only by forceful maintenance of racial superiority by either the blacks or whites.

DESTRUCTION

So we destroyed the Federation of Rhodesia — the one sane voice in the midst of lunacy — which hoped for gradual education. So we created the spectre of hideous racial strife to walk the continent, committed to mortal combat.

Yet, perhaps we feel that we can be excused, for what we are trying to give to Africa is equality, educa-

tion, and all the benefits of modern western civilization. Our intention, after all, is motivated by all goodwill and blessed by the certainty of rightness. Our mistakes are unfortunate, but only human. We realize our own shortcomings and pathetic failure to realize true democracy for even ourselves, but we are just children in the great movement of history. Finally, we believe, right will prevail and the errors of today will seem but small matter in the final great achievement will be the triumph of democracy — so temporary considerations, regardless of the cost, are regrettable but necessary.

So, my children, when you are grown up, these pains shall be slight and the excuses many.

EXCUSES TOO LATE

But for some, the excuses will be too late, and life too short, and the deaths too many, and the virtues too few. How can we excuse outright

lies and hypocrisy and blind ignorance when the knowledge is so ready to be had even now.

Who but the willfully ignorant amongst us can truly believe that our inexcusable manner of intrusion into Africa is to uphold the right ideals of mankind. Even if our ideals are the right ones, how can we excuse playing men and nations for pawns in our massive design to fight the evils of Communism. Who can believe that our statesmen and foreign policies are unselfishly designed to help the poor downtrodden masses of Africa.

We must know that we are in Africa because we want to get a foothold against the dragon and the bear. We care not for the black, they are the means to be used to maintain our world supremacy and our fireplaces and our tables of food. The black man is doomed in this struggle of titans, and he is already the loser. When the time comes that the Chinese whip the blacks up sufficiently, or the west, for that matter, then the true colors shall be displayed. Then we shall throw open support to whichever side we know we can control. This is why the proposed economic blockades against South Africa can never be supported by anything more than simple lip-service by the governments of the greatest Western powers. We may need South Africa one day as the launching pad of our great offensive against Communist encroachment.

DEATH INEVITABLE

In this struggle, the blacks will die as surely as the natives of Viet Nam are dying now, and they will die in just as great ignorance of our purported ideals. Some whites will die as well, and some yellow — but they are all men, all losers.

We could have known better, but we have refused to accept facts at our fingertips. We could have realized that gradual education was the wiser, in fact obvious, course of action in Africa. But our frantic fear of losing a vestige of our

(continued on page two)

Accent

(continued from page three)

Ego, the other was Hap or Fortune . . . The central dichotomy includes and explains the characteristic Renaissance combination of acute psychological realism and the widest factual improbability." This is the sort of assertion one is more frequently confronted by—immediately striking and worth persistent consideration.

Moreover, it is not just the occasional insight that makes this part of the guide worthwhile; the accounts of the various periods sketch an overall setting very vividly. The remarks on Elizabethan poetry are some of the most helpful I have come across anywhere; the introduction to the Augustan era is succinct, if necessarily sketchy; and the section on "Romanticism" does a good deal to clarify that much abused term.

Any student taking any English course should find the book helpful, but the interchapters should be especially valuable to the student of English 200 who finds the introductory material to the course's present text rather a plodding affair. The bibliographical sections should be useful to the 200 student too. I have noticed that when students start on essays for this course they clear the shelves of the library and tend to be indiscriminate in their choice of critical reading. This is perhaps not altogether a bad thing, so long as some sorting out occurs later. But too often the chaos persists — and an essay on, say, the Fourth Part of Gulliver's Travels

ends up with a bibliography composed of *The Death Bed Marriage of Dr. Swift*, "Was Swift a Hoof Fetishist?" and *From the Sod to the Stars: a study of the Excremental and Elemental in Swift's Verse*. The Guide bypasses such nonsense and isolates the works worth bothering about. A guide to literature, rather than a substitute for it, Mr. Bateson's little book does in fact fill quite a big gap.

The Love of Books

Oh for a booke and a
shady nooke
Either in doore or out,
With the greene leaves
whispering overhead,
Or the streeete cries all about;
Where I maie reade
all at my ease,
Both of the newe and old,
For a jollie goode booke
whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.
Olde English Song



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