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Wilson and the Labourites: "... nothing like it since Winston at the height of the war."

Abysmal Failure

By Alumnus

It is unequivocally obvious that the Universities of Canada have failed in what should be their primary function. This failure is reflected in the abysmal lack of foresight of the local student government, the Alma Mater Society, and its national counterpart, the Canadian Union of Students. The values of these organizations reflect nothing but failure, failure to recognize the purpose of education.

The majority of students come for one reason, a social anomaly, to insure financial security; an anomaly because everyone in our society can insure financial security by using not more than 10% of his ability. So why bother with a university?

It seems that the student bothers with university so that he can exist at higher than subsistence level; so that he has status in the eyes of his fellows; so that he can belong to a (professional) trade union.

You can't really blame Harvey Frosh for holding these values; his parents, friends, relatives, and summer job associates in the wonderful world of work have been pounding this into his cortex for the last ten years, to say nothing of his teachers and a myriad of television commercials. It is that magic, almost religious concept of success—socially defined and measured in dollars.

TRAGIC EXAMPLE

The University of Victoria is a perfect example of tragedy at the hands of society's present value system. When it was initially envisioned, Victoria was to be the best, and possibly only, liberal arts institution in Canada.

Look, look and see, see the great liberal arts university now. See how many enquiring minds are protesting, upholding this lost cause or that one.

See how much intellectual stimulation is available in the course content. See how much time your lecturer has to spend on seemingly irrelevant material. There is little time for argument; there is little time for enquiry; there is little time for discussion. You have to cover the course, you have to complete the program, there is no time for interest. There is so little stimulation here that the students cannot entertain themselves with this topic or that one. There is so little reliance that the Alma Mater Society has to provide entertainment to keep the boys and girls happy.

DOLLAR CONSCIOUS

This institution is so dollar conscious that in a statement to the press about National Student Day the Alma

Third in a series on aspects of the University of Victoria.

Mater Society President went so far as to emphasize that the demonstration downtown was not a protest but was merely a method of making the public aware. Heavenly days, you wouldn't want anyone to think that you had guts enough to protest?

This University had a chance to experiment, to break the quasi-traditional bounds of the degree granting institution. It may have contributed something except department store trainees, sundry technicians, and teachers. It may have fostered people who would question the disciplines, stimulate action and reaction.

PROVE COMPETENCE

To demonstrate how unliberal this university is, one has to go no further than inspecting the calendar. There is only one department out of sixteen—the psychology department—that will allow a student to challenge a course, that is, to write an exam to prove competence without having to go through the motions of course work. There are so many rules, regulations, qualifications and sub-clauses that it might pay to consult a lawyer before registering.

The first years at university should provide a broad spectrum of thought, there should be more questions than answers. There should be an examination of values and motivation. The student should research, write, and discuss not because it is required but because he is interested.

This may be an impossible ideal but the least we could do is attempt to approach it, not stifle it.

The Canadian Union of Students is wrong in demanding monetary freedom and ignoring intellectual freedom.

You are too caught up in the heat of the moment to realize that you are monetarily free now; what you do not realize is that your mind is not free or expansive. You are too caught up in the web of society, the web spun by the wielders of the dollar to ensure the continuance of their system.

REMAIN ALOOF

The liberal arts university cannot live at one with the public. It must be a step removed so that it can objectively review what is happening.

You shouldn't be wasting your time getting involved with the public of today. In doing this you are not going to help them tomorrow. You should be convincing society that you are worthwhile for tomorrow, that it is necessary to be aloof.

Yes, you need their money but not at the expense of compromising your ideals—if you have any—not for gains in the present which blind your perspective of the future.

Harold Wilson Labour's Idealist

By RICHARD GRAVIL

Leslie Smith's biography is the most detailed account so far of Harold Wilson. It's more the kind of folksy book one might expect about LJB than about Wilson, but it's the best we have, so far.

The book contains some delightful (?) pictures of Wilson—standing outside 10 Downing Street at the age of 8½, and rowing his family while on holiday, and chatting with President Kennedy, the Beatles and Nikita Krushchev, (separately!). The most startling is a Victory photograph last Fall which shows him in the pose of Messiah blessing his people in a state of Divine inspiration.

The perplexing picture portfolio is reflected in the text. We are one-third of the way through before the family album tone of the book ends. The dominant impression is of a total ordinariness of background. The only intimation of things to come is in his precocious intellect and his early decision that he would become Prime Minister—this, aged 12. In his account of the early years Leslie Smith depicts sides of Wilson's character that make his political behaviour, if not his success, more comprehensible.

More important, the writer reveals a warmth and idealism in his subject that few have recognized in the public image of Wilson. The motivation for Wilson's political concern is always a deep involvement but he believes that only pure reason can supply the right solution. Present him with a problem and he will be emotionally involved, but before most people would have got over their first flush of emotion he is at work analysing, researching and usually solving the problem.

HAROLD WILSON

By Leslie Smith
Fontana Books, 1964

SCHOLAR

In 1937 Wilson got the best 'First' in Oxford for many years, and immediately started teaching there. He worked with Beveridge, the architect of the great post-war social reforms, and with the Fabian, G. D. H. Cole. When war broke out he began a phenomenal career in the Civil Service, serving in vital production ministries and secret committees and showing a brilliantly incisive mind and amazing capacity for woods and trees in economic briefs and an instinct for decision and leadership. He triumphantly entered parliament in 1945, in the great Labour landslide. After this election, the new MPs were asked whether they thought any of their number should be given government positions. "Wilson was vigorously opposed . . . but he added decisively 'I'd make an exception on sheer merit: Hugh Gaitskell'." But Wilson himself was an obvious choice. He became a junior minister and within two years

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was in the Cabinet, where he remained as President of the Board of Trade until his controversial resignation with Aneurin Bevan in 1951. Smith's comments on these brilliant and controversial years, and Wilson's relations with Attlee, Bevan and Gaitskell are lucid and revealing. His trade negotiations with Mikoyan show a formidable astuteness.

ACHIEVER

During Labour's thirteen years in the wilderness Wilson was always high in the party, yet he was not well known publicly, and his choice as Leader less than three years ago, after Gaitskell's death, was far from assured. Yet it would be surprising if any man could have achieved so much in so little time, with such a dangerous parliamentary position, as Wilson has this year. Of his first days as Prime Minister a senior Civil Servant said "There's been nothing like it since Winston at the height of the war". Since then he has dominated the Commons—Mr. Heath has been shown to be not even in the same class, just one of that 'row of antimacassars' as Wilson once called the Tories. Despite unpopular medicine, Labour is leading again in the opinion polls, and Wilson is just beginning a new offensive of popular legislation and dramatic speeches.

He has added to the ruthless efficiency, the tactical flair and intellectual eminence, the new quality of real charisma. From a successful politician he has matured into a national leader capable of inspiring support in all sectors of his country.

VEHICLE PARTY

Labour Party conferences are usually times of division and recrimination. The one that has just ended was a triumph for Wilson and his Cabinet. He once said of the party: "The Labour Party is like a vehicle. If you drive at great speed, all the people in it are either so exhilarated or so sick that you have no problems. But when you stop, they all get out and start to argue about which way to go." For the past year Wilson has been working to stop the whole bus from sliding backwards. By the time of the Conference he had succeeded. Conference is a traditional time for 'getting out', but he achieved the feat of keeping his party in their seats and ready to go, riding with the new economic recovery.

The story of this new kind of Prime Minister, a trained professional, should be known by all aspiring messiahs. At 49 he is a playboy among Western leaders, and will probably still be P.M. in Britain in 1984. Watch him!

Martin Luther King: Religion, Riot and Revolution In Negro America

By E. R. ZIETLOW

Through 1953 the American Negro has made continual gains in his fight for civil, social and economic betterment, but he had met with much frustration, and he was far from being a first class citizen. The labor movement had been only partially his friend, and the courts were slow and expensive. He found himself in a modern, affluent democracy sharing little of the affluence and, throughout the South, none of the democracy. Despite the fact that

"For King, God is not dead, and He affirms the worth and dignity of the human individual. To affirm God is to assume values and the necessity of purpose orienting the individual in relation to those values."

only the South had segregation written into its laws, economic and social conditions were much the same anywhere in the nation. And the negro was well aware of the arbitrary character of his social penalization; perhaps no group in America was quite as aware of the meaning of freedom and prosperity as the American Negro. In the midst of the oblivious white world, tension and discontent grew.

Then, on May 17, 1954, the U.S. Supreme Court handed down a decision declaring segregated schools illegal. Yet the decision, far from being an end to anything, was not even a beginning — only a kind of sign, for those who could read it, that a beginning was possible. A year was to pass, and the larger part of a second, before another event, quite unplanned, quite incidental (in the scheme of daily life, if not in the scheme of history), precipitated the Negro Revolt. On December 1, 1955, Mrs. Parks was arrested after she refused to give up her bus seat to a white man in Montgomery, Alabama. This event was not incidental in the scheme of history, because the time was ripe for something to happen that would unite the Negroes and set them in motion—potentially, needless to say, in violent motion.

NEGRO HOPE

The arrest of Mrs. Parks had two related consequences of great importance: first it precipitated the Montgomery bus boycott, which provided a focus for the Negro mood—a spark of hope in the darkness, a rallying point for a Negro movement. Second, it thrust into prominence a young Negro minister whose courage, leadership qualities and theories of non-violent action would serve to expand the protest into a national movement and orient that movement along lines which would minimize bloodshed and bitterness.

This remarkable young man (born January 15, 1929, he was only 26 when the bus boycott got under way) was, of course, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Dr. King had accepted the position of minister at the Dexter Street Baptist Church in Montgomery early in 1954. In September of that year, he and his wife Coretta took up residence in Montgomery. A little over a year later, he found himself involved in the history-making Negro boycott.

King was ideally suited to lead a traditionally religious people. In addition to being a minister with a natural talent for oratory, he has conviction, a brilliant and inquisitive mind. He grew up in Atlanta, Georgia, in a house on Auburn Street, where live Negroes who have been successful and who expect success of their children. Unlike the childhood of millions of American Negroes, King's childhood was

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stable, ordered, restrained. His father and maternal grandfather were engaged in the struggle for Negro rights. Thus while King was psychologically undamaged by segregation, he grew up with an understanding of the issues surrounding the problem and enough first hand association with the Southern system to resent its impositions upon his humanity.



Dr. Martin Luther King

GANDHI'S INFLUENCE

King went to Morehouse College in Atlanta and, having skipped several grades in his public school work, graduated at the age of nineteen. Not until his junior year there did he decide to enter the ministry. He pursued his education further at Crozer Theological Seminary in Chester, Pennsylvania. At this time he was aware of certain great events taking place in the world — the rise of the heretofore colonial nations, and Gandhi's practice of non-violence in India. King was moved by a lecture on Gandhi given by Mordecai Johnson, president of Howard University, who had visited India, and who felt Gandhi's philosophy might be applied to the race struggle in America. King studied Gandhi at this time, but was unsure his approach could be used successfully in America.

In 1951 King was graduated from Crozer with a \$1200 fellowship award which carried him into graduate school at Boston University in Philosophy. Here he came in contact with theologians Edgar Brightman and L. Harold DeWolf. Said King: "It was mainly under these teachers that I studied personalistic philosophy — the theory that the clue to the meaning to ultimate reality is found in personality. This personal idealism remains today my basic philosophical position. Personalism's insistence that only personality . . . finite and infinite . . . is ultimately real strengthened me in two convictions: it gave me metaphysical and philosophical grounding for the idea of a personal God, and it gave me a metaphysical basis for the dignity and worth of all human personality."

UNSHAKEN FAITH

For King, God is not dead, and He affirms the worth and dignity of the human individual. To affirm God is to assume values and the necessity of purpose orienting the individual in relation to those values. Brightman wrote:

Religion asks . . . : "What is the chief end of man?" To raise this question is to emphasize the connection between value and personality as the two fundamental concepts of religion. Purpose is that concrete personal experience which aims at the production and conservation of values . . . The religious man is not concerned about bare facts or pure existence; his concern is always with the control of facts by purpose. Religion finds

its problem in the scientific data; but its solution is always in the realm of purpose.

When King returned to the South after completing his doctoral degree in systematic theology, he went because he and his wife "had the feeling that something remarkable was unfolding in the South, and we wanted to be on hand to witness it." Perhaps he thought he only wanted to witness it, but it was not in his nature to be an onlooker. In Montgomery he found a test of his beliefs; he found a religious problem in the facts, and a solution in the realm of purpose and value.

When King was informed of Mrs. Parks' arrest, he entered the group considering the boycott. But when a newspaper got hold of the story and suggested that the Negroes were going to use the same tactics as the White Citizens' Councils, King was forced to serious thought about the matter. He decided that the White Citizens' Councils used boycott to intimidate and to enforce violation of law. The Negroes were only withdrawing support from an evil system. Now he remembered Thoreau's essay ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE. But, while Thoreau's essay was an isolated and idealistic piece of writing put into ineffective practice by Thoreau alone, King was in a specific community. This entailed getting effective co-operation from a significant number of persons.

POWER NEEDED

When King was elected president of an ad hoc organization called the Montgomery Improvement Association and sat at negotiation sessions with white people, he realized that "the issue was not logic, but power . . ." Unbacked by power, the Negro cause would be futile. The most immediate power was numbers—which King had from the beginning, for the boycott was massively supported in its opening days by the Negro community. There was, King perceived, a source of endurance and uniting power in the Negro religious tradition. More important, however, there lay in the background, distant but very real, the vast power of the federal government — a favorable climate in the federal courts, and federal marshals and soldiers, if needed. Without this ultimate source of power, the Negro Movement would probably have been crushed at the start in what would have amounted to little less than open warfare.

After having his house bombed in the course of the boycott, King was enraged and ready to buy a gun to protect himself against lawlessness. But even before the permit was denied, he rejected the idea of self-defence and began the move into Gandhian theory. Lerone Bennett, one of King's biographers, writes: "What King did now — and it was a huge achievement — was to turn the Negroes' rooted faith in the church to social and political account by melding the image of Gandhi and the image of the Negro preacher and by overlaying all with Negro songs and symbols that bypassed cerebral centres and exploded in the well of the Negro psyche."

Gandhi's thought was molded of Indian tradition, of Thoreau's essay, and of Christian idealism; and so part of King's philosophy was already in the Negro tradition: "Love thine enemy." The philosophy of non-violence is a curious thing. Instead of threatening the opponent's humanity by threatening his life, it thrusts his humanity upon him by offering of the self to suffering at his hands. King said: "We shall so appeal to your heart and conscience that we shall win you in the process, and our victory will be a double victory."

And victory came at last. On December 21, 1956, after 382 days of the boycott, a U.S. Supreme Court decision declared bus segregation illegal, and Montgomery buses were integrated.

This was only prologue.

IDEALISM

Out of the Montgomery boycott came in 1957 the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC) with King as president, and with King's ideas reflected in its program. Essentially the policy that emerged expressed these three concepts of idealism and action:

Agape and *Satyagraha*. King, in a sermon, defined *Agape* thus: "An overflowing love which seeks nothing in return, *Agape* is the love of God operating in the human heart. At this level, we love men not because we like them, nor because their ways appeal to us, nor even because they possess some type of divine spark; we love every man because God loves him." *Agape* is distinguished from *eros*, romantic love, and *philia*, friendship.

Satyagraha is an Indian term used by Gandhi, and it is translated *soul force*; i.e. the power of truth.

The creation or initiation of crisis in order to bring about negotiation for the resolution of problems of injustice. These crises would be brought about by non-violent protest and demonstrations.

Perpetual effort to seek government approval and backing, and in the event of violence by the white community, federal force to maintain order.

The real test of the Negro Revolution came in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1963. The movement passed through a crisis in Albany, Georgia, in 1961-62, when a local effort was defeated by police arrests of demonstrators. But the Birmingham "Project C" ("C" for confrontation) was much better planned, albeit delayed in its beginning by a mayoralty election which the civil rights people did not wish to influence.

"We find a supreme affirmation of the worth of the human individual that has somehow been little more than empty rhetoric in recent years, in the mouths of presidents and preachers."

PROJECT BEGUN

The project was launched then shortly before Easter (April 15th of that year) with token sit-ins. These incidents stirred interest among the Negroes, and mass meetings in the churches united the Negro community. The initial work and planning had been kept secret in order to make the movement more effective. Now volunteers were gathered and given non-violent training.

After the initial sit-ins, marches began. The downtown merchants were boycotted in this pre-Easter buying season. Demonstrators were sent to the library, to the churches, and to the voter-registration office of the county building. All the while, massive arrests were filling the jails. Commissioner of Public Safety "Bull" Connor remained non-violent while securing a court injunction ordering the demonstrators suspended until their right to be held had been argued in court.

Knowing that such a strategy was devised to frustrate their strike for rights, the Negroes deliberately violated the injunction — a new action, taken for the first time. On Good Friday, King and SCLC's treasurer Ralph Abernathy permitted themselves to be arrested as part of the Negro counter-strategy to keep the Birmingham project under way.

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Freed Bond Ignobly Bound by Fear

007 JAMES BOND, A REPORT

O. F. SNELLING, Panther

and

THE JAMES BOND DOSSIER

Kingsley Amis, Cape

By PAUL BETTIS

Neither 007 JAMES BOND, A REPORT (O. F. Snelling, Panther) nor THE JAMES BOND DOSSIER (Kingsley Amis, Cape) makes much of a pretence at analysis. Both authors are avowed Fleming enthusiasts, and, they assume, need only invite the reader to re-enter the Bond world with relish, resavouring the treats and reliving the excitements, to guarantee their sales. Their raptures pause merely to deplore, mildly, the occasional failure, to thrill or delight, and to point out inconsistencies and impossibilities with all the gleeful affection of a true fan. The Kingsley Amis book is the more intelligently written, and has a winning air of critical slumming, though it is consequently the less honest in its indulgence. However, neither song of praise is a substitute for the real thing.

An era discovers for itself certain objects or "images" which express, consolidate and fix that era's characteristic longings and (by converse implication) its characteristic fears. The success of the Bond books with all classes of reader, and their subsequent exploitation, demonstrate that they are just such an image of aspects of our era. The appearance of these two reports, with nothing to recommend them except that they are about the Bond world, is a further symptom of the appetite for Bondery, and an affirmation of the satisfactoriness of the image.

FEAR EXPRESSION

That James Bond is an expression of traditional longings for a tough and heroic identity is obvious enough in the novels, and this element of wish-fulfilment is admitted and defined by both Mr. Snelling and Mr. Amis, with some obviousness. On the other hand, the fears of which Bond is an indirect expression seem to me to be less obvious, more significant and highly contemporary. About this the two books say nothing.

"As a character, Bond is remarkable for the absence in him of what men, as opposed to boys, mean by personality."

To my mind, the James Bond fantasy reflects an ancient human paradox: simultaneous longing for and fear of freedom. In his adventures, Bond both enjoys freedom and, at the same time, escapes from its most pressing burden — the burden of personal choice and personal decision. He is liberated from all irksome social commitment, and also from the horror, attendant on such a freedom, of the need for personal commitment. This unique powerfulness as an image comes from this double liberation. In the novels, the first is heavily stressed; the second is disguised, as it must be, so that the reader feels easy.

The fear of decision-making, of judging, of choice, is a familiar spectre; the human right to decide and choose is a respected banner. There is a daily conflict here which we know it to be ignoble to avoid. The Bond world resolves it for us, ignobly, so we must never be allowed to see how ultimately passive Bond is in his apparent freedom. This fantasy of a freedom which is a disguised bondage is the aspect of the Bond books to which I wish to draw attention.

FREE BOND

At the starting point of our identification with Bond, his identity as a civil servant or bored office worker (before the light above M's door says "Shazam!" for him), he is

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seen to have an unusual freedom — no family, no friends, no obligations, ties, or personal duties. This loneliness is a flattering version of the isolation and loneliness we fear to be attendant on just such an absence of human commitment (for it is made to seem as if he "chooses" to be alone, since he is attractive enough never to have to be so: the negation is given an air of glamour). Bond's very name is an aptly ambiguous pun, unintentionally signifying the central paradox and dream: freed from normal human commitment he is yet (as I shall show) inhumanly and ignobly bound.

Mr. Amis describes and commends Bond as "single heartedly pursuing simple goals . . . fighting clearly defined enemies." This seems true enough, but is it really commitment to a principle? Such ponderings on his missions and their butchery practicalities as Fleming allows



Bond

Bond, come down to the idea that it is "only a job" (a nice point for reader-identification here); actual thought is eschewed, emotion consciously repudiated. So far as dedication or idealism goes, he might as well be on the other side.

CONTROLLED BOND

He happens not to be, of course, he happens to be on the Side of Right. And what scale of values is at work here? The above quotation suggests the two poles of control between which Bond is operated: One, those persons whose methods of endeavouring to get lots of money and/or power involve gigantic threats to the economic security of the world, and/or to life on this planet, and who are therefore, by a simple sensible standard, Wrong; and Two, the person of M., who, having the job of stopping them, is therefore Right. The first group has all the major ethical choices to make; M., by virtue of his "job," it appears (we are permitted to see no further), has a straightforward, easy, preventative decision to make. Bond has none. He obeys, neither caring nor indeed needing to. The issues are so thrillingly gross that even M. need be committed only to the principle of survival of a stable world to ensure his right decision. Bond, happily, needs to be merely allied with M.

This is the extent of Bond's token allegiances. Marriage, being a personal commitment, is natural anathema to this hero, yet in another sense he is "married already. To a man. Name begins with M." The reward for his exploits is never moral recognition of his service, never even the hand of the fair princess (his women pointedly have little to do with his fights against the Dragons of Wrong), but a twinkle from the clear grey eyes of his fairy godfather. In this role of the God-Father, M. has all ultimate responsibility for Bond who has merely to act out, in the disguise of Knight Errant, the part of the indulged and protected boy.

IMPRESSIVE VILLAINS

The villains are far more impressive than either Bond or M., for they truly occupy a free universe. Certainly their methods are sufficiently deplorable to make judgment on them a trifling matter even if Bond had to make it; but they provide the only positive poles in the novels. Their imagination and energy are commendable, their authority is admirable; and most of all, their intellectual self-control and free, independent decisiveness make a splendid and damning contrast to Bond's moral and intellectual passivity. These are giants who really know what freedom is by acknowledging and using it.

So splendid and so damning are they, in fact, that our awe at such high personal commitment has to be adjusted to abhorrence by their variously horrible physical monstrosities. It is a sad and revealing trick: in order to call it Wrong, high commitment must be crudely associated with physical abnormality.

These "Ogres" are motivated by a power-mania which is principally aesthetic. "I wished to know what this clay is capable of . . . My goal (was) total security from physical weakness, from material dangers and from the hazards of living . . . I proceed to the achievement of power — the power, Mr. Bond, to do unto others what had been done unto me, the power of life and death, the power to decide, to judge, the power of absolute independence from outside authority." Apart from the single hint of revenge, noble and stupendous longings! They seek, in effect, a power and a freedom to realize the furthest potentialities of the human beings, in all its Promethean nobility — man unbound. Is it not obvious that what Dr. No expresses here is exactly the same as half of the dream that Bond pretends to be realizing, the dream of freedom? The other half is fear of freedom, and this Bond expresses and hides. His adversaries are without fear and are therefore feared. The negation of his name feebly cloaks for us Dr. No's spiritual supremacy.

NOBLE FANTASY

The difference between Bond and his adversaries is that they actually and fearlessly do realize the noble fantasy, while he, swaddled in secure passivity, only pretends to. He appears to have freedom from outside authority, while being comfortably dependent upon M.; he has power to kill, but none to decide or judge; a freedom which is not, and a power which is not. Bond executes for others — a mere, pretentious, pest-control officer who is doing his job.

The power and freedom to decide and judge is what separates the men from the boys and the Villains recognize this. Like M., they treat Bond as a child. "My dear boy," le Chiffre spoke like a father, " . . . You have stumbled by chance into a game for grown-ups". Like M., the Villains, to Bond, are a kind of security, the cosy, reassuring authority of headmaster, host, father, and of Gods.

Bond's girls, although they might seem ethically peripheral, demand close attention. Between the poles of the Villains and M., they apply a side pressure, and similarly relieve Bond of any necessity for decision. For a start, they are all uniformly and generally beautiful (as distinct from being personally attractive to Bond in particular) and so offer no problems of choice.

Suntanned, tall, and mostly blue of eye; uncoiffured, plainly dressed (when dressed); their hands strong and practical with nails filed short and unpainted; of firm and outdoorsy physique, redolent of the tennis court and swimming pool (and, in one case, of muscled buttock); leather-belted and sensibly shod; of commanding mien, isolated, de-

tached; Bond's girls frequently appear roaring out of an unspecified past, heralded by the sexy boom of the exhaust of their aggressive little sports cars. In this distinct aura of masculinity there is clearly more than simply that touch of health which makes nymphomania acceptably natural.

"He obeys, neither caring nor indeed needing. The issues are so thrillingly gross that even M. need be committed only to the principle of survival of a stable world to ensure his right decision."

FREE FEMALES

The fact of the case is that they have qualities of resource, authority and independence which allow them to relieve Bond essentially of all the responsibility for their seduction. Their unattached status proclaims this self-sufficiency, and it also entails the reassurance that Bond may sleep with them without any fear of social commitment. Kingsley Amis is wrong in his conclusion that they are all defenceless waifs at heart; the point about their momentarily melting moods is that, having once got Bond in bed with them, Fleming can afford to let them start being sweetly and gently feminine, for thereby he achieves the effect on the reader of maximum male domination within a context of minimum commitment to any kind of decision-making, choice or responsibility. Once again, Bond has it both ways, and once again the ignoble passivity is disguised.

The emphasis, in the novels, on detail and on apparently authentic information, deserves note because it, also, pertains to the point I am making about absence of intellectual or emotional decision. It is the main disguising technique. The habit of careful fastidiousness about detail which Fleming shares with his hero, is meant, clearly enough, to transfer an air of credibility to improbable actions and circumstances. But, further, this decisiveness about small and physical particulars also transfers a sense of sureness, control, authority and decision to those areas of action and circumstance most marked (as I have shown) by their utter absence of decision and choice of quite a different, non-physical order. This is, indeed, "The Fleming Effect," to use Mr. Amis' term — effective and ignoble delusion.

IMAGE OF FEAR

James Bond, then, as an "image" is defined only through the objects, persons, and pressures which surround and assail him. He is defined by an aptness to be influenced; and this aptness is concealed. In the aptness, the image reflects the human fear of the responsibilities of freedom, and the longing for the security of control. In the disguise, the concealing of the aptness, is reflected the opposite longing for freedom, and the right to make individual decision.

As a character, Bond is remarkable for the absence in him of what men, as opposed to boys, mean by "personality." That is: "feeling defined as 'personal morality.'" By these we recognize other human beings. Now Bond pleasantly relieves for us the contemporary fear of "individual choice" by having none and yet still being a hero. But since he exhibits no "choice," he cannot consistently exhibit either "feeling and thought" or "morality." Thus Bond forgoes, as we forgo in indulging that fear of choice, essential humaneness. It does not surprise us to read that Bond doesn't "like personal questions."

Far from being the blunt but solid object (as Fleming describes him), Bond is in fact touchingly like a table-tennis ball, bounced from one decision — making Bat of authority to another; attractive enough in a

(continued on page four)

Sing A Song Of Dief

By Robin Jeffrey

GUNGA DIEF
or
THE BALLAD OF
PETER C. NEWMAN

In Canada's cold clime
Where I used to spend my time
Writing gritty Liberal leaders for
the Star,
The most resilient of men—
He was quite beyond my ken—
Was our journalist fall-guy, Gunga
Dief.

He was "Dief! Dief! Dief!"
"You arrogant old dough-head,
Gunga Dief!"
"You're washed up and you know
it—
"Why in hell then don't you show
it?
"You squidgy-jowled old idol,
Gunga Dief!"



Gunga Dief, the Saskatchewan Kid

He would roam the country round
From N.B. to Barkley Sound,
And he never seemed to know that
he was through;
When we railed and cut him up,
He'd respond just like a Krupp:
"You're the Liberal press's tools to
misconstrue!"
With his finger in the air
He would rant and rave and glare;
He would tell how he was a victim
of a plot:
"Vested interests" out to get him—
He was damned if he would let 'em!
He would stand and fight and beat
That Little Clot!

It was "Dief! Dief! Dief!"
With hyperboles around us thick
and fast;
When hyperboles ran out
Then apostrophes he'd shout:
"O Prosperity for all and Gunga
Dief!"

I shan't forget the night
When we fought our final fight
On a train that through the Fraser
Canyon ran:
In my column I had said
He was pretty nearly dead,
That his policies were like a strip-
per's fan—
That all they did conceal
Was his egotistic zeal,
That behind them there was nothing
but a man.

Mr. Jeffrey, a third-year Arts stu-
dent at the University of Victoria, is
part-time Poet Laureate of the Daily
Colonist sports staff.

It was "Dief! Dief! Dief!":
"A bubble-dancer using Brand-X
suds;
"Your designs are laid quite bare—
"Can you wonder that we stare
"At your now-uncovered plottings,
Gunga Dief?"

That night he searched me out,
And he felled me with a clout
Of a heavy, hard-bound RENEGADE
IN POWER;
Then he grabbed me by the throat—
As he squeezed he seemed to gloat—
And his face relaxed in beauty like
a flower;
When he'd finally had his fun,
And he saw that I was done,
He rolled me out somewhere near
Boston Bar,
As I rattled down the side,
His mouth he opened wide
With a howl to shake Toronto's
evening STAR.

It was "Dief! Dief! Dief!"
"That's one less Liberal tool who
will conspire;
"I'll even up the score
"If I just do in some more,"
Thought that hoary old cam-
paigner Gunga Dief.

So he'll meet me later on
At the place where I have gone—
Where it's always printers' strikes
and heads too long;
I'll be hoppin' on the coals,
Cursin' feet with tender soles—
And who'll be sittin' comfy as can
be?
—Gunga Dief!

Yes, Dief! Dief! Dief!
You've a hide of rhino-leather,
Gunga Dief!
Though I've goaded you and
flayed you,
By whatever God that made you,
You've a thicker skin than I have,
Gunga Dief!

Bond

(continued from page three)

smart and snappy way, but fulfilling
its function by virtue of its hollow-
ness.

BOND MYSTIQUE

Mr. Snelling maintains that "Flem-
ing had no particular menage in his
books . . . I doubt if he gave a damn
about authors' responsibility." I tend
to agree, since it is exactly this atti-
tude that is expressed in Bond and
is echoed in the enjoyment of all
readers: the denial of responsibility,
the fear and avoidance of commit-
ment to anything, the not-giving-a-
damn. The comprehensiveness of
Bond's range of "class" pleasures
and techniques, his basic uncaring
brutishness, and his popularity, all
imply the attractiveness and univer-
sality of uncommitment and of not
giving a damn. Perhaps worse, the
exploitation of the Bond image (I
don't mean the movies) makes a kind
of snobbery or mystique out of such
a "freedom."

Mr. Amis approves of the novels
on the grounds of their general
wholesomeness ("single hearted . . .
simple goals" etc.), though he admits
that it is a rather non-committal
wholesomeness and he supports it
non-committally. It is typical of Mr.
Amis both as a critic and, more
pertinently, as a devotee of Bond
that he should avoid committing
himself, of course, but I can't help
feeling that, in this case, he has
allowed the Bond disguise to deceive
his normally shrewd eye for social
tendencies figured in popular fiction
forms.

Like science fiction stories, the
Bond novels are symptomatic of the
social attitudes they reflect and
glamourize. They reflect fears and
make the reader comfortable with
them, but can perhaps not be said
to promote or intensify them. The
popularity and exploitation of the

Dr. King

(continued from page two)

While in jail there for eight days,
King wrote his famous "Letter From
A Birmingham Jail," in response to
a published statement by eight Ala-
bama clergymen, who criticized King
and his Birmingham activities. If
King in his writings has achieved a
piece of work worthy of immortality
in American literature along with
"Common Sense" and "On Civil Dis-
obedience", I think the "Letter From
A Birmingham Jail" is it. The posi-
tion from which King wrote the let-
ter is naturally symbolic — all
Birmingham was in effect little
more than a jail for the Negro. The
"Letter" is many things: an elo-
quent exposure of American hypo-
crisy, a statement of the objectives
of non-violent action, a statement
of the Negro experience under
segregation, a condemnation of the
do-nothing moderate and minister,
and very significantly a statement
of the relation between human per-
sonality and law, justifying the dis-
regarding of the injunction.

UNJUST LAWS

On this latter issue, King wrote:

One has not only a legal but a
moral responsibility to obey
just laws. Conversely, one has
a moral responsibility to dis-
obey unjust laws. I would agree
with St. Augustine that 'an un-
just law is no law at all.' . . .
All segregation statutes are un-
just because segregation distorts
the soul and damages the
personality. It gives the segre-
gator a false sense of superior-
ity and the segregated a false
sense of inferiority. Segrega-
tion, to use the terminology of
the Jewish philosopher Martin
Buber, substitutes an "I-it"
relationship for an "I-thou"
relationship and ends up rele-
gating persons to the status of

things. Hence segregation is
not only politically, economi-
cally and sociologically unsound,
it is morally wrong and sinful.

And finally, King speaks for his
nation with faith and conviction:
"We will reach the goal of freedom
in Birmingham and all over the
nation, because the goal of America
is freedom."

Here, then, we find a supreme af-
firmation of the worth of the human
individual that has somehow been
little more than empty rhetoric in
recent years, in the mouths of
presidents and preachers. From the
pen of Martin Luther King these
words have a peculiar sterling ring.
For they were written in the Bir-
mingham jail, and they were written
by a man whose belief in life and
freedom, in purpose and values, has
led him through the valley of the
shadow of death.

The Montgomery bus boycott . . .
provided a focus for the Negro
mood . . . a spark of hope in the
darkness, a rallying point for a
Negro movement.

The rest of the story can be told
briefly: "Bull" Connor, impatient
with police non-brutality, unleashed
dogs, rolled out fire hoses and or-
dered in men with clubs. But the
Negroes did not stop. Finally, after
a mediator was dispatched from the
federal department of Justice, an
agreement was reached on May 10,
giving the Negroes what they asked
for.

RIOT RESULTS

But segregationist forces respond-
ed to the pact with a series of bomb-
ings, almost precipitating a riot —
which of course was their objective.
It was then that federal power —
that very essential dimension of the
non-violent strategy — in the form
of three thousand troops entered
the Birmingham picture. And thus
the matter was resolved.

The effect of all this — the crises
of Montgomery, Albany and Bir-
mingham — is far-reaching and pro-
foundly significant. Said King: "The
full dimensions of victory can be
found only by comprehending the
change within the minds of millions
of Negroes. From the depths in
which the spirit of Freedom was
imprisoned, an impulse for liberty
burst through. The Negro became,
in his own estimation, the equal of
any man. In the summer of 1963,
the Negroes of America wrote an
emancipation proclamation to them-
selves. They shook off three hun-
dred years of psychological slavery
and said: 'We can make ourselves
free.'"

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 streete 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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