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Thou shalt not . . . I shall and FREEDOM

This is an abridged version of the closing summary at the recent academic symposium on freedom given by Peter Garvie, Director of the University of Victoria School of Fine Arts.

We should begin our inquiry into the nature of freedom, I think, not with our institutions, but with ourselves — what goes on inside our own skulls.

An institution will remain free only if its members are free and believe that it is important that it remain free. And while we are all aware that collective man differs in many ways from individual man, we expect that the behaviour of the mass will in many ways mirror that of the individual.

To begin, then, in the simplest way. I shall . . . is freedom. Thou shalt not . . . is freedom's opposite. I shall implies a will to something, a desire for it, a choice made, and in the I a sense of identity. But we cannot equate virtue with one, evil with the other.

The cry of a two-year-old "Me do it!" is a cry of freedom and exploration. When he cries for his mother, he seeks its opposite — reassurance, order, restraint; he sheds his tiny burden of freedom. The I Shall and Thou Shalt Not co-exist in us, even then, and will continue to do so later in more complex relationships.

Both Dr. Pareis and Mr. Schwarz (in their contributions) put among the necessary qualities of a free person rationality of psychological balance. Whatever our area of choice — and we may differ on how wide it is — we cannot choose freely without the capacity to define and to weigh the choices, and that demands a balance in our psychology so that reason operates instead of compulsion.

The next quality we seek in a free man is flexibility. This is not the same as being pliant, and compliant. Habit and all sorts of conditioning prevent the mind being flexible, and so deprive it of free choice, or even of discovering what choices there may be.

Another quality that we sense in our concept of freedom is that it seems to concern the individual versus the group, or at least the small unit versus the large.

Large groups or institutions rarely act in matters of choice as an individual does. By their size and complexity they cannot. The management of a large business corporation makes most decisions by policy. The law cannot be created anew for each case; precedent rules. The free individual, though, gives weight to individual cases; guided by rules and experience, but not bound by them. And it should be emphasized that

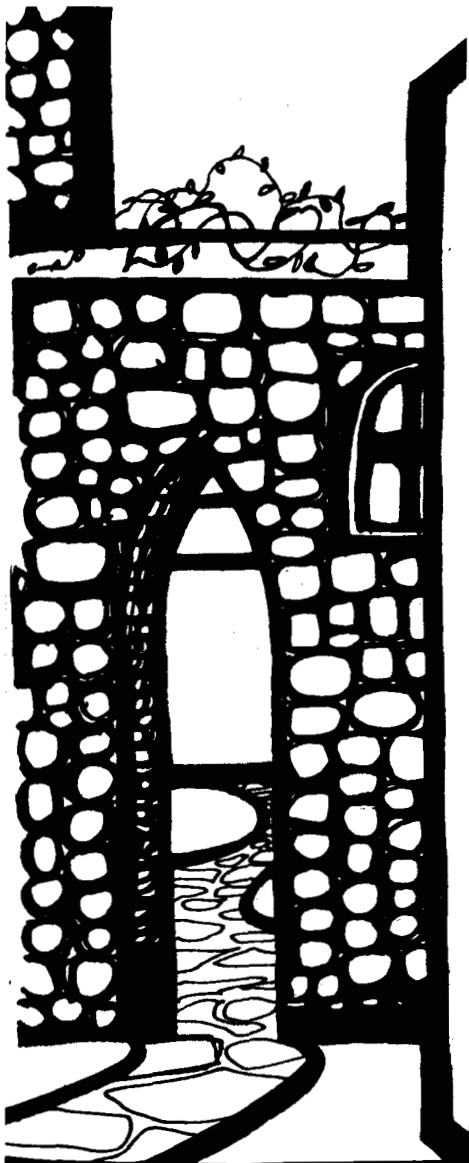
the individual may exercise his freedom often and properly, not by liberating, but by restraining the group.

There is yet another quality of the free man, and it may well be the key one: identity. To know who and what one is, and to accept it, gives one a free base from which to act. This sense of identity differs from egoism because one strives to know the whole truth about oneself, which may well not be flattering or comfortable.

It is certainly true that loss of freedom comes from loss of identity. The victims of saturation bombing do not have an identity to the pilots above them. The treatment of people in the concentration camps became easy to the guards because the prisoners had no identity. They were not fellow human beings; they were starved, dirty, submissive objects — with numbers, not identities. Violent behaviour towards others always becomes easier if they can be regarded as without identity, as an unlike mass — as Jews or wogs or niggers.

But we must come to our own scale, to the kinds of moral problems that confront us with our concern to lead with as much freedom as

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The Doctrine of Administrative Incompetence

by L.B.J.F.

You are right. L.B.J. is not who you think he is, but is, of course, a concerned student at the University of Victoria.

Once upon a time in the land of Pedagogue and Foggery there existed throughout the kingdom many Institutes of Post-Secondary Publication and Research. These expensive institutions, supported through royal taxes, investigated the "Great Void."

The Institutes employed two types of pedagogues who were paid according to their usefulness. The most highly salaried were the scientists who chiseled away at the 'Great Void' bit by bit, and then wrote about their chiselings. More highly esteemed, though working for a lesser wage were the humanists. They studied the Great Void, learned nothing but wrote more. Both scientist and humanist were rewarded with riches and honours.

The unhappy element that clouded the efficient education system of the kingdom was that of the students, who were used by the institute administrators to justify the financial support from the state. The students came to the institutes seeking Truth, Excellence and The Holy Grail and similar abstractions. It was the duty of the younger pedagogues to "dissert themselves" in large lecture theatres. Great numbers of students became disillusioned and the prevailing atmosphere became one of permanent hatred, fear, and loneliness. Periodically the idealistic students would lead other students in demonstrations and protests which would convulse the institutions for weeks. Because of all the fear and hatred the institutes were forced to hire brilliant administrators who used police, tear gas, and internal organizations, to maintain order.

In all the kingdom there was one glowing exception to this unhappy situation. This was the institute of Happy Hollow, which prided itself on the intimate relationship it had carefully fostered among student, administrator, and faculty. This was the conscious result of a well worked out plan, that of THE DOCTRINE OF ADMINISTRATIVE INCOMPETENCE.

This doctrine, was a brilliant policy formulated during the years of the First Great Convulsion, when an official pointed out that under the Bureaucratic Supremacy Act of 1963 the administrators had been given a legal monopoly on incompetence.

The administrators set up an energetic program to invoke the latent rage seething among the students of Happy Hollow by complete incompetence. First they fired all the pedagogues who were loved and esteemed. Simultaneously the President of the Institute gave several addresses declaring the perpetual aim of the institute was one of rewarding GOOD teachers. When questioned the President just shrugged and paid no attention to the nasty rumours which suggested that of all the known academic rewards the greatest honour was dishonourable discharge from the Institute of Happy Hollow.

The plan of course worked. The students were so perturbed that each day larger and larger numbers of students scheduled appointments with the administrators to protest the unwarranted dismissals.

Thus the President and Deans spent every working day meeting student delegations and debating the fine points of ACADEMIC FREEDOM. The students soon realized that the administrators were sincerely incompetent and began to feel very protective and paternalistic towards them. The faculty were delighted as they were relieved of their teaching obligations. This freed them for research and publications and the institute became noted for its warm student-administrative relationship.

This pattern was repeated. Whenever a student-administration relations breakdown became imminent the deans would fire the most popular teacher. The administrators would then simply sit back in their offices, meeting all the students beginning with "A" and working down to "Z."

Cordial relationships was also established with the student government and official administrators. The ambitious students on the "Control Council of Federated Students" soon realized that the "Doctrine of Administrative Incompetence" permitted them a free reign in the affairs of the Institute. Because the remaining pedagogues at the Institute were meek and conservative, the Control Council was able to apply coercion and pressure so that within a decade the Council had completely supplanted the administrators as those responsible for the day to day functioning of the Institute. This suited the administrators who were too taken up with seeing outraged students to be bothered with such trivialities as "running the show."

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NICE BOY

By ROBIN JEFFREY

We have a friend who is a Nice Boy.

Now don't misunderstand. There are worse things to be than a Nice Boy. The Child Molester comes to mind on the spur of the moment, and I'm sure there are others.

At any rate, our friend oozes with Nice Boyishness. His hair is always tidy. He uses deodorant. He is never unshaven. He plays rugby. He likes classical music and the theatre. He sings in the church choir. He instructs a troop of Boy Scouts. Nice Boyishness is coming out of his clean, wax-free ears.

We wouldn't claim that he never says damn, but the last time any of us heard him say it was March 23, 1961.

I remember the occasion vividly. We were golfing at Cedar Hill, and he was using a family heirloom, wood-shafted driver. He mounted the rocks on the fifth tee, swiped at his ball, and as it bounced and trickled down the rocks, the head of the family driver flew off and, with string trailing, sailed 100 yards down the middle of the fairway.

"Dammit," he said with some authority. "Dammit."

We were all quite pleased.

But later he must have been filled with remorse, because he hasn't said it since.

It's the same with drinking. We know he'll take a bottle of beer and we know he'll go into a pub. But only with his mother.

Perhaps we're too critical, though. He's a handy guy to have at parties. Although he doesn't dance, he never gets drunk and he never talks to everybody.

And whenever you want to get rid of your Fair-Haired Sister, you can pass her off on him. You know she'll be safe. As safe as if she were with your father. Safer, even. As safe as if she were with your mother.

It's the same sort of thing when there's a fight at a party. You know how it is: a couple will get a bit tipsy and then She will claim He is drunk. Then there's a scene and they break up.

Well, within 10 seconds, the girl has approached our friend and said with tear-filled eyes: "Will you take me home?"

And of course he always does. And the girl never has to worry about his taking advantage of her drunken, rebounding condition. Indeed, our friend is the same in social situations as he used to be in soccer: he never could do anything with a rebound.

Our friend also collects stamps. He has an impressive collection which has quite a reputation in our circle. Often he will ask some Sweet Young Thing whom he has just met: "Would you like to come around and see my stamp collection? My parents are out," he warns her (that's all part of his Nice Boyishness), "but I think you'd find it enjoyable."

And do you know what? She goes! Every time! Without question or qualm!

And do you know what else? He does show her his stamp collection! Every time!

Despite this, however, we have to concede that he has oodles of savoir faire. For instance, there's nobody like him for dealing with Maiden Aunts.



Whenever there's a party at his house, there is always a clutch of Maiden Aunts. They don't really upset things because it's a big house, but they always come in "to meet my friends."

They totter into the big recreation room downstairs, and he rushes over and kisses them. Some of the cynics among us say he is practising for the Real Thing. He's perfecting his technique in a bull-pen of Maiden Aunts, they say.

We don't all accept this, of course. But we're all agreed that if he is, he's making a big mistake. It's like playing softball to practise for baseball: all it does is throw your timing off. And you can be a graceful-looking Maiden-Aunt-kisser and still look like Dumbo the Baby Elephant when you play baseball.

But, as I say, we don't necessarily accept the cynics' theory anyway.

But we do worry a lot about our friend. We're all quite certain, you see, that so much Nice Boyishness is bound to crack. It unhealthy and unnatural. It's like damming the Pacific Ocean. Eventually this edifice of Nice Boyishness will come tumbling down, like a Tower of Babel, in an orgy of drunkenness and wenching.

And we want to prevent this if we can. And if we can't, we sure want to be there to see it when it happens.

FREEDOM . . .

(continued from page one)

morally possible. And the first problem is when emphasis is put upon one freedom at the expense of others.

The social reformer may say, like Brecht, "Grub first; then ethics" — and to improve the physical conditions of those towards the lower end of the scale be quite prepared to curtail the freedom of others.

The conservative may put freedom from regulation and bureaucracy above that sort of reform — though he will not admit consciously to restricting the freedom of the less fortunate. The member of a colony in Africa sees his freedom in terms of getting that white governor out of government house, though later he may regret the anarchy, the authoritarianism, the violence that follow the exclusive pursuit of that one freedom.

Let me pose two other problems that come out of my experience as a broadcaster — my experience on both sides, as it were. There was a time when I felt that it was becoming impossible to carry out our mandate.

And this mandate said that there was no subject that was not a proper one for radio and television, if it was handled with taste, intelligence and fairness.

There was a retreat from this to timidity. Broadcasting was not free. The problem was, at what point to make a stand? Make it on a weak issue, and the larger cause may be prejudiced. Wait for the right issue, and can one be sure that one really is acting out of tactical shrewdness, and not out of an unwillingness to take the stand at all?

Or take the problem posed when the private behaviour of an individual begins to affect the institution of which he is a member. His morals may not be, to say the least, above reproach; as private behaviour this is tolerated or overlooked by the institution. But when it becomes public behaviour, at what point is the institution entitled to infringe on his freedom because his work is impeded by it or the institution damaged in the eyes of others?

The definition and practice of freedom — and I'm sure after these two days of talk that you would agree — are neither of them easy. The moral

problems are like a labyrinth. Through it, our experience, judgment and conscience must guide us. All those things in which we are not free may well lead us astray.

The most difficult stage, though, I have not touched on. We enter it once we have become as free as we are able — flexible and balanced identities. This stage is what prevents identity becoming egoism. We have to recognize and encourage the freedom of others by giving our own.

For some it is the surrender of the self to God, the willing surrender. And perhaps that surrender would lack meaning, not be willing, if there were no identity, no freedom to give up. For all of us it is the difficult freedom to choose something above and beyond one's own ego. It was best put, I think, by Rilke, speaking of love — and love comprehending the wider meanings of charity:

. . . enlarge the freedom of a love with all the freedom in one's own possession.

All we can offer where we love is this: to loose each other; for to hold each other comes easy to us and requires no learning.

INCOMPETENCE . . .

(continued from page one)

Thus the institute of Happy Hollow became famous both for its unrelenting suppression of academic freedom and its advocacy of a warm and friendly academic community. After all the other institutions in the Land of Pedagogue and Foggery had been forced to close down because of student riots, the Institute of Happy Hollow enjoyed unprecedented financial support, and the "doctrine of Administrative Incompetence," carefully nurtured through the years, was a success.

The last word in the affair came from an ancient scholar who I questioned concerning the origins of the success of this famous institution: He looked up from his research microscope, wiped the last bit of culture from his hands and gave this comment in a frail and quaking voice:

"I suppose you could say it all began with the Era of Administrative Incompetence, when the bureaucrats first began to consciously lose their faculties."

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Bowman Replies:

Washington Betrayed Taiwan



There are so few people even in Washington to say a good word for the fugitive Chiang Kai-shek, he would surely be pleased to see that he has a learned defender on the faculty at Royal Roads — Canada's top-ranking military college. Some charitably-minded reader should send him the Martlet with Gerald Morgan's article.

My distinguished critic asks "Which Way to the Ministry of Truth?" I shall be happy to help him find it.

My information about the betrayal of the people of Taiwan by authorities in Washington is public knowledge.

When I served as chairman of the speaker's committee of the Monterey Peninsula branch of the World Affairs Council, an audience of members heard the facts from one U.S. emissary to Taiwan: a former naval officer.

He told how representatives of the people of Taiwan were assured — before admitting the fugitive — that Chiang would be accompanied by no military force. They wanted neither Kuomintang grafters or Communist revolutionaries on the island.

Gerald Morgan describes Chiang Kai-shek as the revolutionary general "who beat Mao to the succession of Sun Yat Sen in 1927, and fought for twenty-two years to unify China in spite of Chinese warlords, Western concessionaires, Japanese armies and Mao's red horde." If this is true reporting of Chiang's record, he is the only "revolutionary general" in history who made himself a multi-millionaire in the process.

Actually Sun Yat Sen's widow repudiated Chiang as unworthy of the confidence of the people of China — and Madame Sun stood high in popular esteem.

The following is quoted as a gem of mine:

Washington poured millions of dollars into the coffers of Chiang Kai-shek in a vain bid to stop Mao Tse-tung. They were backing the wrong horse."

My critic goes on to say: "Clearly the right horse for Mr. Bowman was Mao..."

I never imagined that Mao Tse-tung could mobilize the starving peasants to drive Chiang out of China.

The right horse in my opinion would have been Chang Hsiao Liang, the young Marshal of the Chinese army—with headquarters in Peking. He had the men, but lacked munitions.

Raised from boyhood in Mukden—with a western companion, James Elder—both were educated by a British tutor. They played tennis and golf together, went on photographing expeditions, flew an airplane. They were opposed to Chiang's reliance of aid from Soviet Russia—when he returned after police state training in Moscow.

When the Japanese attacked at Mukden, and pushed up into the eastern provinces, the Young Marshal urged Chiang to declare war on Japan. Chiang refused.

The young Marshal arranged a conference with Chiang, and tried to force him at gun-point to sign a declaration of war. Chiang got out of it by asking to be allowed to take the night to think it over. He escaped in his night shirt.

My critic makes a derogatory reference to General Joe Stilwell, thus:

"Vinegar Joe" Stilwell wrote poems in his dirty diary about Chiang with iambic lines like "I hate his guts"; he cut off the flow of silver to Chiang at the very moment when the Russians had Mao ready to roll.

When Chiang's troops were refusing to fight—and hundreds of millions of U.S. dollars were doing down the drain—Washington sent General Joseph Stilwell (known to be tough) to take charge.

He soon found the reason for the troops refusing to fight. They were not being paid. "Vinegar Joe" tried to get this situation rectified. He proposed to Generalissimo Chiang that the troops

be paraded and paid in public—so he could see they were paid.

Chiang indignantly refused. He said General Stilwell's proposal reflected on the high command!

So Mao's forces grew—by desertion from Chiang's — and by rebellious troops throwing away their rifles and ammunition. Mao's peasants in many instances were armed by the discarded rifles.

Pages of the Martlet could be filled in answer to the learned head of the Department of English at Royal Roads.

Edgar Snow's book, "The Other Side of the River", is doubtless in Victoria University's library, or in Victoria Public Library. He is an authority on China. He has recorded some appalling instances of suffering brought upon millions of Chinese peasants by Chiang Kai-shek's ruthlessness, and disregard for anything but himself.

Incidentally, in President Johnson's tour of significant outposts in Asia last autumn, he omitted paying a call on the head of the police state in Taiwan. Net grant and credits (including military) by the United States to Chiang's government in Taiwan, up to 1960, amounted to \$2,937,000,000: heavy backing of the wrong horse.

Mr. Bowman, past editor of THE OTTAWA CITIZEN, is a regular contributor to the Martlet Magazine.



page poet

A Poem

by

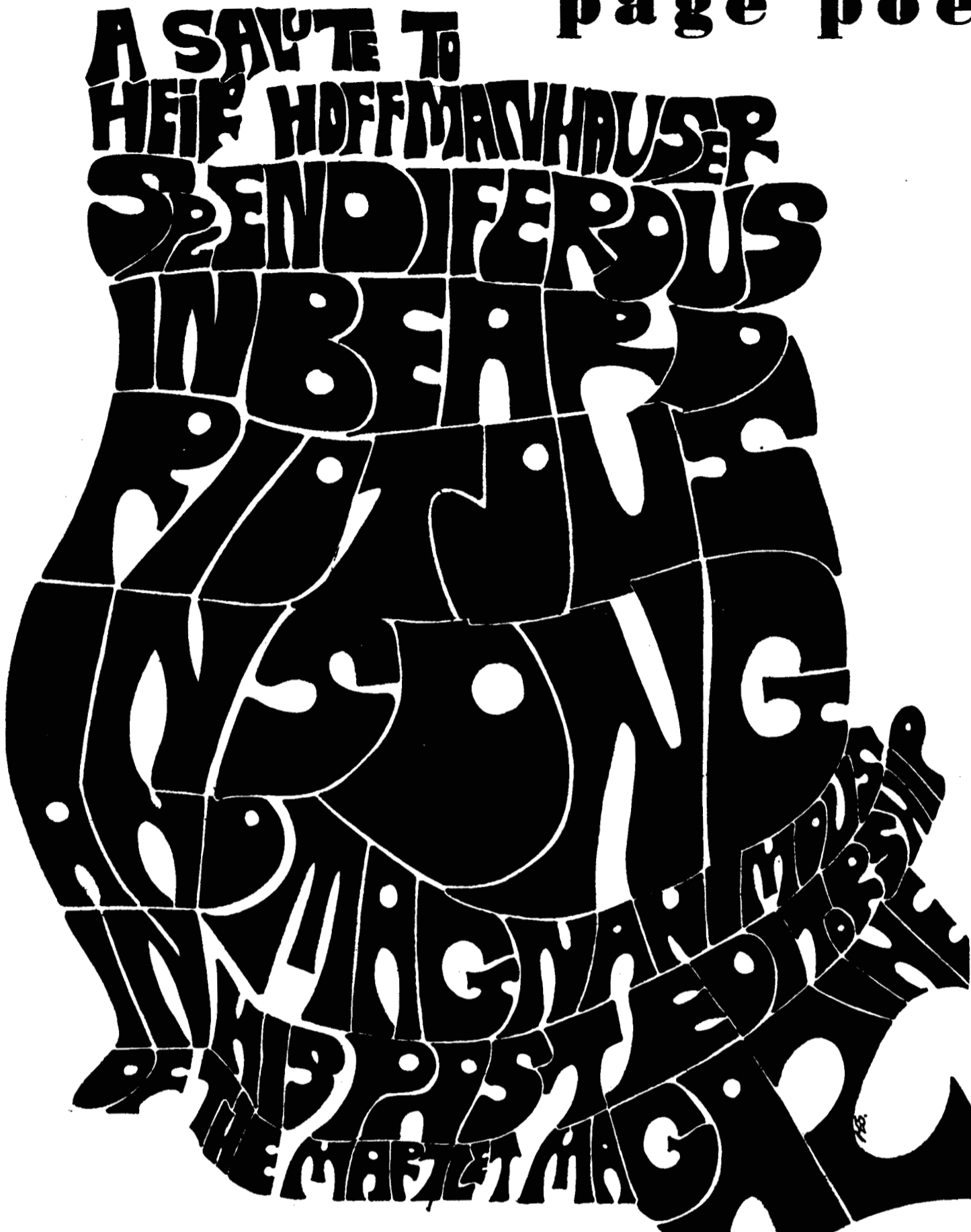
Ian McConnell

wind howls
night again.
rain stings
as lights effervesce

the ground
sucking and smacking
at my feet,
holding yet
breaking loose.

and then,
then that
inside.

i will die
loving her.



Simplicity

Quadragesima, a quite infidel feast,
WAS one hazardous rite or febrile at least;
Monecius scutelate, as I've always said,
Embittens the thiamide found in brown bread.
You know Wassermann Windelspread breeds lice on his head?
And worm-eaten worm-gear thyroids the ever-growing dead?
Poinciana, a comradic, considerate, commonplace fool,
Infrotuates frenatic frenology while considerpool.
Phonobarbital acid contaminates crystalline jocular boxes.
To comprehend inefficacious, corrugated, vampirical phrases
One must go to the corner store to buy a book of "Simple Simon SAYSES."
So now my chere amice
To be terse and concise,
Vehement vega Lope VeDe
Say his friend Confucius Say:
Go quickly and runny
Before friends take me for dumb-bunny.
Strawberry fields foe-eva . . .

Sir bern cote

Editor's Note

Acknowledgements are due to the Provincial Archives for the compilation, in part, of the historical background and information in last week's feature on the Robert Aller exhibition.

Martlet Magazine

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Unsolicited material, including articles, poems and short stories, should be clearly addressed to the MARTLET MAGAZINE and either mailed to or left at the Martlet office. Contributions should be signed and consist of topical, political or literary material.

C.I.A. LINKS DENIED

At last report, Mr. James Hoffman, outgoing editor of the Martlet Magazine, had emphatically denied charges that his resignation was prompted by allegations of CIA intervention concerning the Martlet Magazine.

Mr. Guy Stanley was not available for comment.