

# mm Provincial Responsibility -- Answer to Separatism

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by Nick Lang



**To understand Quebec today one must realize that it has changed more in the past ten years than any other province in Canada and that like many societies in transition it is seeking brand new approaches to both new and familiar problems.**

Until 1959 Quebec politics were rigidly controlled by Maurice Duplessis who tried to preserve Quebec as an enclave of outmoded patterns and forms. Duplessis' death and the victory of Lesage and the Liberals ushered in a new era for Quebec. "The Quiet Revolution" saw highways constructed, dams built, public services such as Hydro Quebec brought under government control, and an explosive growth in education which brought about a wave of intellectual awareness all across the province.

All revolutions have their side effects. One of the side effects of the Quiet Revolution was that while the urban areas of the province, particularly Montreal, and some of the far northern areas benefitted from the great changes the more rural and traditional areas of the province tended to miss out on the economic progress. Large numbers of rural people moved into the cities where, cut off from the normal basis of their existence and finding their rural skills of little use, they felt rootless. Another effect of the revolution was that a new class of French Canadian technocrats — engineers, scientists and technicians began to replace priests and lawyers as graduates of Quebec institutions. These technocrats moved into Montreal and into the Civil Service and in both areas they found that their jobs were controlled and supervised by unilingual English Canadians. Many came to feel that regardless of what talent they possessed they could never rise to more than second class status. It

was obvious that these feelings of discontent must find some expression. They found it in Separatism.

Added to this were many specific grievances. Quebecers resented the fact that many of the employees in C.P.R. and C.N.R. trains in Quebec spoke no French. They felt that with rare exceptions the armed forces of their own country never used the French language and that the services acted as "powerful agents for the progressive anglicization of the serviceman's family as well as the man himself." They resented the fact that it was difficult if not impossible to communicate with the Civil Service in French. Increasingly literate and increasingly mobile French Canadians were painfully aware that French language educational facilities outside Quebec were pitifully inadequate. Such grievances are not trivial to a proud and linguistically conscious people.

It was in such a climate that Separatism made its appeal. It was by no means a new idea. Confederation had hardly been completed when Quebec leaders like the Dorion brothers began to try to undo it. It had been prevalent too after the Riel affair and had been used even by Duplessis at opportune moments. But with the Quiet Revolution came a more permissive attitude towards newspapers, television, and radio so that many ideas were discussed more widely than before. Such a climate allowed separatist ideas to spread.

Separatism today is by no means a unified

movement. Some groups such as the F.L.Q., and its successor the N.F.L.Q., advocate violence and have been responsible for blowing up mail boxes and destroying public property. There are groups of aging intellectuals, such as the Laurentian Movement which wants to call a separated Quebec "Laurentia," and which does little but print the occasional book. The RN or Rallement National led by the Separatist M.P. Gilles Gregoire is based on a sort of rural conservatism turned anti-Canadian. The most significant group is the RIN or **Rallement pour L'Independance National**. It is left wing politically and draws most of its support from students, although it does claim members from all walks of life including some priests and a monk of my acquaintance. Its president and spokesman, Pierre Bourgault, is young, bright and articulate but has so many demagogic qualities that even many of his followers distrust him. "Bourgault is too much like Duplessis" an RIN member I knew told me.

The entry of Rene Levesque into the Separatist camp with his plan for a common market with Canada puts a new face on things. Levesque is a man of proven administrative ability, noted for his honesty and has most of the charismatic qualities of a leader. If he forms a real political party even his most bitter opponents feel sure he will at least get elected himself in the next provincial election and he may well carry several supporters with him.

Within the Union Nationale government there are elements which often seem separatist to the English press. Cultural Affairs Minister Jean Noel Tremblay and Minister Without Portfolio Marcel Masse are generally considered the leaders of the younger, more radical wing. However Premier Johnson and Opposition Leader Lesage have declared themselves against Separatism and there seems to be little prospect that either of the old line parties will fall into the Separatist camp in the near future.

Separatists remain a minority in Quebec. But almost all French Canadian Quebecois seem dis-

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## page review

### B.C. Tel. Choir Featured in Symphony "Pops" Concert review by Cam Ellison

Victoria's first "pops" Concert this season turned out to be rather an interesting performance featuring the B.C. Telephone Choir under Mr. Leslie Monk, and young Calgary pianist, Miss Irene Weiss.

The concert opened with Rossini's Overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, a piece done very well by the orchestra. It was pleasing to hear the great improvement in the violins since last year—very disciplined, and very responsive to the wishes of the maestro.

Then the B.C. Tel Choir took over the concert with four pieces, two arrangements by C. T. Burleigh of Negro spiritudo: "Deep River," and "My Lord, What a Morning," "Gound's Trumpet Blow, Music Flow," and Ketelby's "In a Monastery Garden." The first of the Bureigh pieces was fairly well done, though the tempo was too slow. The second was better, but there seemed to be a lack of feeling for the piece. This was likely due to interpretation. The Gounod was similarly uninspired, although part of the problem may be the choice of the particular piece—Gounod wrote better things than that. The Ketelby, by contrast, was quite good. While the style is not my favorite, I found it well balanced, and the "Kyrie eleison" was particularly well-done.

The next four pieces on the program were for choir with instrumental accompaniment. After a false start due to a change in program, the choir began with Handel's "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," which was fairly well done. Then came the well-known Trumpet Voluntary by Purcell, and another Handel piece: "Awake the Trumpet's Lofty Sound." All three pieces were handled in a style not suitable to English Baroque music. Handel and Purcell should be done lightly, and the choir was a little heavy-footed. The style was more suited to the "Anvil Chorus" from Verdi's *II Trovatore*, so called because of the realistic

additions to the percussion section. Here the choir was in its element.

Generally, the B.C. Telephone Choir seemed quite good, no screeching sopranos, and the balance between sections was good, save for the odd proveim in the tenor section. The enunciation varied, the words sometimes very clear, and sometimes unintelligible. The men have excellent tone, and the combined tenor and bass passages were well executed.

The second part of the program began with the Grieg A Minor Concerto, performed by Miss Irene Weiss. I want it understood that this in no way impaired my judgment, but Miss Weiss did not even have to play for the ovation she received. Nevertheless, she was very good. Her technique is excellent and she has a touch and a sense of interpretation remarkably mature for someone of her age. The Grieg is not an easy piece to play or interpret.

Grieg based much of his music on folk rhythms, and hence performance of it requires an interpretation that supports this folk flavour. Generally, Miss Weiss seemed to have understood well what Grieg wanted. Her rendition was a little slower than most, but not so much as to seriously alter the nature of the music. I did find disconcerting her semi-staccato approach to the forte passages. This apart, her performance was excellent, and she deserved the standing ovation she got from the audience, which I suspect was due in some small part to her looks, although she certainly deserved the applause on her performance alone.

The concert closed with Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. Here the orchestra was very much at home, more so than with Grieg. Maestro Gati's interpretation was excellent, and the Lesson moved with the lightness and vigor demanded by the form. It was an excellent conclusion to a generally good concert.

**Note:** O. Ren wishes to thank Mr. Harper for his review of the Mark Deller Concert

### Two Reviews by Jim Hoffman

#### Listen to the Warm

Rod McKuen  
New York: Random House  
Available at IVYS, \$4.95

Love, for Rod McKuen, is the message of life. It exists fleetingly by a country flower or near a murky street corner and must be grasped exactly as it presents itself before it flees.

*Listen to the Warm* is a collection of love-poems and lyrics about the occurrences of love in different places and how the poet as man grasps for it. He may not always receive love but he's prepared to recognize the difficulties in a too-complex world.

For love brings to McKuen an Idyllic solace from the world. It makes beautiful the world and

his place in it, and brings to his poetry an honest simplicity and smooth eloquence.

McKuen values above all a direct apprehension of love, without the verbal gymnastics or conceits of a Wyatt or a Rossetti.

His poems, therefore, utilize soft sounds, natural rhythms, and the pure image:

I want to be alone with you,  
I want my thighs to speak your name  
so softly only you can hear.  
This place was made  
for those who still play hide-and-peek  
we're home free.

*Listen To The Warm* is McKuen's second book of love lyrics, his first being *Stanyan Street and Other Sorrows*, published last year. Many of his poems have been recorded as songs, some famous, such as *The World I Used To Know*.

#### Kingdom of Absence

Dennis Lee  
Toronto: House of Anansi  
\$1.95

Rarely is the world so consistently black. While Dennis Lee pines and pines the bleak existential ethos obliterates without regard.

Like Samuel Beckett he believes that reality is a void, that truth is silence and that man's best efforts are greeted only by an indifferent mortality.

It is a recurrence of the darkling plain imagined in a perma-frost world of sheer ice and sub-zero waters. And Lee is numbed to any action. Life is "lethal tedium." Coldness.

Dennis Lee, a twenty-eight year-old Torontonian, is universal man lamenting the absurdity of life; he is also a modern Canadian poet, who voices the added frustration of living the castrated cultural life:

Toronto the good is dead, and Revell's  
luminous towers look down on yankee

heaven: chrome under smog.  
Hung between styles.

His vision is shaded by a cold, mad world of unreality like Van Gogh's. Like the artist too, he uses vivid form.

Lee's "Absence" poems, numbering forty-three, are terse, tightly-stanzaed works that are shot with dramatic colorings in technique. For his singleness of perception, Lee's range is remarkable. He is serious, dreamy, ironic, desperate, bitter, even hopeful.

Important in the vision is Lee himself. The personal element takes on a very distinctive aspect in the "Kingdom"; Lee honestly and clearly assesses himself when among the "heroes."

I did not trust their suns, and I could not  
consent to any light that was not dark.

Perhaps one or both of the two books of poetry Lee is working on at present will find him "consenting to a light." Whatever, *Kingdom of Absence* is a worthy account of a mind at low ebb and, deservedly, is already in its second printing.

### A Short Story by Brian Anderson

The tide was on the ebb, and as the waves crept down the beach they left a lone body stranded and prostrate upon the sand. The sun was high in the sky and, looking down upon this, thought that he was an unlikely sort to be here alone, away from his people and his work. The black robes that saged with water were discolored and only the unfaded sections, that had been protected from the sun, resembled past glory. One shoe was missing and the foot bare. The white collar had warped and lost its shape as it dried in the sun. The only sound was that of the waves spilling upon the sand.

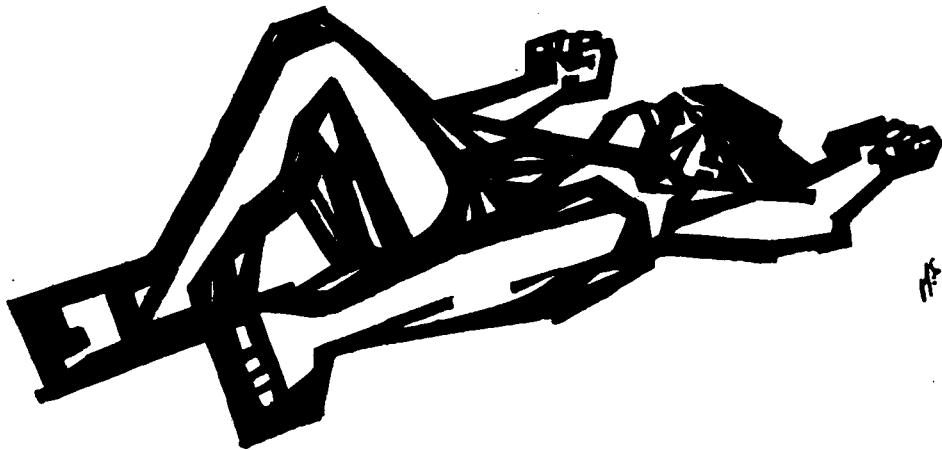
Night was soon falling and the man made his way to the edge of the palms. He curled up underneath the trees and covered himself with grass to keep himself warm. All that night he got no sleep, but lay awake thinking how hungry he was and how fortunate that God had spared him and set him aground on this island.

The sun lit up the eastern sky and the man began to move about. The first step in survival is to find food and the man lost no time in his search. He started away from the shore looking for fruits which should be plentiful in the undergrowth and in the trees. He had only gone fifty yards when he found himself facing the sea again. Moving to his right, he began to follow the beach. The island appeared quite circular and he had only been gone but ten minutes when he came upon his own tracks. The first sign of worry, other than the wonder of how he was going to get off the island, began to plague him and he was now concerned with his very survival upon this island. Another search of the forest proved hopeful, as he came across a date tree. He collected the fruit and sat down upon the grass and, saying grace, he ate. His stomach full, he set out to discover how large his island was.

He found a tall tree and climbed it. He could only succeed in making it up to the fifteen foot level and his unshoed foot bled from the ankle. His hands were red and scratched and it hurt him to hold on to the tree. That part of the island which was between him and the early morning sun was just a thin strip of sand and a narrow expanse of grass, out of which several trees grew. He began to look towards the north and found it similar, except for a small grove of trees, which formed a semi-circle, opening towards him. The pain bothered him and he only had energy enough to have a brief look at the rest of the island. He was soon down on the ground again and tore a section from the lining of his robes and bound his ankle. The other shoe was now ragged, as the tree had torn at the stitching, which had been weakened by exposure, and so he cast it away, remembering to keep the shoelace. His mind was filled with thoughts of the island as he made his way towards the grove of trees.



# The Island



He knew that the island was very small, even smaller than he had anticipated when he had walked around it. It was about sixty yards wide from east to west and was only slightly smaller from north to south. There were in all fifteen trees; he had overestimated this as he had walked around the island. This mistake he attributed to his counting the same trees twice when he saw them from different angles. The majority of the trees lay to the north of the island, where he had seen the grove. The southern side of the island, as if in contrast, was almost barren of trees. One only stood out, as if it were keeping watch over that shore. It was a miracle in itself that that tree should have grown where it was, for the ground on the southern part of the island was quite rough and bore resemblances to cooled lava. It was a valid assumption that this island had been created by a volcano, which had erupted from the sea bottom. This was all that remained of one of nature's most violent forces.

He approached the grove and as he drew nearer he was overcome by the effect it presented. It reminded him of the approach to the altar in his church back home. This memory was so total that he knelt down and crossed himself in reverence. He noticed how the grass, which grew between the trees, almost shut out the outside world except in the direction from which he had come. The trees reached high above him in a symbolic arc. He then decided that this would be his place. It was almost as if God had prepared this for his coming. He took two sticks and, tying them with the shoelace, he hung them on the centrally located tree; he then knelt before the tree and did not move. The island was also still.

The sky in the west reddened and brought about action in the grove as the man made ready for the night. Darkness soon enveloped the island and the man was able to fall asleep this time. It was still dark when the shadows stirred and the man began to wander about the grove. He stopped in front of the crossed sticks and they looked down upon him as he went through the automatic procedure of prayer. It was hunger that had driven him from his sleep and he paced idly, waiting for the sun. Loneliness was so very apparent to him. The trees were a constant audience and the only replies to his questions were the mute sounds of the night.

The exercise of prayer was more an entertainment for himself as he sat beneath the trees and tried to hear the sun going down. The day had gone by and the man had found no foods. The date tree had been cleaned the day before and there were no other plants to be found on the island. The trees were without fruit also, because of the season. These facts raced through the man's head. The most predominant puzzle, however, was the presence of vegetation and no

outward sign of water. The man was so concerned with his hunger and thirst that he got no sleep that night. The night was spent wishing for the day and his prayers, of finding food, were unformalized, and he made no more gestures toward the crossed sticks, which hung dejectedly from the tree.

The third day on the island was a rampaging search. The man ran from one end of the island to the other and there were trails where his searchings had taken him. The island was so familiar to the man, that all he had seen was everything and everything was all that he was seeing. The grove stood about him and watched on as the uselessness and futility of the man expressed itself in all his actions.

He had returned to the grove in desperation and his shouts for help fell upon unhearing, or unwanted ears. The frustration turned to rage and the man began to tear at the grass bed he had made for himself. He ripped the sticks from their resting place and threw them, broken, upon the ground. The rage was so intense, that he ran from the grove howling old phrases, he remembered from his earlier days. These were imprinted upon the land and mirrored, disgustingly, by the trees, which watched with microscopic eyes. The man ran blindly and without purpose and he soon tripped himself up and lay unconscious on the ground. Wild dreams raced through his head and his only undistorted sense was telling him never to drink seawater again.

The next day the sun shone down on the island and the trees smiled up to him; the sun knew and laughed. The island had beaten off the intrusion and the rejoicing was everywhere. It was only a body now and the island laughed at the man, who lay without motion. The birds sang and flew from tree to tree telling the news. There were too many mouths and all too few ears. Each tree, each blade of grass, each fruit and each animal had his story to tell and all were telling them at once. All knew:

The man was the outsider, he paid homage to this strange symbol, the crossed sticks. He was not aware that a tree is a tree and a grass is a grass, and neither had a master, but each knew that he was a tree or a grass and because of this knowledge, each was the best tree and the best grass. They were true and they were themselves. They didn't need the droppings of others to acquire a self. They were the self, themselves. Tree, grass, man, and the self survives! ●

Brian Anderson is a second-year Arts and Science student at the University of Victoria.

## Separatism . . .

(continued from page one)

contented with the present situation. If Canada is to continue from coast to coast it must be prepared to come to terms with the moderate majority in Quebec.

The recommendations of the Royal Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism represent significant progress in this direction. It is hoped that these recommendations will be given sincere consideration by the Federal and Provincial governments. The worst possible thing that could happen at this stage in Canada's growth would be for English Canadians to ignore the concept of a bilingual Canada. Anglophiles who wrap themselves in the Union Jack and call for "One nation, one Canada" should remember that "One nation, One Quebec" is one of the most popular Separatist slogans.

Since B.C. has one of the smallest French-speaking minorities of any Canadian province it is not as directly affected by the Bi and Bi reports as are other areas. But there are several things the Provincial Government could do to help in the development of a new 2nd century Canada. The amount of French taught in B.C. Schools should be greatly enlarged and should be begun at an earlier age, perhaps as low as Grade 3. Efforts should be made to improve the quality of French by importing teachers from Quebec and France, and special government scholarships should be provided for B.C. Students who wish to spend a year at French language Canadian institutions. French could be recognized as an official language in the B.C. legislature and a limited bilingualism should be encouraged in such areas as the B.C. Travel Bureau. B.C. Municipalities could also help by declaring "French Canada" weeks and by aiding and supporting tours of Quebec musicians and dancers. Certainly a little dose of French Canadian colour would not hurt Victoria.

Besides these measures there are other ways in which Separatism may be combatted. Despite the efforts of the Quiet Revolution, Quebec still remains economically backward. Part of the reason for the Separatist success is that they have been able to attribute this to "les anglais" and to Federal policies. A prominent Quebec Federalist put it like this: "As long as the standard of living is lower in French Canada than it is in Ontario the French Canadians will blame the rest of Canada for their Economic situation." Certainly a strong Federal campaign to raise living standards in Quebec would destroy much of the Separatist support in rural Quebec.

Anyone who has had the privilege to live in Quebec can testify to the exciting cultural Renaissance that is taking place there today. The spirited approach the Quebecois brings to life is refreshing to those who have not encountered it. The bilingual heritage of Canada is a unique quality that must be preserved if Canada is to have any meaning in its second century. Our history has been cursed enough with Separatist Francophobes and those who deal in racial and religious stereotypes. What Canada needs today is a realization of realities, and enough flexibility to change for survival. ●

Nick Lang is a graduate student from Uvic who lived from April to November of 1967 in Quebec, working at Expo '67 and travelling widely in the province.

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Unsolicited material can be left in the MAG box in The Martlet office in the SUB. MM's office is located in Office 12, J Hut.

**ERRATUM:** The two poems by Sandy Hutchison published in last week's edition of MM included a number of typographical errors. poems are now presented in their correct form. Mr. A. N. Hutchison is a lecturer in the English department at the University of Victoria.

*two poems by*  
*a. n. hutchison*

## I

so say  
we have a room  
not even womb  
like but gently  
planed or  
painted  
and because of our  
insistence on the  
presence of the  
room  
we drain it of  
its only true  
dimension  
that would say less  
than any room  
it might  
contain.

## II

trepanned  
As so often  
with arbutus  
moving to the fruit,  
the trunk  
jealously  
peels and bares its  
orange skin;  
in the swell of  
flutes and pipe  
a smooth returning  
to a former green  
dark  
oaten flocks,  
the antic hunt  
for nymph prints  
in the soft dewed grasses.

## film review

## How I Won the War

David Dunsmuir

What price glory? Lt. Earnest Goodbody (Fourth Musketeers' ret.) confides to the camera as he recounts *How I Won the War* that gaining his commission was "the nicest thing that ever happened to me." His ineffable incompetence led to the butchery of more friends than foes, but who's counting?

Pitilessly, the camera forces every member of the audience to keep score. The men of Goodbody's awkward squad die with savage explicitness — but they immediately rise again with new splendor. Honor pays his subjects with a royal wage, investing them with Cecil Beaton hues as they fight on beside their drab unfallen comrades.

Heavy irony can often become tiresome, but it works longer in this film than in most. For one thing, it's the most telling way of directing such a torrent of indignation at such a monstrous target. Not only that, but the treatment (God help us) is funny.

Richard Lester's direction harks back to the exuberance of his romps with the Beatles in *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* His cross-cuts and cross-talk are a delight to see and hear. This time, though, his vehicle has turned juggernaut, and he rather than the audience is the worshiping victim.

Surrealistic games with time and space provide an appropriate counterpoint to a set of vaudeville turns, as offered by the campaigners. Horror, on the other hand, must rest on some stratum of reality to be truly horrible. Its appearance in this film is saccharined over by its surroundings. That blood-in-the-mouth taste comes through often enough for the squeamish, as when a pudgy private giggles "have a heart, mate" while a German bayonet tickles his ribs — and then plunges in.

Actors in relatively small roles group and regroup for a number of superb chamber recitals, all fortissimo. The disappointments come in the brass section. John Lennon tries to be wistful, but instead seems merely irrelevant — right up to the last moment when he keels over with a shrapnel wound (appropriately) below the belt. Michael Crawford as Goodbody displays an earnest romanticism nicely tempered by social unease, but his characterization is too broad for his later moments of insight to be persuasive.

Militarily and socially, Michael Hordern is a model of self-confidence. As Colonel Grapple, he drops hints on fighting "the wily Pathan" and Monty-style encouragement with the same maniac fervor that drives him to victory. There is a magnificent moment when he dispatches a crippled tank with one merciful bullet. Straight from the Good Show, it was, with a remorseless logic that much of the film lacks.

The film, by Lester's own description, was intended to bring home the fact that war is not ennobling, simply as a process. "Share the responsibility," he urges. Nobody who has seen any direct report from Viet Nam — and such reports are inescapable — can deny that everyone shares the responsibility, simply by being human. *How I won the War* lacks the immediacy of the TV screen, or even of a page of *Life*... You use the sabre and the spurs all right, Mr. Lester, but where's the bloody horse? ●

## "In daybreak's rattling dice of light"

by Kim Spaw

In daybreak's rattling dice of light,  
red limbs of Hector will scorch dust  
into furrows of mixing colour;  
stripped gore, slow puss from dark cuts  
stream under the fickle wheel.  
Blue dreams will haunt King Priam.  
Achilles, red as blood and half a God,  
wills these things.

'Round the walls in roulette rhythm,  
the ranting chariot will roll;  
swift shield by chance catch sun,  
and stallions drink thick smoke  
from the fire of hot whips.  
Red memories will mourn Patroclus.  
Achilles, red as blood and half a God,  
wills these things.



Helen will rise, alarmed,  
shuffle off sheets like Tarot cards,  
run to the window, naked,  
smell the stoking flesh and swoon  
on the marble floor's veined design.  
Archilles, red as blood and half a God,  
wills these things.