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Peace, is it worth working for? Is it worth supporting? Is it worth supporting an Institution which plans to do "Research for Peace"?

Lately we've been hearing quite a bit about a group calling itself the Canadian Peace Research Institute. This group, headed by ex-research scientist Dr. Norman Z. Alcock, is at present conducting a fund raising drive.

From the stories on pages two and three of this issue we find Alcock, and his group, have evoked a variety of responses.

In some instances, Dr. Alcock has clearly outlined his proposals and his methods of implementing them. On other occasions he could not give adequate answers to many of the questions he had answered earlier. Why?

Dr. Alcock is obviously a man of sincerity. On this point no one disagrees. Many, however, quarrel with his method of presenting the facts to back up his case for peace research. He is often charged

with over-simplifying the problems of communicating with scientists of the communist bloc. Yet he has told many people he is fully aware of the problems involved.

He is often accused of neglecting to mention the peace research already done. Such is not the case. He recognizes it—and says it's not enough. He has stated several times that one of the first jobs the Institute will have to undertake will be the collection of the material already available on the subject.

It has been said that Alcock is not a social scientist, and the work he plans to do lies properly in the field of the social sciences. Alcock's answer: hire social scientists.

Skeptics say the Research Institute will be infiltrated by communists. Alcock's supporters say any such group is subject to infiltration. They are confident that their leaders can withstand any pressures brought to bear on them.

Many people maintain that the Insti-

tute will not be able to affect government policy and is thus without practical value. Alcock has neatly side-stepped that one: "Our material will go directly to the public, and it will pressure the government into action, if it wishes action."

Alcock's scheme of having all the findings of the Institute published for public consumption is a good one. Governments can then no longer keep important scientific information from the voters. Governments may, indeed, be forced into action if they wish to stay in power. If Alcock's idea of public information is actually put into practice, his Institute will be able to by pass the government if it so desires—if it is put into practice. This depends on the men in the Institute.

It seems to us that a great many of Alcock's schemes depend on the men involved in them. They will depend on the men doing the actual research. If the men are good the results will be good.

This seems to be Dr. Alcock's biggest problem. Who's he going to hire?

CANADIAN PEACE RESEARCH INSTITUTE

The Canadian Peace Research Institute is being introduced to Canadians by a non-practicing nuclear physicist Norman Z. Alcock. He quit his \$15,000-a-year job and spent his entire personal savings trying to establish a peace research institute. He believes—rightly or wrongly—that others will support his institute, others who want peace, and scientists working in them can learn how to ward off World War III.

(Reprinted from McLeans)
By RALPH ALLEN

Of all the riddles of man none has seemed so easy and proved so hard as the riddle of war and peace. How can a race that apparently wants to survive stop attempting to destroy itself again and again and — perhaps this final time — again?

One member of the species who believes he has found a hitherto untried answer is Norman Zinkan Alcock, a forty-three-year-old physicist of Oakville, Ontario. Alcock has bet his life and his livelihood that science, which has established its power to wipe us out, may also have the power to save us. In the determination to see the second power put to greater use he has quit a \$15,000-a-year job in private business and invested his savings and his career in what he hopes will become an international network of Peace Research Institutes.

In Alcock's dream the first Institute, already formed in Canada, will soon be followed by others all over the world. They will seek state support in their various countries on both sides of the iron curtain, but will strive for political independence as state-supported universities do. They will not try to supersede the many other pacifist groups already in existence. But they'll differ in their approach. Their main concern will not be "what is right?" but "what will work?"

Vast area for exploration

Alcock has concluded that what might work is a program of research based mainly on the social sciences and run by a small and dedicated group of specialists. We spend hundreds of billions, his argument runs, to build more missiles and then we spend more hundreds of billions to build physical defences and hideouts against them. But we spend almost nothing to shore up our social defences, to seek the real antidotes that lie in human attitudes.

Here is a whole great "terra incognita" crying for exploration, Alcock maintains. Ask him specifically what he'd look for there and he's ready with examples.

Suppose the cold war ends. Suppose everyone disarms and the defence contracts run out. Will there again be queues before the soup kitchens of Winnipeg and Toronto? Will apple salesmen reappear on Wall Street? Will England go back on the dole? "In theory," Alcock says, "disarmament should bring prosperity. In practice, it would to the East, where a transition to civilian goods would be a welcome relief from an overly austere life. But to the West, riding on a wave of affluence, it would bring a slump. This would not have to be so, if a way could be found for diverting the West's surplus production.

"Logically, foreign aid is that way, bringing comfort to producer and consumer alike. But to convince the West that it can gain economically by a transition from arms to aid will take plans and data. These can only come from extensive study."

Another key question that Alcock thinks could be best examined by some uncommitted, non-political agency is this: How can the conscience of the individual be recruited in a cause higher than, "My country, right or wrong"? Suppose, for instance, there's a general agreement to stop working on a germ warfare and a Russian, an American or a Canadian discovers his country is cheating. Is there any way to make it not only safe but respectable for such a person to report his suspicions to some supranational authority? Is there any way to have it established that loyalty to humanity is just as honorable as loyalty to a nation?

Alcock—'disturbing' facts

Suppose someone sets off a nuclear missile through a genuine accident. Is there any way to identify it as an accident in time to prevent the catastrophic chain reaction that otherwise would follow?

Alcock has spelled out some of his ideas and proposals in a booklet called *The Bridge of Reason*. The book is full of disturbing statements and reminders. "Of the present U.S. defence budget of \$40,000,000,000 a sizable proportion is going to scientific research on methods of waging war. Yet time and again the chairman of the Senate Disarmament Com-

mittee has sought an appropriation of \$400,000 for studies relating to disarmament, and time and again the funds have been refused, though \$400,000 is one thousandth of one percent of the annual defence budget."

Alcock quotes a U.S. Senate subcommittee as having said, in 1957 after nearly a dozen years of disarmament negotiations; "No agency of the executive branch has made efforts to ascertain the economic consequences of a reduction in armaments.

... There are only six or seven persons who work full time on disarmament in the State Department. The subcommittee is struck by the disparity in the effort the world is putting into thought and action for controlling and reducing the armaments and the effort going into the development, fabrication and build-up of armaments."

No shelters at home

Although there are alarming implications in everything he says, Alcock doesn't look alarmed at all. He smiles easily and talks pleasantly. He and his handsome wife Patricia and their four children live in a rambling big house on the shore of Lake Ontario and there's a rambling wave-washed lot in front. It's an ideal place for digging shelters but none of the family has even thought of digging. To hide would be the negation of all that Alcock stands for; so would be a meek acceptance of doom.

"The next war is not inevitable at all," he says. "It won't be easy to stop but it can be stopped."

Norman Alcock admits without rancor or self-pity that he's had his ups and downs too, and his times of genuine doubt. After two years of quietly persistent propagandizing, his blueprint for a network of Peace Research Institutes has won a surprising amount of support. His greatest single lift came shortly after the publication a year ago of his little book.

Out of the blue he received a letter from forty-three-year-old social service worker in Florida saying he was so impressed that he was sending a donation. Ultimately, Julian Griggs not only gave \$6,000 from his own savings — which like Alcock's own were modest — but decided to move to Canada with his wife and four children to give what further help he could. Now he lives near the Alcocks in Oakville and helps run the Peace Research Institute campaign office in Toronto. "Julian Griggs has been our greatest supporter," Alcock says, "and his help came at the best possible time."

Personal assets dwindle

Alcock's personal assets of \$20,000 have disappeared since he quit his job with an American Manufacturing firm. In its first two years this, along with Grigg's \$6,000 and another \$1,500 in small donations from other well-wishers, has been the Canadian Institute's only source of money. When the first fund-raising campaign is completed he expects to go on a modest salary, along with the other full-time staff members that the Institute is able to enlist and sustain.

The Institute's ideas have already been endorsed by half a dozen older and larger organizations. These include the Canadian Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards, sparked by the remarkable young model and housewife of Edmonton, Mary van Stolk; the movement called Voice of Women; the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament; and the Society of Friends. Among Alcock's directors and active workers are a former moderator of the United Church, Dr. James S. Thomson; a former head of the World Health Organization, Dr. Brock Chisholm; a wealthy mining man, Dr. Franc Joubin, and a dozen well-known radio, television and theatre people.

The fundamental hurdle, getting the co-operation of governments, is not insuperable, Alcock insists. One key condition he envisages for his international chain of institutes is that they'll use only unclassified data in their work. They won't seek to usurp or duplicate the functions of the United Nations or come within its framework. Being "independent of their national governments and of one another" they'll work closely "with their individual departments of State and National Defence, through general directives or specific assignments." With these ground rules



NORMAN Z. ALCOCK . . . peace researcher

set up he maintains that "national governments, rather than resisting, will actually welcome proposals for Peace Research Institutes."

Critics may say, he admits, that his plan is "too ambitious; that it is destined to failure because some portion of humanity will not respond."

He offers three answers to those who say the East will not respond. "First, we do not really know; they might, so why not find out? Second, while Russia and China may not, other countries in the Communist orbit may — Poland and Hungary for instance. Third, if a number of neutral nations establish Peace Research Institutes and later one or two from the West join in, it may not matter whether or not the East ever joins. Yet is it reasonable to suppose that proud and powerful nations like China or Russia would stay outside for long?"

Though scientists aren't always considered to be men of faith, it is precisely because of his scientific background that Alcock's faith in his idea remains so stubborn. As a young defence engineer at the National Research Council, Ottawa, and Great Malvern, England, he saw, and in a modest way, helped in, a number of unbelievable occurrences including the development of radar. Only a handful of men were involved in perfecting what the German Admiral Karl Doenitz described as, next to the atomic bomb, the most decisive weapon of the war.

The same kind of concentrated genius and devotion — and the effort of "the critical few" — can accomplish just as many dramatic and difficult things in the social sciences as it's accomplished so often in the physical sciences.

The people needed, though they may number only a few hundred, won't be easy to find, Alcock concedes.

"They must be possessed of a great sense of urgency . . . must be first and foremost internationally, not nationally minded; professionally self-propelled and very competent . . . sufficiently foolhardy, or courageous, to drop present quests and throw energies and reputations into a search for peace . . . ready to do this for a minimum salary, or, in perhaps exceptional circumstances, no salary at all.

"Probably such men and women," Alcock goes on, "are only found in trace amounts in our scientific population — one tenth or one fiftieth of one percent. No matter, there may be just enough of them if they but find each other."

Pierre Berton

on CAPRI

By PIERRE BERTON

In the days ahead you are going to be hearing more and more about (and from) a cheerful pessimist named Dr. Norman Alcock.

I call him that because — though the personality of this slight, dedicated scientist radiates a sort of matter-of-fact good humour—he is darkly realistic about the fate of the world.

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"We've got about 10 years," Alcock remarked coolly to me last week. "It's even money, I think, that we won't make it."

Alcock's qualifications for believing this are fairly impressive. As a research scientist in both radar and nuclear fission, he has earned his niche in the college texts. It was he who designed the radar antenna that detected the core of Berlin for RAF Pathfinders. He co-founded a firm that harnessed the atom for industry; he developed a nuclear device now in wide use. He's a \$15,000-a-year man — or he was until he quit cold two years ago. Now, when people ask him what he does for a living, he says: "I am consulting on how to engineer peace."

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It is an unexpected answer to get from this hatless, casual man in the horn-rimmed spectacles. Yet few people have

called him "crackpot" since he so obviously isn't one. In the past two years he has beggared himself in order to work at his newly chosen, unpaid profession. (Twenty thousand dollars in savings gone forever). But the encouraging thing is that he is no longer a voice in the wilderness. People have started to listen to Alcock because what Alcock says makes sense.

The core of Alcock's philosophy and the program that he envisions is set out in a remarkable pamphlet titled "The Bridge of Reason." In this little book Alcock sets out with great clarity the argument and plan of action for a Peace Research Institute. There is nothing emotional about this pamphlet, and there is nothing vague about it. Month in and month out, while other people have been worrying about bomb shelters, Alcock, with his cool scientist's mind, has been working on a positive program to avert war.

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Now, he is ready to begin. It is his intention to raise four million dollars this winter, and open the first Peace Research Institute in Canada with a staff of 55 this spring. I have every confidence that he will succeed.

Alcock's ideas, like most

great ideas, were slow to germinate.

"A lot of things got churned over during the war," he explains. "I remember being struck by a remark made by Blackett (P. M. S. Blackett, Nobel Prize-winner and a member of the team that developed radar) about two-thirds of the world being hungry and sick. It hit me that while we were worrying about winning the war Blackett was worrying about after the war. These things continued to turn over in my subconscious."

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"When the nuclear age came I saw it, at first, only as an exciting event—something for a scientist to get into. I was reasonably immature on social problems. But over the years some of the things that had been in the back of my mind moved up to the front."

"For one thing, I began to wonder about the physical sciences in relation to the social sciences and whether we weren't doing too much in the former and not enough in the latter."

"Research in physics falls into four areas: First, there's pure research and it seemed to me that we could do without that for a while—after all, everybody has cyclotrons now."

Then there's military research, which is simply detrimental. Industrial research in the West, is devoted (a) to a lot of frivolities we don't need, and (b) to building up the wealth of the Western world and thus aggravating a lot of social issues."

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While Alcock was thinking this through, the firm which employed him moved to the United States and he was faced with a basic choice. It was this that triggered his remarkable decision to get out of physics.

At first he wasn't sure what the world's chief social problems were: Starvation? The population explosion? Or the threat of nuclear war? As a scientist he soon realized that the most imminent danger was world destruction through nuclear holocaust. He decided to devote all his energies to finding some way of investigating and solving the problems of war and peace on a massive scale.

Alcock soon discovered that, in odd nooks and crannies about the globe, other intelligent men were also applying their thoughts to the same problem. But they were working in a leisurely and scholarly fashion, part-time, without funds.

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"The trouble is we have to solve this thing in five or 10 years—not 50," says Alcock. "We can't treat this as a leisurely research project. We're 15 years late as it is and every month counts. What I envisage is a crash program. That's my background, after all. That's the way we do it in physics, when we want to solve something."

And thus Dr. Norman Z. Al-

cock's crash program for peace has begun. Fortunately for him, the conscience of the nation was stirring at the same time as his own. The last two years in Canada have witnessed a remarkable renaissance of idealism such as we have not seen since the mid-thirties. Six organizations: The Committee for the Control of Radiation Hazards, the Universities' Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, the Voice of Women, the Society of Friends (Quakers), and the World Federalists have been groping for some alternative to nuclear disaster. Their aims have seemed vague and diffuse to many. Now Alcock, with his program of concentrated research into the international causes of war and tension, has given them a focus.

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Alcock now has these six organizations fully behind him, together with some pretty impressive personnel. His board of directors includes such people as Dr. Franc Joubin, the geologist who discovered uranium in Algoma; Dr. Kenneth Boulding, once head of McGill's Economic Department; Dr. Brock Chisholm, former director of the World Health Organization; and Dr. James Thomson, former Moderator of the United Church of Canada.

I think it heartening that this movement which intends to become world wide, should have had its beginning in Canada. And I think it likely that future history books inscribing the names of our heroes, may write beside those of Best and Banting, Macdonald and Laurier, Graham Bell and Osler, the name of Norman Z. Alcock.

That is, if we survive at all.

Two editors . . .

By ROGER McAFEE
Ubysey Editor-in-Chief

What kind of people are working in the CAPRI office at the local level? Why do they spend as much as 40 hours a week "on the job?" Do they really believe in what they are doing? Do they consider Dr. Norman Alcock a good leader? Do they agree with all his theories?

In an effort to find out I dropped into the rambling West Georgia office with Commodore A.C.M. Davy, chairman of the six-week local fund drive.

"People working for CAPRI are just ordinary, everyday people. Few of them are the types who jump from one cause to another. Most of them are just normal, concerned people," he assured me.

The commodore said there were about seven "full-time" people working in the CAPRI office. This "full-time" staff is augmented by about 30 part-time helpers.

Many of the part-time workers are women who come in for a few hours per week and handle typing and mailing chores for the institute.

Commodore Davy was the only man in the office when I visited. He explained, "The women have more time during the day than the men have. Men are still the bread winners."

The commodore said he felt one of the first jobs CAPRI would have to undertake would be gathering data on all peace research done by others and classifying and analyzing through it. tackle a job which has hitherto been

How's a nuclear scientist going to considered the task of the social scientist? he was asked. The retired naval officer replied that Dr. Alcock plans to hire social scientists as the first employees of the Institute.

Salaries? "The Institute plans to pay salaries comparable to those paid by Universities and research departments," the commodore explained.

Will CAPRI have to appeal to the

public for support every year?

"This one canvass, if it reaches its objective should mean the Institute will have enough funds to keep it operating for four years," the commodore said.

Will the Institute establish provincial branches after the initial canvass is completed?

Commodore Davy sees the Institute developing auxiliary bodies locally and aiding the Institute's work by disseminating its findings.

What about the bugaboo of communist infiltration? The commodore said he is not too worried about communist infiltration changing the Institute's purpose. He seemed to be under the impression that the principles of the men in the key positions within the group are unshakeable. He did, however express the fear that an infiltrator would damage the group through an "exposure" of certain members of the Institute — that is, by making untrue statements reflecting upon the integrity of the Institute's leaders.

Most of the workers seemed optimistic about Dr. Alcock and his problem.

They weren't however, all sheep. Some disagreed with Alcock's oversimplification of the topic. Many said they knew he didn't feel everything would be as rosy as he predicted, especially in dealing with the Soviet Union. They said Alcock, in trying to make a complex problem simple, sometimes went a little too far.

Most people I talked to, although enthusiastic, were able to evaluate it critically in terms of its aims and objectives.

They seemed to realize they were and would continue to come under fire from many who felt their group was too idealistic, too impractical. They seemed to realize they would be attacked by persons of widely varied political beliefs.

"We are a natural target for people for both extremes," one of the group members said.

By FRED FLETCHER
Ubysey News Editor

Norman Z. Alcock, founding father of the Canadian Peace Research Institute, also known as CAPRI, newest plaything for the idealists, was faced with a barrage of down-to-earth questions at the Academic Symposium Feb. 9 and 10.

Earnest students and professors, not all of them skeptics or cynics, cornered the slim, bespectacled scientist seeking concrete answers to concrete questions. By and large, they didn't get them.

The redoubtable Dr. Alcock always had an answer, but the answer wasn't always satisfactory. Too often he was vague, beating around the bush without getting the fox.

At the symposium, he called upon the universities to lead the world out of its present problems. But, when confronted with the historical fact that universities and university people are conservative — servants of society rather than leaders of it — this dedicated gentleman could only purse his lips, sway back and forth in his characteristic manner and say it isn't too late to start.

Dr. Alcock has clearly defined aims, but no clearly defined methods. This much he admits. He was quoted recently as saying that it was too early to spell out what kind of research his institute would be doing. "When you contribute to the Arthritis Foundation, you don't ask for details of their research, do you?" he is quoted as saying.

. . . look at CAPRI

Judging from the reactions at the symposium, broad aims just aren't enough for cautious university people. There were many who appeared to wish they could throw their full support behind the institute, but who feel they can't until they are convinced of its value.

And, unfortunately for the institute Dr. Alcock couldn't convince them.

But the picture wasn't all that black. This intense, little man, similar in appearance and stature to Tommy Douglas, personally impressed many. His convictions are unshakable. Not a naturally good speaker, he has been improving every time out.

This may be an indication that, seeing the need for something more concrete to sell his idea, he'll produce a program that will do the trick.

It was evident at the symposium that he was making mental notes of all the criticisms and questions. His concentration on questions and the comment of others was often unbelievably intense.

The man is impressive, and becoming more so. The idea is impressive both in scope and aims. But the program will have to be equally impressive before any large segment of the university community can be brought to support it.

The institute will have to know what it is going to hire and where it is going to start.

And, as a postscript, it will also have to worry about what it is going to do with its results when it gets them.

Is RCMP out to get CUCND members?

By the Canadian University Press

Is the Royal Canadian Mounted Police force out to "get" the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament?

"No," says the Force.

"The RCMP, as a police force in a democracy, has no particular official interest in any organization in the country unless certain circumstances are apparent," explained a spokesman.

"More precisely, what we are concerned about," he added, "is the infiltration and pressures which Communists can accomplish by using such groups."

"We are interested in the 'knowns', the Communist party workers who have become associated directly or indirectly with such groups as the CUCND," he said.

"Our duty is to maintain the internal security of this nation. Anyone who studies international communism

knows that infiltration is a threat to a country's security."

In the past year, the name "communist" has been rigorously applied to the Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament activities and personnel. No substantiation for these accusations is given, but the allegation is still made by those who, for various reasons, dislike the organization.

The RCMP, in carrying out its duty of internal security, met with unfavorable publicity on a number of university campuses because of its methods.

At Laval University, the Mounties were charged with acting like a secret police force when they started to ask questions about individuals in a nuclear disarmament group. The 35th Congress of the National Federation of Canadian University Students, in a resolution proposed by Laval, "disap-

proved of the actions of an agent of the RCMP with regard to the students at Laval interested in nuclear disarmament."

At McMaster, where the council refused to grant official recognition to the CUCND chapter, it was revealed that the RCMP had also made inquiries there.

"It would be nice if the RCMP could carry out its enquiries without having to question, not only university students, but citizens in any other walk of life," said the spokesman. "However, the RCMP is not gifted with occult powers; they do not have second sight, and, being human, most of their information must be obtained by asking questions."

"Surely no Canadian can object to being asked to assist the Force in this manner," he asked, "provided of course his rights are always protected and he completely understands that he is not required to give such information?"

"It has not been Combined Universities Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament under investigation," emphasized the spokesman. "It has been individuals associated directly or indirectly with it."

The only true evidence of Commu-

nist association with CUCND has been at the University of Toronto, where Danny Goldstick, a professed Communist, was instrumental in the group's formation.

Goldstick was expelled from the Toronto CUCND chapter last term because he is a Communist, supporting the nuclear explosions of the Soviet Union. This was taken as being in contradiction to the terms of membership in CUCND and he was expelled.

Police investigation has shown the facts to be that a communist conspiracy does exist in Canada, as in every other country. This conspiracy anticipates taking control of the country and setting up a communist regime.

While the communists today profess publicly that they hope to attain their means in a democratic way, their earlier utterances were to the effect that control could only be seized by force and violence. Whatever the communists may say today, the works of Lenin are still their bible, and the program laid down by Lenin for world domination is one of conspiracy, revolution, deceit, force, violence, and civil war. No communist has ever denied that is the source of communist truth.

MARDI GRAS and ROLF HARRIS

By HOLDEN CAULFIELD

The other day I saw a real depressing sight: I really did. I was at this here Pep Meet in the gym where they were celebrating or advertising for some stupid dance called the Mardi Gras. It was supposed to last for two nights or something. A real big deal.

Anyway, I was sitting in the gym with about fifty million other guys listening to the band trying to play this phony jazzy stuff and waiting for the Kings and Queens of the Mardi Gras and all. Then this big hairy Australian guy with glasses came bounding out like a kangaroo or some other goddam beast. He was supposed to be some big deal comedian or something. I don't mean that he wasn't funny or anything like that; sometimes he was phony as hell, but usually he was real funny. He was always pointing at these loud guys in the audience and all. That killed me.

The trouble was he kept trying to be a perverted sort of guy lifting up his leg and talking in this high squeaky voice and all. All the stupid bastards sitting in the audience were trying to be witty as hell, seeing who could be the first one to laugh at this Australian guy's corny jokes, and making these goddam boring comments. What a bunch of phonies. What really depressed me, though, was all these dames in the audience snickering and blushing and giggling at all his sexy jokes when they didn't even know what he was talking about half the time or else they pretended they were hearing it for the first time. That made me real sad—it really did.

All a very big deal!

Anyway, this Australian guy with glasses was supposed to be master of ceremonies and introduce all the Kings and Queens of the Mardi Gras and they'd come out all dressed up and do a little stunt and wave at the audience and they'd applaud like hell—all very big deal. Some of the Kings and Queens were real neat and all, but some were so damn phony that I got bored. Some of the Kings were trying to be real sexy and perverted like the Australian guy with glasses but all they did was show their ignorance. Some of the Queens were real pretty but some were sort of homely—I even felt sorry for some of them when

the goddam stupid audience didn't even applaud, for God's sake. When that happened, I felt depressed as hell.

The Mardi Gras is put on by all the fraternities and sororities and they are supposed to make a lot of money and give it to the crippled kids to make them happy and all. At first that made me feel real neat, but after I started thinking about it I got depressed as hell—what a phony excuse. All these phony guys in the frats and sororities are all rich as hell anyway—half of them have fathers that are millionaires, for God's sake. Instead of giving all their money to the little crippled kids they have to have a big deal dance so they can have a real booze and get sexy and all. God, that's a lousy excuse—it really is.

Laughs meet little king

What really made me depressed, though, was when they brought this little crippled kid right up onto the stage. I nearly puked. The stupid bastards in the audience didn't know whether it was a joke or not; some of them were laughing and some looked as uncomfortable as hell scratching and all. That was one time when this big Australian was really phony. He kept saying, "This is serious... this is very serious... this is serious now," for about an hour and a half. I could've puked. Some of the stupid bastards in the audience thought that was real funny and they were laughing all the time they were wheeling this little crippled kid in his wheelchair right up onto the damn stage. God, I almost started to cry. These two big deal frat guys were wheeling this kid along trying to be real friendly and all, you could almost hear them saying, "How are you, Timmy, old bean?" and all that buddyroo sort of stuff. Then there was a real hush in the audience for once while all the phonies on the stage stopped running around and this one frat guy said some nice stuff about Timmy should be the real King of the Mardi Gras and all the money should go to a worthy cause and all. I sort of liked what that frat guy said but somehow it didn't sound right. I don't know why but I almost started to cry. When this frat guy said all that crap about making Timmy King and all, the stupid bastards in the audience started

to clap like hell, for God's sake. They just had to or they would have started to bawl or puke—it was sure easy to see that some of the phonies sure wished they weren't around.

God, did I ever feel sorry for that frat guy trying to be sincere and all. I even felt sorry for the Australian guy with glasses. Was I ever depressed—I really was. It was sure funny, though, because I didn't feel sorry for the crippled kid at all. It was easy to see that he was a real neat little guy and he was sure getting a bang out of it all. But what do you expect? He was just a little kid, for cripes sake. He didn't know what was going on, but he was sure excited and getting a kick out of it all. When I just looked at him I didn't feel so bad—he was such a cute little kid. Right then I wished he would come up and sit beside me—I really did. Gee, that would've been neat. But then I thought how all the phony slob sitting around me would probably get scared as hell seeing that wheelchair and him all crippled and then they'd sneak out or something. Or maybe they'd all flock around and stare and try to say these phony friendly things like, "Hi, Timmy. How are you today?" That would scare hell

out of me, for God's sake. People are so damn phony.

Then they even tried to make the little kid say something. You could sure tell he didn't want to say anything. All he said was, "Thank you very much," or something like that. He was just a little kid, for cripes sake. Then these two big deal frat guys started wheeling the cute crippled kid away and all the time they were trying to be so goddam careful and friendly and all—they sure were nervous. When they took him away, I got depressed as hell. I really did.

All the phony guys in the audience were scratching and whispering and being uncomfortable as hell, until the big Australian guy with glasses started to shoot the bull again. I damn near puked. You could tell right away he couldn't wait to get back to being sexy and perverted and all. The audience couldn't wait either; the whole lot of them were nervous as hell. The trouble was he didn't wait. Right away he started trying to be sexy and perverted and all, and the audience started laughing right away. They were just trying to forget about the cute little kid, for cripes sake. I almost cried. God, I felt sad.



Dave Edgar views Russia

'HUMAN MIND MALLEABLE AS ROBOT MECHANISMS'

By DAVE EDGAR
1960-61 AMS President
(as told to V. J. Scott)

After spending a month touring the more important cities, youth organizations, and institutions of higher learning with the first delegation of Canadian university exchange students to the USSR, I came to the conclusion that the human mind, under stern and unyielding discipline of propaganda experts, can be rendered as malleable as the mechanism of robots in the hands of skilled technicians.

Soviet administrators of education and educators are aware of this and, in an effort to minimize the danger of strong, individual minds asserting themselves to the detriment of the State, have instituted their conception of Russia's ideal "new man."

The concept of the new man is insinuated into all domestic propaganda; it is the basis of the USSR's educational system from primary school up; it is the alpha and omega of everyday life.

The first part of the new man concept is commendable. The new man must be honest, reliable, skilled, resourceful, and highly educated. But the second part, debasing the fine tenets of the first, demands that this honest, reliable, skilled, and highly educated individual must be so trained and prepared mentally as to inherit a true communist society. He must be willing at all times to sacrifice himself for communism, and subject himself, unquestioningly, to the communist way of life and ideology.

When I talked with the average Russian about the new man concept, he seemed only aware of the obvious benefits which would accrue from his own and others' honesty, reliability, and so on, without giving consideration to the demoralizing effect his total subjection to the state, and loss of his own individuality would have on his power to reason fairly, freely, and intelligently without direction from the ruling powers.

Our delegation knew little of the new man concept when we first arrived in Moscow on a lovely, sunny morning in May of last year. The idea was gradually transmitted to us during our tour. We could not escape it.

Ideas graciously rejected

One girl and five men made up our delegation of Canadian university students to Russia. The girl was a sociology student from the University of Saskatchewan. The others included a French-Canadian studying engineering at the University of Montreal; a medical student from McGill; a post graduate from the University of Toronto, who was an expert on Soviet affairs, and spoke fluent Russian; the president of NFCUS, who was a student in law at the University of Saskatchewan, and I, who had just graduated in law from UBC.

In Moscow we were met at the train depot by officials from the Student Council of the USSR. The rest of the welcoming procedure was typical of the pattern to be followed in other cities we visited.

After introductions, we would be driven to our tourist hotel, turn our passports over to hotel officials, and then have the special meal, already prepared for us, which would be served in the hotel dining room.

During the day of our arrival, we would usually meet with the president and several members of the host Youth Organization in their offices. We would sit around a long table in the centre of which would be pencils, paper, and the ever-present bottles of Russian mineral water, flavored with lemon or strawberry, which are considered healthful.

Our opinion would be asked on several subjects, and then suggestions called for regarding our itinerary. We often requested that some small change be made such as that we see a hospital instead of a factory, or that we be given a little more time to ourselves. These suggestions were always graciously received and, just as graciously for some some reason or other, put aside. Apparently everything had been thoroughly prepared for us before we arrived and it was seldom that we deviated from the original plans.

Casual chats discouraged

An interpreter and a guide were assigned to us in Moscow for the duration of our stay in the USSR. Both were university graduates, good looking, and probably in their late twenties. They were friendly but inclined to be wary of us, watchful of anyone who tried to speak to us unofficially, and anxious to create a good impression of their country. They did not seem to go sightseeing by ourselves. Informal, unannounced meetings were more than discouraged, and no student ever dropped in on us for a casual chat. I found Moscow to be an impressive city. It has

beautiful buildings, some with tall spires, others ornately decorated as wedding cakes. Wide roads seem to have been built with an eye to the future when cars for the general population are more plentiful than at present. There are scores of recently built apartment houses.

In the rush to provide housing quarters for their people, the Russians are not so much concerned with beauty as with shelter. Even though some of these modern buildings are already disintegrating, they maintain that "it is better to have poor shelter than none at all."

Our guide pointed out St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square which is now used as a museum; the mausoleum where, until recently, the bodies of Lenin and Stalin were on display for the hundreds of people who paused to pay their respect each day, and Gum's great department store. But I remember Red Square for the incident which occurred there to one of our delegation which was to us both startling and embarrassing.

Our student had wandered away from the group for a moment and whether the harassed looking man who approached him with a letter in his pocket for the American Embassy, and 200 rubles for the student if he delivered it, came of his own accord or was sent to test our integrity, we never found out. But our student refused the offer as tactfully as he could under the circumstances.

Praise—to young worker

Soviets seldom waited for us to pass an opinion of our own about any point of interest being shown us without precipitating our remarks with "Don't you think that is a magnificent building?" or "Don't you think this is an excellent idea?" After we had said what we intended to say, they would always, without exception, launch into praise for the young worker.

I once asked why it was that only young workers were praised, and what happened to the old ones. I was assured that old workers were well provided for, and happy.

No matter where we went, what we saw, the young worker was always praised. Toward the end of our trip we had grown so accustomed to it that it was difficult to keep from smiling.

I think that our interpreter, usually stony-faced through his translations, must have caught the humor of the situation because once in the middle of a translation of praise for the young worker, and despite his training, he paused, and grinned helplessly. But the lapse was only momentary. He straightened his face quickly, and resumed his work to the end.

Another impressive area in Moscow is a natural elevation point from where we could look down over the city. Immediately below this vantage point is the Lenin Athletic Centre which includes a stadium which seats over 100,000 people, a hockey arena, and a stadium for indoor sports.

About a mile back of this ridge, on the edge of the city, is the main building of the Moscow University. Russian devotion to education is exemplified in this magnificent building which boasts the tallest spire in Moscow. It houses about 3,000 of the 22,000 students attending.

Education free to student

University education in Russia is free, and students are paid while attending according to their needs and ability. Entrance to Moscow University is based on the results of entrance examinations. The requirements depend on the field of study undertaken. Very often, as in most institutions in the Soviet Union, preference is given to those students who have labored one or two years after high school.

The idea of students working in the labor field before continuing their studies has two purposes, first: to give the student an idea of the practical life, and appreciation of hard physical labor before entering the field of higher education. Second: to put to work for the benefit of the country an extra labor force which would be lost if all students went straight to university from high school.

We talked with some of the students and discovered that they are eager for first hand knowledge of other countries and their customs.

The questions fired at us followed a set pattern such as: "How much do you earn in Canada?" "Have you got a T.V.?" "Do you own your own car?" "Where do you go on vacation?" "How often do you have your hair cut?" "Do you pay for your own university education?" "How many rooms in your flat?" "Oh, you have a house! Well, how many rooms in your house?"

One student asked a totally unexpected question. "Why," he said, smiling, "has Canada the highest rate of unemployment in the world?"

He had not thought of that by himself. He had just read it in "Time" magazine. "Time" is not circulated in Russia but we happened to have a copy in our possession.

The question of how other countries react to religion is ever in their minds. Though we seldom brought up the subject ourselves, we could depend on it being asked by someone. The question was:

"Do you believe in God?"

Religious freedom—'yes'

My answer to this was, "The important thing is whether or not I am free to believe in Him. Do you feel that you have religious freedom in Russia?"

The answer was usually an emphatic "yes."

One student explained: "Our churches are open to any who care to attend. That only old people go to church indicates the inability of religion to meet the problems of modern society."

An artist who was painting the harsh, down-to-earth stuff that the USSR demands of its successful contenders in that field, observed dryly: "Bad government and religion are brothers. Eliminate religion and you eliminate bad government."

It is obvious that the young people of Russia today associate the church with Russia's pre-revolution miseries. They feel that religious services are archaic, useless, fraught with superstition.

Before ending our four-day stay in Moscow, we attended a grade six history class. The history period was preceded by a resume of current world affairs in which the USSR played the dominant role of defender of the peace, and the capitalist countries were relegated to the part of the "big, bad wolf."

The children, ranging in age from 10 to 12, were all in uniform. They appeared well fed, happy and paid strict attention to what was being taught. After they had listened to and taken part in what I could only call the day's propaganda, the history lesson began.

From Moscow, we flew to Kiev, which is the capital of the Ukraine. Whether it was that I was beginning to get the feel of the Soviet Union, or that this city reminded me of Montreal, I felt more comfortable there than in Moscow. The people seemed more naturally friendly, more cosmopolitan. They did not, as happened several times in Moscow, question us with intent to embarrass.

Propaganda for party

We spent four days in Kiev, and were shown some of the beautiful parks in which soft music of the classical style was played through loud speakers, and interrupted periodically with bulletins of some progressing, or new achievement, accomplished in the glorious land of the USSR by its devoted workers.

This technique, extensively used in the Soviet Union, is a form of propaganda to keep the people always aware of the efforts made on their behalf by the communist party.

Another place of interest which we were shown in Kiev, was a tractor factory. The factory was clean, well organized, and efficiently run. It was interesting, however, not for its efficiency or output, but for the propaganda methods used to spur the workers on to greater and more effective efforts.

Slogans and posters were seen everywhere. In short concise phrases they glorified the position of the worker in the Soviet society and emphasized what an honor and privilege it was to labor on behalf of the Communist State. Themes such as how much the state was doing for the worker, and how much better off the worker was now than before, as well as recent advances of the Soviet Union, were much in evidence.

We saw a display of pictures featuring workers in the factory who had performed outstanding service. There were those who had greatly surpassed their production quota, others who had been absent-free for a record length of time, and some whose suggestions had resulted in a time, or material, saving for the factory. These workers, many of them women, were known as "heroes."

Stalingrad, which is a thoroughly Russian city, was our next stop. Well known for its wartime stand against the Germans, Stalingrad still bears the war's ugly scars. Large areas remain to be reconstructed. It impressed me as a bleak city with shattered buildings, and gaping holes, for some reason left untouched as if to remind residents and visitors of the miseries suffered during the war years.

There seems no joy in this city. The people have a dejected, almost haunted air about them as if they could not forget the past, and are little interested in the future. They move at a slower pace than in other

(Continued over page)

Dave Edgar views Russia

PEOPLE NATIONALISTIC, DEDICATED, ORGANIZED

places we visited and, in my opinion, it will take more material reconstruction to bring hope and cheer back to their hearts.

As almost half of our time in the USSR was over, we were given a period of relaxation at the beautiful health and holiday resort of Soche which is situated on the Black Sea coast, at the foot of the Great Caucasian Range.

Students under strain

We needed a rest because since our arrival we had been under considerable strain. We were not visiting Russia as casual tourists on vacation but for the purpose of exchanging academic and cultural ideas with Russian students. We were there too, to promote, if possible, an understanding and friendship among the various student bodies and youth organizations. We had to be on guard all of the time so as not to do or say anything which might antagonize the Soviets and ultimately embarrass our own country.

It was curious to find that while the Soviets were fully aware of the history and current political activity in other countries than their own, their knowledge of foreign political systems indicated a shallow understanding. They talked by rote rather than by reason.

An interesting incident occurred one day in the hills back of Soche. We were driving with our guide and interpreter, when we noticed a stockily built, elderly man dressed in khaki shorts and shirt, and carrying a rough hiking stick, walking along the road toward us. As he drew near, I could see that his body was tanned, his hair grey, and that he had an open, pleasant face. An old worker I thought, enjoying leisure and peace in his declining years.

But our guide excitedly stopped the car. "He may talk to us," he said. He and the interpreter got out of the car and went toward the man. A few moments later we were being introduced to no other than Marshal Voroshilov.

At the time of our meeting, Voroshilov was one of the most highly regarded elder statesmen in the USSR. Always an outstanding military figure, he had been a leader during the revolution, and prior to his retirement, May 7th, 1960, he was chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. This in effect is Soviet Head of State. Honors and some of the highest Soviet awards were heaped on him when he retired from duty.

Voroshilov on road

He welcomed us in a strong, resonant voice, and wished us well in his country.

I have wondered since if he had any inkling that he was so soon to be discredited in the country he had served so well by Khrushchev's diatribe at the 22nd Party Congress. I remember him yet, his smile, as he finally turned away and continued his walk.

From Soche we flew to Tbilisi which is south and east of the holiday resort. Tbilisi is the capital of Georgia which was Stalin's state. Here the Turkish influence in the people is obvious in their olive skin, dark hair and eyes.

Tbilisi is one of the Soviet Union's major wine producing areas, and the people spare no effort to impress the visitor with the excellence, abundance, and effectiveness of their local produce.

We did the usual round of meetings in Tbilisi and then visited one of the art centres.

An officially accepted artist is no longer an artist in Russia. He is a worker conforming with all other workers. His paintings depict what is understandable to the masses, and considered beneficial to the country. There are few inspirational works to delight the mind and trigger the imagination.

We were driven about 50 miles out of Tbilisi to see a wine producing collective farm which comprises the farming area of about 4,000 people. The people live in the village nearby and work the land and fruit together. The purpose of this is to co-ordinate the effort of farmers who make up this particular collective.

But the farmers of the collectives are a more independent breed than industrial or factory workers laboring under similar managerial conditions. While they generally are assured of a comfortable living under the collective system, they do not always appreciate it. For this reason the state sometimes gives them the right to sell privately any produce over and above a set quota.

About three o'clock we stopped for a special luncheon prepared for us in the village. We sat at a long table with about a dozen local workers, and some of the staff who had hosted the affair.

The table was laden with a variety of cheeses, hot and cold meats, different breads including the

traditional black bread, caviar, salads, cucumbers and sour cream. (Russians seldom indulge in sweets at meals.) Our glasses were kept filled with a thick, heavy and rather pleasant wine which was a product of the farm, and potent.

Our host proposed a toast to our health with a good three ounces of vodka, explaining the Georgian tradition of draining the glass to the bottom every time one drinks. He followed this custom religiously toast after toast and we were obliged to follow.

Though we expected to see more of the farm after lunch, that was impossible. The luncheon lasted five hours. The Russians took it in shifts but we Canadians sat through the entire ordeal. It was eight o'clock in the evening when we finally rose from the table—how I don't know—and were driven to our hotel. There was no talking that night. We slept.

Cup raised repeatedly

In the morning, our host was ready with brandy. "It is an old Georgian custom," he explained, as he filled our glasses, "of ridding ourselves of the ill effects of the previous day."

Shortly after breakfast we were driven back to Tbilisi. Apparently no further sightseeing of the collective farm had been arranged.

We continued our journey from Tbilisi and arrived in the Central Asian city of Tashkent. Located close to the Afghanistan border, Tashkent is considered to be one of the oldest cities in the world. The architecture provides a stark contrast between eastern and western styles. The old part of the city is dominated by low slung mud adobe style huts, while the newer part boasts of those advancements which exist in present day Soviet construction.

The people of Tashkent were the most receptive to visitors that we met. They were extremely interested in any tourists and it was not uncommon, when standing in front of our hotel, to find ourselves surrounded by a group of people. They would question us through a local resident who could speak English and was glad to have the opportunity of practising the language.

A relatively large proportion of the people in Tashkent are Moslem. We found, when we visited the university, that efforts to combat what religion exists in this area have been made by establishing in the history department of the university a division for atheistic affairs.

This division teaches subjects on religion, and religious philosophy, generally with a view of supplying students with arguments to counter arguments against orthodox religious thought. Many of these students will ultimately become teachers, and the teachers will be well equipped to develop in the younger generation the tenets of Communist ideology.

The new man—a question

It was in Tashkent that I was struck with the full magnitude of the U.S.S.R.'s "new man" concept. I experienced the uncomfortable sensation of being caught between floors in an elevator shaft. What sort of new man will eventually emerge from this vast training ground when the millions of people with different ideas, customs, religions, and philosophies now living there have been moulded to the conformity of one ideology.

Only time—if there is enough time—can answer that.

We returned to Moscow for another four days spent in visiting more educational and youth centres such as the Moscow Sports Centre, Moscow Institute of Municipal Engineering, Moscow Technical Institute, and the Moscow University.

At this time we met again with the Student Council of the U.S.S.R. for formal talks. We laid the groundwork for what we hoped would be more extensive and longer termed exchanges between students of the U.S.S.R. and Canada.

Leningrad was the last city on our list. It is considered by many to be the most beautiful city in Russia, and among the most beautiful in the world.

There is a spirit in Leningrad which makes the people more understanding and receptive of ideas. This liberalism is something upon which the people there pride themselves, and it was evident to most members of our group.

We left the Soviet Union the same way we arrived, by train running between Leningrad and Helsinki. The trip was quiet and uneventful. For me most of the journey was spent trying to sort out and clarify in my own mind my impressions of the country. In particular, I thought about the achievements of the Soviet people to which for the past

month we had been constantly exposed.

The advances made in the U.S.S.R. during the past forty years cannot be denied. To what extent the communist form of government is responsible for these advances is a matter of academic speculation. Undoubtedly the burning Russian nationalist has had much to do with it. But my journeys through the Soviet Union left me more concerned with the future than with the past.

The economical and political effectiveness of dictatorial government are brought to the Soviet Union by the Communist system. But such a system requires certain sacrifices by the people. They must be willing to work for the State, and to subject themselves to the State. They must be willing to give up certain freedoms, privileges, and rights. Without such sacrifices the system cannot work.

Most in the West would not make these sacrifices partly because our political training does not allow it, but mostly because there is no obvious need for it. In the U.S.S.R., however, Russian history will easily show the past need, and Soviet education and propaganda systems provide present day willingness.

The West, then, faces competition from the fiercely nationalistic, highly dedicated, and well-organized people. This, for me, is a frightening prospect, the more so since having had the opportunity of seeing our opponents in their own environment.



'New' students

By LYNN McDONALD
Social Work I

"There are many workers fleeing the imperialism of West Berlin for East Germany."

"What is the cause of the economic stagnation East Germany?"

"There's a shortage of workers."

"What about the workers who have come in from the West?"

"What do you think of this statue of Lenin?"

The above is part of a conversation I had last summer with a PhD student at Moscow University. It shows that the wishful thinking of the West, that Soviet students would lead their country away from the narrow party line — is just that: wish thinking.

According to this theory, Soviet students supposed to apply their analytically trained mind to see the contradictions in their own system. They don't.

Of course material written from a western viewpoint or any non-party viewpoint is not available the Soviet Union. The only "western" newspaper saw was the *Daily Worker*. "But," I was told, "not the workers tell the truth that the capitalists deny?" Dickens is the major representative English literature.



"Not everything that is true is good for people," goes the usual rationalization for censors! And apparently the government is the only body able to determine what is both true and good.

Or so I was told time after time on my trip to the Soviet Union last summer. I was travelling with 12 other students, American capitalists all. We went to Leningrad, Moscow, Kiev and Lvov.

Throughout the trip we were hospitably received and lavishly indoctrinated. The only people we found hard to get along with were the official guides and official students delegated to meet us.

To be a student two things are necessary: brains and membership in the Young Communist League. The second requirement does not imply that you are a fervent believer in Communism, only that you attend a political meeting once a week.

"I don't have anything against Americans, student once told me, "but to stay in favor I'll pronounce anything on Wednesday nights."

The most significant characteristic about Soviet student is his love of money and what it buys. The student class in Russia is second only to that of the higher governmental echelons, and greater security of tenure.

"How much does your government pay you to go to university?" is the favorite question of Soviet student.

But even those in the commercial subject Soviet study, the applied sciences, receive some cation in the humanities — there are compulsory courses in the history of the Communist Party and the philosophy of atheism.

The sorry business of BOOK REVIEWING

W. J. STANKIEWICZ
Associate Professor of Political Science

Book reviews, particularly in scholarly journals, have become a sorry business. Confronted with newly published books, an editor faces the problem of how to find competent and honest reviewers for them. Even if he is not pressed for time and prone to disregard the suitability of the prospective reviewers, he may often prove wrong in his choice. More often than not, the critical appraisal for which the reviewer has been asked to use his expert knowledge and judgment does not do the book justice. It is too perfunctory, or too flippant, or too one-sided and uninformed, or it is a mere expansion of the publisher's blurb. All too often it advances the reviewer's pet idea and disregards the intentions of the author and the values of his book. Seemingly unaware of the scholarly effort that lies behind it, the review is often apt to dismiss the work in a few sentences and then hide behind clichés like "despite its many shortcomings, this book fills an important gap." All too often the review is used by its author as a vehicle for self-aggrandizement—a tendency common to beginners. All too often, it shows that the critic has failed to make a real effort: that he merely scanned the chapter headings or skimmed through the book in a superficial fashion. All too often, it shows the critic's strong bias which leads him to irrationalism and even the rejection of the work. It is fortunate that the latter type of critic—whom there should be no room in scholarly journals with any pretence to objectivity—is vulnerable: he betrays his state of mind even to a layman whose knowledge of the subject is superficial. C. J. Keyser in his book, *The Rational and the Superrational* speaks "portraits of book-reviewers drawn by themselves."

Review portrays reviewer

"Readers of a serious book-review," he says, "may rightfully expect to find it in two portraits, one of the book and one of the reviewer. A reviewer may try to portray the book but he cannot fail to portray himself—he is pictured by his performance. If he portrays the book, he thereby portrays himself as having intellectual and scholarly competence and an imperious sense of honor including loyalty to the author, loyalty to the editor, loyalty to the public, and loyalty to the truth. His picture is that of a worthy citizen of the commonwealth of science and letters. If he fails to

portray the book, he thereby portrays himself as one lacking intellectual or scholarly or moral competence or two of these or all three of them. All such portraits are spiritually ugly. Of all of them the ugliest is perhaps that of a reviewer who uses the book merely or mainly as a trapeze upon which to mount and display himself. It is the picture of one who is vain, deceitful, and cowardly—intellectually a knave, morally a fool."

Despite all his vulnerability, the reviewer often goes unpunished: the author may be reluctant to point out the misrepresentations of the biased and dishonest reviewer; and there is no agency which will expose the reviewer's dishonesty, make him accountable for his professional crime and apply some form of sanctions. Short of writing what can be considered a libel, reviewers are free to besmirch the work of others as they please.

Ignore central problems

Apart from this major sin (dishonesty, lack of professional ethics) there are other minor sins: bias of specialty (expert's myopia), unwillingness to impart information, and preoccupation with petty problems and minor errors while ignoring central problems and major issues. A good review must be both **informative and informed**—two qualities rarely found in conjunction. Many reviewers betray a curious aversion to being informative. At best they belong to the group of elementary **resumés** who think of book-reviews in terms of summaries and précis. Normally they shirk the effort required in an essay-type review that intermingles description with analysis, gives the gist of the book's content, appraises its aims, and adds a balanced critique of its character and achievement. "The essentials of a book review," wrote Hazlitt, "are that it give an adequate description of the book itself, and convey something of its tone and quality." Instead, many reviewers seem to be engaged in an irresponsible play with the text, sampling it, taking a paragraph here, a sentence there, extracting from their proper context and finding them faulty or inaccurate within an assumed frame of reference. It is an easy way out, if one is unwilling to read the book carefully and find out what the author was trying to say. It is a different kettle of fish to digest the book and

then give a full, critical appraisal while suggesting other possible methods of approach and outlining the state of research on the subject—instead of picking out a few points of style, terminology, emphasis and presentation. The last type of critic delights in questioning the meaning of the title and chapter-heads, is severely critical of footnotes, is habitually displeased with the bibliography, grunts at the very sight of the index. Yet how often does he give the impression of having read the book, let alone having looked into the heart of the matter? How often does he pause to think what was the conception underlying the work and how successful the author was in his self-imposed task? "The reviewer," wrote R. A. Scott-James ("The Perfect Reviewer," *The Spectator*, Feb. 27, 1953), "by adequate knowledge of the subject, by understanding of the language used, by power of sympathy with the mind of the author and sensibility to literary form, must be able to reconstruct in his own mind whatever has been intelligibly constructed by the author."

Many reviews inadequate

Many book-reviews are hopelessly inadequate because their writers present either a catalogue of facts taken from the table of contents, or a catalogue of their own biases and prejudices illustrated by examples picked almost at random (this game can be played with any text, if one is not concerned with objectivity). Too many reviewers are not informed enough to be able to relate the book to the existing body of scholarship and reveal some of the findings of the latter. For most it is too onerous a task. In a world where quantity is tending to become the measure of scholarship, and where editors fail to apply the standards by which they usually abide when judging the worth of articles and fail to prune out shoddy and dishonest reviews, the substandard reviewer has no incentive to learn his trade. Perhaps, after all, not too much harm is being done, for who reads book-reviews but the publishers (in quest of quotable passages), and, occasionally, the sadly misrepresented authors?

The editors' likely line of defence against the accusation that they fail to do their duty in regard to book-reviews is that they fail to do their duty in regard to book-reviews is that they can hardly edit material which they have solicited. But if editors cannot respond to the call for a more critical editing of book-reviews, the least they should do is choose their reviewers with care. (The indiscriminate publication of book-reviews acts like Gresham's law: bad reviews drive good ones out of circulation.) They might also do well, when exercising their right to choose, to limit their review sections to books of special interest, related to the periodical's special field. Another remedy might be a special journal dealing with book-reviews. "A periodical **Review of Book-Reviews**," suggests Keyser, "could render a very great and precious service. Its chief function would be, on the one hand, to signalize and commend competent reviews and reviewers, and, on the other, to signalize and denounce incompetent reviews and the nasty little scoundrels who perpetrate them."

Ex-professor boosts undergrad sex

KINGSTON (CUP)—"Sexual intercourse, with modern contraceptives and medical advice readily available, should be condoned among college students sufficiently mature to engage in it," says Dr. Leo Koch.

A biology professor, ousted from the University of Illinois for his views on sex and the collegian, Dr. Koch advocates "a great deal more freedom for college students to decide for themselves when and how, they are to indulge their sexual desires."

He also believes, "there are excellent reasons why collegians should engage in heterosexual relations before marriage."

Dr. Koch's reasons are centered around individual health.

"A healthy mature personality — healthy physically, emotionally and intellectually, is impossible without sexuality," says the professor.

"Sexual organs are so basically integral to the human organism that they influence human behavior profoundly and inevitably, sexuality cannot be warped without also warping the personality."

Aware that the clergy's first outcry is that greater sexual freedom among unmarrieds would seriously increase the incidence of contagious venereal disease and of illegitimate pregnancy, Dr. Koch submits that "greater sexual freedom, when accompanied by intelligent educational measure, will decrease the incidence of both disease and illegitimacy."

This has been the case in Sweden. Besides which, neither venereal disease nor pregnancy are major tragedies unless they are exaggerated out of all proportion and are not properly handled."

Dr. Koch stated that the most important goal in liberalizing attitudes toward sex is not more sexual experience for all, but rather a greater sexual responsibility and education about sex. "College students can no longer avoid sex," opines Dr. Koch.

"They should participate selectively. To be specific, they should not without contraceptives; they should not sex with strangers; and they should not sex for the wrong reasons."

EVERYONE'S A TAILOR

"In Hong Kong everybody is a tailor." Heard this before? So had I. But I didn't believe it. So I went to Hong Kong to find out. The captain of the sampan that took me off my ship asked me what kind of material I preferred. The taxi driver took my measurements. The bell-boy at the hotel collected my money, and when I arrived at my room the suit was waiting for me.

I put it on and walked out the door. A rickshaw boy told me it looked awful. He took me to a shop. Ten minutes later I had another suit.

That night I went out to a restaurant. A lovely Chinese girl came up to me and said, "How would you like to come to my apartment?"

Pantingly, I agreed. We went up to her place and she turned on the light. In one corner was her father with a sewing machine. Her mother had scissors, and her brother took my measurements while her sister copied them down. This time it took five minutes, and I was out the door with another suit. I got out as soon as I could. Shaking off the assorted persons trying to sell me a suit, I escaped to the boat.

I was safe. I climbed on, to be greeted by the Scottish engineer, "Want to buy a kilt, laddie?"

CONFEDERATION: Success or Failure?

By

J. A. Raymond Noel

The above, was the subject of discussion last November 15-18, 1961, at the First Conference on Canadian Affairs held at Laval University in Quebec City.

As a representative of UBC along with Mr. R. Brown, I had the opportunity of attending this conference which I believe, has produced more in the way of improving relations between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians than has ever been done before.

The subject of discussion, the leading speakers such as Mr. Andre Laurendeau, Mr. Eugene Forsey, Mr. Gerard Pelletier, Mr. Michael Oliver etc. . . . the delegates from 28 universities, schools and colleges dispersed throughout Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all, contributed in making it a most successful conference.

All rights remain

Where does Canada stand now?

Is Confederation in danger of falling apart, crumbling down and never reaching its 100th anniversary of existence?

No. In my personal opinion, Confederation is in reasonably good health.

But, why reasonably and not extremely good health?

Confederation as it was defined in the year 1867 is no more suitable as such to the needs of all Canadians whether they are French-speaking or English-speaking. Thus, new adjustments will have to be made to insure that the rights and privileges of every Canadian will be guaranteed in all parts of our country.

Furthermore, these adjustments in Confederation must become effective not in 100 years from now, but today, in the year 1962.

For many years, centuries even, either before or after 1867, up to not so long ago, while French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians

were trying to endure each other's presence, they never considered that their counterparts were really Canadians but more so invaders in this promising land of North America.

Till very recently, grudges of all kinds were an important factor in the consideration of one group for the other. These, rendered the work of eminent Canadians, who were trying very hard to conciliate both groups, extremely difficult and kept our Canada, for a long time, in a grave state of turmoil.

Generation after generation, these mixed feelings towards one another were being handed down from fathers to sons.

The cultural barrier was not the only predominant factor in this continual conflict between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians.

Religion had also a great influence in this challenging battle being fought in a politically and economically unified Canada.

Thus, there they stood: French-speaking Canadians versus English-speaking Canadians; Protestants versus Catholics.

These differences are still present today.

However, the element of time plus a greater recognition by each group of the right of their counterparts to be Canadians have brought about prominent changes in the minds of all Canadians.

Change

As a French-speaking Canadian, I have detected quite often, during the last two and a half years, here in British Columbia, this new change in attitude especially on behalf of English-speaking Canadians. More than ever, the need for improvement of one's knowledge of French-speaking Canadians, their language, their culture and their traditions is becoming very important.

From all across Canada, the younger generation is pressing

for a more profound unity in our country and a more thorough implementation of its official bilingual status from St. John, Newfoundland to Victoria, B.C.

It is the irrevocable duty of our governments, provincially and federally, to satisfy this need of Canadians. Through appropriate legislation, it should be made compulsory for each and every Canadian to learn the second official language of our Confederation, whether it is French or English.

Moreover, cultural exchanges between French-speaking and English-speaking communities should be made more prevalent as it is through these that each group will be able to understand better the other.

Sea to sea

Along a more specific line of thinking, French-speaking Canadians of the province of Quebec must acknowledge the fact that French-speaking Canada or French Canada as it is most commonly called, does not lie only within the borders of "La Belle Province" but that it extends from British Columbia to Newfoundland. Large French-speaking Canadian villages, towns and cities are existing all over Canada and they, much more so than their fellow countrymen of Quebec, have met, throughout the years, the challenges of keeping alive their language, their culture and their traditions and this, within the boundaries of predominantly English-speaking Canadian provinces. They fought hard to keep their rights and privileges as Canadians of French expression. They had to content with Canadians of English expression who were trying as hard as they could to stamp out the beliefs of these courageous French-speaking Canadians and force them to become strictly English-speaking Canadians.

Yes, one must agree that English-speaking Canadians have not always done their best to be true Canadians in this regard.

Acceptance

Even today, in our year 1962, many of them are still not accepting the fact that our country must be a truly bilingual and bi-cultural Confederation, if it is to stand as a completely United Canada.

On the other hand, one cannot say that French-speaking Canadians themselves, in general, have always done their utmost to improve the relationship between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians.

It is only since ten years ago, approximately, that they have realized the importance of bringing their language, their culture and their traditions to English-speaking Canadians in order that they may assimilate them properly.

Provincial autonomy, as understood by some French-speaking Canadians during the course of the last twenty years, did not help to better the relations between both groups. Even more so, it deteriorated

to a large extent whatever good mutual understanding had been built throughout the previous centuries.

Yes, by thorough analysis, one can find that both groups have been at fault in many occasions and possibly, one just as often as the other.

Now however, we must look up to the future and see what it has in store for us.

Confederation, as stated before, is in reasonably good health.

Will it ever reach an extremely healthy status, at which point, French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians will live together in complete unison, culturally, politically, economically and industrially speaking?

If so, how can this ever be attained?

What must be done to insure the full success of such an undertaking?

Having faith in Confederation as the only mean of providing for all Canadians, English-speaking and French-speaking, the best standards of living, I believe that we must all, starting today, co-operate in the elaboration of a long-scale program of action which will basically solidify its structure and its foundations.

Start in schools

The main items in this program must comprise, first and most important, the teaching in all Canadian schools, from British Columbia to Newfoundland, of both official languages, French and English. Furthermore, to produce concrete results in this regard one way or the other, the teaching of these languages must be put into effect at the elementary stage of our education system, preferably in Grade three or even Grade two if at all possible.

Incredible capacity

Generally speaking, it is well recognized that within this earlier part of life, the majority of human beings, children as they are called, have an incredible capacity for learning languages and thus, we should make use, through proper handling, of this intellectual potential which is readily available.

A working knowledge of both official languages of our country, would certainly prove to be the longest step forward, towards a deeper unity in Canada, as it would provide all Canadians with the necessary means of communication to understand well one another.

Moreover, one cannot truly assess the many cultural gains of a proficient bilingual Canadian.

Bilingual

Secondly, federal and provincial legislation should be passed, making it compulsory for all civil servants to speak, read and write well both English and French.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, in the establishment of French-speaking Trans-Canada television and radio

networks, would definitely activate the development of the little knowledge that English-speaking Canadians possess on behalf of their fellow countrymen, the French-speaking Canadians.

These, plus many others, plus individual research and individual contacts, will secure throughout the land the official bilingual status of our Confederation.

But, words only, are no more sufficient.

In order to support favorably their willingness to create a total unity in our country, English-speaking Canadians must develop a new eagerness for positive steps to be taken along these lines.

Fortunately, this development is now taking place to an appreciable degree.

Meet half way

More and more, the English-speaking population of Canada is cultivating this need for a greater understanding of French-speaking Canadians themselves through their language, their culture and their traditions.

Contrary to what some radical French-speaking Canadians may believe, Confederation is not a failure.

I sincerely believe that it is a partial success.

This will require evidently that new adjustments be made to the Act of Confederation as it presently stands.

English-speaking Canadians may find that French-speaking Canadians are very pressing in their actual demands. However, these demands are nevertheless legitimate and seek only to determine a normal equality between all Canadians.

A quick and thorough implementation of the three main points on which I elaborated previously, would certainly provide English-speaking Canadians with the necessary contacts with French-speaking Canadians to get to know them better.

To have faith in our Confederation, is the primary factor of being successful in meeting this difficult task of promoting a perfect unity for our country, Canada.

Success!

All the possible solutions to our problematic situation have not all been found yet; they may be found, within the framework of Confederation by conducting a thorough search in our hearts.

A lot of work still has to be accomplished, part of it as soon as possible, to consolidate the position of our Confederation.

Are we all ready, French speaking as well as English speaking Canadians, to assume our duties on this behalf?

Our country, Canada, stands as one of the most respected countries in the world.

Its brilliant cultural, economic and industrial future which lies ahead, can establish it as one of its most outstanding leaders.

Only through a unified country may we achieve this goal. Canadians, it is up to you.

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