Women at the footlights

In Quebec, women are front and centre in theatre. Here is a report by one of them

by Michelle Tissayre/photos by Sam Tata

Theatre is definitely thriving in Quebec. Full houses. A great creative upsurge. Last season, 26 summer theatres staged 17 plays by Canadian authors, of which 14 were written in French by Quebecers. And in a year dedicated to females, it is appropriate that the vigor of the province’s theatre is due largely to women.

There are 14 French-language and five English-language troupes performing regularly, as well as numerous semi-professional and amateur groups. Of all these, more than half are directed or codirected by women.

But is this something new? Not at all. One has only to recall the names of women active in the theatre — other than as actresses — during the period between the world wars: Martha Alland, founder of Montreal Repertory Theatre, which subsequently gave birth to Montreal Théâtre de Repertoire Francais; Yvette Mercier-Gouin, outstanding producer of her own plays; Jean Despres, the inexhaustible writer of radio serials, author of Céladon, and highly talented stage director; Antoinette and Géraldine Giroux, noted stars of variety theatre (Antoinette was also a director of two now defunct theatres, the Stella and L’Arcade); Madame Jean-Louis Audet, hostess of Radio Petit-Monde, where so many of the better actors and actresses got their training. There was Eleanor Stuart, that noble actress who was one of the greatest teachers of the dramatic art. In vaudeville, La Poune had her own troupe and La Bolduc paid her people out of box-office receipts she kept in her car in a big, brown paper bag. Joy Thompson and Norma Springford directed the Mountain Playhouse on Mount Royal after World War II.

So there does exist a tradition of women of the theatre in Quebec. But never before have we witnessed feminine talent in so many key posts in theatre management, supervision, and stage directing. I interviewed several of the leading women, exploring their views on theatre and, incidentally, their opinions of joural — the French-Canadian idiom — and its influence. From the conversations, it is clear that the women have been affected by historical and social factors.

First, there were the changes that took place in French-language theatre following the quiet revolution of the 1960s. With Michel Tremblay in the forefront, a theatre of protest emerged, a
theatre of dispute, of assertion of Quebec nationalism. Under the banner of joual, it tackled the French of France ("I ain’t French, I’m a Canuck!", as the song goes), the bourgeoisie, capitalism, colonialism, and other "sins". It was excellent in itself. In fact, it was necessary in that it helped to rid French Canadians of their inferiority complexes and to permit native talents to burst forth. Nevertheless, it was a revolt that, if not taken in hand at the proper time, ran the risk of turning into anarchy, sweeping away in the name of "Quebecenes" everything that had existed before, including the legacy of great French authors.

For this article, I spoke with remarkable women, such as Yvette Brind’Amour and Mercedes Polimino, directors of Quebec’s oldest existing theatre company, Théâtre du Rideau Vert. It was founded June 17, 1949, with the support of theatre lovers, of whom Solange Chaput-Rolland was among the most active.

"Survival demands excellence," declared Roger Champoux in an article he wrote about Théâtre du Rideau Vert on its 25th anniversary. Compressed in his statement is the entire history of Rideau Vert, a troupe believing that dramatic art’s aim is to please. It has survived the changing styles, the fads, all the sudden stops and starts of Quebec theatre. It has done so by never wavering from its initial intent: to attract the public (despite movies and, later, television) and to please the audience by offering. only quality productions. With performances—often for the first time—of works by such authentically Quebec playwrights as Michel Tremblay (Les Belles Soeurs), Marie-Claire Blais (L’Éducation), Claire Martin (Moï, je n’étais qu’une reine), and New Brunswick Автор on Mine Mallet (Les Sept Survivants), Rideau Vert has stayed faithful to the great tradition of the theatre.

Meanwhile, in Quebec City, Françoise Lorauger, along with Olivier Reichenbach and Michel Gauthier, has been director of Théâtre du Trident for a year. She makes her home on the banks of the St. Lawrence in Lévis County, just opposite the old capital. She was relaxing in the garden when I telephoned her.

"Françoise, what exactly do you do at the Trident?"

"Chiefly, I select the plays," she replied. "I try to find authors. I’d like to point out to you that this is the first time a company operating steadily devotes itself entirely to performing Quebec plays."

"Exclusively?"

"Yes. It’s time that in Quebec, as in all places with a tradition, we have our own theatre repertoire, as well as some foreign plays. But first and foremost, we have to perform plays by our Quebec authors, by which I mean French-Canadian authors. And to do that, the playwrights must be given the opportunity to appear, to get experience in theatre, and to make themselves known."

Lorauger speaks knowledgeably, for she is one of the most significant playwrights in the province. She isn’t content just selecting plays for the Trident either. She teaches playwriting at Laval University, possibly the surest method of finding new plays.

Marjolaine Hébert, whose Théâtre de Marjolaine (an old barn she transformed at Eastman in the eastern townships) had just wound up its 16th summer season, received me in her offices on Stanley Street in Montreal. She explained to me that, since 1954, with the creation of the first Quebec...
plays as well as those from elsewhere. And what about joual? "We are not too keen on it," she explains. "In short, as an idiom, it is limited to Montreal. We’re making changes in translations made in France because they wouldn’t be understood here. The French of France is not precisely the French of Quebec. For instance, that’s the case in Death of a Salesman, which we’re putting on again this season. It has been translated in France, but we made changes in translation before it was presented here. And we’re even starting to persuade American authors that their translations be done here. But not joual."  

Françoise Gratton, co-founder and director of production of Nouvelle Compagnie Théâtrale à Montreal, has worked tirelessly in the service of the theater. Her company is important. Its mission is to create new plays and to teach the masterspieces of international drama.  

And there is Monique Lepage, co-director with Jacques Lévesque of the lamented Théâtre-Club in Montreal, who will do the stage direction this fall for Théâtre Populaire. It is a project of three Arnold Wesker plays adapted for Quebec and dealing with the trade-union world. There are others: Charlotte Bélanger, who was one of the managers of Compagnie du Masque and who now produces plays with workers and prisoners; Lorraine Richard, assistant artistic director of Théâtre de Quart-Sous, Paule Baillargeron, guiding spirit of Grand Cirque Ordinaire; Céline Desrochers, producer and participant in her own shows. Inevitably, some promising Quebec women are not mentioned here – there is such life and energy in the theater that new names pop up daily.  

This year, speech was a bit more informal, but it wasn’t joual."  

Jeanne Babin said wanted to do shows in several languages with the goal of bringing the various ethnic groups closer together. That was in 1958 when there were few available stages in Montreal. They had to be shared. "As for me, I wanted to do it alone," she told me. She heard that on St. Helen’s Island there was an old, abandoned powder magazine. But to convert an arbiter military installation into a modern theater meant working from the ground up – and the ground looked like a battlefield. However, there was no restraining her. She summoned her rich friends and influential acquaintances. "(No problem)," she says. "My first photo shows me at the age of five when, in the care of a nursenmaid, I went about raising funds for Montreal’s St. Justin Hospital." In July, 1958, five months after the discovery of the powder magazine, Théâtre International de la Poudrière opened its doors. They have never closed. Plays and other shows have been presented in nine venues – including French and English. The theater also has miniatures, chamber-music concerts, and puppet shows. 

Louis Darceup, 23, is her dad’s alter ego – which reads director of administration and production for Théâtre des Prairies in Juliette, about 35 miles from Montreal. He is that all-round man of Quebec theater, Jean Darceup. Accordingly, Louise is partly responsible for the phenomenological success registered since the theater’s foundation two years ago by the Jean Darceup Company, which produced Chasseuse and Le Chef. 

The big difference between English and French theater is that the Quebecois have discovered their own voice, their own identity, and that is far more dynami-
The need for new sources of petroleum is critical. What choices do Canadians have?

By Paul Grecoce

Canada's petroleum options

Entitled Canada's Petroleum Options, it makes seven major recommendations to accommodate necessities for exploration and development of future oil and gas supplies.

The brief opens by underlining the importance of petroleum supply to Canada. Pointing out that petroleum is energy equivalent of one barrel of oil. If our energy demand grows as it has in the past (5.5 percent yearly), we will be consuming the equivalent of more than nine million barrels per day by 1990. In 1974, we consumed four million barrels daily.

If very stringent measures were introduced, consumption could be lowered to a growth of 3.5 percent per year. In Imperial's opinion, there is some doubt whether Canada's economy could absorb this reduction. In the company's view, demand growth will be about 4.5 percent yearly. This means we will be consuming energy at just over eight million barrels of oil equivalent daily by 1990.

Development of other forms of energy will not entirely solve the petroleum supply problem. By 1980, it is expected that hydroelectric power will supply 21 percent of our energy needs, nuclear power 14 percent, and coal 10 percent. The balance -- 55 percent -- will have to be filled by oil and natural gas. At a growth of 4.5 percent yearly, the country will need 4.4 million barrels of oil and natural gas equivalent each day by 1990, compared with 2.6 million barrels in 1974.

Increased reliance on foreign crude can be reversed. Canada has promising potential reserves of oil and natural gas, but they'll be costly to find and produce. The country can once again be self-sufficient in petroleum only if the companies involved perceive an investment climate that warrants risking huge sums of money exploring in the Arctic and Atlantic and developing the tar sands and other heavy-oil deposits.

If such an investment climate does not materialize, the company states that, by 1990, the country could be importing as much as two million barrels of oil at each day at a cost of $9 billion per year in 1974 dollars. Given proper conditions, the country's production could well exceed 7.5 million barrels daily.

These conditions include a positive investment climate and the development of technology sophisticated enough to drill and deliver oil and gas from the deeper waters offshore and to produce oil from the toxic tar sands at a profit.

With current technology, the downward supply trend can be reversed, provided again that investment conditions are attractive. To effect even this supply increase will impose tremendous costs. In exploration off Canada's east coast last year, the industry spent a record $80 million -- yet the companies involved still feel it's premature to promise great yields of petroleum for that area. To develop the tar sands will call for many times the investment per barrel required to develop the conventional western Canadian reserves. The Syncrude consortium plans on spending $2 billion to build a tar sands plant. Another $50 million will be spent by the Alberta government on support facilities such as utilities plant, a crude-oil pipeline, and housing. The price tag on the Arctic gas pipeline is even more gaudient: the one line will cost in excess of $6 billion. Government estimates point out that $50 billion before inflation will have to be spent over the next decade to find, develop, and deliver petroleum.

The brief's first recommendation is a keynote of the company's case: a concerted effort be made to improve understanding by Canadians of the energy situation so they will support government decisions stimulating new petroleum development.

One way of encouraging oil development is to raise prices to the world level on a subsidized basis. Imperial says that this price level is necessary for the development and transport new Canadian supplies to market -- providing the shares of revenues going to the companies is sufficient to enable them to do the required job. In its second recommendation, the brief contends that a higher price tag for oil would prompt a more efficient use of energy. The same situation applies to natural gas, and the company's third suggestion is that, during the next two or three years, Canadian natural gas be allowed to reach a value that's competitive with other forms of energy. Governments, the brief says, should take the lead in advising Canadians about the need for price increases, "stressing that it does not make sense to plan for continued low prices that only accelerate the timing and severity of shortages.""
A new era of prison reform. For the John Howard Society, it means finding a new role

When a man emerges from prison, having paid his debt to society, it's one thing to offer him a helping hand. For most people, it's quite a different thing to try to change the social and legal circumstances that led to his criminal record. But that's what Canada's John Howard Society is working for these days.

It's a bit of a change. For years, the various local, provincial, and national John Howard branches have struggled to improve the conditions under which male criminal offenders are sentenced, imprisoned, and released. But they've earned respect mainly for their work in rehabilitating society's outcasts—the men who are, as one John Howard executive puts it, "deviants whose behavior is so unacceptable it's legislated against!"

They do it for many reasons. Toronto's "Kirk" Kirkpatrick, executive secretary for the John Howard Society of Canada, says: "When I see the difficulties men have had to surmount to fight their way back to responsible citizenship, the most significant thing for me has been the changes in the lives of men I have known." A grin creases his deeply lined face. "And I've known some pretty hard men."

Glen Hancock of Halifax, national John Howard president, puts it a different way: "The society has made me realize how easy it is to get into trouble and what a wonderful thing it is to have a second chance."

And that second chance came after a man named John Howard, an English philanthropist, was appointed High Sheriff of Bedfordshire in 1773. He started penal reform in Britain after visiting his jails and finding unpaid prison staffs living on fees extracted from prisoners. Some prisoners, though acquitted, were never released because they couldn't pay jailers' fees.

Long before the John Howard name was used in Canada, there were reform efforts. As far back as 1867, church workers visited Toronto jails to offer spiritual consolation. The Prisoners' Aid Society, as it became known in 1874, realized that inmates' real problems began with release—something that hasn't changed to this day.

The first John Howard Society in Canada was formed by the Rev. J. Dinage Hobdon in 1931 in British Columbia. Other provinces followed the example until, in 1962, the John Howard Society of Canada ratified its constitution in Ottawa. It now has 38 branches. Eight provincial societies joined; New Brunswick and Quebec did not. New Brunswick members wished to be more in control of their affairs and make their own presentations to the federal government. In Quebec, the John Howard branch cares for English-speaking inmates, but also is part of the Association of Social Re-habilitative Agencies, working closely with Francophone groups.

At first, the task seemed even tougher than it is now. After getting out of prison, men couldn't get jobs. Without jobs, they couldn't afford food, clothing, or shelter. To survive, they went back to crime. Small wonder "Kirk" Kirkpatrick calls release the "second punishment"! "Our societies began operating in a vacuum," observes Keith Couse, the executive director for Ontario. "No one else took responsibility for these men."

In the beginning, help for ex-inmates was offered by the John Howard Society only when men were released from jail. Members and volunteers gave food and shelter, found men jobs, and provided tools and bus fares. And this is still a major role of the society. In 1975, it cost $65,825.

From this start grew the present John Howard roles: visiting inmates in prison to prepare them for release; working with inmates' families; and parole supervision, probably the society's chief contribution in Canadian penal reform.

From this start also grew concern about prison's failure to rehabilitate offenders. "I've given up on prison," Couse says flatly. Kirkpatrick agrees: "I recognize that there are some men who have to be locked up, but imprisoning most offenders is futile." And from Warren Allmand, Canada's solicitor-general: "Traditional incarceration, far from rehabilitating, makes the majority of offenders even more dangerous to society.

Prisons make neither human nor economic sense, the John Howard people maintain. Depending upon the institution, it costs $10,000 to $17,000 to keep a man locked up for a year. Prison won't cure him. On probation with a suspended sentence, keeping the same man would cost less than $1,000. His family wouldn't be broken up. And if he had a job, he could continue to contribute to Canada's economy.

"Fewer than 15 percent of those people in penitentiaries need maximum security," claims Kirkpatrick. "The rest are..."
there because society demands punishment: 'be hurt me, so I want to hurt him too.' Kirkpatrick spent years fighting governments for smaller medium- and minimum-security prisons, with inmate populations of 150 or less.

With the 1970s come penal reform — new parole regulations, smaller prisons, counseling services — all the things John Howard members had been working for. In 1973, the retiring Ontario society president, A. B. Whistleau, could say: 'We have been overwhelmed by this excess of concern, speed of change, and the willingness to listen on the part of govern- ment people at all levels.' Kirkpatrick is justifiably pleased with recent government policies. 'I think I might have had something to do with them,' he says.

As John Howard policies were accepted by governments, new problems arose. For instance, the branch in Winnipeg became dependent upon government grants and regulations. The Rev. Kim Warren, a member of Winnipeg's Citizens' Committee on Correction, says: 'They lost their freedom to be innovative.'

For the society, it was like a tag-of-war in which the opposing team suddenly ran toward them. They had a choice: be absorbed by government services or find new directions. They chose new directions and, in their search for them, most branches are innovative again.

The early charity work is now broadened into a package program to help a man remake himself. 'There was a time when a guy came in here asking for $10, and we figured our job was to hand it to him,' says Kirkpatrick. 'But now, we'd listen to him.'

Ficlient-offenders prefer volunteers, especially if the choice is between private volunteer and government staff. 'An inmate has been in the hands of officials throughout his life,' says Kirkpatrick. 'By a parole officer, a prison guard, a correctional officer. A volunteer can see the inmate as a person, as Kirkpatrick goes so far as to suggest that all developments in penal reform have originated with volunteers. Probation, for example, started in 1841, with a Boston boot maker named John Augustus, who persuaded a court to release a young drunk into his custody. It took 37 years of work by Augustus and his friends before Massa- chusetts appointed a paid probation officer. We have 85 per cent of ex-inmates, all roads lead back to prison. Only 15 per cent find the difficult route to a life outside prison. On the other hand, probation systems claim up to 90 per cent rehabilitation.

For 85 percent of ex-inmates, all roads lead back to prison. Only 15 percent find the difficult route to a life outside prison. On the other hand, probation systems claim up to 90 percent rehabilitation.

The initiative is half-hearted. Most full-time staff personnel tend to keep busy, turning their eyes away from ways to rehabilitate the inmate. They are far too busy to do voluntary work. "I know I've been here for 10 years," says one of them. "But I've never had a full-time staff person trying to get help for him. I've never been able to find a volunteer who would help him."

And if society is to change its policies, the volunteer is usually the most available person. "I can call on a friend who works at a prison," says John Howard. "But I can't call on a friend who works at a hospital."

And in spite of holding down his own job, the volunteer is usually more available to help an inmate than the actually helps him. "I've heard them say, "I've been here for 10 years," says one of them. "I've never had a full-time staff person trying to get help for him. I've never been able to find a volunteer who would help him."
The travel brochure describes Victoria, B.C., as a "little bit of old England," as though a giant hand descended from the sky, scooped up a city from some mythical English countryside, and dropped it on the southeastern tip of Vancouver Island. And people who have visited Victoria or read something about it have predictable replies when questioned. "It's very British," one might say, trying his best to stiffen the upper lip. "You know, crumpets and all that. Afternoon tea at the Empress Hotel. And beautiful gardens too." From an outsider's perspective, it doesn't seem like a typical Canadian city. But is this capital of British Columbia really the last bastion of oh-so English traditions in Canada, or merely a municipality very dedicated for commercial reasons, to maintaining that image? (In 1974, about two million people journeyed to Vancouver Island, spending $90 million. Seventy percent of those people and dollars found their way to Victoria.)

Maybe this is not the case. Could it be that the heritage and history of this picturesque city are responsible for a genuine British flavor, one untouched by commercialism? To find the real Victoria, one must hurry in the place, being quick of mind and clear of eye, leaving no crumpet unturned.

From Vancouver, without a car, there are two modes of transport to Victoria: by ferry and bus, past scenic fjords and lush, green mountains, or by aircraft under the clouds, close enough to earth to spot evergreens and fishing boats during the 20-minute flight, and finishing with a bus trip from the tiny airport.

Either route invariably ends in the downtown bus terminal, as dingy and cramped as any other bus depot in the world. Near the door, a large poster advertises tours around the city on double-decker buses imported from England. Behind the terminal, lurking beyond the stately Empress Hotel and its vast parking lot (formerly shuffleboard courts), is a glimmer of Juan de Fuca Strait. In another direction, Mount Tolmie soars a few miles in the distance, a good place from which to view the entire city. Here is Victoria, sitting pretty on Vancouver Island's bottom end, with rugged, hilly, coniferous country all
about (only minutes from the city) and many excellent places for glimpsing rapted, icy peaks of the Olympic Mountains in the State of Washington across Juan de Fuca Strait.

The city seems like the end of the line in Canada — the farthest west you can go — but it isn’t. Maybe it only seems that way because the Trans-Canada Highway ends on Vancouver Island and the Canadian Pacific Railway didn’t even make it this far.

The mild climate is deceiving, too. It makes one think Victoria is farther south than it actually is. In reality, this city’s latitude is roughly the same as that of Gander, Nfld., or Ulan Bator in Mongolia. Nonetheless, despite its northerly position, Victoria in winter is like an oasis to cold Canadians.

The city receives almost 2,000 hours of sunshine per year, and though not a desert by any stretch of the imagination, the residents never stop reminding you that it’s drier and sunnier than Vancouver. With an average year-round temperature of 10 degrees Celsius and about 26 inches of rainfall annually, Victoria’s climate just begs comparison with London, which is nearly identical in these respects. Perhaps the weather is one of the main reasons for its reputation as Canada’s most-British city.

Of course, Scottish fur-trader James Douglas of the Hudson’s Bay Company wasn’t thinking much about the weather when he arrived in the early spring of 1843 on the Beaver, Canada’s first steamship on the west coast. He had come to survey the land and build Fort Victoria as a bulwark for the fur-trading company against encroachment by his southern neighbors. Douglas called the place “a perfect Eden” and wrote in his log that “... one might be pardoned for supposing it had been dropped from the clouds ....” Unfortunately, no one recorded what the Songhees Indians, who were living there in a cedar village, thought of James Douglas’ plan. Construction began in June, 1843.

The first non-British — gold-seekers from the United States — arrived in 1858 and, by 1862, there were 25,000 of them greatly outnumbering the 600 permanent residents and possibly...
disrupting afternoon tea terribly.

In 1862, when Victoria became a full-fledged city, the Victoria Philharmonic Society and a local theatre group were already three years old. Royal Governors still built the city with Imperial traditions, but their days were numbered. In 1866, the two colonies of Vancouver Island and mainland British Columbia amalgamated and, five years later, joined Confederation, thus putting an end to the colonial custom of having Royal Governors. During both amalgamation and Confederation, many staunch citizens of Victoria protested, wishing to remain true red, white, and blue to Britain. A jolly good try, but unsuccessful nonetheless.

Despite these events, the 1870s saw English-style buildings being built in the city. In 1893, when Victoria had a population of 17,000, the Parliament building was started. Tens of thousands of tourists flocked to Victoria during the 1890s and early part of this century to sightsee, paying special attention to the Tudor-style mansions of the rich and the more of homes of the artisans. During this era, the city’s British image was reinforced. In 1894, a reporter for the New York Sun wrote: “Victoria is the quaintest English town in North America, with no more hustle than a summer resort, the residents being more idle than the visitors.” Even Rudyard Kipling of east-is-east and west-is-west fame immortalized ‘Victoria in words, comparing it to English seaside resorts. The tourists kept coming too, and as long as they kept coming, Victoria remained very, very British. In fact, Victoria was the last city in North America where vehicles traveled on the left side of the road: the move to the right finally occurred in 1922. It wasn’t until 1946 that the city police traded their English-style helmets for North American caps. (Two policemen still wore helmets in 147, but only as a token gesture for the tourists.)

When the flag with the red maple leaf was adopted on it was to be substituted for the Union Jack. In 1970, a Victoria citizen challenged the legality of the move in court. As may be observed on any flagpole, he lost. It is still a mystery to the commentator that such a strong objection to a truly Canadian flag should come from Queen Victoria’s namesake city.

The people who have lived in Victoria have helped fashion the city as it is today. Titled Englishmen, retired administrators of the colony, and top military personnel have been part of its 132-year history. Their British presence is felt, but only in a diluted and diminishing way. As times changed and the population increased with the children of British stock — who thought of themselves as Canadians — many of the traditions were abandoned. Change is the most obvious enemy of tradition, as is evidenced by the case of the seamen who were stationed in Victoria. First a base for the Royal Navy, the municipality later served as quarters for the Royal Canadian Navy, which was the most British in its traditions of all our armed forces until Feb 1, 1968. On that date, the unification of Canada’s military took place, homogenizing navy, army, and air force, creating green uniforms for all, and cobbling Victoria of a little bit more of its Englishness.

Among its population there is an abundance of senior citizens. More than 30,000 citizens out of a total population of 215,000 persons in Metropolitan Victoria are 65 and over, the highest number per capita in North America. Victoria is a retirement capital. To those mature Canadians who don’t choose Florida, Victoria is a Pacific haven waiting with a relatively mild and dry climate in which to enjoy the senior years. And come they do. In the Yellow Pages, the names of 65 rest homes are listed. All along hilly, treed streets with names like Coronation or Shakespeare, senior citizens stroll, admiring the gardens (with their climate, Victorians aren’t simply interested in horticulture, they’re wild about it) and breathing fresh air. Old citizens are also evident ambling down Fort Street on sunny days, poking their heads into antique stores and stopping to chat with old friends. And on downtown avenues, the pace is slower than in other cities, as older people browse in the Hudson’s Bay Department store or watch a new building go up.

But what may be living for some is just plain dead to others. Hence, the cliché-ridden words of a Vancouverite who said: “In Victoria, they roll up the sidewalks at 6 p.m.” At 10 o’clock on a Saturday night, the sidewalks are still there, but the people aren’t. A few teenagers are lingering at a closed discount drugstore on Pandora Avenue. A little farther on in the downtown hub, a government liquor store is open, with more employees inside than customers. Lights are out in many houses on residential side streets. It’s not what you’d call lively nightlife. “There isn’t a lot to do in this city if you’re young,” says Karl Egen, a Toronto-born student working on his PhD in psychology at the University of Victoria.

Perhaps, with their affection for nostalgia, the older generation has helped preserve what Englishisms remain. “Some oldtimers still respect the traditions,” says Anselm Hilsken, the city archivist, sitting in his small office in the city-hall annex. He’s a large, gray-haired man, full of spirit and pleasant to talk with. “The image of a ‘little bit of old England’ has been diluted over the years,” he continues, “but there’s certainly some of it left. You don’t find traditions carried on as much in public places, but in many cases, they’re observed privately now. For instance, when I was young, Christmas and New Year’s were based on British customs, and now we still celebrate them that way to a certain extent.”

Pamela Gordon, who owns an antique store on Oak Bay Avenue, thinks Victoria is still more British than other Canadian cities, but just for the tourist trade. “It used to be very English when I arrived here from Britain about 25 years ago,” she explains. “The policemen were called ‘boobies’ or ‘peelers’ — after the statesman Robert Peel. Victoria once had narrow, cobbled streets, but they’ve disappeared too. No, it’s not typically English now. Even people who visit my shop after being away for many years ask, ‘What has happened to Victoria?’”

These sentiments are shared by Joan Choo, a Victoria-born nurse in her mid-20s. “There has been a tremendous change in Victoria,” she says. “I went away for three years in 1968, and when I came back everything was so different. There were new bridges, highways, and big stores. Many of the British-flavored homes had been torn down and concrete buildings were put up in their place.”

With the threat of over-development looming, city council voted in 1972 to limit building heights to 140 feet in the

(a) Wagon carry tourists on sightseeing trips
(b) Pat Hallam sells tickets for one of the wagons
(c) With a mild climate year-round, gardening is very popular
(d) Cyclist Larry Coburn, from Thunder, Ont., relaxed during a visit
(e) Victoria is Canada’s retirement capital
city itself, an area that 72,000 people call home. The city is also paying for the restoration of some heritage houses – old, British-style houses. Apart from shipbuilding and forestry, there is little industry, something that doesn’t bother most citizens. As a resident pointed out: “We want to keep this city for the people living in it. We don’t want to be another Vancouver: we don’t want to be big; we just want to be Victoria.”

And why not? Between 1951 and 1966, the city’s population increased 75 percent. By 1970, Victorians who had watched the replacement of old-fashioned streetlights with new, brighter ones, the widening and paving of many roads, and the felling of boulevard trees were becoming critical of progress (if indeed that’s what it really was).

Saying no to change sometimes has helped preserve whatever original character is left in Victoria. For instance, there are still some parking meters that rack up five minutes when a penny is dropped in (obviously installed long before inflationary times). And flower baskets are hung from old iron lampposts in a few areas downtown. The posh, private Union Club, founded in 1911, continues to operate on British traditions (although a new wing has been added for women). A mark of distinction in the city is to belong to the exclusive, very-British Victoria Golf Club, which was started in the 1870s. Then the season was only five months long, since sheep grazed on the course for the remainder of the year.

As for tourism, it is obvious the city is a centre for it, even if you fail to see one of the red double-decker buses. Along Government Street, little souvenir shops vie for visitors’ dollars, selling every kind of British-type trinket, with rooms crammed full of all the cliché Englishmen imaginable. About the only things missing are plastic crumpets with “Victoria” stamped on them. The Royal London Wax Museum does a brisk tourist business. In Esquimalt, one of the city’s three suburbs, the Old England Inn sits hidden by trees and shrubs (perhaps to block out the view of apartment buildings surrounding it), and inside there are miniatures of Anne Hathaway’s thatched cottage, William Shakespeare’s birthplace, and a number of little English storefronts.

“I think the tourist industry makes a concentrated effort to keep up the British image,” says Karl Eger, the psychology student. “If traditions are kept going, it’s for the visitors. When I first arrived here about two years ago, I thought it was different too, but that may have been partly due to what I’d been led to believe Victoria was. In another city, without the British reputation, you probably wouldn’t look for the same things.”

His wife, Pam, agrees. “The shops are different in Victoria,” she explains, “but then they’re aiming at tourists. If there is any British consciousness left, I believe it exists in the elderly people who still wear woolen coats, skirts, and hats, and carry umbrellas. And maybe it’s in the British-style rock and flower gardens, but then many older people have lots of time for that sort of thing.”

To Richard Bower, editor-in-chief and publisher of The Daily Colonist, Victoria’s English image is what he calls “a rather delightful myth.” Bower is a stately, mustached man with grayish-blond hair and a deep voice. His large, paneled office is bright with sunlight, and it is from here that he reads over the proofs for the next morning’s newspaper, “Victoria is no more a ‘little bit of old England’ than any other western-Canadian city;” he claims, pushing another cigarette into his holder. “The myth is propagated by the tourist industry, but I’m not saying this is a bad thing; it’s simply something that caught on, due to the colonial background, the climate, and the original settlers. I don’t suppose the architecture or people in this city are any different than, say, in Winnipeg.”

Although it may sound as though Bower has burst the mythical Union Jack balloon, there are those who do find Victoria quite different. One is Howard Farley, former Montreal lawyer, who packed up his family and moved to Victoria in 1972 to attend university, taking all the subjects he’d always wanted to study before entering law. “I think the background of British culture here filters through the people,” he says. “For instance, the clothing is different. And there are more English cars. There seems to be a politeness that’s sort of British, too. Although I don’t think there are many traditions being carried on, the influence is still visible.”

And visible it is at 721 Government Street. The Empress Hotel, fuzzy and staid at 67 years of age, sits ivy-covered and sprawling with the Union Jack blowing in the breeze. Right next door, the Parliament building looks like a twin sister. Luckily, a 13-foot statue of young Queen Victoria, complete with scepter, stands out from the Parliament grounds; otherwise, people unmindful of the Empress’ small sign might swim into the seat of provincial government expecting tea and crumpets.

Inside the main hotel lobby, where tea is served every day of the year except one (the opening day of Parliament when tea and crumpets are served next door), the four-o’clock sunlight is softened by gold, translucent drapes. Ornate white pillars stretch upward all around, and a white baby grand stands nearby. Elderly ladies – some of them dowagers – sit on high-back Victorian chairs and love seats sipping tea while waitresses scurry about with trays full of sand- winches, cake, English muffins, fruit salad and, of course, crumpets.

“In the summer,” says Elsie Connors, a waitress at the Empress, “300 people have tea each day, and sometimes there are 20-minute lineups to get in. They used to be mostly American tourists, but now many of the local people are coming back again.”

For $2.75, it’s a good deal, with lots of food and tea. Perhaps that’s why two young men, with hair well below their shoulders and wearing faded, patched jeans, sit amidst the quiet, conservative-looking crowd. The pair gulp down tea and sandwiches while, above them, a huge painting of Queen Elizabeth hangs on the wall, her face peering down, presiding over this afternoon gathering. Maybe these two young people, looking so incompatible in the surroundings, are symbolic of the changes taking place in Victoria all the time, eroding what’s left of the city’s precious character, trading the old for the new.

In a car on the way to the airport, the news announcer on a local radio station introduces an item by reporter Mike Biggs. With a name like that, you’d expect an Oxford accent, but when he speaks, the words haven’t the slightest British inflection. Similarly, the city itself, though both cosmopolitan and ornamental, is British only on the surface and at first glance. Time can only serve to diminish even this.
The North has gas.

The problem: the best way to get it to market

The map on the south wall of Jack Underhill's office in Toronto looks ordinary enough. Underhill is Imperial Oil's Arctic pipelines coordinator, and his map—really two maps in one—shows most of North America in glorious color and, in an upper corner in black and white, a second outline of Canada alone. The smaller map is dominated by a thick line that sets out from the Mackenzie Delta at the top, slices through the Northwest Territories and crosses into Alberta where it splits in two at a town not far from Calgary, called Caroline. One branch out of Caroline aims southwest, cutting into the United States by way of a corner of British Columbia, while the other, turning southeast, sweeps in a long, graceful curve toward central Canada.

"That's the baby we're talking about," Jack Underhill said one morning not long ago, tracing his finger down the north-south length of the thick black line. "That's the proposed route of the Arctic Gas pipeline, the one that could bring billions of cubic feet of natural gas out of the North. What it represents is one of the biggest projects North America has ever seen."

The reason for this giant undertaking is simple. Until now, fields in the four western provinces have met the country's gas needs, but those sources are dwindling. For new domestic supplies, say the oil companies, we must look to new petroleum frontiers. The Arctic is one.

"The statistics tell the story," explains Underhill, whose mind is a computer of Arctic pipeline facts and figures.

"Canadians now use four billion cubic feet of natural gas each and every day. And we know from exploration—Imperial alone has spent $1.8 billion exploring in the Mackenzie Delta since 1964—that there is almost seven trillion cubic feet of gas reserves discovered to date in the Delta area." At current rates of demand, that's enough to fuel Canada's industry that uses gas for eight years. It's enough to supply Canadian residential needs for those already using gas for 20 years. And there's more, too. Studies filed with the National Energy Board (NEB) estimate the total potential recoverable gas reserves to be 45 trillion cubic feet in the Delta area.

This, together with gas reserves in Alaska, are why 17 major corporations, including Imperial Oil, have pooled their expertise, finances, and loftiest expectations in an effort to have Canadian Arctic Gas Pipeline Limited (called CAGPL or simply Arctic Gas) move that gas out of the Arctic to market.

Getting the gas out is a tall order. The best estimates at the moment indicate that a gas-carrying pipeline running 2,600 miles out of the Canadian North will demand about three years, 8,000 men, and 46 billion to construct.

Right now, there are two separate gas pipeline proposals in active contention: the one from Arctic Gas and another put forward by Foothills Pipe Lines Ltd. (also known as the Maple Leaf group, the Foothills group, and the Alberta Gas group). The differences between the two proposals have to do with geography, size, and finances. Put in barebones form, the Maple Leaf group, which is sponsored by two Canadian companies—Alberta Gas Trunk Lines and Westcoast Transmission—favors a Canada-only line, 42 inches in diameter, one that will carry gas from the Canadian reserves in the Mackenzie Delta to Canadian markets only. Arctic Gas, on the other hand, calls for a 48-inch pipeline that will convey gas from the reserves in Alaska's Prudhoe Bay, as well as from the Mackenzie Delta, to consumers in both the United States and Canada.

Obviously, the pipeline that serves the national interest best—in both social and economic terms—is the best choice. Imperial Oil will use any efficient pipeline (or transportation system, for that matter) to get its gas to market. But it is the efficiency that's important. As Underhill says: "If carrier pigeons prove to be an efficient method, then Imperial will support carrier pigeons to transport that gas."

A transportation system that brings the gas out the soonest at the lowest cost and that best assures a steady, secure supply to meet Canadian demand during the years ahead is in the best Canadian interests. And Imperial believes the Arctic Gas pipeline meets these criteria. That's why Imperial Oil is one of the 17 companies supporting Arctic Gas.

There are problems that must be solved before a pipeline can be on stream for 1980. Roughly speaking, the problems have to do with economics, public attitudes, the environment and northern people, and engineering, and each one is loaded with pitfalls and potential expense.

Economics

"Once we knew the gas was in the Arctic," says Bruce Mackenzie, Imperial's Arctic pipelines technical advisor, "different methods were proposed to get it out. Naturally, we and others have taken a hard look at all of them."

By railroad, by tanker, by giant pipeline—all of these schemes and more have been advanced. The ministry of transport examined the possibility of an Arctic railroad. The ministry's conclusion? "A guarded concession that a railroad might work. But for a number of reasons, not least being the length of time—about eight years—that would be required to complete a railroad and the fact that a train, when carrying petroleum, is only half-efficient since it travels empty on the return trip, it seems clear that pipeline is more in the consumers' and the country's interest than railroading."

Mackenzie points out another important reason. "To transport gas by railroad car, or tanker, or plane," he says, "you must first convert it to liquid and then, when it reaches its destination, reconvert to gas. That process is simply not economic where pipeline transportation is concerned. Because, you see, in the course of it, you lose about 18 percent of the gas. In a pipeline, there's no need to liquify the gas, so you deliver about 91 percent."

(Nine percent is used to fuel the compression and refrigeration parts of the pipeline.) The routes of the two pipeline proposals differ in terms of economics. Arctic Gas makes the point that a Canada-only line is less efficient. The almost seven trillion cubic feet of gas in the Mackenzie reserves, according to the CAGPL argument, is simply not enough to justify the enormous expense of a pipeline. But when the gas in the proven reserves at Prudhoe Bay on the north coast of Alaska—some 26 trillion cubic feet—is carried in the same pipeline, then the economics of construction make sense. Although the hookup from Prudhoe Bay to the main pipeline in Canadian territory would call for 500 miles of extra line at a cost of $1.5 billion, Arctic Gas claims its pipeline would earn this country a half-billion dollars yearly from the United States in transportation charges for carrying their gas across Canada. In Arctic Gas' view, it is the inclusion of Alaskan gas that makes the project feasible.

"A Canada-only pipeline would require about three times the reserves already discovered in the Mackenzie Delta," says Earle Gray, director of public affairs for Arctic Gas. In response to this, the Maple Leaf group estimates 15 billion cubic feet of gas will be discovered in the Beaufort area by 1980.

An Arctic silver fox kit sits in front of a stack of 40-inch diameter pipe.
American species, the bald eagle, is actually thriving in Canada’s North). But, more pertinently, the study has provided pipeline engineers with data that will help them to design their pipelines such environment-protection features as the following:

- A route for the pipeline (which will be burdened for its entire length) and a construction schedule that have been selected to minimize disturbance to caribou migration, fish spawning, and waterfowl nesting.
- A system of lowering the temperature of the natural gas in the pipeline to below freezing. This will prevent the permafrost from rising due to the heat from the pipeline.

Enforcement and Northern People

There are 35,000 native people and 1.5 million square miles of territory in Canadian North, and both people and land are getting attention from the rest of Canada. A. E. Belcourt of the Native Council of Canada expressed fears for the land: “You are not going to turn our fresh water into Lake Erie and Superior. You are not going to turn our arctic and southern land, the life in it that you have done in Trail, Flin Flon, and Sudbury. There may be room for those kinds of things in your definition of the quality of life, but there is none in ours.”

CAPGL is quite aware of the potential problems a pipeline could bring. Their plans include movements of different kinds of things in your definition of the quality of life, but there is none in ours.”

“Think of it,” Underhill says, “we’re talking about building a pipeline.”

“It’ll be moved in by rail, by barge, by every way you can imagine.” Mackenzie picks up: “It’ll be a huge engineering feat coming down the Mackenzie River like a pioneer wagon train through the forest.”

“Time—aah, there’s the great enemy of new energy supplies. Arctic Gas has already constructed pilot pipelines, already conducted test programs, already carried out trial studies, already spent thousands of man-hours in design and planning. They still need time to get on with the gathering facilities and the producing wells on site at the Mackenzie Delta. They need to put up the compressor stations that will stand every 50 miles for the length of the pipeline and will chill the gas for the permafrost’s protection. Finally, they need time to lay the seemingly endless miles of pipe through the long, frigid northern stretches. Perhaps one more breath-taking statistic illuminates the job ahead—over the next 20 years, Arctic Gas’ best projections, Canada will have to come up with 100 trillion cubic feet of natural gas to meet its demands. That’s about 14 times what has been discovered to date in the North. In some distant and happy age, we may undoubtedly burn to solar energy, or nuclear energy, or tidal energy to satisfy such needs, but until that day in the future, it seems certain that Canadian hopes for millions of people who are opening up our new frontiers of oil and gas resources.  .  .  .
Each of us may be bored. A noted psychiatrist gives his analysis. And a few suggestions

by Daniel Cappon

Virtually everyone, sometime or another, suffers from boredom. For years now, it has been popular to assume boredom comes from a dull routine, particularly work. We've had a ready list of such occupations headed, of course, by the factory job where the worker turns a screw or adjusts a bolt hour after hour, day after day. Or else we think of driving a bus, delivering mail, or some task that by our very personal definition, we label as boring, because it is repetitive.

But we are too facile—and perhaps too poisoning—in our interpretation. For boredom is not experienced only by people whose occupations we label as routine. Its enemi may settle upon us all, no matter how exciting our jobs may appear. "Grandpa," asked the boy, "what do you remember about the war?" Replied the older man: "The boredom of waiting for action."

Life is full of instances of boredom turning up in the most surprising forms and places. Marathon runners, for example, often define their archenemy as boredom, and some of our champion teen-age delinquents excuse their enterprise by saying simply: "Nothing else to do." Then there was the heroic sailor who had braved the open ocean and was asked by reporters to what he owed his survival. "To my parrot," he said. "Without him, boredom would have made me more balmy than I am."

Boredom, in brief, does not spring only from situations you or I regard as "boring". Even the most demanding, daring vocations or experiences may well provide the setting for excruciating boredom. I'm convinced that even the astronauts, staring back at our little planet for long periods, know exactly what it is to experience boredom.

Naturally, the boredom a marathoner must face or the tedium that bothers every one of us from time to time, is not a critical problem. It's not prolonged and it's not debilitating. So we manage and come out of it comfortably. After all, man has faced boredom throughout much of his history. It must have begun during the first success of the agrarian revolution with its first measure of affluence, when the body was taken care of and the soul given liberty. In my view, boredom has probably escalated during the past century and a half, particularly with the introduction of what we've come to call the "leisure society". Boredom is such a problem now we must examine it. In so doing, we must put away our simple, incomplete explanations of its causes; we must learn more precisely what it is, and what we can do in the face of it.

The danger point for a society occurs when boredom becomes epidemic, and that can come about far more easily than we realize. For boredom is infectious—spreading like the flu—and may disperse through a family where the father is bored or through a class where the teacher drags to school each day. Thus, a kind of emotional weed may begin to grow, with the inevitable unhappiness that accompanies it. Either that, or else the seriously bored person may manifest his or her boredom in destructive ways, from the bored younger who becomes the school's "Dennis the Menace" to the middle-aged woman who drives her car at suicidal speeds. Both may very well be acting out of boredom, whether they realize it or not. And when you discover, as I have, the high incidence of this behavior among the so-called decision makers and trend setters of society, then it is all the more alarming.

I'm rarely bored. It's not just because my job is interesting, for even psychiatrists have dull days with tedious routine. But I've studied boredom throughout my professional life, and you'll have to admit, it has many faces. It is deceptive and, therefore, interesting. Not just for psychiatrists, but for everyone.

Consider this example. I once studied a cat and, from all the signals cats give off, it seemed utterly bored. It yawned. Then ever so lazily, it paws at itself. What was the situation? It had cornered a mouse in a hole, but the cat was being watched by its archenemy, the dog next door. A tight spot. So with his heart probably skipping a beat, it made an inner decision. It cut out to boredom. As I say, boredom is deceptive. It can come to a cat in a pressure situation. Or it can come to an executive, a man or woman one would expect to be so harried that there would be no time to be bored. They too can turn off to boredom.

Boredom, put simply, is a state of understimulation. That condition can be brought on by the environment, or as we've seen in the foregoing illustrations, it can be self-induced. It is not just a catchword to cover all kinds of other emotional problems — anxiety, depression, compulsion, and so forth. It is a specific condition, indeed so specific, in many cases it can be induced by experts who know under extreme conditions — in which individuals are deprived of everything that normally stimulates them — a majority of people will get bored and some people will become acutely bored.

But even for the experts, there is one dimension of boredom impossible to predict. That is, whether under relatively normal conditions, any one person — on the assembly line or in the executive suite — will become bored. Why? Because people vary so sharply within themselves and in relation to what goes on around them. What seriously bores one is taken in stride by another. The set of factors causing boredom remains weighted on the side of the subjective, the internal. Boredom occurs only when all these factors interplay with each other. In other words, in a normal
Lacking for a new challenge is one way to ward off boredom. These boys found something more stimulating than ordinary swimming, even though it’s more dangerous.

Not only does this take one out of oneself, in giving to another, but the reward, even if one’s misery is a child’s, is instant and lasting.

The world is short of humor, low on laughter. Any contribution by a mind gifted with wit would, I’m sure, be gratefully received. Even if the attempt is abortive, it would teach a good lesson. But this is short, of course, of the radical approach of total life restyling. If all attempts fail because there’s something rotten in the inner state of the individual, such restyling might light through the total constituents of one’s life-style: the mate, the children, the environment, the occupation, and the hobbies, and begin to rework them into a different framework. It’s like sculpting a different shape for one’s life. And remember, there may be time enough nowadays to change jobs and one’s social and marital status thence in a lifetime. And the easiest and most profitable life-job transitions to be made are often in the trifling affairs of the business and commerce (the private sector), teaching, and government.

That’s dangerous by degrees beyond individuals. It is massive in our society. So we should look to our environment: eliminate senselessness, the urban rigidities, and monotonous repetition; increase and broaden the varieties of encounter between people. We should break up the lonely crowd in which people are shut off from each other by visible and invisible walls.

Daniel Capon is a practising psychiatrist in Toronto, a professor of environmental studies at York University.
The youth culture, as it was called only a few years ago, seems to have slipped into history. I don’t mean that the issues are gone, but the movement, if that’s what it was, appears to have faded. This is obvious at several levels, but none is more apparent than the death of Yorkville, a Toronto neighborhood and gathering place during the sixties for the young, the committed, the confused, or the simply curious. Most nights during the sixties, Yorkville’s sidewalks were blocked with teenagers, the streets were jammed with their cars, and the nearby houses filled with young tenants from all over Canada.

During those years, there was an air of crisis about Yorkville. Parents worried if their children went there, especially more than once. Tourists wanted to have a look for, of course, they had heard about the hippies and the drugs. Sometimes, I’d get a distraught telephone call – I was working on a newspaper then – from some parent in the east or west of the country, saying a son or daughter had “disappeared into Yorkville” and could help. Each time, I’d call a friend, a social worker there, and his reply was always the same. “I’ve got a hundred parents looking for the kids. All I can do is ask a few guys to keep an eye out.”

There was, as I say, an air of foreboding about the very word “Yorkville”. Now that is changed. I walked through Yorkville a short time ago, and with each month it has become more affluent in its appearance and more chic in its style. Some public-relations people, some developers, and some politicians changed Yorkville from whatever it was to one of the most elegant shopping places in Canada. The fact that the word “Yorkville” now has the ring of affluence, not decadence, is a testament to the shrewd skills of those who had an eye to see its future.

But the young are gone, as they are from that other experiment, Rochdale, a high-rise commune in Toronto. In the United States, the phenomenon may have been exaggerated and shaped around different issues. But at its heart, it was probably much the same. Now, in a new book, we have one of the most comprehensive examinations of what happened. Midge Decter, a former editor of Harper’s, has written Liberal Parents, Radical Children (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). While some of her analyses have been offered by others, much of it is thoughtfully original, and I’m indebted to her for her influence on my own thinking in what appears here.

What did it all really mean when the kids told their parents they were dropping out because they were fed up with the system, alienated from an adult world full of plastic values and ulcerous stomachs? The idealistic young were having none of that. They were ready to surrender all materialism for a world with better values and a better environment. So many said.

The attention they got was phenomenal. During the sixties, the schools heard them and acted, the universities appointed them to boards, and in the mass media, they were given highly sympathetic treatment. In 1967, writer Robert Pufford, in Montreal looking at the Youth pavalion of Expo, observed: “The young of North America have never been so fascinated and pleased with themselves as they are today. They gaze lovingly into the pool of the mass media, and what looks back at them is a countenance infinitely beautiful, infinitely promising, infinitely idealistic.”

Now it may be useful to ask if the young were really saying what they thought they were. I think both we and they were fooled, that upon second thought, their attacks on universities, work, and life in general may not have been those of reformers, but elitists, and more to the point, elitists who wanted their life of leisure without much cost in effort.

Consider the issues separately. In Canada and the United States, young activists savaged the universities for being factories where students were not in contact with their professors. There is truth to this claim as anyone with one eye can tell, but beneath the cry is something else.

Most of the student activists came from the middle and upper classes, as Midge Decter so pointedly suggests. They longed to be recognized, to be judged, and treated as the elitists they were. The large class, where exams are marked impersonally, has glaring weaknesses, but it is egalitarian. The daughter of the corporation president is treated the same as anybody else. This creates obvious problems for anyone wanting recognition for something beyond what is fairly and objectively deserved.

In the same manner, they attacked work, relating it vaguely and uncertainly to something they called the Protestant Work Ethic. Any dedication to one’s employer, any day-to-day commitment to dull routine, they disparaged as unworthy, unfulfilling, and dehumanizing. Instead, in their most voluble pronouncements, they celebrated “doing your own thing.” This sounds like a declaration for freedom, of putting aside the impulse to achieve in favor of simpler fulfillment. But really, it is a disparagement of that which makes men equal, the fact that all earn their daily bread. The young, at least the most vociferous leaders, would short-circuit this. They relied at the society that demanded that, in order to achieve the pleasures of leisure, they work like everybody else.

Finally, their assaults on life in general, its consumptive nature, its acquisitive thrust, and its materialistic character were rather contradictory. They hated affluence, or so they thought. They disparaged technology, but coveted electronic instruments of music. Some criticized the plunder of energy and consumed it with abandon. Fulfilling debts and obligations was a drag. They put down the middle class, but would sit at their tables accepting – often without gratitude – the attention-ness and goodwill of their parents. At a glance, this seems merely the happy-go-lucky style of the young. Looked at more seriously, it is the style of those who play at being the idle rich they want to be.

They were raised at a unique time in North American history, perhaps the last of such times. They were the children of a history that led us all to believe, dangerously, that much good was possible and little effort was necessary. The fault, far from being theirs, rests upon us all, as does the disappointment.

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