



Toronto tries, with real success, to blend the old and new. Nothing is newer than the Canadian National tower which looms, on page one, behind the fusty, funky Flatiron Building. On page two the tower stands in counterpoint to the city's downtown skyscraper cluster, a

view that suggests, inaccurately, that Toronto was born yesterday. The cluster (above in greater detail) is balanced by old, peaked homes in such places as Yorkville and Cabbagetown, now restored and selling for up to \$100,000.



pellung location for an office or factory. A third of Canada's purchasing power lies within a 100-mile radius." In the words of *Venture* magazine it is "the very model of a modern major metropolis" and a "big, clean city with a lot of building going on."

The vitalization of Toronto began in the late fifties or the early sixties though it wasn't immediately apparent. In *Fortune's* phrase it was still "a tedious provincial capital" with a traditional monochromatic Anglo-Celtic flavor, clean, safe and tree-lined streets and Sunday blue laws.

Pleasure seekers drove to Buffalo, N.Y., on the weekends. But immigrants who were clearly not Anglo-Celts had been pouring in since World War II, from Italy, Germany, Poland, the Ukraine, Portugal, France, Greece, the West Indies and Asia, and they had brought cultural variety and were bringing varieties of food, drink and philosophy as well. The subway system, which began to take shape in the early fifties (when many cities were dismantling their transit systems), has been a major factor in holding the city together. The trains are clean, quiet, re-

is to strive for perfection. I could not reconcile that with such experience of life as I had and the Jungian feeling that things tend to run into one another, that what looks good can be pushed to the point where it becomes evil, and that evil frequently bears what can only be regarded as good fruit. . . . I feel that I am a person of strongly religious temperament but when I say 'religious' I mean I am immensely conscious of powers of which I can have only the dimmest apprehension, which operate by means that I cannot fathom, in directions which I would be a fool to call either good or bad. . . .

"I really think I've now got to the age where I have to consider what I am and how I function, and I can only call myself an artist. Now people hesitate very much in Canada to call themselves artists. An extraordinary number of authors shrink from that word, because it suggests to them a kind of a fancy attitude, which might

bring laughter or might seem overstrained — but if you really put your best energies into acts of creation, I don't know what else you can call yourself. You'd better face it and get used to it and take on the things that are implied by it. . . .

"I am not of formidable learning; I am a very scrappily educated person and I am not of formidable intellect; I really am not a very good thinker. In Jungian terms I am a feeling person with strong intuition. I can think, I've had to think, and I do think but that isn't the first way I approach any problem. It's always, what does this say to me: And I get it through my fingertips, not through my brain. Then I have to think about it, but the thinking is a kind of consciously undertaken thing rather than a primary means of apprehension. Also intuition is very strong in me; I sort of smell things. As for this wit business, it's primarily defence, you know. Witty people are concealing something."