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"But the fact is that the old Victoria College did have a most unusual reputation in Canada, and not merely for sober pedagogy."

Tut, Tut, Tarlton!

A student replies.

By STEVE OXENDALE

Dr. Tarlton, in his "University of Victoria, School of Shortcomings" does make several hard-to-verbalize points. UVic does not match Berkeley, say, for sheer brutality of thinking. We are apathy-ridden. There are continual petty squabbles among the staff.

This last point is epitomized by Dr. Tarlton's essay.

He seriously exhorts us (the Faculty, Administration and the Student Body) to use rational means to determine our goals if university is to be worthwhile.

Regrettably, Dr. Tarlton doesn't give us his views of what this worthwhileness comprises; instead of attacking this problem himself he offers us a series of "arguments" as to why we should attack it. But doctor, why didn't you twist your arguments into some semblance of logic? Not that "logic" or "reason" are worth a damn, but it helps prestige-wise if you go about things "logically."

Your first argument is an amateurishly disguised gauntlet-flick at the Heads of Departments, particularly at that of the English department. You deplore the dubious fact that the English instructors have to toady to their Department Head in order to remain employed. They must be

timid. Timidity is bad. Department Heads obviously aren't timid. Therefore Department Heads are good. The less timid the better. The best Heads are downright vicious. My little argument here is as crude, sir, as your vendetta against the UVic ruling family (which consists of fallable but decent, quite human individuals).

How could any department pursue any goal without a Head to co-ordinate activities?

"The University of Victoria does not match Berkeley," say, for sheer brutality of thought."

Eight paragraphs after his complaint that the instructor turnover rate is tremendous in the English

(continued on page four)

Tsk, Tsk, Tarlton!

A department chairman replies.

By PETER L. SMITH

My first reading of Charles Tarlton's spirited account of the shortcomings of the University of Victoria produced a reaction of incredulity and delight. Incredulity, because I could scarcely believe that a responsible critic could reach coherent judgment after such a brief period of observation. Delight, because I welcomed his blunt and direct approach, his vigor and intensity, his incisive judgments on the interrelationship of teaching and research, his insistence that a university must be vibrant and inquisitive. Here, clearly, is a man with an exciting mind and a gift for lively diatribe: a potential Socratic gadfly to enrage the smug and harass the complacent.

I shall not dwell in detail on his acceptance as self-evident truths of several premises that are left totally unexamined. There is, he implies, a correlation between the greatness of a university and its measure of democratic decision-making. This premise may be valid; but of the four universities at which I have taught, by far the greatest was by far the least democratic. Some thoughtful academics feel an appalling waste of human energy in a system where all decisions are submitted to a massive and unwieldy committee of the whole. Dr. Tarlton suggests, moreover, that the prime requisite of a university's greatness is an accurate enunciation of goals or purposes. Surely he cannot be referring to convocation platitudes or grandiloquent preambles to academic bulletins. Some of America's most dismal universities have the most articulate and self-laudatory brochures. Is it not possible that the common goal may better be left as an ill-defined esprit de corps, as a conviction of progress through creative enquiry to ultimate truth?

HASTY GENERALIZATIONS

Although one may challenge Dr. Tarlton's premises, I am more deeply disturbed by the facile sweep of his hasty generalizations about the University of Victoria. As a reputable social scientist, he should be

"... of the four universities at which I have taught, by far the greatest was the least democratic."

exemplary in his cautious use of evidence, his avoidance of factual error, his level of personal detachment and objectivity.

There is, he says, no significant public analysis of major policy deci-

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sions at this university, in that change is initiated by clique-ridden committees and ratified by intimidated faculties. Is this a judgment based on the hearsay of malcontents? Does Dr. Tarlton know, to take merely one example, of the policy decision in last year's change of grading system? The new letter-grade system was the result, first, of the election by secret ballot of a committee from Arts and Science (no Deans included); the addition of elected representatives from the Faculty of Education; prolonged study by this committee; a stimulating and searching debate in faculty, which continued intermittently in

"Dr. Tarlton's generalization that there is no democratic base to decision-making will not stand close scrutiny."

Arts and Science for several weeks; and an ultimate decision by secret ballot. Good change or bad, there was no lack of free analysis.

STUDENT INVOLVEMENT

Dr. Tarlton's generalization that there is no democratic base to decision-making will not stand close scrutiny. Admittedly, there is still no extensive student involvement, though the University of Victoria has been a pioneer in admitting students to administrative and faculty committees. But the general faculty does have strong majority control of its academic destiny, through its democratic Senate representatives, who are elected by a scrupulously discreet secret ballot. Incidentally, these representatives have included department heads and members of faculty from every rank of professor.

FACULTY ASSOCIATION

Because Dr. Tarlton has chosen not to become a member of the Faculty Association, he is probably unaware of the role played by this body in broadening the base for democratic decision and for provid-

(continued on page four)

Mr. Oxendale is a third-year honours English student at the University of Victoria.

Life, Lust and London Liberty

By Peter Corley-Smith

PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT
A Biography of John Wilkes
By Charles Chevonix Trench
London, William Blackwood, 1962

Since activism and freedom of the press have occupied a good deal of space in these columns this year, it may be of interest to look back, through the medium of an excellent book, to an earlier champion of liberty — a demagogue so active that when, some two hundred years ago, his name echoed round the turbulent London streets, no lesser figures than Bute, Sandwich, Newcastle, Grafton and, of course, King George II himself, flinched publicly and flew into paroxysms of impotent rage in private.



Wilkes: "His university career was . . . conventional. 'My father gave me as much money as I wanted. Three or four whores — drunk every night — sore head next morning'."

John Wilkes lived and rose to great eminence at a time when one of the fundamental characteristics of the Restoration — a sharp reaction against Puritanism — was most evident. It was an age of political corruption and moral licence almost unparalleled in British history; and Chevonix Trench has written a fascinating account of it. His tone is lively, but never facetious; and it is always a pleasure to turn from the historical text books of one's school-days — which are inevitably tainted by chauvinistic propaganda — to scholarly revelations of the follies and vices of the famous. To the contemplation of Pitt, the Great Orator, sniggering over a dirty poem

". . . the Gin Act not only did away with the social evils Hogarth portrayed, but dealt a severe blow to the Wilkes' family fortune as well."

—then, less than a year later, bitterly condemning its author for obscenity; to the Earl of Sandwich, future Secretary of State, humiliated in a wildly improbable practical joke whilst participating in an orgy at Medmenham; or the Earl of Bute, in fact if not yet in name, Prime Minister, powerless to deny the accusation that the King's mother was opening more than her heart to him. These, and many other, lesser known, facts about Britain's leaders in the eighteenth century, bring history very much to life. But this is not to suggest that there is anything consciously prurient about *Portrait of a Patriot*. On the contrary, it is a

Mr. Corley-Smith is a second-year honours English student at the University of Victoria.

carefully documented account of events, all of them very pertinent to this biography. For, as the author points out, ". . . sobriety, piety and continence were not then regarded as essential for advancement in the public service." And by these standards, John Wilkes was admirably equipped when he strode confidently into the centre of the political stage. He was totally amoral, armed with a devastating wit, and supported by a physical courage and strength of character that we, in what John Kenneth Galbraith has described as the age of the bland leading the bland, can only envy.

VIRILE DISRESPECT

He was born in London in 1725. His father, Israel, owner of a gin distillery and a very rich man was,

at the same time, not quite a gentleman, and he made up his mind that his son was going to become one. Whether or not he succeeded in this ambition is highly debatable; but he certainly set about it in a curious manner. Condemning the fashionable public schools for their social delinquency he engaged as a private tutor for his son "a dissenting divine . . . fond of every paradox and heresy," who was eventually defrocked for his unorthodox views. Six years under this vivacious clergyman left young John with a virile disrespect for conformity and an enduring love of contentiousness.

His university career, on the other hand, was far more conventional. "I never read steadily," he remarked. "My father gave me as much money as I wanted. Three or four whores — drunk every night — sore head next morning." One is not surprised to learn that he did not earn a degree, and departed before very long to continue his education by taking the tour.

On his return he promptly married for money; and no less promptly separated from his wife. Wilkes liked women, but he had no intention of confining his attentions to one woman; and in spite of the fact that he was ". . . remarkably ugly, with a crooked, prognathous jaw, a flat nose and an extraordinary squint," such was his charm and infectious good humour that he was able to enjoy their favours with enviable frequency throughout his life.

And it was this same personality and wit that soon brought him the acquaintanceship of the top people of his day. His friend Potter, son of a former Archbishop of Canterbury, introduced him to William Pitt and the possibility of a political career.

He set his sights on Aylesbury, which was not actually a rotten borough, but so close to it that any distinction was bound to be academic; and being the son of a rich man, he was easily able to

"Wilkes himself believed that debauchery enlivened the mind and usually wrote *The North Briton* in bed, on a desk provided by Betsy Green's shapely protuberance . . ."

purchase enough votes to secure election as a Member of Parliament. Unhappily for his future, the Gin Act, which came into force soon after this, not only did away with the social evils Hogarth had so vividly portrayed, but dealt a severe blow to the Wilkes' family fortunes as well. So that Wilkes, for the rest of his life, was in the hands of the money-lenders — an exigency he tolerated with remarkable fortitude.

THE BRITON

However, it was not so much in politics as in journalism that Wilkes' real talents emerged. The government was led by the King's favourite, the Scottish Tory Earl of Bute, who was unwise enough to issue a propaganda sheet called *The Briton*; and Wilkes, as a member of the Whig opposition, quickly followed suit by publishing a satirical counterpart called *The North Briton*. It was an instant success, and the editors of *The Martlet* cannot but benefit from an examination of his editorial policies, for they were at once simple and superbly effective. Scorning reasoned argument, he relied instead on the ceaseless repetition of a few simple ideas, preferably in the form of an attack on some person or cause already unpopular. "Give me a grain of truth," said Wilkes, "and I will mix it up with a great mass of falsehood so that no chemist will ever be able to separate them." And this he did, . . . his invective — brutal, coarse, grossly unfair — made his enemies cringe, and *The North Briton* the most popular paper of the day."

His methods of writing, too, may be no less instructive to the editors of this journal. For "Wilkes himself believed that debauchery enlivened the mind and usually wrote *The North Briton* in bed, on a desk

"He was totally amoral, armed with a devastating wit, and supported by a physical courage and strength of character . . . that we can only envy."

provided by Betsy Green's shapely protuberance . . ." Ah me, those were the palmy days of journalism!

PONDEROUS SALLIES

But while wit was the main weapon, a wit so pungent that it eventually drove the Prime Minister from power, it is at the same time, unfortunately, a little difficult nowadays to appreciate the shattering impact of his sallies. To contemporary tastes they appear rather distressingly ponderous. Only one or two have survived the years untarnished — as when the Earl of Sandwich informed Wilkes that he was an unmitigated scoundrel who would die either on the gallows, or of the pox. "That must depend," replied Wilkes blandly, "on whether I embrace your lordship's principles or your mistress."

In any event, his style was crushingly successful, and both the King and his ministers were understandably anxious to suppress *The North Briton*. The story of how they tried to do so is the story of the classic battle for freedom of press and liberty of the individual subject; a battle which changed Wilkes from a self-seeking libertine into a very sincere champion of the common

man. It is a saga of intrigue, murder, riots, duels, imprisonment and exile — terminating, of course, in success — which makes our own activism something of an irony. While we march in orderly procession the length of three or four city blocks, for "universal accessibility," and frighten poor little Mr. Peterson into hiding, Wilkes defied the King, the Lords and the Commons — in fact, the Establishment of the entire country — and soundly defeated them.

DELIGHTFUL IMAGE

Thus, one can recommend *Portrait of a Patriot* without any misgivings. The author has combined meticulous research and scholarly analysis without ever lapsing into dullness, or insulting the reader by moralizing. It can be read for profit or pleasure, and surely this is the highest art of biography. Moreover, those who approach their term papers with a sinking heart (and pray tell me, who does not?) will find a peerless example of how to integrate a mass of quotations and references into the body of the text while allowing a brisk and exciting narrative to progress without any sense of interruption. They will

"Give me a grain of truth . . . and I will mix it up with a great mass of falsehood so that no chemist will ever be able to separate them."

also, perhaps, end up with a delightful image of Wilkes, his prognathous jaw stuck out, his powdered hair — as in the famous cartoon by Hogarth — swelling into two small but unmistakable horns, and his squinting eyes filled with the joyous gleam of battle. Then — and how much more satisfying it must have been than rolling a sheet of paper into a typewriter — then he would lovingly sharpen his quill, plunge it into the ink and begin to write: "He is a very apt tool of ministerial persecution, with a spirit worthy of a Portuguese Inquisitor, hourly looking for carrion in every office to feed that insatiable vulture [Bute]. The most treacherous, base, selfish, mean, abject, low-lived and dirty fellow that ever wriggled himself into a secretaryship."

A DUEL

The gentleman he was describing, His Majesty's Secretary of the Treasury, Samuel Martin, was sufficiently incensed by this character sketch to challenge him to a duel. Wilkes accepted the challenge, and acquitted himself with such bravery he was able to boast afterwards to his friend Churchill that ". . . a sweet girl, whom I have sighed for unsuccessfully these twelve months, now whispers that she will trust her honour at the first Shepherd's minute to a man who takes so much care of his own. Pray look me up 'honour' in the dictionary; but, by God, I will not await your answer."

In many respects, John Wilkes was a thoroughly reprehensible character; but we owe him a large debt of gratitude, and *Portrait of a Patriot* is a fitting tribute to his courage and his devotion to the preservation of a liberty now taken very much for granted.

IVY'S BOOKSHOP

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Around the corner from
the Oak Bay Theatre

VICTORIA, B.C.

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Letters

Objection

Dear Sir: Jan. 15

Although I risk being called a conserator (a dirty word on any campus), I strongly object to certain remarks by Dr. Tarlton in last week's article, "University of Victoria, School of Shortcomings." In particular, I object to his inference that Uvic students demonstrate patterns of passivity, obedience and self-seeking. It would appear that he is comparing, unfavorably, the student body of Victoria with that of Berkeley, scene of his last teaching position. If the authors of recent magazine articles are correct in their investigations, the dynamic leaders of revolt on that California campus are not even students, but a sordid group of flunk-outs and drop-outs, known as "the underground," who are not able to assimilate the system, but remain at the university to raise dissention. Placard waving and repeated choruses of "We Shall Overcome" may be called for at Uvic when the administration refuses to discuss policy with the students, but, to my knowledge, this has never been a serious problem. In the meantime, I prefer such methods as fee withholding to emphasize grievances as a prelude to constructive discussion.

If the critical capacities of students are devitalized by habits of politeness and submission, this is the fault of the individual student and not the faculty. Personally, I have yet to meet a teacher at this institution who is adverse to criticism, or direct intellectual assault on his favorite ideas. As to the self-seeking behaviour of students, I wonder whether Dr. Tarlton attended university for altruistic motives or for a liberal education culminating in a degree, the value of which is decided by society as a whole and not the university.

Jim London
Arts III

Silent

Dear Sir: Jan. 15

Somebody said I should say something but I won't.

R. Hall
A - III

Hope

Dear Sir: Jan. 15

It is to be hoped that more assessments of the problems of the present and future situation of our university, such as that of Dr. Tarlton, will appear.

Perhaps a series on "My conception of a University" or "What a University should be," to be written by prominent campus personalities, could be instituted.

Nick Lang
Arts III

Kudos

Dear Sir: Jan. 15

Even though there is room for much improvement, I do not think that we quite measure up to the "Harvard Scale." A sober assessment, even if controversial, must be made. In this respect the Martlet Magazine, by publishing articles which attack the "establishment" of the university, is doing its share in the struggle to make this place of learning one of enviable repute.

Alfred Goerke
Arts III

More Tarlton

Dear Sir: Jan. 15

Someone has finally stated what I have for some time felt about this university, but much better than I could ever have said. We need a few more Dr. Tarlton's at this institution.

Dan Curtis
4th year Arts and Science

Violence Anyone?

Dear Sir: Dec. 6

The University of Victoria is fortunate that it has so many paper intellectuals: every week in that magazine for the intelligentsia, *The Martlet*, we read exhibits of the free-thinking that pervades this Camjus. No one has as yet been free-thinking enough to seriously suggest violent protest of our condition and at the same time to show reasoned proofs why this may be a valid option.

There are institutions in society whose function should be to criticize that same society. The material advantages that we are surrounded with, the Aston-Martin DB6's, penthouse bachelor-pads, and a host of other concrete symbols of uppeopleship are a direct result of critical inquiry. On the spiritual side of our existence there are such havens for the mind as Christianity, Existentialism, and Kapitalarianism. These material and spiritual advantages that we possess over our cave-dwelling ancestors have not occurred by accident — they are the result of critical inquiry.

The "Church" and the public communications media have abdicated their responsibility in this field. There is not space to talk about them; but, there is to consider the position of the university. Everywhere there are hints and manifestations of the fact that the University is not fulfilling its role; one that should be analogous to that of the prophet of olden times — in a colloquial word, of shit-disturber. Definitely the university should be a place where there are no sacred cows; where students should be encouraged to critically re-examine the basic foundations of our society and decide if they are still valid for contemporary times. If some or all are not, attempts should be made to theoretically construct better systems. Only in this way can our children grow up in a world that has more to offer than bigger and better electric finger nail removers and servo-assisted steering for their ferro-polishers. So that they may mature in a world that is ethically, spiritually, and politically a better place to live. We need not fear that Utopia will ever be reached this side of Doomsday (if there is one) because every age has its problems for the young to solve.

Such minor things as the denial of a pub on campus (such as other more sophisticated universities have), denial of a MUGS smoker, and a statement by the President of the A.M.S. (for public consumption only I hope) that the university "is a training-ground for democracy" appear unimportant at first glance. But they are manifestations of the need within the university community to be forever considering its public image. This is necessary we are told because we have to rely on the taxpayer to provide us with money. It is this writer's belief, to paraphrase a famous quote, that it is better to be a thin Socrates than a fat pig. Our aim should surely be,

Cummings In Prison Dignity Beyond Time

THE ENORMOUS ROOM

By E. E. Cummings
Modern Library, 1934

By Peter Parker

Many are the first-person accounts of unreasonable hardships heroically endured during the First World War. Equally abundant are the bitter, clever, and sometimes subtle attacks on governments which, in time of war, commit needless atrocities worse than the war itself. Familiar also is the anguished cry against outrageous transgressions of the laws of human rights and Nature. *The Enormous Room* is all of these, but is better than any of them because it is first and foremost a book of magnificent and uncompromising praise and worship of the human individual. Cummings the poet has already demonstrated to us his capacity to almost deify the individual soul as contrasted with the stereotyped, classified being; Cummings the novelist confirms this ability with the writing of *The Enormous Room*.



e. e. cummings

DEEMED SUSPECT

The episodes which Cummings relates start at the end of August, 1917, and continue to the beginning of January, 1918. He and William Slater Brown (referred to as B. throughout the book) were taken from their work as drivers with the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps and placed in the custody of the French Government, because of the contents

Mr. Parker is a second-year honours English student at the University of Victoria.

the maximum number of qualified students with the minimum number of financial and political restraints so that we can effectively pursue our proper social function as critics of society. In our present circumstances, what do we do if something popular, built in our estimation or wrong, comes on to the political or social scene?

It is possible to have universal accessibility and freedom from restraint at the same time. Money for the university, its staff and students, should be made a first charge on the Consolidated Revenue Fund of the nation. Provision for fund should be provided in relation to changes in such variables as: the cost of living, student enrollment, building and maintenance costs, the G.N.P. per capita, technological and cultural demand, etc. Any cretin in third year Math. can put this problem through the computer and come up

of some letters that Brown had written. They were taken to the Head of Security at Noyon, interviewed by a trio of French government and security officials, deemed suspect, and taken to a prison identified merely as Gré; after a day or two they were sent to the concentration camp at La Ferté Macé, where they remained until the end of December. All this Cummings recorded, but his book is about the people he encountered during this time rather than his own prison life.

MORE THAN ONCE

More than once in the book, Cummings writes poetry rather than prose. Because he is a poet rather than a novelist, the results are entirely acceptable and often beautiful as only poetry can be. One such passage is the conclusion of the chapter describing the man he calls Surplice:

"For he has the territory of harmonics, the acres of flutes, the meadows of clarinets, the domain of violins. And God says: Why did they put you in prison? What did you do to the people? 'I made them dance and they put me in prison. The soot-people hopped; and to twinkle like sparks on a chimney-back and I made 80 francs every dimanche, and beer and wine, and to eat well. Maintenant . . . c'est fini . . . Et tout de suite' (gesture of cutting himself in two) 'la tete'. And He says: O you who put jerk into joys, come up hither. There's a man up here called Christ who likes the violin."

Such writing is not subject to time or context. His attacks on the government are just as poetic. In his chapter about the Wanderer, he mentions having seen the prison warden's ledger:

"O Monsieur le Questionnaire, I should not have liked to have seen those names in my book of sinners, in my album of filth and blood and incontinence, had I been you . . . O little, very little, government français, and you the great and comfortable messieurs of the world, tell me why you have put a gypsy who dresses like To-morrow among the squabbling pimps and thieves of yesterday. . . . Le gouvernement français decided in its infinite but unskilful wisdom that The Wanderer, being an inexpressibly bad man (guilty of who knows what gentleness, strength, and beauty) should suffer as much as he was capable of suffering."

(continued on page four)

with a differential scale adequate for the foreseeable future. Judges receive freedom from political and popular control (grossly modified by appointment by party patronage) by having their salaries a first charge. How much more important should it be for an institution that is a potential norm changer to have freedom from popular and political control. Such a system would relieve us from our increasing dependence upon the fuddled whims of the zombies for whom we should be thanklessly trying to better the world.

Intelligentsia — students, faculty, administration, everywhere, unite to convince Marsha, the enormous society, that our financial independence will make the world a better place. Speak, however, in language your audience can understand. Talk not of spiritual and political redirection

(continued on page four)

Tsk, Tsk

(continued from page one)

ing a forum for discussion in which the President and Deans are not usually present. Does he know of the energy expended by this group and by the Canadian Association of University Teachers on the general question of university government? Has he discovered that President M. G. Taylor was appointed by the Board of Governors on the recommendation of a committee to which faculty were elected, through secret ballot, by this Faculty Association? That, as a result of this procedure, Dean Wood and Dean Tyler were appointed last year only after responsible democratic deliberation? Has Dr. Tarlton examined the role played by the faculty in the quest for university status and in the drafting of the Universities Act of 1963?

SERIOUS CHARGE

The most serious charge of the entire document is Dr. Tarlton's generalized assertion that the University of Victoria is devoid of intellectual ferment. Faculty members are obsessed with salaries; students, with fees and grades. This stagnant passivity he relates to the small-minded pedagogical traditions of Victoria College.

I know that Dr. Tarlton is not alone in his sceptical deprecation of the traditions of Victoria College. But the fact is that the old Victoria College did have a most unusual reputation in Canada, and not merely for sober pedagogy. I know from my own experience that the teaching was imaginative and enthusiastic, and that a sense of humanity and a respect for scholarly humility were imparted by men who made no claims to international fame. From the professor to whom Dr. Tarlton

Cummings

(continued from page three)

CUMMINGS WALLOWING

Some critics have accused Cummings of wallowing in the filth of the Enormous Room (the prison); certainly he describes some revolting scenes, smells, and people, but a critic who makes such an extreme accusation must have wallowed in the filth of the descriptions himself and ignored their real importance. Other critics have denounced the book as a sentimental, self-praising diary. Naturally the author speaks in first person, because the whole episode happened to him and not to some third party; however he says "I saw" and "I heard" far more often than "I did." His biographer, Charles Norman, says of *The Enormous Room*:

"Like all the true classics, *The Enormous Room* easily passes the supreme test: it can be re-read, and it is re-read with all the attendant excitement of its first appearance."

After all, the inherent dignity of human pain is above time and place.

The Enormous Room by E. E. Cummings is available at Ivy's Bookshop, 1507 Wilmot Place, just around the corner from the Oak Bay Theatre.

alludes as a kind of repressive czar (a man, by the way, of most unorthodox "podium posture"), I then received a deep impression of love of subject, of impatience for cant and hypocrisy, of disregard for out-

"Some of America's most dismal universities have the most articulate and self-laudatory brochures."

worn convention, of intellectual integrity and regard for reason. From more famous scholars I may later have gained sharper critical insight; but never have I been less subjected to dogmatism or polite submission.

BASIC FALLACY

Is Dr. Tarlton's basic fallacy the equation of intellectual activity with superficial unrest and chronic discontent? Although the university must be a place of honest exploration, it must not be peopled entirely with iconoclastic rebels. Scholarship is not all polemic and dissent. One need not be angry to produce profound and exciting contributions to the understanding, say, of poetic imagery or marine ecology. The

Tut, Tut

(continued from page one)

department, Dr. Tarlton says: "Imparting to students but a single germ of understanding of man and his world is a precious skill, the bare approximation of which is only rarely achieved by even the best of teachers." I think the Head of the department knows this, and puts the idea to work, weeding out those who don't come up to scratch. A hellish task — I would hate to have to do it.

If you, Dr. Tarlton, were head of the department, there wouldn't be a department. Let's see . . . why sir, that leaves only you to edify all of your very own students. God help them. You are going to give them all a "germ of understanding" no doubt through Political Science or some other devious means. That is, you will give them an inkling of the workings of that gloriously irrational animal, man, by means of "rational" techniques. I hereby notify you that "germ of understanding" is much better caught by students if they observe their fellow-beings in their natural, habitual, unconscious environments. Nevertheless, keep trying — maybe you are capable of transcending the tremendous difficulties, just as the English Department has done.

" . . . a 'germ of understanding' is much better caught by students if they observe their fellow beings in their natural, habitual, unconscious environments."

"The classrooms on campus are too much dominated by the reputation of Victoria College as a 'teaching' institute." I will not object, Sir, that you are several years behind times in slandering us with that medieval name — we're now UVic or Inuvic or Aklavic or something like that.

You go on to contradict yourself in the next paragraph. "Scholarship, integrity, and intellectual ac-

most vital of scholars, because they are the most productive, are often the least vociferous. The most lasting inspiration and the most enduring contribution to humanity may come from the quiet scholar, who is willing to delegate his democratic responsibility so that he may pursue his research and teaching with integrity.

If Dr. Tarlton has chosen the angry path, that is excellent: a good university needs many angry men. But let him infuse his anger with a sense of responsibility and rationality. When he asks his penetrating questions, let him take care to build them on a foundation of knowledge. Let him not disparage his colleagues

" . . . admittedly there is still no extensive student involvement, though the University of Victoria has been a pioneer in admitting students to administrative and faculty committees."

by assuming that his zealous concern is unique. Most important, let him understand that the greatest threat to a common sense of purpose is divisive intolerance, a dangerous cancer that can threaten the very life of the body politic.

complishment are among the indispensable ingredients of good university teaching." Not only do you now laud teaching (although a modified type), but you now also pay lip service to those traditional (although often abused) ingredients — scholarship, integrity and intellectual accomplishment. This is not consistent with what you previously said: "University life . . . filled with exuberance . . . which accepts no part of the 'conventional wisdom' without criticism" — That's the ideal you previously stated. My goodness gracious! What has scholarship to build upon but "conventional wisdom?" What may we intellectually accomplish but criticism with integrity, of this "conventional wisdom," useless though it may be?

Sir, we must build on any "conventional wisdom" we are lucky to have already. We must not pretend to build up, as a result of our splendid "intellectual ferment," anything but temporary "conven-

"To go around intellectually fermenting is much like chewing on LSD just for the hell of it—it is all mental masturbation."

tional wisdoms." To go around intellectually fermenting is much like chewing on LSD just for the hell of it — it is all mental masturbation. It is a fun game to go about "like all systematic reasoners and move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture everything in nature to support one's hypothesis."

However, mental masturbation, such as all fermentors indulge in, serves only to enhance our self-esteem. It does not improve our university; really I firmly believe our UVic to be ideal right now — for what it does. It gently completes our initiation into a competitive world — sort of ushers us from the Senior Secondary cradle into the *Great Playpen*. No use trying to improve this institution in the way Dr. Tarlton advises us to do — that is, by "Building and edifice and trying to avoid a foundation of sand."

Violence

(continued from page three)

(you'll upset them), but of the above-mentioned pseudo-symbols (only a few can be "in") of uppeopleshism as does General Motors on Bonanza every Sunday night. Do not run to the cause, as that crypto-socialist, Orwell, said, like "all that dreary tribe of high-minded women and candle wearers and bearded fruit-juice drinkers who came flocking towards the smell of 'progress' like bluebottles to a dead cat. Go in the belief that what you ask is for the good of future generations." If necessary break the twentieth-century norm of non-violence established by, the suffragettes, Ghandi, and King: what good did it ever do them?

Stephen Bradley-Winchester
4th Year Arts

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Martlet Magazine

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He would have us build solidly on a rock; he would build an inflexible, ossified (but oh so rational) institution. "What we do now we will live with, and with its effects, for a long time to come."

Doctor, your self-importance is almost as egregious as mine. To think that we've the right or capability of modifying our university right now to suit ourselves and our successors for a long time to come is absurd.

It is changing right now, always has been, ever will be, amen. All the student body, faculty or administration may do is make the best of a bad job and enjoy their short stay.

"All the student body, faculty or administration may do is make the best of a bad job and enjoy their short stay."

You say we have "no goals or purposes at University of Victoria which can be accurately and confidently articulated." What you really mean is that the underlying purpose of UVic is not the particular one you want.

The purpose of UVic is to teach students, and the goal is to produce well-taught students.

Sir, what do you imagine the mind uses in the "intellectual fermentation" process? Perhaps ideas and facts — which must be learned first before you can toy around with them . . . If the student can ferment by merely pulsating, vibrating, exuberating, being confused and discomforted — then what are you doing here?

Doctor Tarlton, we have hired you to impart to us your germ of understanding of man and his world. If we still want to ferment (a messy but stimulating process) we will, regardless of your gesticulations. If we don't, then nothing you say can make us. We are, for the most part, already made, some of us can ferment, some can't.