

# Vitriolic debaters vent vehemence on history

By Martlet Staff

Shades of the past returned to haunt Uvic's debating society in the McGoun Cup preliminary round last week.

Amidst waves of invective the UBC debating team was led to victory by ex-Victorian Mike Hutchison in a pitched verbal battle at Uvic.

Hutchison was an active member of the university's debating society until this year when he enrolled at UBC's law school.

Debating the resolution "This house would have preferred that the Plymouth Rock had fallen on the

Pilgrim Fathers", the Uvic side was led by Garry Curtis and John Adams for the pro. Hutchison and Judy Miles spoke for the con.

Curtis established a pilgrim as a "hairy worm-ridden nut who likes to go on long trips". He then explained the difficulty of sleeping when one's head contains motile helmet shaped worms. With this in mind Curtis deduced that had Plymouth Rock fallen on the pilgrims it would have killed the worms and the poor pilgrims could have rested in peace.

Adams branded the pilgrims as the root of hatred, degeneration, malice and narrow mindedness within American civilization.

He said, as a result, the pilgrims were devils deserving to be crushed by Plymouth Rock.

Hutchison and Miles attacked the Uvic arguments on several points. Both gave favourable historical and religious effects resulting from the language, quoting reliably on an improved society.

Hutchison finished off for UBC by confronting the pro with an alternative to pilgrim success at Plymouth Rock.

"If the pilgrims hadn't landed, the French-Canadians could have taken over North America, and what could they secede from then?" he asked.

Dow

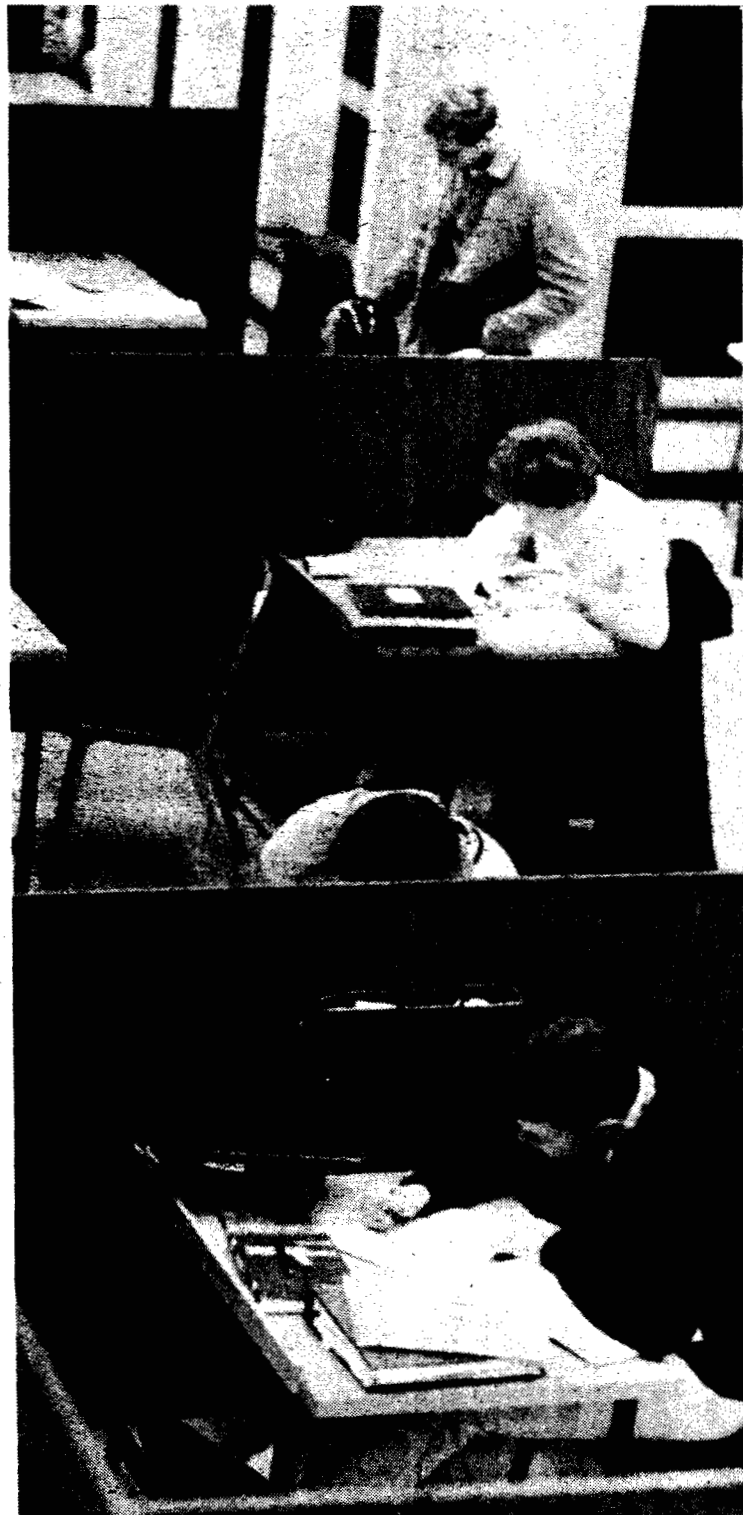
# the Martlet

CAN make you beautiful

Vol. 7

UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA, VICTORIA, B.C., NOVEMBER 14, 1967

No. 19



Diligent students cramming under mid-term pressures in crowded MacPherson Library study areas must put up with fellow students who come there to gossip.

## Exotic van encourages student spending spree

A highly successful Treasure Van sale netted a 40 per cent increase in sales over last year.

Enthusiastic students jammed into the SUB upper lounge to spend \$5,490 on exotic items ranging from 15-cent mandachi seeds to \$50 rugs, and from hashish-smoking hookah pipes to toy monkeys on sticks.

This is the third year the week-long sale sponsored by the World University Service of Canada has visited the University of Victoria.

The sale visits university campuses across Canada each year.

## Dow chemical recruiting brings council policy of napalm opposition

By STEVE HUME

A Canadian chemical company involved in napalm production will not be welcomed by Uvic's students' council when it comes to seek graduate personnel.

At a meeting Sunday night council passed a motion directed against the Dow Chemical Company of Canada, Ltd., one of the major recruiters of chemistry graduates on Canadian university campuses.

AMS president Dave McLean said the chief objection to the Dow corporation's recruitment campaign lies in the fact that the company is engaged in the production of napalm for American military use in the Vietnam war.

"This council goes on record as being opposed to the use of napalm," the motion read.

The motion continued with a resolution that "students be made aware to the effect that Dow Chemical of Canada, which is going to be recruiting on campus, makes ingredients for napalm."

At the meeting council did not state what method would be used in advising potential

student recruits of the company's activities and operations in the production of the fire-bombs. Four councillors abstained on the vote.

McLean said while actual napalm is not produced inside Canada, essential ingredients are manufactured for export at Dow plants like the one operating at Fort Saskatchewan near Edmonton, Alberta.

He said he understood that at present, the only large corporation actively involved in napalm production for the American military on a major scale is the parent company of Dow Chemical in the United States.

The representative for Dow Chemical of Canada is due to arrive on the University of Victoria campus for recruitment purposes November 29. He will be interviewing honours and major chemistry graduates and graduates for analytical laboratory or research and development work with the company.

"This guy is coming to the Uvic campus to recruit people who may not be aware the company is involved in the production of a weapon as terrible as napalm," McLean said.

"I can see a real moral issue involved in making these students aware," he added.

## Cheap Blue and Gold features new format

The invaluable 'Blue and Gold', listing the name, address and phone number of every registered student at the university, will be available within a week.

Two thousand copies of the student directory will go on sale for 25 cents a piece on November 21, says editor Jim Hoffman.

Hoffman said plans to print a photo of each student beside his name were foiled when it was discovered that at least one-fifth of the photos had not been taken.

He also said many of the photos had been ruined by thumb-prints of students handling them too soon after development.

The new directory will measure 8½ inches by 11 inches, and will have a hard cover with a design.

In addition to names of the students, it will list the names of faculty members, library staff, and administration.



LIGHTFOOT

## Saturday headlines Lightfoot

Gordon Lightfoot, popular, young Canadian folksinger, will perform at the university as part of his Centennial Year tour.

Lightfoot began to sing at an early age and his compositions have been recorded by such performers as Bob Dylan, Ian and Sylvia, Joan Baez, and Peter, Paul and Mary.

Lightfoot sings Saturday at 8:00 p.m. in the gym. Tickets available now at \$1.00 for students, and \$1.25 for adults.

## the Martlet

Member C.U.P.

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# No room for them

Incompetence among student council members reigns higher this year than any in recent history.

With impending knowledge of the up-coming appearance of Dow Chemical of Canada (a subsidiary of an American firm producing napalm) on this campus to recruit graduating students, council was at first reluctant to take a stand or make any statement reflecting their feelings towards the company.

Let's make our position no position it was suggested. Then if any councillor wants to protest the company's presence he can do so but not as a student councillor.

Far be it that students might think we would take a stand, they almost said.

Finally after getting over this infantile hang-up a motion stating that "council go on record as being opposed to napalm" was proposed.

This of course brought violent opposition from council members and even moved some of the other students in the room to speak out.

Never was there presented such a mixed-up conglomeration of ridiculous, asinine or invalid arguments.

The attitudes showed by these people were amazing. Their narrow-minded articulation gives this writer a chance to look even half readable — a rare feat indeed.

We were, however, surprised at the attitude of councillor Curtis, who refused to vote for the motion saying he had not been elected to make decisions about such matters even though he could personally go along with the motion.

Shame on you Mr. Curtis.

Surely you are not that naive to think that you or any other councillor represents opinion of a definite group of students and that it's wrong to make a decision on something not in your election platform.

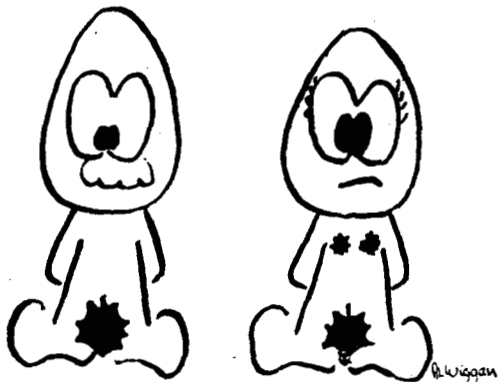
Similar condemnation goes to councillors Maki, Gibson and Stark (second mention for the latter two) for also abstaining on the vote.

Students at this university should be quite concerned over the fact that four elected councillors abstain on crucial issues.

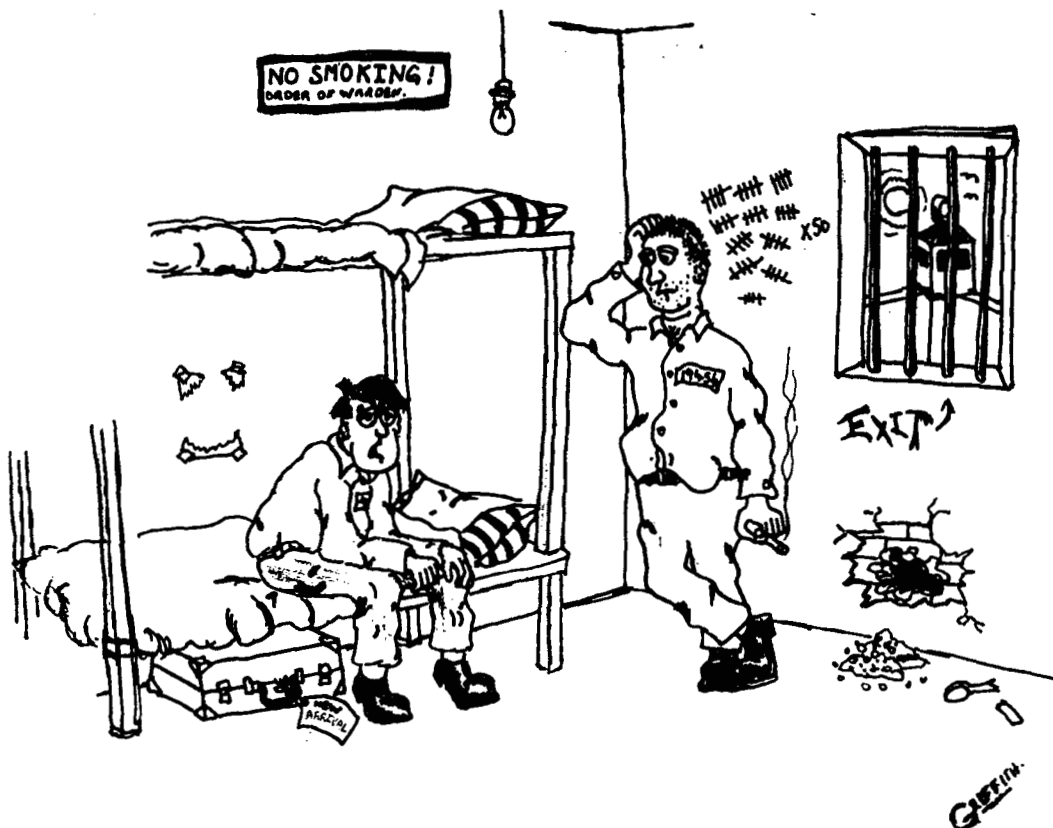
Abstainers have no place on such a small decision making group. We would suggest that if they continue to find themselves so torn by the arguments, they resign from the council and make room for others who will.

Only then will the disaster-bent council have an opportunity to amount to something really constructive this year.

## Maple leaves



I dont care who he is  
an agent of — Im tired  
of the constant probing!



"... so, I began to think to myself, with the government losing \$250,000,000.00 on Expo who's going to miss my \$143 income tax? ..."

# Social order needs apathy all are leaders otherwise

By NORDAHL FLAKSTAD

Few, if any, would fail to attribute to Marx the slogan "Workers of the world, unite!" Fewer still, however, would be certain of the possibility that Marx might not simply have been echoing an earlier call urging 'Apathists of the world, unite!'

This earlier call by some now forgotten philosopher did, however, not fall entirely upon deaf ears. The extent to which many have taken his words to heart is in part reflected by the relatively high percentage of voters who fail to participate in our federal, provincial, municipal and, indeed, in our university elections.

Apathy has long been the favoured cliché of aspiring and incumbent campus politicians. It has also become the tired and trite subject for many a varsity newspaper editorial. All in all, apathy has somehow transformed itself into something resembling the spectre of an official opposition to student government.

One might add that whereas the Opposition in Ottawa is for ever waiting for an opportunity to topple the government, the apathetic opposition at Uvic is indeed a 'loyal' one because it never asks for a vote of confidence.

Student leaders constantly talk of means by which they can 'activate' and 'involve' students. They are continually searching for the social laxative with which they can

make non-existent the inertia of the 'great unmoved.' It appears that these student leaders have made a value judgment which asserts that activism is good and virtuous, while apathy is bad and sinful.

Do we necessarily all want to be 'activists?' The question can only be answered on a subjective and individual basis. I feel entitled to say, "I do not wish to be involved and I'll be damned if student officials are going to legislate my involvement just because they think it is a good idea."

If activism were carried to its logical and ludicrous extreme, each and every individual would be engaged in attempting to implement his ideas — each would be a leader without followers. In short, we would have anarchy. General apathy might lead to a similar situation.

We must be prepared to recognize that apathy does play a part in the balance of the social order. Those who wish to have everyone participating will have to accept the fact that their ability to carry out action is in part made possible by the unwillingness of others to oppose them.

The next time you hear the cry "Down with Apathy," don't feel guilty, don't wince, don't move uncomfortably in your seat, or else you will betray the fact that you are not a follower of our anonymous philosopher, not a believer in those words of Milton's, "They also serve who stand and wait."

## Letters to the Editor

### McLEAN NAIVE

The Editor, Sir:

After reading Mr. McLean's statements concerning his failure to speak with the provincial government, it seems to me that he has merely attempted to arouse student sympathy for his somewhat deflated ego. By expressing dismay over the fact "other groups" are able to meet with the government while students are being rejected, Mr. McLean has simply demonstrated his naive outlook. He has overlooked the fact that the so-called "other groups" represent their own grievances, and do not attempt to discuss problems which concern other individuals. I am sure Mr. Peterson has talked with representatives concerning French-speaking schools, and also with delegations disturbed by the

Grade 12 censure controversy and I would further submit that these groups are certainly more qualified to discuss these problems than Mr. McLean. Perhaps if Mr. McLean restricted himself to university problems with which he has closer contact, he might find himself more favourably received.

Don Phelps.

### PERVERTED NOMADS

The Editor, Sir:

I wish to extend my congratulations to Mr. McKechnie and Mr. Lawrie on their brilliant exposé of the abnormalities of the Chemistry 124 text. Their powers of observation and progressive thought have undoubtedly shattered the entire concept of sex. I fail to see, however, the relationship between a man and a woman in com-

promising positions and Analytical Chemistry. Please forgive my inquisitiveness, but are you, sirs, protégés of sexually perverted nomadism? Perhaps your fathers never told you? If this be the case, allow me to offer you the benefit of my pro-

(Continued on Page 4)

### the Martlet

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ONE WAY OF EASING TENSION . . . an up-tight Viking player and a frustrated Alberni Lucky get sticks up as the ref zeros in during electric moments of Friday's cliff-hanger.

## Vikings tied for lead

The hockey Vikings didn't see regular league action on the weekend, but thanks to Queens Own Rifles Uvic has a piece of first place.

The Rifles shot down league-leading Tudor Monarchs 5-2, while Vikings edged Port Alberni Luckies 5-4 in the first of a series of inter-locking games with north island hockey teams.

Vikings never trailed in their game with the Luckies but they had trouble staying ahead. Alberni tied the score three times before going down on a late goal by Mike McAvoy.

The winning Viking tally came when McAvoy made like Bobby Hull in taking a pass in his own zone, stick-handling the length of the ice and cracking the puck home with a hard slap shot that caught an open upper right corner.

Earlier Paul Bion, McAvoy, Terry Foreman and George Fuller struck for the Vikings.

	F	W	L	T	F	A	Pts
Monarchs	5	3	1	1	17	9	7
Vikings	5	3	1	1	19	12	7
Stockers	4	1	2	1	9	11	3
QORs	5	1	3	1	11	20	3

# No students on board without senate proof

By BOB MITCHELL

The B.C. minister of education opened his door to the president and vice-president of the AMS Friday.

"We talked to Mr. Peterson for one hour," said President David McLean, "and I think it did both him and us some good."

McLean said the discussions covered six significant points, outlined below.

On the question of the amendment of the Universities Act to make it possible for students to sit on the Board of Governors, Mr. Peterson said that students will have to prove themselves as responsible senators first.

"This," said McLean, "will be rather difficult at Uvic, in view of the fact that students have not yet been appointed to the Senate."

### UNPOLITICAL BOARD

The minister maintained appointments to the board of governors, the university's financial decision-making body, are not politically motivated, and reminded the AMS delegates the board is not responsible to the government on these matters.

Mr. Peterson does not agree with the concept of equalization grants to out-of-town students, said McLean. He said the lack of equality in educational opportunity was not a question of distance from the university, but rather of income differences.

He implied, said McLean, bursary funds to needy students would be increased in lieu of equalization grants.

### TIGHT MONEY

Questioned about the feasibility of more

financial aid to universities, Peterson said money was at present very tight.

On the issue of tuition fees, Peterson indicated an increase was not likely for this academic year. McLean said the minister could not be very precise on financial questions without betraying necessarily secret budgetary policy.

### FAVOUR AUTONOMY

Peterson is apparently opposed to the concept of government financial control of universities said McLean. He stressed he is all in favour of university autonomy, and cited occasions in which he has supported it against other MLA's.



PETERSON

With regard to an AMS motion criticizing Prime Minister Bennett's avowed non-support of French-speaking separate schools, Peterson was evasive, McLean reported.

"He merely said the quality of French instruction has improved in the secondary schools," said McLean.

### PARENTS UPSET

Finally, on the issue re the use of the word "fuck" in the Grade 12 text "Story and Structure," the minister admitted parents not students, were upset about the alleged obscenity.

McLean said that all in all the meeting with the minister was a very pleasant one.



McLEAN

**Speakeasy**  
**DR. TAYLOR**  
**November 21**

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**THE VAN ISLES**  
**VALDY'S JUG BAND**

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Students \$1.00

Adults \$1.25

## Attention freshmen

A committee is being formed to help increase frosh participation in university affairs, to help bridge the communications gap, and to help increase the representation of Frosh on council. Come on Wednesday night, Nov. 15 at 8:00 p.m. in the boardroom, SUB. If you cannot attend, contact Pete Lawrie or Linda Rankin by leaving your name and phone number in the first year reps' box in the student council office.

### CLASSIFIED

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## ONTARIO WATER RESOURCES COMMISSION

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NOVEMBER 23, 1967

to meet

1968 GRADUATES

What's happening . . .

# Green thumbs group for beautification

## GARDEN CLUB

The formative meeting of a club of the "Garden Friends of the University" will be held Wednesday at 8 p.m. in E.A.-101.

Interested Victorians who have offered to help the University in its beautification of Gordon Head will have an opportunity to organize and discuss methods. Lloyd McKenzie, Q.C., a member of the Board of Governors, will act as chairman of the meeting.

## THEOLOGICAL FUND

The Fund for Theological Education, Incorporated offers a trial year in seminary for consideration of the Christian Ministry.

Information may be obtained from Mr. Ron Ferry, Awards Officer, Registrar's Office.

## ATHLETICS

Meeting of the extra-curricular athletic council noon Thursday in P-Hut.

## DESERET CLUB

Ken Hedenstrom, personnel manager of Hudson's Bay Co., Victoria, will speak at noon, Thursday, in Clubs A and B on "Christian Ethics and the Business World."

## CHAMBER MUSIC

Tonight's concert in the Uvic subscription series features the Manitoba University Concert at 8 p.m. — E.A. 144. Admission \$1.50 and 75c for students.

## CONSERVATIVES

General meeting Wednesday, Cl.-207 at noon. Delegates to the B.C. student convention will be elected.

## CHEM SEMINAR

Dr. Harry E. Gunning of the University of Alberta speaks on "Chemistry and the Electron Spin State," on Monday at 4:30 p.m., El.-160. Coffee at 4 p.m.

## TUITION BURSARIES

Applications for the Tuition Assistance Bursary Fund are available in the Registrar's Office, and must be submitted before January 8, 1968.

## LINGUISTICS

A public lecture on contemplative linguistics by Dr. Guy Rondreau, director of Cetadol — "Centre For Data Processing and Mechanical Translation," Thursday, 4:30 p.m., E.A.-541.

## PARTHENON

Professor C. W. J. Eliot, a UBC classics professor will give an illustrated lecture on the Parthenon, Nov. 22 at noon in El.-168.

## INVESTMENT CLUB

Meeting Thursday at 8 p.m. Cl.-216.

## MATHS COLLOQUIUM

"3 Problems In 3 Graphs" is the subject of an address by Dr. Richard K. Guy, University of Calgary at the Mathematics Colloquium, on Friday, EA-541 at 4 p.m. Coffee will be served at 3:30 p.m.

## JAPANESE CLUB

Meeting on noh drama, flower arrangement, brush calligraphy, Zen and modern Japan today at noon in SSc.-168 or phone Ron at 382-5965.

## HUTTERITES

Dr. Hartmanshenn speaks on the unusual Canadian Hutterites, Thursday at noon — Cl.-101. Sponsored by the German Club.

## THEATRE OF IMPROVISATION

Free — scenes and theatre games to be improvised by the Theatre Division, Wednesday at 12:45 p.m. in the Workshop Theatre, Q Hut.

## UVIC WOMEN'S CLUB

Robert W. Dudley, a Goodwill Enterprises director, will speak on the "Team Approach to Rehabilitation" on Wednesday, 8 p.m. in the War Amputees' Memorial Centre, 1610 Oak Bay Avenue.

## SAILING CLUB

Meeting to discuss eliminations for regatta at UBC on Thursday, 12:30, El.-061.

## WOOD CARVING

Centennial Lecture Series, Professor Russell Harper will speak on "Wood Carving In Quebec," November 21, noon in EA-144.

## ACC CLUB

An experimental form of the liturgy, Thursday noon, Cl.-216.

## MORE LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Professional experiences on this misconception so that you may avoid having any strange and embarrassing relationships with an excited lithium atom.

Jerry Tombu.

## BAD-SAD NOTHINGNESS

The Editor, Sir:

I would like to express my opinion of Uvic radio through your paper. The music is

bad-sad, perhaps even pathetic. After all, how much difference is there between the Johnny Mann singers and Henry Mancini's chorus? The quality is uniformly poor and variety in sound is non-existent. I do not wish to force my individual musical taste on the other students of the university but neither do I wish to have this trash forced on me. There is a great variety of sound—good music: jazz, classical, pop-rock, psychedelic rock, folk, folk-rock, etc. In each of

these groups of music, there are good artists and bad artists. I do feel that the members of Uvic Radio Club can discern the border between them.

The sappy, sentimental, nothingness, and just plain dull sound that pours continuously from the SUB speakers is enough to disturb digestion. Please. Play any type of music — but good music. MUSIC! . . . or at least give us one day of silence.

Janice Hanman.

## MARAUDING CYCLES

The Editor, Sir:

I respectfully request that you as editor use your influence to have action taken to erect a hitching post at the motorcycle stand in order to protect the flower beds from wandering brown horses. Also that you take action to have erected a sign outside the SUB forbidding the wearing of spurs on the carpeted stairs.

James Laurie Creak,  
3rd Ed.

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with  
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SUB  
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Vol. 3

MARTLET MAGAZINE

No. 8



The following is an actual account of an L.S.D. trip made in Victoria recently. For obvious reasons the author must remain anonymous. In presenting this account MM is not interested in promoting the use of drugs or even advancing the rebel cause against their restriction, but rather in presenting a work of art with an unusual point of view.

*LSD hit Victoria in large quantities about one year ago. Several friends of mine took it. I talked to them about it and read about the drug. I had a very strong feeling that somehow I was not ready to have the experience. I think also that I was suspicious about the possibility that acid really did destroy the minds of my friends. Anyway, I eventually felt ready to take a trip. I bought my acid and asked another friend to be my guide on this, my first and most important, trip. I had enquired among my friends as to what to expect. They explained such things as distortion of time, increase in brightness of lights and colours, and loudness of sounds. However, all said that I must experience the drug; that it was really impossible to describe. I say to you, the reader, that this is what happened to me, as best as I can explain it.*

Please read the whole account slowly, and try to sense as I did.

I took about 75 micro-grams of LSD at 9 a.m. with tea in a downtown coffee shop. I talked with my guide. He said that he would be there if I needed him during my trip, but that the best advice he could give me was to think of my mind floating down a river and just let it float and enjoy it. About 9:30 I started walking down Douglas Street towards Beacon Hill. I felt perfectly normal. I got into the park and climbed the pile of rocks across the street from South Park Elementary School. I felt a bit light-headed, and had a funny feeling in my stomach. I continued walking over the bridge on Good Acre Lake, past the band shell, and began to notice the moss and lichen on the bark of the oak trees. The deep greens of the mosses with their leathery spores. The yellow and oranges of the lichen. I started to climb Beacon Hill. I put my hands on rough boulders and ran my hands over the rock and felt the smoothness and roughness of the rock. I embraced the boulder and felt like a moss growing on it. I walked down the hill to the cliff above the ocean. The wind blew in my face. I felt free. My guide gave me a feather. I put it to my cheek. It was incredibly soft. I walked in a puddle and stamped in the water. The slushing sounded delightful. I smiled and laughed and stamped in the water and hummed to myself, and felt like a child discovering the world.

I walked over to the highest totem in the world, sat down on the grass, then went flat on my back. I laughed and laughed. With each laugh I felt I was shedding unhappiness, so I laughed more and more and felt happier and happier and better. My guide, who had been sitting on a nearby bench, startled me momentarily because I had forgotten the rest of the world. He said he was sorry he had startled me. He smiled and gave me a branch with some kind of insect on it and a magnifying glass to look at it more closely. I talked to the insect and smiled. I got up and ran 100 yards through a meadow, towards the deer pen. I felt like a child: FREE. Then I saw an old man walking, with his suit on, swinging a cane. I could see him looking at me in disgust. I had long hair and was smiling at everything. I felt like a child; I was a child. He was putting up a phony front, his phony cane and suit, and tie and hat, his whole phony world with all its phony games. I had never laughed so hard and he was getting more and more disgusted, but it was part of his game not to show his emotions, not to get angry. He walked away and I hooted. I wished that I could stay, but I couldn't. He was so funny.

I strolled to a deer pen. I put my finger on the nose — so damp and black and alive — of a deer who had put its nose up to the wire. I felt the moistness of the nose, and the stiff hair above it. A family came along. I could feel the parents getting upset with me in all my ugliness (!) but I kept on feeling the deer — letting it lick my hand. Their child knelt beside me. He didn't think that there was anything wrong with me playing with the deer. We smiled at each other. The world stopped; there was the deer, the boy and me. All grooving each other. It was great. We knew where it was at! But the parents couldn't have their son so near such a filthy beatnik, and so took him away. I looked up to see my guide and a friend with a guitar talking. The three of us crossed the street. They sat on a bench. Ross, with the guitar, began to play in a very soft melodic style. I drifted from the bench to where flowers bloomed and birds sang. The ground was soft. I strolled until the music grew faint then returned to the bench. A lady and her two children came along. The older boy was holding his young sister's hand. They were beautiful. I smiled at all three. The kids giggled. The mother frowned. I felt that she thought I was a sex pervert. I whispered "bum screw" to myself and laughed silently as she went away with her kids. I settled in my seat and thought about all kinds of things and decided that really the world was beautiful. I said to my guide, "I'd like to go to town; it must be a gas."

(continued on page three)



## page review

### FELLINI MASTERPIECE

"CRITICS are really terrible — always trying to make logical and consistent sense out of what one says, even if one is in the process of saying that such consistency doesn't correspond to life and its processes."

—FREDERICKO FELLINI.

*Juliet of the Spirits*, is Federico Fellini's full-length colour film starring his actress-wife Giulietta Masina. Miss Masina plays the part of a wife who suspects her husband of infidelity. The growth of suspicion, doubt, and loneliness drives the frustrated woman into the world of dreams, apparition, spirits, and visions — the occult. The spirits externalize her own inner world of conflict and turmoil and they are alternately beautiful and terrifying. Eventually the spirits, who are more sympathetic than her family or friends take over, and control her will.

The dream world of Juliet which for the most part dominates the film in its many forms oscillates between the summits of the beautiful and the abysses of the grotesque. For this fantastic world of the imagination run wild, Juliet reaches far back into her past and attempts with those elements to construct the present and the future as she prefers it. The present, however, refuses to conform and as the facts add up to confirm the delinquencies of her husband so she loses control of her dream world.

Logic is replaced with a world of total sense perception and if anything the action follows only the impulsive motivations of the emotional consciousness. The film ends, fittingly, when Juliet imposes her will over the spirits and subdues them. ● MM

### Warrendale, the modern problem under microscope

The film "Warrendale" exists both as an artistic masterpiece and as a dramatic statement. The sequence of the scenes and the texture of the close-up photography demonstrates careful and selective editing; the range and intimacy of the entire film is such that the role of a commentator was unnecessary, a rare and difficult accomplishment in this motion-picture genre.

Whether the film was successful as a relevant psychiatric study of emotionally disturbed youth is not to my mind important, indeed some of the techniques used at Warrendale three years ago are now outdated.

There is no progression on the part of the children toward the betterment of their condition; the film does not and cannot show this with such a time limitation as five weeks. The entire film exists therefore as a static comment.

Whether Mr. King intended or not, what is presented is a very dramatic but a very real social comment. The scenes which pass before the average viewers eyes are not certain abstracted and categorized psychotic or neurotic states, but real children, not acting, not playing, but fighting for a chance to regain the normal world. The scene with the girl 'Sheryl' who was subject to the most violent fits demonstrates this concern with 'being normal' again. It is society that has failed them, they have not yet had the chance to fail society.

Society's failure is one of expression, and communication. Although this failure is individualized in the problems of the children at War-

rendale, King subtly but forcefully focuses on the essential malais of society today. The forced introversion of the children, which drives them to such aggressive fits of anger and frustration, is evident in the very structure of our society. The failure to communicate, the impotency of our attempted communication creates a universal constipation of thought, feeling, and emotion—which, as in the case of the children shows at least some hope of being relieved, though one is left wondering about the rest of the people out here.

What the workers of Warrendale offer the children is love, affection, understanding, something that as the 'letter-writing scene' showed, does not exist in the homes. The friendship or understanding we offer the guy next door, the prisoner, the criminal, or the South Vietnamese is the next logical question. The structural rigidity of our school systems, our social stratae, our ethical codes, hardly facilitates a freedom of expression or an ease of communication. The traditional 'White Anglo-Saxon Protestant' morality which on the one hand encumbers our creative attempts permits at the same time our modern technology to pump us full of the radio-television-billboard crap. Eventually the lid has to blow off the pot. These are the general manifestations of the particular conditions which has brought about the state of these children.

There are three possible solutions. The first — ulcers at 27. The second — blow your mind. The third encourages the embracing of the hippy ethic which echoes the irate, angered and frustrated cry of Tony — "Fuck off, Fuck off, Fuck off." MM ●

## BOOK REVIEW

By EVELYN and JIM HOFFMAN

CRY ARARAT! by P. K. PAGE, Toronto:

McClelland & Stewart

Available at IVY'S BOOKSHOP

All poets are artists, for they must define their conceptual experience in terms of space and time, and life becomes a metaphor for their minds. *Cry Ararat!* is the metaphoric journey of a poet who also happens to be a working artist, and the poems represent the meaning found in wide-ranging objects by a graphic, sensitive artist.

The journey begins with the varied but related objects found in "Bark Drawing." Articles are opposed, juxtaposed, and tested for sound, for sound is important in a rhythm that bounces along with the vitality of a jumbled landscape. Sound, like the complexities of the abstract, has no immediate meaning, but the patterns of rhythm and repetition in line and image provide both texture and feeling.

Miss Page will be at Ivy's between 4 and 6 p.m. this Saturday to autograph copies of her book.

Miss Page's poems bring the poet's reflection and the artist's detail into sharp focus: for it is focus that she is searching for, whether it be her own or that of other people. In "After Rain," for example, she pinpoints the real beauty behind things in nature, and she does, like Yeats, become aware of the distinction between image and imagination. In "Cook's Mountains", she merges the word connotation and the actual appearance of the Australian mountains with the very different impression she had upon first seeing the mountains.

Her interests, besides being finely detailed, cover a variety of topics and her attitudes range from heavily ironic to apprehensive to affirmative love. In "The Snowman" she shows how afraid man is to let go of what is now standing and rebuild. A little boy is sad for his melting snowman and doesn't realize that with fresh snow he can build a better one. In this poem as in many others Miss Page shows that behind human endeavours, there are strong mystic values, by their own nature indescribable, but nevertheless crucial and power-

ful, able only to be implied when persons meet or a person, like the poet, spends time letting life reveal itself.

What the poet sees is animation. Particles spring to life, sometimes yielding only little, sometimes much. In one poem, "Arras," a rich tapestry, with its sensuous figures, moves the observer to heightened feelings; in another, "Blowing," objects lying in the desert find ultimate meaning in light. Even dream and memory address the mind with astounding brilliance, as in "The Glass Air," wherein a childhood memory stands like a monument to a beautiful, delicately recalled past:

And we two, dots upon that endless plain,  
Leviathan became and filled and broke  
the glass air like twin figures, vast, in stone.

Miss Page is a positive poet and her image is often the landscape of love. She is also sensitive to the blindness in life. Her lesson, stated in "Cry Ararat," the title of the final poem in the book, sums up:

This flora-fauna flotsam, pick and touch,  
requires the focus of the total I.

The book, which contains new and selected poems by Miss Page, is to be strongly recommended. The poems are presented with several of Miss Page's latest drawings. Like her drawings, her poetry is direct, finely poised work, often deceptively simple. Considering that she is both a local artist and brilliant poet, the book is a must.

### a poem by christine & cheryl

People with poppies  
prominently placed;  
Postmen pladding,  
Plain, poker-faced.  
Poppies of plastic  
Pinned on a heart;  
Perfectly, passively,  
Playing their part.

## NO DREGS AT THE GRIND

The opening night of the "Grind" concert house in the SUB basement Saturday night must certainly have been an encouragement to the sponsors, the Christian Youth Council. Despite a somewhat transient audience, encouraged in their little delinquencies by the Grad party upstairs, the evening proved interesting and enjoyable if mildly surprising.

Star of the evening, Martin Springett was mistakenly billed as a folksinger; which he quickly demonstrated was not his field. Though his numbers showed definite folk influence on the lyric level, his talented manipulation of the twelve string guitar evoked something more akin to jazz. Both style and composition of his own piece proved to be a rich and full bodied flow of cordal harmony exploring the far reaches of the modern idiom.

The inclusion of the "Kitchen Sink" did not really dramatize the poetry reading, though it did reveal the elasticity of the field of poetic inspiration.

The final set of familiar folk music was a relaxing and fitting finale to a very enjoyable evening. Even if one is not hep on jazz doesn't groove poetry, or dig the Kingston Trio, surely he is not immune to soft candlelight, a beautiful girl, and the oriental aroma of good black perked coffee. MM ●

## MARTLET MAGAZINE

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poetry editor ..... Jane Foster

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

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We walked through the park. I stopped at a monument to Robert Burns and felt the massive blocks of granite with my whole body. My guide gave me a chunk of chocolate. I put it in my mouth and, not as usual, made a conscious effort to close my mouth. My teeth cracked the chunk. It was smooth and delicious. I took the wrapping paper and rolled it in my hand. The noise of the crackling paper was fascinating. I put the paper in one of my pockets in a very conscious effort to keep the park beautiful. On the edge of town I went into a cafe and my guide and I had a cup of tea. The sound of the tea cascading from the pot into the cup was delightful. I drank a sip and felt the hot liquid going down my throat and into my stomach and throughout my body. As we left I noticed the beauty of the mosaic tiles in the wall of the café. I walked to the corner, opposite the Crystal, where we again met Ross (minus his guitar). The three of us travelled through the Empress Hotel lobby. The staff gave us funny looks. We stopped at the newsstand. My guide bought me some spearmint gum and some spearmint life-savers. I put a couple of life-savers and a stick of gum in my mouth. Same flavour — different textures. Cracking the life-savers between my jaws and chewing gum at the same time. We walked up Government Street. Three ladies got out of a car. They appeared to me to be heavily made-up; it was as if they were wearing masks. Maybe everybody is wearing and hiding behind a mask. A group of private-school boys walked in a group on the other side of the street in the opposite direction to which I was travelling. They were hiding behind their uniforms. I laughed out loud at them. I turned the corner and walked up Fort Street.

I had to stop and wait for the light at Douglas Street and Ross said goodbye. In front of my eyes was the light brown hair of a girl and it was being carressed by the wind. The sunlight made it shine beautifully. She felt my presence and turned around. I told her she had beautiful hair. She looked puzzled. The light changed and she hurried off after managing to give me a smile.

I crossed the street. The people on the street seemed to be leaning towards me. I saw them watching me pass out of the corner of their eyes. "How disgusting", they must have thought. We were passing St. Andrew's Cathedral. I wanted to go in. We sat down in the pews. My guide said that he had to go for a little while. "Would it be O.K.?" I said yes. He left. I noticed the beautiful stained-glass windows. It was cold. It was a reminder of Donald Peattie's (I think) description of a church as "rose coloured twilight". Indeed God, if there is one, was not in here. He was in the

park, in the flowers, the trees and the grass, the deer, the children, and guitars, and music. That was God. He was not here. This was a sterile man-made thing. A priest appeared from behind a statue made and walked down the aisle. He bowed to the altar and crossed himself . . . wow! what a sham. The priest continued, and crossed himself, walking to the back of the church. He looked out of the corner of his eye at me. He did not like the funny-looking me in HIS church. The priest wished he could throw me out of the church but that would upset too many people. My guide returned and I told him my thoughts, while in the Church. He said that many people become atheists when they go into church on acid and do not find God because churches are man-made institutions who have for a long time lost touch with God. The churches hide behind their rituals.

We went into the church entrance. Three men and a woman began talking in a foreign language and making a great deal of fuss about something. I asked my guide what was happening. He said that they were speaking English but that my mind had distorted it. They were discussing of all things the placing of a piece of cloth on a woman's head. They were there to practice for a wedding and finally they went into the church. I drummed my fingers on the wooden panelling. It was carved and the various thicknesses of the wood gave different sounds of hollowness. I drummed my fingers faster and faster and laughed.

We walked out of the church down the street, across it and back to a cafe where I had dropped my acid. The people's facial features there were exaggerated. Some looked grotesque. I went up to the corner of Yates and Douglas and into the Cunningham drug store. I looked in and was stunned by the brightness of the package labels—white, yellow, red and black. My guide had to leave again so he introduced me to another friend of his. My guide explained to him that I was on acid but "coming down". The friend smiled at me and I knew I could trust him. He asked me where I wanted to go. I replied that I would like to see Centennial Square so we started walking.

I wasn't really conscious of moving my legs to walk I simply realized the scenery was moving. I passed a candy-apple red car with black leather interior and it seemed so very bright especially the chrome trim. I stared at it for a long time then nearly fell on the hood. My guide took me by the arm and led me away. He explained that I had just "freaked out" that is become entranced by the shiny car. A person freaking out is fairly obvious and therefore it watched for by the police. We had to cross a street and it happened that we had to wait for the light to say "walk". There again was a girl

in front of me with long hair blowing in the breeze and sun playing on it. I felt the strands of her hair with my eyes. We reached Centennial Square where there is a large fountain with mosaic tiled vertical pieces of concrete.

The gold tiles shimmered in the sun light. I looked at the surface of the water where a stream of water was vertically shooting. I imagined myself to be a molecule of water being lifted higher and higher towards the sun. I was going higher and higher and when I reached the pinnical of the jet I fell back onto the surface of the water.

A lot of people were now in the square all leaving a nearby exit of McPherson Theatre. I realized that they were coming from the Matinee of the "Les Feux Follets" (a Montreal based French Canadian folk dancing troupe). I told my friend that I had to go to the evening performance with my mother and brother. We left the square after seeing a policeman and walked back along Douglas Street to the drug store. My guide was back again and I smiled at his friend and thanked him. He smiled and said "Any time", and walked away.

Also waiting at the corner were two mutual friends of my guide and I. They were a boy and girl obviously very much in love. The two of them were on their way to a conference at a local church and they invited us to accompany them. The four of us had to go by bus. I offered to pay the bus but then found that the coins were all very much alike and confusing. The boy friend paid for me.

In the bus I just sat down and relaxed and watched the scenery go by. A mother and son got on the bus. The boy looked at me. I smiled and he smiled back. We arrived in front of the church and got off the bus and we went inside. Everyone had just finished eating. The four of us were given a hot dog minus the bun, a glass of water and potato chips and I think something else but I didn't notice. I bit down and the chips snapped between my teeth. The water flowed down my throat and felt very sweet. I picked up the wiener and closed my hands around it and squeezed it. The meat gushed between my fingers and I felt that really I had within my body too much physical power. A girl was lying on the floor on her stomach resting. She had on a soft blue sweat shirt and slacks. I mentally ran my hand through her hair down her back and all the way down to her toes. For a moment I had a very strong desire to embrace her.

My guide said that he had to go, so after making sure that I was alright he left. My two friends began carressing one another. It was very beautiful. They sensed me looking at them and smiled. The three of us smiled at one

*(continued on page four)*



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another. I walked over to the piano and played a few notes. The vibration went through my body. I felt an electric impulse going through from my brain down my arm to the piano key, through the mechanism and striking the chord.

I went upstairs where they had a Sunday school. Each little room was a delightful world to itself; I sat in each for a while and I was fascinated by the kids' drawings in each room on the wall. In another room there were little potted plants. I was then aware of pressure in my lower abdomen. I had to urinate. I went to the toilet. In the mirror I looked at myself and laughed at how funny I looked but I delighted in those funny looks. I went to the toilet and pulled down my zipper and it seemed I was tearing the cloth of my pants apart. I urinated. I had two sensations at once. Firstly a great relief of pressure, so great that I felt I was floating off the ground. Secondly, I was absorbed in the sound of the urine falling into the water. It struck me as strange that I had neglected before now the beauty of such a basic animal function. I flushed the toilet, the sound was splendid.

I walked back to the top of the stairs. I became fascinated by the striped pattern of the carpeting on the stairs. I looked at the intricate weaving of the various colours among one another. I looked down the staircases. Although there were only fifteen or so steps, the staircase seemed very long. The walls were slanted at different angles. On the way down the staircase I passed a boy going upstairs. He gave me a funny look but I just smiled. I started to go to the room where the conference was. In the hall was a linoleum with a very intricate design on it. I became engrossed in it. Finally I went into the meeting room. They were discussing banning drugs from their functions to make parents feel secure. (It was a conference of the youth groups of the church.) I laughed to myself because I was stoned.

I left the church and skipped down the street humming and singing as I went along in time with my skipping. I seemed to move faster than I usually do. I felt alright except that I knew I had to get home to go to Les Feuilles-Follets but I knew I would get home on time. I eventually reached the Parliament Buildings. In front of them is a floodlit fountain. (It was now dark.) I skipped down to the fountain.

There were some people there. I knew the boy, but not the two girls with him. He said he had felt good vibrations from me as I arrived in my ecstatic state. The three of them were on acid. The fountain was indescribably beautiful. Its sound and color battered my weary senses. One of the

girls was fine—keeping to herself and playing her flute—but the other girl was having a bad trip. The boy who was experienced in dealing with such problems was at his wits end and appealed to me "as a human being", to look after her for a few minutes while he went away and relaxed. I could not deny such a sincere request. I tried to show the girl the beauty of the fountain. I talked to her. I got her not to be so afraid and to groove the fountain but I was afraid that I might not be able to handle something that she did and also I knew I should now be at home and that my mother would be worrying about me. But I also knew that if the boy did not return (as I was beginning to fear), that I would have to stay with these two girls until they were down. Fortunately in a second the boy returned. The four of us stayed together for a while, the boy and I trying to help the bum tripper. We got her straightened out. I left. The boy thanked me for my help and smiled. I went off again singing. All of a sudden it seemed that I was at home. I was conscious of walking home but I seemed to fly home.

I knocked on the back door which was locked and my mother let me in. I immediately sensed her worry about me. She explained how I should have phoned her while I was at the church to let her know where I was. I could sense under her anger her love of me. I put my arm around her shoulder and explained that I was very sorry. I went upstairs to put on my suit. I took off my clothes, fumbling with my buttons. I went downstairs in my underpants to shave. I put on the shaving foam. It was a funny feeling having all that stuff coming out of a little can onto my hand. I shaved. I washed the excess foam off my face and noticed that I had cut my face. I put my finger in the blood and then put the bloody finger in my mouth. This life-giving liquid was warm and sweet as was the life it gave. I got antiseptic pencil out of the medicine cabinet. I put it on the wound. It stopped the bleeding with a stinging at the same time. I felt very much alive. I went upstairs to get dressed. In my room I noticed as I had before in the day that my skin seemed rubbery. I pulled it and it felt good. I took off my underpants and looked at the naked male figure in the mirror. I wasn't conscious that it was my figure; it was just a naked male figure. I was awe-struck by the beauty of the body in its simplicity (external at least), and perfect symmetry. I felt very sexual, very male, very loving, but I had to get dressed. I delighted in surrounding myself in a crisp, clean white shirt. It was so white, I got dressed. It seemed so silly to cover up my beautiful body. I was dressed. I went to the basement and polished my black shoes. I was amazed at what ease I turned scuffed shoes into shiny, shiny black, black shoes. My mother was ready. We got into the car and drove to where my brother was living. I went into the house. He had been told I had dropped acid. Everyone seemed to know and they were smiling at me. We got back into the car and drove to the McPherson Theatre. We parked two blocks away, by the Bay. We went past "D&D" tires and window of the

store was full of chrome parts which were bright and shining. My brother made some comment about me freaking out. I smiled and laughed quietly and said "Yeah". We went through Centennial Square where I had been in the afternoon. I remembered what a great day it had been. We went into the theatre and sat down; the performance started almost immediately. Music, song, and dance, bright colors swirling round and round, lighting that was soft and then bright simply took my mind away. I would need a program to tell you the exact order of events in the performance. I just let my mind float free and thoroughly enjoyed the show. Then it was intermission. I went with my brother to the upper lobby from which you can look down. All the people were really quite amusing, especially all the social games they were playing. People pretended to be friendly and enjoying themselves, but really it was just an act for most of them. It was really sort of pitiful. I was fascinated by the crystal chandeliers hanging from the ceiling and the gold leaf wall paper. I was at the same time talking to my brother about the way an acquaintance of ours was with a very good-looking girl and had in his whole countenance not a look of love, but merely of possession of a beautiful creature. It was horrible. He was saying, "Look everyone. Look what I have. Look everyone; I have her hand. I might even fuck her tonight but if I don't no one else will because I have her and you don't, so sit there and wish. I've got her, you haven't. Too bad for you, boy. I've got her! I've got her! I've got her!" He was screaming it without opening his mouth. My brother got so angry he did a somersault in the middle of the lobby floor. This caused funny stares from a lot of people but I was pleased that my brother was natural enough to do that. Funny that flesh and blood people should get upset about someone being natural. Maybe our whole society *doesn't want* people to be natural!

We went back to our seats. I looked at my tie, and noticed the beauty of its intricate design and how I could stretch or contract the material to a degree and distort the pattern. I also noticed the people sitting around me and especially a woman sitting directly in front of me, with beautiful grey hair. There was perfume in the air and I was sure the wonderful smell was coming from her. The performance resumed, and again the show took my mind away. I did not applaud between acts. My body was too exhausted by having its mind taken away, and my mind was so far away from my hands that it would have taken too much effort to force them to clap. The performance was over in a while. I had enjoyed it!

I didn't really want to move but we had to get home. We went back to the car. The Centennial Square fountain was being flood-lit and was very pretty. Ah! sweet memories. The three of us went home and had tea before going to bed. My brother left and walked to his house. I went upstairs. I noticed the intricacies of the wall paper on the walls of my bedroom. I wanted to stay up and get every bit of perception out of the acid but my body was tired and I turned off my light and went to bed and to sleep.

MY EYES HAD BEEN OPENED!  
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! ●