



some suggestions in a modern idiom

by ray hetope

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What have we got tonite, giddies? Let me get in the moo-d . . . Speedy baby carriage wheels, not the baby, too sentimental . . . I dived under and pulled an afocal manhole cover over me . . . baby carriage wheels and manhole covers have the same bio-symetric shape. Beneath my manhole cover and looking through the little holes the world is like a Swiss bank. The world through teeny peepers is like Alice who used to, too, look at herself. But when a round man flicks the ash (from his two-foot long Cuban cigar) into my left eye . . . I-I-I-I-I-well, I've got another . . . so much for the prolog . . . What have we got so far?? OK. Our Lady walked along the street one day, wearing three high heeled shoes, upon her right hand she wore a triple stone jaded diamond ring and on her left the blues . . . bom, bom, de, bom, bom, . . . that's poetry blank verse, thus there was a pussy named Shakesbonde who also wrote in verse galore; the only trouble with this cat was he was slightly perverse alore; so once upon a time a million years or more . . . no, I better not, fairy tales begin with fairies and end up with a goodly number of gucking fremlins. Goodnite. ●

Cops and Robbers, A Ritual in Bloodletting Obscenity

a review of "Bonnie and Clyde"
by David Dunsmuir

Shane has come to the sharecroppers.

The Old West was never the same after Alan Ladd rode in (and out) to bring peace to plain decent folks. The New Deal South has now been remade in retrospect, under the gun of Warren Beatty as the more-or-less-male half of the Bonnie and Clyde team. For them, robbing banks is a way of life, and death.

Clyde, like Shane, is a creature of instant myth, simplified for his symbolic role in a nostalgic, never-was setting. Unlike Shane, though, his gun law is his own, and not a means of enforcing a half-baked concept of natural justice.

In *Bonnie and Clyde*, philosophical abstractions like justice are simply irrelevant. So are many of the usual words in the handy-dandy kit for would-be reviewers — words like "characterization," "plot," and even "reality." One word that can legitimately be dragged out of stock is "superb." The film strikes a new path in American techniques, and let's hope the trade will be all the better for it.

Form and content are a strange and heady mixture of Hecht, Brecht, and Kabuki. Throughout a series of set-pieces on the gory career of Clyde and his doxy, the audience is held in a state of alienation.

A banjo accompaniment (courtesy of Flatt and Scruggs of *Beverly Hillbillies* fame) makes the chase scenes ludicrous in naturalistic terms. Flip gangster lines are delivered with one eye on the camera. Poses are postures, and characters are caricatures. Yet the most grisly reality (I used the word after all) intrudes in mid-guffaw, as prop sub-machine guns produce overpoweringly real wounds.

"They're nothing but a couple of kids," snorts a trashy white who temporarily befriends the gang leaders. A harrowing aspect of the film is that Bonnie and Clyde are truly childlike, motivated with no thought of disastrous consequences. Clean-cut, cheerful and shallow, they bring comically domestic attitudes to situations that Cagney and Robinson reduced to Little Caesar cliches.

Warren Beatty produced himself into playing a role where at long last he is seen to advantage. His gee-whizz good looks and vacuous manner are assets instead of liabilities.

As his sidekick, Faye Dunaway is perhaps too much a child of these times rather than those times (certainly her hairstyle and naturalistic acting set her far apart from the others), but she is expressive beyond words. A few scenes on her disappointments in interpersonal relations with Clyde are a drag, but they should be useful at the box-office.

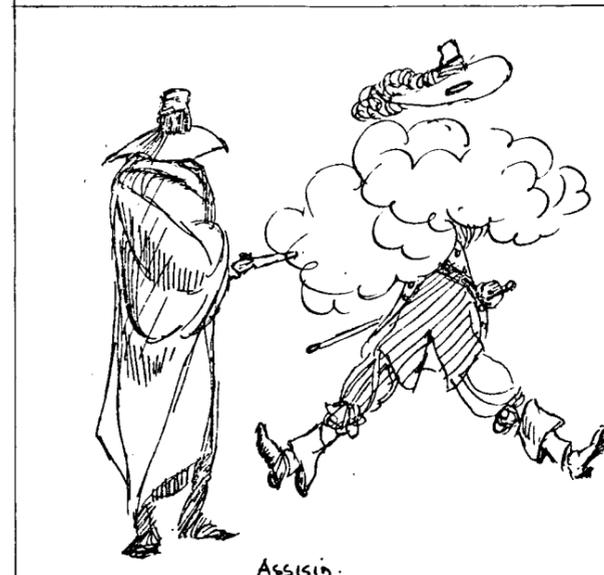
Director Arthur Penn has also lingered unduly over rhapsodic camera studies of the dispossessed of the thirties. Picturesque groupings are immortalized in water-colour tints, or through a soft-focus lens. They're pretty, but are they art? The spirit of the times — without the distancing of sentiment, at least — is captured more effectively in the gritty black-and-white snapshots in the opening credits, which might have come straight from *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. Another motif is the gleaming Ford V-8 or four-cylinder Chrysler, the machine for living for Americans on the move — if they could afford it.

The film has provoked shrill squeals over its alleged glorification of violence. In context, the ritual bloodletting has a legitimate place, though the audience is expected to cheer the robbers rather than the cops. One strange thing—despite the squeals, there was no "restricted" label. B.C.'s censors, apparently, recognize only one form of obscenity. ●

David Dunsmuir is a graduate student in linguistics.

scenes from the past

by john trujillo



Assisin.



Reflections on an Ass

reprinted from *Peter's Magazine*

1600 Pennsylvania Ave.,
Washington, D.C.
April 24, 1968

If you are one of the few who has anything left after paying for our Defence Department, we will expect a generous contribution for this worthwhile cause.

Very Truly Yours,
Robert F. Kennedy.

Dear Citizen:

We have the distinction of being the committee chosen to raise \$50,000,000.00 to be used for placing a statue of Lyndon B. Johnson in the Hall of Mirrors in Washington, D.C. The committee was in quite a quandary about soliciting a proper location for the statue. It was thought it would not be wise to place it beside that of George Washington, who never told a lie, nor beside that of Dwight D. Eisenhower, who never told the truth, since Lyndon B. Johnson could never tell the difference.

After careful consideration, we thought it should be placed next to the statue of Christopher Columbus, the greatest helmsman of them all, in that he started out not knowing where he was going, and in arriving, did not know where he was, and in returning did not know where he had been, and did it all on borrowed time.

The inscription on the statue will read: "I pledge allegiance to Lyndon B. Johnson, and to the cant for which he stands, one world expandable, with graft and corruption for all."

Five thousand years ago, Moses said to the children of Israel, "Pick up your shovels, sit on your asses and camels, and I will lead you to the promised land." Nearly five thousand years later, Dwight D. Eisenhower said, "Lay down your shovels, sit on your asses, light up a Camel, this is the Promised Land." Now Lyndon B. Johnson is stealing the shovels, kicking your asses, raising the price of Camels, and taking over the Promised Land.

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THE RECORD GALLERY

two poems

by b.t.

kibuts

We took together
Braided bread
A little chicken
Wine
And some raw-nosed
Inept child
Would chant
Words
That fell
On several pale
Twisted ears
And we would sing
Through mouths
No bigger
Than infant O's
Verse upon verse
Banging back
From jasmine evenings
Rejected, unabsorbed
Isaac laying his homespun hand
On Miriam's homespun knee
The Kravitzes and the Davids
With their Nile-grown eyes
Arranging to drink coffee
At ten
Their lips disgracing
Jasmine evenings
And the times
When soil drank
From exiled soils
And flowered, alien,
Secure on the swinging branch
Of variously tempered men.

Coming in at seven
Cool, melon-pale dawn
Falling on things
Not seen
Lying up against the pane
Like vagrant ghosts
Of the old, old day

Seen ^{and} Heard

Robin Wood Highlights Symphony on Campus

by O. Ren

One of the most important campus musical events took place Sunday, Nov. 19th, when the Victoria Symphony presented its concert at the Gymnasium. The performance was well attended, despite the pressure of exams, and the players performed with their usual skill and rather more than their usual enthusiasm. Though the gym has not the aesthetically pleasing surroundings of a standard concert hall, its acoustics proved surprisingly equal to the occasion; it is a pity the Symphony cannot be induced to give all its performances in this building.

The first piece, Sir Hamilton Harty's arrangement of Handel's Water Music, was disappointing to anyone used to the dry crisp sound of the Baroque era. The pointed rhythms, the delicate harmonies were all buried in this highly over-orchestrated version and what the listener heard was a stultifying mass of 19th-century Romantic pap.

Robin Wood's performance of the Beethoven 4th Piano Concerto showed a sensitivity and artistry of an extremely high calibre. The orchestra, under the sympathetic direction of Mr. Laszlo Gati, supported Mr. Wood admirably, and the second movement of the Concerto was as near perfection as can be achieved at a live performance.

The closing number of the concert was the well worn Dvorak New World Symphony, which orchestra and conductor performed with tongue-in-cheek abandon, overemphasizing and understating as much as they could get away with — a delightful takeoff. Even hardened musicians must have enjoyed the Symphony's rendition and judging from the expressions on their faces, it was evident that the Symphony did the same. ●

ON ANON

Scientific Responsibility

In recent years, because of the highly technical aspect of warfare, the scientist has come under criticism.

I must say that I am writing this as a scientist and my remarks should be viewed in that light.

I will draw two large distinct groups. Scientists who are concerned with the acquisition of data and knowledge of our universe: and Humanists who are concerned really with battling around non-tangible ideas and dreaming up new concepts of human activity. These groups are archetypal and in some respect arbitrary. For example, a psychologist may be considered a humanistic scientist or vice-versa.

The humanists have, of late, been placing the blame for the present world situation — especially the capacity for total self destruction, on the shoulders of the scientist.

Scientists have never started wars. They may devise more effective and efficient ways of killing humanity but they are not responsible for wars as such.

The scientist has two moral responsibilities, one to the acquisition of pure knowledge and data and the other to the world community.

A new alloy may be used for military aircraft but also be used for a bigger and better beer can. Likewise a weather and spy satellite may be one and the same thing. The immediate use of scientific knowledge is of secondary importance to the scientist. We may consider that it is shirking moral responsibility but we must also consider it in the light of the following existing conditions:

1. Certain varieties of research are financed only by military interests. A scientist who chooses self-inflicted unemployment because of moral feelings is in a real pickle. A scientist with a passion for rocket engineering must seek employment with the government.
2. The benefits of atomic fission far outweigh the detrimental affects; assuming of course that the humanist has a degree of digital self-control — i.e. he doesn't push the button. All scientific knowledge can be put to bad ends.

To the scientist the possible detrimental effects are by-products of the acquisition of any knowledge whatsoever. We must also realize that all knowledge can be put to bad ends.

This brings us to the case of the scientist working on better ways of killing people — i.e. nerve gas, rockets, ordinance, war equipment and the like.

In some sense this is a prostitution. But remember, the scientist has his two responsibilities. His actions may be excusable if his main concern is the knowledge. If not, his actions like those of the Humanist employing him are immoral.

The sweeping condemnation of the scientist connected, even remotely, with the military is misplaced. He has his two responsibilities, weighed more heavily toward knowledge. To close the quest is as immoral as to perfect a dooms-day bomb for that end — dooms-day.

Again let me reiterate. The use is of secondary importance to the acquisition of knowledge.

Scientists do not start wars.

A LETTER

The Editor, Sir:

With regard to that infantile account of an acid trip, I would like to quote the words of S. I. Hayakawa:

"Most people haven't learned to use the senses they possess. I not only hear music, I listen to it. I find the colours of the day such vivid experiences that I sometimes pound my steering wheel with excitement. And I say, why disorient your beautiful senses with drugs and poisons before you have half discovered what they can do for you?"

Penny Harris,
A & S I

The 13c Kill

. . . a lesson to "game" hunters

reprinted from *TIME*, October 27, 1967

Like competitors on a rifle range, the two Marines discussed their target. "About 900 yards," whispered the man with the binoculars. The man with the rifle checked through his telescopic sight and nodded in agreement. Then both men tested the wind. About 5 m.p.h., they decided. The rifleman adjusted his sight. Slowly he stretched out into a prone firing position; he rested his rifle barrel on his helmet and sighted through the scope, allowing just enough Kentucky windage to compensate for the breeze. Then he began the gentle, steady trigger pull of the expert marksman. The exact moment of firing came as a surprise — which it often does when a good rifleman has squeezed off a proper shot.

The moment he recovered from the jolt of his rifle's recoil, the Marine squinted once more through his sighting scope. Across the valley, he saw a black-uniformed Viet Cong crumple, as a bullet bludgeoned his chest. Just to make sure, the Marine pumped another round into the V.C.

and watched the body twitch. The spotter put down his binoculars, took out a notebook, and recorded the details of the kill.

Sudden Death. In the past year, that lethal game of "Charlie zapping" has been played by snipers of the U.S. Army and Marine Corps with steadily increasing efficiency. Sudden death from an unheard and unseen source has become a daily danger for the V.C. At a time when most new infantry weapons are designed to deliver rapid-fire streams of bullets, when a firefight sprays the jungle with thousands of unaimed rounds that do little more than force the enemy to keep his head down, the snipers are demonstrating the deadly value of the single well-aimed bullet. They are reminding their buddies that the good foot soldier has always been primarily a rifleman, that the good marksman makes every shot count.

Today there are about 500 American snipers in the field — trained on ranges both at home and in Viet Nam. They use finely balanced target

rifles, so prized that they are carried around in well-oiled leather cases when not in use. The Marines prefer the bolt-action Remington 700 with a variable power scope; the Army leans toward the National Match M-14 with a similar sniper scope. Both rifles fire a 7.62 mm. 173-grain competition round with a flatter, more accurate trajectory than normal 150-grain military ammunition, and both are deadly at ranges well beyond 1,000 yards.

The snipers are almost all youngsters — teenagers, or in their early twenties — who grew up with a squirrel rifle in their hands. Most of them are not many months away from a time when they had to buy their own ammunition. It is part of their philosophy to be miserly with bullets. They are snipers in Viet Nam who have waited as long as six months to fire as few as four or five shots. But when they were sure of their targets, and they killed four or five of the enemy. Last month two Marine "dingers"* killed seven North Vietnamese and wounded five, with no more than 13 rounds fired at a range of 1,200 yards.

If casualties can ever be considered a bargain, the snipers provide the biggest bargain of the war: the cartridges they use cost only 13c. Appropriately enough, they thus call themselves "the 13c killers." In the past eight months, the 90-odd snipers of the 1st Marine Division have recorded over 450 confirmed kills, against four dead of their own — an astonishing kill ratio of better than 100 to 1.

Skillful Rifery. Marine snipers are organized in 37-man platoons, one of which is attached to each of the corps' seven regiments in Viet Nam. Once in the field, the platoons break down into pairs: one man spots with binoculars, the other handles the rifle. Their favorite stakeouts are the edges of heavily wooded areas with a clear field of fire in front. And there they wait, hour after lonely hour, day after tiring day, camouflaged to their very helmet tops, always on the alert for the slightest distant movement.

The payoff comes in brief and skillful bursts of rifery. Last week a Marine sergeant spotted a V.C. officer addressing a group of his men some 1,600 yards, or almost a mile, away. Since his sight was not calibrated for that distance, the Marine estimated the necessary high trajectory, worked in some Kentucky windage to allow for the breeze, and squeezed off three rounds. The third hit the Viet Cong officer in the head. He was dead before the crack of the rifle ever reached his ears. "A lucky shot," the sergeant conceded. But he and his sniper buddies have learned to make such luck commonplace. ●

* *Crack shots*—an old expression taken from competition shooting, in which a bell was rung to announce a bull's-eye.



In the Eyes of the Nation, How UVic Rates . . .

from "A Consumer's Report on Canada's Top Universities," — "The 20 best campuses: how they rate and what they offer," by C. Wellington Webb.

The University of Victoria: Has made good progress developing its degree programs since it ended its affiliation with the University of British Columbia in 1963; a library of 273,000 volumes and four doctoral programs. Strong hippie element on campus. The students drink at The Snug in the Oak Bay Beach Hotel. ●

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 poetry editor Jane Foster
 Contributing Prof. Grooms

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 MM's office is located in Office 12, J Hut.