

# Magazine

Vol. 1

OCTOBER 7, 1965

No. 2

## Crippling Joyous Monkey

By NANCY SLOAN MARSHALL

"I actually listened to the sound of the colours. From the blues, greens and yellows there reached me sound waves of perfect distinctness . . . More than five hundred clocks seemed to announce the hour in voices silvery, brassy or flutelike. Each object touched gave off a note like that of a harmonica or aeolian harp . . . Never has a greater beauty immersed me in its flood. I was so lost in its waves, so separated from myself, so embarrassed of my ego, that odious appendage that accompanies us everywhere, that for the first time I understood the nature of the existence of elementals of angels and spirits separated from the body."

—Baudelaire, P. C. Les Paradis Artificiels Poulait—  
Malassis, Paris, 1880.

A girl, her emaciated body covered with sores, is led to the desk. She reminds one of the pictures of Dachau and Auschwitz. Sweat covers her face and seeps through her shirt and jeans though she shakes with chills. She huddles on a bench and cries. She is being booked for prostitution. "Hustling" is the only way she can support her heroin habit.

A man, suspected of car theft, weeps and curses as he lies on the floor of his cell. He moves only to vomit. The washroom is along the corridor and he hasn't the strength to call the guard. His clothes are soaked with sweat and urine. Wounded in Korea, he had become addicted to morphine. Before he "retired" from the army, he was in line for promotion to major.

### ENIGMA

Drugs are an enigma in that they free the mind but enslave the body.—intoxicating, but only so far as to give euphoric perspective to live.

Miss Marshall is a second-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.

## Two Worlds

### Politics and Education

By Alumnus

During the latter stage of the 1964-65 academic year this writer visited a professor at this university on a matter of grave importance—the exam just written for the Easter finals.

Second in a series on aspects of the University of Victoria.



They do not injure the body, but they effect personality to the extent of causing the addict to ignore necessities of health. Drugs have inspired some of the world's most creative artists—Huxley, Baudelaire, Cocteau, De Quincey, Charlie "Yardbird" Parker, Picasso, and have crippled the talents of many possibly brilliant but habitual users.

Drugs induce a euphoria that, once experienced, arouses a desire to repeat the experience.

Actual effects differ. Marijuana provokes a feeling of universal absurdity, a giddy sense of the ludicrous. Cocaine produces an illusion of great physical and mental power. Heroin users have discovered a freedom from anxiety. Mescaline is the supreme hallucinogen,

producing a dreamlike state of Utopia. LSD-25 causes a condition similar to schizophrenia, which, when the physical effect wears off, abandons the user to a sense of personal loss. Each drug provides an escape from reality in which the fugitive loses nothing of his intellect or senses.

### PROSTITUTION

Petty crime provides the chief source of income for the local addict, usually prostitution and shop lifting for females, and small theft for males.

A marijuana "joint" costs about \$1.00, a heroin "fix" around \$25. Most addicts have a habit costing between \$25 and \$100 a day. Drugs in Victoria are not difficult to obtain. In fact Victoria is said to have more drug addicts,

per capita, than any other city in Canada.

### RISK WITHOUT HOPE

Hope of legal and medical aid in attempting drug withdrawal is bleak. A spokesman at a Victoria hospital said an addict would not be admitted except under sponsorship by a physician but addicts who have records of falsifying prescriptions to get drugs have usually been rejected by their doctors. The spokesman could not give assurance that the details of an addict's case would necessarily be withheld from police. But if an addict has a genuine desire for withdrawal he might take the risk of going to hospital.

The attitude of many who treat addicts is that successful withdrawal is almost impossible. Those addicts attempting detoxification are often in contact with one another and their conversation usually is limited to drugs—the connections, the present quality of the drugs, the effects on mental functions, etc., etc.

Physical craving becomes impressed on the mind, and long after physical addiction is cured, psychosomatic withdrawal symptoms persist. The addict uses this mentally induced pain to excuse his return to the narcotic cocoon.

"The steps are always the same, always, everyone I've ever talked to. It's like, the best way I can think of, sweet death. Because it is sweet, overpoweringly so, in a lot of ways, but with an edge of real and terrible danger. I guess that's why everyone has to play with it."—Mitchell, S. Weir  
*British Medical Journal* 2:1625, 1896.

monkey

alumnus

pooh

religion

italian style

mountebank

brubeck

a plan

this university's establishment as an independent institution. The reasons he gave were that the present provincial government disliked any embarrassing criticism and that if the university hoped to obtain the necessary financial support, it should maintain the status quo and suppress any ferment or rebellion within the student body.

(continued on page three)

# In The Dark Academic Wasteland

By HARVEY STEVENTS

"Among modern intellectuals—especially in the universities—the subject of religion seems to have gone into hiding. Is it because the educated portion of mankind is learning to live with less finality and is coming to distrust embracing formulae of all types? Or is it because in their zeal to liquidate pseudo-knowledge and to discover truth in a piecemeal fashion the universities have found it necessary quietly to adopt a thoroughgoing secularism."

So wrote the eminent American psychologist, Gordon Allport. And yet, in the same book he noted that

seven out of ten university students answered yes to the question, "Do you feel that you need some form of religious orientation or belief in order to achieve a fully mature philosophy of life?" Thus arises the question, "What is the place of religious enquiry in the academic community?"

Paul Tillich has said, "Being religious means asking passionately the question of the meaning of our existence and being willing to receive answers, even if the answers hurt." I believe that religious enquiry, not only in this sense, but also in the sense of finding this meaning through belief in a non-secular, transcendent god must be an integral part of each student's academic existence. It must co-exist with his accumulation of knowledge; therefore with the other disciplines it must stand at the very centre of the university!

## SELF KNOWLEDGE

To validate this claim let us first consider the goal of a university education. Though some exasperated student in the middle of exams might conclude that a university's *raison d'être* is to see him supersaturated with facts, surely the educational goal is to imbue him with a knowledge of himself and his world. So often this end seems incidental to

the task of acquiring specific skills and yet it is the hope of educators that their students acquire a profound and mature philosophy of life. Now, unless the student is exceptionally dense or perfunctory about his studies, he will gain a full understanding of himself, his fellow men and the world in which he lives. And in so doing he will be fulfilling a basic psychological necessity of giving meaning to his life and the creation about him.

... the university disciplines ... cannot, even when taken collectively, afford him (the student) a complete answer to his enquiries."

If one doubts the adequacy of these general remarks let him reflect on the quandaries posed by the various disciplines. The modern drama, such as Beckett's "Waiting for Godot" or Miller's "Death of a Salesman" pointedly asks the meaning of life. It invites the student to take up the challenge of this enquiry. Psychology, by its diversity between the deterministic behaviorism of

Skinner and the creative, "becoming" theories of Allport and Maslow, accentuates the question of the integrity of the human being; it puts to the fore the question of the authenticity of our lives.

## MEANINGLESSNESS

Metaphysics and the philosophy of religion are the most direct enquiries into the whole realm of the meaning of life and such modern trends as Existentialism reflect the threat of meaninglessness for the men of our time. Even scientific enquiry, though its place is to discover the "how's" and not the "why's" of phenomena, inadvertently makes implications about the meaning of life. For example, George Gaylord Simpson, a distinguished paleontologist, commented thusly on his findings:

"It is another unique quality of man that he, for the first time in the history of life has increasing power to choose his course and influence his own future evolution. The possibility of choice can be shown to exist. This makes rational the hope that choice may sometime lead to what is good and right for man."

(continued on page three)

## De Sica Lays Egg

BY ALMACK

The film, *Marriage Italian Style*, is bad and a reviewer's nightmare. It isn't even so bad that the critic can have sadistic fun destroying it; it is simply neutral. Nothing happens in a slick Hollywood sort of way.

The Italian style of marriage is apparently "living together" which is about as daring as Hollywood can get in its search for perversion. And about as attractive an American-European myth as the public will accept and still pay to see.



Marcello Mastroianni

It is admittedly flashy — like a plain woman with a painful amount of make-up. And there are the stars (not players any more) whose pre-registered image is relied upon more and more as the film proceeds, as an excuse for personality.

But Mastroianni shows none of the obsessive impotence, the thoroughly twentieth century decadence which is the mark of his vitality. And Loren's overwhelming sense of fertility is replaced by strut and gloom.

The film pleads guilty, itself, to impotence when, in passionate scenes with fairly passionate people, a million violins begin to play. Once again Mr. and Mrs. America are helped helplessly towards a realization that "This, people, is passion."



Sophia Loren

There are a couple of moments where the action comes alive and the two principals struggle to establish the kind of tormented comedy which is the film's unborn style.

The plot is dull because it lacks proper editing. It lacks emphasis of any kind. Mind you, it probably did suffer at the hands of other editors outside the studio. The script which may have offered, once upon a time, an emotionally toned and tolerably funny dialogue is dubbed miserably into crippled American Hollywoodese ... a synthetic language anyway.

We would be very silly people to take this de Sica-Ponti pot-boiler as anything more than an excuse or less than a mistake. What ultimately strikes one, is the film's apathy, its numb lethargy. It simply lacks concern.

## "I have a plan"

By JIM HOFFMAN

Canada's peace keeping efforts in the world have been many. We've assisted now in two world wars and twice helped prevent the continuation of oppression and mass slaughter. Since the last world war, as a member of the UN, we've been exemplary in upholding the principles of international co-operation and the outlawing of war as a means to anything. Our voice has been heard echoing through the general assembly in defense of peace and sanity in a conflict-minded world torn by such causes as nationalism, colonialism, Communism, and border incidents. Under the UN, we've sent troops to places like the Congo and Cyprus to tread the precariously thin line between hotly opposite forces. And in numerous trouble spots our truce missions are well-known — if largely ignored.

Our efforts thus far have received only a benign nod and perhaps a kind word. War is still the done thing. Larger nations of course are too tied up with complicated policies of containment, escalation, upper middle intensity fighting and the like, to pay heed to either Canada or the UN. And, at the other end, the small, emerging nations are herded about according to their importance and proximity to the larger "powers."

The answer, since the UN seems so helplessly impotent, lies in a new international organization inspired by skeptical Canada. It would consist of only the smaller nations and exclude the "big five" — since it was they who messed up the UN. Member nations would sign a charter calling for economic, cultural co-operation and the abolition of war as a MEANS. The new organization, named the "Association of Civilized Territories," or ACT, after the fashion, would be less lofty and more

Mr. Hoffman is a second-year Education student at the University of Victoria.



pragmatic than the UN in its attitude toward war. The new charter would look upon war positively, that is, as an END; since war is obviously here to stay. War would be permitted — if certain RULES were followed.

For example, if a member nation planned to attack his neighbour, he would first appear before the ACT assembly and present his reasons for attacking (these are really unimportant, his plan of attack and his estimated costs in destruction and casualties. This would be discussed at the assembly, and if it were demonstrated that the only people endangered were the professional fighters, that the predicted destruction was agreeable to both countries, that there would be no "surprises" in the form of outside assistance, that the war would be an economic boon to both countries, and, most important, that neither combatant would lose face, then war would be permitted and a convenient date would be set.

Thus the war would be reduced to what it really is — a sport. Battles would be restricted to unpopulated areas along borders — since borders have proven to be one of the main objects of war. The battles might even be televised (sponsored by ACT of course) — or viewed from a stadium. Awards might be given. Think of the on-the-spot scoops for reporters or sportswriters: "Malaysia bombs Indonesia to cop first of three." If a nation broke the war rules and actually caused discomfort to civilians, it would be ousted from ACT for awhile and left to be a pawn once again for the remaining "powers" in the now uncrowded UN.

LH3  
M32  
c.2

# Perplexed Pooh . . . A mouse that roared

THE POOH PERPLEX by Frederick C. Crews. Dutton: 1964.

By R. F. ROBERTSON

Not since the ladies of the "Flowered Hat League" uncovered an oblique reference to sex in a secondary school text on "Effective Living," and Eric Nichol revealed the amoral overtones of the suspiciously innocuous "Dick & Jane" has so much been disclosed about the real significance of a so called children's book. Frederick C. Crews' "The Pooh Perplex" is a must for everyone who is convinced that his pre-adolescent mind was warped, but can't quite remember the experience.

READ how Communist doctrine is slyly inculcated, masquerading as innocent entertainment.

BLUSH at the dark implications of the Honey-Balloon-Pit-Gun-Tail-Bathtub Complex.

LEARN the real meaning of Tiger's erotic bounce.

Step right up — come one — come all — its interesting — its educational — and, oh yes, its funny.



Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,

Droops on the little hands little gold head.

Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares! Christopher Robin's been sick on the stairs.

Sick over mummy, she was a sight. Wasn't much fun in the bath tonight, Sick in the water — quite a lot, Sick over daddy, I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more, I'll let my supper fall down on the floor.

See Nanny's dressing gown fall down on—it hasn't a hood, God bless Nanny, make her good.

Mine has a hood—and I lie in bed, And I draw the hood up over my head.

Then I shut my eyes up and make myself small, And no one would know I've been sick at all.

Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed, Droops on the little hands little gold head.

Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares! Christopher Robin's been smoking his Players.



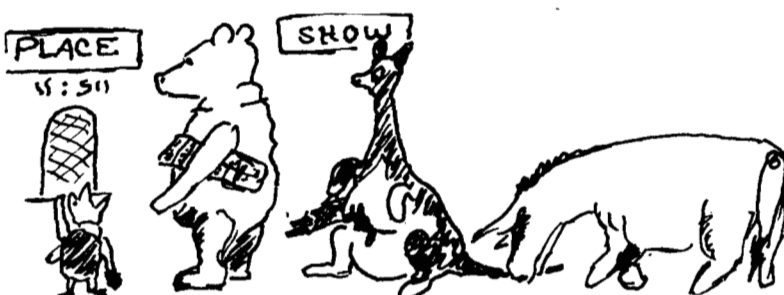
Since I first faced that unfortunate combination of English Literature and pedantry, I have wondered what it was that they had in common. The former presents the reader with an accomplished whole while the latter seems intent on reducing the whole to a neat pile of unrecognizable segments. This union represents the unhappy marriage of a robust expressive man, and a mousy creature who is forever worrying about the propriety of her husband's behaviour — and worse still — trying to explain it away.

The Pooh Perplex is a mouse that roars. It is a casebook about A. A. Milne's character Winnie-the-Pooh, and the children's books in which he is presented.

A casebook?

Research has shown that the casebook is another response to that primal urge to publish that seems to rise in the souls of people who undertake the study of English Literature as a profession. If you can't find enough material for an anthology, you collect critical essays on a specific subject—there you are — a casebook. It is a collection of other people's thoughts on a subject that no one could care less about.

Mr. Robertson, who claims to have been raised on a steady diet of Pooh, is a second-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.



As desperate as the situation among this branch of the intelligentsia may seem, there has to be some hope when it can still laugh at itself, and it obviously still can. Crews says, "Like other casebooks, such as those on Harpers' Ferry, Edith Wharton and the personality adjustment difficulties of Poe and Ezra Pound, this one is frankly designed to keep you in confusion." Crews' selection of authors are no collection of freaks. They are all too real and recognizable. Woodbine Meadowlark, the man with the solid gold Aunt Amelia; Simon Lacerous, former editor of "thumbscrew," husband of Trixie and " . . . perhaps the most feared and respected critic in England;" and Murphy A. Sweat the pop prof. I was left with a terrifying conviction that these people are archetypal, and duplicates of them can be found scribbling busily in any well appointed university library or English department.

Since it will inevitably be banned in the English Department, The Pooh Perplex is an essential source of plagiarized erudition and critical style for students fighting the battle of the bibliography.

Remember — if you can't beat 'em . . . go underground with The Pooh Perplex.



## Wasteland

(continued from page two)

### EDUCATION FAILS

To recognize that the university challenges the student to be "religious" by non-religious means is but part of the consideration. What also must be realized is this: though the university disciplines do challenge the student to understand the meaning of his existence, they cannot, even when taken collectively, afford him a complete answer to his enquiries. Only with the inclusion of religious studies can the university offer the student the chance of coming to a full answer. Now in saying this, I do not suppose to put the discipline of theology or religion 'per se' (and not its counterparts—the psychology, sociology or philosophy of religion) on a pedestal above the other disciplines; I mean merely to assert that it must find its rightful place among the other disciplines. Allow me to take a principle of physics to reveal the cogency of my assertion! Physicists for many years could not decide whether the "wave" or the "particle" theory of the ultimate nature of matter was the best explanation. Then Niels Bohr asserted the principle of complementarity, maintaining that both theories were equally required for a complete explanation but were mutually exclusive if applied at the same time.

### EXCLUSIVISM

Now I ask you to apply this to the nature of man. Biology, sociology, psychology, English, and philosophy all give differing accounts of the phenomenon — man. And, because of their varying methodologies, all have strictures applied to the type and extent of an account they can give. Thus to a certain extent they are mutually exclusive. Furthermore, no one of their advocates would assert that they had the final word.

And yet, where is represented religion or theology, the disciplines that deal specifically with the spirit-

ual aspect of man? They too have as equally valid a say, for no one can stand and assert that man is only a psychological, sociological or physical phenomenon. History is too replete with the wisdom of spiritual leaders such as Christ or Buddha for their accounts of man to be ignored. Theologian Paul Tillich stands with eminent contemporary thinkers. Thus I am saying that all views are equally required though being somewhat mutually exclusive. Because this is true, I am demanding that religion also be given a central place in the university.

In conclusion, I hope the student sees the need to take up religious enquiry and make it as integral a part of his learning process as the pursuit of his particular disciplines. Furthermore, I trust I have made clear that insofar as the university fails to offer the religious disciplines, on the level of sophistication of the other disciplines, it fails in its basic task of educating the student.

## Politics

(continued from page one)

The power in British Columbia, Mr. W. A. C. Bennett, seems to think services and institutions are of secondary importance in his scheme to exploit B.C.'s resources. The MacDonald Report, which has put the eminent doctor from across the sea in the bad books of Mr. Bennett, recommended another university be established in the lower mainland and that Victoria College be given full university status. You, of course, know the rest.

But how did we fare in the race for funds? To get a proper perspective we had better look at the two other universities.

Dr. MacDonald and Mrs. Phyllis Ross, have been working to establish graduate schools at University of British Columbia. Their grants have been substantial and a few extra dollars have come from the pockets of the

(continued on page four)



Dave Brubeck, "forced into commercialism."

## Politics

(continued from page three)

Koerner family, H. R. MacMillan and other philanthropists; Dr. Gordon Shrum, reputed to be the only man who can talk education to Mr. Bennett was given the task of creating an absolutely new university.

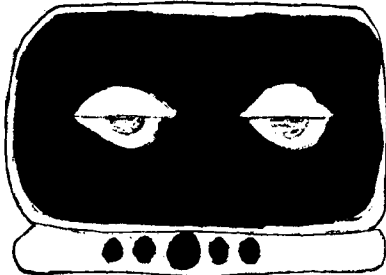
In his inimitable manner Dr. Shrum held his opening ceremonies within two years of the first sod turning. Granted, it has no blacktopped parking area and has a few other inconveniences but the grandeur of the structure overshadows any apparent short-comings. Dr. Shrum appears to have a university that reflects some of the positive aspects of his personality — dynamism and vitality.

How has University of Victoria approached the power structure in B.C. and how has it succeeded or failed? The vitality that is being generated at

Simon Fraser University appears to be something unheard of on this campus.

Observers find it hard not to conclude that the other members, except for a few notable exceptions, are either rubber-stamp men for Mr. Bennett or are unwilling to take a courageous stand on any issue. Quite clearly, bureaucratic conservatism has a stifling effect on both the faculty and the students. Indeed, it is hinted that the expression of unusual views by a faculty member may be verboten if embarrassing to the administration in its race for "royal favour".

The result of this conservatism is the outrageous hoax mentioned in last week's article. If the dream of making this university the top school on the west coast is to be realized, changes must be initiated at all levels. Debate must be encouraged, any fear of reprisal from the government overcome.



## MOUNTBANK

Far be it from me to disparage the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation ... that precious link across our precarious geographic vastness — but there is something bothering me.

Perhaps it's the lack of money or the lack of talent, but nothing is quite so pathetic as a CBC variety or popular music show. There is a certain ineffable chintziness, a certain air of forced hilarity (panic, I'm sure), and a distinct lack of zip and polish.

American television, for all its colossal mediocrity, offers musical variety shows which are sometimes exciting, usually pleasant and always professional. They are slick, polished and expensive. And entertaining.

But let's take a Canadian case in point: the "Juliette" show. Juliette herself is wonderful, provided that your ideal of Canada's favourite chanteuse is plump, forty, bleached and flat (vocally). And her guests are keen too! Like George Murphy, who is sort of a bloated Dennis Day. And how about those four leering boobs ironically called "The Ro' meos?"

Then there's the "Don Messer Show." Oh brother! I'm told that this weekly event is one of Canada's most popular. The name of the show is quite enough — it always reminds me of a little boy picking his nose.

But that awful monotonous sawing on the violin by the apparently speechless Messer, the foot-stomping yahoo dancers, and the chortling ass of an announcer are just too much when coupled with Marge and Charlie. Have you ever seen anything like Marge and Charlie? Marge looks like a Polish shot-putter with goiter. Charlie, on the other hand, lurches around on camera like a be-sotted Irish bartender.

And I do resent the unctuous drive at the end of every programme, when Don and Marge and Charlie butcher some fundamentalist ditty to remind us all of the Sabbath.

God bless the CBC for its model documentaries, scintillating classical presentations and terse, literate news programmes. But I suppose we have nobody to blame but ourselves for the aforementioned tripe. We are all, let's face it, like Juliette and Don and Charlie and Marge, "just plain folks."

# Dave Brubeck: Great White Hope

By FELIX KRULL

The problem with the Dave Brubeck Quartet in recent years is its curious emphasis on compound time as an experimentalist as well as an expansionist device away from the traditional 4/4 beat. It is not so much the experimentation into rhythm that is the problem, for this is a healthy sign in jazz as well as in any other discipline, but the monotony which has evolved out of its explorations. Since its *TIME OUT* album, the first in a series of recordings devoted to exploring rhythm unusual to jazz, the Dave Brubeck Quartet has fallen into the dark potholes of mediocrity. It is not so much a technical monotony, for its melodic, harmonic, and tonal qualities are unsurpassed, but an aesthetic monotony that has apparently developed on the crest of a popularity built up with the release of "Take Five" as a single. With a popularity so unexpected, the Brubeck Quartet was forced into commercialism and as a result was given a potential market for later recordings which could deal either with its experimentations or regressions into the bebop era of the early forties. Hence, the Brubeck Quartet expanded its experimentations, resulting in *TIME FARTHER OUT* and *COUNTDOWN, TIME IN OUTER SPACE*.

However, the aesthetic appeal which had developed from *TIME OUT* and a number of his earlier recordings (especially *JAZZ GOES TO COLLEGE* and *JAZZ: RED HOT AND COOL*) has slowly diminished with the recordings after *TIME OUT*.

### TIME SIGNATURES

Dave Brubeck is the first musician to delve into mediums of time signatures other than 4/4. It is quite true that a few other musicians, notably Benny Carter and Max Roach, have previously experimented with jazz in waltz time. But Brubeck has gone much further, finding still more exotic time signatures and even laying one rhythm in counterpoint over another. Early in his professional years, Brubeck leaned heavily on rhythmic improvisation, often trying the polyrhythmic approach of laying a second distinct rhythm over the established beat of the rhythmic section. As early as 1946, his group, then an octet, was incorporating in arrangements some of the polyrhythmic ideas of today's quartet in solo improvising.

An early quartet example is "Lover," a simultaneous 3/4-4/4 arrangement on *JAZZ: RED HOT AND COOL* recorded at Basin Street, New York, in October, 1954 and July, 1955. Although the root of Brubeck's rhythmic experimentation was still 4/4 he gradually moved into slightly different time signatures to widen the plane of cross rhythms to 5/4, 7/4, 9/8 or 11/4. Brubeck feels that as it continues to move into different rhythms, the group's understanding of rhythms will increase and eventually they will feel free to improvise without constraint. Moreover, he realizes that the men will know that they are free when they no longer have to count; and already most of the time signatures in the series of recordings are as natural to them as 4/4 time.

### ECSTATIC QUALITY

With its most recent recording, *TIME CHANGES*, the Dave Brubeck Quartet has emerged from oceanic dullness. The one factor which makes this recording significant is its dynamic pulse, a much needed quality of ecstacy. The recording is Brubeck's first with a full orchestra although he did perform with Bernstein in December, 1959. "Elementals," the piece played by the Quartet along with an orchestra conducted by Rayburn Wright, probably could not have been composed

by Brubeck if he had intended to write something of this magnitude. Wright comments that "Elementals" "just happened — or rather, kept happening — as the piece wore itself out." The most significant accomplishment of Brubeck in this piece is his accurate forecast of the orchestra's role in becoming, by turns, the solo force and then the accompanying force—the very thing that jazz combos do naturally.

### CREATIVE ELEMENT

In achieving his prediction, Brubeck sought to infuse an element of creativity that jazz musicians experience when they perceive the growing climaxes in their performances and freely add needed elements bringing off the necessary climaxes, as well as developing the technical skill of the orchestra in improvisation. This sense of orchestral participation and freedom of choice was produced by allowing the Quartet (Brubeck on piano, Paul Desmond on tenor saxophone, Eugene Wright on bass and Joe Morello on drums) to choose their orchestral accompaniment for their own solos during the large orchestra rehearsals. Also they had the conductor choose from among different versions of the accompaniment and make these selections shorter or longer as the situation required.

This is basically not completely improvisory freedom. It is, however, a departure from the symphonic tradition. Moreover, if too much improvisation is used by the orchestra, the criterion which defines it as an orchestra is squashed. Therefore, the fine line which regulates this criterion must always be kept in mind and in Brubeck's "Elementals" an element of restraint has been demonstrated. A thing of auditory beauty is the consequence — a beauty that dispels the archaic notion that only the originators of jazz (the American Negroes), are capable of blowing good jazz.

## “ Martlet Magazine

co-editors

Alan Mackenzie and Guy Stanley

Staff: Peter Axhorn, Kathy Tate, Brian Excell, Dick Cox, Robby Robertson.

”