

# Martlet MAGAZINE

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## Sticks And Stones Will Clog My Gasline . . . Or, How To Stop Fighting And Love The Mods

by Martin Springett

In the deeper mists of modern England there exists an offshoot of the human race which, because of insidious sociological conditions and all that that entails, lives in sometimes stark, sometimes frightening, sometimes dramatic, sometimes brutal, sometimes deadly, and sometimes panicky opposition to society.

The bulk of the species is to be found mainly in the northern areas of Great Britain, where they can thrive upon the foul air, shortage of road, and an abundance of live pedestrians.

They are in fact descendants of the "Teddy Boys" and, although the leather jacket, or "gear," has now replaced the foppish Edwardian style of dress, their way out habits and far in extremities make them no less unconventional than the "Teds."

### GREGARIOUS

Gregarious to the extreme, they congregate on street corners, huddle protectively in certain sympathetic clubs, and clamor together on beaches and resort areas. Customary diet is whatever they can scrounge up — and motorcycle gas. Typical posture is hunched over bike doing a "ton up" on the M.1. with, of course, customary "bird" clutching on behind.

The Rocker's first love, however, is his motorcycle; it is his life. Great pains are taken to ensure that no "mucker" touches his silver spoked Pegasus, the usual warning being, "Beat it crud, or oil carve me initials round yer mush."

His deadly enemy is the "Mod," the new "face," the "omos." These "sweeties," as the Rockers call them, were born in the hierarchy of London fashion, and, with their color



and flair, have come to represent the effeminate and the repulsive to the earthy Rockers. But the stylish Mods have sometimes proved themselves less than weak.

Mr. Springett, who professes only to have "lived near" the Rockers, is artist for the Martlet Magazine.

### SPORTING CLASHES

A sporting clash between these two feuding groups usually takes place at a coastal resort often on a bank holiday. The furor starts when a Mod spies a Rocker seated upon his machine, rolling his own. He nips off to tell his mates and soon about sixty engines roar as a phalanx of fluffy enthroned Mods move in. The Rocker, however, awakens, yells out "ello darlins," and squeezes his horn.

Typical posture is hunched over bike doing a "ton up" on the M.1. with, of course, customary "bird" clutching on behind.

Then the crash of over fifty growling bikes roaring from another direction provides a frightening overture as Rocker faces Mod in hand to hand, foot to hand, chain to hand, hand to groin, foot to head, wrench to foot combat.

### CHAINS CHINK

Fists fly, hands hit, arms arch, feet flick, chains chink and wrenches . . . a charge from a dozen hairy chested Rockers is repulsed by twenty smooth Mods. A yell, and thirty deodorized and perfumy Mods retreat before the onslaught of twenty Rockers smelling twice their ranks. On the beach and in fashionable London the cry is out, and soon swarms of Mods are deserting their favorite clothiers on Carnaby Street and racing starkly dishabile to aid their bereft chums. At the same time, in the back roads and at the unfashionable service garages around England the Rockers quickly spread the word, then mass together on their overcharged bikes and are soon urging their extremely powerful motors to start. This done they are next found wielding chains and wrenches—quite similar to the ones the Mods use, only dirtier — at the now ugly scene of the battle, which, by now, has increased in number and intensity.



### REPAIRS

After the battle, if some of the Rockers are still energetic, they may repair to "Fred's" cafe, just outside London near a strip of sleek road known as "Death Mile." On this dangerous stretch of highway they wind their 750's to enormous speeds, leading the local constabulary to take massive precautions. Whatever they do, though, they make the headlines, and recently, when a boy was knifed on a beach and another strayed over a cliff — leading to profuse apologies on both sides, there was a flurry of public outrage and alarm. Sometimes, there are even steps taken to bring them in line.

Invariably, with each fresh disaster, an attempt is made to rehabilitate the Rocker. The gang is descended upon by two or three harmless, aged vicars who present them with the use of a church basement boasting a jukebox and a ping pong table. Tea is served by a sweet old thing who is promptly relieved of her virginity and thrust head first into the tea urn. The lads then "cut out," the vicar "does his nut," and someone raises a committee to buy a new tea urn.

On occasion the Rockers have performed some helpful public service. During national strikes they have helped by carrying important medical supplies to different parts of the country, via their bikes. In fact, a semi-official committee is being established to investigate the possibility of utilizing Rocker help during emergencies not their own.

### WHY?

What is a Rocker? Ages range from eighteen to mid-twenties. Most come from lower working class families and had little chance to get any education or training, although it is generally agreed that most chose their life for a great combination of reasons: squalid home conditions, dissatisfaction, frustration, overcrowding, unemployment.

The Rocker's future looks uncertain. He may gradually disappear in a benevolent future holding such joys as employment, security and family. Or, he may continue to thrive on the roads and seedier parts

"A yell, and thirty deodorized and perfumy Mods retreat before the onslaught of twenty Rockers smelling twice their ranks."

of Britain. Perhaps, like his counterparts in California, he may turn to the cinema and star in Marlon Brando-like films. Whatever the case, sociologists will continue to probe into their habits and mores, having better luck, hopefully, than the one who recently returned from his investigations with a huge "R" carved on his cheek.

# The Tough Road To Economic Independence

A Choice For Canada

By Walter L. Gordon

McClelland and Stewart

Reviewed by David P. Reimer

In the latest issue of MacLean's magazine there appeared a most revealing article by Blair Fraser under the heading "The Two Liberal Parties."

The position of the two factions is summed up: "For the Sharp faction . . . the major problem in strategy and tactics has already begun to emerge: how can they present, in stirring, emotional terms that transcend mere common sense and rouse enthusiasm, the cautious, MacKenzie King-like pragmatism of their defense of the status quo?"

"Common sense didn't make Canada. If our forefathers had done the rational thing, Canada wouldn't exist. Walter Gordon and his young friends believe that Canadians want Canada to go on existing, whether it makes sense or not."

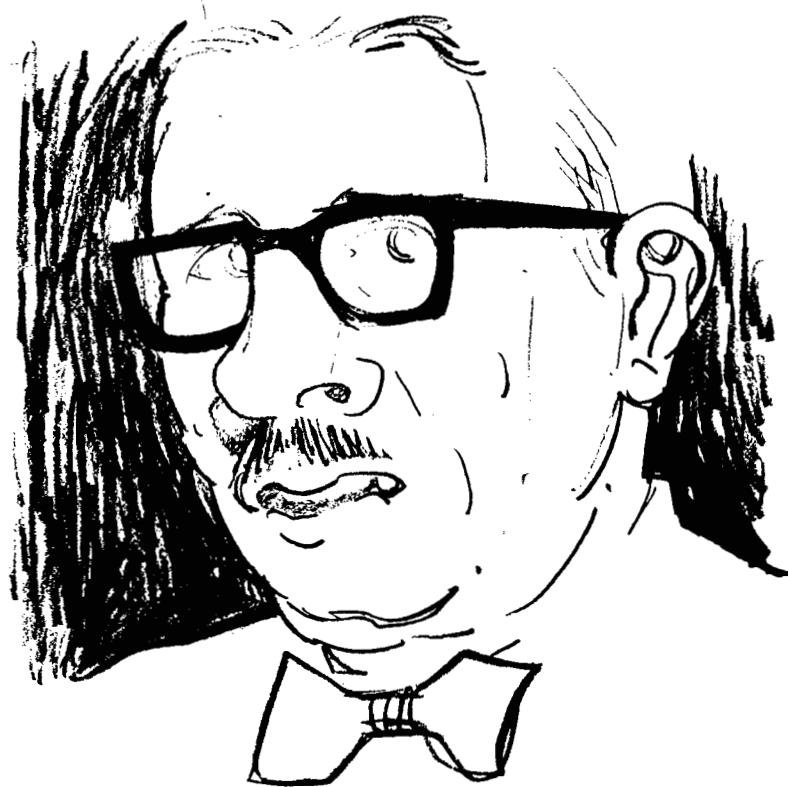
This statement is admirably worded. But let Canadians be aware that the "status quo" Mr. Sharp wants to defend is actually a "trend." One has only to study that "status quo" in the tables prepared by Mr. Gordon in "A Choice for Canada." Over the years 1956-65 Canada's deficits on the balance of payments with the U.S.A. were just over \$14 billion and growing rapidly in the last three years. While we had a surplus of some \$3.6 billion with other countries, the ten-year deficit was still approximately \$10.5 billion. During the same ten years the "net capital inflows from the United States" were \$10.7 billion. Since much of this U.S. money took the form of equity investment, Americans were extending control of Canada while the payments of dividends to American stockholders was increasing the deficits in our balance of payments.

Mr. Reimer teaches social studies at Oak Bay Senior Secondary School.

## A Springett Salute to . . .



WHAT IS A MUM? A MUM IS A CREATURE OF INDESTRUCTABLE VIRTUE? YOP, SHE'S A GOOD KID. SO IF YOU'VE GOT A MUM, DON'T THROW HER AWAY. SHE'S A CREATURE OF INDESTRUCTABLE VIRTUE!



"Walter Gordon has other ideas"

### DO NOTHING

According to Blair Fraser, Mr. Sharp and his friends fear retaliation by the United States if Canada does anything to change the status quo. Read carefully Mr. Sharp's formula for "action" to correct the imbalance of payments: "I make no apology for being a pragmatist in this rather than a doctrinaire. We just have to do the best we can, proceed step by step as the way opens up and opportunity presents itself." In other words, "Do nothing."

Walter Gordon has other ideas, and all Canadians who believe that Canada should play an independent role in world affairs owe it to themselves to read his treatise. "A choice for Canada." Let us not be 'put off' by pronouncements from on high by economists. One can count on the fingers of one's hand the economists who have had original ideas during the last two hundred years — Adam Smith, Karl Marx, Ricardo, J. M. Keynes and J. K. Galbraith. The last two propose that monetary and fiscal policies of governments be employed to modify, for the benefit of society, the operation of a "free, hard-currency" economy. Let us also not be stampeded by those Liberals who say Walter Gordon is a nationalist in order to keep Canada free to play her own international role.

"If our forefathers had done the rational thing, Canada wouldn't exist."

### MORE CONTROL

Mr. Gordon shows, by presenting hard facts, that American economic control of Canadian industries has reached such proportions that its extension is at the point of becoming self-perpetuating. That is, without new investment capital coming from the U.S.A., American control can continue to grow through the buying up of more Canadian industry with the profits of American companies now operating in Canada. He then explains, by presenting specific instances, how America's political in-

fluence is gaining control over Canada's external affairs. That this control will become more direct as her control over Canada's economy becomes more pervasive is absolutely elementary. Even an economist ought to be able to understand that!

Mr. Gordon admits that, of course, U.S. investments in Canada have helped us raise our standard of living more rapidly than we would have been able to manage on our own. But he also explains that, by changing the rules for investment in Canada, we could have available for industrial expansion large amounts of

"Mr. Gordon shows, by presenting hard facts, that American economic control of Canadian industries has reached such proportions that its extension is at the point of becoming self-perpetuating."

capital now channelled into very conservative investments. He maintains that we could stop the trend of U.S. control by changing the rules so that American investments would take the form of bond and mortgage holdings. When a former manager of the Bank of Canada said something similar, he was "sacked." When Mr. Gordon, as Minister of Finance, tried to change the status quo, he was deserted by his own colleagues because of pressure from the financial community. It is time Canadians made themselves aware of the facts in this issue.

The issue is as clear as Blair Fraser states it in the quotation at the beginning of this article. It might be worded thus, "Are Canadians willing to trade their political independence for a high standard of living?" Read Walter Gordon's book to understand what "A Choice for Canada" actually entails.

## When Visiting . . .

When visiting the desert you should sing from time to time as this will help to keep the rattlesnakes away;

if you wish to rest, avoid the shade, for that is often where the biggest rattlesnakes are said to wait;

never drink the water from oases or from cacti, for the rattlesnakes are known to drink from both;

and always check the ground for signs of snakes before you tread, for these enchanted snakes can hear your blind footfall;

when you finally collapse, make quite certain that the spot on which you fall is absolutely free of snakes;

then please bury your whole face so your eyes are in the sand: this will offer you the necessary cover;

we would ask you not to let a fear of rattlesnakes in any way upset you in your visit to the desert

—Andrew Isdell-Carpenter

## Martlet Magazine

Editor  
Jim Hoffman

Associate Editors . . . . . Guy Stanley  
and Martin Segger  
Art . . . . . Martin Springett  
Make-up . . . . . Kathy Tate  
Secretary . . . . . "Steph"

# "Guarding" the Truth in China

By Robin Jeffrey

The Red Guard, some 150,000 strong, was surging through the streets of Peking the other day.

"Er, excuse me," I said stopping one member and pulling him into a shop doorway, "I'm a tourist and I was wondering why you Red Guards are surging through the streets of Peking."

"Well, you see, it's like this, daddy. We heard there was going to be this rumble, and we Red Guards are always ready for a rumble."

\* \* \*

"There's been some talk about your turning in your parents if they don't conform to the rigid standards of the revolution," I said.

"Yeah, man! That's the coldest, ain't it? Ole Big Daddy Mao came up with a winner there, didn't he?"

"Does that mean you'll inform your parents if they appear to be supporting revisionism or straying from the pure Leninism as interpreted by Chairman Mao?"

"How's that again?"

"Will you judge your parents on their support for the Marxist-Leninist teachings of uncorrupted communism?"

"I don't know about that, daddy, but if I don't get the rickshaw this Saturday night, the old man will be off to Tibet so fast it'll make his head spin."

"What do you hope to achieve by surging through the streets of Peking?"

Mr. Jeffrey is a fourth-year arts student at the University of Victoria.

"Well, daddy, we've been having a lot of fun the last few days. We looted a couple of independent retail merchants' stores and raped their daughters. I picked up this coat I'm wearing at one of them. How do you like it?"

"It's very nice," I said.

"Actually," he went on, "we've been looking for a few Jews to burn, but there aren't too many Jews in Peking."

"That's a problem, all right," I said.



"Sure wish we had a ghetto," he mused.

"I understand there's no juvenile delinquency in Communist China as we have it in the West?" I said.

"You're just not fiddling with your chopsticks there, Clyde," he said, picking up a brick and throwing it at a bleeding nun. "We Red Guards don't stand for none of that."



# CERBERUS

## Decline and Fall of the Commonwealth

In the 1945 Labour Government, Lord Atlee created the modern concept of a multi-racial Commonwealth by liberating India. He also made Harold Wilson a junior member of the government. He is unlikely to have known that the latter impulse might prove the undoing of the former.

This would seem to be the case. Always something of a Little Englander, Wilson has seemed incapable, since the Rhodesia crisis began, of either the imagination or the strength needed to hold the Commonwealth together.

Certainly there have been problems. Wilson worked hard to achieve a national consensus in favour of economic action against the rebels—and in a few weeks quadrupled such support. But he has never felt electorally secure enough to initiate military action. Blood ties are strong enough to topple his government. Few English people realise how many black Rhodesians fought in the war against Hitler, but they all know that white Rhodesians did.

### BITTER LEFT

Over Rhodesia Wilson has already lost what vestige remained to Britain in Afro-Asia. For years, Latin-American, African and Asian leaders have remained loyal to what they might expect of a Labour Government. They have been bitterly disillusioned, including that eminently reasonable man Kaunda, who country is bearing the brunt of confrontation. But none are more bitter than the Labour left, on whose backs Wilson climbed to power.

Ironically the legacy of ineffectual sanctions may be more ruinous to relations between Rhodesia's whites and 'the old country' than swift military action. The slow punishment of an economic squeeze has brought Smith's de facto government to the point of considering a repudiation of the monarchy. The cold store of acrimony will not easily be dispelled. Sir Roy Melenky, former P.M. of Southern Rhodesia, has said that military action at the time of U.D.I. would not have met with resistance. It could have been quickly and quietly effective. Now an invasion would be resisted as such. The odds are, too, that a little sabre-rattling would have rallied British public opinion—as it always has done in the past. Now it would be electorally unthinkable, without an intense campaign of public education.

The African leaders naturally believe that a black rebellion would have been quickly and ruthlessly suppressed. This belief, however ill-founded, serves to heighten their anger. How can their faith be restored?

### CONCERTED ACTION

Any action short of bringing Smith's police state to heel and delaying independence until majority rule is unacceptable to the African premiers. British public opinion may not permit this minimum. There are two alternatives. One is imposition of all-out mandatory sanctions by the Security Council, on request of Britain. The other is racial guerrilla warfare. Only the first of these gives Wilson a chance to take a hand. If he has any concern for the survival of the Commonwealth he will recognise the rightful demands of the African Prime Ministers as responsible leaders in a multi-racial partnership and call for concerted action to cripple Rhodesia in the shortest possible time. Rhodesia's Africans are already suffering the brunt of sanctions. How long will their patience last?

The choice is not between action and inaction, but between limited action, which Wilson might control, and a conflagration which nobody could control. The Commonwealth can remain a meeting-point of the races or it can be the vehicle of the white man's last folly. All the Africans want is that the head of the Commonwealth should act on the principles which the Commonwealth is supposed to represent. And if the threat of force is needed to make sanctions work, that is what Mr. Wilson must do.

### The Love of Books

Oh for a booke and a shady nooke  
 Either in doore or out,  
 With the greene leaves whispering overhead,  
 Or the streete cryes all about;  
 Where I maie reade all at my ease,  
 Both of the newe and old,  
 For a jollie goode booke whereon to looke  
 Is better to me than golde.  
*Olde English Song*



### IVY'S BOOKSHOP

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# School For Wives -- A Semi-Sentimental Musical Shuffle

By Jim Andrews

It is partly the place of a community theatre to provide plays which are of little artistic merit. It is an economic fact faced by a company struggling to become professional that it must perform to the taste of the majority at least part of the time. In Victoria this means musical comedy. Bastion theatre realizes this demand and has just finished a 2½ week run of *School for Wives* by Molière, set to music by Marge Adelburg. For the majority of the audience, no doubt, the production was successful. It provided song and dance, a romantic theme, a rickety old man and two stupid servants. Unfortunately, the aspect that this musical did not provide was

“... the aspect that this musical did not provide was the slightest trace of the brittle, sarcastic comedy of Molière.”

the slightest trace of the brittle, sarcastic comedy of Molière. This lack was not the fault of the players as much as that of the adaptor. The musical style was that of 1940 “swing” with the occasional interjection of a Latin American beat, perhaps as an attempt to give the chorus a chance to prance. The music did not suit any production of Molière but it soon became evident that Molière had little to do with the production beyond providing a plot and some of the dialogue.

Mr. Andrews is a fourth-year arts student at the University of Victoria.

## Built In Same Century

A review of university architecture, reprinted from the January issue of the Royal Architectural Institute of Canada.

### Universities

Bringing Beauty to the Bald Prairie;

A Hairy Architecture



Fig. 1 shows the first building for Wascana Centre, Regina (Yamasaki architect) and (Fig. 2) dormitory buildings for the University of Al-

### COMPLICATED

The piece became a semi-sentimental musical shuffle about an old man (Andrew — Bill Hosie) who wants to marry his young ward (Agnes - Dorothe Hosie) who in turn has fallen in love with the son of an old friend of Andrew's (Horace — Art Penson. The plot is complicated by the fact that Horace does not know that Agnes is Andrew's ward and thinks she kept locked up by some “mean old goat” named Mc-Taggart. The play is Horace's at-

Even with this fault the production could have been saved and made into an enjoyable evening's entertainment had it not been for the cast and setting. I do not feel that it is too much to ask an actor that he be heard and understood. Two people can be criticized on this point. Art Penson as the young man moved well and his appearance suited the part. The audience was not troubled by his characterization or by his delivery of dialogue but when he sang it was as if someone had turned the

that he was on stage. Silvia Hosie on the other hand suffered from the opposite complaint. Playing Georgette, the retarded idiot, she combined loud, unimaginative buffoonery with sounds which were probably meant to be words. The resulting performance was noisy but almost totally incomprehensible.

### LIMITED FRAMEWORK

The other members of the cast performed their tasks adequately within the limited framework given to them. Bill Hosie was moderately convincing as the old man although he suffered the troubles of all young men who have to look and act beyond their years. His performance provided the stock characteristics of old age in all its trembling inflexibility. He sang well as did his ward Agnes who in turn played the part of the innocent, ignorant young girl in a straightforward but colourless fashion. Alfred (Ian McIntyre), the other retarded servant deserves some mention, if only for the fact that he seemed to be the only character with any true enthusiasm for his role. He entered into the spirit of Alfred and played it to the best of his ability. Such energy in a production singularly lacking in verve or enthusiasm was a refreshing change.

### BAD DESIGN

The design was probably Mr. Penson's worst. Composed of a house front with a central scrim drop which could be raised to reveal the interior, this entire set was painted in a pastel pinkish-orange. The forced symmetry of the design resulted in such flaws as stairs leading to undefined regions. When the scrim was down and the full house front was in place, the action was confined to a narrow portion of the stage. The resulting movements resembled nothing so much as the impatient paces of a man waiting in a narrow hallway for the bathroom to be free.

“The forced symmetry of the design resulted in such flaws as stairs leading to undefined regions.”

Although the costumes suffered from the same pastel colour problem as that of the set, the cut of the Pickwickian dress was, on the whole, excellent. There was, however, one member of the chorus who, for no apparent reason was dressed in a jet-black cloak of an Elizabethan style and long white stockings. As a result, his whole appearance clashed with the soft tones and hues of the production.

### CHORUS NEGLECTED

While the make-up and hair styles of the principles fitted well with the period setting of the play, these production aspects were badly neglected in the chorus. The dirty faces of young boys were meant to be five-o'clock shadows and the twentieth century hair-cuts ranged from conventional to Beatle.

I have not criticized every faulty detail of this production nor praised its truly funny moments, I have merely pointed out some of the major flaws resulting from an inattention to detail and a poor handling of the already mediocre script. The unfortunate thing about the production is that with a little more attention it could have been a pleasant evening's entertainment. As it was, however, it was not fit for production at a junior high school talent night.



“The music style was that of 1940 swing.”

tempt to take Agnes away and marry her. Molière had infused this bare plot with satire and rich comic devices but this musical turned it into a sentimental tale of romantic love triumphant.

volume down. Mr. Penson's voice is light at the best of times but against Bill Hosie or the chorus, he was lost and if it had not been for the bright blue of his costume which attracted all eyes we would not have known

berta. At least the latter have their function easily identified in contrast to the former.

Fig. 3 is the University of Victoria; it is difficult to understand why, with a fresh

impressive factors, there is a lack of cohesion.

Surprisingly, these examples were built in the same century as the contrasting example of Simon Fraser, which uses the movement system as an organizing principle (architects design co-ordinators Erickson Massey).



start, without the impediment of an existing campus or other

