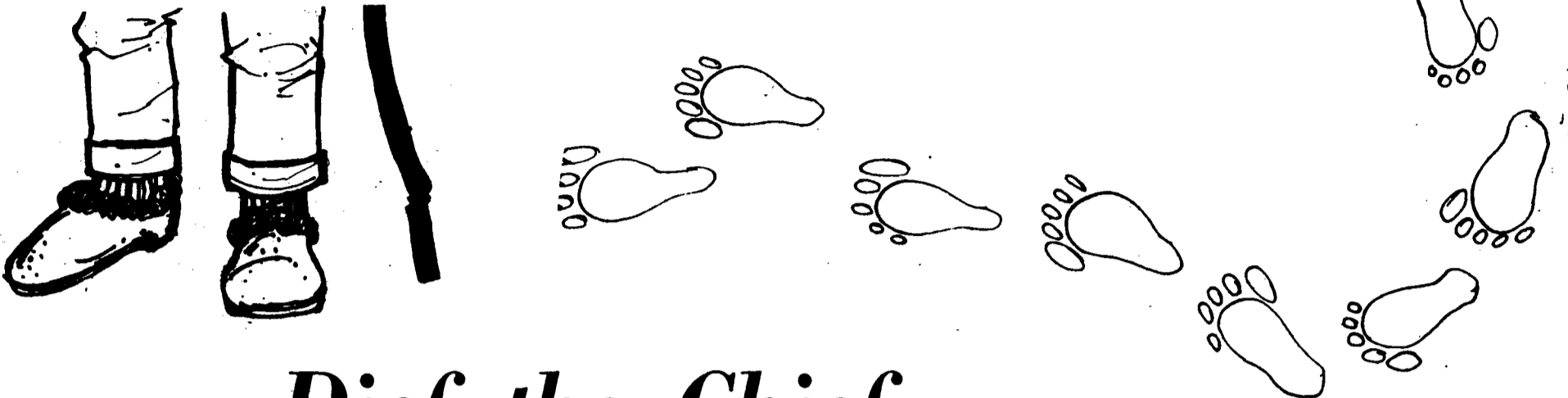


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Dief the Chief -- Party Hope?

A TRIBUTE TO ONE OF CANADA'S MOST
COLORFUL — AND CONTROVERSIAL FIGURES

By IAN BAIRD

Canada? Democracy? Nationalism? Leadership?

These words and others will be tossed about at the coming Conservative party conference, a meeting which the papers of the country tell us will see progressive fighting reactionist and youth confronting age.

While time and progress seem to call for automatic change and thus the aggressiveness of Dalton Camp and his followers, there are still strong forces which are not only pro-Diefenbaker but are, under the inspiration of Toronto lawyer, Arthur Maloney, actively taking steps against Camp's side. But why support Diefenbaker?

BACKWATER

Since the days of Sir Robert Borden, the Conservative Party had languished in the backwater, with an occasional flash back into power, until 1957-58 when John Diefenbaker made a spectacular comeback with the largest majority ever known in the history of the Canadian Parliament.



A man to unite

The first and second world wars saw the depletion of British capital in Canada, resulting in the weakening of the Conservative Party. Huge financial circles turned to U.S. capital for support, and the impact of economic absorption under the steam-roller tactics of C. D. Howe was so great that the majority of Canadians, instead of realizing the natural wealth of their own country, were quite prepared to accept the sell-out, in the firm belief that without the U.S. the country could not exist.

It is true capital was, and is, needed to develop Canada, and this situation will continue as long as we stay with the outdated Gold Standard until such time as a mutual exchange between nations can be established on equal values. Economists today are endeavouring to find such a medium of exchange. I quote from a full-page article on this subject which appeared in the Victoria Daily Colonist by Mr. Robert Bonner, Attorney General for British Columbia, in which he stated "The Gold Standard could be compared to a stake tied to a wagon wheel."

PIPELINE DEBATE

So dictatorial had the Liberal Government become after 22 years in office that they fell, coming to disaster on the famous Pipe Line debate. The election was on. John D., like a prophet from the wilderness, called on the people of Canada to stand for their country. He had a vision of the great Canadian northland as the power plant of North America (a vision which has come true), and the Conservatives swept into power.

Financial circles in Toronto and New York were stunned. They were

Mr. Baird, a second-year Arts student at University of Victoria, is vice-president of the Conservative Club.

still smarting under the defeat when Mr. Aberhart came into power in Alberta. The moguls of finance predicted blue ruin for Alberta; investors were advised not to invest in the province.

Then, it was found that the Liberals had concealed facts which were exposed in a document entitled "The Economic Outlook," forecasting, among other gloomy predictions, a higher average of unemployment. This was known to Liberal cabinet ministers for three months before the election, and was a part of the situation the Conservative government had to face.

John D. and his cabinet set out at once to combat depression. Winter work programmes were instituted. Old age pensions were raised. Twenty-one amendments were brought in to increase by \$110,000,000 a year benefits available under the Old Age Assistance, Blind Persons, Disabled Persons and War Veterans' Allowances Acts. Income taxes for the lower brackets were cut by an annual \$178,000,000. Pay increases for 104,000 federal employees, worth an extra \$110,000,000 a year. These were only a few of the measures enacted to help the people, as well as a grain selling Trade Mission sent to the United Kingdom and Europe.

PROPAGANDA

Eastern finance circles, however, realized that Diefenbaker was a danger to their interests, so he must go. Almost overnight the Liberal propaganda machine went to work, and a campaign of malice and distortion such as had never been known in the history of the country was launched. The U.S. swept into the fray. Diefenbaker had dared to disagree with President Kennedy. The columnists in the press and magazines in both Canada and the U.S. made it their chief sport to ridicule and caricature the prime minister of Canada.

NUMBER OF SEATS WON IN THE LAST TEN ELECTIONS

1935 (Bennett)	39
1940 (Manion)	30
1945 (Bracken)	67
1949 (Drew)	41
1953 (Drew)	51
Average seats per election	47
1957 (Diefenbaker)	112
1958 (Diefenbaker)	208
1962 (Diefenbaker)	116
1963 (Diefenbaker)	95
1965 (Diefenbaker)	97
Average seats per election	125

Diefenbaker had awakened the electorate from a long sleep, but he needed more than four years to put himself and his party in a stable position. This man, despite the propaganda machine, and the never-ending nagging within his own party for eastern control, practically alone won two elections. The list of Conservative results of past elections which tell their own story. (See box)

PARTY STRENGTH

This is the record of the man a section of the Conservative party would repudiate. At a time when the party needs strength they must either show a united front to the electorate or perish in the abyss of factionalism and petty arguing.

Dalton Camp is a man of the Eastern financial circles and as such is a pole apart from Diefenbaker, traditionally the Prairie man, the man of the common people.

If Davie Fulton, who within the last decade has yet to say he'd con-

(continued on page four)

A New Turkey For Ahmet

By ZINA ROSSO

Ahmet Karel is one in a nation whose history recalls times before Rome, and even before Troy.

Yesterday Turkey was a joke, "the sick man of Europe." Today the winds of change sweep across Anatolia bending the stiff, dry, grass, tugging at the very roots of tradition and custom, and often uprooting them.

Ahmet Karel lives on the outskirts of Adana, Turkey's fourth largest city. He lives with his wife Esme, his mother-in-law, and his only daughter, Yasha. He is about forty, middle class, and owns a small jewelry shop in Adana.

Morning comes early in Turkey. Grandmother in her long black skirts and black head veil makes the tea while Yasha sets the table and gets the goat milk cheese. Her mother cuts the bread. Sometimes instead of cheese they have rose petal jam, but other than that this is always breakfast. When all is ready Ahmet comes in. Breakfast is a quiet and simple meal.

CUBBY HOLE

On his way to work, Ahmet walks toward the main street, passing many simple homes built, like his own, of concrete, brick, and plaster. When he reaches the main street he still has a long way to go so he hails a domush. These 'share taxis' are distinguished by the checkered black and yellow strip beneath the windows and constitute a large portion of Turkey's few cars. "Karasu Square" he yells as it draws level with him: but it doesn't stop. After about four tries one domush stops, and after checking with the driver as to the destination he steps in and nods a good day to his fellow passengers who share with him a common destination. At Karasu Square he alights, pays the driver 50 kaurus (5c) and walks the remaining block to the small cubby hole, seemingly carved out of the solid stone facade of the large block of buildings lining one side of a narrow street, his shop. Ahmet is proud of his shop. He is a master jeweler, making, repairing, and selling everything from earrings to ornately worked bracelets. He had grown up in the country. Luckily there had been a state school nearby, so had attended school until he was fourteen. Then his parents had apprenticed him to his uncle, also a jeweler in Adana. He had learned fast and well and now this was his own shop.

His first customer is a rather old Turkish woman, draped in black from head to foot. She wants an "evil eye" for her newly born grand-

son. He accommodatingly shows her the selection and she chooses a medium size one, shaped like an eye pupil, turquoise in a gold setting suspended from a fine linked silver chain. After a perfunctory haggle over the price, they agree at a just compromise. She pays and leaves, confident now that the evil spirits will not harm her grandson. The next customer is an American tourist. "Mehhaba," Ahmet bows, greeting her, while her eyes peruse the selection of bracelets, turquoise stoned rings, gold and turquoise necklaces. At last she points to an ornate gold and turquoise necklace. He picks it up, lays it before her, and then indicates his price. She shakes her head. Immediately he runs out of his shop, returning in a few moments with a boy of about 14 years old. "Do you want help, I speak a little English," he says with some difficulty. The woman smiles and tells the boy to inform Ahmet that he is asking too much for the necklace. The boy and the man carry on a long conversation, in the middle of which Ahmet again runs out of the shop. Soon he returns, this time with a young man carrying a tray with three glasses of tea. The price is then amicably settled, with the help of the young interpreter, over the glasses of tea. Ahmet prides himself in being a good business man.

PRAYER

During the first call to prayer he watches the old grocer across the street take out his prayer mat and face mecca; Ahmet reads the newspaper and discusses local politics with the tea seller; he believes two



What answers in the Koran?

times, at the most three times a week a visit to the mosque satisfies the requirements of Islam. He likes the American dollar, but is less and less trusting of the American.

At home grandmother watches her son-in-law go down the street to work. After seeing Yasha leave for school she wraps her veil about her head and leaves for her daily visit to the mosque. Grandmother does not approve of Yasha, who, by now, is well down the road. Grandmother



Ahmet: work and change

attended religious school when she was a child, and learned the important things well: how to be a good daughter of Islam, a good cook, and a good wife. What more does a girl need to know? All the answers are in the Koran. Movies do not replace the Koran. Politics, government, and making money constitute the man's world. Anyhow, when she was young a Kaliph and a Sultan saved everybody the trouble of bothering about all that. What was all this fuss about the "vote," and "rights." The whole thing was unnatural. It is immoral for women to be concerned with such things.

CHANGING SOCIETY

Esme, too, watches her daughter go, a little envious of the short skirt, trim white blouse, and high heeled shoes, as she merged into the crowd in the street. But she smiled quietly to herself, adjusted her own drab three-quarter length dress, and set about tidying the house. She knows that to keep with the family position in the changing society she too must change. She had begun to discuss politics with her husband. Ahmet tells her that next time she must vote, but still the world of government and finance seem much removed from her. It had occurred to her that perhaps she should take a course in economics as she had done in the '40's at the "People's House," one of those institutions Ataturk had set up to inform the uneducated adults of their social responsibilities in the new Turkey he was creating. She had been told to think of herself as now a Turkish citizen. Islam was no longer the centre of all thought and activity. Democracy freed you from the bonds of the past; Industry would develop the raw materials of the country, bringing new and better kinds of work than

farming. Her children would reap, as would she, a new and better life.

For Yasha it seemed a very bright day as she approached the large modern brick building that has her school. A few boys, fellow students lounging on the sidewalk, whistled at her as she walked up the steps. She kept her head high and walked nonchalantly through the large swinging doors. This was her last year of high school. After this she had made up her mind to attend one of the teacher training colleges in Adana, become a teacher, and go to enlighten some of the illiterate 60% of Eastern Turkey. That is if things didn't get too complicated with Muhsin her present boyfriend. Her education had been intensive. She reads and speaks English fluently. World history and geography took first place over Turkish heritage which she regards as secondary as compared to what the future holds for her homeland.

EDUCATION KEY

Islamism and the Mosque belong to that outmoded past, and after all daddy doesn't really believe. Her teacher is a great admirer of Ataturk, the father and founder of modern Turkey. "We must become a Nation," Ataturk decreed, and to do that "we must look West." Education is the key to Turkish development and self fulfilment. A constitution liberating the nation from the slavery of the past was inaugurated. Ataturk was the genius of the Turkey of today and tomorrow. Illiteracy is still the weed choking Turkey, its roots are firm and fortified in ignorance. Yasha would like to travel; she is going to Europe, possibly the United States someday. She likes James Bond movies, the Beatles, make up, and bell bottom trousers. Westernism is civilization and happiness.

Miss Rosso, a fourth-year Arts student at University of Victoria, attended a World University Service Seminar in Turkey last summer.

letters

ZHIVAGO

Sir:

Mr. Richard Elliot's review of 'Dr. Zhivago' (Oct. 27 *Martlet Magazine*) strikes us as being an inadequate comment on a film which seldom rises above the level of mediocrity and cliché.

He suggests that the screenplay tends to magnify rather than smooth over the "disjointedness of the original, both in construction and narrative". This is to make Pasternak the scapegoat for the inconsistency and imbalance of the film-makers' approach. The director's integrity flounders between the 'Hollywood epic' and the 'intellectual exposition'. Short passages at the beginning and end of the film attempt to do justice to the theme of the book: the cultural sacrifice that Russia has made for social and economic progress since 1917. What happens to this idea in the body of the film is a mystery, and the result is a schizophrenic disunity.

Mr. Elliot's judgments on the acting are, of course, legitimate expressions of opinion. However, to commend Ralph Richardson for appearing—as usual—as Ralph Richardson, while criticising Steiger (the only actor who really overcomes the script's banality) for inaudibility suggests a curious set of priorities.

Omar Sharif's mobility of expression is non-existent. He spends most of the film gazing at the camera like a wanhopeful spaniel and his face certainly does nothing to intensify the horror of the street massacre: in fact, it reduces tension disastrously.

As for the female roles, to group the performances of Julie Christie and Geraldine Chaplin together is surely a slight upon the superior acting of Miss Chaplin. She, perhaps, conveys the 'emotional intensity' that Mr. Elliot mentions — no mean achievement when one considers how crudely the director has played off her facial ugliness against the physical beauty of Miss Christie. The latter interprets her part only as well as the script permits — execrably.

To turn to technique: Mr. Elliot writes that when 'Zhivago' inadvertently sees the embrace between Lara and Komarovsky we are induced to watch the drama as unseen witnesses'. We challenge him to give a single example of a cinematic scene in which the audience are not unseen witnesses.

Russia, we would scarcely deny, is indeed 'a land for all seasons'—almost every great Russian writer and filmmaker has used Russian countryside as an omnipresent 'character' (much like Hardy's Egdon Heath). Is it gnat-straining, however, to point out that the film was shot in Spain, Finland and British Columbia?

We feel that a film of such potential deserved better treatment at the hands of its makers and its critics.

Alastair Watt,
Sean Virgo,
Instructors, English

UNIFICATION

Sir:

I was most interested in Mr. Justus Havelaar's letter. I'm not yet quite certain what message it has to offer beyond an elaborate — Hrrrump, poppycock. Nevertheless, it is a very nice letter, delicately embellished as it is with marvellous stiletto-sharp wit.

But you do make it moderately clear that you have somehow misread my article to have been opposed to integration. What a pity! It was not. I am only opposed to Mr. Hellyer's methods and a very few minor aspects of integration.

The pseudonym need not be attributed any more serious meaning than any other name — Justus for instance.

Harold Bagg



When I Only

When I only believe
Thisthat
And the other thing
Then:
Her hair
Will drop to the floor
In a
Blackheap
And her
Words will fall
For a
Second
Like a succession of pins
Into a
Deepdeep
Silence.
I'm sure that when it's
All over
Quite a few violins
Will escape their strings
And pretend
To be pins.

—DAVID BENTLEY



WATCH YOUR PUBS

In 1961, in the last days of Vic College, the number of publications distributed around the campus by various energetic individuals could hardly be counted on both hands. The papers, whether glossy or a single gestetnered sheet brought students a good variety of the provocative, the facetious, the satirical and the newsy.

Today, incredible though it may sound, the number of publications on campus is decreasing as fast as the size of the university is increasing.

At this rate we should have several bespeckled puppets rolling off a dull, innocuous sheet when we reach ten thousand in enrollment.

Last week Tryste was killed, ending its brief period of literary promise, editorial uncertainty and financial instability.

The *Martlet*, probably the most picked on and misunderstood paper in the province, which, because a new and ambitious editor chose to play up what he thought was vital news, has again, for the Nth time come close to oblivion.

The Tower, always the scene of some dispute, has somehow floundered through another year and several editors, only because of the extra funds available from the Tryste killing.

Strangely enough this shows, to a large degree, the hopelessly mixed up and rather sad attitudes of many students.

It's the attitude which prefers a gloating, sentimental navel-worshipping annual to a regular, creative publication.

It's the attitude which prefers to see quaint photos of "that great log saw" and the "in" group that that hung around the SUB and called itself a club. It's the attitude that feels a glossy narcissistic album somehow justifies the academic year, linking all the fuss and politics and "those fee squabbles" together into an orderly, well-structured year complete with beginning and end.

DULL ATMOSPHERE

Sure the editors and their staffs have been less than perfect in their work. Sure reporting may have been irresponsible, inadequate and "yellow". Sure layout, design and reader interest may have been low. But how can any editor be expected to function in an atmosphere so apathetic that students grumble about costs of a newspaper then complain about lack of communica-

tion, that is so dull that the whole university reels under a marijuana "exposé", which was really a harmless story anyway.

And how can editors accomplish anything when the droves of students who signed up in September desert as soon as they realize there was a bit of work to do?

It's a funny attitude and one hard to describe. Perhaps it's best epitomised by the familiar (to editors) guy who finally, after weeks of persuasion, will write a puffy, know-it-all article for a publication and then insist that it be published completely as is without any change. And it's often the person who has just churned off his first, magnanimous effort, a literary bijou engraved for all time and blessed by the Muses. It will probably be his only contribution for the year too.

It's the whole blessed fat attitude, that thinks everything will work itself out in time and blames others when something goes wrong. It's a kind of sock-hop mentality. Take Joe student, ask him what he knows about Education Action. Then ask him the time and place of the next sock-hop.

TRYSTE DEATH

The Tryste died. It may be the fault of its staff, but really we're all part to blame. Those who cry for a good glossy prestige magazine, and those who cry for an outlet for poems, short stories and fancy layout hardly said a word in protest. And even those who don't particularly care for a Tryste style of magazine but somehow feel that an intelligent successful publication does more for the university than any promotional pamphlet never said anything. It's probably all part of the inescapable fact that Canadians inherently never support anything until their own land unless it squeals pop music and has earned millions of American dollars.

We still have a few publications left on campus. And believe it or not each has its own promise and its own role to play not only in bringing news and ideas before the student but also in providing a place for tomorrow's journalists, writers, authors and poets to feel their way and practise their talents.

Somewhere, behind all this fuss for publications there's a vast plot and it's aimed at bringing out the truth, at making Joe student think about something other than Bonanza and the length of men's hair.

So watch it when you kill a paper, Mr. Student. Watch it when you ignore what they're saying about you and those who affect your self-centered life. Watch it when you allow people to constitutionally strangle any organ on campus which can speak for the student in trouble and effectively and single-handedly oppose those in office.

Support your publications, Mr. Student. Believe it or not, they're working hard to support you.

By ROBIN JEFFREY:



Unwashed savoir faire

I met an emancipated woman yesterday. I'm quite sure it was yesterday. The "now-ness" of it is still upon me, as she might have said.

It was towards evening, and she came out of the shadows as I was walking in a sylvan glade. Came like a nymph, she did, in the simple elegance of cut-off blue jeans; the unaffectedness of long and uncombed hair, and bare and unwashed feet; the savoir faire of dark-blue, day-old eye-shadow.

The sight fair took my breath away.

"She walks in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies," I said, half to myself.

"Hi," she said. "Poor Shelley is so passé, isn't he?"

"I haven't seen you for quite a while."

"No, I've moved. I'm living in The City now."

"Oh," I said. "That's nice. What part of Johnson Street?"

"No," she said negatively. "The

City. I've left home and I'm rooming with two other girls in The City."

"Oh, oh," I said. "The City. Well, yes, that's not Johnson Street, is it? Ha, ha."

As we walked, I began to see what Emily Pankhurst had been aiming at those many years ago. This girl bristled with emancipation.

"What are you doing?" I said.

"I'm at The University in The City. Studying Aztec architecture and the influence of the rhumba on the latter stages of the Spanish Revolution. It's dreadfully intrinsic."

"Yes, I imagine it would be."

"What are you doing?"

"Oh, still at the University of Sleepy Hollow," I said.

"That's too bad," she said sympathetically. "It's so stultifying. Intellectually, I mean. At The University in The City, we have some marvellous People. There's Dr. Nador. He speaks 23 of the ancient Incan Dialects and is an expert on Japanese influence in the third Ming Dynasty."

"Do you mean all those Ming vases were made in Japan?" I said. But she didn't reply.

"Are you still living at home?" she said. She said "still" as one might say, "Are you still impotent?"

"Yes," I apologized.

"It's a year since I moved," she said. "My parents were impossible. I just couldn't make them understand life. They're so dreadfully — it's awful to have to say this about your own parents — but they're so dreadfully middle-class."

The last word crashed and thundered in the stillness as if it had had four letters.

"That's too bad," I said.

We continued to walk. As sylvan glades go, this was a long one.

"You remember Humphrey, don't you?" she said.

"Oh yes. What's he doing now?"

"He's in Venezia — Venice — studying the architecture of the second republic and trying to decide what sex he's going to be."

"That's too bad," I said with concern.

"Oh no, it's quite all right," she said quickly. "He's dabbling in both at the moment and having a marvel-

lous time. It's just that he feels he must make up his mind. I really don't see why, though."

"No, I suppose not," I said.

"Virginity is such a bore," she continued.

"You're not kidding," I was going to say, but I stopped myself in time. Instead, I nodded. Knowingly, I think.

"Did you know Ingrid?" I said.

"Oh yes," she said.

"She's been thrown out of her house by her mother, she's living with a drug fiend, and she's taking LSD," I said.

"How marvellous!" she said. "Her mother was an old b----."

We walked a bit more. "Cigarette?" she said proffering a pack.

"No thanks. I don't smoke."

"You're awfully wise not to. It's a disgusting habit," she exhaled.

"What are you going to do when you're finished?" I said.

"Finished what?" she said.

"Whatever you're taking?"

"I hope I'm never finished. As soon as you're finished you start to vegetate. I want to be fulfilled, not finished."

"Oh," I said. "When do you expect to be fulfilled then? In the next little while, I mean?"

"I hope not. Of course I want to get married and have a family and all that crap. It's that dreadful maternal urge. But not yet. And besides, all artists are gay."

"I beg pardon," I said.

"Gay. Queer. Mixed up. Fairies."

"Oh, oh, that kind of gay," I said, blushing a suitable shade of scarlet, somewhere between Mach 8 and Mach 10.

"Ninety-nine per cent of artists are gay, anyway," she went on.

"And if I found the one per cent, he'd probably be a flagellationist or eat crackers in bed or something."

"Well," I said as the shadows began to lengthen, "it's been nice to see you again."

"Wonderful to see you, too," she said. "And if you're ever in The City, be sure to call. We've got a big apartment and you're welcome to come and stay. We've got a big floor and three double beds."

"Thanks," I said. And as I walked away, I thought how pleased Mrs. Pankhurst must be. Down there— somewhere.

Mr. Jeffrey, a frequent contributor to the Martlet Magazine, is a fourth-year Arts student at University of Victoria.

DIEFENBAKER

(continued from page one)

sider the party leadership, does become party leader, Conservatives can expect an era similar to that of pre-1957 with Liberal majorities in the house and a closer drift to the United States.

Thus John is the man to unite the party, give the Conservatives their best chance to again lead Canada and wield his own brand of Canadian nationalism.

Martlet Magazine

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Unsolicited material, including articles, poems and short stories, should be clearly addressed to the *Martlet Magazine* and either mailed to or left at the Martlet office. Contributions to the anonymous column, *Cerberus*, should be signed and consist of from 700 to 900 words of topical, political opinion.

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 cries 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



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