

MARTLET MAGAZINE

Vol. 2

NOVEMBER 17, 1966

No. 9

INTRO.... I WAS TALKING IN MY SLEEP THE OTHER DAY TO THE PRESIDENT OF A LARGE MANUFACTURING CORP. AND AS IF BY MAGIC I CAME TO ASK HIM A QUESTION WHICH HAD BEEN BOTHERING ME FOR SOME TIME...

THE ULTIMATE ECONOMY, OR HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE GENERAL MOTORS. BY: DAVID GEORGE.

PANEL 1: WHY DO YOU LOCATE YOUR MANUFACTURING PLANTS & ASSEMBLING PLANTS IN SUCH OUT OF THE WAY PLACES? I READ JUST THE OTHER DAY THAT YOU WERE GOING TO START PRODUCING CARS IN TAHITI.

PANEL 2: WELL... ITS JUST PART OF OUR PLAN FOR WORLD DOMINATION.

PANEL 3: YOU SEE, THE BEST WAY TO SELL YOUR CARS IS TO MAKE SURE THERE IS ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY THEM, AND THEN MAKE IT THE CITIZENS DUTY TO BUY A NEW CAR. SO WE MAKE CARS IN THE MOST INEFFICIENT AREAS WE CAN FIND. FOR INSTANCE, WE HAVE AN ASSEMBLY PLANT IN ANTARCTICA. THIS IS SO THAT THE TRANSPORTATION COSTS WILL BE SO HIGH THAT WE WILL BE PAYING THE WORKERS WHO MAKE, SELL, TRANSPORT, AND SERVICE OUR VEHICLES TWICE THE AMOUNT IT COSTS TO MAKE THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE. THIS MEANS THAT THERE WILL BE TWICE THE ORDINARY AMOUNT OF MONEY IN THE COUNTRY, AND CONSEQUENTLY EVERY PERSON WHO WORKS IN, SAY TAHITI, CAN AFFORD A NEW CAR. SO WE HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF MONEY.

PANEL 4: NOW IN TAHITI WE HAVE NO ROADS, SO WE GET ONTO THE GOVERNMENT, SHOWING THEM 30% OF THE TAHITAN LABOUR FORCE WORKS FOR US AND IS THREATENING TO SHUT DOWN OUR PLANT AND RUIN THE ECONOMY IF ROADS AREN'T BUILT, THEY BUILD THE ROADS AND HAVE TO USE LABOUR IN DOING SO, AND THERE IS EVEN MORE MONEY IN THE COUNTRY. THUS WE HAVE HELPED THE TAHITAN ECONOMY AND HAVE RAISED THE STANDARD OF LIVING, AS WELL AS HAVING THE TAHITAN GOVERNMENT OVER A BARREL. THEN WE SAY TO ALL OUR WORKERS IN TAHITI THAT IT IS THEIR DUTY AS CITIZENS TO BUY OUR CARS BECAUSE IF THEY DIDN'T, WE WOULD GO BROKE, AND WHERE WOULD THEY WORK?

PANEL 5: THE NATIVES THEN GET VERY RESTLESS AND HAVE TO BUY OUR CARS, FOR FEAR OF LOSING THEIR JOBS WHEN THE PLANT CLOSES DOWN BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T BUY OUR CARS. NOW OF COURSE, IN ORDER TO GET AS MANY PEOPLE AS POSSIBLE WORKING FOR THE COMPANY SO WE CAN BLACKMAIL MORE PEOPLE INTO BUYING OUR CARS, WE HAVE TO MAKE MORE JOBS AVAILABLE. WITH THE ADVENT OF AUTOMATION, THIS IS DIFFICULT, BUT WE HAVE FOUND A SOLUTION. WE SIMPLY PRODUCE INEFFICIENTLY, SETTING EACH WORKER DOING A SMALLER JOB AND THUS CREATING MORE MISTAKES WHICH OUR SERVICEMEN CAN REPAIR.

PANEL 6: ... (WE BLACKMAIL THEM TOO), OR PUTTING UP FACTORIES IN INEFFICIENT LOCATIONS SO THAT WE ARE PAYING OUT MORE MONEY TO MORE PEOPLE BY THE MULTIPLIER EFFECT, SO THAT SOON EVERYONE IN AN ECONOMY WORKS FOR US AND CONSEQUENTLY HAS TO BUY MORE CARS.

PANEL 7: IN ADDITION ALL THE GOVERNMENTS IN ALL THE COUNTRIES IN WHICH WE PRODUCE ARE BEGGING US NOT TO CLOSE DOWN.

PANEL 8: THAT'S WHY WE MAKE CARS IN ANTARCTICA AND SHIP THEM BACK HOME THEN SHIP OUR CARS BACK TO ANTARCTICA FOR THE CONSUMER MARKET THERE.

PANEL 9: WE WERE EVEN GOING INTO THE IRON CURTAIN COUNTRIES AND THUS HELPING THE CAUSE OF WORLD AND DOMINATION!

PANEL 10: WHAT KIND OF CONSUMER MARKET DO YOU HAVE IN ANTARCTICA? BUT HE HAD ALREADY FALLEN ASLEEP, DREAMING PROBABLY OF PEACE AND HARMONY, WHEN ALL THE WORLD WOULD BE HAPPY AND SECURE IN THE THOUGHT THAT HE WAS LOOKING OUT FOR THEM.

TALKING KOLOR RANGER IN FEAR STREAMLINE SUB-GULT



By ALASTAIR WATT

The
Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-
Flake Streamline Baby
By Thomas Wolfe
Noonday Press
Available at Ivy's

The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby is not a new publication: it's a collection of the best essays Tom Wolfe has done for various American magazines since the beginning of the 60's.

The central notion in this book is that what is happening in America just now is a cultural and social phenomenon. Admittedly, this thesis, which Wolfe outlines in his introduction to the book, smacks somewhat of a post-facto attempt to impose some kind of cohesion and unity on a group of essays that have nothing in common. Literary carpentry it may be, but at the same time it makes sense.

Wolfe sees practically every style recorded in art history as being the result of two things: "a lot of attention to form" and "the money to make monuments to it." Throughout history, it has always been the aristocracy who have had the money, and thus the aristocracy which has controlled and directed cultural taste.

POST WAR PATTERN BROKEN

What has happened in the United States since World War II, however, has broken this pattern. The war poured money into America at all levels of society. Suddenly classes and age-groups of people whose styles of life had been practically invisible had the money to create monuments to their own ways of life.



Among teenagers, the group that had benefitted most from the post-war affluence, the "New Culture" was manifested in things like Pop Music, the Beatles, the twist, the surf-élite, the hot-rod and so on.

But the teenagers were not the only ones to be "culturally emancipated" by the post-war boom. This was a revolution that swept the proletariat in the States as well. The nation-wide rejection of baseball as the American sport, the American pastime, Wolfe sees as a turning away from the ancient aristocratic aesthetic of fixed land sport. In its place you have the "prole cult" of mobile, dynamic sport in the form of stock-car racing, drag racing and demolition derbies — sports which attract five to ten million more spectators per year than football, baseball and basketball. The proles, the



peasants and the petty burghers are the people who are changing the life of the whole country, and yet, because no-one will admit this, much less give it any serious consideration, their culture has not received the recognition due it but has had

Mr. Watt is an instructor in the University of Victoria English department.



the derogatory labels of "sub-culture" or even "ephemeral cult" applied to it.

Wolfe, then, has appointed himself to the post of Recorder of the New Culture, and, one must admit, he makes a pretty good job of it. Wolfe is a painter in words, and he records what's going on in the States in picture after picture: pictures of the sheet-metal ateliers of Maywood, California, where they build Kustom cars; pictures of the murderous stock-car speedways and the gladiatorial demolition derbies of suburban America; pictures of the famous Peppermint Lounge, where Jersey teenagers originated the twist; and, of course, pictures of the architectural symbol of the New Culture, the neon city of Las Vegas.

WOLFE'S PEOPLE SYMBOLIZE VIOLENCE

Wolfe deals, too, with people — people who have had the physical courage to participate in stock-car lists, people who have had the moral courage to reject the "totem" culture and throw their lot in with the Post-War Teen Culture. Courage is the keynote here — courage and violence — and the devotees of the culture are not slow to recognize it when they see it. In fact, they tend to idolize it.

Take, for example, Junior Johnson. Junior Johnson, "The Last American Hero," son of one of the biggest illegal still opera-

tors in North Carolina, and famous stock-car driver, whose specialty is crashing into curves at top speed to gain dominance over safer competitors—a development of the legendary "boot-leg slide, devised to shake off Federal Alcohol Tax agents who got on his tail on his whisky runs; Junior Johnson, who spent time in the penitentiary — the "Feds." could not catch him in a car so they caught him at home: one suspects that much of the adulation he is accorded is evoked not so much by Johnson himself, but by what he symbolizes — courage, "guts" and violence.

RHETORICAL DISC-JOCKEYS AND POP SENSATION

Or Murray the K, "the Fifth Beatle," the first of the hysterical disc-jockies, whose attraction derives again not so much from his personality, but from his apostasy of the "totem" world and from his sheer rhetorical violence when he's on the air.

Or Baby Jane Holzer, an example of what is happening in New York High Society today: the rejection of the aristocratic aesthetic for the "nether world" of hipsterism and pop sensation.

What does it all add up to? Wolfe, I think, has captured in print something of the ethos of American life of the early '60's — a specific tone, a coloration of the basic sadness of American violence and status seeking as manifested at this time. It's probably something that will pass away, but just now it is a very real thing. As it is, I know of no other writer who has so meticulously, even enjoyably documented the explosive sadness of what is happening inside the United States in this decade.

ARC
LH3
M32
c.2

letters

RED HEAD

Sir:
As a regular reader of your splendid publication, I was devastated to see that magnificent red banner line ignobly struck from the logo last week, and, horror compounding horror, the Magazine stuffed (shudder) inside that rag of a newspaper, The Martlet.

How such a catastrophe came about, I can only guess from the

Never to be Finished

Perched on a pinnacle, sharp as a pin—
Balancing intricately—
Waving slightly as blow-torches roar,
A razor thin electrode
Advanced through the skull
Flowing in knowledge at 10,000 volts.
High on the precipice where learning
is king—
Mass produced intelligence
With mass-produced limbs.
Replaced and transplanted, man unto
man.
Worn out, and warmed over—
Worn in and broken in.
Wonders of science everywhere seen?
Learnings of mankind over thousands of
years,
Crammed into one head in under
50 years.
No one knows better—
No one knows more—
No one knows new truths,
We've had them all before.
Civilization advancing at terrific rate.
Everyone existing and learning—
Producing before its too late.
Working, striving, developing, and
Straining to make,
Things that are needed
Things that breed hate.
Speed is essential,
Quality comes next.
Workmanship? Who needs it?
We had it last week!
Welded steel girders
Rivoted plates—
Braze and soldered copper,
Polished with grease.
Wood is an old thing,
Flowers are dead—
Soil is unheard of
Unless to the dead.
The earth is beneath us
The sky is above.
Never look backwards
Always look up,
But don't look too far.
Flap your arms madly
To fly to the moon—
When you get there
Heavens not far?

—ARTHUR

violent internecine strife and personality conflicts that make up politics in your union, a slight knowledge of which I have been able to glean from my two sons and one daughter who are now, or who have been at the University of Victoria.

What with the students' decision to murder Tryste and now the added drabness of your new front page I can only speculate with foreboding upon what next confronts those of us who have long been friends of the University and Victoria College.

Nevertheless I feel that the quality of content in the Magazine is much improved over last year, and I do like the superb art work turned out by that Springett chap. Good luck to you in the future.

A Reader

PUBS

Sir:

Kudos to Mr. Kelsey. He has fingered one of the chief blocks to The Martlet's improvement—student politics.

Less than two years ago The Martlet was a prize-winning newspaper. Now, no fault of Mr. Glover, its editor, it can barely field a masthead, much less a staff of competent reporters, rewrite and layout men.

Why?

- Because the politicians meddle in the production process.

- Because a paper that has to play the SUB factions for its survival has a hard time covering news properly.

- Because a paper whose existence is continually in doubt is unlikely to attract a staff dedicated not to politics but to information. In urging the abandonment of the PUBS board, Mr. Kelsey is only saying what Publications people here have been saying for a long time. And it is they, not council, who know what's involved in producing a paper.

By the way, two years ago, when The Martlet was a prize winning rag, there was a PUBS board alright, but it never met.

Keep up the good work.

For Uvic
Free Press

Martlet Magazine

Editor
Jim Hoffman

Associate Editors Guy Stanley
and Martin Segger

Contributing John Hanley

Art Martin Springett

Make-up Kathy Tate

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 about 700 words of topical, political opinion.



WHITE CENTENNIAL

And what, exactly, do the Indians have to celebrate? As the oldest culture in B.C. they might be forgiven for feeling that the whole centennial business is a cruel irony. By definition it seems not to include them.

White attitudes to the Indian peoples form one of the more obvious sicknesses of Canadian society. Canadians were right to defend their territory against U.S. incursions: Indians were not. Quebec is right to insist on the preservation of its culture: Indians are not. Immigrants are entitled to full rights of citizenship: Indians, never. Some minorities contribute to the Canadian identity: Indians are the best example of what that identity is not.

Of course, we did give them the vote in 1958. They cast their drop into the bucket of our legislative institution. They can vote federally, too: though most parties rather hope they won't. But where their vote might count, in the municipalities, we draw the line. They are voiceless where they most need to be heard.

Cartoons and textbooks perpetuate the image, using the Indian the way, south of the border, they use the yellow peril or the beatnik degenerate. Perhaps it is in our own schools that most progress could be made: if there is something of pride to be found in the past of this province it is surely in the art, the history and the institutions of the Coast Indians. But what right we have to take pride in the Indian past, I do not know. We are too responsible for his present.

LIVING CONDITIONS ONLY GET WORSE

Panellists in the recent Uvic symposium tried to define the predicament of the B.C. Indian. Among the Cowichan band 75% of the people are either unemployed or have only seasonal work. The income from seasonal work is just enough to pay off debts accrued during the layoff season. This is one of the reasons why living conditions tend to get worse as the population increases. The Cowichan band has chosen housing as the symbol of their plight. One in five of their houses has indoor water; many are inadequately insulated or heated; most are too small. Six or seven people sleep in one room in a cold and unsanitary house. There is no privacy for children at school, or for parents. No way to escape from the melee of two or three generations. So people get sick, with more odds against regaining health than most of us could imagine. Children drop out of school because they can't study; or because the gulf between what life is like and what school says it's like is too wide for a young mind to bridge. And they end up with a one-in-four chance of a steady job.

Housing isn't all, but it's a symbol. Abraham Joe and the Modestes aren't asking for free houses for the band. They should be free for those who have no in-

come. They want twenty-four for people in that category. There should be a rental-purchase plan for those on seasonal work. They need twenty-three of those. The rest just want a chance of a mortgage, like the rest of us. But since there is no resale value in a reserve home, Indian Affairs should cancel their half of the mortgage when the first half has been paid. Another 49 homes need extensive repairs.

If the Cowichan band doesn't get action soon on these demands, it has promised to act. There is a new mood among this band which has set up a dedicated Grievance Committee. They are not prepared to crawl to the white man, as Wesley Modeste says, "Like a dog creeping on its belly, its tail to the ground." So they are preparing to march, if necessary.

NEED SPECIAL RIGHTS TO PRESERVE IDENTITY

They need much more than they are asking for. In order to preserve their identity they have a right, surely, to special rights. They need an imaginative education programme based on their own needs, not the values of the white middle class. They need a programme for upgrading of skills, so that they can compete for jobs. They need drastic economic aid to turn the reserves into thriving communities. They need an "Operation Head-start" at pre-school level. But most of all, they need the normal rights of citizenship and the power to act in their own way and on their own behalf. It is the Indian, not the non-Indian community, that knows what is best for Indians. We have made them powerless and destroyed their indigenous institutions. The irony is that before the white man's arrival many Indian communities showed a political sophistication that white society has never attained. "Participatory democracy" was an Indian reality at one time. The white 'new left' has only just thought of it. The Iroquois Confederacy was only one example of the advanced forms of political organization created by Indian expertise. Yet in our wisdom we decree that the Indian has an I.Q. of 89, according to white anglo-saxon protestant middle class performance criteria. And we are surprised when 24 Indians (of 45,000) squeeze into the four universities.

The Indians are rightly suspicious of our criteria and our institutions; our legislatures, our courts, our police, and our Indian authorities. All the more humbling then, when Russ Modeste says of Centennial: "We are Canadians: we want to partake in Centennial too."

Official response to the Cowichan demands has so far been slow, cold and buck-passing. If they are driven to a march, how many students will be with them? How many of those who so readily demonstrate on Viet Nam will join the Indian cause?

Alcohol and Cigarettes Proven More Harmful

The Legislation Of Marijuana

By W.G.B.

Shouldn't law be based on reality rather than on naive temperance fictions of the past?

Recent United States Supreme Court activities belie the assumption that some absolute has been reached in terms of right and wrong. It is alive to the volumes of revision needed. The court is questioning not only procedures but the ideas and in many cases the unrealistic ideals behind the words that give someone the power to beat, jail and kill another human being. Reversal after reversal of court judgments clearly indicates there is misinterpretation and especially misinformation both within and without the courtroom.

In an investigation into the use of marijuana in New York, the mayor's committee concluded that the drug is not addicting and that after years of smoking marijuana cigarettes, subjects showed no physical or mental deterioration attributable to the drug. In addition, like many other similar studies, the New York report found no relationship between the drug and crime.

DRUG IS NOT REALLY ADDICTING

In the light of the many reports vindicating marijuana, current labeling of the drug as dangerous and illegal not only is unsupported by the evidence but, what is worse infringes on personal freedom.

Nevertheless many governments insist on avoiding reality. The United Nations for some reason, has included marijuana on its list of addicting drugs — despite the fact that it does not involve increasing tolerance levels, increasing cravings or withdrawal symptoms that are the hallmark of addicting drugs. Yet alcohol and barbituates, which are dependency-inducing and which too frequently result in withdrawal syndromes, are not included on the list.

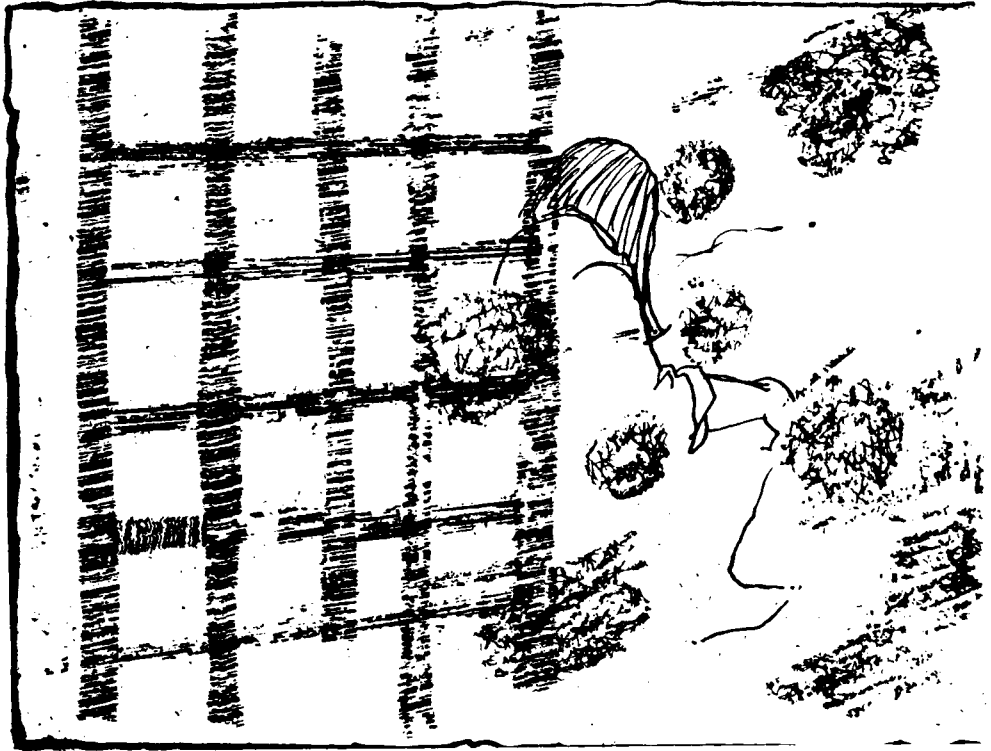
Certainly the drug can be harmful. But studies have shown a very rare incidence of harmful results directly attributable to the drug itself. Personality rather than pot seems to be the key factor. Contrary to popular mythology, marijuana seldom, if ever, induces a psychotic reaction. Alcohol, in these terms, is far more reliable. And physiologically, marijuana cannot compete with the devastating effects of barbiturates, alcohol and cigarettes.

According to the facts it would be saner to consider pot as, personally and socially, a constructive force. It is a depressant and therefore relaxes. Released from pressures and with no hangover to look forward to,

the subject becomes euphoric, more confident, more socially adept. Psychologically he is much better equipped to work his problems through. Certainly pot is a crutch but so is aspirin or religion.

One cannot deny that some restrictions are necessary however. Like alcohol, marijuana does affect perception; it often produces a floating sensation that in particular circumstances could be dangerous. But these restrictions must surely be directed at specific circumstances, as indeed, are our liquor laws. The

W.G.B. is a pseudonym for a fourth-year Arts student at the University of Victoria.



Unrealistic ideals, speculation and misinformation make the use of marijuana a degenerate thing. Facts and recent findings make this insupportable; in fact, they seem to condone the use of the drug.

solution does not lie in an arbitrary and authoritarian total prohibition. An outmoded, unrealistic unscientific law that can send a person to jail for seven years just for smoking a cigarette less harmful than a tumbler of bourbon is grotesque and, to

say the least, frightening. Not to mention that this same law allows police to break into any home on a blanket writ, in other words, without a search warrant, with only "reasonable cause to suspect" that that marijuana is kept there.

Shrinking Violet Grows Up

By ROBIN JEFFREY

"Oh," my mother said nostalgically one summer evening, "there's not one canoe on the Gorge tonight."

"Canoe?" I said.

"When I was young, there used to be dozens of canoes on the Gorge on a night like this."

"Yes, mother, but the Indians have made peace with the pale-face and have gone to the reserves," I said wittily.

"No, no," she said, "not the Indians. Young couples who were courting."

"In a canoe?" I said.

"Yes," she replied, a bit indignantly.

And that set me to thinking, it did.

Picture, if you will, a teepee. Before it sits a moderately attractive middle-aged squaw. She is reading a book on How to Improve Your Golf Game. Her daughter, Shrinking Violet, comes running up.

"Mother! Mother!"

"Shrink! How many times have I told you not to interrupt me on my backswing?"

"Mother, can I go out with Preying Mantis tonight?" He's asked me for a ride in his new canoe."

"Who's this Preying Mantis? Do I know him?"

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

"His father is Chief Kosses of the Endustralrevlushun tribe. He's such a nice boy."

"There's no such thing as a nice boy. Shrink. Where do they live?"

"They have a beautiful wigwam overlooking the river."

"High-class, hey? Well, don't let him dazzle you with any dime-store trinkets. That went out with Pochontas."

"Oh no, mother. Preying Mantis isn't like that at all. He's a very shy boy. He needs someone to give him confidence."

"Ha-ha! He's been giving you that old line, has he? You watch him, Shrinking Violet. Those shy ones are the worst."

"But can I go, mother? Pleeese? It's a lovely canoe. It's got reclining seats and . . ."

"Reclining seats! No daughter of mine is going out in a canoe with reclining seats!"

"Oh, mother! Don't be so old-fashioned! Pleeese, can I go?"

"Well, what kind of a paddler is this Preying Mantis?"

"He's ever so good, mother. He can paddle awfully fast and he can even paddle with one hand . . ."

"With one hand! How naive can you be, Shrinking Violet? Do you think he's been practising paddling with one hand just to strengthen his arm for his bow and arrow?"

"Oh, mother, pleeeese! All the girls are just dying for Preying Mantis to ask them for a ride."

"Well, all right, Shrink, if it means that much to you. But you see you're back before dark. And make sure he keeps both hands on the paddle. And don't forget to take a hat-pin. And if he lets his paddle get swept out of his hands in the current — that's the oldest one in the book, Shrink — if he does that, tell him you're only 16."

But we've come a long way in our thinking since those days. That's why there are no canoes on the Gorge any more. Who'd do in a dangerous, tippy, leaky canoe what he could do comfortably and safely in the seat of a 1952 Austin?

Watch

Next Week:

Special

CANADA 99

Number