



# THE MARIET

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## John From Nowhere

By JAN BEVAN

All through that winter his rubber boots had holes in them, and his socks were always wet. His jacket was navy surplus; it had a number stencilled on it. He was only nineteen.

Regularly he would make the long trek across the Burrard Bridge to my apartment, or I would find him in the public library. He was often high, or had been, on some new kick, and he would monopolize the conversation of any group with stories of his 'trips.' In company, he was unsubtle, bumptious, loquacious: he desperately wanted people to notice him. If there was music playing, he would find a canister or empty can, and, holding it between his knees, beat madly on the bottom of it. But when he was alone with me, he was a tender, sensitive, lost poet soul. "I am so small and afraid," he cried to me one day. When he spoke, describing the day, or moving around my room touching objects, it was like listening to a poem being read.

He carried a notebook in his pocket, a small ten-cent black notebook, and he wrote his poems down in it, in a scrawl of red and blue ink. After I had listened gravely while he read them to me, I used to type his poems out for him. It delighted him to see his poetry in print, if only typewriter print. While I typed, he would sleep on the sofa, curled up like a child, or drink cocoa and play my recorder. He always played the same song, a wistful little call that I could never remember when he was gone. When his poems were typed, he would read them, nodding, then sign, with flourishes, his name to each.

I kept a cigarette box for my guests; sometimes he would promise, as he put the last three in his pocket, to buy more for me. Cigarettes, he took for granted, and food. And yet he put great store in "presents." He would show me a treasure, perhaps a few cheap multi-coloured beads from a broken necklace, threaded on a grimy string: "A present from a friend," he would tell me proudly. Or, eagerly smiling, showing a broken tooth, "I've brought you a present," and he would give me a little book stolen by some unknown from the library a long time ago. I gave him a "present" — a 50c army knapsack. He managed to pack everything he owned into it, came twice to say goodbye to me, and set out for the who knows how many-eth time to achieve his greatest hope, to

get into the United States for a visit. Two days later I saw him again; his foolproof method of going to the border with a friend in a nice car had failed, and he had, as usual, been refused entry. "And I even cut my hair and shaved and wore a shirt," he told me cheerfully.

He wanted so much to have friends that he tried to know everyone; and almost everyone tried not to know him. People were so in the habit of putting him down that they did it automatically, and often harder than he deserved. I think I was one of the few who could put him down without hurting him; with us, it was almost a ritual game. He asked, whenever he saw me, for twenty cents or fifty cents, and I always refused, but he never gave up asking, or grinning when I turned him down. He always needed money. He lived from one welfare cheque to the next, staying in a co-op house, or a garage, or a cheap room. He would tell me tales of hitch-hiking across Canada, almost every ride giving him a few dollars, and every dollar going in some crazy spree in the next town.

He was very proud of a certain respectable office which bore his name on a brass plaque outside his door. "Some day," he would tell me, "I'm going to walk in there and tell them that I'm the president of the company." And he would shut his eyes and grimace, pulling down the corners of his mouth, as he did when he was amused, or when, hearing of my own exploits, he would speak his favourite line: "You people are INSANE."

Once at a gathering, he left off reciting Bob Dylan lyrics (Dylan was his idol, in those days, before he became a teenage idol), and began making prophecies about the people in the room. Few people paid him attention, but someone asked what his own future held. "Some day they will find my body in a ditch or an alley or a garbage heap in Vancouver or Toronto. (Not in Montreal.) I will be given a pauper's burial in the city." "And," sneered someone, "your poems will be discovered, I suppose, and be pronounced great, and the world will mourn the untimely death of a young genius." "No," he said softly. "No, the world will not know."

Poor John. Poor poor John. I knew him, he put his trust in me, and in a way I loved him. He was not easy to love.

His name was John Beveridge. W. A. John Beveridge. He called himself "John from Nowhere."



## The Last Trip

By JOHN BEVERIDGE

- I it's the last trip  
with somebody burning twigs  
in mouse hole yards  
of insanity's back alleys
- it's the final trip  
with glad faces contorting  
like rubber masks of last year's hallow'en  
it's the trip you don't come back from  
it's the trip  
of flaming tongues of crepe paper  
blowing past the ear  
like tears crawling past lead noses  
on faces of wedding day sadness  
and glorified winged idiots  
blowing legendary trumpets  
and bleated faced monkeys  
looking for your name in some golden book  
and floating honed razors  
shaving the lies off the face of truth  
and there's not even anyone  
to stand by and watch  
as you curl up into a ball of terror and agony  
like some animal  
which has caught the hunter's bullet
- yeah—  
you're all by yourself  
in some unholy tree of pain  
waiting for the winter leaves to fall  
in summer
- II too bad its springtime  
with the birds screaming curses at one another
- too bad that the fence is too high  
for small boys to break legs on
- too bad that it's the only personal trip
- too bad  
too bad  
too bad
- III so sorry  
but you can't take anyone with you  
down the river road to peace
- it's the last trip  
the final trip  
the trip you don't come back from  
good-bye friend

## GORDON POLLARD:

# How To Frame An Assassination

In a recent marathon telecast on the British Broadcasting Corporation, an estimated seven million homes tuned in to watch the first showing of the film version of Mark Lane's book *Rush to Judgment*.

Following the film, viewers heard Professor Alexander Bickel, professor of law and legal history at Yale, and Lord Devlin, a former British Appeals Court judge, state that all evidence indicates Lee Harvey Oswald killed President Kennedy and that he acted alone.

"There is no shadow, no scintilla of evidence pointing to a conspiracy," concluded Professor Bickel.

Viewers seemed less than convinced, however, as the BBC switchboard was flooded with telephone calls charging that the analysis amounted to a whitewash.

Perhaps Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel might have spent their time more profitably in suggesting to the powers in Washington how they might avoid such embarrassing situations whenever it may be necessary for them to arrange a frame-up in the future.

In the absence of any suggestions from Lord Devlin and Professor Bickel, here are a few helpful hints:

● Try to avoid the fall guy being seen immediately after the assassination in a location too far away from his "sniper's nest" to permit him to qualify for the role of lone assassin.

● Attempt to suppress any film showing the victim being struck by a bullet which thrusts his head violently in a direction inconsistent with the location of the person being framed.

● When the victim's body shows a wound of entry inconsistent with the location of the "lone assassin," arrange for the Secret Service to suppress this information before it is made public by all the doctors working on the victim.

● Do not have the entire case for one assassin based on a bullet having hit the victim in the back of the neck and having exited through the

*Mr. Pollard, a Uvic graduate, is currently heading the Victoria Political Forum. Also, he is deeply involved in research on the Kennedy assassination, about which he soon hopes to publish some conclusions.*

throat when the victim's shirt reveals a bullet hole 5¾ inches below the collar.

● Where possible avoid an admission by the doctor performing the autopsy on the victim that he burned the first draft of this autopsy in his fireplace.

● When suppressing photographs, do a thorough job and do not allow the publication of a photo showing a blurred image resembling a rifleman leaning over a fence at a spot from which sixty-four witnesses maintain they saw a puff of smoke rise.

● Make certain that the rifle planted at the "sniper's nest" is linked to the fall guy. This will avoid the embarrassment of having to produce a second weapon the day after the assassination.

● Before stating that the fall guy purchased the "murder weapon" using an advertisement in a particular edition of a magazine, check the magazine to avoid the embarrassment of discovering later that the magazine contained no such advertisement.

● When planting a bullet at the hospital to which the victim has been taken, attempt to have this bullet placed in the operating room rather than the corridor. If this is not possible, at least be certain to plant the bullet on the correct stretcher.

● When using the technique of impersonation to frame the fall guy, be sure that it cannot be established that the fall guy was not even in the country at the time of the impersonation.

● Avoid a second murder where possible but if such a murder is arranged to clinch the "guilt" of the fall guy, be certain that the murder does not take place before it would be possible for the fall guy to have arrived at the scene.

● When planting shells at the scene of this murder, make certain these match the bullets removed from the second victim.

● When planting a jacket at the scene of the murder, make certain that it is possible to link this to the fall guy. Also be certain not to attribute the finding of this jacket to a police officer who was not at the scene when the jacket was "found."

● Attempt to find more reliable star witnesses than a self-admitted liar and a self-admitted perjurer.

● Where possible avoid having the fall guy killed by a close friend of

the police force in whose custody the fall guy has been placed. If this is absolutely necessary, however, do not state that the murderer has entered the police station by walking through a door beside which was standing a reliable witness able to deny that the murderer entered that way.

● When doctoring a photograph showing the fall guy holding the "murder weapon," check the shadow formations on the photo to be certain the shadows on the face do not fall in a different direction from those of the body.

## Butterflymanship

By ROBIN JEFFREY

Social butterflies must have good kidneys.

This Christmas, for the first time, I got into the butterfly business. I flitted from party to party on deep-damasked wing. But I never appreciated that great, overriding, unavoidable question of etiquette with which a Genuine Social Butterfly must contend.

After the third bottle of ice-cold beer, one is confronted with dire natural necessity. At least, I am. That's why I'm such a lousy butterfly, I guess.

Don't mistake me. I like drinking somebody else's beer. I like talking loudly and pointlessly. I like looking at pretty, well-dressed girls in short skirts. It's a pleasant pastime.

But after that third bottle of ice-cold beer . . . that's when you see who's got savoir faire and who ain't.

I was in a strange house. I was sitting in a deep armchair in a corner, surrounded by six lovely-looking girls I'd never met before. I'd just finished my third bottle of ice-cold beer.

Now in Grade 2, it was easy. You just put up your hand, and while the nasty little girls giggled, you said, "Please, teacher?" with a plaintive, appealing, strained look on your face. And the kindly, gray-haired teacher knew what you wanted and took you by the hand and led you from the room. That was easy.

But in this house, there was no kindly, gray-haired teacher.

My host was at the other side of the room, so I tried to beckon to him.

"What is it?" he shouted when he saw my facial physical jerks. "You'll have to speak louder."

*Mr. Jeffrey, a regular columnist for the Mag, is a fourth-year Arts student at University of Victoria.*

By this time, the situation was desperate. The six lovely young women seemed enthralled by my wit and charm. They wouldn't leave. The chair sucked me deeper and deeper, and any sudden move seemed likely to spell disaster.

Like a swimmer sinking for the third time, I saw a newsreel of thoughts flash before my eyes. I thought of the British army intelligence which used to fill proud, dignified German officers full of coffee and then refuse to let them leave the room until they told whether the right wing was strong or if they'd been home before the leaves fell or something of that nature.

I thought about the time the same sort of thing happened in Westminster Abbey (even when I think, I'm a place-dropper; that's because I don't have any names to drop). Do you know there's not one privy in Westminster Abbey? There's the privy seal and the privy purse and the privy council, but the only John is John of Gaunt.

Beneath the statue of Benjamin Disraeli, I remember puffing my beery breath into the face of an elderly verger. "Where's the toilet?" I whispered.

"What say, laddie?" he said, cocking a deaf ear.

"Where's the toilets?" I shouted, and a crowd of Americans turned around and smiled Americanly.

"Oh, we don't have anything like that here," he said sternly. "Dear me no."

I thought he was going to call the morality squad.

So I hurtled out the front door and ran 150 yards down Victoria Street (thought I'd drop a few more names) to the public conveniences in Parliament Square.

(continued on page four)

# An Open Letter . . .

Jan. 27, 1967

The Honourable Secretary of State  
Miss Judy LaMarsh  
Ottawa, Ontario

Dear Madame:

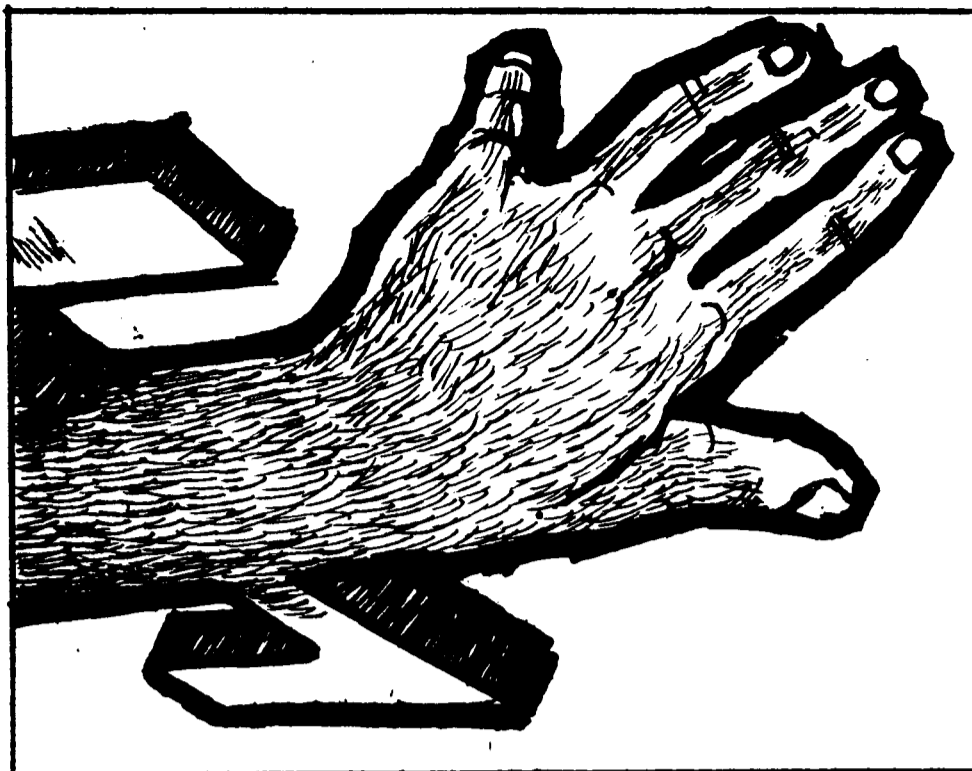
No longer can I desist from writing to you about the CBC program "Sunday." I regretted the disappearance of the "Seven Days," because it was — though controversial, always intelligent; its replacement by "Sunday" is a cultural disaster. I am not screaming for the censor, even though the program is always in poor taste, bordering on the obscene. I agree that obscenities cannot morally corrupt an adult, though I question the wisdom of putting on a show of obscene character during a time when probably many children can view it. If poets Cohen and Ginsberg want to make a spectacle of themselves, if so-called dancers go into ugly subhuman contortions, that is their own affair. I can always turn the set off if it disgusts me, although I am slightly bitter about having to finance this form of entertainment with my hard-earned dollars.

However, the von Thadden interview last Sunday is a different matter altogether. It should never have happened. To guarantee free speech in a democratic society to anybody who admittedly is out to destroy the very foundations of a democratic society is not only stupid, it is criminally negligent. One remembers

*Doctor Hartmanshenn, an associate professor in the department of modern languages at the University of Victoria, spent the war-years in Nazi Germany.*

only to well the freedom of speech and assembly that an all-too-permissive Weimar Republic granted to Adolf Hitler and his fellow gangsters. At that time political poison was being spread in huge tent mass meetings of maybe five thousand naive, impressionable citizens, who also believed in the principle of free speech, who thought they could form their "own opinions." What immense, technically improved brainwashing conditions do exist nowadays, where a Pied Piper can simultaneously reach millions of TV viewers! Individuals who carry the germs of moral and intellectual disease should be isolated as much as possible. They should not be given the opportunity to contaminate the minds of people who cannot all be aware of possible dangers, because they may never have felt the immediate results of a party inching its way into the political body of a nation till that party suddenly reveals its true colours and appears to go berserk, seemingly overnight. Then it is too late to do anything about it, unless you want to be just as brutally violent as these enemies of mankind themselves are.

Some people of course will argue that interviews with men like von Thadden will reveal the truth about them and expose their evil intentions. I do not doubt that this could be done. But not by a team of interviewers of the calibre which the CBC saw fit to send over to Germany. These "Sunday" representatives had obviously not taken the slightest trouble to inform themselves beforehand whom they were going to meet, what von Thadden had been saying when he speaks to German listeners, what he has written, what the NPD, whose vicepresident he is, advocates



as party-programme, why the West German government has every reason to look with alarm at the surren-upterger of a revanchist party which public announces a return to the Hitler policies of the "Grossdeutsche Reich." To send a team of uniformed, flippant, sensation-seeking stunt-men in such an important errand, is unforgiveable. I do not want to go into the question of what memories were aroused in survivors of concentration-camps and persons who saw their relatives murdered in the Nazi terror, memories that can be nothing other than emotions of extreme anguish and suffering. If the interviewer had informed himself in an objective and responsible manner beforehand about the nature of the NPD platform, if he had by intelligent questioning forced von Thadden to state his true intentions, then a worthwhile service of political enlightenment could have been rendered. To give a Neo-Nazi demagogue an opportunity to soft-soap

and brainwash the interviewers, and the Canadian people with public relations tricks, evasive statements and photogenic stagecraft is deplorable.

I remember all too well the pose Adolf I. for whom von Thadden found no other classification but "A Man of History," preferred to be photographed in: patting cute little girls on the head, while smilingly receiving bouquets of flowers from the innocent, or being kind to his German shepherd dogs. His successor, Adolf II, in the cosy atmosphere of domesticity — including of course two little girls, a rubber plant and family portraits — would on the surface appear to be nothing else but the deputy leader of another democratic party. Why get excited about it?

If you have to have interviews of that sort, at least see to it that the interviewers are not ignorant, careless, frivolous sensation-mongers who are devoid of any sense of responsibility.

I have the distinct feeling it was the fringe-benefit of a pleasant jaunt to Hanover rather than a serious interview which was the main attraction for the organizers of this CBC publicity folly.

Yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Herta M. Hartmanshenn,  
Ph.D.



## THE TIMES ARE TROUBLED

The times are troubled  
and the sand  
is slipping fast  
from under my feet.

The flood waters rage  
on the parched  
desert sands;  
A starved man laughs  
from his grave  
in the gutter;  
A lonely child  
cries out for comfort  
in the dark  
of the noon-day sun;  
Children sing  
in empty mountain passes;  
Three thousand Christs  
stand crucified  
by the side of the road;

Fishes drown,  
float belly-up,  
and drift  
in the deep red sea.

...  
"Look at those beautiful flowers."  
"... like the ones in our garden ..."  
"... lot of pruning in ..."  
"Remember last spring when ..."

...  
My world is shattered  
and I, in despair,  
watch time  
trickle slowly away.

—FARLEY RUSK

## 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 should be signed and consist of topical, political or literary material.



YEAR OF REACTION

No Choice In Elections

By JIM HOFFMAN

Step right up, assign your little X to the man of your choice, now step back please, madam; make room for someone else. Who did I vote for? Oh well, of course . . . everyone I know is voting for . . .

Tomorrow, great hordes of students will move glacier-like towards polling booths around campus to once again take their annual and miniscule part in Uvic politics, before melting back en masse into the channels and caves from whence they came.

They haven't much choice, really, in what they're getting.

Campus politics are in a curious state. The incoming president, whether it be "pro-establishment" Steve Sullivan or smiling "new approach" Dave McLean, will face a year where discussion will replace action and consolidation will replace activism. This will happen partly because the Uvic campus, in its present nebulous state of genesis, will be unable to carry forward the unquestionable radical — or at least avant-guard — programs begun by Paul Williamson and continued by Steve Bigsby. In a sense, both Paul and Steve were too good to be true. And it became fairly obvious by campus reaction, such as that shown in Martlet columns, that Steve's "sodden" march on Peterson was too rash, too dramatic and, most important, too ill-considered for many students.

CATCH-PHRASES

And the Education Action programs in general were reduced from their original idealistic and optimistic state last September to mere political catch-phrases. Recently council has found itself debating, quite seriously, whether to change the name of Education Action to something else, presumably something more innocuous like SNICKER. Now, all that EA seems to have ac-

Mr. Hoffman, an Arts student at University of Victoria, is senior editor of the Martlet Magazine.

complished, in short-term goals that students can see, is a very tenuous freeze on already too high fees and a program where a very small number of students are taking unexposed little tykes out to Beacon Hill Park.

But what will really help kill campus politics this year is Bennett's timely gift of almost the amount of money the universities were asking for — sixty million dollars, as against the sixty-six they wanted. Now that the money is around, now that the universities know it's there somewhere, any meaningful campaigns that ever hope to get a modicum of student support will falter from the beginning. All that student leaders can do is fight over the dissemination of that money and argue, quite academically in the eyes of most non-politically oriented students, about improving facilities and getting better profs. They may be able to do it this year; perhaps at UBC they will, under the prodding of people like the UBYSSEY'S John Kelsey, but it seems extremely unlikely at young, underdeveloped, shakey-at-the-top Uvic. Just try to explain to some student that it takes more than money and mortar to make a good university.

"TOO-FAR" ACTIVISM

Also there will be substantial reaction this year to the "too-far" activism of Bigsby's regime. In the light of widespread public and press criticism of the "methods" of Education Action, notably the infamous March, students, and indeed many student politicians, will agree with the consensus which says that public support must be secured by different, less brutal means. Just what this means in concrete programs for next year's president is that he will find it very difficult to find anything to give students as a rallying point. It's easy to work students up about a march for, basically, money; but trying to get their support for the things that follow from getting the money, the philosophical attitudes that education must not be anything but a priority item, that the money

must be used a certain way, will prove a more challenging and undoubtedly a great styming point this year.

The action, then, will probably take place mostly at home — on the campus. The new plans for student government, solidified under Bigsby, may actually become a big issue this year, especially since so many on the outgoing council showed some frustration with the way things are now. Most don't like the lack of a large student representation, the lack of opposition, or the non-political atmosphere of council in which there is often a rubber-stamping, committee-like tone about procedures. Hopes are that with a system of houses and many more students on council, there would be a semblance of representative government — complete with parties, issues, and, of all things, vitality.

DULL YEAR

So it won't entirely be the fault of next year's council president if it's a dull year and council finds itself tending towards the position of student administrator, rather than leader. The pendulum has swung rather far left recently and the weight of student conservatism and/or apathy will act to reverse its direction. At best, council could begin to lay out broad plans to implement Education Action and a new system of student government, then start the hard road to educating the students themselves.

Issues like students in University government, student union expansion, CUS relations and Co-op housing aren't the kind of things that Mr. Average Student spends his nights worrying about.

One of the incoming president's first choices will be concerned with the amount of publicity he wants to give the foregoing items. Will he involve the campus in large-scale discussions and dare to provoke the huge, unpredictable giant? The fact that most of the issues deal only indirectly with the student will make it difficult. Unless the president can somehow make these issues come alive, we'll probably spend the year sitting back watching the publications' factions war again over the Martlet; and for a

"Oh, she's in the bedroom nursing the baby."

Shock and disbelief! Fear and trembling!

You can't go rattling around a strange house with that sort of thing going on.

So I did the only thing I could. I got up cautiously and said, "I really must be going. I turn into a pumpkin at 12 o'clock." The sweet young things tittered. Just like they used to in Grade 2.

But that was only the first party of my butterfly career. Since then, I've worked out several practical techniques.

For instance, now when I first enter a strange house, I brush past the hostess, grunt at the guests and drag the host into a corner, whispering, "Take me to your bathroom."

If there happens not to be a host, I use the Handy-Man Technique. "I'm an amateur plumber," I say, "and I'm sure a house like this must have some simply marvellous pipes in the bathroom. I wonder if you'd show them to me."

And of course, there's always the old Help-to-Clear-Away Method. You pick up an empty glass or a crumpled napkin and pack it ostentatiously off to the kitchen. Then you disappear into the strange house and hope you

SINCLAIR:



change, we'll tune in on the latest faculty row.

Despite whatever Dave McLean and Steve Sullivan are saying, there doesn't appear to be much difference in what either one stands for. Insofar as any platform goes, they seem to have more similarities than differences. So it appears that we're faced with the same old personality elections again. That's probably why each one is grinning so intensely on the campaign posters, and why the campaign speeches last Friday were so couched with humor.

Comic relief, anyone?

stumble on the bathroom before you stumble on a couple in the hall.

But of all the techniques, the best — especially when parents you're trying to impress are around — is to abstain. "No, I don't drink," I say loudly and righteously. "I'll just have a small glass of warm milk."

And then everybody marvels at the courage of your convictions. And normally suspicious parents are willing to trust their wide-eyed scrumptious daughters with you. And the wide-eyed scrumptious daughters are a little overwhelmed by your virtue.

And of course, I don't tell them the truth. I don't tell them that I'm just not a butterfly of kidney.

BUTTERFLY

(continued from page two)

Meanwhile back at the party, I wondered what Edward the Confessor did during long sermons on cold winter mornings. Was that why he was called Edward the Confessor? Is that what the Elizabethans meant by "a man of kidney?" I was becoming delirious.

Finally, I resolved to arise and make a desperately casual sally about the house. I was bound, eventually, to find the place I sought.

Then somebody said, "Where's Abigail?"