

opening tonight . . . opening tonight . . . opening tonight



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Long Day's Journey Into Night confronts each member of the audience with the realization that he is responsible for his own personality and fate. Emotions of love and hate are frantically inter-mingled; the characters' individual response to these emotions determines his ability to cope with his inner conflicts in a rational manner.

LOVE AND SELF-DESTRUCTION WITHIN ONE FAMILY

Review of **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, presented by the Second Year BFA Theatre students at the Phoenix Theatre, Uvic - by John Bergbusch.

Throughout the play, the characters fight for themselves and for each other in a bewildering repetition of accusation and recrimination. And yet, always underlying, but sporadically bursting out, is a deep bond of family love. The specific tragedy of the Tyrones is bound up in their common lack of understanding — a family whose members are at once fascinated and repelled by each other.

At the beginning of the play, a family exists because Tyrone, Sr., Jamie and Edmund as husband and sons all deeply love Mary Tyrone. This love is heightened as they think she has conquered her dope addiction. At the end of the play, a family exists out of a new understanding and pity for each other. Tragically, this new understanding is the result of brutal self-destruction on the part of each character. During the course of the action, each of the Tyrones is laid bare with pitiless candor — confession after confession, excuse after excuse. Each seeks to blame the other for his own mistakes and shortcomings and whitewash himself. Mary blames her husband for his miserliness and irresponsibility which have driven her to drugs. Jamie, the elder brother, not only feels the guilt of his mother, but also blames both his parents for not providing him with a good example or a good home. Edmund blames them both for this too; in addition, he feels that they have neglected his illness which could be fatal; this possibility has led him to despair. Tyrone, Sr. seeks to excuse himself by virtue of his poverty-stricken childhood. He tells his sons that they have no one to blame but themselves for their condition. Tyrone is generous with his friends in barrooms and reckless in making foolish investments in real estate, yet selfish with his family and incapable of understanding the needs of his wife and sons.

Mary's relapse into addiction, awakening painful memories, spurs the action and makes her the focal point of the drama. She says very truthfully, "The past is present, isn't it? It's the future too. We all try to lie out of that but life won't let us." Somehow, the Tyrones have been numbed by their pasts into defeat. Edmund says:

The fog was where I wanted it to be. Halfway down the path you can't see the house. . . . Everything looked and sounded unreal. Nothing was what it is. That's what I wanted — to be alone with myself in the other world where truth is untrue and life can hide from itself.

All they desire is to withdraw from reality, and they do it with some success — Mary, by virtue of her dope, and her menfolk, by virtue of their whiskey. In the course of the play, this withdrawal is subtly emphasized. In Act I, it is morning, the sun is shining, the family is happy. During Act II, the haze gathers and the members of the family begin to hide themselves in their sedatives — alcoholic or narcotic, and by Act III, dusk has gathered prematurely as a result of the fog. In Act IV, night has come, the fog is very thick, the foghorns are sounding, and each Tyrone is enveloped in himself.

The dark tragedy of the Tyrones is carried out in a grand manner. The play is long, the scenes are big, and the dialogue is blunt and terse. The play moves along with an unflinching beat that is almost hypnotic. One feels that this is life lived at the brink of oblivion. And so it is. For Mary, the play is a long journey into darkness — into dope and dream; for Jamie, into despair and cynicism; for Tyrone, into mediocrity away from artistic realization. Tyrone says to Edmund: "there's the makings of a poet in you, all right." It is a strange irony that Edmund, the person whom everyone is concerned about in the play, who may be fatally ill, is the one Tyrone for whom the play is a journey beyond darkness into the light of understanding — into the realm of meaning.

Long Day's Journey is a play that was written in tears and blood. For Eugene O'Neill, because he was writing about his own family, it was an act of expiation. For the audience, it should be an experience in tragedy — tragedy we can all know and understand.

This production is an outstanding success. The director, Frederick Edell has molded the actors into a cohesive unit with sensitivity and understanding. The pace is consistent, controlled, and unflinching. The play has been directed from the point of view that we are to see it through the eyes of Edmund, who of course is O'Neill himself. It is a valid point of view, and more important, it works.

The cast is excellent. Jennifer Spicer as Mary Tyrone and Jim Netherton as Jamie are outstanding; both give a superbly sensitive, controlled, and understanding performances. Alan Munro as James Tyrone, though perhaps lacking some of the good-heartedness demanded by the character, also gives a well-paced, consistent performance. Jim Leard as Edmund has the most difficult role, consequently his pace and rhythms were sometimes not equal to those demanded. Yet, he did capture the poetry of Edmund beautifully and carried off the Fourth act with consummate skill. Also very impressive is the fact that each actor established a distinctive relationship with every other actor which is maintained throughout the play. There is no question, that this cast knows exactly what it is doing.

On the technical side, again only praise is due. The set, the parlour of the O'Neill's home in 1912 is excellent. The costumes, designed by Dorothy van Wijk, and the lighting, by Mike Vrooman, are outstanding.

Long's Day's Journey Into Night deserves all the praise I've lavished upon it. **DON'T MISS IT.**





Oysters, come and walk with us!
The Walrus did beseech.

clear?

And who are you?
BODY DROP
BODY DROP

EVERYBODY-DRO
EVERYBODY-DRO
EVERYBODY-D

EVERY
EVERY
EVERY

EVERY
EVERY
EVERY

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EVERY
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EVERY

And shed a bitter tear
'In that case we start afresh,' said

Humpty Dumpty, 'and it's my turn to

change a subject —' (He talks about it

as if it were a game)



To give a hand to back,
"Because something is happening
but you don't know what it is
happening, Mister Jones, that it is
up you, Mister Jones?"



The Establishment pays homage to four anti-environmental lads.

Professor McLuhan

A STEP BY STEP ANALYSIS OF THE BEATLES' ANTI-DRUG SONG

by Elizabeth Kenney

I Am the Walrus by John Lennon

1. I am he as you are he as you are me and we are all together.
2. See how they run like pigs from a gun see how they fly,
3. I'm crying.
4. Sitting on a cornflake-waiting for the van to come.
5. Corporation teashirt, stupid bloody tuesday man you been a naughty boy 5
6. you let your face grow long.
7. I am the eggman, they are the eggmen- I am the walrus GOO GOO GOO JOOB.
8. City policeman sitting pretty policeman in a row,
9. see how they fly like Lucy in the sky—see how they run
10. I'm crying—I'm crying I'm crying. 10
11. Yellow matter custard dripping from a dead dogs eye.
12. Crabalocker fishwife pornographic priestess boy you been a naughty girl
13. you let your knickers down.
14. I am the eggmen, they are the eggmen—I am the walrus. GOO GOO GOO JOOB.
15. Sitting in an English garden waiting for the sun, 15
16. if the sun don't come you get a tan from standing in the English rain,
17. I am the eggman, they are the eggmen—I am the walrus. GOO GOO GOO JOOB
18. Expert textpert choking smokers don't you think the joker laughs at you?
19. Ha ha ha!
20. See how they smile, like pigs in a sty, see how they snied. 20
22. I'm crying.
21. Semolina pilchard climbing up the Eiffel Tower.
22. Elementary penguin singing Hare Krishna you should have seen them kicking
23. Edgar Allen POE.
24. I am the eggman, they are the eggmen- I am the walrus GOO GOO GOO JOOB 25
25. GOO GOO GOO JOOB GOO GOOG000000000000J00000B
26. Fadeout: Barely audible—Everybody drop out
Everybody drop out
Everybody drop out . . .

—Act 4 Scene 6, King Lear
from- . . . the letters which thou find'st . . .
to-Sit you down father; rest you.
In which Edgar kills Oswald.

TITLE—reference to Lear: "I am the King;" also to "The Walrus and the Carpenter" where the walrus is crying as he eats the oysters.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. i.e. everybody is everyone else, a kind of incantation. 2. i.e. 'hippies' paranoid about police; if wishes were horses, pigs would fly. 3. i.e. crying because he has led his followers to this, as the walrus led the oysters. 4. i.e. in a precarious position, waiting for a van to come to take him away. Symbolic of the delicate balance between sanity and insanity. 5. i.e. a T-shirt, a symbol of mass produced conformity; tuesday man an ordinary 'working-class chap.' 6. i.e. working class type should smile all the time, better for business. 7. i.e. MacLuhan's view that Humpety Dumpety is an integrated egg, sitting on a linear wall; in Joyce his fall symbolizes the fall of Lucifer and of man. 8. i.e. a city cop sitting in his car; . . . in a row. i.e. conforms; also in England policemen get lower rater when living in 'row houses.' 9. i.e. they think they are omnipresent 'gods' as in Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 12. i.e. 'movie star' pornographic images, no better than fishwives. 13. i.e. 'let pants down' on screen. 15. i.e. waiting for something to happen, waiting for the sun-son; new spiritual direction. 16. i.e. get 'tanning' for getting wet. 18. i.e. choking sensation when smoking marijuana, laughing when smoking but really the laugh is 'on them.' 20. i.e. 'hippies' living in pig-sty conditions. 22. i.e. semolina-light custard. pilchards-small fish, similar to sardines, preserved in oil. 'School' of apathetic tourists climbing Eiffel Tower. 23. i.e. 'hippies' converted from drug-taking scene to Eastern mysticism and 'kicking' Poe (opium etc.) 'kicking the poe' English expression for kicking chamber pot over under the bed, spilling the contents. |
|---|---|

This was one of the first Beatle songs written after they became the disciples of Marahishi, followers of transcendental meditation at which time they stopped taking acid and marijuana. It is also partly the results of George Harrison's trip to Haight-Ashbury and his disgust at the 'hippie' scene degeneration.

a letter

on cinderella's visit to the island

The editor,

Of happy endings, the happiest are fairy stories. Well, Cinderella has had her "ball" and M.M.'s editor, her fairy godmother, has made it possible. She has even left a glass slipper behind.

I couldn't help wondering, though, if the story was going to turn into a pumpkin, or—is it the reader who makes the transformation? Only the mice know for sure! Whether the glass slipper will be returned is another question; the Prince may never come down, or does Cinderella plan to get "high" and join him?

The point has been made, however, that the readers acknowledge the happiness and position of the hippy. The readers, aspiring agnostics, etc., cannot fail to see the inevitability of religion. The latter of the alternatives is open gate to the illusionary world and we all skip away to join the flowers, beads, and bells. Then all us happy hippies, with hurried hypos, are whisked away to our own islands.

This story does not, however, have a happy ending for we soon realize that our fairy godmothers have given up the calling and have joined us. The grandfather clock keeps ticking and we are impervious to it. Our life is spent in a world of bliss which floats by, like heat waves. The flowers, the beads, and the bells are ours now, but which side of the Acheion are we on?

Perhaps there was a third alternative to begin with. Man can live and live longer if he realizes that he and nature can life together in a kind of symbiosis. There is no need for mind developing drugs. Man is not a negative, but is the camera itself and can take in all he desires. He only has to appreciate the finer mechanisms and the world is then his temple.

Brian Anderson

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SOCIAL REVOLUTION THROUGH THE COUNTER COMMUNITY

by Charles Barber

It is probably true that our North American culture, our system of social organization, is fundamentally evil — is fundamentally corruptive of love and grace.

It is probably true that our society is founded on lies — lies about the nature of man's relationship with man. Our great institutions demonstrate this more clearly than any polemic might.

Except to those few who have had that authentic experience, our religious institutions are at best mediocre and inane. At worst, they are Pillars, or censors, or irrelevant, or very, very rich. Their rituals are artless, and are impaired with fraudulent visions.

Our economic system is essentially an insane pre-occupation with the destruction of natural human relationships. There seems to be little justification for one man benefitting economically from the work of another, and no justification whatever for the results of that kind of process: Auschwitz, the World Wars, Viet Nam. Of the many reasons for those atrocities, an economic system of institutionalized greed is the greatest of fountainheads.

The public schools systems that shape our lives are not resonant with individual, human needs. The process, the content, the style and intensity and physical boundaries of the "learning experience" in public schools are wholly destructive of genuine learning and freedom and creativity. It is a subtle and genial kind of murder.

It is unimaginable what the reservation system has done to the soul of the Indian; it is unimaginable what the welfare system has done to the integrity of its recipients; it is unimaginable what the penal system has actually done towards the 'rehabilitation' of its victims.

It is probably true that these kinds of processes and institutions are not just freaks in an otherwise perfectly-all-right society; they are, in a full sense, representative of our whole culture.

In this society, a boy may proudly walk into a gun store with his father and for all the glad world to see, proudly purchase a rifle; the same

boy must enter another store alone, hunch and cower embarrassedly while purchasing contraceptives.

But this should not be — for the first is an act of death while the second is an act of love. Perhaps there is something wrong with a society in which acts of death are more acceptable than acts of love.

And perhaps there is something essentially sick about a society that passes laws against the burning of flags and will not pass laws against the burning of children in South East Asia.

These observations are probably accurate, and also they probably are profoundly reflective of the essence of this society. It is very simple: there is something grossly wrong with the quality of our lives, for genuine human needs are not being fulfilled.

There are many ways in which social change can be effected, and working from the previous assumptions, I should like to explore the theory of counter-institutions.

It states that if you show people that there are worthwhile alternatives to unacceptable institutions, they will join you, and, when there are enough potent counter-communities, and enough people participating in them, some kind of social change will be achieved.

The destructive forces in our public schools system are both subterranean and gigantic, and no one has the resources to change such an edifice.

But if your commitment to a free and natural learning experience is great enough, then of course you could run for School Board, or start a private school.

It is questionable that much could be achieved through a School Board: Paul Goodman was a member of his Board a few years ago, but people haven't exactly clamoured to see the incandescent revolution in learning he pulled off that way.

It costs \$20 to start a private school.

If basic social change is necessary, then perhaps that change could be best achieved not through reform of old institutions, but rather the creation of new ones.

Alternate systems of education, of exchange

of goods, of political and social life can be created. They can be created with great passion and intelligence, and they need not require multi-dollar financing.

Were free schools created, alternate 'judicial' systems established, economic communes (co-op houses, farms, unions) initiated, freely-honest publications distributed, were all of these activities to be carried on, the kind of social change that allows people to share in the decisions that affect them would begin to take place within that counter-community.

It is very pleasant to be bought out. It is 'Very Nice' when Mayor Stephen takes you to coffee. It is not possible to say, though, that such a ritual brings about much social change. It probably brings about your polite silence.

When the possibilities of being co-opted are great, when the rewards of "working within the System" are small, when you have a commitment towards establishing free and relevant communities in which people's needs are fulfilled, then the building of counter-institutions becomes very crucial and significant.

The freeing-up of communications, of education and 'government' and 'economy' and of yourself can be achieved through small counter-institutions, alternatives to an unacceptable offering.

Labour pools and artist's co-operatives and bookstores and small farms and a free press and youth-run Youth Centres and all other such things are very possible.

And beyond the significance to the people participating in them, would not something happen to a school District if more students attended a Free School than attended the present schools?

It's probably safe to say that the Department of Education would feel somewhat threatened by that kind of thing happening. Maybe, just maybe they would be forced to join us in the 20th Century.

We've been using this theory for almost two years, and many important things have happened.

Our free school starts the evening of March 25.

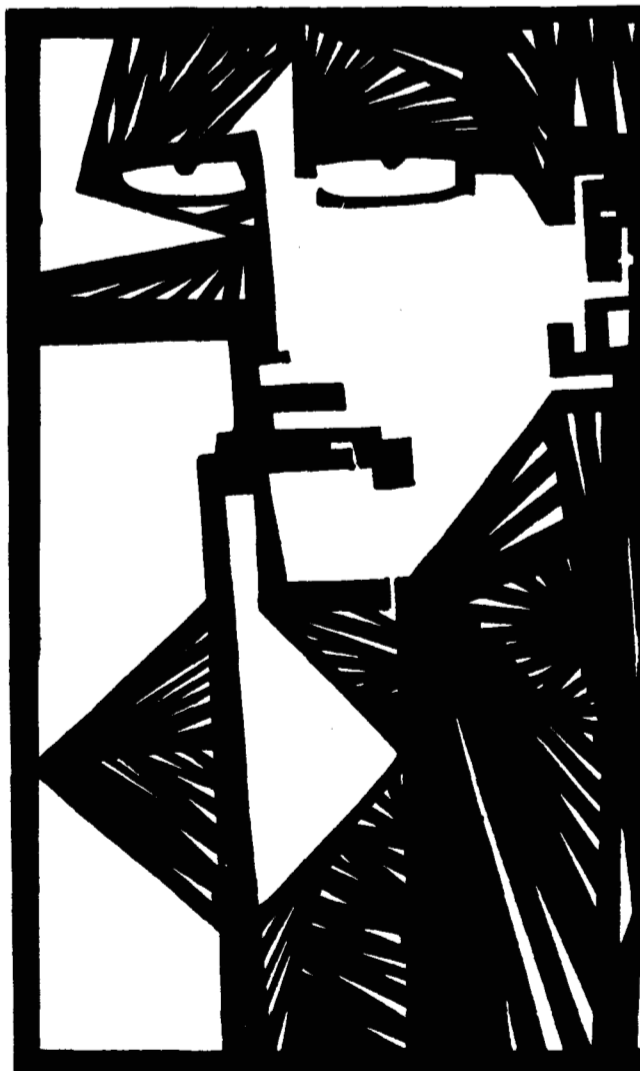
Welcome.

images after the curfew

two poems by t. ollsknell

the rain on civvy street

Smelling of zip aftershave
Spilled on the stubble
Of their ruddy dirt faces
and puttin em down
None too assuredly
while lookin for dimes
enough to build a
bottle
In the wine red rain
that's washin a war away
a son not had
a wife that loved me,
and all the while
some kid's singin
it's raining, it's pouring,
where the old man
bumped his head and
didn't get up in the morning
Singing so loud nobody
hears the bump.



a sort of supple resilience

Man's monolith
being mainly lithe
but for the
occasional bulge;
what with crime
and criminals,
drug types,
pubs and the like;
back alley winos
loose women
and whores
—does have
Salvation Army singers
social workers
ladies' auxiliaries
and other unsung heros
(as it were),
Yes—a monolith
mainly lithe.