



# War Si! Movies No!

. . . by W. J. Goede

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Nothing seems more ludicrous than this law: on The Lord's Day you musn't taint your transcendent soul at the flics, but it's both your Christian and your patriotic duty to visit a nuclear warship.

Not even a Canadian warship but a foreign one. And not just an ordinary run-of-the-mill warship with 16-inch mounts (capable of throwing a ton of lead 20 miles inland) but a foreign warship LOADED with enough nuclear explosive to reduce the world to its starting point.

Last summer the U.S.S. Oklahoma City put in at the navy yard just in time to catch everyone going home from church. On Sunday we have nothing to do— ofcourse; so, the U.S. Navy figures to catch little Red Riding Hood in her spiritual cups. Now, we are told that if the whole family went to the movies, it would probably dissolve. The family that prays together . . . but you know the rest.

The U.S. Navy knows that too. Their "visit" takes the form of a strategic invasion. Daddy is told to think of it as a family outing, of sorts. He is encouraged to bring the whole family, show them the nice big guns, shake hands with the nice American sailor (Don't he have a cute uniform, Junior?) with the Hershey bar behind his back. Something for Mommy too: nice big, neat, scrubbed passageways and kitchens, and clean-cut American boys without beads and beards.

The idea is to promote and strengthen good relations between the U.S. and other "frindly" countries. But in fact it is an instance of how the Pentagon is run by Madison Avenue.

Here's how it works. Ships going to and returning from Vietnam or from the fight for peace all over the globe are asked to "visit" friendly ports TO PROVE THAT THEY CAN. Their "visits" are designed not only to impress friendly nationals (you and me) with the awful might of American weaponry, but to frustrate any sane man's efforts to call war war, peace peace, warship warship, or aggression aggression. While in port, of course, below decks — away from nice boys and girls — the U.S. Navy is drawing extensive lessons as to the harbour's layout JUST IN CASE. Then too, if there is a demonstration, they can take pictures back to Washington for their files, sending duplicates to parties back in Canada. You know, a subversive is a subversive, wherever you are.

The U.S. Sailor, you know him don't you, is a product of the mills of Madison Avenue too. Movies and T.V., advertizing posters, comic-books, boys' novels have all provided the Navy with a myth about itself — starring, of course, Gene Kelly. Remember "Anchors Aweigh"? A clean-cut country lad, just a year or two from the farm, loveable, innocent, loves little puppies and wouldn't sleep with your sister even for just one stick of Doublemint!

Then there is the leaflet you get at the gangplank, in which you are informed that "our ship is just like a home." Did you ever meet a Big Daddy like that one?

In short the visit of U.S. nuclear ships to Victoria — which is becoming an annual Summer event — is naked aggression. True, Canadian ships visit Boston and (unfortunately) there's NATO and NORAD and all the other hang-ups Canadians suffer in living next-door to a madman, but in this case, it's just a little bit sicker because we parade our children through the ship telling them that the American's ships are keeping our Christian souls on God's side. If the boats want to come, let them come on Wednesday and keep a close eye on them.

I'm struck by the parallel between U.S. warships posing as God's Helpers in Canadian ports and what happens in Max Frisch's THE FIRE RAISERS. But then Frisch's plays don't get to Victoria, and I don't feel up to reciting the moral.

If there is a moral here, it is this: over and over again Canadians ignore the real threats to their manhood (autonomy, integrity, self-hood, what-have-you) that are posed by the repeated audacious thrust of American business, American ideals, American defense policies into the life-stream. At just which point will the history books record the strange disappearance of Canada into the Glorious Republic of George Wallace? But then, this too is paraoia. Or?

Note: W. J. Goede knows what he is talking about, after a 4-year hitch in the U.S. Navy himself.

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# ulysses

James Joyce's *Ulysses*, now playing at the Fox Cinema, is superb. I speak from the point of view of a person who has not yet waded through the book but who has read enough Joyce to know that his soul and Ireland have, together, been trapped in the cinematic collector's jar and pinned, triumphantly, to the screen; not dead and frozen, but alive, kicking and sufficiently coherent. The day has come, it seems — and we look back to Fellini, others — when sequences such as Joyce conjured up in his book can be transferred successfully into an art form which captures all of their enigma and life-shout, and loses nothing but bulk, confusion and the astute ambiguity of the written word. Joseph Strick has drawn on a huge group of 'unknown' actors and actresses, with proper Joycean names like Doyle, O'Shea, Flanagan, O'Sullivan, Molloy; they are outstanding, some only because of type-casting, all because they have Ireland and *Ulysses* and the common human search for fulfilment at their very fingertips. Leopold Bloom, who appears in a great many of the scenes — although there is no central character — is the participant drawn in the broadest complexity. His dreams, fears, memories, are all caught up in an inextricably confusing mesh, involving his dead son; his masculinity, as a Jew castrated by history; spiritual aspirations; his eroticism, a semi-mythical light under the bushel of businessman respectability that surrounds him; and, threading through the entire stream-of-consciousness sequence of 'Nighttown', the worries and frustrations of the proverbial wandering Jew. Bloom is ridiculous; even his gentleness and devotion towards his wayward wife comes off badly. He is a man Joyce threw from a high cliff, falling splat onto the beach, and see his guts sprayed all over the sand. Molly, Bloom's wife, played by a magnificent stretch of flesh called Barbara Jefford, figures hardly at all in the first part of the film; but we are elusively reminded many times, largely through Bloom's imagination and memory, that she is loose, beautiful, conceited, demanding; and that for a long time their marriage has been a tender little game, respect and sex notably absent. Then comes Molly's own soliloquy, and we find that she is much, much more. Her memories of the past, her cynicism about the present, and her dreams of the future, expose Molly as an intense romantic who finds the emptiness of her life puzzling, funny, overwhelmingly sad. But mostly frustrating; she lies awake beside Leopold, who sleeps reversed, hugging her feet, in some humourously 'low' form of adoration — and goes back over old love affairs, the first short period of happiness in her marriage; and her mind stretches forward, and demands more than this. She tends to depict many of her wants sexually, when we, the worldly audience, know the truth of it — the identity hang-up, sprouting from her head like the devil's horns. Molly embodies most clearly of all the characters the individual who stops, halfway through his life, regards himself in the mirror, sees the past swarming with disappointments, studded with high points, sees sameness ahead, more of the same, is contented with his possibilities, alternately sarcastic and unhappy about the noose around his neck. . . . "Shit," he says to the mirror, to his world. All together now: SHIT. There is another character who deserves mentioning — Stephen Dedalus — alias James Joyce — the strong-jawed intellectual scrunched into humanity's hole, with his own dreams, his own guilt because he did not pray at his mother's death bed, Dedalus the Atheist. Her ghost haunts him in 'Nighttown', circling, in the parlour of a whore-house, circling. The ghost prays for him, croons to God, the Virgin et al that Stephen Dedalus may not go to hell, save him from his sin of honesty. This is a terrific sequence; his mother's spirit is spirit pale, the lens unfocused on something — someone? — drifting around him, wailing, Stephen all tight-jawed and afraid and drunk. There is a 'cast of thousands'; and it would be impossible to include them all here. But only because they form, in a sense, a backdrop, the slackly woven riot of Dublin; they are part of the mood of the film, — and unless you choose to categorize them in quasi-literary fashion as symbolic of this or that, they are best left to the senses, and the heart.

Forego your snug pints tonight: 'Ulysses' is all those, and more.

## The New Poetry, A Collage

by Cretino Philistine

Ground hog, Air Monkey, Marketing Man  
This is it.

A reward for men. A delight for women  
The trip to make up for all your ships  
That never came in, all your dreams that never  
Took wing.

No splashing picture. No long story.  
Just imagine all the places you were  
Going to see "someday", all the things you were  
Going to see "someday".

They're all yours—

PICTURE TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

Gaze into my crystal ball and see . . .

PICTURE TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

Some are dainty, prissy, lacy, fizzy, fickle,  
One is rounded, full bodied, earthy, sensual,  
Deeply satisfying all the way down to your toes.

It takes more than—

PICTURE TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

To build an image.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead,

PICTURE TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

So leave it to us to give you a whole life-time of smiles.

Gandy Dancer, Car Toad, Promo Man

Who was the guy,

Who said the sky's the limit?

Milton? Shakespeare? Dante?

Whoever he was he just hasn't been anywhere

Lately. Not with us, he hasn't.

Because there's just no limit to where we can

Take you in this world, there's just no limit

To as good you can feel on the way. And

There's just no reason to put it off

Another minute.

AUDIO TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

We are experiencing audio trouble

We hope to have it rectified in a moment.

AUDIO TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

God is dead.

Good-night sweet prince.

The sky will open up like a gift of joy.

AUDIO TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

AUDIO TROUBLE IS TEMPORARY.

Marshall McLuhan, what are you doing?



November

the sky is lowering.  
some vast  
hydraulic machine  
sliding with ease on  
tons of freezing grease,  
relentless,  
oiled and hushed,  
presses the grey stone  
down.

there will be an immense  
silent concussion  
from the puffed

looming mushroom of space.  
my bleached skull,  
crushed by the bloated  
marshmallow concrete  
mattress  
of swollen sky

implodes.  
without a single sound  
I burst,  
a white cloud of molecules  
in the face of  
creeping winter.

## Two Poems

... by E. Littleton

## Kite Fishing

I have cast into the sky,  
and my kite,  
caught suddenly in the  
currents of the wind,  
strikes!

The pale yellow fin  
darts and whips,  
long red tail  
rippling and coiling;  
a leap and a dive  
then a moment of rest,  
hanging in a pool of blue,  
before the last frantic plunge.  
And I,  
inexorably winding the line,  
watch my prize  
drown in the grass.

The Martlet Magazine is pleased  
to announce the return of artist  
Martin Springett to its staff.

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TO  
EVERYTHING  
THERE IS A  
SEASON