Robert Lemieux: avocat des prisonniers

Retraillé du Point de Mire

Tursman takes over in fall

BY ERIC TRIMBLE

The philosophy department has chosen a new chairman to replace Professor J.H. Harris, whose term expires this year. A selection committee chose associate professor Richard Tursman, Glendon principal Albert Tucker has approved Tursman's selection. It now requires the approval of York president David Slater.

The committee consisted of Nollaig MacKenzie and Stan Fyeman of the philosophy department, Bill Dray of Trent University, and students Graham Muir and Tony Sgneroni.

Tursman explained that "we were told that there probably wouldn't be enough money available to bring in a senior member from outside the department."

Initially, the committee asked Professor Harris to stay on as chairman for a second term, but he refused on the grounds that he will be on sabbatical leave next year.

The political science department is also in the process of selecting a new chairman and hiring new teaching staff. On March 10 Martin Robin, an associate professor at York University Press and an agent of social change. Phone 487-6136

Richard Tursman

Simon Fraser University and who has applied for a position at Glendon, presented a paper on British Columbia government.

He described the government of the province as corrupt, and Premier Bennett as a practitioner of "Okanagan Marxism" in his governing of B.C.

In a question and answer period immediately after, he said, "I am not enthused about the development of bilingualism outside Quebec," and predicted the secession of that province.

Tursman also stated that he is "not enthused about exams," as a form of course evaluation, although he gives one in his course at SFU.

Asked why he wanted to come to Glendon, Robin explained that "there's been a lot of trouble at Simon Fraser and I'm a bit tired. It's largely a result of the internecine strife in the department where I'm now teaching, it's brought out the worst in everybody." "My major field is Canadian Studies. I've always thought that Glendon was a place that had a high priority on Canadian studies."

He would also like to come to Toronto. "I did my undergraduate work in Toronto, I know Toronto, it's one of the more interesting cities in Canada." Although he reads French, Robin is not bilingual, and could not instruct courses in French.

Robin got his BA from the University of Manitoba in 1957, his MA from U of Toronto in 1960 and his PhD from U of Toronto in 1966.

He has taught at SFU since 1966 as an associate professor.

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Greece visit to bring violence

"The level of emotion and bitterness against the Greek military dictatorship is so high within the Greek-Canadian community that violence is certain to erupt during the forthcoming visit to Canada of Brigadier Patakas, a leading member of the Greek junta."

This statement appeared in a telegram to External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp, sent to Ottawa by Nicholas Skoulas, Canadian spokesman for the Panhellenic Liberation Movement (P.A.K.), on March 6. Mr. Skoulas warned that although his organization has been able to contain Greek-Canadian feeling within the bounds of law and order on past occasions, including the massive protests that occurred during King Constantine's Toronto visit in August, 1967, this time "We do not consider ourselves capable of controlling the situation and absolute ourselves of responsibility for any consequences resulting from Patakas' visit."

That P.A.K. should consider it necessary to make such a statement at this time is no light matter. Our own recent experience of violence in Quebec should have disburdened Canadians of any illusions regarding how serious the "consequences" referred to might be. While the Paul Rose trial continues in Montreal it behooves us to consider to what extent it was, in the beginning, the unanswered question of protest from an oppressed people that led to the aberrant excesses we suffered last fall.

For Brigadier Patakas to make this visit to a country whose government has a stated policy of moral condemnation of the regime he represents is an intolerable provocation to the Greek-Canadians who fled in horror to escape the atrocities he symbolizes. Let's not push these people too far.

The Glendon Chapter of the Students for a Free Greece asks its sympathizers to write their MPs in protest against the projected visit. We ask it not only in the hope of averting a tragic outburst of violence, but in the further hope that this country will demonstrate its refusal to welcome the leaders of a nation whose brute policies have been documented time and time again.

— JEANNIE COULTHART

— ANDY MICHALSKI

Student parity now

Once again, faculty council had trouble getting a quorum of 29 members to start a meeting. That's not very good when you consider there's 108 members, 18 of which are students.

Chairman Great Krulikas did not remind councillors of their duty to come early, as he has done in the past. It is a pointless exercise anyway, because his message doesn't reach the 79 people who don't show.

The faculty council is the supreme governing body for Glendon College. Like the parliamentary system, its various committees bring bills for ratification. And much like Ottawa's House of Commons, most of the talking done should have been done while the bill was being discussed in committee instead of in the House or (in Glendon's case) the faculty council.

The amazing thing is that the student members when compared to faculty members are by far the most interested in the council's work and on the whole, as well (if not better) versed on the council's business. They therefore attend meetings at a much better rate than their faculty counterparts.

The idea of student parity has gone through various stages in university history. It has been accepted at the University of Alberta. It was recommended by the faculty of arts council at the University of Toronto — only to be rejected by the council with a slight margin.

If the holiest of idols — the bastion of elitism U of T — can consider itself to be composed of 29 members, 18 of which are students, why not this college which thought itself at the forefront of student-faculty relations.

The time has come for student parity to bail out Glendon. Let's look at the following basic concept.

The council would be revamped into three basic constituencies — administration, faculty and students. Working on a 27 member council, each constituency would have nine members. The administration would be comprised of the seven department chairmen, the principal and the director of academic services. Nine student members would be voted for at large — much as the student members are now.

Thus both the faculty and students would be responsible to constituents. Only those interested in the council's work would run for election. Members for committees could be recruited from the college community.

Granted, this is far from a perfect plan. Since the council's main area of jurisdiction has been the college's academic affairs, members of the university administration or the maintenance staff have not been included.

But there is no real reason why they shouldn't be added to help keep discussion at a realistic level of what can or cannot physically be done.

Whatever, it merits discussion, and now is the time.

Daring!!! Bizarre!!!

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Not offered in 1790.
After last year’s Oedipal flirtation with the classics of ancient Greece, the Glendon College dramatic arts program has turned to the classics of Elizabethan England, with their production of ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’. The choice seems odd, considering that over the past three or four years, every major theatre company in the Western world has presented us with a version of this famous fairy tale. One more effort in a definite coal-to-Newcastle, when Shakespeare has left so many plays which deserve to be better known.

However, the ‘Dream’ is perhaps the best choice for an amateur production: it is frothy, funny, full of action, and always important — there are lots of characters with fairly equal parts. It does not demand an actor capable of the solo thunder-and-lightning of Lear, or Hamlet. And the fantasy of a non-human world co-existing with our workaday existence gives ample scope to the director to indulge in visual fireworks.

For some reason, Michael Gregory’s design and direction made little use of the fantastic: the set was more Spartan than Athenian in its bareness, and the costumes and effects were equally lacking in colour and dash. Golden-brown fairies and a green Puck lose some of their impact when all the other characters are in dull woody shades too; and when the backdrop is striped with olive drab and rush. Titania’s bower was less like a bower than a pup-tent, stiff with painted canvas, and not at all like the:

“Bunk where the wild thyme blows, Where cypress and the nodding violet grows, Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine With sweet musk roses and with eglantine”

that Oberon describes.

Only in the final scene was any gesture made to the ornate luxury which must surround a ducal palace preparing for a wedding; and even there the brides were all in pale yellows and the grooms in beiges and browns, while the stage was as bare as before. It seems a shame that colour and artifice were not used more liberally.

But then, Shakespeare could probably be performed in a garage, or a back alley, and the audience would forget the setting in the images conjured up by his words. ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’ is full of phrases that hold and reverberate: there is a majestic malice in the simple remark ‘I'll meet by moonlight, proud Titania’, which reveals a whole other world awake when we sleep, empowered to do strange things and confuse the minds of men.

The catch, of course, is that most of this shimmering language is in blank verse. This doesn’t hamper the reader, but it can pose a difficulty to the actor untrained in speaking the rhythms of the lines.

For most of the evening, the performers overcame the difficulty, and were both perfectly audible, and commendably expressive; but every so often the lines would triumph and one of two unfortunate things would happen.

Either the speaker would run out of breath before getting to the end of a lengthy sentence, and in consequence speak faster and faster in an effort not to break the continuity of sense by gasping for air, until he or she was galloping incomprehensibly through the syllables; or the lines would be chanted in a plain-song monotone, with occasional stresses on the most unlikely words.

But while this might be a damning criticism in a polished troupe, it was eminently understandable and forgivable in the Glendon College dramatic arts program, whose members do not have the opportunity to act full time, or to devote themselves to stage technique rather than academic work.
The production as a whole was excellent: stiff and sophisticated in the court scenes, warm and sentimental in the scenes where the young lovers were together, giddy and bizarre when the fairies appeared, absurd and slapstick among the mechanicals.

Jeff Ramsden's Theseus was a tough, bluff, aristocratic type always looking for an easy ride. As his Amazon bride, Sue Boston gave a great deal of character to a small role. She seemed on the verge of doubting whether the court of Theseus where women are disposed of as half-witted chattels, was really the right place for a Queen who had fought at the head of her own army.

Other courtiers, included Ronald Holgerson as Hermia's pompous old father, Egeus, and Maurice Power as the harried Master of the Revels. Both succeeded in conveying distinct personalities despite the brevity of their parts.

In the four young lovers, Shakespeare has hardly put enough gumption for one fairly normal person. Lysander can't even arrange his eloquence properly, Helena is a masochist of elephantine proportion, and Demetrius is fickle, insensitive, and spiteful. Only Hermia has a spark of liveliness, as she stands up to her father and the Duke lends her her sweetheart's amorous advance, and exchanges insults with her wretched friend.

With this unpromising material, Liz Pilacinski (Helena), Penny Stone (Hermia), Andrew McAlister (Lysander), and Mike Schwartz (Demetrius), still managed to display a fair degree of sympathetic charm. By the scene in which the ladies have to be kept apart by their errant knights, the four had warmed up to a very funny performance.

Miss Pilacinski's Helena was so more sloppier than anyone else, with such a character could help, and she was truly pitiable as she cried out against what she thought was the mockery of her former friends. Miss Stone interpreted Hermia as a good-tempered, fluffy, nice girl, honestly perplexed by the problem of her rival suitors. The two gentlemen were equally effective, to say nothing of athletic AM - Mr. Schenck must ache from being up on as energetically as Mr. McAlister leaps.

We first see the mysterious creatures who inhabit the Athenian wood: Puck, the elvish errand-boy, and Peaseblossom, one of Titania's attendants, meet tobooman the quarrel of their royal master and mistress.

Bob MacDonald's Puck was a long, lanky green-skinned sprite who seemed, as if he had shot up from some magic bulb. His chalk-white face was perpetually alive with the love of those things which befall preposterously.

Puck is not quite real even compared to his fairy companions: he is an older spirit, a descendant of Pan, completely untrustworthy, and beyond the ken of even the non-mortals whom he serves. As a part, he demands the utmost concentration of nervous energy, so that he seems to differ with unheard-of vitality. Mr. MacDonald, cackling with laughter, bounding like a hare, breaking every track record in getting around the Old Dining Hall between entrances, was superb.

The other fairies were almost as spell-binding. These are not the minstrel and mandolinists - a star-on-the-end caricatures that Disney has made of fairies, but fierce and wild inhuman beings, beautiful and rather awesome. Titania is a particularly lush role, and Rita Davies, in a mistailete silver costume, willed it made to be scenes of sensuality. Jack Weatherall made her counterpart, Oberon, very well, and gave the great power in a vast moonlit realm. His lilting voice carried them through even Oberon's longer descriptive speeches with out difficulty.

Their attendants, identical in head-to-toe body paint, were all notable for what few professional standards they generally have a considerably higher average age, can achieve fair beauty, but none of them was clumsy or flabby or knobbly; all of them were graceful and slender and sleek. They were almost absurdly pretentious to sing, with precision and elegance. Mary Ellard was a grave and handsome Indian Boy.

Which brings us to the only remaining group of characters: the mechanicals. They are the unfailing laugh-getters in even the worst production, no matter who acts them, or how. To have un-funny mechanicals is a contradiction in terms. Everything they do or say is pure vaudeville, a hilarious and loving send-up of the ham actor, by a man who has probably grown up on just such village efforts.

All of these mechanicals deserve praise for their never over-done portrayals. Doug Knowles was a slightly hysterical Robin Starvelling, no doubt - as a tailor - responsible for the marvellous costumes of the Most Lamentable Comedy. Like Puck, he had an extraordinary laugh, somewhere between a giggle and a shriek. Snug the Joiner, (Ed Gramanski), was a lumbering dolt — probably no actor has ever said, "I am slow of study" with such humble half-wittedness. The part of Tom Snout, and the Wall, was taken by David Jarvis, who managed to express bashfulness with every twitch. Paul Rapley's reedy-voiced Snug and his hairy-chested Thisbe, were equally perfect.

As the wouldbe organizer of these wouldbe actors, Steve Meek turned Peter Quince into a tireful fuisser, stooping and peering at his hopelessly cast with the resignation of despair. Mr. Meek has a wonderful gift for looking attractive and not doing it at the same time.

Brendan Gill has pointed out that Bottom brings the house down every time, and has been doing it for four hundred years. It is so ripe a part that the juice oozed with each shout out those foolish lines: the very un-funny mechanicals - probably no actor has ever said, "I am slow of study" with such humble half-wittedness. The part of Tom Snout, and the Wall, was taken by David Jarvis, who managed to express bashfulness with every twitch. Paul Rapley's reedy-voiced Snug and his hairy-chested Thisbe, were equally perfect.

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Charles Northcote as Bottom was much more than a clown. He filled the stage with life and good-nature and happy egoism. He flung himself recklessly from place to place, declaring and orating and suffering, until the enraptured audience had nearly collapsed with laughing. It was on that note that the play ended: it had succeeded, because the audience was pleased. Their pleasure was enough to gloss over any flaws in the production: McAlister's makeup, for instance; and the length of time it took to change the minimal scenic; and the lamentable fact that the Old Dining Hall, with its hanging lamps and tin chandeliers, was not designed to become a theatre, (the only way not to miss anything was to stand at the back).

Overall, the Glendon College dramatic arts program has brought credit to itself, and fulfilled its aim "to offer students the opportunity for basic experience in theatre and related arts." It is deplorable that some of the actors had to be imported from the other campuses, because it is presumably the students of this college to whom the program is "to offer opportunities," both for the enjoyment of the audience.

The creators of next year's major production, "Midsomer Night's Dream" will pose a grand challenge for the creators of next year's major production.
What can you say of a god who died?

By NICK MARTIN

Gods do not die easy deaths, and when Joe Frazier toppled Muhammad Ali from his tower on Olympus, it was not a revelation, as some will surely claim, that Ali was a false god with feet of clay, but a testament to the incredible fighting machine that is Joe Frazier.

Frazier absorbed the hardest blows in Ali's arsenal without retreating an inch, blows that would have blasted a mortal man into oblivion or crushed his rib cage into powder, and then unleashed his devastating left hook and occasional right hand lead to schematically destroy the most graceful heavyweight this world has produced.

They called it the Fight of the Century, but there are few left old enough to judge that claim. If not the greatest of all time, the fight cannot take a back seat to any of the ring's classics; and in sixty minutes of savagery, non-stop action, Frank Broyles had his revenge, and Floyd Patterson hiding behind his gloves and shifting in his cage was the greatest victim and most of the other bad tastes which boxing has left in the public mouth in the last five years.

Yet it couldn't wash away boxing's worst move, the crucifixion of Muhammad Ali, and even the artistic brilliance of the contestants could not transcend the overwhelming political impact of the bout.

Establishment floors Ali

When Ali was stripped of his title in 1967 for refusing to enter the army, he became a symbol for dissident America. Each time superpatriots denounced Ali the right to make a living in the ring, his martyrdom grew in stature, until Ali came to represent the oppressed minorities of America, and Frazier, unfairly, the forces of racism and reaction.

And now the wolves will pounce on Ali's corpse: the World Boxing Association, which took away his title and even now refuses to recognize him in the top ten; Ring Magazine, which twice denied Ali the fighter of the year award because he did not fit their image of a good example for American youth; and all the veterans who denied this man the respect they went to war to defend.

They will say Ali was never a great fighter, perhaps never even a good fighter. It is true that the men he defeated were not outstanding fighters, that with opponents like Brian London, Cleveland Williams, and Zora Folley he ran a bum-of-the-month club. But so did Joe Louis, and Louis is a revered immortal. It was no fault of Ali's that with opponents like Louis or Dempsey or Johnson. He is a great fighter who avoided no man, who fought and defeated every opponent until he met someone just a little bit greater.

Perhaps the Supreme Court will turn down his final appeal and he will go to jail. Or perhaps his defeat will be revenge enough for his enemies, and he will go free to make an Ali victory a possibility and ensure the financial success of another Fight of the Century.

If Ali goes to jail, then Frazier will probably retire. There is no one else close to him in the world today. Only George Foreman, of all the world's top heavyweights, is unbeaten by Frazier or Ali, and Foreman is years away from his peak.

In the midst of all this stands Joe Frazier, a man whom nobody really knows. Even more than Ali he symbolizes the struggle of the Negro to escape poverty, but because he is in a simple, uncomplicated man who lacks the eloquence and fervour and militant hatred of Muhammad Ali, he has been forced to stoically accept his unfair reality.

Frazier was unknown before the fight, and in little better known now. He is that tragedy of boxing, the champion overshadowed by his conqueror, whose challenge has been met by Muhammad Ali, Gene Tunney by Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard by Jack Johnson.

They can make him a false symbol; they can ignore the man Joe Frazier; but they cannot deny him his one brief hour when he faced the gods, and took his place on Olympus.

Rolling down the road

By NICK MARTIN

When we were kids, we survived the school week in anxious anticipation of Sunday noon and when the Roller Derby came around. It was all the way from the Cow Palace in San Francisco where the Bay Area Bombers met a different team for a packed house. It was as exciting as violent, as unreal as ever, but playing games all over the continent. You'll never see the standings in the daily papers; the players admit they don't really know the standings, and although standings and scoring statistics do exist, even the Derby yearbook doesn't list them.

But statistics mean nothing to the Roller Derby — the spectacle is everything. As soon as 'the season' ends the players hit the road, harmonizing through the major and minor arenas of the cities and backwoods.

A gunfighter reborn

Few Derby players admit their ages, but like the marathon dancers, they all have a story to tell: like Janet Earp, descendant of Wyatt; or Ken Monte, in the Derby since 1945; and getting better all the time'; or Barbara Baker, daughter of Hall of Famers Rosie Baker and Red Jenson, a real Derby brat. Rare is the skater who has not been an All-star or Rookie-of-the-Year or MVP or Derby King or Queen; they all somehow, in some way, have an identity with which the crowd can identify.

They flash around the track as the announcer screams out their every move, whipping the crowd into a frenzy. They hear the jeers and cheers and then the 'ye re gone, packing the track away and heading for the next town. A hotel room, a train or a highway, and then they're in Atlanta or St. Louis, or maybe Dayton, where Charlie O'Connell dons his Mantle of Purity and faces enemy into his cage, where Ann Ann Frazee, who in the final analysis was Margie Las glo or Jean Weston or Cathie Read while the crowd curses her every move, and maybe sometimes she wonders why she's been doing this since 1945 and why she cannot quit.

It is unreal, but as you watch the skaters zoom around the track and you become caught in the crowd's frenzy, you know the dancers will dance on, and the music will not stop.
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Go-nads advance to finals

By ANDY WALKER

For the first time in two years (perhaps three guesses Sheila Robinson) the Glendon Gophers team has lost a league game, and unfortunately, that game was for this no-Go-nads intra league basketball championship.

A very tough Founders five beat our girls 35-15 in a sudden death mash at the Main gym last Thursday night, before a wildly enthusiastic crowd of fans—not counting the janitor.

The Founders girls beat the Gophers with a combination of speed, good fast breaks, and the bounding ability. The Gophers had a lot of trouble stopping their fast breaks and were continually frustrated by the alertness of the new championship Founders girls. The Founders girls had to be in great shape to play the solid game they did for the entire 32 minutes.

The Founders' style of play was particularly physical and the copious offensive fouls committed against our darlings seemed to escape the attention of the two lady refs.

Leading the scoring for the Founders once again was Karen "Hoop" Howells with 7 points and six rebounds. Sharp shootin' Linda Dyer popped in four points, and Mindy Baker added a basket to the proceedings.

Karen owns boards

Under the boards, Karen was tops while Caron Clarke grabbed five rebounds, and Também Rast Lengtha and Sheila Robinson. In one of her better games, each hauled in four rebounds.

This game was the swan song performance of such stalwarts as Robinson, Dyer, Clarke, Carol Victor ("I'm getting married.", Pat Brundrit, and coach Eric King. Fortunately, though, Howells, Janet Rudd, Pauline Dietrich, Baker, Debbie Schlief, Sue Nixon and Muffy MacDonald will be back next year to terrorize the courts.

Congratulations to the Gl Benedel and Eric King for a good year.

All was not lost, according to Pauline Dietrich, when she remarked, "We may have lost the game, but we sure won the party!"

On the sunny side of the street, the Go-nads entered the men's intra league basketball finals on the strength of their easy 47-24 and 51-36 victories over College F in the semi-finals last week.

Led by such stalwarts as Jim Mountains and John Keisk, the Go-nads continued to display their strong, aggressive approach to basketball which has brought them to the final showdown against a strong Ongoosee I team. Rumours have it that Ongoosee has included some mighty fine players in their line-up this year.

If there is a third and deciding game for the title, it will be tonight at the main gym. Please consult the sports bulletin board for the time of the match.

Stop the presses!

Oh wow, just found out that last year girls & 2nd Year guys have won the Glendon Shield and Cup!

Warner curls Morley 7-4

By NICK MARTIN

We'd tell you that Paul Warner with his Morley 7-4 for the intramural curling championship, but that would be redundant since you've already read it in the beaten-to-death "we won't tell you again.

"Even Frankie, Tom O'Grady ("Tommy's Schooldays", a tale of life at Glendon), and Pete Schwall were right on the button as Warner swept up the title.

They'd won their consolation game to Winters 5-1 as CK Doyon got the better of them with Cap- tain Bourgeois, who commented, "I'm glad we got our doubles". Our doubles ref (57/8) didn't have our doubles boy, Steve Geospringate, the guest speaker at the intramural banquet this coming Tuesday, has refused any fee for coming, but has asked that a small donation be made to his favourite charity.

"You just can't find those kind anymore...

"Anyone interested in hearing more about the sports program next year should see me in Proctor" — from the "Secret Diary of Wayne Bishop."

The Meet Beaver has discovered that profits will be eligible for intramural trophies next year. "Dairy nuga montroyal justwrities kumquats unsaw proj..."
Jean Paul Sarret looks at

From C U P

The following interview with noted French philosopher Jean-Paul Sarret was conducted in the presence of a French Canadian after the stormy days of the LaPorte repression. A tape of the discussion was forwarded to the Movement for the Defense of Political Prisoners in Montreal and was translated into English by the Committee for the Defense of Civil Liberties. The material has been condensed slightly to meet space requirements.

QUESTION. Quebec is at a crucial point in its political evolution, and your intervention (is certainly a part of) the struggle going on now. In Quebec, could you please explain specifically why you have intervened at this particular time?

SARRE. The reasons include, quite simply, everything which is going on in Quebec today. In other words, it seems to me that it is now possible to understand that it is something which must be denounced. In it, and in the whole meaning of what is happening in Quebec today, one can see repression; but at the same time, one can see that this type of repression is not, it is a blinding. It authorizes the forces in many other areas — as a matter of fact, in France and in the United States. So while the Quebec struggle has its own particular characteristics, it is also being fought in a way similar to our own struggle, or to that of the revolutionary forces in general. What is needed, therefore, is solidarity between those different movements.

Q. What is the relation between what is happening to us, in Quebec, and the similar phenomena evident elsewhere in the capitalist world, particularly in the United States.

S. In France, we too have action-oriented groups. These groups, while unarmed, have nevertheles been harshly repressed, and have sometimes been subjected to enormous repression. The people we call "Leftists" are precisely the people who, because of their beliefs, are presently being subjected to repression.

Why? Because a new form of combat has cropped up almost everywhere: the use of non-violent resistance. For instance, in the United States . . .

Q. And how does this lead us? Just how far can it go?

S. Repression is simply a sign that the oppressed as an ideology which are, at a certain level, in question — naturally there are other things too — it clear enough that there is no possibility of an alternate culture for the bourgeoisie. So the only alternative open to them is to replace the classical ideological restructuring mechanism by laws which they really have absolutely 50 come, as even a glance shows nowadays, down through history, revolutionary legislation which are contested by those who have been avoided. Its use today reveals precisely that the bourgeoisie no longer has the means of finding other solutions. It is they who are being forced to accept the defeat of one of these new laws is enacted, the oppressive and repressive forces in Quebec, which is its very life which is being endangered because the "old" reactions are no longer possible.

So, the bourgeoisie fabricates laws because it is its very life which is being attacked, at exactly the level where it had a culture, a way of living, it can give nothing in exchange, so it makes new laws.

Q. So in those cases, and in that of Quebec in particular, may we not say that there can exist a sort of nationalism which is revolutionary?

S. Yes, in the sense that the two terms are inseparable. It depends, obviously, on the circumstances; there are places where you don’t find the same thing, where you can find nationalism without revolutionary ideas — it has happened. But in so far as Quebec is concerned, in view of its particular situation, I suggest that to see nationalism as somehow separated from a revolutionary situation is impossible.

Q. But is it realistic to conceive of an independent, socialist Quebec within North America? How would you answer that?

S. I don’t think you know that yourselves . . . and I’m not the one who’s going to tell you; all I can say, if you wish, is that Quebec cannot accomplish its goals alone: it obviously must make alliances with the revolutionary forces in United States and Latin America. In America, no country is at the same level as Canada — there are great differences. But the fact remains that they have at least one thing in common: the desire for independence for the United States. The game which is being played therefore, cannot have Quebec as the only player.

Q. What exactly is the form which the struggle in North America must take in order to arrive at socialism?

S. Up until now, all the groups of which we have spoken, operating with the repressive forces, that is absolutely convinced that the revolution is impossible without violence. All the current forms of struggle derive from this, that is to say, understanding that in general and progressive change in general, are no longer possible — precisely because the bourgeoisie no longer wants them. There is no question of being able to obtain through a "progression" of different stages, the socialist independence of Quebec: we can imagine it, but we will never be able to obtain it.

Q. So what are you saying is that in order to have peace, we must make war against the war-makers? . . .

S. Precisely. There are no other solutions: unless we make war, we will.

Q. In a tactical sense, and considering the repressive situation in Quebec, what do you think of the temporary efficacy of a struggle for the re-establishment of democratic rights, or general democracy, more precisely.

Q. What route shall we follow?

S. In my opinion, that is definitely a goal which you must set for yourselves, for there are men in prison. But it appears to me that perhaps the one hand, whatever you possessed was a completely formal democracy, and that, after what has happened, it’s evident that it can be supressed. It is clear that everyone, the Quebecois in particular, will begin to take the forces of liberation of your comrades, and to ensure that you have the right to live in freedom without repressions any more. But if you win, you will be further ahead because you won’t be able to stop there. To ask for a return to the situation as it existed before is something that has happened since. And that is both vain and impossible.

Q. It’s playing the system’s game . . .

S. It’s playing the game you are playing, because the system will give it to you in six months, after it has imposed certain needs of the people. Sure, it will keep making of a democratic rights the people had before, and why not? A return to "normal" poses only problems for it. Because what do these "democratic rights" consist in? The right for many of you to live at a lower standard of living than the English of England. Its use today reveals precisely that the bourgeoisie no longer has the means of finding other solutions. It is the bourgeoisie which is being forced to accept the defeat of one of these new laws is enacted, the oppressive and repressive forces, which is its very life which is being endangered because the "old" reactions are no longer possible.

So, the bourgeoisie fabricates laws because it is its very life which is in danger, as it is its very life which is being attacked, at exactly the level where it had a culture, a way of living; it can give nothing in exchange, so it makes new laws.

Q. Isn’t it evident that the minority which is establishing new laws isn’t making them for . . .

S. Of course it is obvious, for example, that the soldiers who are now in Quebec aren’t there to defend the workers. It is clear that the army is only protecting the small minority of Anglo-Saxons, or the Quebecois tied to them by their vested interests. No one, despite what anyone or anyone else has written or said, believes that a worker is going to be kidnapped while standing on his factory steps: what the soldier is is the member of society which the interests of the Anglo-Saxons, or the Anglo-Saxons themselves, have to worry about being captured or.

Q. But in fact, the spokesmen for the labor movement, like the Montreal Charter, were kidnapped (by the police) for political motives.

S. The situation, as I understand it, is that none of the PLQ spokesmen were arrested, whereas of these 300 people were revolutionaries and workers involved in the left.

Q. What precisely are the forces against which the repression in Quebec is currently being directed?

S. I think that under the pretext of alcoholism for the FLQ, the repression is directed against all the potentially revolutionary forces, which means, in your case, those which are both nationalist and socialist. I insist on the word "potentially", for some forces are already revolutionary, while others are in the process of becoming radicalized.