

Nick Pittas

MY SON, THE LEFTIST

By NICK PITTAS

Many words, in the past, present, and future address need and goodness of responsibility and order. Most people normally heed the call to responsible action and order at all levels of human organization. The socialization process of family, education, church, job and media, as well as the normal psychic need for security are strong forces working in favour of social and individual inertia in the political arena, whether that arena is the university or the state. Ultimately there are forces of repression - the police and the courts - to deal with those who go too far in their dissent from the existing orders.

Yet disorder (or "irresponsibility") is not something to be dismissed out of hand as a nihilistic or "bad" state of affairs. Creativity, indeed, and forward movement, is a direct result of a conflict between orders. Thus disorder is only "irresponsible" to those who have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo that is being challenged. The criteria for being a great artist are not only technical perfection and aesthetic appeal but also the ability to confront existing realities with new realities. The artist must not only reflect existing orders and attitudes, but also project new orders or disorders and visions of the future. These criteria are as true for intellectuals and/or activists as they are for the artist.

Any tyranny is in direct conflict with the forces of freedom, and as far as it is tyrannical, is concerned any negation of a system's values strikes at its content and not merely at its forms, the consequence is revolution. The result is either a victory for the forces of revolution or counter-revolution.

Imagine this hypothetical situation. The administration, students, and faculty at Dunceland University-on-Sea get on perfectly. The administration (and of course the Board of Governors) happily continue to play the nature and directions of the university. They regularly have unprincipled power struggles with other elites such as the local Conservative Government. They attend functions of the President and no element of disorder enters into their normal, happy, and anti-people lives. Bureaucracy thrives unquestioned, while their pocketbooks are fat on untaxed speculations (on stocks, land, and maybe a few people) - all very much a part of "our way of life." They like students, in fact the Student Council President and a few student "leaders" can count on at least a few visits to the President's home to discuss the problems of "our best of all systems" university. The fiery, progressive Dean of Arts (who is still a very "pragmatic" man) invites these same student "leaders" over to his house for drinks and an informal discussion of more great liberal changes in our "community of scholars." He wants a new "experimental" college, indeed, anything "progressive", so that a new generation of more "aware" students can tackle the problem of "growing fascism" in the society. However the happy multitude can still continue their way through the "good old system" His slogan to the faculty committee on curriculum, while they discuss their tactics of selling their plan to the faculty is "I change order without disorders."

Black Power

By DELLA RISLEY

"We are not the Negro you knew before. We are no longer running "Clyde Bishop, executive member N.S.A.A.C.P. made these and other strong statements at a Black Power discussion Thursday. Discrimination has forced blacks to flee to more favorable areas. Before "we were expecting brains, people who could add to the economy of Nova Scotia if people would accept them." This caused an image loss, there were few negroes in positions of importance for the young to look up to. Now the black man is staying, the young negro leaving school is going on a competitive basis with the young white. "I am going to meet you on your level and the only reason you can refuse me is because I am black."

This is the point where white power can assist the struggle. "We have few black businesses in Nova Scotia." The white business man must hire the black man on merit. This is his part in the struggle against racism.

The faculty is also very happy. They have academic freedom, lots of grants, nice compliant students who respect their every word and fart. Some play bridge, others publish a lot, some even blow pot once in a while. No one really hassles them in their unstinting theoretical voyage of truth. They are the New-manites, the followers of Freud, the sons of the American Political Science Association, the proletariat within the corporations (as consultants only). They too are an order unto themselves - albeit one that is manipulated by more omniscient, superior orders. Still, they are well respected at the Cocktail Party.

Then there are the students. They are healthy and good humored (some of them anyway). The girls wear mini-skirts (standard 2" below the ear-lobe).

They go to class and listen to learn. They write papers and do assignments, their academic world is grade-oriented (order manifests itself through petty competition or one-upmanship). They have a "palatial" Student Union Building with many rules and regulations (but that isn't castration of human activity; it's only to maintain order). "After all we must draw the line between liberty and licence somewhere." They have fun weekends like Winter Carnival to let off some steam, and be better able to acquiesce to the demands of Capital, faculty, and parents - the collective of which is irreverently known to some heretic students as "Mr. Charlie." Indeed the good students are in earnest pursuit of transcending their humble, oppressed origins in order to reach the state of being that is Mr. Charlie. "So that's why we need degrees - hrm. I wonder will I be able to make it" along with Pierre Berton, Max Saltzman, and Randy Smith. The student is so well-educated that he isn't foolhardy enough to dream (wet dream?) of being a Henry Ford or even a petty Pierre. He knows the limits of social mobility and God knows, he doesn't want to be a freak. Yes, the students too are happy. Everyone gets along perfectly (well, almost everyone).

The flame is astride,
Cleansing, caring,
Where to go -- but,
Trouble, trouble.

From deep in the bowels of the well-greased liberal machine comes a dissenter (poet or revolutionary). He does not like this "best of all systems." He wants to fight fascism - not be financed by it. The product of materialism is furious when the spirit is crushed. Not only must he dream, he must act. Everywhere there is asphyxiating order and sycophantic things pretending to be people. Yearning for fresh air, he struggles to break loose - to be liberated and liberate (because he is pro, not anti-human). He is criticized by his fellow students for disturbing their neat, comfortable, and predictable lives. This then is the element of disorder, the human force that is in constant turmoil because he is in conflict with any and every stagnating order. Life for him is a phantasmic in which he is but a blurred vision. He seeks harmony knowing he will never achieve it, but in a heroic vein sees the struggle as the end. He is cataclysmic, he is a flame. The situation that he is in will decide whether the spark will light a raging fire or merely be dampened. He is above all, initially disliked. He is tolerated, cajoled, threaten-

ed, or actively repressed by the existing orders, depending on his potency and/or the objective conditions for thriving disorder. If he is true to himself, his potency lies in his unpredictability and refusal to be co-opted. He is Buddha, Jesus Christ, and Lenin.

Inevitably, one way or another, the dissenting student will break away from Dunceland U. spiritually and/or physically. He will seek to find an alternative to the machine he has disowned. A few peers will follow his example. The majority will remain skeptical and carry on their barren existence. In the course of their collective and individual struggles, the dissenters may produce a vision of an alternative world more free and beautiful than the present one, an order of greater social equality and justice. A more passionate and human order than the sheep's pen that is the existing order. Baah! Their vision, their creative world of disorder may capture the imagination of the people (students included). They may become the bearers of revolution. "Look at the sheep bite the hand of the shepherd who feeds them. Long live free sheep!"

If and when the revolution succeeds (critical universities, a non-exploitive economy, a participatory democracy that encourages co-operation over competition - communal rather than private human relations, free and creative pursuit of Art and Science, material plenty - in short; beautiful, human, visionary dreams) the dissenter (poet, revolutionary) will wither and die or at best be sent out to finish his years on some mountain top. After all, he was a troublemaker, a troubled spirit. Christ becomes Christianity, Lenin becomes Leninism. Repressive dogma and order begin to flourish. Then will arise the need for new disorder - the revolution we cannot accurately foresee, though history will predict.

In the meantime, Dunceland University remains and is perhaps more than a hypothesis while "our" society, "our" orders still remain, bearing in their phall the seed of glorious disorder.

All of which brings me to my friend the Worm . . .
Hideous is the worm, crawling
Aimlessly on wet concrete by
The cold avenue. Watching
A rhythm of feet descend
From a great height. Death
Is a quick relief, like a
Roaring flood cleanses the
Clean; but it is shallow.
Still the worms survive.
Come let us feast on
My eye, I see it on
Our knife as it writhe.
Come, come closer, clutch
The cacophony carefully.
See the semen sink into
Pink, plastic whirlpools of
Matter. And the worms
Reproduce and feast
Upon the eye - while
The concrete melts beneath
Your being: the colours
Blend blindingly as you
Glimpse the truth. The pieces
Are no longer shattered. Now
I see nothing. Absolutely
Nothing.

CUS Wins One, Loses Two

OTTAWA (CUP) — The Canadian Union of Students came out on the losing end of a slate of three referendums Thursday (Feb. 6) -- it lost two and won one.

Queen's University voted to withdraw, The University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon decided to stay out and Glendon College opted to stay in the national union.

The Thursday results drop the union's membership to 22 schools. Since the first of the year, one school (Mount St. Vincent) has joined, two (King's College and Glendon) voted to stay in, four (St. Mary's

Winnipeg, Waterloo, Queen's) have pulled out and four (Southern Alberta Institute of Technology, Victoria, Alberta, Saskatoon) stayed out.

The Glendon vote, representing 60 percent of the 950 - student enrollment, went 407 in favor of CUS, 85 opposed.

At Saskatoon, 5,663 of 9,650 students voted and the tally against CUS ran 3,293 - 2,370.

A poor turnout at Queen's saw a vote of 1,292 - 639 go against CUS. There are 6,580 students registered at Queen's.

Murphy Remanded . . . Again

FREDERICTON (CUP) — The contempt case of Tom Murphy, associate editor of The Brunswickian at the University of New Brunswick, was adjourned Wednesday (Feb. 5) to Feb. 25.

The adjournment, granted by Mr. Justice G.F.G. Bridges, came after a hearing in which the prosecution limited itself to rebutting procedural points made by Murphy's counsel the day before.

Murphy, defended by Alan Borovoy, director of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, got his remand after Bridges told the court that there was sufficient evidence "if not met" to convict the columnist on contempt of court charges.

Borovoy asked for and received the three-week adjournment after conferring with Murphy, prosecuting attorney J.F. Teed and the Supreme Court tribunal.

Murphy and Brunswickian editor John Oliver were charged with contempt of court in December after a column by Murphy concerning courtroom procedure in the Strax case at UNB. Oliver pleaded guilty and was fined \$50.

Borovoy opened the defence Tuesday by maintaining that Murphy's column did not constitute contempt on grounds that the public did not understand it as such.