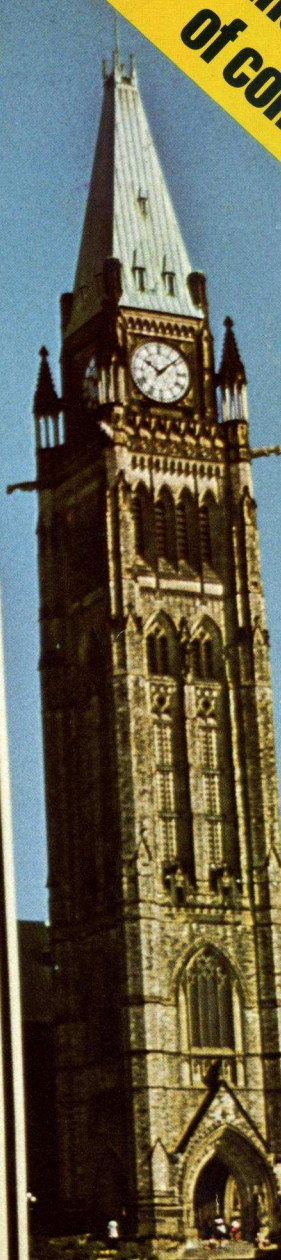


# THE LAST POST

OCTOBER 1976/75 CENTS

## Is it Bye-Bye to Bi-Bi?

Quebec:  
the politics  
of confusion







ARTIN 76.



# THE LAST POST

October 1976, Vol. 5, No. 7

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# LETTERS

Now you see it . . .

## Dear Last Post:

You promised that there was nothing subliminal about your June 76 cover. How about the two prominent dildos which the cover features? And the one on the right — Joe — has an obvious erection! The thrill of victory? Or, was he looking at the wife's kerchief which has a strange resemblance to a vagina?

Seriously though, the convention analysis was very sharp. Nice photo of Pat Nowlan.

I also appreciated the review of Braverman's excellent book. The Rhodesian article was, I hope, an indication of increased international coverage. And the Bryce Probe probed was excellent journalism.

H. MacKinnon  
Halifax

## What? Us cavalier?

### Dear Last Post:

I was displeased by the cavalier manner in which your Science Report tossed off the recent break-through in syphilis research, namely the development of a method to create syphilis in a test tube.

While I am no expert in biological matters I am aware that the syphilis spirochete (germ) is anaerobic (it doesn't require oxygen). As a result, it is very difficult to study in the absence of a method to keep it alive in a test tube where it is exposed to air.

Now it will be possible to do detailed research into its reproductive habits, its genetic patterns, its life span and so on. This research is particularly important now because strains of syphilis are de-

veloping which are resistant to penicillin. Moreover, people who are allergic to penicillin need alternative treatment.

Test tube study of syphilis may well yield an alternative to the massive doses of penicillin which are becoming more and more necessary as the quickly reproducing spirochete passes on its resistance to the drug to further generations. Accordingly, the break-through that was lightly dismissed in your magazine may yet provide an important advance in the battle against this disease.

Howard A. Doughty  
Toronto

## Post-docs and immigration

### Dear Last Post:

We were interested to read of the plight of post-doctorals in Canadian university science faculties (*Last Post*, June 76), but were more than a little disturbed to read the conclusion of the article which was that "Canadian" post-docs were unable to get on because of the competition, unfair or otherwise, of "foreigners". We are reminded of the arguments of the National Front, a racist and fascist organization in Britain, which blames unemployment on the presence of immigrants who compete with "British" people for jobs. The fact is that, just as in Britain unemployment is the inevitable by-product of the unplanned and unplannable nature of capitalism, regardless of the presence of variously-coloured people, so in Canada the plight of the post-docs is the inevitable result of the unwillingness of a declining capitalism to "waste" its shrinking profits in using the resources of skill and knowledge at its disposal to the benefit of the whole people.

The way for post-docs in Canada to improve their lot is not to cry "Us before them — Canadians first!", but to form or join trade unions and fight for better pay and conditions of service, and to fight politically against a system that can afford to waste the resources in its power while the needs of the many go unsatisfied. To argue the former is to abandon the latter, as was found by the workers of Germany in the 1930s, when the voice of socialism was drowned by the rantings of the nationalists.

Finally, in the past we have come to associate *Last Post* with progressivism, even with socialism, as it has attacked the corruption of big business, criticized the chicken-hearted social democracy of the NDP and defended the interests of working people and oppressed groups. In view of the support which we and others have

given *Last Post* over the last few years, we feel we have the right to demand that no further examples of chauvinism appear in your pages. . . .

Les Hearn  
Sue MacPhail  
Coventry, England

## Nordicité Canadienne

### Dear Last Post:

In the *Last Post*, August 1976, page 50, it is mentioned that *Nordicité Canadienne* by Louis-Edmond Hamelin is: "Unfortunately, it is not available in English translation."

This is just to let you know that a translation is now being prepared by Professor W. Barr, Editor of *The Musk-Ox*. I am not certain when this translation will appear but I believe it to be this fall.

Pat Potts  
Institute for Northern Studies  
University of Saskatchewan  
Saskatoon

## The 'Judges' Affair'

### Dear Last Post:

Drummond Burgess is dead on with his assessment of the politicians' handling of the "judges' affair" (*A Storm Over the Wrong Issues*, June issue).

Who the hell is anybody trying to kid? The incestuous relationships that abound between and among the monied cliques that run Canada (corporate/ legal/ professional/ political et al.) would fill volumes — and in fact, have. Read Newman's *The Canadian Establishment* or Porter's *The Vertical Mosaic* or for that matter, Moody's Industrial Manuals, Who's Who in Canada or the business pages of your local daily newspaper.

Does anybody believe that the many family ties, interlocking directorships, political party connections, country club parties and Chamber of Commerce events all happen without the benefit of speech?

The issue of who talked to who was a red herring. The real questions, as Burgess points out, are freedom of speech (do we dare criticize His Honour, no matter how inept his judgments might be) and secondly, whether corporations (in this case, the sugar companies) should be allowed to proceed on their merry, rip-off crusade, with the blessing of Holy Mother State.

Kudos once again to *The Last Post* for stripping away the useless chaff to get to the valuable kernel inside.

Clare V. Powell  
Regina



## KEEPING POSTED

# THE FEDERAL SCENE: THE NATURAL RULING PARTY SLUMPS, BUT JOE'S IN A SLUMP TOO

by ALBERT TRAIN

OTTAWA — Dear oh dear. Quite distressing, really, to see just how many Canadians want Joe Who to be our next prime minister.

Not that Joe isn't a pleasant young man. Not that he doesn't have at least a few interesting ideas about how the country could be better run. Not that he isn't hard-working and earnest and serious about the task ahead.

But let's face it—Joe's not really a very exciting person. This is hardly to suggest that in looking for a future prime minister we necessarily need an exciting leader. Robert Stanfield hit upon this in one of his wittiest and least quoted remarks:

It was the day after the cliff-hanger election in 1972. Recounts were being held in several ridings, and it appeared Stanfield just might become prime minister. Someone asked him if as prime minister he would feel intimidated having to face as exciting an opposition leader as Pierre Trudeau, to which he replied: "I've been saying for a long time this country needs a more exciting opposition leader."

This country now has a *new* opposition leader, but to suggest he is more *exciting* than Robert Stanfield is to suggest something that is far from evident.

In the months immediately following his selection as leader, Joe Who was followed around by a phalanx of reporters almost every time he left Ottawa. But journalists stopped following him on his various regional tours when they found he rarely said anything more exciting than: "Hi, I'm Joe Clark. Pleased to meet you." Evidently, he recognizes that the less he says, the less are his chances of saying anything wrong. *He* isn't about to fumble any footballs.

Not many people remember Joe from his back-bench days, because Tory back-benchers rarely get a chance to rise in the Commons question period. But



Trudeau in happier days: Where have all the flowers gone?

when he did he aimed straight for the jugular. "In the absence of the Indian affairs minister," he once prefaced a question, "and in the absence, *of course*, of the prime minister, I would like to address my question to . . ."

He was the same in committee meetings. Joe was a member of the Commons Indian affairs committee, and on at least

one occasion he put a particularly tough line of questioning to then Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien. Chrétien later remarked to an aide that he could handle almost anyone on the committee, including the flashy Flora MacDonald, but Joe really pinned him down and made him feel uncomfortable.

But the more experienced Joe seems, if





Turner's resignation from the cabinet began the downside; now business spokesmen Mitchell Sharp and Bud Drury have departed in the cabinet shuffle.

anything, to have lost some of his early verve and panache. His style is now less cutting, mellower, stodgier. His instincts in House debate are not yet finely honed. His jowls have grown, almost in keeping with party tradition. He lacks something on television.

And yet this very unexciting opposition leader has been making serious inroads. Not in Quebec, where the federal Liberal bastion appears as impregnable as ever. But opinion in English Canada has more than compensated, giving the Tories an overall 47 to 29 point lead over the Liberals in the August Gallup poll.

Just what is it that has put the Natural Ruling Party in so much trouble? Is the party losing the magic touch that in the past eight decades has kept it in power as many years as the Communist Party of the Soviet Union? What is it that causes so much rage on the part of, say, the Toronto businessman who spent \$22,000 of his own pocket change early this year to take out newspaper ads telling us that Trudeau is a disaster for the country?

Things have not been going well for the Liberals' image since the resignation of failed 1968 leadership candidate John Turner as finance minister. With Turner, the friend of large business, gone from the cabinet, and with leading business spokesmen Mitchell Sharp and Bud Drury also bowing out, the business community is worried it can no longer muster the clout it had during Trudeau's first term as prime minister when tax reform proposals were considerably watered down, competition law changes

postponed and finally emasculated, and labour code amendments dealing with technological change pushed out of the way entirely.

Publisher Claude Ryan pointed out in an August 6 editorial in *Le Devoir* that Trudeau enjoyed considerable support from business in his successful 1968 leadership bid because he was seen as the person who could best deal with what was perceived as the most pressing problem of the day — national unity.

But times have changed. Rather than trumpet their willingness to fight the Battle of the Plains of Abraham again if necessary, many English-speaking hard-

liners now seem less than upset at the possibility of Quebec going its own way. And when David Lewis tells Vancouver audiences they're all a bunch of bigots, the only reactions he elicits are a few shrugs: so what else is new, they wonder.

The Big Theme this year is, of course, the economy. And ever since Trudeau mumbled something in his "new society" musings last Christmas about the market economy not functioning perfectly in these days of inflation and high unemployment, business leaders, Tory politicians and their echoes on editorial pages across Canada have wondered how the prime minister could ever have imagined anything so absurd.

These same groups had responded with pleasure when wage controls were implemented in October 1975, but the mere mention of profit controls gave them the shudders. That the Anti-Inflation Board has had a sloppy and uneven record cannot be denied. But it should be pointed out that business was given the opportunity to make representations on proposed profit guidelines before their coming into effect and to demand changes in regulations, a chance the labour movement never had before statutory limits were placed on wage increases in October last year. However, this has served only to unleash a further torrent of phrases like "strangulation of business productivity" and "binding the free market economy in a strait-jacket".

But the slump in Liberal popularity among the general population, and the tremendous personal animosity which

### YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL

Police Chief Don Saunders says the bald-headed people who have been living in Charlottetown, and who have been associated by some area residents as members of a Satanism cult left the city yesterday by commercial transport.

They were not asked to leave, nor were they escorted by the police, the chief said, but they were accompanied by members of the force. . . .

The bald-headed group of people are leaving the city on the crest of a wave of rumours about the city of "devil worshippers."

—*The Charlottetown Guardian*, June 26, 1976



many feel toward Trudeau, may have a lot more to do with an accumulation of non-economic issues on which there was, to put it euphemistically, some element of division.

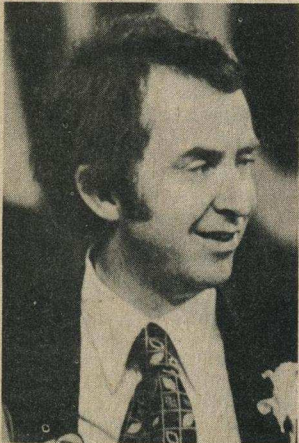
Government positions against capital punishment and in favour of bilingual air traffic control didn't exactly dampen disaffection among an insecure and intolerant electorate. And even something like not allowing Taiwan to masquerade as China at the Olympic Games, something a better-liked government could have done without incurring much hostile reaction, was hardly a smashing PR success for the ailing Liberals.

But let it not be said that Trudeau was necessarily wrong in the positions he took. One need only look at the sort of people, including many Tory MPs, who opposed him on these and other issues to see quite clearly that he must have been doing *something* right.

Or look at an issue like gun control if you think the *Liberals* look bad: a vocal segment of the Tory caucus is apparently unable to distinguish between registration and confiscation of firearms. One Alberta MP even told a Commons committee that gun control would lead to family breakup because people would not be as free to take their children along on shooting jaunts.

Or again, look at the *Time-Reader's Digest* bill, that sadly deficient piece of legislation which has helped rid *MacLean's* of an important competitor. Without in any way condoning the government's alternate high-handedness

photo: David Lloyd



Joe Clark was fighting the battle of Bow River; Hugh Faulkner's magazine policy helped cause his demotion from Secretary of State

## OL' MARTY'S BAD NEWS BEARS

In Canadian culture, a liberated woman who wants a new life goes to the north and makes it with a bear. There must be a lesson in that somewhere, and I don't think it's good news for Canadian men.

—Martin Knelman, *Weekend Magazine*, June 19, 1976

and tergiversation in its handling of the bill, one need not endorse the steady Tory apologia of *Time* and *Reader's Digest*. One need not agree with the Tory front-bencher who loudly proclaimed in the Commons that the "government has taken over everything else, and now it wants to tell us what we should read," and who called the bill "a complete affront and an attack on the freedom of our minds, or freedom in every respect".

The MacLean-Hunter monopoly bill, as it came to be known to critics of that publishing empire, is interesting also because it points to another Liberal problem: they seem to be losing their grip. Whatever else may be said about the Liberals, and however often what they are doing may seem wrong, they at least have shown a certain aptitude for governing. After all, they have a lot of experience. One need only look back to the Diefenbaker years to see the contrast. But the magazine bill seemed to have them stymied.

The bill was necessary because when



the Pearson government moved to end tax deductions for advertising in branch-plant magazines, that great nationalist Walter Gordon acted with typical Liberal perspicacity and introduced a measure exempting from the bill's provisions precisely the two publications that most harmed the commercial viability of Canadian magazines.

Throughout the long and arduous debate on this year's version, the government seemed bent on no less curious an exercise in confusion. First magazines had to have 60 per cent Canadian content to qualify as Canadian under the law, then 80 per cent. First the law was to apply to all types of magazines, then the government discovered something special in the character of digests, and *Reader's Digest* was off the hook. First there was to be a free-ranging debate, then closure was invoked on second reading and maverick Liberal MP Simma Holt, who opposed the bill, was clumsily kept off the committee that examined it.

It was not an inspiring performance.

The bill was brought into the House of Commons on January 23, 1975. Second reading was delayed until November 17, and royal assent did not come until July 16 this year. Secretary of State Hugh Faulkner finally had his bill, but he had no magazine policy. What he had was a *MacLean's* magazine policy. (Lest it be forgotten, *MacLean's* was telling Senator Keith Davey's committee on the mass media only a few years ago that it had learned to digest the advertising spillover from *Time* (see *Last Post*, vol. 1, no. 4), but time doesn't stand still, and *MacLean's* decided it wanted a newsier, more frequent publication.)

Yes, the government is in big trouble when not only is it unable to explain its policies to the people, but unable to explain them to itself.

But is the slide irreversible? Will Trudeau and his 'new' cabinet be able to pull their act together in the two years before the next general election? Or more likely, will things return to normal and will the Tories pull out their famous rusty knives?

Something that has everyone outside the Conservative party in stitches is the Battle of Bow River. The new, improved electoral map eliminates Rocky Mountain riding now held by our friend Joe and Palliser riding held by staunch Jack Horner ally Stan Schumacher. Both want to run in the new Bow River riding, Schumacher because it contains most of his old riding and Joe because it includes the town of High River where his family



live and run the local newspaper and are practically landed gentry.

Where has this bright young pink Tory, just up from the back benches, been on his travels? Joe has twice this year found time in his crowded schedule to visit the Ontario town of Kincardine, a community of no apparent electoral importance, because his great-grandfather built a homestead nearby back in the 1850s, almost before the Indians arrived. Landed gentry! Maybe the *new* Tories, the back-benchers who ask the tough questions in committee hearings, aren't so different from the old Tories after all.

Anyway, it seems Joe has been warned to take heed of just who's who in the Alberta caucus, and may be looking for another riding.

But the Liberals may stop laughing the night of October 18, when results from two byelections come in. The Tories will

#### LAST POST AWARD FOR CANDOUR

Eagleson, one of the key organizers of the tournament and better known as super-star Bobby Orr's lawyer, says he plans to sell the 4,000 tickets — which he purchased before anyone else had a chance to buy — to people involved in hockey and to government officials.

"They have a better right to see the opening game than someone who hasn't been anything but a fan," Eagleson told *The Star* yesterday.

—*Toronto Star*, July 15, 1976

easily recapture St. John's West. And they may also capture Ottawa-Carleton, which hasn't elected a Conservative since 1882. John Turner racked up some pretty impressive margins in that riding, but the Liberal candidate this time is no John Turner — in fact, he's a complete dud — and the Tories are riding high. It is a classic bellwether situation, one that may say something about the Liberals' slipping grip.

If they slip too far, Joe Who will become prime minister, which may not be the worst possible thing that could happen. But Joe had better do something about his grisly front bench, because otherwise Sinclair Stevens will be finance minister, Claude Wagner will be external affairs minister and Eldon Woolliams will be justice minister. And that is a prospect to give fright even to the stout-hearted.

## THE BATTLE AT CMHC: RUDNICKI WINS ... OR DOES HE?

by KEN RUBIN

**OTTAWA** — For Walter Rudnicki, an 18 year veteran Ottawa bureaucrat, it all began back on October 12, 1973, when he was fired from his position as director of policy planning at Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation by William Teron, who had become CMHC president the previous July.

The reason given for the firing was the showing by Rudnicki of a seventh staff draft for a cabinet Metis housing policy to the Native Council of Canada members present at an October 5, 1973 meeting.

Rudnicki contended he had done nothing wrong since the document seen by the natives was merely a rough policy draft for then Urban Affairs Minister Ron Basford. Both Basford and Teron had designated Rudnicki to enter into a consultative process to develop, with Metis representatives, an emergency winter warmth housing program.

It took Rudnicki, now a native housing consultant out West, almost three years to get his lawsuit against CMHC for wrongful dismissal and compensation before the courts. But, finally, in the Ontario Supreme Court decision, on July 23, Rudnicki was awarded \$18,006.14 for lost pay. Justice John O'Driscoll found Rudnicki had not erred in judg-



Bill Teron's CMHC lost the court battle with Walter Rudnicki

ment in revealing the draft document and indicated that he found Teron's explanations of what constituted a confidential document and consultation wanting. CMHC did not launch an appeal against the decision.

The Rudnicki court case was a victory over existing government confidentiality and consultative practices.

The first victory — for accessible government information — came midway in the trial when Justice O'Driscoll, after reviewing several policy drafts labelled confidential, overruled the government lawyer's objections and admitted them as exhibits at the trial.

The second victory — for exposing the pitfalls and token nature of government consultative processes — came in the testimony of ex-officers of the Native Council of Canada. These native leaders, believing they had entered into a working partnership to develop an emergency housing program, were suddenly told Rudnicki was dismissed for showing them a 'confidential' paper. They were taken aback because they were aware that the draft paper was not final policy and that they were not in a position to make final decisions.

The absurdity is that, according to Rudnicki's testimony, Teron told him that the Minister could not take to cabinet a policy that a native group had seen first!



Three years later, the targets set for Metis housing starts by CMHC have not been met and there has been criticism of the racist manner in which the eventually agreed upon housing program is administered. Justice O'Driscoll felt "if Mr. Teron's analysis of what [constitutes] consultation was to have been correct then . . . truly the white man had spoken with a forked tongue." It would indeed have been interesting if Ron Basford, Michael Pitfield and others had come to testify on behalf of the government as to why the government practises so much secrecy and so little consultation. They were not called as witnesses.

Rudnicki hopes his court victory will lead to more openness in government and less unnecessary secrecy. Gloria George, outgoing president of the Native Council of Canada, summarized the issues in the case in a recent press release:

"How can such a dialogue [between government and citizens] take place when sensitive and competent officials like Walter Rudnicki are fired for attempting a dialogue with Canada's Metis and non-status Indian citizens?"

"The evidence in the case shows the silliness of a system which allows petty bureaucrats to label documents as confidential when they are supposed to be engaged in a consultative or, as we prefer to say, a participative process to develop appropriate policies and programs which will achieve results at the lowest cost to the taxpayer."

There is another aspect of the Rudnicki case that has not been publicized:



Ron Basford "blew his stack"



Andras was reported opposed to Teron

that is, was Rudnicki's dismissal part of a power struggle between the two most powerful men at CMHC?

Rudnicki had been brought to CMHC by the first urban affairs minister, Robert Andras, as his chief policy advisor and was a power to be reckoned with until Teron came on board (apparently over Andras' earlier objections) under Ron Basford. Rudnicki did not win any popularity polls with the powerful old-timers in the department who did not like his emphasis on the social aspects of housing.

There are intriguing questions posed by some observers about Rudnicki's sudden and somewhat bizarre firing:

- According to Rudnicki, it was not him but an assistant, Lorenz Schmidt, who distributed the draft native housing paper five minutes before Rudnicki entered the October 5 meeting. Witnesses for Rudnicki stressed that Rudnicki then cautioned those present that the document was not a final one and could not be removed from the meeting place. Mr. Schmidt claims he was asked by Rudnicki to distribute the document. Schmidt is now an associate deputy minister at Urban Affairs where William Teron is the deputy minister.

- According to Rudnicki's then sec-

retary at CMHC, Ms. Dorthee Skat-zynski, Teron told her in an October 12, 1973 conversation that "it was either me or Rudnicki and I'm not prepared to give up my position here . . . all things being equal," to which she replied "all things did not seem equal . . . your loss here would not be all that great . . . in any case you can always buy yourself another position in the Liberal structure."

It was then made clear to her that she should resign, but she was told there would be a job for her elsewhere at CMHC at the same salary, though not at the top executive level; the CMHC job offers, she said, were a "mockery". Rudnicki himself, after being asked to resign, was forcibly escorted from CMHC premises. Teron denied in court that he had told anyone his job was on the line if Rudnicki was not dismissed. The judge's decision tended to support evidence given by Rudnicki's secretary.

- According to Tony Belcourt, then president of the Native Council of Canada, he called Teron on October 10, 1973 expressing satisfaction over the October 5 CMHC meeting with Rudnicki's staff. When Belcourt asked Teron if it would be appropriate to dispatch a letter to that effect to Basford — which Rudnicki had advised against at the October 5 meeting — Teron endorsed the idea.

The very same day the letter was delivered to Basford before a meeting between Basford and Teron. According to what Rudnicki said Teron told him, Basford "blew his stack" over the natives having seen the draft policy.

Belcourt, when he heard of Rudnicki's dismissal, said "I turned white. I didn't understand what was going on. I was upset."

What was going on? Was there some kind of frame-up? Will there ever be access to government policy development and agreed upon consultative procedures? By fighting back, Rudnicki cleared himself, but some large questions about how government operates on our behalf were left unanswered.

#### LET THEM CONTEMPLATE CAKE DEPT.

The possibility that almost anyone can become rich, even if very few actually do, is a stabilizing force in our society and makes life more bearable for many people.

—Russell Mills, executive editor, *Ottawa Citizen*, May 15, 1976



# NEW BRUNSWICK: POLITICS IS McCAIN'S BUSINESS

by RALPH SURETTE

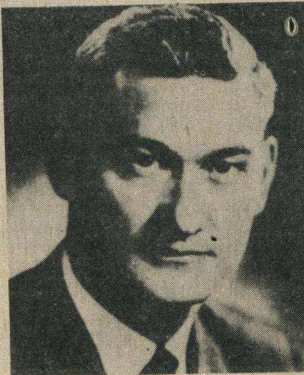
**FREDERICTON** — Back in the mid-1920's two groups of New Brunswick potato buyers — the Porter group and the McCain group — were conniving to limit competition in the marketing of potatoes. At the same time, hard pressed farmers were emigrating to the U.S. at a substantial clip, unable to make a living at the rotten prices prevailing.

A formal inquiry into the practices of the "alleged combine" was held by the federal department of labour, but somehow it didn't cramp the fortunes of those involved. One of the principals of the Porter group was later to become Senator Hatfield, father of the present premier. The McCain family went on to become — thanks to generous handouts from the same federal government and from the multinational of Hatfield junior — a multinational conglomerate.

Is there any reason to say more? Surely anyone with imagination can guess the rest. . . . But then again, maybe not. This being New Brunswick things do tend to turn with an extra twist. After all, since the news media are safely tucked into K. C. Irving's ample pocket, one can safely gouge the farmer without anyone ever knowing about it.

To start at the top, McCain Foods Ltd. of Florenceville, is doing pretty good for a little "down home" family-owned concern. Recently it bought out a company called Prefrysa S.A. of Madrid, Spain, rounding out what amounts to a nice little empire. McCain now owns or controls about two dozen companies in Canada, England, Australia, Holland, Austria, Spain and the Caribbean. Much of this investment is in vertically integrated food processing (McCain owns some 4,339 acres of potato land in New Brunswick), but McCain is into transportation and some other ventures as well.

McCain apparently also owns or con-



Two of the McCain boys: Wallace (left) and Robert R.

trols the New Brunswick department of agriculture. Although the department itself is rather touchy about this, as bureaucrats can be, McCain itself, composed of a rather brash bunch of capitalists who know exactly what the role of government should be, is not at all shy.

For example there's this little incident involving the Rogersville Co-operative, made up of a small group of Kent County farmers who cultivate about 300 acres of brussel sprouts for McCain. Until 1974 McCain had gotten, without any collective negotiation, individual contracts with the growers — a practice that has gone the way of its older cousin, feudalism, in most other places.

But in early 1974 and before, two civil servants of the Rural Development Branch of the department, Bert Deveaux and director David Malcolm, had been taking their duties a little too seriously and were giving the farmers advice on how to negotiate for a better deal with McCain.

McCain wanted none of that. The

company shipped off a letter to the department reminding it of its true role. It had been well understood between the department and McCain, it stated, that the department's aid to brussel sprout growers would be limited to two things: (1) that the department help the growers increase their production and (2) that the growers be helped to become more efficient in their operations.

So there, dept. of ag., those are your duties. You are to obey.

It did. Malcolm and Deveaux were told to cut it out.

But things didn't end there. The department decided to "review" the whole bag of rural development with a commission of inquiry. In reality this looked more like an attempt to discredit Malcolm and Deveaux and a third civil servant, Skip Hambling, who was also being troublesome. The Kirkley Report of February 1975 knew where its duty lay: it linked the activities of the three civil servants to the evil practices of "red power" and generally, under the guise of scientific objectivity, dripped with disdain for everything the civil servants were trying to do. The three put out their own report in July 1975, demolishing the Kirkley document.

Obviously there were strains in the good old dept. of ag. In fact to make things worse, a supposedly confidential discussion paper for the Parks Commission studying New Brunswick's agricultural resources stated in April of that year that "casual observations suggest that

## MAYBE MARIAN ENGEL KNOWS SOMETHING . . .

Evidence indicates that bears are especially likely to be aggressive toward females in their menstrual period or anyone wearing scented cosmetics, hairspray, or deodorant. Always be aware of these factors for your personal safety and the safety of others around you.

—Manitoba government, information services news service, August 13, 1976



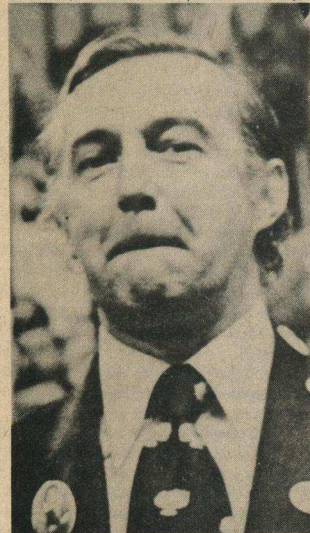
the Department is status quo oriented, undirected, weak in most of its components, unrealistic in its approach to planning . . . paternalistic in its relation with traditional farmers, with little or no credibility in the northern parts of the province." In addition the paper seemed to tilt towards the renegade civil servants by stating that "we have reservations about the economic efficiency of such farms (corporate farms) as well as their ability to meet the economic and social conditions of New Brunswick."

This wasn't far short of saying that the department was an agency of McCain's and was screwing the farmer, not to mention that it was incompetent. Obviously there were some defensive bureaucrats around.

Thus when Malcolm, Deveaux and Hambling on October 1, 1975, presented a brief to the Parks Commission tracing McCain's influence on the department, arguing that the small agricultural unit is more efficient than multinational agribusiness conglomerates, and claiming that McCain, with the aid of federal and provincial government grants, is forcing farmers off the land — yes, when they did this, well things began to pop.

Malcolm was first reprimanded, then a couple of days later removed from his post as director of the Rural Development Branch. The minister, Malcolm McLeod, gives the branch a "new orien-

photo: David Lloyd



**Premier Hatfield: his government has been generous to the McCain family**

tation" (i.e. castrates it) and names a safe functionary to head it.

Malcolm was ignored, and relegated to insignificant tasks. Finally he quit this year. Deveaux and Hambling were already gone.

The three have founded a new radical newspaper in Fredericton called *The Plain Dealer*. According to Hambling, the paper, published every second week, has reached a phenomenal circulation of 6,000 within a few issues — even before it has a subscription list set up. They hope to have a subscription system in the fall, and to publish weekly. The address is 504 King St., Fredericton.

This little phenomenon illustrates the vacuum that exists in the circulation of information in New Brunswick. And if we might continue this digression a little bit, a new Acadian radical magazine called *L'Acayen* (slang for l'acadien) bearing well-researched articles on social and economic themes documented the McCain-dept., of ag. link in one of its first issues last February and got the minister all upset.

He retorted with all kinds of denials — but only about the charges that the department was acting against the interests of the farmers. He pretty well skipped the subject of McCain's influence on the department. It was one of those little victories that a new alternate press loves to start out its life with. It also demonstrates the poverty of reportage in the straight press in the province. *L'Acayen* publishes once every two months and is run by a large group of contributors along the entire north shore of New Brunswick. Its address is Box 655, Bathurst, N.B.

Now back to McCain. McCain's sense of its own worth is something to see. It even surpasses Irving in the "what's good for us is good for New Brunswick" category. And it doesn't stop at the corridors of the New Brunswick department of agriculture.

When the State of Maine was setting up a potato marketing board in the spring of 1973, Harrison McCain, one of the McCain boys, whipped a telegram to State Senator Arnold Peabody. He pointed out that although "we are neither citizens nor taxpayers of Maine we are substantial buyers of Maine potatoes and last year purchased some 330,000 barrels." He underlined McCain's vast knowledge of potato marketing the world over and warned the senator that "Act number 1941 will make the State of Maine by far the most difficult place to buy potatoes of all the areas and coun-



**David Malcolm: shunted aside after McCain complained**

tries in which we deal."

He complained that the bill "hits the bargaining scale far too much on the side of the grower organization" and stated that shelving the bill for now "could be a great advantage to all, repeat, all the people of Maine."

The phrase is pure Irving. (As in: What's good for Irving is good for all, REPEAT, All the people of New Brunswick). That, apparently, is a special New Brunswick way of thinking.

The farmers of New Brunswick don't have a marketing board. In fact they turned down another proposal by the department of agriculture this summer. They objected to the control given the bureaucrats in the proposal, stating they wanted producer control.

But there's more to it than that. Maritimes primary producers have always been conservative to the point of self-destruction and carry a strong bias against organization of any kind. It is a passive individualism which is breaking down in the fishing and woodcutting sectors, but is still strong on the farm. It is like the Creditiste mentality of Quebec. It is fertile ground for exploitation by the likes of McCain. And McCain isn't the type to hold back on an opportunity.

#### **GARBAGE IN, GARBAGE OUT**

Argonauts lose 28-0 at Montreal, with Anthony Davis leading the Argonaut scoring.

—Electric flasher, *Maple Leaf Gardens*, Sept. 5, 1976



## SOUTH AFRICA: POLITICS TAKES TO THE STREETS

by ERNIE REGEHR

From Johannesburg's Soweto and Alexandra Townships, to nearby White suburbs, to Pretoria, to Zululand University, to Cape Town and Port Elizabeth, South African Blacks have once again taken their anger and their politics to the streets, in weeks of protest, rioting and strikes, the likes of which that tinder box of racial and class conflicts has not seen in a decade and a half.

But why now? Why, when the near-unanimous predictions of race war that are a permanent part of South African political commentary have consistently been proven wrong, did the most recent warnings turn out to be different? While weeks and days before the first street actions occurred in June, prominent South Africans at home and abroad (among them the Black Anglican dean of Johannesburg, the Black "mayor" of Soweto, and exiles in London) spoke of imminent racial violence and active resistance, even the prophets were surprised at the unaccustomed accuracy of their prophecy.

However, the surprise ultimately was not that Blacks had finally taken to the streets, rather it was in the timing. Few who have travelled the bleak, dusty, over-crowded streets of Soweto and visited any of the thousands of four-roomed boxes that frequently house in excess of a dozen adults and children each, could have been surprised that the frustration and anger of that teeming ghetto would sooner or later spill over.

But were the riots in fact a spontaneous explosion of frustrations born out of outrageous living conditions? Both the Government and exiled Black nationalist leaders have reasons for denying that they were.

The Government, consistent with its claim that racial separation ensures peace and harmony, credits "outside agitators" with any untoward behaviour on the part of what some government ministers still refer to as "our Bantu". The Afrikaner nationalists are at pains to convince their increasingly nervous White constituents that their race policies produce civil order, not spontaneous disorder. And the exiled Black nationalist movement, with many of its leaders having left South Africa 15 or more years



A dead Black man is dragged away in Soweto township

ago, obviously stands to gain credibility among critics of apartheid at home and abroad if it can demonstrate sufficient organization and influence to inflict widespread civil and economic disorder on the Republic.

Nevertheless, the case for spontaneity is not unconvincing. The June protest that touched off the initial rioting and protest was aimed at the particularly rankling issue of language. In 1974 the Transvaal administrators of the Department of Bantu Education had issued an order that all Black schools in urban areas which did not use "mother-tongue" instruction would be required to use English and Afrikaans equally as the languages of instruction (despite the fact that national guidelines called for a choice of either English or Afrikaans).

The move met with almost unanimous hostility from students, parents, teachers and school boards and imposed a particularly heavy burden on the students. Some

school board officials resigned in protest, others were fired by the department for dissenting, and in June students at the Phefeni Junior secondary school refused to attend classes and marched under the slogan "Asingeni" — "we will not go in".

When the students inevitably confronted the police in the streets they already had a large sympathetic following, including other students, and quickly attracted others who joined marches and demonstrations for a variety of different reasons.

The denial of home ownership, the extreme shortage of schools and day-care centres, the absence of street lighting, the absence of electricity in more than two-thirds of Soweto's homes, residential segregation along tribal lines within Black townships, and a score of other grievances brought protestors to the streets in their thousands, and in one incident made the home of the Black



chairman of the Urban Bantu Council (a government-appointed body with no authority and less credibility among Blacks) the target of their rage.

Once the actions had begun a variety of Black interests stepped in to try to forge the protests into broader political action, but the intensity and duration of the various street and strike actions are probably less a tribute to the organizational skills of particular Black political groups than they are a manifestation of the growth of the Black Consciousness movement that has been gaining momentum in the country during the past three or four years.

The importance of Black Consciousness on events in South Africa can hardly be overstated. In many ways an ill-defined concept, at least in the sense that it does not submit to precise definition, with no rigidly identifiable organization, it is nevertheless a clearly observable phenomenon that has not only changed Black political strategy but, more important, has changed the political reality of South Africa.

### Blacks seize initiative

The changed political reality has to do with a change in the source of political initiative. Until the late sixties there was no doubt as to where the political initiative in South Africa lay. White South Africa was firmly in control, physically and psychologically. Following the banning of the two major Black political organizations, the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress, the onus for dissent passed largely to the multiracial churches, which continued their sincere, though not notably effective, denunciations of apartheid (while the Dutch Reformed Churches continued their all too effective rationalization of apartheid).

But control, politically, economically, socially and culturally, was in White hands. Blacks had protested, some Whites had protested on behalf of Blacks, but it was, as a Black writer was to say later, the protest of "begging" — the Whites held power and the rest

### LOST OPPORTUNITIES DEPT.

WINNIPEG — The Canadian Bar Association took a strong stand yesterday against any form of licencing Mitchell Sharp.  
— *Toronto Globe and Mail*, September 3, 1976

### TIMETABLE OF THE MONTH

BROMONT—The program is entitled Jeux De La XXII Olympiade, Sports equestres, and on page 15 the reader is advised that "as its name implies, the Three-Day Event . . . takes four days to complete."

—*Toronto Globe and Mail*,  
July 24, 1976

wanted to share in it. What the Whites were and had was the standard of measure.

All that changed with amazing rapidity. Power, that is to say physical power, remains in White hands, but the overwhelming psychological power now rests elsewhere. It is now a commonplace in South Africa to say that the initiative has gone over to Blacks. The White power structure, while it was previously based on aggressive domination and repression, now resorts to defensive suppression — suppression not so much of an immediate political threat but of an idea; an idea that the Black man no longer defines himself in terms of his "master, but of himself."

### White power undermined

Put another way, the franchise is a dead issue. The struggle no longer is for access to the White man's institutions, rather it is the simple yet revolutionary assertion that liberation is not something to be granted by the authorities, but is to be seized from within the Black community's own ample resources.

The most obvious question now is whether the renewed overt resistance marks the beginning of the end of White rule in South Africa. In whatever context the question may be asked, whether the long-term or short-term, the answer is probably no. In the longer term, the current actions indicate a progression, not a beginning. They are a further undermining of exclusive White power, but the "beginning of the end" in that context is probably more accurately placed at the beginning of this decade when the idea of Black Consciousness was vigorously reasserted by students on the campuses of the country's Black universities.

In terms of the more immediate power struggle, it is by all accounts premature to predict the imminent collapse of the

White power structure. While one may be sure that political power will eventually follow the psychological power already held by the Black community, the current regime possesses sufficient military, police and economic authority to create a significant lag time.

The contest for political control is still an uneven one, and not without its ironies. While the White community displays increasing internal conflict, tension and doubts about its future, it still rests on the common denominators of fear and the instinct for survival, so that in the face of perceived threats it submerges the divisions and exercises its power in solidarity.

### Little political consolidation

In the Black community, on the other hand, while Black Consciousness has worked toward a rapid consolidation of purpose and aspiration, there has been little corresponding political consolidation. Under the new consciousness, the political aspirations of South African Blacks have become much more complex and diverse. As long as the central theme of Black nationalism was the right to participate in existing institutions, little was required in the way of political program or ideology, beyond a strategy for gaining access to the dominant institutions of South African society. With Black Consciousness, however, and the emphasis on the internal resources of the Black community, comes the need to articulate a vision and design a program for a whole new set of indigenous institutions.

In this situation, the broad Black nationalist movement is organizationally and ideologically not at the moment a formidable force. The movement, while it increasingly rallies around the Black Consciousness ethic of self-reliance, self-sufficiency and indigenization, is a

### PANTY-VOTE OF THE MONTH

The church-backed panty, which won 38.8 per cent of the vote after campaign on a staunch anti-Communist platform, has taken pains to reassure its electorate that the new Government is not a first step toward political agreement with the Communists.

—*Toronto Globe and Mail*,  
August 24, 1976



disparate one.

In exile are the African National Congress and the Pan-Africanist Congress, the South African Unity Movement and perhaps others, with a variety of unresolved issues such as the relationship to old-line communism and the question of non-racialism vs. specifically African nationalism.

Within South Africa there is an even wider range of political opinion and self-interest among Blacks. Among the more radical groups such as the South African Students Organization and the Black Peoples Convention there are important debates on political ideology and economic policy that represent an important maturation of the movement, but their general drift toward a radical socialism is countered by a wide range of "moderate" political and community leaders for whom the perimeters of economic policy are represented by combinations of free-enterprise and state capitalism and variations on European democratic socialism.

Among the latter are Black homeland leaders, some of them outspoken critics of apartheid while working within its structures, who have surprised many observers by the extent of their popular followings among both rural and urban Blacks.

There is no clear evidence to date that these various interests, all with legitimate constituencies within South Africa, have begun to construct a common front. An outsider is unlikely to be aware of the extent of co-operation between exiled movements and their underground operatives within the country and locally-based groups, but it is clear that in the past there has been both co-operation and rivalry. So while it may be unrealistic to expect the current campaign to lead to an all-out challenge to the White regime, it is probable that it will lead to renewed efforts at unity in the broad nationalist movement and that it represents a radical advance of the Black Consciousness movement.

Despite the detention of more and more leaders of Black thought, it is now clear that the new consciousness is not contained by any organization that may be banned or in the minds of any leaders who may be silenced, but has its roots in the broad mass of the South African people. And it is because of this that many South Africans, while they do not underestimate the suffering and pain that promises to attend their continuing struggle, now look to the future with confidence and expectation.

## CHILE'S JUNTA SHIPS ARMS THROUGH MONTREAL

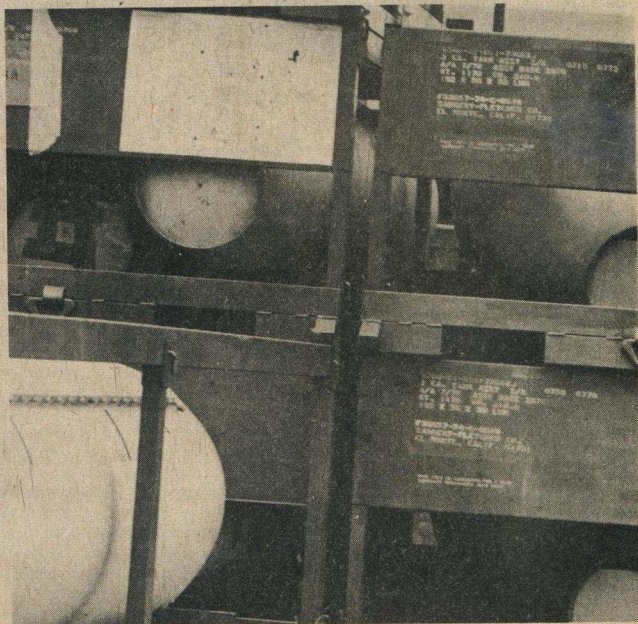
It was business as usual on August 26, as the Chilean ship *Copiapo* loaded military supplies at a dock beside the Chilean Lines office in Montreal harbour. The ship, which sailed a few days later, was making its second trip to Montreal.

The cargo consisted of crates of ejectible fuel tanks for the CF-5 jet fighters that Chile recently bought from the United States. The tanks were made by the Sargent Fletcher Company in El Monte, California, and were being sent to the Chilean Air Force at Macul (a neighbourhood of Santiago) via International Export Packers in Alexandria, Virginia. IEP is one of the main arms distributors for U.S. firms. The Sargent Fletcher Company used to sell napalm and bombs for the Vietnam war.

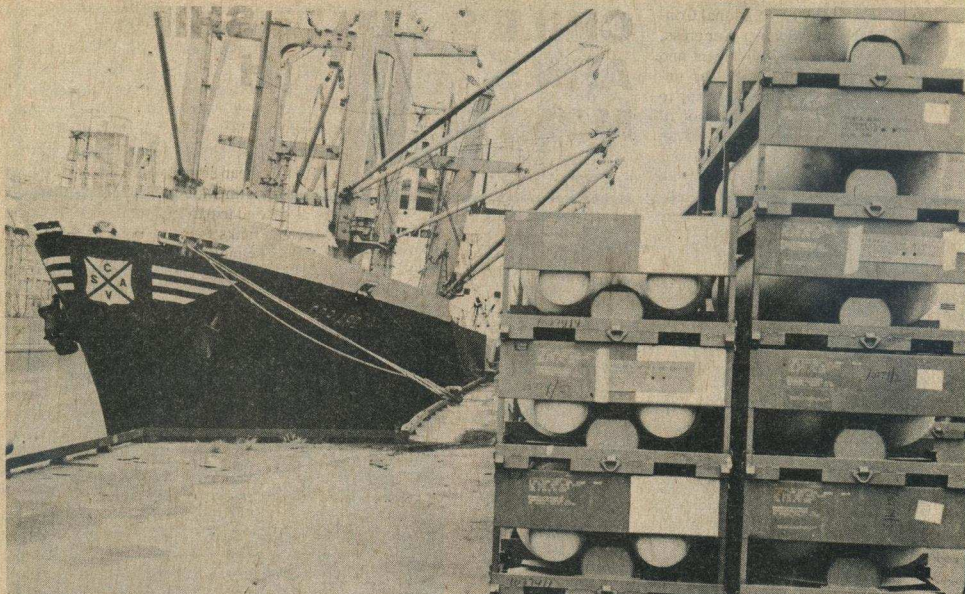
Why the military crates were shipped through Montreal is not known. Canada is supposed to have placed an embargo on all arms sales to the Chilean junta. But obviously it's willing to trans-ship other countries' arms sales to Chile.

The *Copiapo* has had other uses than shipping arms — during the bloodbath following the military coup d'etat in 1973, it was used to transport political prisoners from Valparaiso to concentration camps in the south.

Another Chilean ship in the news recently was the sailing vessel *Esmeralda*, once known as the White Lady, symbol of Chilean freedom. It was one of the ships that sailed up New York's Hudson River for Operation Sail during the U.S. Bicentennial celebration. Investigators for the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights of the Organization of American States found that, after the coup d'etat, the *Esmeralda* was used as a floating torture chamber where atrocious cruelties were practised. Protests over the participation of the *Esmeralda* in Operation Sail were met with the reply that politics had no part in the American Bicentennial.



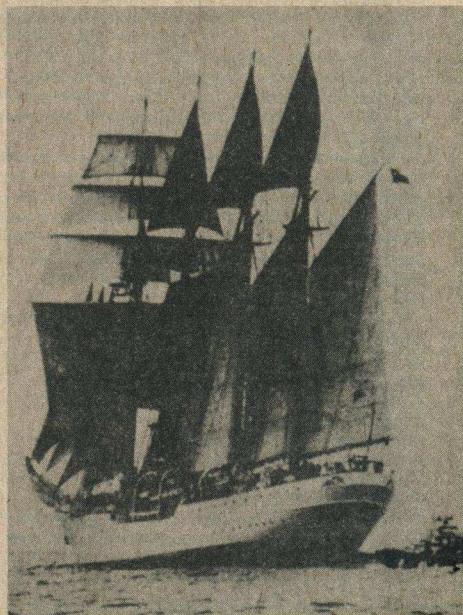




The Chilean ship *Copiapo* loads military supplies in Montreal harbour

TRANSPORTATION CONTROL NUMBER		INDEX	PRODUCT
FROM: SANDOTT FLETCHER COMPANY 9400 FLAIR DRIVE EL MORTO, CALIF. 91731		TRANS PRIORITY	
TO: (FPO) (when applicable)			
D44-S2R INTERNATIONAL EXPORT PACKERS 4600 KENNEDY AVENUE ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA 22304			
POD (when applicable)			
ULTIMATE CONSIGNEE OR MARK FOR			
FMS CASE CLEAR			
PIECE NO.	TOTAL PIECES	WEIGHT THIS PIECE	CUBE THIS PIECE
	15	1170	210
DD FORM 1387, 1 APR 60 (REVISED) MILITARY SHIPMENT LABEL			

Above: The military shipment label on the crated tanks; Right: the Chilean ship *Esmeralda*, once a symbol of the country's liberty, took part in the U.S. Bicentennial after having been used as a torture ship by the junta





# the Last Pssst



by Claude Balloune

**The State is good:** Marvin Quesnel may not be a familiar name to most readers. He's a film-maker, considered good enough to win an Academy Award nomination for his National Film Board documentary, *Whistling Smith*. He went to Hollywood to attend the ceremonies, returned home to Canada to learn he was a laid-off casualty of the NFB's current austerity program (like the CBC, when the NFB makes budgetary cuts it's at the production level, almost never in the internal bureaucracy which just keeps growing). Anyhow, our friend Quesnel stoically went off to claim his Unemployment Insurance. While waiting with other applicants in one of those interminable UIC waits, he was forced to watch an NFB-made film on how to find work.

**Diplomatic Note:** The Information Officer at the Canadian embassy in Paris, **Paul de Ligny Boudreau**, is making quite a name for himself amongst the diplomatic corps in the city of light. Apparently well known for gaffes such as pouring wine all over an ambassador's wife, his reputation as a bungler is spreading. The term for making a gaffe, pulling a boner, etc. is now "faire un Boudreau" in diplomatic circles. He's a protégé of **Jean-Louis Gagnon** and used to work at *La Presse*, where his biggest coup was attracting **Gerard Pelletier** from *Le Travail*, the CNTU paper, over to *La Presse*. When Gagnon was named head of **InfoCan**, he sent Boudreau off to Paris. Gagnon is now at the CRTC and Ambassador Pelletier is stuck with Boudreau.

**Parliamentary Note:** John Diefenbaker, once regarded as an amiable old man, who now is more like a crotchety, embittered 80-year-old continuously demonstrating the elusiveness of statesmanship, used to refer scornfully to his old leader, Robert Stanfield, as "the horse's hoof." Despite the massiveness of his loathing for the man who unseated him, his puritanical instincts prevented him from saying "the horse's ass."

**Police Note:** The **Royal Canadian Mounted Police** recently made another approach to a journalist, this time a member of the **Quebec Press Gallery**, asking him to provide information and render sundry services. The journalist was recently transferred and the RCMP are still waiting for an answer.

**Help wanted, male:** Things are getting so tough with the decline of the **Catholic Church** in Quebec that the Diocese of St. Jean was forced to take out a help wanted ad in *Le Devoir* in an effort to get a new priest to fill a vacancy. A call to the bishop used to suffice; now it requires an ad in *Le Devoir*, published by **Claude Ryan**, known to his critics as "le Pape" (the Pope).

**More help wanted, male:** **Hollinger Mines** tradition-

ally reserves one seat on its board of directors for a French Canadian. However, ever since **Edmund Asselin** died, they've been having great trouble finding a suitable replacement. The seat is still vacant and the search goes on.



The ex-president perked right up

**Tory Talk:** **Sean O'Sullivan**, the youthful Conservative MP and the caucus' arch-rightwinger, was called on the carpet by **Joe Clark** and given a severe tongue lashing for his famous comment after Clark's leadership win to the effect that Canada now had "three socialist parties." He was bitterly depressed afterwards and went off to **Antigua** with a priest to recuperate. Later he went off to **California** and decided to look up **Richard Nixon** in **San Clemente**. Nixon received him in a duplicate oval office, where he is surrounded by presidential seals on the walls, the coffee cups, etc. O'Sullivan assured Nixon that the mass of silent Canadians fully support him despite recent difficulties, and that Canadian newspapers eulogize and honour him. This heretofore undisclosed evidence of Canuck love perked Nixon up no end. Charity is a Christian virtue and O'Sullivan is a Christian man.

**Flower power:** Recently, an Edmonton environmental group, **S.T.O.P.**, released a federal government document revealing that the **Great Canadian Oil Sands** in the tar sands was discharging 400,000 gallons of highly toxic liquid wastes per day into the Athabasca River from 75 pipes protruding from the massive dam surrounding its tailings pond. About a week later, **S.T.O.P.** learned that **GCOS** had 30 to 40 employees busily planting flowers on



top of the tailings dike while the toxic wastes continued to pour into the river from the pipes at the bottom of the dike.

**Cuban Fête:** Supply and Services Minister **Jean-Pierre Goyer** lunched on July 26 with **John Angus 'Bud' McDougall**, the multi-millionaire director of scores of companies, who runs **Argus Corp.**, archrival of that other big holding company, **Power Corp.**, hitherto known as a Liberal backer but which has now joined Argus in Tory ranks. It is not known what they discussed during their **Toronto Club** lunch, except that it wasn't likely a celebration of Cuba's national day. However, as Goyer requested the meeting, it may be assumed he was pushing some aspect or other of his pet passion, the **Alberta Tar Sands**. In Ottawa circles, Goyer is known as a tar sands nut, having been smitten by **Herman Kahn** and the Hudson Institute's wild scheme to have the tar sands developed by thousands of Korean coolies. Even though it has nothing to do with his ministry, Goyer switches many a conversation to the tar sands. Friends say he's a positive bore on the subject.

**Royalty takes note:** **Nick Auf der Maur**, Montreal city councillor, received many comments about his book on the Olympics, *The Billion Dollar Game*, but one of the more interesting notes came in a letter from **Prince Philip**, seeking to clarify a point (and if anyone thinks this is a cheap plug for his book, true, 'tis a plug, but not cheap).

**Olympic Party:** The all-night party **COJO** threw for journalists at the end of the Games cost a tidy \$100,000. It was held at the city's latest massive downtown development, **Complexe Desjardins**. The Cannon camera people picked up 50 per cent of the tab for the free food and booze. It ran till 6 a.m.



**Rosemary Brown:** Trekking to Ottawa?



**Herman Kahn:** Goyer's still entranced

**Brown-Holt:** **Rosemary Brown**, member of the B.C. legislature and runner-up in the 1975 NDP federal leadership contest, is understood to be interested in the NDP nomination in the federal seat of Vancouver-Kingsway, long held by fellow New Democrat **Grace McInnis**, but now represented by Liberal **Simma Holt**. Holt, a strident advocate of capital punishment, did not allow a broken leg to interfere with her determination to fight the recent government bill abolishing the noose. She has been known to talk and talk almost endlessly, oblivious to those around her. In fact, in her younger days, she once talked someone to death, so to speak. She and a group of friends were having a little gathering by the Spanish Banks, a treacherous area of the Vancouver shoreline which non-swimmers are urged to avoid. She and a young gentleman wandered off together wading through the surf, she jabbering away as was her wont. She had waded some distance, still talking, when she turned around and saw he had disappeared, swallowed by the waves.

**Expos, eh?:** Coverage of **Montreal Expos** baseball games by **The Canadian Press**, our national news-gathering agency, is relayed directly to the New York offices of its much larger sister agency, **The Associated Press**, rather than across the CP wire. CP headquarters in Toronto then picks it off the AP wire at the same time as AP member newspapers are receiving it, and retransmits it to its own members some time later.

**Joe's notes:** **Joe Clark's** successful leadership campaign ran at an estimated \$60,000 deficit. The deficit was picked up by two Calgary oil companies which weren't previous supporters of the Tory wunderkind.





# THE BACKLASH

photo: David Lloyd

by Drummond Burgess

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“French is being shoved down our throats.”

—Letter to the editor, *The Toronto Star*

“This is an English-speaking country.”

—Letter to the editor, *The Toronto Star*

“Pierre Trudeau should depart and take Quebec with him, and good riddance.”

— Letter to the editor, *The Toronto Star*

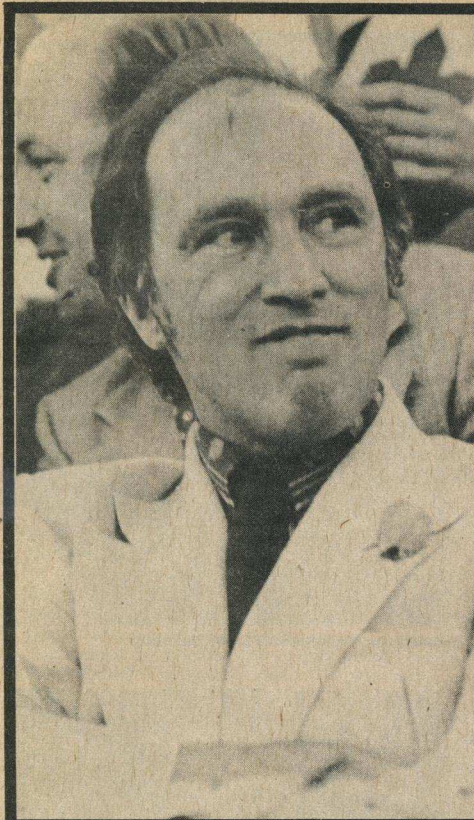
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Day after day during June and July, the letters to the editor pages of newspapers in English Canada recorded the anti-French backlash — a backlash often expressed in terms so irrational as to provide evidence of mass hysteria.

Any revised edition of the book *Columbo's Canadian Quotations* will have to include the cri-de-coeur “French is being shoved down our throats.” And not only shoved but, depending on the taste in verbs of the letter-writer, jammed, crammed, rammed or pushed. A lot of English Canadians, it almost seemed, were being forced to endure the experiences of Linda Lovelace (although, obviously, without the fun). Wailed one letter-writer as he cheered the pilot's strike, “perhaps the rape of Canada by Quebec will finally be halted.”

The trouble was, there didn't seem to be any evidence that anyone was being raped. True, there were some well-paid federal civil servants who resented the opportunity they were being given to become bilingual at government expense, and there were some unilingual English speaking Quebecers who





Trudeau said the crisis was the worst since Conscription in the Second World War; Transport Minister Otto Lang ended up with all sides mad at him

resented the Bourassa government's chipping away at their former, privileged positions. But, on this occasion at least, it was not from those quarters that the fiercest reactions came.

Rather, it was those parts of Canada farthest from Quebec or with the least exposure to French in their daily lives who showed the most extreme bigotry. The only evidence these letter-writers could muster for their fears was such trivia as bilingual signs on federal buildings and the 'sinister' appearance of French alongside English on their can of peas or their box of corn flakes. Prime Minister Trudeau, when faced with this complaint, is reported to have said "turn the box around". However, that's a rational answer and not likely to be effective against people seized by a fear of things that go bump in the night.

It's impossible to know how many English Canadians supported the backlash, and it's impossible to know how many were expressing dyed-in-the-wool hatred rather than short-lived bitchiness. Some commentators have guessed 80 per cent. But it's those who are really agitated who write the letters to the editor, send telegrams and make phone calls;

those who aren't upset just go on worrying about the things they normally worry about — like how much it's going to cost to get the refrigerator fixed. Guesswork is only guesswork; the most that can be said is — a lot.

Although the air controllers' and pilots' strike was an important event in its own right, it was not nearly so important as the reaction it triggered in English Canada. It doesn't matter much in the great scheme of things whether airports in Quebec become bilingual this year, next year or five years from now, but, if English Canada's backlash is a deeply rooted thing, then any bets on national unity — certainly on the Liberals' idea of national unity — would be suckers' bets.

Over the past few years bilingualism seemed to have become a motherhood issue in Canada. The weight of media, political and business approval — however reluctantly given — made 'French power' a consensus issue that could not be respectably attacked. And if a majority of English Canadians were bigots in their hearts, they had no chance to wear their hearts on their sleeves — in much the same way as it is impossible to judge the extent of anti-semitism in Canada, or



the hostility to immigrants with black or brown skins, because most Canadians who feel that way aren't likely to say so in any forum more public than a conversation with a friendly neighbour over the back-yard fence.

What the pilots and the air controllers did was to offer English Canadians a convenient substitute motherhood issue — "Safety in the air".

No matter that the very people who swooned over safety in the air don't give a damn about safety in the factories or mines where so many Canadians work; no matter that millions of Canadians care so little about safety that they won't use seat belts in their cars, even where it's required by law — a backlash was waiting for a chance to express itself and "Safety in the air" provided the opportunity.

The backlash started with the use of code words such as "Safety in the air", "It's a technical question", and "What will it cost?" used by the opinion-makers; then the layers of civility and understood meaning peeled away as the worst bigots got into the act and didn't bother with code words; until poor, old bilingualism became the scapegoat for every real or imaginary ill in English Canada from inflation to high taxes.

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"... the theory of 'racial backlash' does not stand up to any serious examination."

—Prof. Ramsay Cook, commenting on the 1972 election

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Memories of the 1972 federal election, which reduced the Liberal party to minority status in the House of Commons, have become obscured by the 1974 results, which returned the Grits to a majority position, including a majority of English speaking ridings.

But the 1974 campaign was an unusual one. Because of Conservative leader Robert Stanfield's commitment to wage and price controls Prime Minister Trudeau was able to go on the attack instead of having to defend his record, and scared the pants off a lot of voters with stories of the terrible things that would happen to them if their wages were frozen.

However, the 1972 election had allowed a variety of issues to emerge and, as the extent of the Liberal setback became evident on election night, few doubted that one of the causes was an anti-French backlash.

Although few political candidates openly appealed to racist feelings, throughout the campaign there were stories of a low-key exploitation of anti-Quebec resentment. On one occasion Tory leader Stanfield had to order his party's candidate in Port Arthur riding to drop an advertisement that implied that the Liberal Party and its leader, Pierre Trudeau, were not Canadians. The ad proclaimed: "John Erickson knows that we need a Canadian Cabinet and a Prime Minister that will represent all Canadians." Stanfield also had to slap down Alberta's Jack Horner, a man who in 1976 was to emerge as an important figure at the Tory leadership convention. A Horner advertisement had said the candidate was fighting the spending of too much federal money in Quebec. On a less visible level, talk about "get rid of that Frenchman in Ottawa" was common.

Peter Reilly, who won election as a Conservative in Ottawa West, and who today co-hosts the CBC's "Fifth Estate" program, sensed the latent racism early in the campaign. "There is a good deal of racism being given new life in this

photo: David Lloyd



Trudeau campaigns in the 1972 election

photo: David Lloyd



Stanfield proposes a wage and price freeze in the 1974 election



area," he said. He went on to say that racism "will not be tolerated in my campaign." He then campaigned against the government's bilingualism program. Reported Clair Balfour in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*:

"But he [Reilly] repeated that merit should be the sole criterion for success in a public service career, regardless of language.

"He added the problem is so serious that the only solution may be to slow the program to be fair to public servants.

"That form of fairness to the English speaking means being unfair to French speaking Canadians, he was reminded. He shot back: 'I've never believed you rectify an injustice by perpetrating a second one.'"

As the election results came in there arose a short-lived but pretty common consensus that an anti-French backlash was an important reason for the Liberals' setback.

Said Donald Macdonald, then the energy minister, on election night: It was "a Tory redneck attack on Quebec. It was an attack on the government's bilingualism policy, even though it didn't concern most of Ontario."

Conservative Dan McKenzie, who won election in a Winnipeg constituency, said any Conservative could have won because of the anti-Trudeau feeling; "bilingualism," he said, "disturbed more people than anything else."

Liberal Mark Smerchanski, who lost Provencher riding to Tory Jake Epp, said "bilingualism hurt me more than anything else."

Liberal Lloyd Francis, defeated in Ottawa West, said the vote in his civil service riding was "a repudiation by the public service of the government's rough and unthinking implementation of the language policy."

Agreement that there had been a backlash was especially strong amongst politicians, press, TV and radio commentators in Quebec.

But a few days after the election a campaign to provide a counter-interpretation got under way. There had, after all, been other issues in the rather diffuse campaign — notably, the successful "corporate welfare bums" campaign waged by then NDP leader David Lewis. Toronto academic Ramsay Cook, an early supporter of Pierre Trudeau in 1968, got space in a number of newspapers to argue that "If bilingualism and 'French power' had been a real issue, then more would have been made of it" and "the theory of 'racial backlash' does not stand up to any serious interpretation." Cook attributed the results to strictly economic issues.

Former Trudeau cabinet minister Eric Kierans, who had resigned the year before over the Liberals' economic policies, blamed those same policies for the election results. There was no backlash against Quebec at all, he said; the Liberals just didn't deliver the goods."

The *Toronto Star*, arguing against a backlash interpretation in a lead editorial, used the headline "Don't let this legend take root".

As the *Toronto Star* had hoped, the "legend" did not take root. The counter-interpretation, which stressed economic issues and bad campaign strategy, won the day. This was possible because the racism in the campaign was a low-key thing, still in the closet; the closet door might have opened, but not so much it couldn't be slammed shut and the pretence adopted that it had never opened at all.

Opinion makers dropped the issue. On the surface, little more was heard. Commentators and politicians became swept up in the parliamentary drama of a minority government struggling to survive. David Lewis, holding the balance

of power, was in the spotlight. Then came the 1974 election in which Conservative leader Stanfield, with his wage and price freeze policy, scared voters away in droves. The Liberals returned with a comfortable majority, though they remained extremely weak in the West. The backlash was forgotten.

This was too bad — for national unity in general and for the Trudeau government in particular — because almost four years were wasted during which the government could have learned the lesson of the 1972 campaign and could have worked to rescue its bilingualism policy. Tackling the problem head on might not have killed off the backlash; but ignoring the problem has certainly not prevented the backlash from growing.

There are signs the same mistake will be repeated even now. Although the media and public figures are not, this time, pushing a counter-interpretation of what happened — it would take a real razzle-dazzle to pull that off — most are adopting silence as a policy; those, that is, who are not part of the backlash.

At the height of this summer's tumult many Liberals proclaimed their intention to explain and defend bilingualism across the country — then they went on holidays.

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"If we [the pilots] are successful and the government withdraws this French program at the airports, it's going to be felt in other areas of the civil service where this bilingualism and biculturalism have gone too far."

— CALPA president Ken Maley, 1975 *Time* magazine interview

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The battle between the government and the air controllers and pilots was a struggle to win over public opinion in English Canada — and the controllers and pilots won hands down.

They had their tactics well-prepared. They had a better sense of the public mood and knew that their fellow-countrymen were ripe for a frog-bashing binge. They cashed in on the romantic image of pilots — portrayed in thousands of TV programs, movies and books — as gladiators who are always trim, clean and handsome and who always talk crisp and act swift. Above all, they knew their Liberals and, for that matter, their Conservatives and New Democrats too.

When the crisis broke few people in Canada were aware that bilingualism is not unusual in air traffic control — and this country's controllers and pilots did nothing to enlighten them. Most of the information transmitted by the media during the actual strike left the public with the impression that English was the universal language of aviation, used throughout the world, and that the introduction of bilingualism at Quebec airports was a quixotic and dangerous step being taken by uninformed politicians at the expense of safety — bilingualism run wild.

English, of course, is the international language of aviation, but it is not the only language of aviation. The International Civil Aviation Organization, with 132 member states and with its headquarters in Montreal, suggests that English be available at all times for air-ground communications. But it also recommends that "air-ground-telephonic com-



munications should be conducted in the language normally used by the station on the ground." Bilingualism — English and the national language — is the routine at some of the best-known airports in the Western world, such as Paris, Rome, Athens, Lisbon and Madrid. Canadian pilots regularly and uneventfully fly into those cities.

Even CALPA president Ken Maley had to use the revealing double talk that "bilingual communication is not unsafe, but less safe." If he had said anything else, he would have been hard put to explain why Canadian air lines are able to fly to Europe with a rather good safety record. Indeed, Maley would have found it hard to explain how he personally manages to fly CP Air planes safely into and out of such bilingual airports as Lisbon, Madrid, Rome and Athens. But the point was lost in the general hysteria which, in any event, was not really concerned about "safety" but about the status of French Canadians in Canada. Many English Canadians believed, because they wanted to believe, that bilingualism meant littering the landscape of Quebec with the wrecks of crashed jetliners.

The orchestrated nature of the controllers' and pilots' campaign was most evident with the scare stories that suddenly hit the front pages of English Canada's newspapers during the strike. For example, on June 22, the *Globe and Mail* carried a story headlined "Those near misses: Pilots blame the two-language control system". There followed details of what were supposed to be narrow escapes from mid-air collisions in the skies of Quebec in areas where some bilingualism had already been introduced at airports.

It all sounded hair-raising.

For example: "Suddenly," the captain said later in a report to his airline, "the controller seemed to get excited and changed the instructions he was giving in French to a mixture of French and English. It was at that point that I realized that

a light aircraft was endangering the safety of my flight' . . . At a height of 300 feet, the captain, in a swift action to avoid a collision, swung his jetliner, capable of carrying 101 passengers and crew, into a left turn and carried out a 'missed approach.' 'I firmly believe,' he said in his report, 'that had only one international language been spoken by all, we would have understood the problem that much sooner . . . carried out a missed approach earlier, and not put our aircraft in danger.'"

Whew!

On the same day, although not on its front page, the *Toronto Star* headlined: "Toronto pilot tells of near-misses". A couple of days later the *Ottawa Journal* really pulled out all the stops: "Split seconds away from disaster. It's the possibility of this situation — and the vital earth-ground link between pilot and controllers — that has the men in charge of the world's air commuters refusing to accept the imposition of bilingualism in the skies".

The next day *Globe and Mail* reporter William Johnson found out the truth and let the cat out of the bag, although by then the damage had been done as English Canadians shook and shivered when they thought about the perilous skies of Quebec.

The scare tactics were part of a deliberate, exaggerated and probably fraudulent campaign prepared for the Canadian Air Line Pilots Association last year. The campaign had been recommended by CALPA's lawyer, John Keenan. This was interesting since on May 12 the government had been suckered into appointing Keenan as commissioner to conduct the promised inquiry into the safety of bilingual air traffic control, apparently because he was considered acceptable by the Canadian Air Traffic Control Association. It turned out there was little wonder why CATCA had found Keenan acceptable. And it turned out that French speaking pilots and con-

photo: David Lloyd



The reports of "near misses" during the pilots' strike were part of a carefully prepared campaign



trollers in Quebec were correct when they forced his resignation because they didn't think he could be impartial.

The campaign was based on nine "Recommendations for CALPA consideration" sent to CALPA executive members in July of last year with a covering letter from Keenan. One of the recommendations said: "If necessary a flight to Quebec City, faced with 'a chaotic situation', could be aborted for safety's sake." That sounded suspiciously like the incident Canadians had been hearing so much about over the previous few days.

If the 'incidents' had indeed happened the Ministry of Transport should have known about them. But the ministry said it either knew nothing of the 'incidents' or, if it did, could not verify them because they had been reported more than 30 days after they happened. After 30 days the tapes of conversations between planes and control towers are erased, destroying the direct evidence.

The recommendations for CALPA also said that the press campaign "should continue unabated throughout the country, and particularly in Quebec. If possible we should try to enlist the support of one respected French journalist or newscaster," and "well-briefed CALPA members in uniform should personally visit as many MPs, Cabinet ministers, bureaucrats, and Ottawa policy makers as possible."

"Safety in the air", then, was never the real issue. For the public "safety in the air" was a convenient "code word", a motherhood issue, behind which they could let off the steam of their prejudice against French Canadians. What was the real issue for the controllers and pilots? One answer is jobs. The pilots and controllers, and especially the pilots, occupy a rather comfortable middle class niche in Canadian society. Although there are a few French airline pilots, and an increasingly militant group of French controllers in Quebec, the niche is overwhelmingly English. To the extent that bilingualism is required, they will have to either learn French or eventually be replaced — and since most bilingual Canadians are French Canadians this could mean a transformation of this elite group from English to French.

The government has promised that bilingualism in air communications will only apply to Quebec and the Ottawa region, but the controllers and pilots think bilingualism in Quebec is only the thin edge of the wedge. If they had discussed such fears openly and rationally, no doubt one of the great Canadian compromises could have been worked out. Instead they chose an all-or-nothing strategy and made themselves the vanguard of the anti-French backlash in Canada.

The pilots and air controllers demanded surrender, and the politicians, panicked by the mood in English Canada, capitulated. They settled for the best terms they could get, which were about as good as those Vichy France was allowed in 1940. There will, admittedly, be a second phase to the war in about two years time when the three-man commission that replaced the abortive Keenan commission makes its report. And with that the government could claim that it had saved face. Prime Minister Trudeau announced on his way back from the economic summit in Puerto Rico that the agreement with the controllers and pilots was "as total a victory on paper as is needed," while Transport Minister Otto Lang insisted his concessions were "not a backing down in any way on the policy of bilingualism."

That was before the counter-backlash from Quebec, with the National Assembly unanimously supporting the l'Association des gens de l'air du Québec in its fight to make French one of the working languages in air traffic control;



**Jean Marchand's resignation symbolized Quebec's rejection of the agreement ending the strike**

with Environment Minister Jean Marchand resigning from the Cabinet; with federal Liberal backbenchers from Quebec staging a mini-revolt, led by MPs Serge Joyal, Pierre de Bane and Louis Ducloux; and with commentators and politicians relentlessly pointing out the loopholes in the commission's mandate.

The government's capitulation seems inexplicable unless seen as a surrender to public opinion — in fact, public hysteria — in English Canada. The government could have let the country's airplanes sit on the ground until they rusted. Contingency plans were ready to use the armed forces to provide emergency services where necessary. The argument sometimes presented that the planes had to be got back in the air because of the Olympics is unconvincing when it is remembered the government was prepared to see the Olympics collapse rather than allow Taiwan to call itself the Republic of China. Planes are nice to have, but for most Canadians they're a luxury rather than a necessity. During the week the strike lasted, trans-Atlantic jetsetters were already finding their way to U.S. airports.

The government could have put up a fight; it preferred to cut its losses and sweep the issue under the rug for a couple of years.



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“When I was elected in 1964, English Canada would have brought out the troops to keep Quebec in Confederation. Now they’d make them sandwiches and wish them bon voyage.”

—Max Saltzman, *NDP member of parliament*

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As it turned out the battle for public opinion was not much of a fight because the pilots and controllers were left a clear field. At such a time it would normally fall to leading voices in English Canada to recognize the symbolism and significance of what was happening and to come out fighting for the principle of bilingualism. With a few exceptions the silence from that camp was deafening — except for those who supported the pilots.

“I think all of us should be clear on the issue at stake here,” said Tory Opposition Leader Joe Clark on nationwide TV at the height of the crisis. He then closed his eyes to the real issue. “It is not the national bilingualism program. Bilingualism is part of the law of the land and it will continue to be. The question instead is whether bilingual communications can be extended in air traffic control services, without endangering public safety and security. It is essentially a technical issue. It should not be a political issue. It is unfortunate that the government has allowed it to become one.”

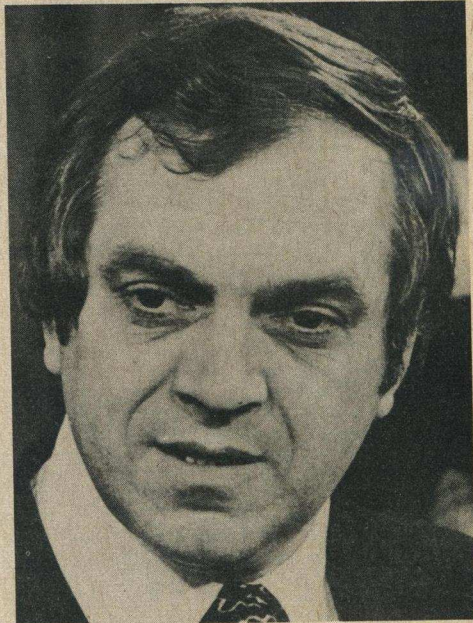
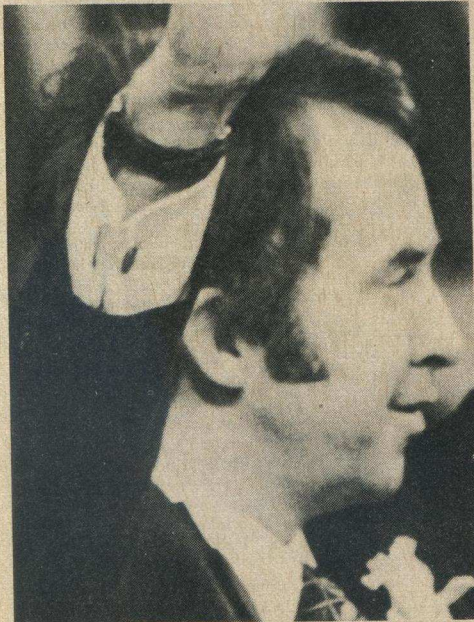
There are plenty of “technical” issues involved in the bilingualism program. It’s obvious there has been some mismanagement and unfairness. But “technical” issues can only remain “technical” when there is a pretty broad consensus in

favour of a program as a whole, not when the program is under heavy, often virulent attack. For example, the Bibeau report on the bilingualism program, made public in August, makes clear there are areas in which the program has been botched. Since ten of its 12 member inquiry panel are French Canadians, their criticisms can hardly be a ploy to stir up anti-French feeling and, at another time, its findings would probably be a constructive force. Because of the timing, however, the report is being welcomed and used by those whose opposition to bilingualism is not “technical”.

Clark is not anti-French. He is committed to bilingualism. He has worked hard to become bilingual himself, including taking an immersion course in French at Quebec City last summer. But many members and supporters of his party are, and his party will be the natural beneficiary of the backlash. There’s no place else for the anti-French vote to go. Clark’s speech didn’t drive those votes away.

Not that the New Democratic Party hasn’t tried to keep its options open too. In his national TV speech, NDP leader Ed Broadbent went Clark one better by harping on the issue of cost, an issue that had not been regarded as central since the great debate of 15 years ago over whether it would cost too much to have simultaneous translation in parliament and whether the country could afford bilingual cheques.

“I believe that before a decision is reached on such a complex and costly development,” said Broadbent, “the people of Canada, French and English speaking alike, must have all the available expert opinion on the effects of bilingualism on costs, efficiency and safety. In the commission established last month, all of these factors were going to be considered. However, in the new commission established



Neither Conservative Leader Clark nor NDP Leader Broadbent were willing to oppose the pilots and air controllers





Former NDP Leader David Lewis condemned the backlash in B.C.; Ontario Transport Minister Jim Snow supported the pilots and controllers "100 per cent".

yesterday, the cost element was eliminated from the terms of reference.

"The change in the terms of reference has bothered the pilots. But something even more important is at stake.

"Surely this change is a serious mistake. Cost estimates especially in areas involving the most complex of technology must be known to all of us in advance of any decision being reached. . . ."

How much is national unity worth? Fifteen cents? A quarter?

The NDP likes to see itself as the conscience of parliament, if not as the conscience of Canada, and it might have been expected that Broadbent would keep his eye on the ball and devote his TV time to meeting the racist backlash head-on.

But on this issue the NDP's conscience was out to lunch. Of the NDP's parliamentary caucus only a minority, led by Lorne Nystrom and including Juan Rodriguez, Les Benjamin, Max Saltzman, Andy Brewin and Stuart Leggatt opposed the pilots and controllers.

A majority of the caucus shared the mood of hostility sweeping the country. Their principal spokesman was former NDP leader Tommy Douglas. This was surprising since, in 1970, Douglas had braved a similar angry climate to oppose the War Measures Act, earning himself unpopularity in the short term, but respect in the long run. However, Douglas had seen the War Measures Act not in terms of French Canada but simply as a civil rights issue.

Broadbent's performance even got him favourable mention in the *Toronto Sun*, a right-wing Tory newspaper that backed the pilots and controllers, and which found its own party leader, Joe Clark, lacking by comparison. In an editorial headed "Jugular Joe" the *Sun* said: "During the bilingualism issue with pilots and controllers, where was Joe? Oh, he mouthed a few platitudes about supporting bilingualism, but he had no zip. No fire. Ed Broadbent, the NDP leader, made sense. He was effective. All Joe had to say was: 'Bilingualism on the ground — safety in the air.' But he didn't. He hedged. Played it safe. Bah! . . . So far Clark shows all the

fighting instincts of . . . of a Stanfield. Oh dear!"

Few people of note in English Canada rose to the occasion. One who did was former NDP leader David Lewis, who was teaching a summer course at Simon Fraser University in British Columbia. Lewis ventured before the Vancouver Rotary Club to say there was an "immense, bigoted intolerance" to French Canada's efforts to maintain its own language and culture.

Lewis found the intolerance "incomprehensible because they [the middle class] do not bump up against it [French] at all. It is no matter that touches their lives, yet they get het up about it.

"The tendency to blame the centre for most of the ills is quite understandable because westerners have been badly shafted by the centralist policies of the government — but when they express resentment against Ontario, it is with a certain kindness toward someone in the family, but against the Quebec people it is with a certain sharpness 'because they do not speak my language'."

No one, Lewis said, is "trying to shove anything down your throat . . . we are not going to have a country unless we understand this."

Lewis grew up in Montreal, speaks fluent French and knows what's going on. But the 1974 election reduced the federal NDP to a rump and Lewis lost in his own riding. If he had been in parliament it's unlikely the NDP would have gone off on a 'What'll it cost?' tangent, but that's one of the might-have-beens of history.

Another former leader, Conservative Robert Stanfield, weighed in with an important speech at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, in which he criticized the emotional opposition to bilingualism. In an interview, Stanfield said he had frequently been urged by advisors to turn his back on Quebec and bilingualism to win enough seats in English Canada to get elected, but "I always thought that was the advice of desperation."

Most people of note in English Canada with access to the media stayed silent, or ducked the issue, or pandered to the prejudice. For example, addressing a public meeting near



Toronto on June 23, Ontario Transport Minister James Snow told the audience he supported the pilots and controllers 100 per cent. He said he was certain there would be more near-misses and maybe worse if bilingualism was introduced at Quebec airports. "Although there has been no official position taken by the government of Ontario," said Snow, "I think I can speak for my caucus and for the cabinet." His remarks were echoed by James Reed, Liberal MPP for Halton-Burlington and by NDP candidate Bill Johnson.

"We're getting news leaked out eye-dropper style by senior RCMP officers"

—Serge Joyal, Liberal MP (Maisonneuve Rosemont)

"Are they [the RCMP] planning a coup d'etat or something?"

—Louis Duclos, Liberal MP (Montmorency)

Back in the middle of July, the *Toronto Sun* had some editorial advice for Conservative leader Joe Clark: "Clark should dump his Tory-chic 'advisors'. And trying to con Quebec. Forget Quebec. Lean on Dief again — Dief, who didn't speak French but understood Quebec, Dief, who in one election got more seats in Quebec (50 in 1958) than other Tory leaders did in a total of 10 elections since 1935."

The old Diefenbaker strategy — win big enough in English Canada to get into power, then in the next election Quebec will realize what side of its bread has the butter and vote Conservative — is alive and well in some of the permanent federal institutions — career civil servants, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, parts of the armed forces and, of course, pilots and air controllers. And it's alive and well in some business circles.

But the tactics, at this time, involve more than just forgetting Quebec; they're designed to discredit Quebec and French Canadians in the eyes of English Canadians, and so to discredit the Liberal Party, the party for which most Quebecers vote.

It's what might be called 'English power', the counterpart of the 'French power' that the Trudeau government has tried to bring to Ottawa to provide Quebec with a more attractive alternative than separatism.

For months there's been a campaign to destroy the reputations of the French speaking members of the Trudeau cabinet. Sometimes it's an attempt to link their names with scandal, with the Conservative Party, and particularly Tory M.P. Elmer MacKay, used as the medium for the accusations, as in the Sky Shops affair with all its alleys and byways. In the case of the Prime Minister, it's an effort to impugn his loyalty to the country; when RCMP security chief Michael Dare's letter on the security screening of separatists was leaked to the *Toronto Sun*, an attempt was made to paint Trudeau as a man packing the civil service with separatists. Two things are clear: first, the 'scandals' have been exposed as the result of leaks, and second, the leaks aren't motivated by the pursuit of justice but are intended to create the maximum political embarrassment for the government and especially its French speaking members.

Investigative journalism is all the rage these days, so it would be nice to think that one lonely M.P., Elmer MacKay, and the understaffed Conservative research office were running around digging up dirt with the verve and vigour of a

Woodward and Bernstein. But it's just not so. Anyone who has been around journalism for a while knows that 'investigative' journalism is one of the toughest crafts to ply. Canada and the U.S. are supposed to be 'open' societies, but in fact in both countries, and especially in Canada, governmental secrecy is the order of the day. The bodies are well-buried and most of the time they only get dug up when someone in a position of power wants them dug up. And then the question arises 'Why?'. The journalist, or the politician acting like a journalist may get his scoop; he may also get used.

The Tories have been getting their information as the result of leaks from some of this country's permanent institutions — elements of the RCMP and the civil service. Last May Elmer MacKay, the main channel for the leaks, told reporters that "the RCMP does not have as much respect for the rights of Canadians as they should. . . ." He said they were leaking many documents to him "and this does not indicate to me they have a very tight and happy ship." Gesturing with his fingers to show a two-inch gap, MacKay said "today I got a set of RCMP papers that thick. They landed at my door."

With even MacKay admitting it, there's scarcely room for doubt.



Right-wing Tories want to follow the old Diefenbaker strategy and forget Quebec



For various reasons parts of this country's permanent government — the civil service and the agencies — want to change the temporary, elected government. One of the reasons is hostility to bilingualism and to 'French power'. Even some Tories have begun to feel uneasy at the extent to which the leaks seem designed to embarrass French speaking ministers.

Former Environment Minister Jean Marchand, who resigned to protest the government's caving in to the pilots and controllers, has been a particular target. Some Mounties have been so anxious to embarrass him that they even tipped off the press to be at the door when they went to question him about the Sky Shops affair. More recently, NDP leader Ed Broadbent allowed himself to be used when, at the time Marchand resigned, he wrote a letter to Trudeau asking for comment on some rumours of scandal involving Marchand; it turned out that a Mountie investigation months before had cleared Marchand. Broadbent ended up with egg on his face, but not before the letter had some effect in blunting the effect of Marchand's resignation.

The Tories have admitted they would like to find an English speaking minister or two who could be embarrassed by scandal to offset the impression they only harass French Canadians. So far they haven't found one — that is to say, haven't been given one by the people doing the leaking. They may get one yet; after all, the leakers have to keep their operation credible. But there's no doubt who the real target has been, and there's no doubt the pursuit of justice and the exposure of scandal has been only a side-effect of plain, old, anti-French politics.

The agitation and strike by the pilots and air controllers against the French language is a new twist in the campaign. And it's one that was timely. There were some signs that the attempt to undermine the government by accusations of scandal was having diminishing returns. The scandals when looked at coldly were something less than impressive; certainly less than that would have been expected from all the orchestrated, advance publicity.

But the scandals have played their part. They helped prepare the ground for the anti-French campaign of the pilots and controllers by helping to remove the inhibitions English Canadians have had about being openly anti-French.

It can be expected that a lot more will be heard about the perils and pitfalls of bilingualism between now and the next election. The pilots' and controllers' strike got more response from public opinion than all the so-called scandals put together. For the moment at least, it looks to a lot of Tories like a winning number — the same number that just missed turning up in the 1972 election.

But like so many other things that politicians do, it could all turn out to be another great con game. The Tories, if they win, aren't going to abolish bilingualism. Maybe they'll even intensify it. In the United States, right-wing Republican Richard Nixon built his entire career on anti-Communism and Red-baiting; then shortly after he became President he made peace with Russia and China to an extent no Democrat had ever dared.

Maybe we'll live to see the day when big Jack Horner will be shoving bilingualism down the throats of his fellow Canadians, and stomping anyone who gets in his way. Of course, then the permanent government might get down on the Tories too; they're pretty non-partisan about who they dump, as John Diefenbaker should remember from his misfortunes in the early sixties.

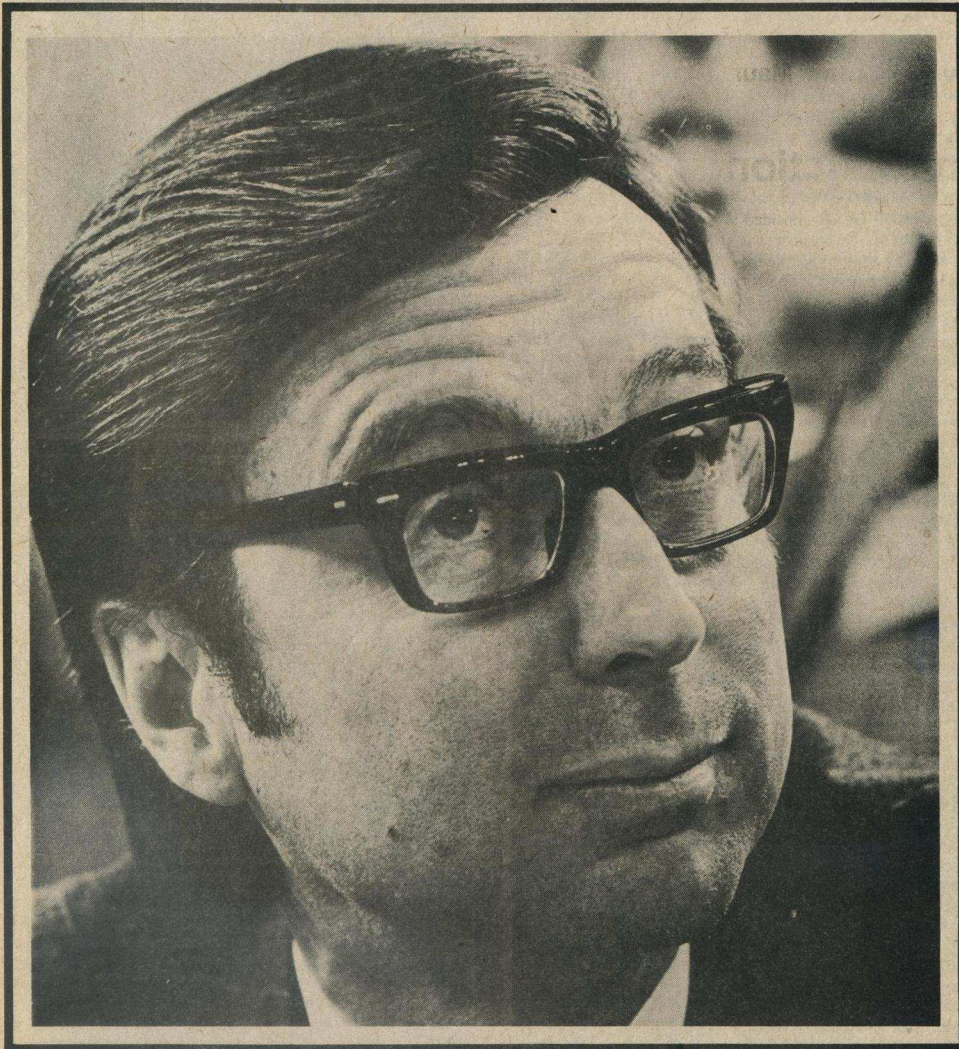


Mounties have been leaking documents to the Conservatives



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# Quebec: state



Premier Bourassa sits atop the "doughhead theory of administration"

photo: Bruce Paton



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# of confusion

by Nick Auf der Maur

## Introduction

Olympic euphoria subsided in a surprisingly short time in Quebec, and as summer waned the state of Quebec life reverted to normal, marked by the confusion, disarray and benign neglect that has characterized the province for the past while.

The confusion belonged to the public, the disarray to the opposition and the benign neglect to the bloated Liberal majority, as ever relying on the former two elements as the key to continued power. The successful Olympic Games — where costs, billion dollar deficits and other picayune details were conveniently forgotten or pushed into the background — provided a brief respite and optimism in an otherwise bleak, pessimistic political landscape.

By September school boards threatened a teachers' lockout and the language issue flared again, prolonging the disputes which have disrupted almost the entire public school system for well over a year. Labour-management-government difficulties continued alternately to paralyze, disrupt and enfeeble the hospital system. And while labour's much proclaimed second Common Front in the public sector withered away, the province's rather quaint and unique construction unions managed to bring the entire construction industry, including the mammoth James Bay project, to a spluttering stop. The inequities and injustices of the language issue, highlighted by a variety of incidents, continued to raise passions and emotions on both sides of the fence. Those sitting on the fence could only writhe in anguish.

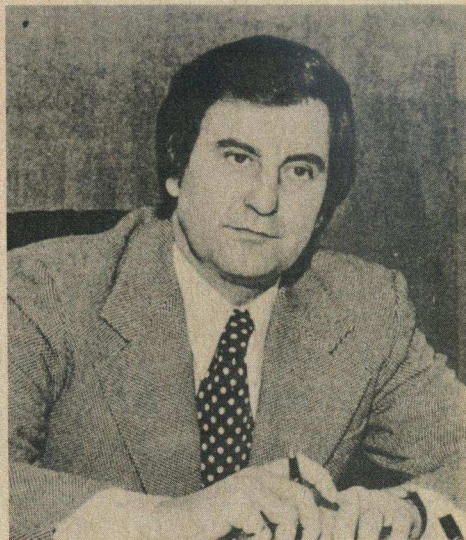
In the face of this, the opposition forces of both the left and the right were mired in disarray, locked in destructive internecine battle.

Somewhere, vaguely on the left, the Parti Quebecois is preparing for a February convention which will likely be highlighted by the radical-moderate bickering and factionalism which festered throughout the summer and fall. Labour radicals and the usual assortment of fringe leftists issue empty calls for and piously await the establishment of a workers' party.

Out in right field, conservative forces persist in presenting a travelling opera bouffe attempt to achieve unity. The forces are splintered into three camps, called parties. Their leaders are barely on speaking terms and spend much of their time publicly denouncing each other.

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Nick Auf der Maur is a Montreal City Councillor and an editor of the Last Post



Trade and Commerce Minister Guy St. Pierre: claimed a separatist option for the Liberals

## The state of the government

It would appear that most people in Quebec City and its various agencies subscribe to "The Doughhead Theory of Administration." The Doughhead theory presupposes that the public is made up of doughheads who don't understand anything. Just keep quietly working, or not working as the case may be, pay your taxes, they tell the people, we'll take care of everything, make the decisions, look after details, because we know what's best for you.

Under this theory of government, there's little need to consult or inform the people or the opposition. It's efficient. Also, when elections come around, the government can avoid real issues and create the ones it wishes to wave in front of the people. In fact, Premier Bourassa and the Liberal machine have managed to develop an automated, electronic election



campaign. In the last election, radio stations could phone up Liberal HQ, plug in daily and record pre-selected 30-second tape snippets of the premier. Every day there was a variety of ten or so tape cassettes, both video and sound, for the radio and TV stations to choose from.

Direct contact with an inquiring press could be reduced to a minimum. Journalists, well paid these days, could grumble, but most radio and TV stations found it so convenient. Contact with the dirty masses could be sanitized by packing radio hot line shows with Liberal callers. The election campaign and the accompanying slogans could be packaged like soap.

While this theory and practice of government is not unique to Quebec, and can be found throughout the world, it has been developed to a fine art by the Bourassa Liberals (the administration of Jean Drapeau in the city of Montreal is no slouch in this matter either).

It is a cliché to say that the Quebec governmental style has evolved into a sort of technocracy. According to this cliché, subtle nationalist forces have combined to make the state the prime instrument of the French Canadian nation. Denied access to the power and councils of big business, the talented managerial elite has been channelled to the state and its increasingly powerful agencies. The technocrats dominate here, funded by the heaviest public tax load in the country.

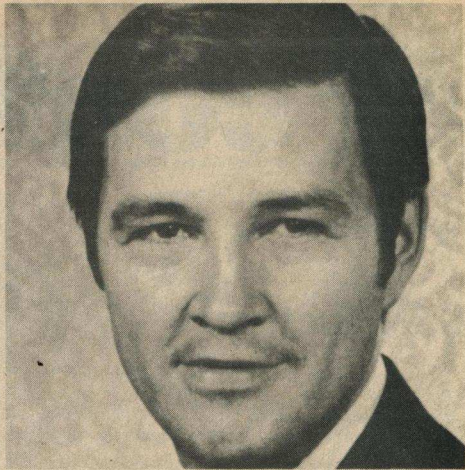
A bewildering array of these agencies have been set up: Hydro-Quebec, the Quebec Deposit and Investment Fund, the pension fund, SIDBEC (steel), SOQUIP (oil exploration), SOQUEM (mineral exploration), James Bay Development Corp., Marine Industries, SODEVIC (real estate), etc. The managerial talent in these government-controlled groups connects with the nouveau riche of the Bromont Set and old money like the Simards.

The powerful men of Quebec are technocrats and senior civil servants who staff the boards and connecting ministries. Some of them are: Guy Coulombe, the 40 year old secretary of the Quebec cabinet, head of a group of the most powerful civil servants known in government as the 'Club des Cinq'; Claude Rouleau, the aggressive deputy minister of transport and head of the Olympics Installations Board (Rouleau also happens to be president of Complexe Desjardins, the huge new downtown development that is larger than Place Ville Marie. When Rouleau was named head of the OIB he moved the press centre to the new complex); Pierre Goyette, deputy minister of finance who sits on a variety of public and semi-public boards; Jean-Claude Lebel, secretary of the treasury board; Robert Normand, deputy minister of justice and former classmate of Premier Bourassa; Roland Giroux, head of Hydro-Quebec and the province's unofficial ambassador to Wall Street; and Robert Boyd, the Bromont setter who oversees the vast \$16.2 billion-and-climbing James Bay development.

Jacques Parizeau and Claude Morin used to belong to this select group, but they left to join René Lévesque and the Parti Québécois, where they now help to head up the party establishment.

On top of these men, and supposedly in control, sits the cabinet led by Robert Bourassa, the shrewd master of technocratic politics.

The cabinet contains a few men generally regarded as competent, such as Natural Resources Minister Jean Cournoyer and Cultural Affairs Minister Jean-Paul L'Allier. Then there are a few powerful members close to the premier, such as Finance Minister Raymond Garneau and Guy St. Pierre, minister of trade and commerce. There are a few that are difficult to assess, such as Municipal Affairs Minister Victor



Finance Minister Raymond Garneau

Goldbloom, who appear well-intentioned but naive.

There's not a single cabinet member regarded as outstanding, but plenty considered far below that (recently, at a book fair, someone asked Communications Minister Denis Hardy if he had read a book called *l'Histoire des Arts et Métiers du Québec*, and he replied: "Yes, but not personally").

Recently, Premier Bourassa sent a directive around to his ministers outlining the five top priorities he wanted his government to pursue, with the constitutional issue topping the list. The constitutional issue, long a Quebec favourite, is a useful one to wave around and work people up with (Trudeau notwithstanding).

Within a short time, Guy St. Pierre trotted out an interview in *La Presse*, saying that English Canadian reaction to the airline pilot and controllers language issue had forced him to re-evaluate his attitude towards Quebec independence. He mused about the possibilities of independence, saying "if Toronto wants to remain the financial capital of Canada, it will have to pay the price. If not, all that remains to do is draw a line across the St. Lawrence and Canada will be situated between Vancouver and Ottawa. Maybe in 10 years Toronto will be the capital of an American state."

However, he worried that Quebec independence might lead to a Portuguese situation, with the left and right trading power. However, he added hopefully, an independent Quebec could go right because "the line separating certain Pequist deputies and the Liberals is sometimes very thin."

No sooner had he said that Quebec Liberal Party president Ben Payeur trotted over to *Le Devoir* with an interview to say that "If independence is brought off, it will be by the Liberal Party."

Payeur, an advertising man, and St. Pierre, who along with Garneau is thought of as a possible successor to Bourassa, are not noted as men who talk off the top of their heads or as having any distance between them and the premier. In fact, Bourassa never bothered to clarify the comments. This of course caused

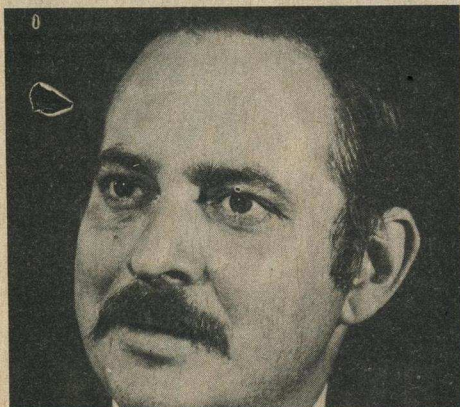




Roland Giroux: head of Hydro-Quebec



Robert Boyd: oversees the James Bay project



Jacques Parizeau: left the club for the P.Q.

the P.Q. to fume and protest loudly that independence was their patented political property. Confusion stirred, then the topic was dropped for the time being.

The Liberals were at their best demonstrating the art of doughhead government in the late summer doldrums, when they decided to hold two important parliamentary hearings — one on the Olympics, the other on Hydro-Quebec and its adventures.

Aside from the late August timing, when no one in the public is suspected of paying too much attention to such things, and the National Assembly is not in session, Bourassa decided to cloud things further by holding both hearings at the same time.

The Olympic hearings were supposed to find out why the self-financing project could rise in cost from just \$310 million three years ago to more than \$1.5 billion, with an astronomical billion dollar debt. The hearings, everyone — except the Liberals — agreed, were a farce.

First off, several of the people asking the questions should have been answering questions — Municipal Affairs Minister Goldbloom, the man responsible for Olympic construction after it had been taken over from the city of Montreal, and Finance Minister Garneau, who since 1973 had been on a little heard from joint municipal-provincial Olympic control (sic) committee. The rest — a few yo-yo Liberal backbenchers and three members of the miniscule opposition — had absolutely no resources and little research apart from newspaper clippings to help ask intelligent or probing questions. And they didn't do much even with the little they had. They were confronted by people like Claude Rouleau and Mayor Jean Drapeau, holding all the cards and fast on their feet. The P.Q. could only go on a fishing expedition, with one chance in a thousand of hooking something.

Liberal backbenchers contributed little and used up time going on about inanities. Gilles Houde, for example, blathered on and then attempted to take credit for turning Quebec's and the Olympic image around by going off to Europe on a parliamentary junket of some sort holding press conferences saying everything was coming right along with the Montreal Olympics. He also vaguely suggested he had something to do with the brilliant idea of decorating the athletes' apartments with drawings by Quebec school children. All in all, it wasn't very enlightening but it was presented as an example of the government's fearless ability to open its actions to public scrutiny.

Meanwhile, down the hall in the National Assembly building, another committee gathered to hear Roland Giroux and the technocrats running Hydro-Quebec explain why James Bay costs have risen by a few billion (inflation, etc.) and outline plans for new investments totalling \$51 billion between now and 2001, including 30 nuclear plants dotting the St. Lawrence. Ahem, of course, mumble, mumble, there's the matter of needing a 76 per cent electricity rate hike to be spread, charitably, over the next three years.

Again, there was only cursory questioning. Here was what virtually amounted to Quebec's master energy plan being trotted out, \$51 billion to be lavished (five times Quebec's annual budget) and the whole thing was buried in the summer doldrums, a flash in the press for a few days. Two of the parliamentary committee members heard plans for building nuclear plants in their constituencies, and yet there was not a single question regarding safety, advisability, etc.

The Parti Quebecois opposition leader, Jacques-Yvan



Morin, ill-prepared, largely extolled Hydro's and the P.Q.'s advocacy of nuclear power. A backbencher would ask for a few facts, and Giroux would replay, in effect: 'Facts, you want facts' . . . boom . . . 20 or 30 pounds of technical documents would be plumped down in front of the bewildered member. 'Thank you.' And still, boxes and boxes of documents sat at Giroux's feet, unasked for. Only one man on the committee could have a clue to what was going on, and that was Natural Resources Minister Jean Cournoyer. He was moved to announce that perhaps the government itself would study and come up with its own energy policy, which may not, but then again it may, coincide with Hydro's plans.

Hydro-Quebec is a prime example of a giant state agency running amuck, becoming in the words of Bob Keaton, a Montreal city councillor, the 'Hydro' of Quebec.

Hydro-Quebec was created following the 1962 elections run by the Liberals who chose nationalization of electricity and 'Maitres Chez-Nous' as their election theme. René Lévesque was the star of the campaign and ever since Hydro-Quebec has been the pride of Quebec nationalists. It has grown to huge proportions, to the point where Roland Giroux exerts a large degree of influence on the international money markets (last spring, Hydro floated a one billion dollar bond issue in New York, the second largest non-national government loan in New York history). Giroux is evidently a favourite amongst North-eastern American industrialists worried about possible energy shortages and environmentalist attempts to slow down the

growth of the nuclear industry.

At one point, a committee member asked Giroux why he hadn't made some of the information public prior to the committee hearing. Giroux answered to the effect that if he had held a press conference and unveiled his plans, there wouldn't have been any need for committee hearings. 'Oh. Thank you.'

So both the Olympic and Hydro-Quebec hearings were nothing more than elaborate press conferences, held at the behest of a technocratic government concerned with the growth and power of its managerial elite.

In rural areas, such as the Gaspé, farmers are being forcibly moved from their farms and relocated in new town centres in low cost public housing. The arguments are that the farms operate at the subsistence level and are uneconomic. It costs too much to provide government services, such as snow plowing of roads and making telephone and electrical connections in some remote areas. Better to close the farms down and cheaper to put the farmers in public housing and on welfare in a regional centre. It's the modern technocratic version of the policy adopted to deal with native peoples.

In private, and sometimes public conversation, Premier Bourassa claims to be a social democrat and even a socialist. It would appear that the provincial Liberals are adopting social democratic tools to strengthen the power of the new elite and managerial class in Quebec — but out of nationalist, not social inspiration.

## The state of the opposition

The Conservative forces in Quebec (aside from those resident in the Liberal party) are composed of Jerome Choquette and his Parti Nationale Populaire (PNP); the Union Nationale, headed by a leader by the name of Rodrigue Biron, a sewer pipe manufacturer from St. Croix de Lotbinière near Quebec city; and the Creditistes, headed by Rouyn car dealer Camil Samson.

Choquette, the former Liberal justice minister, quit the cabinet in September of last year after a brief term as education minister, saying Bill 22, the language act, was too ambiguous and needed toughening up to promote French. He teamed up with Fabien Roy, an MNA elected on the Creditiste ticket who is generally respected as a man of some integrity, to form the PNP. Thus the PNP with two members is the Assembly's third party, behind the P.Q. (six members) and the Liberals (99 members).

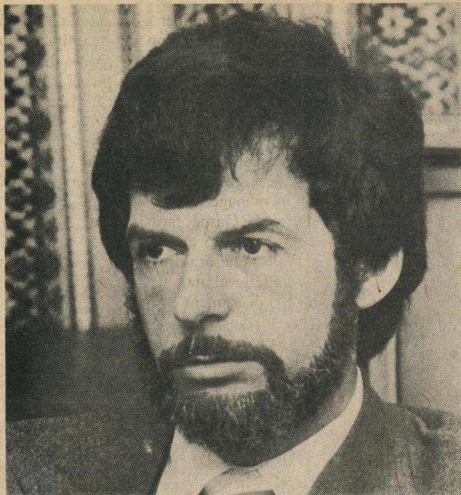
Samson and Roy, the only two Creditistes elected to the National Assembly under the leadership of Yvon Dupuis in the April 1973 elections, despise each other. Samson, Roy and Dupuis ran for the Creditiste leadership. Dupuis won but failed to win a seat. He transformed his party into something called the Parti Présidentiel which later fused with the Union Nationale.

Samson now runs the Creditiste party, which is variously interpreted as a federal party that aspires to be a provincial party or vice versa. Aside from Social Credit monetary theory, he advocates that Quebec adopt the same constitutional status within Canada as Puerto Rico has within the United States. He and his party are not regarded as serious, although he is popular in Real Caouette's Rouyn-Noranda country (Caouette



Jerome Choquette heads Parti Nationale Populaire





Rodrigue Biron heads the Union Nationale

is retiring from federal politics and is expected to be replaced by Rene Matte who advocates the Canadian confederation be divided up in five parts — B.C., the Prairies, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes).

Roy thinks Samson is mad.

Roy and Choquette went around building up the PNP while Maurice Bellemare, a veteran Union Nationale cabinet minister most often described as an old warhorse, struggled to resurrect the ghost of Maurice Duplessis' old party. The U.N. had lost all its seats in 1974, but Bellemare managed to win a seat in a by-election forced by the P.Q.

Bellemare controls the U.N.'s rumoured \$750,000 election chest, along with Mario Beaulieu, the former finance minister who once advocated American statehood for Quebec. He organized a party leadership campaign last spring, hoping to attract Choquette and Roy. They refused. Rodrigue Biron, the former small-time Liberal worker, won the leadership of the one-member party, although not the control of its finances. The PNP and the U.N. announced this summer that they were negotiating a merger. Towards the end of summer, it was announced a protocol of entente had been signed, stipulating an October merger convention.

Shortly after, Choquette gave an interview to the *Montreal Star's* Hubert Gendron saying he had reversed his original language stand and now favoured complete free choice of language of education in Quebec. Biron immediately denounced him. He said he would abolish Bill 22 — the hated language act — and make French the national language and English an official language, whatever that meant. Thereafter, the two traded insults for several weeks. They argued over language, who was going to lead the new, merged party, what its name was going to be, whether there would be a leadership convention, etc. After many insults, affronts and disagreements the proposed merger was called off.

Biron and Bellemare said that Choquette was an eccentric and would lose his seat in the next election anyway. It is



Rene Levesque: disarray in the ranks

thought that part of the problem was due to the presence of right-winger Michel Cote (the tall, balding man who delivered the election results at the Tories' federal leadership convention) as the new president of the U.N. Until last fall, he had been Montreal's chief legal advisor and unofficial chief advisor to Mayor Drapeau. For obscure reasons Choquette, then Quebec justice minister, had a falling out with Cote and Drapeau during the 1970 October crisis (Cote ran the Montreal operations while Choquette looked after the Quebec government end of things).

There is often a knee-jerk reaction to Choquette in some circles where he has an image as a heavy-handed, right-wing authoritarian, mostly because of his role in the October crisis. However, he is more complex than that. While Liberal justice minister he was responsible for much of the progressive legislation emanating from the government in the last six years — legal aid, establishment of small claims court, rent controls and landlord-tenant relations, etc.

The Biron-Cote-Bellemare-Choquette-Roy alliance fell apart with much recrimination. Samson took time out from denouncing Jews and damned them all.

With Cote — his father used to be a Duplessis cabinet minister — back in an influential role in the U.N., it is felt the party didn't really want Choquette, but went through the merger farce in an attempt to attract Roy who is thought to be exceedingly popular in two or three ridings across the river from Quebec City.

Over in the Parti Quebecois camp, the wounds are still open over the crises which resulted in the death of *Le Jour*, a daily newspaper founded by Ives Michaud, Jacques Parizeau and Rene Levesque, partly to promote Quebec independence and partly to punish Claude Ryan and *Le Devoir* for not supporting the P.Q. in the last election.

The paper adopted a modified European co-management formula of editorial administration, giving reporters a say in management. The formula bogged down in internal bickering and politicking. Radical journalists refused to toe the party line



and took to sniping at the P.Q. in their news reports and pushing a quasi-Marxist line.

According to one staffer it became increasingly difficult to get anyone to report on banal things like fires, tax rates, etc., since they all considered themselves political experts and preferred to editorialize. Much time was taken up in meetings and the paper started to fall apart.

Management wasn't so hot either and the paper ran up sizable deficits which forced periodic public fund raising campaigns, mostly run by the P.Q. party machinery. Management blamed the financial miseries on a government advertising boycott. The P.Q. eventually withdrew financial support and the paper collapsed in bitter and acrimonious denunciations.

Predictably, Bourassa commented that if the P.Q. wasn't competent to run a newspaper, how could it be expected to run a government.

The *Le Jour* affair spotlighted an increasingly antagonistic split between the P.Q.'s radical and moderate wings, as well as focusing attention on the rise of what is commonly called the "Go-Go Gauche," the radical, rhetorical leftists of esoteric persuasion who spend a good deal of their time attacking progressives and disrupting other groups.

The "Go-Go Gauche" is present in most "popular" organizations and represents a mild trend towards left-wing nihilism. For the most part it is composed of mixed bag ideologues, short on rationality, but long on ill-defined radicalism composed of snippets of such things as Italy's *Il Manifesto* group, anarchism, Mao, Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg, Marx, American New Leftism and the 1001 varieties of what is current and fashionable in trendy leftist circles. Much of it is an off-shoot of the LIP-OFY generation.

At any rate, the P.Q. is preparing for a February convention which will likely see more subtle and not so subtle attacks on the party establishment composed of Levesque, Claude Morin, Parizeau and Jacques Yvan Morin. There have been many bitter local constituency battles between the factions to control local executives and appoint candidates for the next elections.

The P.Q. establishment didn't help themselves vis-a-vis the left wing when they openly welcomed Jean Guy Cardinal into the party fold. Jean Guy Cardinal is a former Union Nationale education minister who fathered the now defunct Bill 63, guaranteeing freedom of choice in school language for parents. Cardinal wants to run for the P.Q. in Prévost in the Laurentians north of Montreal.

Cardinal ran for the leadership of the Union Nationale as a nationalist, but with the financial backing of the notorious Willie Obront, the meat racketeer named as a Mafia banker in the crime probe hearings (to be fair, Obront also contributed to Bourassa's leadership campaign).

Cardinal had been privately threatening to join the P.Q. ever since the Union Nationale defeat in 1970. Full of self-importance, he took to calling Levesque, identifying himself as "Monsieur X" and blathering on. After X number of calls, Levesque grew weary of the charade and took to plugging the calls into the public address system at party HQ.

The P.Q. appeared to be trying to fudge its independence gambit by promising a referendum on the issue, but was forced back to a hardline position when Liberal bigwigs made their flirtation with independence statements.

Both the U.N. and the PNP are trying to court the Anglophone vote, an area where the P.Q. was hoping to cash in because of the massive English Quebec disenchantment with

the Liberals, due particularly to Bill 22, but also based on concern over patronage and corruption and shabby labour relations.

Language continues to be a contentious issue in both the French and English communities (it should be remembered there are 1.2 million English-speaking Quebecers, more than the population of several of the provinces).

The airline language issue has raised an almost unanimous protest and indignation. Media reports, letters to the editor and street talk have made it an extremely hot issue, renewing the determination to get equal status for French in Canada.

At the same time, English Quebec unhappiness over various aspects of Bill 22 has increased. Language tests for five-year-old children, the refusal of work permits to Quebec-trained English speaking nurses and other professionals unable to pass rigid and dubious French tests, has raised the spectre of a 'language police' in the province. The now annual fall battle to enrol about 1,200 immigrant children (out of a total Quebec school population of about a million) in English Montreal schools has been working up the extremes.

Oddly enough, a survey of parents — both French and English — whose children attend the Montreal Catholic School Commission schools shows that they, and by extrapolation the majority of the population, are quite tolerant and practical in language matters. A little over 76 per cent of English parents and 63 per cent of the French favour bilingual schooling for their children. About the same proportion accord equal importance to first and second language training. Nevertheless, the government seems unable or unwilling to resolve the conflict.

Quebec unions continue to maintain their at times quixotic and posturing opposition to the Bourassa government, but appear unable to come up with a united political stance. The Quebec Federation maintains it still officially (if nothing else) supports the almost totally moribund provincial NDP. The Quebec Teachers Central, badly scarred by over a year of protracted and nasty negotiations, came out, through its president, Yvon Charbonneau, in favour of the establishment of a new workers' party. Unfortunately, the CEQ has more than its share of "Go-Go-Gauchists" who are managing to alienate the rank and file. The CNTU goes along with a 'new party' idea, but has done very little about it.

All in all, it appears that government by controlled confusion is working to the advantage of the Bourassa Liberals. The polls, for the first time, show the P.Q. leading the governing party by a few points, but they also show the undecided leading both — and the undecideds have a habit of going Liberal in the election crunch.

It looks as if public support for the government could be rallied, if only by default, particularly if two former federal cabinet ministers, Bryce Mackasey and Jean Marchand, decide to run provincially. There is, after all, little love lost between the federal and provincial Liberals. The Trudeau feds would like nothing better than to get a double-headed Trojan horse into the Quebec Liberal Party with a view to ousting the Bourassa crew.

Meanwhile, Premier Bourassa was keeping everyone off balance by stoking up the Liberal election machine amid a flood of rumours he will call a November vote. The next election, whenever it comes, will be pivotal. If the Parti Quebecois doesn't get more than 20 seats, the independence movement will be demoralized; many members claim that, in that event, they will go into 'retirement'.





## INTRODUCTION

For comics enthusiasts among *Last Post* readers, we present the following comics sequence on the Vietnam war. At first glance, these comics could appear to be the ones that were on every news stand a few years ago. In fact, they come from the "other side of the hill", and were provided by Prensa Latina, the Cuban news service. Drawn with the same style and professionalism as North American comics, they offer, needless to say, the other side of the story...





**OPERACION CHAU**

MO DUC DISTRICT, IN QUANG NGAI PROVINCE, WAS CONTROLLED BY CHAU, A SECURITY OFFICER IN DIEM'S ARMY WHO HAD KILLED HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE. . .

ADAPTED FROM A TRUE REPORT BY WILFRED BURCHETT.



I'LL MAKE SHORT WORK OF ALL YOU REDS . . .

COWARD! I'LL NEVER INFORM AGAINST MY COMRADES.

BUT CHAU WAS WORTHY OF DIEM'S CONFIDENCE, AND HAD SPECIAL METHODS.

CUT OFF HIS EARS, THEN FINISH HIM OFF.



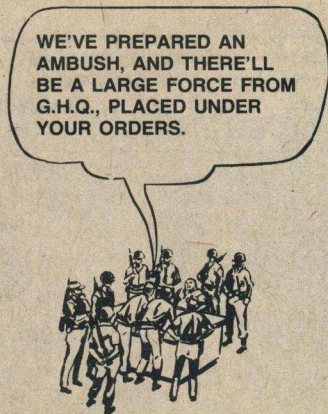
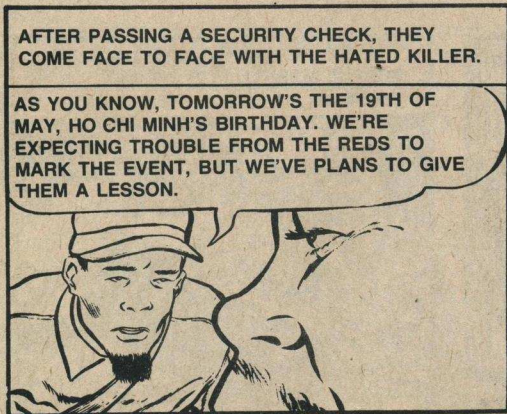
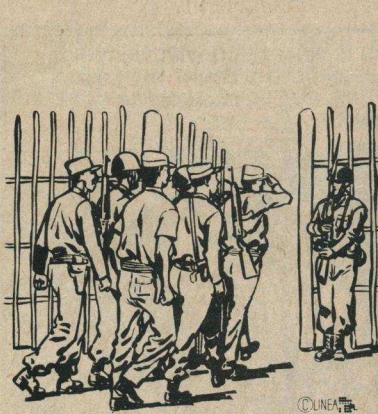
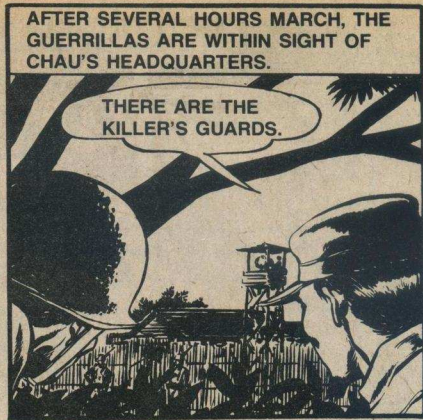
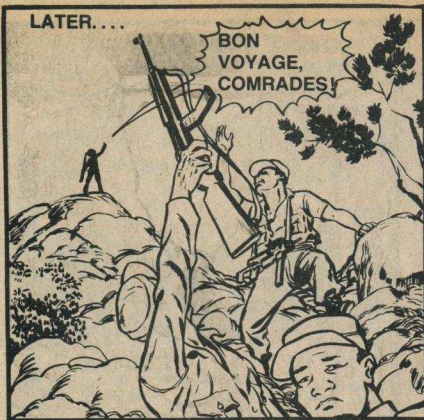
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, A BAND OF SIX GUERRILLAS CHANGE THEIR SIMPLE CLOTHES FOR DIEM'S ARMY UNIFORMS. . .

YOU MUST BE CAREFUL, HE'S ALWAYS WELL GUARDED.

WE'LL TAKE CARE ALL RIGHT . . . TAKE CARE OF THAT ANIMAL.









OPERACIÓN CHAU (CONTINUACIÓN)

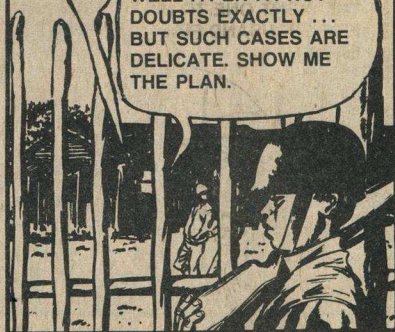
BUT CHAU IS SUSPICIOUS.

IT'S STRANGE HEADQUARTERS  
DOESN'T USE REGULAR  
PROCEDURES ...



YOU HAVE DOUBTS? G.H.Q.  
DOESN'T LIKE DOUBTERS.

WELL ... ER ... NOT  
DOUBTS EXACTLY ...  
BUT SUCH CASES ARE  
DELICATE. SHOW ME  
THE PLAN.



WE'LL SURROUND THIS ENTIRE  
AREA WITH REINFORCEMENTS.  
THAT'S WHERE THE REDS WILL  
BE STRONGEST.

CHAU IS FINALLY CONVINCED,  
AND LEAVES FOR THE FRONT WITH  
HIS GUARDS. BUT SOME GUERRILLAS  
STAY BEHIND.



©LINEA

SEARCH THE PLACE, WE MUST  
FIND PROOF AND DOCUMENTS.

OKAY!



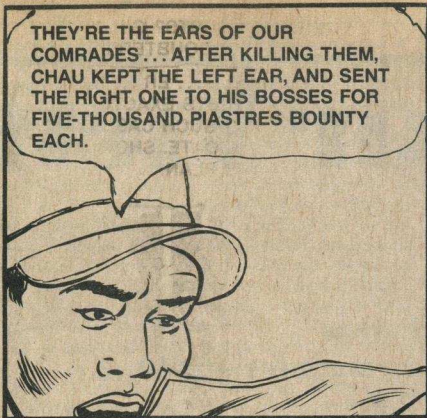
THEY'VE ALREADY FOUND LISTS OF  
PEOPLE MARKED FOR ARREST  
WHEN ...

LOOK AT  
THIS!

IT'S  
AWFUL!







THEY'RE THE EARS OF OUR COMRADES... AFTER KILLING THEM, CHAU KEPT THE LEFT EAR, AND SENT THE RIGHT ONE TO HIS BOSSES FOR FIVE-THOUSAND PIASTRES BOUNTY EACH.



NEAR THE SUPPOSED AMBUSH:

DON'T WORRY, THEY'LL COME.

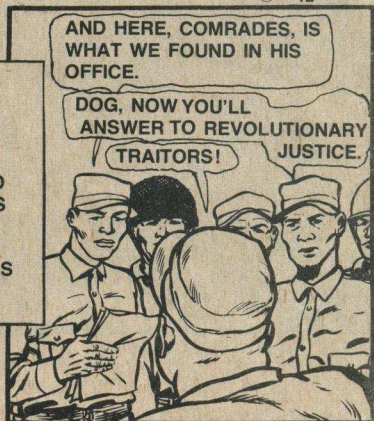
WHAT'S GOING ON? I DON'T SEE ANY REINFORCEMENTS.



LOOK! HERE COME THE OTHERS, WE'LL SEE WHAT THEY HAVE TO SAY.

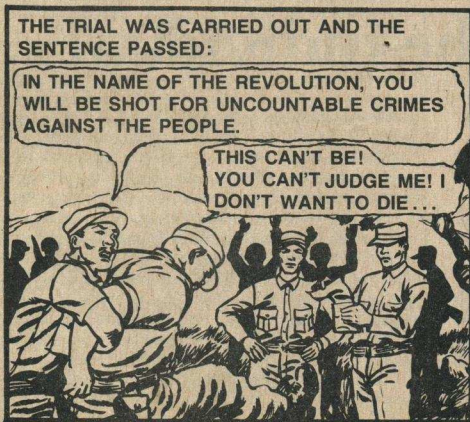
BUT WHERE ARE THE GOVERNMENT REINFORCEMENTS?

CHAU COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EARS. SOLDIERS WHO SEEMED TO BE ON HIS SIDE DESCRIBED HIS ACTIVITIES WITH CONTEMPT.



AND HERE, COMRADES, IS WHAT WE FOUND IN HIS OFFICE.

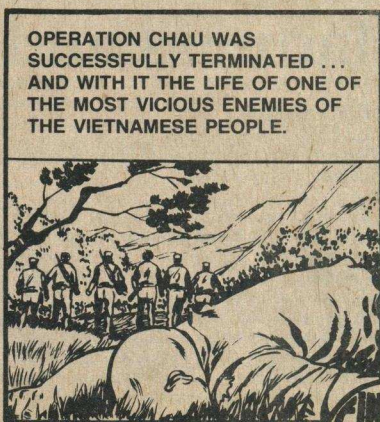
DOG, NOW YOU'LL ANSWER TO REVOLUTIONARY TRAITORS!



THE TRIAL WAS CARRIED OUT AND THE SENTENCE PASSED:

IN THE NAME OF THE REVOLUTION, YOU WILL BE SHOT FOR UNCOUNTABLE CRIMES AGAINST THE PEOPLE.

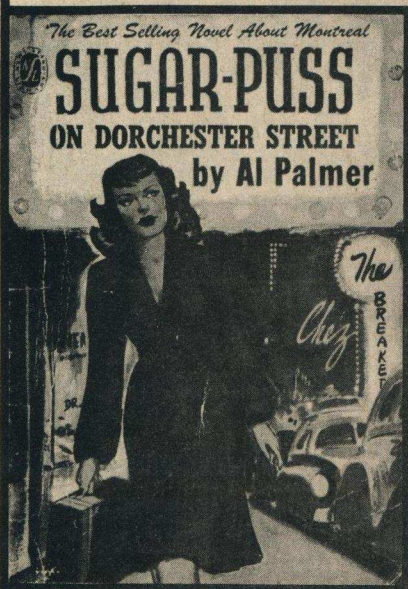
THIS CAN'T BE! YOU CAN'T JUDGE ME! I DON'T WANT TO DIE...



OPERATION CHAU WAS SUCCESSFULLY TERMINATED... AND WITH IT THE LIFE OF ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS ENEMIES OF THE VIETNAMESE PEOPLE.



# Rear View



Canada once had pulps — Page 42

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on Montreal by night — p. 42
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on science — p. 48

## Madness and the individual

by EDIE FARKAS

**The Butterfly Ward**, by Margaret Gibson Gilboord. Oberon Press/Ottawa. 133 pp. \$3.95.

In her first collection of stories, *The Butterfly Ward*, Margaret Gibson Gilboord examines certain varieties of madness. Reviewing her work in *Books in Canada*, Morris Wolfe praised it along the familiar lines of asocial literary-critical orthodoxy. "Gilboord's crazies aren't just the victims of sick families and a sick society," he said. "It's more complicated than that. In her world we're all victims — sane and insane desperately trying to comfort one another." Once again, a fictional community of cloistered individuals, having sprung full-grown from the mind of the author, are raised to the heights of ideal powerlessness — universal victimhood.

This is not to say that Gilboord intended to write stories

prone to the liberating appreciation of a Wolfe. Luckily for her, and a measure of her talent, Gilboord's work will not be reduced to the banalities of petty-bourgeois enthusiasts who seek to be flattered by an art that exalts their self-serving complacency, calling it "more complicated than that."

However, Gilboord does share with her critic a suffocatingly narrow perspective of the autonomous individual. Her crazies are afflicted by super-creativity and chronic oversensitiveness. Not that Gilboord doesn't give us hints about the social origins of her characters' delusions, fantasies, seizures. It is simply that the mad inner world of her characters is, for Gilboord, her point of departure, not arrival. The outer world is a shaky, hallucinated frame for the inner.

The subject of madness lends itself particularly well to displays of brittle brilliance. But Gilboord in "Ada" and "Making It", the two best stories of this curiously uneven collection, goes far beyond technical virtuosity.



Gilboord is a lyric writer: her stories invite reading aloud, her rhythms urgent, insistent, forcing the reader into an intimacy with her characters. It is impossible to stand back and judge the people in these two stories; we are swept along even by their most mundane concerns. Gilboord makes us care.

In "Ada" the narrator, Jenny, has received 30 shock treatments to cure her of what the doctors find an inexplicable reaction to her own emotions. After a meeting with her mother, it is obvious that she has not been cured. She says "she hadn't even listened to me and I had felt pity for her. Pity! Their wings began to beat softly, far off, in some far corner of the ward and the floor beneath me heaved and sighed. Beating, beating closer and closer. I began to laugh." Gilboord's style is like this: cinematic, often psychedelic, haunting with its reverberating intensity.

The author has one of her characters say of the psychiatric ward "we're all isolated cases here." The women of the butterfly ward refuse to be categorized: they understand the psychiatric game so well that they can analyse their shrinks. Leslie in "Ada", who is known for eating her water glasses, says "Dr. Kincaid wants to sleep with me. . . . He is drawn to sex and destruction."

Since Gilboord respects her mad women, we do too, and are willing to accept their individuality. But if each is indeed an "isolated case", we need more than a cheap melodramatic ending — an ending fit for a grade 'B' movie about mystery and imagination — to convince us that the insane, even those who have been lobotomized like Ada, have a sense of themselves.

Ada was once a poet, a wild spirit who could not be tamed by reality. Now she is a half-brained ward vegetable living for her chocolate bars.

Gilboord comes out very strongly in this story for the Ken Kesey picture of the psychiatric-ward-as-prison. The patients talk of the world on the 'Outside'. The head nurse is all crisp authority and fascist efficiency. The patients sabotage the staff. And Ada, who, one feels, is for Gilboord the incarnation of societally-defined madness, has the personality of an overly-sensitive child, ever-fearful that people will think her silly, constantly seeking approval. Until the end, that is, when her past self reappropriates her being like a ghost.

She is possessed by the pre-lobotomy Ada and even begins to "speak in tongues", to recite one of her pre-lobotomy poems. The point being, presumably, that the real Ada didn't die when half her brain was cut out, that the essence of Ada did not reside in her brain and that the treatment favoured by the psychiatric profession — the chemo-therapy, the shock treatments, the brain probes — are only so many techniques of torture and control. Gilboord is forced to rely on a twist of plot to carry out her meaning because the Ada of the luny bin is a given: the history of her personality begins and ends in the ward. If, as Gilboord implies, Ada's post-lobotomy character was formed out of fear of the institution's means of punishment. ("Sometimes words come to me like a dream but I don't tell anyone, so don't tell on me"), we still don't know enough about Ada to understand why she kills.

Gilboord's perspective works best when she is dealing with highly intelligent and articulate characters who can talk about their lives vividly and so step out of the no-man's land the author places them in. This is how it is with the remarkably realized characters in "Making It". It is possible that Gilboord intended to talk about the situation of the single woman in the large city by deliberately choosing details of city life —



Margaret Gibson Gilboord

the factory, the social worker — without telling us where it is that Liza lives.

Liza's problem is that she must feign sanity in order that welfare authorities allow her to keep her baby when it is born. She, like the women of the butterfly ward, is rebellious and artistic. With a character like this, Gilboord can exercise her talent for dry frightening wit in the Sylvia Plath-Margaret Atwood style. She has Liza say "I am looking for a God. It seems a sensible thing to do now that I am going to have this baby." Her friend, a female impersonator trying to "make it" in the San Francisco show-biz circuit, writes back "What would Miss Carr say if she knew you carried on correspondence with. . . . You had better keep quiet on that score, she may think you are imagining pathos where there is none."

The story is written in the form of a series of letters between the friends. The author manages, through anecdotes and detailed descriptions of their surroundings between people who communicate so smoothly with each other, to write a story that remains in the mind's eye long after it is over.

Gilboord's characterization of heterosexual men is the worst thing in the book. Her two unsuccessfully-drawn male characters become excessively concerned, in one case, with having a child, and in the other, with keeping her.

In "A Trip to the Casbah" Gilboord's writing degenerates to the kind of saccharine sentimentalizing that made J. D. Salinger's stories about betrayed innocence a veritable bargain-basement of mystical orgasms for the middle-class college crowd of the fifties. This story even sounds like Salinger — complete with baby language and a flirtatious four-year-old girl.

The hero's present psychic state seems to be acute paranoia mixed with infantile regression. In his bewildered musings on the past, we find that his disequilibrium is caused by guilt over not having been a "good Jew". Indeed his little daughter is the sorrow-laden fruit of his congress with a shiksa. Mama did not approve.

The hero, unlike most 25 year-old upper class Jews



brought up in North America, is fanatically concerned with things like the Talmud, animal sacrifice and blood, and kosher meat. Gilboord is obviously aiming at some symbolic depth here, but she fails because she tries to use the trappings of a literary stereotype — The Jew Searching For His Identity

— to move the story along. Gilboord relies on detail to sketch her characters' histories, but when her characterization is as fraudulent as this one, the details themselves become grotesque, displaced. A souped-up sociology tries to disguise the fact that there is really no story to be told.

# The heyday of Montreal by night

by MALCOLM REID

Canada once had pulps. Quickly-written novels published immediately in paperback. This was 25 or more years ago, crime and passion were the themes — so, naturally, Montreal was the city. One Canadian classic had its origin this way — Hugh Garner's *Cabbagetown*, about the Toronto slums, whose original (and surely punchier), edition I'm still searching for. But I'm willing to bet Montreal was the setting for the majority of these works. In 1950, Montreal was *Montréal by Night*.

In a review of my book *The Shouting Signpainters*, Brian Moore was kind enough to praise me for reading through "a number of horrendously bad-sounding novels" to brief myself on Quebec literature.

I've been doing a less organized wade through English Canadian literature lately, and Brian Moore has been part of it. My favourite Moore I read years ago, though, *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*, a drawing of an Irish immigrant in fifties Montreal that caught both the loss of the immigrant and the threadbareness of the place he is lost in.

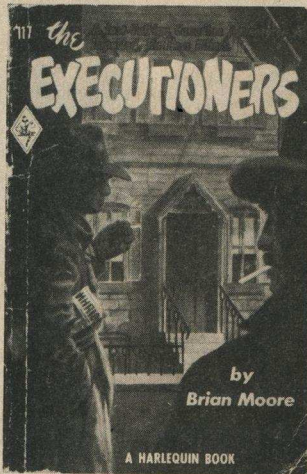
That's Moore the good novelist. My horrendous curiosity persists, however, and my wade through English Canadian literature has also included three interesting bad novels. One of them seems to be by him.

Did you, Brian, write a thing called *The Executioners* around 1951? And sign it with your name? I believe you'd just arrived from Ireland then, and were toiling like Ginger at the *Montreal Gazette*.

Anyway, some Brian Moore published a spy novel by that title then, and it's one of my three Canadian pulps.

The second is a crime novel, *Sugar-Puss on Dorchester Street*, by Al Palmer.

And the third is a populist novel with just a bit of a wish to portray life, *The House on Craig Street*. Its author signed as Ronald J. Cooke.



Did the Brian Moore write this Canadian pulp?

All three were published by Canadian paperback houses — Harlequin and News Stand Library — as the forties ended, when paperbacks were rarely serious literature. And all three help me picture the Montreal of the postwar years. A metropolis in a farmland. A quiet Havana awaiting the quiet revolution. Fidel remarked on the city's resemblance to Havana on an early sixties visit. The Little Paris of North America.

And now I've taken in something else that makes me think of those years: I've finally seen a performance by Charles Aznavour.

If you know Aznavour, France's biggest popular singer of the period roughly from 1955 to 1965, you may know his love-love-love lyrics and his powerful tunes. You may recall his homely face in *Shoot the Piano Player*. You may have heard his schmaltzy English translations of himself. You may even know that he is of Armenian parentage, and was once named Aznavourian.

But Aznavour has a Quebec angle. A

very real Quebec angle, not a passing acquaintance like that of most French pop stars, who tour Quebec perfunctorily as the second most important part of their market. In a way, Aznavour learned his trade in the Montreal of these three novels.

He began to sing during the War, attending a pop-singing school run by a slightly older tunesmith named Pierre Roche. But the War was Nazi-time in France, and not so good for even the lighter arts.

(Aznavour's artistic position is hard to explain to English-speaking people. He croons like his American contemporaries, and like them he has hardly anything to say about other themes than being in and out of love. But his lyrics are somehow more literate than theirs. What American songwriter would have said: "We've missed the play, / The play by Sartre / Or is it Anouilh?") This still doesn't make it to the level of either American rock lyrics of the Dylan era, nor the lyrics being sung in France at the same time as Aznavour by such true artists as Léo Ferré, quite a bit less popular than he.)

Roche and Aznavour became friends, and after the War they wanted adventure — and money. Most of my information on this time comes from a conversation I had with Roche, who now plays in the piano bar of the Auberger des Gouverneurs in Quebec City, to the left as you pull off the Quebec Bridge.

Edith Piaf, the famed Edith Piaf, told them, "Boys, go to America." They did. But New York was not good to them. Piaf was there, and she had another idea. "Boys, up in Montreal they speak French. I'll give you some contacts."

Now I recall, when I was a lad in Ottawa, opening the *Montreal Gazette* that was delivered to our door and seeing the cabaret ads for the short woman singer in the black sweater. I thought Edith Piaf was French-Canadian.

This was the world Roche and Aznavour came to. They were a song and



piano team, something on the comic side. *The Man in the Tilted Felt Hat, The Chewing-gum Champ*, stuff like that. But would you have imagined that before leaving Montreal, Aznavour, all sophistication and city rat though he was, would be singing, "There once was a pretty Canadian maid, toodle-doodle-de-doodle-de-day"? I've heard it on a tape. And Pierre Roche, who stayed behind when Aznavour went home, told me the origin of it. One day in their room they turned on the radio and out came La Bolduc. The half-Celtic Quebec songstress. "Hey, what's that?" They listened and listened.

La Bolduc is dead now, a legend and the voice that most makes the ears of non-French-speakers prick up when they are listening to Quebec music. This is largely because of her special yodel or clog-dance accompaniment, *urlutage*. Roche and Aznavour caught it on the farm broadcast, and tuned in again the next day, and the next. Aznavour's toodle-doodles were an attempt at it. Later, Roche's Quebecoise wife "Aglacé" had a brief vogue in Paris with this style.

The tradition they were working in was somewhat different. They played an east-end club called La Faisan Doré (The Bird of Gold, let's say), where half the hall was artists and intellectuals, half tough people from the region of St. Lawrence Main. Monique Leyrac changed her name from Tremblay and started there. Jazz was the thing: this was

the era of Louis Armstrong and Glenn Miller. And that is what Aznavour will go down for, in the history of French song: wedding the undulations of the French language to jazz. The two attending spirits were the Byzantine voice patterns of his parents' Armenia-in-Paris, and the night club in the Little Paris of North America.

Montreal, intellectually closed to both France and the English-speaking world though she was then, was in a way more brutally American than she has ever been. She was corrupt, ghettoized, and architecturally slapped-together, slum-and-skyscraper. Tourists were directed to the cafés: Montréal by Night, Esquire Show Bar and Rockhead's for black artists, Faisan Doré for French. The associations were more Mafia than bohemia. Al Palmer draws this in his novel, designed both to coin the myth and to turn a buck from it.

Sugar-Puss is Gisèle, a French-Canadian girl from the farm — we see her on the jacket with her blye-black hair and her suitcase, nervous on the boulevard in front of the signs for The Breakers and Chez . . . somebody. From here on in, all the characters are non-French, including Palmer's self-portrait, Jimmy the jazzy newspaperman.

Palmer was a tall Mediterranean-looking writer for the Montreal *Gazette* until his death a few years back, who used to purvey what purported to be true gossip about the underworld. A leftist reporter friend of mine framed his piece in which he said the police were observing with satisfaction that the smaller gangs were being eliminated by the bigger gangs. A needed rationalization, even if the method was the, and I quote the headlines of then and now, gangland slaying.

Complacency about crime and poverty were keynotes of this era in Montreal, but oddly Palmer was somewhat sensitive to Duplessist Quebec's quest for more elbow room. It's just that he didn't perceive it as other than sexual. "Dorchester Street spews out," he begins, "almost within the shadow of the Harbour Bridge in Montreal's slummy, crummy East End." Then, after Gisèle has become, and ceased to be, a chorus girl, comes his tender ending: "I Love you, Sugar Puss. Jimmy's voice broke like a twelve-year-old's."

But the early fifties did not see sexual liberation. Rather puritanical reform. This was the time of the vice probe and the first Drapeau regime in Montreal, pledged to wiping out prostitution. These were an early crack in Duplessist om-

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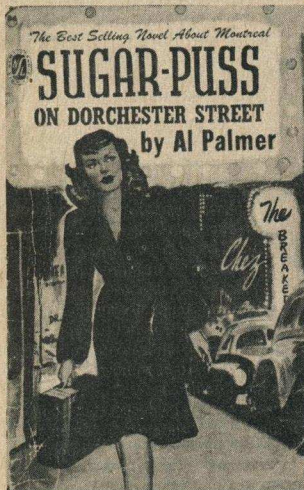


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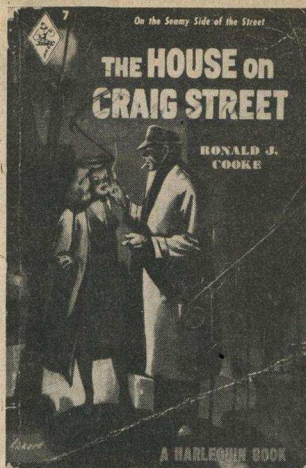


nipotence, it now seems strange to say. It is stranger still trying to correlate them to the climate of the larger world, the cold war.

This is Moore's theme. I don't think his novel would have existed without Igor Gouzenko to make Canada seem a fit place for spy adventures. I'm afraid the book is pretty McCarthyist. It's about a gray-haired gent trying to free his Communist-enslaved land, from a base in Montreal. He has a beautiful daughter. He hires a Canadian good guy. The anti-Communist revolt he is planning does not succeed, the rolling back of communism on that front remains merely a wishful thought. The Canadian gets the girl; she opts to be part of Canada's postwar immigration boom, rather than roll back.

I'm not a mystery buff, so I can't tell you if the style is more Dashiell Hammett or Ross MacDonald. And I can't remember much of the plot except for one scene where somebody finds out what someone else has just written by shading over the next leaf of the telegram pad in pencil. And a car crash in Westmount. And a chase on the docks — or is that in Palmer?

Gangsters are the consistent element. Moore's Montreal is a Montreal of consulates and French restaurants, but with



### *The House on Craig Street* has an American tonality

the same malevolence hovering, and the same marginal role for the French. It is not noted that the ills that infest the Little Paris are capitalist ills, not communist ones. At the time, many of those immigrants, especially Jewish ones in central Montreal, saw hope in Communism; were indeed voting Communist. And that low-burning discontent in the population was part of the reason novels like this one were welcomed and published. They were weapons in the war for the ordinary joe's mind.

I am interested in the period without quite knowing how to relate to it. Certainly not with affection. I would have been scared to live in the world of Aznavour and Palmer in the forties, even more scared than Morley Callaghan, who wrote a very loving-kindly novel about death in the Montreal jazz clubs, *The Loved and the Lost*. (What he noticed was that all the French Catholic intellectuals around were reading the Protestant moralizings of André Gide.) Perhaps the draw I feel is the same one you feel to the slave auctions in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Knowing it was thus, you know it had to change, had to explode.

Even if Aznavour's sensual lyric *Après l'amour* could not at the time have prompted me to foresee the explosion, I can now hear it as an early sexual-liberation plea. To get anything more explicitly political out of him, we had to wait till long after he had returned to France. During the Algerian War he composed and sang (though the words

were not his) *L'Amour et la guerre*, a splendid pacifist song that served as theme for the film *Thou Shalt Not Kill*.

Aznavour, for his part, does have affection for that world, as seen in his wide-shouldered jackets and his crooner's flourishes of the hands and microphone. And also in one of the more courageous songs in the show I saw at the Grand Théâtre in Quebec, *Comme ils disent, What You Might Call*, perhaps the first sympathetic presentation of homosexuality by a heterosexual pop singer when it came out a few years ago. Its female-impersonator narrator functions in a nightclub world much like I imagine the Faisan Doré to have been, coloured by the same scorn of straight society. Aznavour people, Palmer people, scorn the respectable, but they do not foresee a change.

For that hope of change, we can turn to the more American tonality of *The House on Craig Street*.

Here the tough-guy stuff that infuses the pulp novel is admitted at the end to be a pose. The hero of the book is Clive, and Clive is tough. But what Clive would like in the end is true love and a few good breaks in life. He's the proletarian prince of the American populist novel. Significantly, he is an *English* poor kid, from the *English* slums, even in the Little Paris. This is our Brooklyn.

Clive first tries to break out by being an advertising writer, learns that's corrupt, then wants to be a real writer. "I'll write about the people on the other side of the tracks — the people that I was brought up with," said Clive. "I'll write about the Peggy's, and the Benny's and the Albert's. I'll write about the frustrated little people who are searching for the answer to life."

We were still waiting for Ginger Coffee then, so let us not scoff at Ronald J. Cooke.

### OH, FUCK OFF!

What is so striking is the fact that [Jeanne] Sauvé chose these samples of French-Canadian history to match exactly the corresponding period of the European furniture. The effect is stunning — court formality and Quebec heartiness in a combination that conjures up a picture of fragile minuets and clomping peasants.

—Margaret Drury Gane, *Weekend Magazine*, June 5, 1976

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# TV

## Some post-Olympics awards

by Art Moses

Although Olympic television coverage was technically superb, it was hard to believe the CBC announcing staff was the best Canada had to offer.

With few exceptions, the Lloyd Robertson Selects tested viewer tolerance with a high school type cheerleading style that should have embarrassed even the most uncritical Canadian nationalist.

The generally overdone partisanship for Canadian performances did not exhaust the announcers' enthusiasm when U.S. athletes were in the field, especially against eastern European entries. In some cases the jock-talkers didn't bother hiding their primitive anti-communism, but made it part of the "commentary".

Not unexpectedly, sexist clichés and twitters were frequent.

To be fair, the announcing generally improved considerably as the Games progressed, and as the veterans of CFL football announcing learned more of the basics of such sports as volleyball, cycling, weightlifting, and greco-roman wrestling. It took a while to learn that you don't call a European football game like a bruising NHL scrap.

Expert colour commentary for most events was informative. But especially early in the Games, the regular CBC men would have done well to keep quiet, learn the fundamentals of the sport, and let the colour people do the talking.

Easily the best announcer proved to be Brian Williams, who teamed with former Canadian weightlifting champ Aldo Roy of Sudbury to make coverage of that even more gripping than could have been imagined, considering most viewers' closest associations with it couldn't have gone beyond their expired Vic Tanney membership.

Rather than let some other less distinguished jocktalkers go without any of those medals they seemed so obsessed with, the International Olympic Committee has not granted us permission to present the following honours for distinguished performance behind the mike:

• The Sun-Never-Sets Pink Medal to Lloyd Robertson: Flashing back to his anchor booth after a discussion on

favouritism in judging, Lloyd related an "anecdote" from the obscurities of recent Olympic history. In the 1930s "somebody made the accusation that a British judge, of all people, had been favouring the British team" (emphasis is Lloyd's).

• The Gold Medal for Inventive Non-Sexist Terminology: To the colour commentator describing women's basketball: "The Canadian girls are playing a man-to-man defence".

• The Gold Medal for Blatant Sexism: To diving announcer Ted Reynolds for: "And this diminutive little thing is Cynthia McIngvale".

Reynolds won the Silver Medal in the same competition just minutes later with the original "this tiny little thing is Cynthia McIngvale", when the same U.S. diver returned to the board.

• Bronze Medal for Blatant Sexism and a strong fifth in the Inventiveness competition goes to track announcer Don Whitman who, only days after Reynolds' performance, and on the second to last day of the Olympics declared: "and this little bitty thing is Francie Leroux", as the U.S. sprinter prepared for her final.

• The "Better Wrong than Red" Gold Medal goes to the announcer and commentator at the cycling competition, who otherwise were quite informative. During the "kilometre against the clock" event, the highly-rated Soviet entry did not start at the gun. Both men howled over the air waves that the Soviet should be disqualified but would not be.

"We are sure the Soviets, being the power that they are in international sports, will be able to lobby to have their man given another chance... we are sure the Soviet officials are down there convincing the judges to give him another chance...."

This line of "commentary" proceeded for perhaps five minutes until the judges announced that the Soviet was, indeed, disqualified. The announcers later pointed out that no Soviet official had been anywhere near the judges' table during the accident.

• The "Why Can't We Get Them All

to Join the Circus" honorary medal goes to boxing announcer Don "Look-at-the-Blood, Look-at-the-Blood" Chevrier, who, until the final night's bouts, was not burdened with an expert colour commentator.

"And you know it's not what happens in the Olympics that counts, it's what comes after," bubbled Chevrier, referring to U.S. boxing star Howard Davis, whom newswriters were touting as a future professional champion.

Runner-up in the same contest goes to pinch-hit anchor man Ernie Afaganis for his bewildered comment about Cuban revolutionary and heavyweight boxing gold winner Theofilo Stevenson. "And you know there have been many, many, attempts to sneak this man out of Cuba, but he's always refused."

• The "Smith, Jones" Gold Medal for racist foolishness goes to the colour man describing a North Korean men's team that had six players named "Kim" on board. "There are six Kims on the North Korean team, you know," he said. "That reminds me of a fairy tale — once upon a time there were six little Kims."

• For the final medal, we've got to go back to Lloyd Robertson for trenchant political analysis throughout the Games.

During the exciting final men's volleyball match between Poland and the USSR we broke from the action to learn "and you've got to remember there are political realities behind all this. The Soviet Union does not like to be beaten by its satellite countries."

Fair enough, Lloyd.

But funny thing, earlier the Puerto Rico men's basketball team came the closest to any team to upsetting the eventual gold medalists, the USA. The Puerto Ricans put on a tremendous effort, far superior to any of their other games. The Yanks pulled it out in the last seconds 96-95. And yet, throughout ne'er a word about politics or "political realities" from ya, Lloyd.

'Tis a peculiar CBC anti-imperialism.

But don't let's feel too indignant. If we found Lloyd and Co. bad, you wouldn't believe what we heard when we switched to ABC....



# SHORT TAKES

by Rae Murphy

**Journalism, Communication and the Law**, edited by G. Stuart Adam. Prentice-Hall/Toronto. 245 pp.

*Journalism, Communication and the Law* is designed to be read by journalism students or by those engaged in more trendy disciplines such as "communications study". It is a collection of essays and recycled lectures that deal with that grey area in the curriculum between certain skills — reporting, editing and pyramid polishing — and the background social studies in which the properly indoctrinated student will be able to contextualize his reportage of Lions' Club lunches. "Wedged between these two areas," writes Stuart Adam, the editor of the book, "is a third area — journalism studies — with which this book is concerned."

So far so good or, rather, so far too bad, because the best essays in this book seem to require a different format, such as a journal, that would invite rejoinders and discussion linked to current issues. If there is one thing more boring than an old newspaper, it must be an article or lecture based on one.

This does not apply to all of the essays. Those that comprise the first section are well done, interesting and stand on their own feet. They are a contribution to the

"Canadianization" of journalism studies. (Perhaps someday there will be enough resource material in Canada that students will have little excuse to go forth with the assurance that their rights as journalists are fully covered by the First Amendment.)

It is in the sections of the book dealing with the law and with the actual politics of the media, that one wishes there was a forum in which to respond. Anthony Westell's "Reporting the Nation's Business" is especially interesting and provokes a number of questions.

Why is the level of political reporting so low in Canada today? Westell lists a number of technical and organizational difficulties but these, in the end, must be manifestations of the problem, not its cause.

The most interesting essay in the book is Stuart Adam's "The Sovereignty of the Publicity System". Adam uses a legal precedent established in the 1930s both to affirm and later to waffle on the establishment of the principle of independence of the media from government control in Canada. All of which is fine as far as it goes. But in practical terms it is largely irrelevant. No mere government tells the Thomson chain what it shall or shall not say. The Prime Minister is libelled regularly in the press, and the positions and policy of the government often consciously and maliciously distorted with impunity in the press — for instance, the Taiwan business at the Olympics.

The crunch comes when a journalist or newspaper is rash enough to criticize the non-elected and permanent institutions: the courts, the judges or the police force. One of the reasons there could never be a Watergate scandal in Canada is because nobody would report one. There is no investigative journalism in Canada not because the journalists are too lazy or dumb, but because they are too cagey.

But an even more fruitful field for investigation of the relationship between the press and the law in Canada lies in the use and application of the injunction which replaces the story while it squelches it. It will be a long time before a reporter sniffs the air for lead around a smelter in Toronto.

Anyway, Stuart Adam has opened the question in his essay. Again, one wishes there was a forum to get further into it.

The reader is not particularly well served by the format when it comes to the weaker essays. The book has academic pretensions and the pages are strewn with little numbers that refer the diligent reader to the back of the book to the thoughts of the greats of the English language from John Milton through Keith Davey to Larry Zolf. One has no objection to footnotes as such. However, among other things, they do signal hard slogging ahead. The thickets of pretentiousness loom all about. This higher piffle of academia as often as not serves to obscure the inconsequential nature — even banality — of some of the pieces.

What, for example, in a student to make of an essay on government manipulation of the media based upon three obscure events in the Diefenbaker ministry?

## Last Post is pleased to announce these additions to its Fall List:

- The Lust Poet:** The truth about Layton's bar mitzvah
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- (a) such manipulation doesn't happen anymore?
- (b) refuse to attend government press conferences?
- (c) prevail upon the good professor to update his lecture notes?

Even so, it is difficult to take exception to this or many of the other essays in the book. It is, however, much more difficult to become particularly interested in any of them. *Journalism, Communication and the Law* is as bland as any provincial daily. It uncritically accepts all the assumptions of our "libertarian tradition" and questions none of the mythology that buttresses this specious doctrine.

Somehow, one expected a little more. . . .

• • •

**Big Mac: the unauthorized history of McDonald's**, by Max Boas and Steve Chain. E. P. Dutton/New York. 212 pp. \$10.25.

Max Boas and Steve Chain attempt to tell the story of McDonald's in *Big Mac: The Unauthorized Story of McDonald's*. As far as the book goes, it is interesting enough. Boas and Chain, we are told, observed courses at McDonald's Hamburger University, interviewed dozens of people and ate 2,000 hamburgers during the course of their research. They also did a hell of a lot of cribbing from previously published articles and a great deal of shameless padding to expand what could and should have been a good feature article into a 212 page book.

The book did, however, kindle the power of hindsight in this reader.

I can see, in retrospect, one cultural advantage in having passed through adolescence in Vancouver in the mid-fifties.

We know, and perhaps are the last generation to know, what a good hamburger is — or was. Not only that, but we witnessed the hamburger in transition. From Harry's Nite Spot where we saw the real thing being prepared with tender loving care to a small chain run by some guy who passed out cards with the message: "Smile. Life in British Columbia is wonderful." (Or words to that effect.) Meanwhile, on the Kingsway we could see the chrome and glass drive-ins with the mass produced cheapies that were spreading up the Pacific coast like acne.

Had we thought about it, we were seeing the outline of the future.

In the mid-fifties, Ray Kroc was a travelling salesman sliding down the dark side of his own middle age. But he was a man with a dream and a multiple-headed milkshake mixer to sell. In California he ran into the McDonald brothers who had a nifty hamburger stand with a simple menu, high turnover and few dishes to wash.

Ray Kroc saw the future and it was fried and franchised. Bringing together the great principles of American mass production and applying them to the then lowly hamburger — standardization and the use of other people's capital through the franchise system — Kroc was on his way.

First he coveted the system and the McDonald name — can you imagine "You deserve a break today at Kroc's?" — and finally he found the money to buy the brothers out. With a system of rigid standardization the McDonald hamburger was built in the image of the American automobile. All the parts are standard and interchangeable.

Even the franchise idea is analogous to the American automobile industry with its dealership network. The

franchise idea solves the problem of marketing and in the initial stages releases a vast pool of capital for expansion.

It all came together for Kroc who again saw the automobile as the harbinger of hamburger heaven. McDonald's would not be possible without the suburbs and the suburbs would not be possible without the mobility provided by the car. Even today, as a new generation of McDonald executives plot their infiltration of the urban core, the essence of McDonald's will forever be a hamburger grill surrounded by a parking lot.

The story of McDonald's and its wild growth through the last decade is also a reflection of the instability of the American economic system and the fevered speculative booms which undermine it. In 1972, for example, McDonald's had a book value of \$200 million, but its stock market value was over \$2 billion. At the same time, U.S. Steel had a book value of \$3.6 billion but a stock market value of \$2.2 billion. As Boas and Chain suggest: "... the preference of investors for hamburgers rather than steel was the microcosmic flaw of a financial system that invested vast resources in ground meat or the like rather than bolstering more vital sectors of the economy."

We are left with the nagging question: Did Ronald McDonald cause the recession?

The authors are rather transparent in their aim to do a job on McDonald's. That, of course, is fine, but they don't do the job and we are left with a bit of muckracking at Hamburger U — as if an institution that taught one to make a good hamburger was to be less respected than one that turned out mediocre writers — with descriptions of McDonald's rather bizarre head office and hints about the ruthlessness with which the corporation ground-up everything that stood in its way.

By hints, I mean that no context is provided for the stories of McDonald's fight with various municipal authorities in its constant efforts to expand. Nor is it a particular revelation that the corporation exploits its teenage workers and that its patriotism and community altruism is measured very carefully in its public relations department. Is Burger King or A and W any better eh?

For all that, the book is still interesting to read and it gave this reader an insight into an aspect of his own experience, which seemed quite unremarkable.

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# ELEMENTS

## SCIENCE REPORT BY DEMOCRITUS

### They Jumped From Forty Thousand Years Without A Parcel.

An official delegation from Vietnam was to show up in Ottawa soon to discuss the establishment of normal diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Perfectly normal, you might say. Another example of Canada's international good neighbourship, Ottawa's non-aligned desire to be on good terms with all of its global neighbours, no matter how pink and funny-looking. That's as may be, but **Democritus'** staff, a group of extremely hard-nosed scientific, not to say investigative, journalists, hears different.

The word is that Vietnam has two purposes in mind: a share in the Canadian aid pie, and a sprat-to-catch-a-mackerel beginning to a normalization of relations with the vanquished down south. In return, says the same word, Canada and its oil companies just might get a share in exploring for and exploiting Vietnam's offshore oil. While one might question Canada's greedy motives in making such a deal (compared, say, with the instant recognition of Chile's enlightened military masters), one might equally wonder whether Vietnam is in a position to deliver on its side of the bargain.

This is where the story gets a little murky, and takes on the scientific angle that gets it into this column rather than elsewhere.

Much of Vietnam's off-shore oil is off the shores of a few groups of islands — the **Paracels**, the **Spratleys**, the **Pratas Reef**, as well as an area that sounds as if it belongs off Newfoundland, the **Macclesfield Bank**. These places are the subject of a dispute that even now has reached the level of barbed exchanges between the *New China News Agency* and the Soviet government daily *Izvestia* — a level of international mud-slinging normally reserved for serious draft resolutions in the U.N. Security Council.

The new unified Vietnam has found itself in the position of supporting the former regime of President Thieu in South Vietnam . . . by denouncing the military occupation by the Peoples' Republic of China of the **Parcel Islands** in 1974. Vietnam claims the **Paracels**, the **Spratleys**, the **Pratas Reef** and the **Macclesfield Bank**. China still occupies the **Paracels**, and claims the rest, while the Philippines claims the **Spratleys**.

Here we have a complex international dispute involving just the chunks of territory and ocean which Canada is eyeing as Alberta in the Orient. And, to make it worse, China is busy rewriting international law to back up its claim to the whole shebang.

The *New China News Agency* reports that Chinese archaeologists have been examining the islands since they were occupied in 1974, and have discovered thousands of Chinese relics, including Celadon pottery of the **Southern Dynasties** (A.D. 420-589), Chinese settlements dating back to the **Tang** and **Sung Dynasties** (A.D. 681-907 and

A.D. 960-1279), as well as "forlorn soul shrines".

The agency concludes that "the large number of archaeological finds . . . the historical records and the testimony of fishermen provide further evidence of the iron-clad fact that the Chinese people were the earliest discoverers of the Hsisha (**Paracels**) as well as the Nansha (**Spratleys**) Chungsa (**Macclesfield Bank**) and Tungsha (**Pratas Reef**) Islands, and that the Chinese government was the earliest to exercise jurisdiction and sovereignty over them, making them an inalienable part of Chinese territory."

*Izvestia* was the first to point out that this claim was a departure from normal practice in territorial claims, sniffing that China "may be planning to set up battalions of archaeologists" to occupy the islands.

The implications for the world map of acceptance of the Chinese position would make even **Henry Kissinger's** mind boggle. One example should suffice.

Israeli archaeologists have discovered that a fortress deep in the Sinai Desert, formerly thought to be Roman, in fact belonged to **King Jehoshaphat** of Judah in about 800 B.C., confirming the biblical estimate of **Jehoshaphat**, that he "waxed great exceedingly; and he built in Judah castles and cities of stone." Pre-1967 Shme-1967, the borders of 800 B.C. would be a fine basis for the Geneva Peace conference.

Indeed, no respectable archaeologist now doubts that the first Canadian settlers came here across the land bridge from Asia. Any right-minded international jurist can see that the Athabasca Tar Sands should be included in any settlement of the Parcel question.

### Leprosy — It Costs an Armadillo and a Leg

Quebec's Premier **Robert Bourassa** must be getting the message. Among his August appointments was the inauguration of Canada's first **Leprosy Research Laboratory**, part of the Armand Frappier Institute at the University of Quebec in Montreal.

The priority task of the laboratory will be to try and cultivate the **Leprosy bacillus** in the test tube.

The job is not likely to be an easy one, if the **World Health Organization's** experience is anything to go by. The **WHO** says that the main problem in its fight against leprosy is the refusal of **armadillos** to breed in captivity.

**Armadillos** are the ideal environment for the microbes responsible for leprosy — they breed at an enormous rate in the liver and spleen of the armoured creatures, who, unfortunately for **leprosy** research, won't breed in captivity.

The problem is such that the WHO is financing studies at Venezuela's National Institute of Dermatology to find an answer to the **Armadillo** breeding problem in order to solve the bacillus shortage, in hopes of unlocking the mysteries of the disfiguring disease.



## Classified: property wanted

**Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd.** is casting about the country for a bit of property to rent. The sort of place they're looking for is geologically stable, safe from acts of war, free of ground fissures, impermeable to water, and made of rock that's a good conductor of heat. They want occupancy about 1980, and they'll be signing a quarter of a million year lease. They'd like to be far from the madding crowd, because the new tenant is to be nuclear waste from reactors they're already committed to build, and the stuff is going to be radio-active for 250,000 years.

If you know of anywhere, give a call to **Dr. Peter Dyne** of **AEC**. If you happen to live in the Ignace area of Northern Ontario, or in the corridor between Ottawa and Peterborough, you might be in luck — that's where **Dyne** is searching right now.

## Fingers

The **Mounties** always get their man, and sometimes get a new toy. The latest one should make you a little more careful about washing those glasses. It's a new computerized fingerprint identification system.

A central computer can file about 3,000,000 sets of fingerprints, and scan them at the rate of 15,000 per second . . . comparing them with the suspect's finger, which is placed on a glass panel at the local station while the print is transmitted to HQ by telephone.

## Who says they won't blow up the Olympics?

Montreal may have had its fill of French architects after the unstinting efforts of Roger Taillibert to squander the city's money, but future Olympic cities may be glad to hear from one.

Jean-Paul Bourdier has a plan for an Olympic stadium that would beat inflation by using . . . well, inflation. Bourdier has designed an inflatable stadium with collapsible seats that could be transported by dirigible from one Olympic City to the next every four years.

Bourdier hasn't priced out his design (a common failing of French architects, it seems) but he says it would be cheaper than conventional ones, and have the added advantage of being a one-shot affair.

## Democritus awards

We don't suppose you've heard of **Richard Vitek**, **Doctor William Houser** and **James Bors**, but they are this month's recipients of the **Democritus Three Wise Monkeys Award**, a semi-occasional prize honouring outstanding efforts in the field of concealing knowledge.

**Vitek**, **Houser** and **Bors** were to have presented a paper to the American Chemical Society at a meeting in San Francisco, a paper reporting that some California and New York wines contain levels of arsenic four times greater than the government allows.

This intelligence, concerning a well-known poison in a popular beverage, merited and received some press attention. Miffed at what they termed sensationalism, the three fearless researchers pointed out that oysters contain arsenic too, withdrew their paper from the meeting and had all copies but one burnt. A courageous stand in science's quest for abstract truth, and one that will surely not go unrewarded by the wineries in question.

## Amnesty International Indonesia Campaign 1976

Since September 30, 1965 the government of Indonesia has violated human rights on a massive scale.

Over 35,000 Indonesians, by the admission of their own government, have been detained in prisons or 'resettlement camps' since 1965. Most of them have not yet, and never will be, charged with any crime — they are imprisoned only for their political beliefs or non-violent political activities. Amnesty estimates that at least 55,000 remain imprisoned at this time. Most of them may never be tried, may never be sentenced and may never be released.

Canada is one of Indonesia's newest friends. President Suharto visited Canada last July and left with a souvenir — a \$200,000,000 line of credit from the Canadian government. Paul Gerin-Lajoie, President of CIDA, visited Indonesia in February. Don Jamieson, then Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, also dropped in during February.

During recent months there have been indications that the Indonesian government is reconsidering its policy toward the prisoners (known as G.30.S/PKI detainees), and it has been reported that a small number of these prisoners have been released. If you act now you can help bring about the release of many more prisoners of conscience in Indonesia.

## What can you do?

- (1) Send the attached coupon to the Indonesian Ambassador and to the Minister of External Affairs.

**The Honourable Donald C. Jamieson**  
Secretary of State for External Affairs  
House of Commons  
Ottawa K1A 0A6

I, \_\_\_\_\_, call upon you to use your office in a strong effort to persuade the Government of Indonesia to declare a general amnesty for all prisoners of conscience in Indonesia.

**His Excellency R. M. Mohamad Choessin**  
Ambassador, Indonesia  
Suite 1010  
255 Albert St.  
Ottawa K1P 6A9

I, \_\_\_\_\_, call upon you to do everything in your power to convince your government to declare a general amnesty for all prisoners of conscience in Indonesia.

- (2) Participate in the Indonesia Campaign. There are petitions, letter kits, background papers and pamphlets available. Activities include films, information booth, street theatre, demonstrations and meetings involving Parliamentarians.

Please contact:

**Amnesty International, Indonesia Campaign, P.O. Box 4457,  
Station "E", Ottawa, Ontario K1S 5B4**



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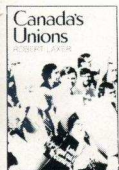
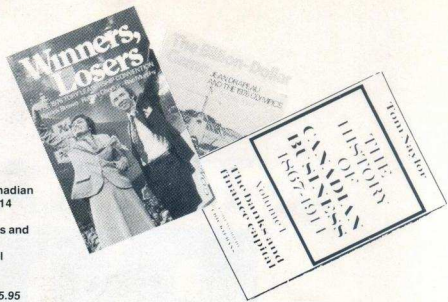


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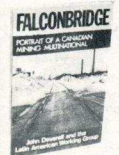
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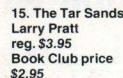


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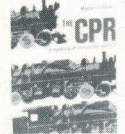


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