

THE LAST POST

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JANUARY 1978/75 CENTS

THE NEW
CONTINENTALISM

JUST THE SAME OLD S-TORIES

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The GRITS
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YOUR
LIBERAL MPS:
ANOTHER 137
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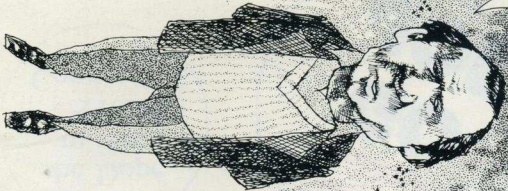
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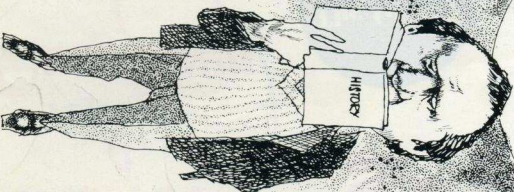
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IMMIGRATION: THE CRACK-DOWN

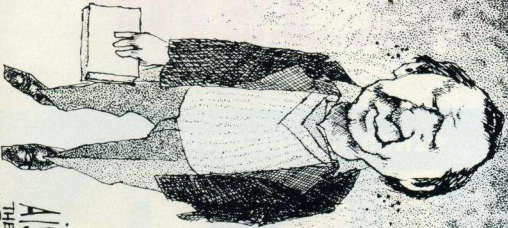
ALMOST EVERYONE YOU
SPEAK TO THESE DAYS IS
TRYING TO FIND A PARALLEL
TO THE QUÉBEC SITUATION.
SOME SPEAK OF SCANDINAVIA,
BELGIUM AND SWITZERLAND.



OTHERS SEE IT IN A MORE
SINISTER LIGHT COMPARING
IT WITH ULSTER, ALGERIA,
UGANDA, THE AMERICAN
CIVIL WAR OR GERMANY
IN THE THIRTIES...



HAVE ANY OF
YOU EVER SEEN
THE GONG SHOW?



THE LAST POST

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Letters

The emergence of Palestinians

Dear Last Post:

It was with great interest that I read the recent article by Robert Chodos, "When they begin the Begin", (*Last Post*, November, 1977). After reading John Goddard's rather simplistic interpretation of West Bank politics I dispaired that after so long a wait, you had chosen the superficial approach to covering Arab-Israeli relations.

Although I found the Chodos article a bit rambling, disorganized, and in places too cute, (the use of the dance motif was rather kitsch), it was nonetheless one of the few pieces that I've read in the Canadian press which at least tries to avoid the crassness of ideological self-righteousness and communicates to the reader a sense of the complexity of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

I found two passages of particular interest and worthy of some comment within the context of the important task of properly translating the Mid-East to Canadians. Firstly, Chodos quotes his cousin as saying: "It's impossible to compare the Arab's attachment to this land with our attachment to it. . . . What we have to do is make it clear that we plan to stay. Once the Arabs realize that it will only be a matter of time before their attachment to the land fades." (p. 39) Immediately following this quote, Chodos focuses on Arab rootedness in Hebron, in what appears to be an attempt to discredit through ironic contrast, his cousin's view. To me, Chodos only betrays a misunderstanding of Routtenberg's position. Although perhaps somewhat hard-nosed,

Routtenberg's view appears to be founded in a familiarity with the Mid-East: It was not until well after the renewed immigration of Jews to Palestine, (I use this formulation to indicate that a decently sized Jewish community pre-dated modern Zionist immigration which began in the 1870's with the Hovevei Zion and Biluim) and the establishment of the State of Israel that "Palestinians" appeared. By this I mean that the idea of "Palestinians" was no more than a slogan, developed in Arab capitals by Arab governments and involved the task, albeit difficult, of glorifying and expanding out of all proportions traditional village loyalties.

Before the injection of these slogans into international consciousness, there were no "Palestinians". There were only Muslim villagers and Bedouin tribesmen living on the periphery of urban areas in a region without national units as we in the West now understand them in terms of our own history. Eventually, many of these peoples and areas were incorporated in the Jewish State. If the Jews hadn't realized their national aspirations, these same Muslim villagers and Bedouins who were subsequently manufactured into "Palestinians" would have become, without even an historical ripple, Syrians or Jordanians or Egyptians. So, while Jewish attachment is to the idea of a land and a nation, the attachment of Muslim villagers living in the West Bank area while strong for a particular piece of land, remains weak in terms of the idea of a land. It is perhaps this situation which is at the root of the spectacular failure of the PLO to develop into a

national liberation movement as opposed to its present status as a terrorist group. In any event, it is this idea which Chodos fails to grasp.

Secondly, I was struck by his use of the term "hatred" to describe *some* Jewish/Israeli feeling towards Arabs, (p. 41, para. 3). I find the word particularly apt and illuminating. I would not make a case for the morality or even the efficacy of hatred, but the significance of the term in this context should not be overlooked. In North America, the idea of hatred, if it ever had any currency at all, seems to have been lost, at least in the opinion-forming media. It is replaced by the more ideologically useful and less emotionally embarrassing ideas of "oppression", "contempt" and "loathing". For Arab propagandists, these latter ideas, with connotations of colonization, discrimination and injustice are certainly a welcome means of reinforcing their desire to firmly establish the notion of the existence of a Palestinian entity by equating them with existing and truly oppressed peoples. I prefer the term "hatred" because it implies fear, at least of an equal, and open dislike based not necessarily on ascribed characteristics but rather those derived from events and wrongs done historically. I believe that the term more closely reflects the nature of the Arab-Israeli conflict and leaves open to further investigation the question of who was and is oppressed and transgressed against.

If Chodos had explored in greater depth the history of Oriental Jewry, which he notes is now the Jewish majority in Israel, he might have discovered, to the discomfort of leftist supporters of the

PLO and other Arab regimes, that when it comes to oppression of, contempt for and injustice toward authentic ethnic minorities, Arab society has no peers.

To those of your readers interested in the "Palestinians", in the Oriental Jews and in the complex nature of the Zionist idea, and to Bruce G. Inksetter and other millennialists, I recommend two excellent books: Albert Memmi, *Jews and Arabs*. Chicago: J. Philip O'Hara, Inc., 1975, and, Attallah Mansour, *Waiting For the Dawn*. London: Secker and Warburg, 1975.

C. H. Katz
Westmount, Que.

The media's independence

Dear Last Post:

A copy of the September 1977 issue of the *Last Post* has found its way to me in India. I was alarmed to read in "Will 'The Man' Get the Mounties?" that the Liberal government and perhaps politicians in general are continuing their "attacks on the independence of the CBC-Radio Canada" and on the independence of the media in general."

Criticizing the media for reckless journalism is one thing, but it frightens me when the media's very independence is vigorously attacked in a campaign of rhetoric by public figures. The politicians are paranoid and maybe they have every right to be in order to protect their vested interests. A free and independent media must be actively supported by the people everywhere. The people of India have lived through 19 months of emergency rule and government control of the media. As the world knows, the people didn't like it one bit.

It's about time Canadian people woke up to the social, political and economic realities the country is now facing.

Greg Chaput
Srinagar, Kashmir

Reply to critic

Dear Last Post:

I am grateful to you for having provided a forum for writing about my personal experiences of racism in Canada. I was hoping for some responsible, well-reasoned criticism. So, I am disappointed in Claire Culhane's combination of hit-below-the-belt specifics, and platitudinal generalities (*Last Post*, June-July 1977).

Ms. Culhane has done precisely what

most of my liberal friends do: "explain away" specific problems, though she uses radical rhetoric in the place of disbelief. I quote: "galloping inflation, rising unemployment . . . repressive laws. . ." So what is new? Her nine paragraphs demonstrate how remarkably limited the potentialities of radical rhetoric can be in identifying or ameliorating specific problems.

Not for below the belt tactics: I can do it too!

Ms. Culhane sounds at least ten years younger than me. I have probably outgrown radical rhetoric. No, that's not true—I never had any time for it. When I was younger I was cleaning houses, caring for children, cooking, house-keeping, then answering telephones for others, working my ass off to become a woman "with all my professionalism and formal education" as Ms. Culhane contemptuously describes me.

And if she had actually read through my "ten dreary pages", rather than skim to pick sentences out that she can then pick on, she might have discovered a number of facts, which would replace assumptions that she made about me. No, Culhane, I ain't from Africa. Read again, this time carefully. No, Culhane, I didn't live in "safe, comfortable suburbia." Never did, in fact. Telephone threats, bomb scares and police harassments are part of my daily life, in the central city. Except for one occasion for a few months when I was Culhane's figurative neighbour in Richmond, B.C., that is. As a single girl, it was the only safe and affordable accommodation (I thought, but it wasn't) I could find and hated commuting 14 miles each way to work. And a landlord in Burnaby, Culhane's town, would not rent me accommodation.

So much for my, "ineptitude". I have no use for grandiose pseudo-marxist theories. Having led a hard, toiling life, working at any and all odd jobs from age 12, to support myself and children in my family, I have neither the time or the use for radical rhetoric.

While working my way through university, I met a lot of youths, male and female, in three-piece suits who smoked cigars and drank coffee at expensive French bistros and talked revolution in precisely the terminology Ms. Culhane's letter uses. They would harrangue about pulling the working class up by their bootstraps; I was grateful to finally own a pair of boots, and would not let any of them touch my straps lest they snap them and not pay for replacements.

No, I am not unhappy, not frustrated, not contemptuous. I believe in working effectively for concrete, visible change. In Canada, I had to contend not just with the 'establishment's' rhetoric, but also with the likes of Culhane.

I don't know whether the native prisoner she mentions in her letter "had it (sic) more together," but from her quote I can see that he was very articulate. I wish I could say the same thing about my critic.

To give credit where credit is due: Yes, I have met many *more* female discriminators than males (mostly because women find the threat of successful females more immediate if they come with black skin). But unlike Culhane, I like to give women the benefit of the doubt given their unsurmountable obstacles and frustrations in daily life. If some of the 52 per cent of the female population "got its act together" (whatever that means) they'd get a lot further than they will by nit-picking and internal quibbling.

Finally, those quotations you use from my article to glibly ridicule me are all true and amount to one simple point you charmingly missed. As individuals, on a one-to-one basis, I have found Americans as I describe them in those pages. And as individuals, if you can ever get to relate to them on a one-to-one basis, Canadians are complacent, denying or constantly explaining away the obvious. You proved it, this time on a less personal basis.

If you ever get to travel in eastern Canada, why don't you ask some French Canadians who've lived north and south of the border. Oh no, Culhane, you don't have to speak French. They will gladly tell it to you like it is in your language.

Rose Tanner Brown
Toronto

Oriental Jews and Labour

Dear Last Post:

The relative enthusiasm with which Israel's Oriental Jews supported the winning party in the recently concluded election apparently is perfectly understandable given both their traditions and their experience in Israel. Perhaps the new government will give them cause to look with greater kindness on Labour but only, I suspect, over the very long haul, especially if Labour doesn't move to the right.

George Hendry
Highland Creek, Ont.

From Enders to Chretien to Horner to you...

Continentalism rears its head

CP photo



U.S. Ambassador Thomas Enders has been urging big tariff cuts between Canada and the U.S.

by ROBERT CHODOS

One of the more striking phenomena of the last couple of years or so is the ease with which Canadian nationalism has entered the domain of the nostalgia buffs.

Remember Joe Greene? Walter Gordon? The Herb Gray report? *Close the 49th Parallel*? Margaret Atwood talking about survival? The thrill of fighting Trotskyites in the Waffle? Those jolly Committee for an Independent Canada meetings in Thunder Bay?

Judging from the disappearance of Canadian nationalism into the same graveyard as streaking and student power, it might be concluded that its mandate had been fulfilled, its issues answered, its agenda completed.

In fact, Canadian independence, in the sense defined by the nationalist movement a short few years ago, has rarely been on shakier ground.

So far, the principal spokesmen for the new continentalist thrust have been the Economic Council of Canada, U.S. Ambassador to Canada Thomas Enders, Finance Minister Jean Chrétien, and Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner.

Their remarks have not been treated with the seriousness they deserve. Back in 1969 Joe Greene, then energy minister, went to Washington and endorsed the idea of a continental energy policy. Politicians and pundits screamed in outrage. The government was forced to run for cover. Greene went into a cocoon and re-emerged six months later in Denver as a champion of Canadian independence. Now, an integration of similar magnitude is being actively discussed but the outcry has been, at best, muted.

The basic text for the new continentalism is a 1975 Economic Council report called *Looking Outward*. The document was a clarion call for free trade; according to one Ottawa official, it represented the "true religion" of free trade. Free trade with everybody, all around the world, is the Council's first choice. If that is not possible, then free trade with our major trading partners such as the United States and the European Economic Community is to be sought. And if that is not possible, then the Economic Council would be quite happy to settle for free trade with the United States alone.

The Council asked "if free trade would result in substitution of Canadian dependence for autonomy or if instead it would involve replacing one type of Canada-U.S. interdependence with another? Would not the change be from a largely unplanned North American economic relationship to a system based on agreed rules of conduct? There is no *a priori* reason to believe that the act of structuring an already vast array of trade links would increase the danger of political union. Indeed, it might be more realistic to argue that Canada's capacity for survival would be strengthened by accepting the fact that our unique trade relationship with the United States is irreversible. It would be better to deliberately define, in accordance with clear national objectives, the direction in which this relationship should develop, rather than to cope, after the fact, with the consequences."

The document was not, at the time, greeted with an unbroken chorus of hurrahs. The voice of the free traders had been heard before in the land, and many people regarded what the Economic Council was saying not as new and challenging but as tired and discredited. Besides, the Economic Council is only an advisory body, and by no means every-



In 1969, then Industry Minister Joe Greene endorsed a continental energy deal; fierce public protest forced him to retreat

thing it recommends is acted upon.

But two years after the appearance of *Looking Outward*, the Economic Council's doctrine has shown up in the thinking of the two most important economic ministers in the federal cabinet.

In a radio interview in late October, Laurier Lapierre suggested to Jean Chrétien that Canada seemed to be moving toward closer economic integration with the United States, and asked the finance minister whether he favoured such a course. In the era when Canadian nationalism was strong, cabinet ministers routinely issued blanket denials in response to such questions. Chrétien's answer, however, was so positive as to be almost enthusiastic:

More on page 42:

Mel Watkins examines Walter Gordon's nationalism

"I think that we should look at every proposition that the Americans can make with us. I don't want to get into a common market with them. I don't think it would be advisable at this time but we will probably be forced to make some adjustment because as you can see, the world at this moment is developing in big blocs. You know, for example, we used to have very favourable relations with England before they joined the Common Market. Now you know they have joined the Common Market. The Common Market is developing their own policy, their own protections. It's a market that seems to be much more difficult to penetrate for Canadians than before because through the Commonwealth it was easier for us to penetrate the British market. So that in some areas we'll have to co-ordinate with the Americans, but I think that it's not necessarily that we'll be the losers in that. We can be the gainers, as we have been with the Auto Pact, for example."

In an interview on CTV's *Question Period* soon after his appointment as industry, trade and commerce minister, Jack Horner also cited the Auto Pact as a success story that should be emulated:

"I mean an industry specializing on a specific line of goods to a greater degree and maybe because they've specialized they go to world-size capabilities and export into the United States. Something more along the lines of the Auto Pact. We've done very well in the Auto Pact in complete cars but we've lost out badly in parts. We lose about a billion a year in parts."

"More Auto Pacts then?" asked Charles Lynch.

"More agreements similar to that might help Canada go to world-size scale in manufacturing and more rationalization and better competitive positions."

Since the "success" of the Auto Pact is a major element in the continentalist argument, it is perhaps worth examining whether all observers are agreed that the Auto Pact has been such a boon for Canada.

An industry, trade and commerce department task force studying the car industry found several disturbing aspects in Canada's automotive picture. First of all there is the trade deficit, which in 1975 amounted to almost \$2 billion. In the area of employment, while Canada's share of North American automotive employment has increased since the Auto Pact was signed, the jobs that have been attracted to Canada have been mostly low-skill jobs that are vulnerable to being lost to developing countries. In the motor-vehicle sector in the United States, 49 per cent of production workers are non-skilled, 43 per cent are semi-skilled and eight per cent are skilled. But in Canada, 75 per cent of production workers in the sector are non-skilled, 23 per cent are semi-skilled and only two per cent are skilled.

Another side of the same coin is the low level of capital investment in Canada by the car companies since the Auto Pact was signed. While in 1965, the first year of the Pact, cumulative capital investment in the industry was ten times as large in the United States as in Canada, by 1975 American capital investment was almost sixteen times the Canadian level. In the 1973-75 period new capital investment in Canada was only five per cent of total North American investment.

The industry, trade and commerce study also found that the car companies do virtually no research and development in Canada. The Science Council of Canada has repeatedly emphasized the importance of research and development in building a stable industrial base. According to the IT&C task force, as a result of the absence of research and development, "there is little, if any, of the kind of indirect benefit that should flow from the production and marketing of a product as sophisticated as a motor vehicle particularly where the market is of a size that could support more balanced development and production processes. The argument often presented for the deficiency of industrial research and development effort in Canada is that the domestic industry is too small to justify any greater outlays and without a sufficiently large market a new product or process cannot be launched in volumes sufficient to achieve optimum scales of production. However, given the availability of the automotive market in both Canada and the United States this would not appear to be a limiting factor."

In other words, our most highly touted experience with free trade indicates that the whole proposition is substantially more complicated than believers in the "true religion" would

like to think. But this hasn't prevented the believers from continuing to proselytize for their cause.

* * *

The current context in which Canada's trade options are being considered centres on the drawn-out negotiations of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, now taking place in Geneva. These negotiations, labelled the Tokyo Round because the 1973 declaration that got them going was signed in the Japanese capital, have as their goal a substantial across-the-board reduction of tariffs and the lowering of non-tariff barriers to trade. In the last round of tariff-cutting talks, the Kennedy Round of the sixties, Canada was something of a dissenter, insisting that its peculiar economic structure prevented it from participating fully in the general reduction of tariffs. This time, it appears that Canada will fall in with the position of the other countries.

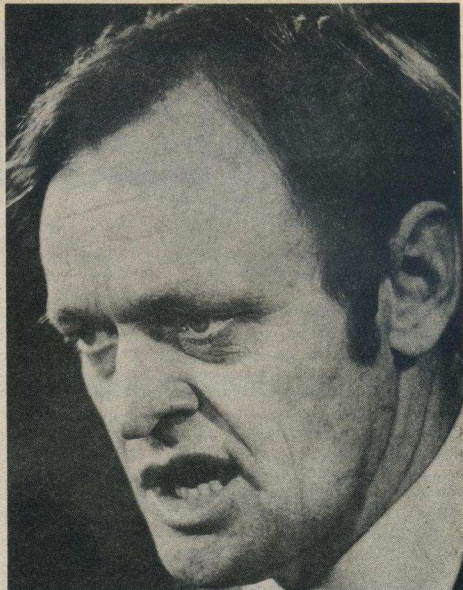
Prominent among the people who have been urging such a course on Canada is U.S. Ambassador Thomas Enders. In a speech in Toronto on September 22, Enders said that "Canada and the U.S. are now working with our major trading partners to block out a long-term trade deal in Geneva. The idea is to bring the negotiation to a head early next year. We know that to be acceptable to you the deal must include major cuts in American tariffs on processed raw materials, areas where Canadian exports face 'tariff escalation', or tariffs that increase as you move up the process of transforming raw materials into finished goods. To be acceptable to us, the deal must result in major, balanced cuts in the protection our goods face in Canada."

He was even blunter in a Calgary speech a month later. "Canada and the U.S.," he said, "should both accept the working hypothesis for tariff cutting — which yields an average reduction of about 44 per cent — and apply it with a minimum of exceptions." He reiterated his sensitivity to Canada's concern about tariff escalation, and said, "O.K. We're ready to do something about it, if you're ready to go for a big package result from the negotiation."

Not surprisingly, the Economic Council has also come out in favour of a low-tariff strategy at Geneva. In its latest annual review, it warned against "the spectre of protectionism" and said that "there are, undoubtedly, short-term problems that stand in the way of a more vigorous pursuit of free trade. These include slack in the international and domestic economies, and poor international competitive performance by Canadian manufacturing enterprises overall. Nevertheless, in the longer run, it is equally clear that Canada's prosperity and economic and political interests lie in the pursuit of a policy favouring further reduction of trade barriers in a multilateral trading environment."

And Jean Chrétien has indicated that the government's position is not too far removed from the Economic Council's. "We have had to give more protection to some of our weaker industries like textiles by restricting imports. But this is only a short-term solution. We need lower — not higher — trade barriers here and around the world if we are to build efficient manufacturing industries and increase our productivity."

The question of what Canada will do if the Tokyo Round talks fail to achieve the desired objective of a lowering of barriers to trade remains. Given the government's current inclinations and the advice it seems to be listening to, however, it seems a good bet that it will try to work out some sort of bilateral trade deal with the United States.



Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Jack Horner (left) has come out in favour of more 'Auto Pact' type agreements; Finance Minister Jean Chretien has also pointed to the 'Auto Pact' as an example of future deals

Despite the decline of the Waffle and the dormancy of other nationalist groups, there have been some voices raised in opposition to the new continentalism. The Science Council of Canada, a federal advisory body whose recommendations have often conflicted with those of the Economic Council, recently issued another in its remarkable series of reports that have documented the weakness of the Canadian manufacturing sector. In this new report, *Uncertain Prospects: Canadian Manufacturing Industry 1971-1977*, the Science Council makes its strongest statement yet about the need to restructure this key sector; taking a cue from Jim Laxer, it says that "we are now witnessing sluggish industrial development and perhaps even the de-industrialization of Canadian society."

It also identifies three schools of thought on how to deal with the persistent problem of low productivity in Canadian manufacturing. One is the Economic Council school that suggests that the solution to low productivity lies in free trade. Another school believes that the problem can be handled on a sector-by-sector and firm-by-firm basis.

The third school — and the one to which the Science Council appears to be most sympathetic — is identified with economist Myron Gordon of the University of Toronto. It considers a customs union with the United States a "prescription for disaster" and says that its short- and medium-term consequences would be "widespread unemployment, habitual instability and a deterioration in the investment climate." Instead, it advocates a national industrial strategy that would include "a drastic reduction in the number of establishments producing in Canada" and the creation of large "national companies which employ the best large scale tech-

nology, produce the complete range of products in economical production runs and rely on their own management and professional services."

But despite the appearance of Myron Gordon before a Liberal party policy workshop last spring, his ideas don't seem to have found much favour in government circles.

Just why the government has chosen to embrace a relatively unadulterated form of continentalism at this point must remain a matter for speculation. It is probably related to Ottawa's growing desperation at the state of the economy and the feeling that something, anything, has to be tried. In a more subtle way, the new continentalism is also probably related to Quebec.

On one level, at least some Parti Québécois cabinet ministers regard a closer economic relationship with the United States as one of the potential benefits of Quebec sovereignty. Ottawa may be trying to cut some ground out from under them by providing the American connection without having to go through the trouble of separating. Also, Prime Minister Trudeau and Premier Lévesque both made highly publicized visits to the United States soon after the election of the PQ government, and both are keenly aware of the crucial role the U.S. is likely to play in how the Canadian problem is resolved. So far, Ottawa has appeared to be winning the competition for American support, but there is no reason to suppose that its one-up position is terribly secure. In short, this is no time to risk even the mild irritation of the elephant next door.

So while one group of cabinet ministers and other public-spirited citizens are running around trying to save the country from breaking up, others are following a course that may leave us with only a poor excuse for a country left to save.

From the company that rules the market...

The cost of INCO's goof

By Latin American Working Group
and Canadian News Synthesis
Project

TORONTO — Canadians were shocked and angry on October 20 when INCO Ltd. announced that it would be cutting back its workforce by 3,450 workers by the beginning of next year. How could Canada's twelfth largest corporation with a national identity as Canadian as maple syrup pull the plug on the Sudbury, Port Colborne and Thompson communities in a time of high unemployment? Was the company callously abandoning the region it had turned into a moonscape?

Since the announcement of the INCO layoffs, the debate in legislative assemblies and the press has been heated and confusing. Company explanations about the anonymous and neutral forces of the marketplace forcing the layoffs have filled the business press while trade union leaders and opposition politicians have raised more probing questions about the power of those large accumulations of capital known as transnationals—the power to decide where capital will be invested and who will benefit from its use.

Much more information will shortly become available to the public when hearings are held into the layoff affair. But at this time, several points should be made to clarify the basic reasons for INCO's layoff decision and the implications of its overseas expansion program.

INCO's attempt to place the responsibility for the layoffs on the whims of the supply and demand equations of the international marketplace is like the accountant blaming his pencil for faulty arithmetic. INCO and its runner-up in world nickel mining, Falconbridge Nickel Mines Ltd., together control more than 50% of the free world's production and circulation of the shiny substance. For more than 80 years INCO's New York headquarters have manipulated and regulated nickel production and markets earning a reputation as the price-leader and monopolist of the industry. While some newcomers have entered the nickel scene in recent years, and INCO's relative share of world production has declined, the company itself must still be held substantially responsible for the current situation of oversupply of the commodity.

The simple fact of the matter is that INCO goofed. Along with many of its

colleagues in the stratosphere of high finance, INCO simply miscalculated the depth and extent of the current economic recession. Its gamble on an upturn in economic activity went bust. Its knee-jerk solution: cut the labour force and make the workers pay. INCO's nine-month profit for 1977 of \$95 million was judged too low and the interests of investors more important than the livelihood of hard-rock miners.

The "investor first" mentality of Bay Street translates into the chronic "boom and bust" experience of northern communities like Sudbury. Throughout its history Sudbury has been the victim of repeated layoffs whenever the anonymous "marketplace" played tricks on nickel demand. Only several years ago, in the 1971 recession, INCO slashed 6,000 jobs from its 18,000 workforce over a period of 18 months.

If INCO's strategy of protecting profits by layoffs is nothing new in the history of Canadian mining, neither is the corporation's concurrent expansion abroad and cutbacks at home. Several other Canadian mining concerns have been playing the same game. Noranda Mines Ltd. has been steadily reducing its Canadian workforce in recent years while planning the development of a \$350 million copper mine in partnership with Chile's repressive military junta. In the one year, 1975-76, Noranda cut back its Canadian mining, smelting and refining labour force by 2,400 workers while increasing overseas employment by 15%.

INCO's friendly competitor in Sudbury, Falconbridge, is also on the layoff spree. After suspending its entire 4,000 member labour force during September, Falconbridge then began implementing long-term layoffs which, including early December's layoff announcement, total almost 1,200. Falconbridge has been set up for five years in the Dominican Republic where its nickel operations net most of the firm's profits by exploiting cheaper Dominican labour. Falconbridge, too, is preparing a massive



INCO's nickel complex at Copper Cliff near Sudbury

copper investment in Chile estimated to exceed \$500 million in coming years.

It is INCO's layoff decision and its opening of new mines in Indonesia and Guatemala that have focused public attention on the general phenomenon of capital flight from this country. But it is not accurate to say that production from these Third World countries has caused the reductions in Canada — that Third World labour is taking away our jobs. Rather, the two events are like pieces in a puzzle that, when assembled, reveal INCO's global strategy.

The opening of INCO's subsidiary operations in Guatemala (EXMIBAL) and Indonesia (P.T. INCO) is the culmination of ten to fifteen years' planning on the part of corporate managers. It's long been known that most of the world's nickel resources lie in the lateritic ores of tropical areas. Both the giant corporations of the industry, and the U.S. State Department, have regarded such resources with great interest.

Production at these overseas locations is only beginning, however, and in a year's time the output will amount to 50

million pounds of nickel. They are not, nor will be for some time, the cause of the current nickel oversupply problem, especially considering that such output shrinks in comparison with the 462 million pounds of nickel produced last year by INCO in Canada. The scandal is not in the coincidence of the foreign start-ups with domestic cutbacks. Rather it is in the company's decision to expatriate Canadian-generated capital for investments in countries where labour is cheap because it is severely repressed by brutal dictatorial rule.

B.C.-style polarization comes to Manitoba

The Schreyer era ends

by ANGUS RICKER

WINNIPEG — At the end of a long and gloomy evening at the Winnipeg Union Centre, the election night headquarters for the Manitoba New Democratic Party, a handsome young woman buried a hug of condolence into a woman friend's coat and said loudly: "Not four years of acute, protracted restraint!"

It was as good an epitaph as any; the Ed Schreyer social democracy years were over. The hard-faced men who had inserted Sterling Lyon as leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in 1975 by dumping former leader Sidney Spivak were now preparing to take power.

The Tories, by promising less government and fewer taxes, had caught the mood of the usually conservative Manitoba electorate. The New Democrats hadn't promised much either, a static position for a reform party, but the NDP strategists had read the public mood too.

Elections in Manitoba for the past decade have been delicately balanced. A collapse in the popular vote of the Liberal Party provided most of the margin needed to give the Tories 31 of 57 legislature seats.

The NDP also dropped almost four per cent in its popular vote and lost eight seats, including three held by cabinet ministers, leaving a total of 23. Only one of three Liberals, Lloyd Axworthy, the



Ed Schreyer concedes defeat on election night

all-purpose urbanologist, survived and with the party's vote share at 12 per cent (halved since 1969) B.C.-style polarization had arrived in Manitoba.

The NDP campaign workers trooped

off to a basement bar to drink to forget and to spin out long and involved conspiracy theories as to why the federal Liberals were cutting their provincial parties adrift as part of a Keith Davey-

Jim Coutts masterplan.

Over at Tory headquarters at the upwardly mobile Holiday Inn several convention rooms were packed, raucous and ecstatic. Long-time party backroomer Nate Nurgitz, who had taken some heavy lumps from Schreyer during the campaign for inaccurate television advertising, set the mood by holding up a toy yellow chicken tagged NDP and wringing its neck before tossing it into the roaring crowd.

After learning of the incident one New Democrat remarked: "Who needs a minister of revenge? They'll have a cabinet full."

Well armed with drink and a supply of two-year-old "Premier Lyon" buttons left over from the Lyon leadership campaign, the Tories crowded throughout the evening in the manner of their confreres in Britain where the Conservatives are known affectionately as "the stupid party".

Happy days were here again as the man in the silly straw hat shouted: "Did you hear the rumour? Larry Desjardins (the NDP health minister who switched from the Liberals) called and wanted to switch parties."

Another gent, a slice of Winnipeg high society in top hat, tails and cane, explained his wardrobe: "Well, after eight years what do you expect? I waited a long time for this moment."

But Sterling Lyon represents the revolt of the leisure suits, not the lounge suits. Backed by 19 members of the then Tory caucus when he overthrew Sidney Spivak two years ago, his debt is largely to men who represent the bigger farms and smaller businesses that dominate the Tory heartland of south Winnipeg and southern Manitoba.

In sharp contrast to the group of multi-cultural ethnics that Ed Schreyer led for eight years, the new Tory government is mostly male, older and often poorly educated WASP.

GOOD THING TOO!

"Montreal police don't hesitate to use whatever laws, regulations or persuasion they feel they need to control morality in the city and prevent it from gaining a foothold in any part of the city."

— *Toronto Globe & Mail*,
Sept. 21, 1977



Jubilant Conservatives cracked jokes about health Minister Larry Desjardins (who had switched to the NDP from the Liberals) phoning to ask if he could switch to the Tories

The one woman cabinet minister, Norma Price, made up for it by being an insurance underwriter who had formerly been in the hotel business. On election night she said her concerns in the legislature would be to promote tourism and lessen government interference in business.

Lyon named her minister of labour and union leaders promptly let out a collective gasp. Her concerns are shared by most of her fellow ministers who have been granting extensive newspaper interviews and dropping the words "cuts" "freeze" and "stop" at least until a provincial audit is completed and examined.

The cabinet appointments also show that the Spivak-Lyon breach had hardly been papered over for campaign purposes, let alone healed. Spivak was named minister without portfolio and given the politically messy job of heading the task force that will recommend the cuts necessary if Lyon lives up to Tory promises of restraint.

The business community has already checked in with its shopping list and at the top was a repeal of the time-and-three-quarter pay provision for overtime and a prompt sell-off of government-run businesses.

The mining lobby wants the province out of its 50-50 partnerships on new exploration work and a hefty reduction in taxation. Insurance companies will get a shot at general insurance where the Manitoba Public Insurance Corporation is a monopoly supplier (mostly to government departments) but will not be permitted into public auto insurance for the present.

Lyon has followed the made-in-B.C. script. There were allegations prior to and during the campaign that the government couldn't manage the economy, let alone several money-losing government enterprises such as the Flyer Industries bus company, and that Manitoba was missing out because of an anti-business attitude.

Immediately after the election came the Spivak task force and the audit designed to prove the province is in far worse financial shape than outgoing Finance Minister Saul Miller had said.

It was 1975 and Bill Bennett all over again with only slightly fewer car dealers.

It also mattered little that most of the actions were rubbish or political window dressing. If Manitoba's deficit is \$35 million (Miller's figure) or \$70 million (new Finance Minister Donald Craik's) it is only a puny fraction of the \$2 billion Ontario rings up annually. But balanced budgets are still sacred in the West, a legacy of unstable agrarian economies and the foreclosures of farms in the 1930s. Lord Keynes' economics may have conquered Ottawa and Washington but his disciples have never successfully crossed the Ontario-Manitoba border.

In addition the ideological free enterprisers will clap hands when money-losers such as the tourist ship Lord Selkirk or the Gull Harbour resort on Hecla Island are sold at knock down prices. Few will remember that the Manitoba government became involved when closures were threatened and jobs were at stake.

Schreyer expressed hope at his final press conference that most NDP pro-

grams would be retained and the major ones certainly will be. In Saskatchewan, Premier Ross Thatcher did not attempt to make major changes to social programs like medicare when the Liberals took over from the CCF in 1964.

But the pay-as-you-go emphasis will be far different and symbolic sacrifices will be offered. Before the Tories were sworn in, three deputy ministers were removed, including Bill Janssen, the deputy minister of agriculture and perhaps the most articulate proponent of marketing boards in Canada, and Lionel Orlikow, the deputy minister of education, and a believer in progressive education.

The NDP is now in the midst of a massive re-think as to what went wrong during the election. Conventional party wisdom is that the campaign had been decided by the Manitoba electorate a year ago.

Party polls taken by both the NDP and the Tories late last winter showed a Tory lead of at least eight per cent. Although Schreyer's personal choice was for a June election, the party finally concluded it wasn't ready and used the snap Ontario campaign as an excuse for delay.

As the NDP organized over the summer and the Tories chafed at having the date set back, Lyon handed Schreyer his election issue. Although elected in a November, 1976 by-election in the rural

seat of Souris-Killarney, Lyon sought a Winnipeg seat for the general election. After deciding on Charleswood, an area he partly represented in the Duff Roblin government in the 1960s, Lyon made it appear that the constituency executive had invited him to run in the seat.

What had actually happened was that some members of the executive had asked him to seek the nomination but no executive motion was passed. Lyon's move was publicly denounced by an ambitious young Winnipeg city councillor named Ken Wong who was later to quit the Tories and run as a Liberal.

The disclosure was damaging to Lyon, as was his failure to admit that a \$3,000 a month trust fund had been set up for him when he assumed the Tory leadership in 1975.

The mud was beginning to stick and Lyon's reputation as a hatchet man in the legislature was revived. A poll was then leaked in July showing that only 14 per cent of a sample thought Lyon would make a good premier.

Lyon was forced to admit on television that he wasn't a very popular person in the province he wanted to lead, and while loyalists attributed the leak to Spivak sympathizers Lyon was driven underground for a time. When he emerged it was to talk about the "Lyon team", usually in front of party-only audiences.

The NDP campaign had once again

MILITARY EXPERTISE DEPT.

TORONTO (CP) — A corporal in the Canadian Armed Forces told a court martial Thursday at Canadian Forces base Downsview he would not have sent artillery shells to Canada from Ismalia, Egypt, as souvenirs if he had known they were dangerous.

— *Canadian Press*, Sept. 9, 1977

turned to Schreyer as its primary weapon. It was an easy choice because the party had relied on him heavily in 1973.

In many ways the moderate Manitoba NDP has been the Schreyer party. When the NDP was first elected in 1969 the party had only about 5,000 members. Since then membership has gone as high as 14,000 but the kind of mass party political activity on which the NDP relies in Saskatchewan, B.C. and Ontario was still not possible in Manitoba.

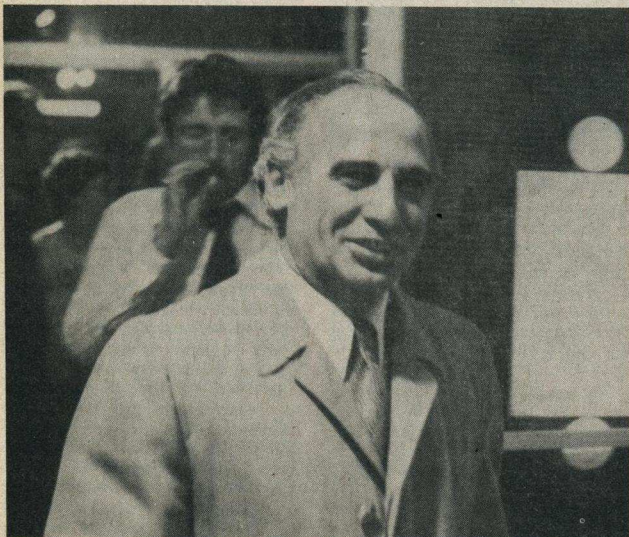
Schreyer's appeal took the party out of the north end of Winnipeg where it has traditionally flourished under such founding luminaries as J.S. Woodsworth and Stanley Knowles and into the poorer mixed farming areas of the parklands and the interlake and also into the far North.

A gifted linguist (many New Democrats say he is far more appealing in German, Ukrainian or French than in English) he helped win several heavily ethnic seats that had been traditionally Liberal.

The new NDP coalition held in 1973, particularly when Liberal leader I.H. (Izzy) Asper ran a strong free enterprise campaign. The left-leaning Liberals deserted for the NDP, but the party's victory had planted the seed for a Tory win four years later.

In 1977, the Tories went flat out for the remaining Liberal vote. The party election manual had explicit instructions on how to woo Liberals, including some seldom-admitted truisms such as "Remind them that in the past, the Liberals and Conservatives formed coalition governments. Show them that the aims of our two parties are essentially similar and that we want competent government above all."

It was a winning strategy, especially with the Liberals now being led by



Tories enjoyed making a left-wing bogey-man out of Mines Minister Sid Green

Charles Huband who was far more left in his views than Asper.

† The September campaign proved quiet. There were indications that the Tories wanted it that way and that representations were made to the virulently anti-NDP *Winnipeg Free Press* that kept the leaders off page one until election day. In the political vacuum, Huband, who was energetic if nothing else, attracted a good deal of attention by claiming he would win by default over the lacklustre campaigns put on by the other two leaders.

The NDP relied far too much on Huband as a vote-splitter with the Tories when they should have gone after what was left of the Liberals.

Few issues in the campaign took off. An inquest that criticized fire procedures at a school for the retarded which had burned down and the failure to sign an agreement with northern natives for compensation for land flooded by Manitoba Hydro were tried out by the opposition.

Schreyer vigorously criticized Tory advertising and succeeded in getting two television ads withdrawn. In putting forward Schreyer as leader, and the government's record, the NDP lacked any significant new direction to keep

party left wingers happy, and organized labour could not be overly impressed with only an unspecific commitment to end wage controls.

And Schreyer's leadership was also questioned by his often Quixotic attitude to his job. In rather frequent press statements he had said that other jobs had been offered to him and that he had considered them.

Lyon called Schreyer a one-man government and the Tories enjoyed making a left-wing bogeyman out of Mines Minister Sid Green, a bright but overly excitable lawyer.

A three-party television debate brought some feeling that Schreyer had won if only because Lyon showed his engrained Nixonian habits and claimed he "couldn't remember" whether he had signed the Churchill Forest Industries agreement that turned into one of the biggest international swindles in Canadian business history.

The quieter the campaign grew, the more confident the New Democrats became. The provincial office strategists saw little change in the electorate (as did most reporters) and there were many predictions for an NDP victory with between 30-35 seats.

On election day, some Tories were saying that the last week turned the tide in their favour. Some New Democrats thought later that key marginal seats such as Portage la Prairie slipped away over the Thanksgiving weekend.

There was substantial change along the northwest to southeast diagonal that splits the Manitoba electoral map from The Pas in the north to the Ontario border in the east. Eight NDP seats close to the line (it also splits Winnipeg into NDP north and PC south) went Tory, as did two Liberal.

The next day NDP organizers were telling more than the usual crop of horror stories of poor election organization and shoddy canvassing.

"There has to be something wrong when a riding that is 70 per cent Ukrai-

nian elects someone named Galbraith," said one disgruntled worker who had tried to save Highways Minister Peter Burtniak in northern Dauphin.

Others included the tale of a cabinet minister in Winnipeg who wanted to take off fishing in northern Manitoba with his executive assistant on the weekend before the election.

Or the two Winnipeg cabinet ministers who were visiting Industry Minister Len Evans in Brandon and admitted they weren't familiar with door-to-door canvassing.

There were some bright spots against the tide. Pete Adam, an unheralded and unsung backbencher, held his rural seat in Ste. Rose by dogged constituency work and a reputation for being a white man who dealt fairly with Native people.

And there was a typically professional effort by Michael Lewis, of the NDP's first family, who helped organize a vigorous, winning campaign for Winnipeg backbencher Jim Walding.

In suburban Rossmere, there was a bareknuckle struggle to re-elect Schreyer against a right-wing doctor, Henry Krahn, who was backed by an even further right industrialist named Martin Bergen, who exercised corporate control over several businesses and apartment buildings in the riding.

But it was all over but four recounts in seats where the NDP came within 115 votes. Already on record as being unenthusiastic about being Leader of the Opposition, Schreyer said he would make up his mind about the leadership before the party's spring convention and is expected to step down.

Whether his successor will be Green, or former Agriculture Minister Sam Uskiw, or former Attorney-General Howard Pawley, or newly elected MLA Wilson Parasiuk is up in the air.

But the Schreyer era is over and the NDP faces a long road back. They will need help, and fortunately for them, the Lyon Tories are certainly capable of giving it to them.

... AND SPELLING?

Straford plans to open school for theatre, film

— Montreal Gazette, July 27, 1977

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B.C.'s ferry strike rocks the boat

Eroding the strike right

by PETER MCNELLY

VICTORIA — Thousands of holidaying British Columbians got the cold turkey treatment last October when the 2,600-member B.C. Ferries and Marine Workers Union went on an illegal strike during the Thanksgiving weekend.

Voting overwhelmingly to defy a cabinet-imposed 90-day cooling off order, the union shut down the world's largest ferry fleet — 26 vessels — for seven headline grabbing days.

Their final decision to stay out came at 2 p.m. Friday, October 14, just hours before most people were going to get off work and head for the ferry terminals and a three-day weekend.

In disobeying the law, the union risked fines of up to \$1,000 per member. The strike provoked a furious public reaction and set off a complex chain of events culminating in a cabinet decision to call a special sitting of the legislature.

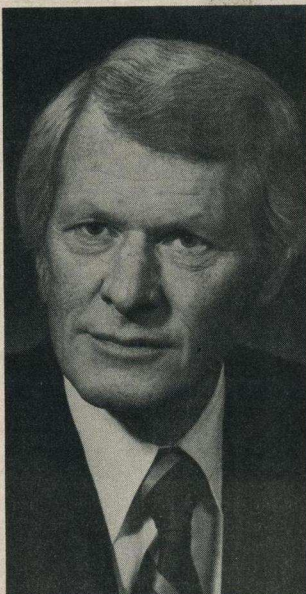
At the height of the controversy, Premier Bill Bennett threatened to call a snap election, and the radio open line programs were flooded with callers demanding the government go to court to force the workers back.

His reputation battered by an outraged right wing reaction against the government's apparent indecision, Labour Minister Allan Williams introduced a hastily drafted bill in the House entitled the Essential Services Disputes Act.

Government members hailed it as the greatest thing since sliced bread, but within a week of its adoption during the three-day sitting, federal Labour Minister John Munro was quoted as saying the bill wouldn't work.

However, Bennett had managed to bail his government out of a dangerous political situation, and it's unlikely he was dismayed by Munro's gloom and doom.

The premier's problem was that the government's failure to force the ferry workers back to work had alienated Socred supporters who couldn't handle



Labour Minister Allan Williams brought in the hastily drafted bill

the idea that the law was being broken with apparent impunity.

Lost in the shuffle as usual were the complex human and financial bargaining issues that provoked the shutdown in the first place. These go back several years to the days of the former NDP government.

In 1973, the ferry workers capitalized on the inexperience of the newly elected government of Dave Barrett, struck during the height of the tourist season and won a settlement that former Transport Minister Robert Stračan said came from a "gun to our heads" bargaining session.

An earlier strike in 1968 had won the union a special status within the provincial civil service, bringing it collective bargaining rights denied to other branches of the government until 1973.

As a result, relations between the ferry workers and their affiliated parent body, the 35,000-member B.C. Government Employees Union, have been strained. The union went out on strike without the support of BCGEU officials.

BCGEU sources said they were worried that the government would capitalize on the public's anger to outlaw strikes altogether among public service workers who also would include the 25,000 members of the Canadian Union of Public Employees.

The Essential Services Disputes Act, or Bill 92, stops just short of doing this. Instead of removing the right to strike, Bill 92 throws a variety of roadblocks in the way. Now the government is in the position of having to become directly involved in any public service dispute that reaches the breaking point.

The B.C. Federation of Labour, relieved that Bill 92 did not go further, is opposing the legislation with an argument that it's only a taste of worse things to come, namely right-to-work laws. Williams continues to deny the government has plans for such a measure, but the pressure is mounting.

In this clouded situation, two things are clear:

- The government has moved another step closer to a confrontation with the trade union movement after backing away from two proposals last summer that the Federation said amounted to union busting tactics (see *Last Post*, September, 1977).

- Bennett has been handed a reserve election issue — "who runs the province, the government or the trade unions" — in the event he is unable to campaign on the theme of economic recovery.

All this has touched off speculation in government circles that the premier will go to the people next fall, just three years into his five-year term. Most economic forecasts suggest 1978 will be better than 1979.

There is no evidence that the government wanted or tried to provoke events



Transport Minister Jack Davis wants Ottawa to reclassify the fleet so staff can be cut up to 50 per cent

that led to the strike. The 90-day cooling off order was invoked for the first time under a 1976 law brought in by the government specifically to prevent ferries shutdowns.

Most people familiar with this story here are wondering why the government thinks Bill 92 will work when last year's legislation bombed its first time out.

No one who bothered to check with the union will deny it had good reason to be angry this year. Management's key proposal was an overtime plan that would have disrupted family life and ended years of tradition on the ferries in one swoop.

The union was amazed to confront this proposal, because a special departmental inquiry in 1976 headed by lawyer Hugh Ladner had rejected the same package. The Ladner inquiry took 21 days and succeeded in defusing a potentially explosive situation. After the government had accepted his status quo report, the union logically concluded the issue was dead.

But a new management negotiating team in 1977 seemed determined to push the union. Also at issue were union fears of further layoffs. In 1976, the government laid 420 workers off in an economy move. This year, management proposed stricter seniority proposals that the union feared would simply pave the way for new layoffs.

Ferries board chairman Energy and Transport Minister Jack Davis has previously indicated his wish that Ottawa would reclassify the fleet as sailing through inland waters instead of deep-sea waters. The semantic switch would permit the ferry corporation to cut back on staffing requirements in some areas by as much as 50 per cent.

The recession-conscious union executive had not forgotten Davis's statements, even though the government will not discuss the issue publicly at this time.

But while the union's dramatic strike captivated the province for a full week and worried many trade union leaders in other organizations, the government also was quietly concerned about the competence of the ferry corporation's negotiating team.

Chief negotiator W. E. "Ted" Stanley is new to the corporation. He does not have the union's respect. A relative newcomer to B.C., Stanley had been hired by the cabinet in October, 1976 from Ontario to head the government's over-all public service bargaining agency, GERB (government employees relations bureau). Suddenly and without comment, Stanley's cabinet appointment was rescinded in June, 1977.

Union president Shirley Mathieson dismissed the corporation's bargaining unit as incompetent, but most unionists close to the situation thought the ferry workers blew their chance for public support by going out before Thanksgiving.

This dramatic move obscured all other issues, and it is impossible to over-estimate the impact the strike had, even in the interior where the ferry service means little to everyday life.

Under normal conditions, it is impossible to get off Vancouver Island after 10 p.m. Isolation is both the Island's charm and its most vulnerable point. Because the ferries are the main link between the Island and the Mainland, even a one-day shutdown creates havoc, not to mention the weird psychological conditions that accompany the shutdown.

In the crisis days that were to have been a routine holiday, the government did not know how to respond. The premier was surprised when public opinion quickly turned against his government as much as the workers.

His immediate response was to say the cabinet was powerless and to call for a review of the independence of such bodies as the Labour Relations Board.

However, Bennett had made much of the fact that Crown corporations were going to be independent from government interference under his administration. Observers with memories for such details were amused at the duplicity implied in Bennett's new position.

In the end, the workers went back under the offices of special mediator Clive McKee, a veteran industrial relations troubleshooter who was probably the only person who could have cooled things down.

But lingering problems remain. The Victoria chamber of commerce wants to sue the union for damages, and a minor controversy raged in the House over whether the union had been granted immunity from prosecution as the price for returning to work.

A document signed by Labour Relations Board chairman Paul Weiler left the impression that prosecutions would not be instituted; but Bennett refused to rule them out, largely, one suspects, for public relations purposes.

Bill 92, as it turned out, didn't have any effect on the strike. Everything was resolved under terms of existing legislation. McKee was able to convince the union to honour the 90-day cooling off period with an understanding that unless major progress could be made within 10 days, he would recommend lifting the order to make way for a legal strike.

Throughout the dispute, Bennett displayed one of his most telling weaknesses — a tendency to shift responsibility away from his office and his government at all costs.

Even though Bill 92 is being interpreted as a clever public relations victory for the government, there is something strangely Nixonian about the Bennett style.

Nixonian in the sense that his major acts turn out, upon close scrutiny, to be manipulative exercises more than anything else. Appearances are everything, it would appear.

(Peter McNelly is publisher of the newspaper B.C. Today)

It's a field day for the household tyrants

Victimizing domestic workers

by EDIE FARKAS

MONTREAL — You are a 35 year old Chilean woman who suddenly finds herself a political refugee in Canada. When you first arrive in Montreal you are on a tourist visa; you apply for refugee status and are told you must wait two years for your landed immigrancy.

At home you worked as a high school history teacher for ten years. But you speak neither English nor French and you must wait several years before taking a degree in education here. The split between what you were and what you must be now is so sharp that you do not even long for home; nor do you recognize yourself in this importuning woman whose concerns are all of the moment — for an income and a place to live.

You find your first job through the immigrant aid agency. It comes to you quickly because your prospective employer has a friend at the agency who spots you immediately as exactly suited to the position: single, mature, responsible, very eager to work; you are just the sort of woman a widower, a successful insurance company executive would want to maintain his home, add a South American flavour to his meals, and be fetchingly docile (the taming of your "Latin blood") before his every command. You employer arranges your working permit and you and he sign the agreement drawn up by manpower and immigration saying that you will cook and clean, five days a week, with the weekend off.

You move into his three-storey home in Montreal's affluent suburb of Town of Mount Royal. The household consists of your boss's two grown sons, a daily visiting daughter and her baby, and two dogs. Your working hours are from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. by which time you have washed the supper dishes, cleaned the kitchen and served the evening snack. You are allowed out of the house only twice from Monday to Friday for your French conversation course; otherwise you cannot go out and it goes without



Employers often have an educated palate but a tight fist

saying that you may not receive visitors in your room, even after your tasks are done.

Your *patron*, as it turns out, has retained his parvenu's habits, despite 30 years of money, comfort and travel. He has an educated palate and a tight fist: he directs your cooking; he has acquired a collection of cook books from around the world — his prime cultural ostentation — and leaves gourmet recipes for you to concoct. After dinner he rages about the expensive ingredients you have used.

You find that though you are much less

than a wife, you must be something more than a faceless servant. So you are gradually initiated into his quirks, peevish vanities, his calisthenics in domination. Before you he indulges his moods, his flurries of temper. Before you he makes no pretence of his usual business-lunch courtesy; he wastes none of his long-acquired social graces.

You exist for his well-being; you are to make his home neat and peaceful. And you are to earn your keep every minute of the day; you are to look busy even if you are not. You are at home what his secretary is at work. He likes to see you in motion: a smoothly-running machine, efficient, sturdy, reliable. After all, he pays you \$70 a week, though he would think nothing of flattering a couple of potentially useful business acquaintances through one boozy dinner for twice that much.

When your working permit expires you look for a better job. When the opportunity for making slightly above the minimum wage as a night-shift office cleaner comes up, you take it. You work from 6 p.m. to 2 a.m. cleaning architects' and engineers' offices. Your co-workers are all women, mostly Portuguese immigrants, and this despite the heaviness of the work — lifting and emptying huge garbage bins, and moving furniture around to vacuum the wall-to-wall carpets.

After two weeks, you have an accident, a slipped disc, while lifting a bin. You are on your back for three weeks, and are glad that your injury gives you an excuse before yourself to quit. Someone tells you about workmen's compensation benefits, and you obtain and complete the necessary forms, giving the cause of your accident. Your employer fills out his portion of the form and lies; he says your back injury had nothing to do with your work (which he knows is too heavy for the women he hires because he can pay them less than men).

Three weeks without income is very serious for you now, a black time when missing a bus can be a catastrophe and

stumbling through a job interview in halting French a magnificent achievement.

* * *

Several months ago, the Montreal *Gazette* ran a story on its city page about the first woman to be elected to the city council of wealthy Westmount. The woman had all the usual qualifications: she had been active in community work all the years her children were growing up, she was bright and energetic, and, as an elected councillor, she was exhilarated by her plans to effect reforms in her pet projects. There was a photograph of her — an attractive, fashionably-dressed middle-aged woman excited by her new career.

The reporter gave a brief picture of her activities and mentioned that apart from her civic interests she was also a wife and mother of two teenagers. A week or so after the story appeared there was a very angry letter to the editor by a woman deeply insulted by the reporter's mention of the female city councillor's marital status and motherhood. Why, she wanted to know, did the ordinary home life of a woman entering a traditionally male political role have to be praised as if it were a special achievement. The irate lady found this to be the most devious form of discrimination — that women were praised whenever they did something other than housework. After all, she remonstrated, no one praises the prime minister for being a husband and father. No one pats him on the back for tying his own shoelaces.

The woman's anger illustrates an attitude to housework that is very common among middle-class women who have made it professionally or in business. Housework is something taken for granted, like bathing or sleeping. And yet, ten to one, if the busy "working woman" does not have to come home and make supper, see to the shopping and the children, it is not because her husband does these things, but because she has some kind of domestic "help." She has another woman come to her home and do the housework. Even when her husband is "good" about these things, and washes the dishes occasionally or goes food-shopping, the responsibility and the interest for maintaining the home falls to the woman. And one of the reasons the women's movement has done little to change this state of domestic affairs is that feminists themselves have tended to view their job as a return for the man who goes out and makes the money.

Yet whenever a woman rises at the end

of a meal she has cooked, to prepare desert and coffee while the men remain chatting; or when the women dinner guests offer to help the hostess clear the table while the men are still deep in conversation, it doesn't take much rhetoric about housework being what that's necessary to see that our sexual roles are so deeply ingrained that, rather than risk being labelled petty, a woman will go on serving and being gracious long after the men have retired to the living room to talk some more.

* * *

Gracia says she's been doing *ménage général* for other people on and off for the last 20 years. She is a Québécoise, a 56-year-old widow with two grown children. She works regularly for five or six families and receives between \$20 and \$25 a day, for six hours work. She takes a professional's pride in her work: a new home, a new room layout, is a challenge to her. Though there's no other job she'd rather do, she won't swallow the fact that after all these years, she's not eligible for the benefits that other workers take for granted: unemployment insurance, inclusion in the Quebec Pension Plan, not to mention accident insurance and vacation pay.

* * *

The need for domestic workers in Canada is growing because more women have entered the work force in the last 10 years than during any other period of our history. Domestic labour, like agricultural labour, is one of the occupations that is most easily accessible to immigrants because it is classified by the federal department of manpower and immigration as the kind of work Canadians will not readily do.

Domestic workers, like office workers and restaurant workers in Quebec are excluded from the Minimum Wage Act. Even the term "domestic" bears a derogatory connotation; garbage collectors and street cleaners make more than maids and charwomen. Most domestic workers are women, and many are immigrants. Whether the federal government welcomes female immigrants to fill the need for domestics, or whether numerous women immigrants want to work as domestics because they are not skilled for other jobs, is not of the first importance; the fact is that domestic labour, like farm labour, is done for the benefit of an individual employer, not for a company. The service seems to offer only private rewards, rather than national economic ones.

One of the reasons that workers in service industries are beginning to make the same demands as workers in other sectors of the economy is that the service industries are the most rapidly expanding sector of the North American economy. More people are beginning to wonder why they aren't eligible for unemployment insurance, maternity leave, etc.

* * *

One women's organization in Montreal, the Household Workers Association, funded jointly by the secretary of state's office and the provincial social service department, wants an end to the exploitation of domestics. Operating for almost two years now with only two full-time staff, Korkor Amarteifio and Adriana Volpato, both social workers, the association has gathered 250 members from the Montreal area alone. Many of the women are immigrants. Statistics show that in 1976, 1,230 visas for domestic service were issued in Canada.

Work permits are issued by the federal department of manpower and immigration for a period of 6 months to one year. A permit is valid only for a designated job; if the woman working as a domestic wants to change positions, she must report to immigration and have her new job processed and approved by manpower. Under a law effective since December 1975, an employer should pay a live-in domestic \$70 for 45 hours of work per week plus room and board. A domestic who does not live in should receive \$91 a week, the department of immigration thus figuring that \$21 a week is adequate to feed and house a person for a week.

Both the domestic worker and her employer sign the government form which suggests minimal working conditions, but the stipulations are not binding because domestic work is not included in the provincial Minimum Wage Act, another example of federal theory at odds with provincial reality. The most a domestic who has been ill-used can do is to complain to immigration, which will then simply blacklist the employer and prevent him or her from hiring another foreign domestic.

As for the 45-hour work week, there are few domestics who work less than 60 to 70 hours a week. Since the work goes on at home, where domestics are often called "one of the family", a maid can be wakened at all hours to work. Korkor and Adriana tell stories of girls who are awakened at 2 a.m. to serve coffee to a party returned from an evening of entertainment. They tell of one girl who



Employers frequently ignore minimum pay requirements for domestics

was made to get up at 5 a.m. during the winter to turn on the house's heating system which had been shut for the night to economize.

* * *

Pauline came to Montreal from St. Lucia in the West Indies 16 months ago. Since then, she's had her work permit renewed three times, for three domestic jobs. She says she decided to try and emigrate to Canada the way many other Islanders do.

She was 19 and couldn't find work. She was a hawker of tourists' gimcrackery, going from hotel to hotel. She met a Canadian couple on a package-deal, breakfast-not-included second honeymoon. They offered her a job as their live in domestic, and though they were vague about the exact wages they would pay, they told her she might expect "a considerable amount." She agreed, providing she would be able to take evening secretarial courses.

Her employers owned a children's wear factory in Montreal and a large home in Montreal's middle-class Côte St. Luc. There were several spare bedrooms in the house, but Pauline slept in the den.

We circle around the edges of Pauline's story which she's telling for about the tenth time in this week of the association's mini-blitz on the media. Then she gets into her dead pan rendition of the exploited-and-ripped-off blues.

"I understand you were working for \$10 a week. Didn't you think something was wrong, that they were taking advantage of you?"

"Well, they were always telling me not to talk to anyone on the streets or at the shopping centre, because they said I

could be deported if someone found out where I was working. They were always saying that — that I would be deported. They told me that they paid a \$500 bond for me at the airport."

"They made you feel lucky to be with them?"

"Yes, it was very secret and they could get in trouble for keeping me."

"What did you do all day? You said the woman was always out. Did you do all the housework?"

"Oh sure, I did all the housework. The beds and the laundry and the ironing and the vacuuming. But I went to the factory too."

"They made you work in their factory?"

"Sometimes I'd just go in for the morning or the afternoon, sometimes for the whole day. I'd pack boxes, do all kinds of things, whatever had to be done that day."

"How could you do the housework if you were working in the factory?"

"Well, I just had to do it anyway, sometimes in the morning I'd start around 7 and then go with the man at 9 and then I'd come back at 4 and clean. I also had to give lunch to the woman's mother."

"Her mother? Where was she?"

"she lived upstairs from the factory. They said she was deaf, but I was sure she could hear everything. I used to make her food at lunchtime and clean up her apartment."

"Did you work late every night?"

"Not always, sometimes if everything was done I could just sit and watch TV with them. The TV was in the den so I couldn't go to sleep until they did."

"Did you do any cooking? Did you eat with them?"

"They only ate cottage cheese. They were always on a diet. Except on weekends when they would have parties, and I used to help cook then."

"What kind of parties? How big?"

"Oh, I guess about 15 people. I would bring the food and serve it, then I would clear the table and wash the dishes after. But they wouldn't go home till 1 or 2 a.m. and then I would do all the cleaning in the living room, and put things away."

"What happened, how did you decide to quit?"

"One day two immigration officers came when they were out and asked me how much I was getting paid. I lied, and said I was getting \$40 a week. They were very surprised and said I should be getting \$70."

"You lied! Why did you lie?"

"Because I was still afraid of being deported, I thought maybe that's why the men came, that if I complained they would send me home. And when they said I should be getting \$70, I lied again and said that I would be soon. The next day, they must have talked to the people because they raised my pay to \$25 and let me take a typing course at night."

"How did you finally leave?"

"They went on vacation for three weeks and left me in the house. I had to go every day to feed the mother. I started thinking about things and realized from what the immigration men said that they had been tricking me. I found my next job through a domestic work agency."

* * *

The Parti Québécois' new labour minister, Pierre-Marc Johnson, taking over half the portfolio from ex-man-power and immigration minister Jacques Couture, is hearing briefs from many labour organizations. The best-publicized reform he has brought forward has been Bill 45 which would, among other things, ban the use of scabs during strikes. He has been presented with a detailed, concise brief written by the members of the Household Workers Association. They are demanding that domestic labour be included under the Minimum Wage Act, that domestics be eligible for all workmen's benefits, and that all employers and domestic employees be forced to sign a contract stipulating precisely the hours of work, the nature of the tasks to be done, days off and vacations, maternity and sickness leave, and so on.

They will be watching with interest how the government responds to the domestic workers' lobby.

FOLLOW
ME!



KISLIN

Join us on the 'Confederation Special'
to Quebec City and listen to . . .

Just the same old S-Tories

by Rae Murphy, Robert Chodos and Patrick Brown

Before we consider the matter of unity within the ranks of the Progressive Conservative Party, before we envisage Joe Clark and Robert Coates standing shoulder to shoulder against the Grits, let us ponder the political fate of Alex Geddes, Fred Hacker, David Bishop and Budd Kinney. Let us also remember Jean Gerrie and Roy Watson. If the words "Chateau Cabinet" and "Red Tories" must be expunged from our vocabulary let us remain cognizant of Robert Tebbutt and George Farago. And then there is John Gamble. All names to conjure with as we address ourselves to the rumours of peace within the party. . .

* * *

Awaiting the departure of the "Confederation Special" — actually just the Turbo running behind schedule (is there any symbolism here?) — we wander into the coffee shop in Union Station in Toronto and inadvertently find ourselves in the nerve centre of the John Gamble For President campaign. We admit to the delegate with a very starched collar that we have never heard of John Gamble. We are assured that Mr. Gamble has never heard of us either. We promise to follow Mr. Gamble's campaign carefully. Receiving no reciprocal assurances we join the crowd boarding the train.

Our coach is clearly Geddes territory. His signs festoon the coaches. Tebbutt is also represented and "Forward With Farago" stickers soon become evident — most of them pointing toward the back of the train. A man we later learn is Graham Kidlark, is pushing Geddes apples and Geddes stickers. (This intelligence will have some significance as our pursuit of Tory unity moves through the halls of Quebec City's Convention Centre and adjacent quarters.)

From time to time we see people wearing large buttons proclaiming them to be Hacker Backers moving to and fro. We think the signs represent a smokers' lib organization until we are given a leaflet showing Mr. Hacker with a lady and two kids standing among some fallen leaves. The message is that Mr. Hacker is a 30-year-old lawyer with a family, a law practice in Midland, Ontario and memberships in the Huronia Branch of the Canadian Red Cross, the Midland Rotary Club and the Knox Presbyterian Church. He now wants to be National Vice-president (Ontario) of the National Progressive

Conservative Association. Some people, we think, never have enough.

We note that Alex Geddes also wants to be National Vice-president (Ontario) — Tebbutt and Farago want to be Ontario Vice-president, a distinction we are slow to grasp. But our attention is diverted by the huge Joe Clark buttons that have proliferated on lapels throughout the train and we think no more of the struggle between Geddes and Hacker.

Joe Clark is clearly the man of the hour — once again.

* * *

One of the most insidious elements of modern politics is the public opinion survey. The technique is simple: you frame a few questions, get them answered somewhere, and publish the results. The politicians and pundits quote the polls with much the same reverence with which they used to quote the Scriptures and political parties win and lose elections that have yet to be called. Quebec separates according to one poll and before a call to arms can sound another poll is released which proclaims that Quebec has no intention of doing any such thing.

Joe Clark and the party he is attempting to lead have been a particular victim of the polls.

In the months after he gained leadership — he was lucky that in the leadership campaign the polls didn't even notice him — the polls indicated he would sweep all before him. An MP named Stanley Schumacher didn't believe the polls and decided that whatever Clark's standing in the country he couldn't hang on to the Tory nomination in his own redistributed constituency.

Opting for the better part of valour, Clark found a new constituency, but the hex was upon him. Questioning members of the Tory caucus in the early fall of 1976, we attempted to find signs of dissatisfaction with Clark. While it appeared that he was being sandbagged by his own party, the polls were still saying he was a winner, and aside from the Schumacher affair, rumours of Claude Wagner's disaffection and growling from Jack Horner, there was little to go on.

During the first stages of his leadership Clark, knowing better than anybody else how vulnerable he was within the party, left the caucus largely to itself (while taking care to

realign the front bench). He took to the air. Scarcely noticed, he changed the leadership of the party in Prince Edward Island. Moving into Quebec he destroyed Claude Wagner's power-base (it is necessary to pause for a moment here to grasp fully the concept of Quebec as a power-base for any Tory). He had Roch LaSalle elected Quebec party president and, in effect, "Quebec Lieutenant" — a move that, as the May 24 by-elections proved, had little effect on immediate Tory fortunes but may have future implications if there are to be relations between the Parti Québécois and the Conservatives in Ottawa.

Clark also spent a lot of time in Ontario. Throughout the period of Clark's decline in the polls, his stock within the Ontario party — at least that part of the party that is not yet convinced that William Davis is a screaming Bolshevik — appeared to rise. Davis and the leadership of the Ontario Progressive Conservative Party are committed to Joe Clark in a manner not seen since Leslie Frost tied up with John Diefenbaker — and we all know what happened then. Clark made other friends, such as Sinclair Stevens and Flora Macdonald for example, both with grass-roots influence in the party.

Publicly, however, by 1977 things were going from bad to worse for Clark. The polls by now pronounced him a sure loser and the media had written his obituary, refusing even to cover his memorial meetings in the spring and summer.

Inside the party, the knives were being sharpened. We heard that Wagner loyalists were preparing a coup for the Quebec City meeting.

In rapid order a number of things happened. If we list them in order of significance a new scenario for the Quebec City meeting begins to emerge:

- Horner defects to the Liberals, leaving his friends in the West discommodulated and leaderless. (The trials of Stanley Schumacher were only beginning.)

- The government begins to look vulnerable. The economy is the pits and René Lévesque continues to make such a fool out of the feds that even English Canada begins to notice.

- Robert Stanfield throws a grenade and derails John Diefenbaker's let's-save-Canada-and-get-Joe Clark crusade.

- Tory apparatus controlled by Clark makes a deal with the neanderthals.

- Claude Wagner becomes ill. There is nobody for the anti-Clark elements to turn to.

- Question period in the Commons becomes televised. Clark appears to be an intelligent and articulate leader, at least to his supporters, who are thereby provided with a rationale if not a reason for what is to happen in Quebec City.

- The Tories capture the government in Manitoba and shortly afterwards hold what is according to some Prairie Tories we know, a successful convention in Saskatchewan. It is a demonstration of the basic strength of the party which is often overlooked when one sees politics simply from a federal vantage point.

- The federal Liberals now appear to be floundering, even looking vulnerable in matters concerning the state police.

A little nick on Trudeau's public image and every loyal Tory sees a hemorrhage. Wild at the scent of blood they churn the water with such frenzy as to make the average barracuda look like a vegetarian.

And so the "Confederation Special" leaves Toronto. With stops in Kingston and Montreal a happy and excited gang of toilers for the party tells each other stories of over flowing



Premier Bill Davis and the Ontario party are backing Joe Clark in a manner not seen since Leslie Frost tied up with John Diefenbaker

nomination meetings and organizations in constituencies that haven't elected a Tory since the days of R. B. Bennett doubling and quadrupling membership. We find out that the very train in which we are sitting has oversold seats and the Quebec City meeting is going to be much bigger than anyone has anticipated.

* * *

(a musical interlude)

"GOODBYE PIERRE"

(tune: "Kansas City")

Chorus

Goodbye Pierre, not sorry to see you go,

Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

You're wrecking my Canada, now, It's starting to show,

Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

After ten long years baby, you've got to go,

Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse One

You keep losing your Ministers, they all abandon ship,

Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

How you keep a lid on it, that's your biggest trick,

You can't go on, this Canada's in a real bad fit,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Two

What you going to do when your House comes tumblin' down,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Canadians have had it, surely you hear the sound,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
If I were you baby, I'd bury my head in the ground,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Three

You want to be the King, One thing you've never been,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
If Quebec pulls out, you say you'll be never seen, (Quebecer first)
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Pierre, honest to goodness, you're sure not cutting our scene,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Four

You're destroying the "work ethic", putting us all on the dole,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
You're killing our freedoms, can't read my "penthouse" anymore,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Can't talk about "Uranium", Pierre, you've got to go.
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Five

You sure support us Canadians in the Province of Quebec,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
We're all watching you with 101 now in effect,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
For our "fought-for" Rights, you tell us all to "go-to-heck",
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Six

Our eighty-nine cent dollar is something of which you're proud,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Mismanagement of Canada, is showing-up . . . really loud,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
We're all glad you're leaving, no more will we be "wowed",
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Seven

MPs are being bugged in their offices all around,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
So far Pierre, you give no viable sound,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Who's listening to those tapes from all over town?
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Eight

We see your Johnny Turner, foresaw all the heat,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
He set-up A.I.B., then quickly hit the street,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Most people can't take it, your leaving will be a real treat,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,

Verse Nine

You said your main objective is your "new society",
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Why you want to wreck my country, is really beyond me,
Bye-bye, so long, goodbye,
Listen hear Pierre, Canadians still want to stay FREE,
BYE BYE, SO LONG, GOODBYE.

(circulated by the Committee to elect Dr. George Farago).

* * *

We didn't know that the mysterious resolution that would remove Joe Clark from the leadership was Resolution 47; we didn't even wonder why Geddes was running against Hacker.

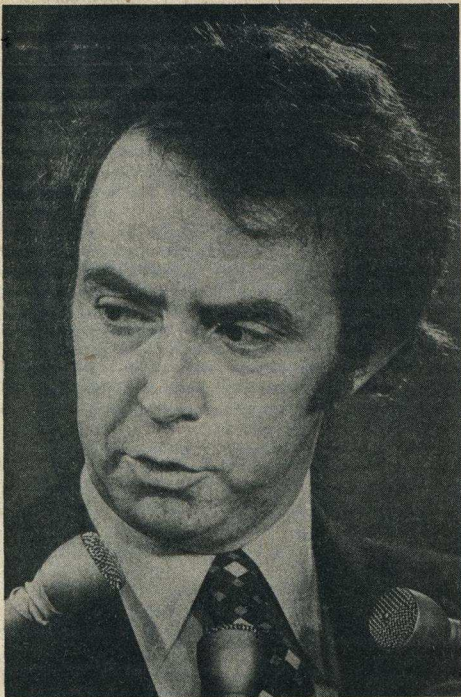
Some six weeks before the general meeting friends of ours who were active in the party told us of a resolution being circulated in the party which would replace Clark as leader and yet postpone, and perhaps eliminate, a divisive leadership battle. It was a proposed constitutional amendment that said something like the following:

If the majority of delegates at the general meeting voted for a leadership convention the current leader would have to resign within 14 days. An interim leader would be appointed: the runner-up at the last leadership convention — in this case Claude Wagner — if he did not choose to be leader, some one appointed by the caucus. At some later date a leadership convention would be organized — unless an election intervened and the Tories won, in which case the interim leader would be automatically confirmed as leader.

The message to Joe Clark in all this would be: "You're a nice guy, Joe, but too light for the job. The media have your number and the public really doesn't notice you. We could work on this image problem if we had the time but the country is in such desperate shape now that one more Trudeau term in office and Canada will be a fragmented police state and everybody will be broke except for some terrible



If a number of things had not happened in rapid order, † and Resolution 47 had passed, Claude Wagner might have taken over the leadership from Clark



When Clark attacked the Trudeau government he was straight out and forceful, but after that platitude after platitude thudded to the floor

Frenchmen."

Along with this constitutional amendment other things were circulating within the party. A questionnaire circulated by a Committee of Concerned Conservatives was loaded against Clark and designed to evoke heartbreak in any Tory.

The plan to dump Clark was supposed to be operative only if it was absolutely assured that the resolution would pass. This would force Clark supporters not to fight it on the floor of the meeting and make the leadership change sad but tidy. The public perception of it would be that the Tories were concerned with the plight of Canada and willing to make even the most painful decision to get on with the glorious anti-Trudeau crusade.

The plan, of course, did not become operative and a lot of gears had to be shifted. Still, it is of interest that a convention which was, in the minds of a very substantial part of the party, going to replace a leader, could turn about and endorse that very same leader with a bigger percentage than Christ received from his disciples — an assessment that comes from the Ontario caucus meeting and was given by a Tory whose theology obviously has a statistical bent. A party that can hold such a convention is not as united as it would like to appear.

* * *

As the struggle between Hacker and Geddes for National

Vice-president (Ontario) surges through the train we ask, mostly in vain, about the Committee of Concerned Conservatives and the resolution to change leaders.

East of Montreal, the train is a charter instead of a couple of Tory cars tacked on for the occasion and the atmosphere becomes more festive. A band, which will turn out to have subversive tendencies, marches through the train and in the bar car it is much easier to get a Hacker leaflet or a Coates button than a drink.

It is here that we find someone who admits to knowing of the dump-Joe resolution.

"Oh, you mean Resolution 47," she said. "I know all about that. It was just a few dissidents. It's dead now, probably won't even come up."

We try to get more out of her but clearly she has already said too much. She chatters on about party unity and the danger posed by Pierre Elliott Trudeau to the future of the country. But at least we have a name to work with now. Henceforth it will be a major object of our endeavours to track down Resolution 47.

The battle of the bands at this convention is mercifully short — especially since there's only one band. It lasts a few hours — the time that Canadian National takes to deliver a trainload of Tories from Montreal to Quebec City (twice as slowly as any other method except floating down the Saint Lawrence.) Seven personable young men play everything from "Bye Bye Blackbird" to "Marching Through Georgia". It is a disbelieving tableful of journalists who hear Tories from Manitoba and the Yukon humming along to "Gens du Pays", the unofficial anthem of the Parti Québécois. As the hummers ask, "what was that tune anyway?", the band whispers, in between deafening tuba blasts, "Vive le Québec Libre!" Watching the passengers aboard the Confederation Special it is sometimes hard for even the most hardened federalist to disagree.

* * *

As the delegates check into their hotels, Joe Clark speaks to the closing banquet of the Young PC's convention, which preceded the general meeting. If Clark is going to say anything important at this meeting which he now appears to own, he may give some indication of its substance tonight. We are soon disabused of this notion. The speech is well crafted, the sentences are connected and he delivers it well enough, but it is devoid of substance.

The attack on the Trudeau government is straight out and forceful, but when he leaves this aspect the descent is direct. Platitude after platitude thuds to the floor of the Chateau Frontenac ballroom. It is a stem-winder without a stem and when it is done we have learned two things: Maureen fell down the stairs and the next Tory government will dismantle Petrocan and perhaps some other things.

The speech is an indication of what will follow in his major address to the convention on Friday evening, for this speech is even flatter than the one to the YPCs. In fact, it is a speech of such studied vagueness that it is almost unquotable.

The strange thing about it is that the whole three-day meeting was tied to what was supposed to be one televised shot. This is Clark's chance to speak over the party, past the delegates into the living rooms of those millions of Canadians in televisionland. He uses this opportunity to sound like the outgoing president of some Junior Chamber of Commerce group.

Talking with delegates after the Friday session, at least those who will for a moment unglue the smiles pasted on their faces and deviate from the party line of joy in love and unity, we detect a consensus that the leader fell flat as he has been wont to do on such occasions. There is a large body of opinion that Clark does this because he can do nothing else — to put it baldly, because he is a bit of a jerk.

But there appear to be other reasons for Clark's lack of forcefulness, reasons that revolve around the wide gap within the party between leaders and followers. A Clark government would not be significantly different from a Trudeau government; nobody seems to know this better than Joe Clark, who is never more nervous than when he addresses his own troops. So he is left with a strategy of saying nothing, or at best making half a speech, that half being a condemnation of Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

The political innovation or at least willingness to think out loud that characterized the ascendancy of the original anti-Diefenbaker group is gone. And there is not even a gesture toward the Diefenbaker nationalism. The vision is buried somewhere in the rubble. The unity in the party is at best a truce. If it means that a short leash will be kept on Robert Coates, it also means that the leader is emasculated.

* * *

(another interlude: some buttons seen at the convention)

Bi, Bi, Pierre!

PIERRE: the Dope in our French dis... Connection

YOUR LIBERAL MPs: ANOTHER 137 CANADIANS NOT WORKING

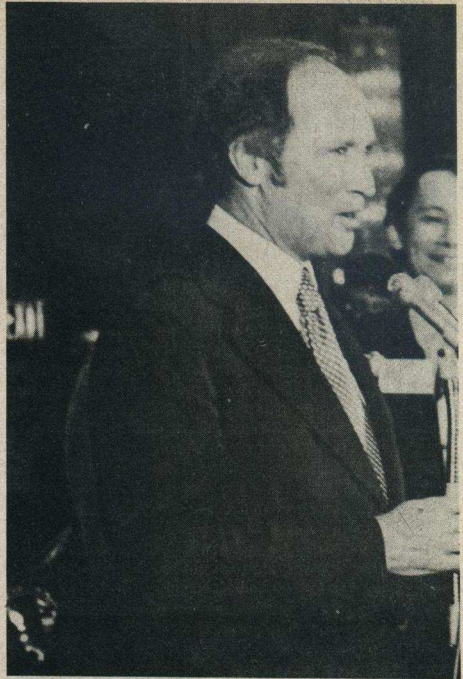
Richard Nixon says "Vote Liberal"

(these buttons were distributed by the Progressive Conservative Association of Cowichan-Malahat-The Islands)

* * *

The point of the exercise in Quebec City is to show Canadians that the Progressive Conservative party represents a viable alternative to the present government. Since the whole idea of our parliamentary system is that an alternative government is always available from the "outs" whenever it is desirable to replace the "ins", the necessity of moving heaven and earth to demonstrate what should be obvious is an expression in itself of the problem facing the Conservatives. That they cannot do this in Quebec deepens the crisis within the party.

The heart and soul of the Progressive Conservative party is oppositionist. In current political terms it is an alliance of people who hate Pierre Elliott Trudeau. But not only Trudeau. Trudeau represents things as they are and the rank



The Conservative party is an alliance of people who hate Pierre Elliott Trudeau and the 'things-as-they-are' that he represents

and file of the Tories do not like things as they are. And this dislike goes across the board.

When one approaches the party, the temptation is always to divide between progressives and conservatives, moderates and hard-line Tories or, God help us, right and left. But this isn't the nature of the split. The split is between that part of the party which is in government — and there are more Conservatives in government in Canada than Liberals — and that part of the party which isn't. Talk, for example, about the educational system in Ontario to a Tory activist and he will condemn it as if it weren't designed and administered by a Conservative government. Press further and Dalton Camp will emerge as the mad genius behind the quasi-socialism of the Davis government.

Indeed, it is in one such conversation that we learn about the true nature of the Hacker-Geddes contest. That day, David Crombie and Michael Meighen have criticized INCO for laying off workers and Roch LaSalle and Rodrigue Biron have come out for the autonomy of Quebec. They all got standing ovations — apparently the standard Tory response to just about anything. Obviously nobody in the hall could have been listening because none of what the speakers said jibed in any way with the blood-curdling screams of anguish and retribution heard in informal conversations.

Anyway, in the evening we are talking with a delegate from Hamilton who is quite free with the names of Ontario

cabinet ministers who are delivering the party and the country to the devil. He warns us of worse to come:

"You know of Dalton Camp?"

"Uh'uh."

"You know his brother-in-law Norm Atkins?"

"We have heard of the man."

"His best friend is Hugh Macaulay."

Clearly this is leading up to something.

"Fred Hacker is Macaulay's son-in-law — and we're going to defeat the SOB."

The light of revelation shines in our eyes.

"I just learned about this today myself," says our informant.

Actually, Robert MacDonald of the *Toronto Sun* has already published a column which goes rather extensively into the family trees of the candidates for all the offices of the party. This article makes it clear that there are two slates. It has been reprinted and circulated anonymously among the delegates.

We are to learn more of these matters.

* * *

Late that night, we are discussing the day's events in our room with a couple of CBC journalists. One of them, picking up on our tip, has spent much of his time looking for Resolution 47. He has been everywhere met with stony silences and denials. He points out to us that the whole structure of the convention is designed to avoid resolutions. Not only is there no Resolution 47, but there are no Resolutions one through 46 either.

He has to fly back to Toronto at six o'clock the next morning to meet his deadline and so he is giving up the chase. He seems somewhat annoyed with us.

The next morning, we are almost ready to give up the chase ourselves. Over breakfast we consider the possibility that either the woman on the train was a figment of our imagination or else her finger was not as close to the pulse of the party as we thought it was. We linger over these thoughts at the breakfast table while the second day of policy sessions gets underway in the Convention Centre.

"Mind if I join you? My roommates are all asleep and I hate to eat alone."

The fourth chair at our table has been occupied by a young woman wearing a blue jacket and a delegate's badge.

"Asleep? How come they're not in the session?"

"We only got to bed three hours ago. We were drinking ouzo. I brought my own. It looks like water, you can sneak it into bars, and you don't have to mix it with anything. They call me the Ouzo Kid."

Conversation with her is an improvement over our own morose speculations. She is a very ardent partisan of the Conservative cause. "I converted two of my friends," she says.

How did she accomplish this?

"I wouldn't shut up."

Is she enjoying the convention?

"Yeah. A lot."

What does she like about it?

"I like the meetings. They talk about policies and constitutions and all sorts of neat stuff."

What about resolutions? Are there any resolutions?

"Yeah, they always have those. They must be in here."

She starts looking through her delegate's kit. "I haven't looked at this stuff yet. I haven't had time."

Finally she pulls out a document entitled "NOTICE OF PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION OF CANADA (as amended March 17-18th, 1974) FOR THE GENERAL MEETING, QUEBEC CITY, November 4-6th, 1977." The document was not in our press kit.

With trembling fingers we turn the pages until we come to: Item 47. ARTICLE 11. LEADERSHIP CONVENTIONS & REVIEWS.

It says substantially what we were led to believe it would say. We make little attempt to hide our glee.

"I feel like a traitor," says the Ouzo Kid.

"The bastards," one of us contributes. "Trying to hide it from us."

"Now I feel even worse," says the Ouzo Kid. "For this I should get a free copy of your magazine."

We pick up the tab for her breakfast instead.

* * *

A political convention is not unlike an ocean liner. It's a closed society, and the further it gets from shore — a distance generally measured in cocktail glasses — the further it gets from reality. To the non-participant, it can seem to be nothing more than a bunch of drunks groping together in private and fighting together in public. But to the believer it's humanity in a microcosm, the loves, the laughs, the drama and tension and conflict that make it all worthwhile.

Some believers at the Tory convention are getting restless, for several of those key factors are missing. Or at least so one of us discovers on his way to the Quebec caucus meeting, coming face to face in the tunnel between the Hilton and the Auberge des Gouverneurs with two of the three men who refer to themselves collectively as the Good, the Bad and the Ugly.

They pulled into town a while back, and have been looking for the strife. Finding none, they are on their way to the bar in the foyer of the Hilton to reminisce about the days when the Quebec Tories lived up to their reputation — and the Good, the Bad and the Ugly raised the pure standard of Clark the Compromise between the dark towers of Mulroney the Slick and Wagner the Greedy. Putting off for a few hours the treat of reliving those turbulent times, we head for the caucus and leave the Bad and the Ugly to their devices.

The Quebec caucus is an unusual gathering by any standard. By all normal principles of elementary chemistry, such volatile materials gathered together in the smallest meeting room available in the Auberge des Gouverneurs should create an explosion. On the contrary, it turns out; here are cat and dog, fire and water — worse, Mulroney and Wagner partisans — confined in a suite that would with difficulty contain the Quebec federal Tory caucus, actually agreeing on things. Elections are held, and all candidates to all offices are elected by acclamation, an event in Quebec Tory circles that was last heard of in the days of Sir George Etienne Cartier.

Jean-Yves Lortie, widely known for his baroque silver fountain full of Pernod and orange juice and for his placing of it at the disposal of Claude Wanger, is elected director without opposition. He remarks that this is the first time this has ever happened to him; a voice from the audience adds that it's also the first time he's ever won anything. In the chair is Roch LaSalle, who defeated Lortie in the race for president of the Quebec wing in a bitter and twisted provincial convention a scant year ago. And being chosen by silent — some say



Young Conservatives have been an irritant to many; they played an important part in Flora MacDonald's leadership campaign, and John Diefenbaker says they helped Dalton Camp oust him from the leadership

sullen — acclamation, as the Quebec wing's only candidate for National Vice-president (Quebec) is Michel Cogger, widely renowned for his apostasy as Brian Mulroney's campaign manager, and author of the phrase, accurate or not, "Claude Wagner is broke flatter than piss on a plate." They are strange bedfellows.

Some delegates at the caucus are holding up their "Government-Clark-Gouvernement" placards to hide their clenched teeth, but most are convinced that the Right Thing, however distasteful, is being done. The squat stormtroopers of Wagner diehardhood are absent, accounting for the low turnout of the Quebec delegation — fewer than 170 of the 300 predicted. Whatever the meaning of all this — and the Grand Vizier of the Court of Queen Theodora in Byzantium wouldn't feel out of place as a resource person in that discussion — there's no doubt that Wagner is finally out of the picture. The rumour that he has terminal leukemia has displaced the one that he'll be reappointed to the bench. If he doesn't have a fatal disease, it is not unlikely that someone will be appointed to give him one. This is a train of thought that will eventually bring us back to the Good, the Bad and the Ugly.

* * *

Still buoyed by our discovery of Resolution 47, we slip out of the Convention Centre for a leisurely lunch in one of Quebec City's fine restaurants. By the time we return, the

convention is about to consider the matter of constitutional revision. In the interim, the proposed amendments have finally been released to the press.

The constitutional discussion begins more or less on time at five o'clock. The major social of the convention, hosted by Joe and Maureen, is scheduled for eight. But it quickly becomes clear that there will be a substantial overlap between the two events. The constitutional amendments are the only items of business on which the delegates are given the chance to carry out the full range of actions beloved of people at political conventions: speaking, moving amendments and subamendments, voting. It is in this session, therefore, that the most serious flaws in the fabric of party unity will appear.

* * *

Young Conservatives, organized within their own association and in the general ranks of the party, have constituted a particular pain in the ass to a segment of the leadership.

John Diefenbaker suggests that the successful manipulation of the youth gave Dalton Camp his first credible platform and vehicle in the campaign that defeated him.

In the more recent period of the party young Tories played an active part in Flora MacDonald's campaign for leader. There also is still gossip to the effect that Joe Clark was able to manipulate the provision in the party constitution that gives young members of the party weight in conventions and policy bodies far beyond what their numbers justify, and thereby to

stack many of the delegations at the last leadership convention.

At this meeting there were a number of constitutional changes proposed that would undermine youth representation at subsequent conventions and which would eliminate or reduce the number of young members of the party who would automatically be delegates.

If the great unity deals had not been made these constitutional changes could have been passed or, like item 47, could have provided the terrain for a floor fight.

But there was to be no fight in Quebec and the movers of the resolutions had to defend themselves and listen to the obligatory speeches in favour of youth in the political process. Meanwhile, a gaggle of YPC's caucused and plotted around the back of the hall and formed clusters around various floor microphones only to disperse, re-caucus to plot politics and reposition themselves. But nothing much happened and the amendments were all defeated.

And so, all dressed up for a war to which nobody came, the YPC's moved off to their own party. It was a nice manoeuvre to watch however, like seeing the stars of Tory-floor-fights-to-come in basic training.

* * *

By the time Resolution 47 comes up, it is well after nine o'clock. Most of the delegates have drifted off to the social or the hospitality suites and the hall is three quarters empty. Those who are left give the distinct impression that they would prefer to be somewhere else. Nevertheless when the Resolution is called there is at least a hint of the passions that have surrounded it.

The resolution is presented by Graham Kidlark, of Toronto, and seconded by Irma Pattison, also of Toronto. Pattison explains that the constitution has never provided for what should happen in the interim if a general meeting should call for a leadership convention. The effectiveness of the incumbent leader would be nullified and therefore it is necessary to have a provision for choosing an interim leader. "Our resolution is a perfectly logical filling of a gap in the constitution and I don't know why we've been subjected to so much flak."

A young man named Jack Houseman, wearing an observer's badge, gets up and says: "I've never heard such lunacy in my entire life." He is followed by Hugh Segal, the youthful former assistant to Premier William Davis and now vice-president of Labatt's: "This is the first time Jack Houseman and I have agreed on anything. The resolution is misguided, retrograde, and bad."

What is left of the convention has come back to life. "Anybody who calls me a lunatic," Graham Kidlark protests, "should be thrown out of the convention hall." Irma Pattison has the last word: "The resolution was never intended to be against Joe Clark. It was the work of a dozen people who have done more work for the Conservative party than the people who are trying to run us down."

The vote is taken. Kidlark, Pattison and two or three of their supporters vote in favour; the rest of the hall is contrary. The last few resolutions are quickly disposed of and the constitutional session finally dissolves.

* * *

Meanwhile our Quebec correspondent is being enlightened in the bar on the ground floor of the Hilton. The table in the corner commands a view of the strategic approaches to all parts of the immediate action — the two hotels and the Con-

vention Centre itself.

There lurks the Ugly, belly to table, ham hand grasping a double Bloody Mary, tongue lasciviously swabbing off salt and pepper from the rim. Perhaps he imagines he is back in his mercenary days on hotel verandahs in Katanga. As we join him he recalls the time when he and his two comrades formed the nucleus of the Joe Clark organization in Quebec — the muscle behind Gaston Rivard, the chiropractor and former navy man who spearheaded the Clark effort in La Belle Province.

The Ugly was the one in charge of what he calls "special effects." Faced with the silver Pernod and orange juice fountain of the Wagner forces and the executive jet of the Mulroney camp, the Ugly did what every good mercenary has to do — improvise. The improvisation, to simplify the only out-of-Quebec leadership campaign that worked in Quebec, was based on special effects and draught beer. As the strike force of Joe Clark, the little guy, the Good, Bad and Ugly first set about getting the big guys fighting each other. All of those diversionary tactics — the "Mulroney-Money" "Wagner \$300,000", "STEVENS A Western Banker" and "Hellier . . . a Liberal loser . . . NEVER," stickers were run off on secret Clark presses in Quebec. That was the special effects department. The draught beer department was based on the principle that no one is impressed by a few cases of suds — but turn up at a nominating meeting with unlimited gallons of beer in kegs and your man becomes the horn of plenty personified.

At the leadership convention itself, the same rule applied. The Ugly hired Suite 340 of the Chateau Laurier, and asked the hotel for several hundred keys. For fairly obvious reasons the management of the Chateau felt that this proposal might lead to trouble. The Ugly found an obliging locksmith, who supplied a door lock with the guts removed and a bunch and a half of blank keys to fit it. These were attached to plastic tags with "Welcome to the QUEBEC KEY-CLUB for J-C, bring your friends" in both official languages. Draught beer was bootlegged across the Quebec-Ontario border and served with jazz music in direct contravention of the celebrated no-free-booze rule, so scrupulously agreed to by all candidates.

Back in the strategic corner table of the ground floor bar of the Hilton, the Ugly is tongue-lapping the salt and pepper from the rim of yet another double Bloody Mary when he sees Lincoln Alexander, Member of Parliament for Hamilton-West, making majestic progress towards the plenary session.

"If there's one thing I can't stand, it's coons," remarks the Ugly.

"What?" we muse, perking up our ears.

"That black bastard showed up at our hospitality suite at the leadership convention, nosing around."

"Wasn't Alexander responsible for policing the ground rules agreed to by the candidates . . . including the no-booze rules?"

"Yeah. We wouldn't let him in."

"Can I use that?"

"Yes, I can't stand niggers."

The Ugly is here developing a theme alluded to earlier by the Premier of Ontario, who was introduced at the provincial caucus as the sort of guy who bets on the Argos and goes to every game and they always lose but he keeps on supporting them.

"Sure I support the Argos," said William Davis, "but if you think Toronto has trouble, I'd like to remind my good

friend Lincoln Alexander that his town has trouble in spades." There were audible wincing in the room.

While the Ugly is looking for special effects to produce, the Good and the Bad seem not to be. They pass by the corner table from time to time, but uncharacteristically are more interested this time around in socializing than in cleaning someone's clock. By six o'clock, the Ugly has had enough of this pussy-footing and has started a serious effort to create a little good healthy Tory dissension. The caucus decision to have Michel Cogger chosen Quebec V-P by acclamation, he decides, is a travesty of democracy. Enough people have been on the opposite side from Cogger enough times to create a Quebec lobby against him. And since the entire convention gets to vote on the provincial V-Ps, all an opponent will need is Clark support nationally to put Cogger in his place.

Seemingly innocent passers-by are summoned for whispered conferences, a plot is thickened, and the word starts to be passed that the Good, a lawyer quite well known in Tory circles outside Quebec as a prominent Clark man, might mount an anti-Cogger candidacy. Details, it is circulated, will be available in a twelfth-floor suite of the Hilton.

Later, the only one of us in serious contention for the Pat Nowlan Award for Enthusiasm looks in on the suite, to find

Maureen McTeer graciously receiving guests in a green velvet dress and crutches (enough, incidentally, to win her the Margaret Trudeau Challenge Cup for Falling Down the Stairs Gracefully). The Ugly is telephoning delegates between gulps of what has degenerated to vodka and tomato juice, which he scoops out of a beer glass with gusto. The fight on the floor appears to be imminent.

* * *

Relieved no doubt that there were no unseemly wrangles on the constitution and that they had lived through some of the most incredibly boring group discussions, the delegates stood in a slow moving reception line to shake hands with Joe Clark and Michael Meighan.

It was Maureen and Joe Clark's Reception For the Delegates or The Great Tory Ungluing. Forgoing the reception line and finding a route to the celebration through the service elevator and kitchen we had ringside seats at what looked very much like the party on board the Poseidon.

To the obvious delight of the crowd, Monsieur Country, Claude Patry let go with Johnny Horton's "Battle of New Orleans": "we fired once more but the British kept a commin" . . . and a rather swamy combo played cooler down-

\$ STEVEN \$

a western banker

BIENVENUE AU
KEY-CLUB DU QUÉBEC
pour J.C.
AMENEZ VOS AMIS

CHÂTEAU LAURIER SUITE 340

WELCOME TO THE
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BRING YOUR FRIENDS

~~WAGNER~~
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HELLIER... a liberal loser ... NEVER

Some of the 'Special Effects' of 'the Good, the Bad and the Ugly' in their work for Joe Clark at the leadership convention



Maureen McTeer received guests in the twelfth floor suite of the Hilton while 'the Ugly' telephoned delegates in between gulps of vodka and tomato juice

tempo stuff. Catherine Mackinnon, whom we had last seen live at the Tommy Douglas Tribute sang, we believe, the same songs.

It was when the folks gathered around to hear "Farewell Nova Scotia" that the party really got underway. Among the crowd in a semi-circle around the platform stood Joe Clark looking like the last kid chosen for the pick-up baseball team. He was trying to clap to the beat of the song when through the haze roared Patrick Nowlan.

Nowlan, who gave every appearance of having reached cruising altitude some time earlier swept Clark off his feet and began a dance which was to end shortly in an abortive conga line.

The convention was over and the party was on.

Nobody wanted to talk politics.

Meanwhile in the tunnels of the convention centre complex shadowy figures were defacing Robert Coates election posters with messages of support for George Drew. Others were furtively repairing the Coates signs.

It seemed that no tidal wave would engulf the Poseidon — not tonight anyway.

* * *

Sunday is the elections. The Ugly doesn't make good on his plan to double-cross Michel Cogger in Quebec and no challenge to Robert Coates, save the quixotic campaign of John Gamble — emerges. Gamble, if anything, is to the right of Coates and his whole campaign seems designed to garner some publicity and to get his picture taken (he faces Barney Danson in the next federal election and needs all the help he can get). Gamble narrowly beats out the late George Drew, whose supporters mounted a last minute write-in campaign, for second place. We speak to him later as he is waving American Express cards at the check-out desk; after some flashing of lights and explanations they are accepted. He still thinks the campaign was all worthwhile.

At his press conference, Coates is asked in French whether he intends to learn that other official language. Michel Cogger, sitting beside him, translates; Coates cogitates a while, considers the political realities which all sublingual Tories have faced for a decade or so, and on reflection, replies "No."

He justifies this by remarking that having been born in Nova Scotia was a problem, as was having left school in grade eight. Pressed, he adds that there are many things he can't do. If he could do them all, he would be perfect and would be crucified, like — as he put it — Our Lord.

He says his support for the good time black people are having in South Africa is part of his opposition to Communism and his indisposition to support armed revolution in general. Asked if he would support armed revolution anywhere in the world — say outside the Free World, perhaps behind the Iron Curtain — Coates says not if he can help it, and he has always been a strong defender of the state of Israel.

Questioned about resolutions that were never discussed affirming the right of Quebec to self-determination and recommending that Labrador be returned to its rightful owner — Quebec — Coates fails to recall that not one single policy resolution was voted on, and manages to give some legitimacy to these positions, which the questioner has been pushing all weekend — not surprisingly, with little success. It's not everyone who could make the outgoing president, Michael Meighen, look good, but Coates succeeds, as they say in Pretoria and Toronto, in spades.

And so we turn to the fate of Alex Geddes and Fred Hacker. The vote split in their contest is roughly the same split as in the other contests (except for the Coates landslide). Hacker is elected by 520 votes to 404 for Geddes.

This vote indicates two things. Many people just didn't get up in time to vote and it is roughly the same vote spread that existed on the final ballot at the last leadership convention between Joe Clark and Claude Wagner.

Thus united the party turns to face the Liberals. A lot of things can happen between now and the election. Those things may well be an echo of the slave's problem in *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*: Tragedy tomorrow, comedy tonight.

AISLIN 150 CARICATURES

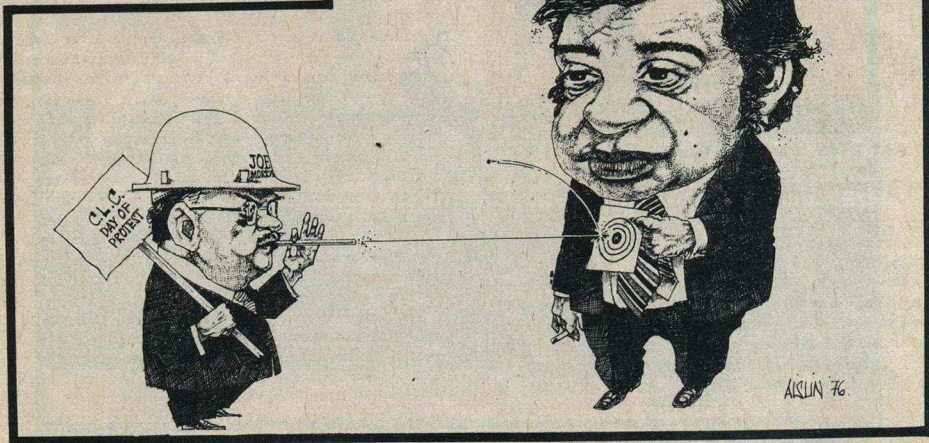
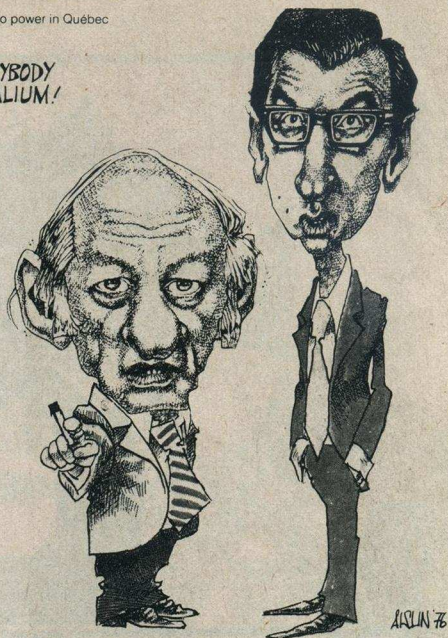
Cartoons by 'Aislin' (Terry Mosher) have appeared regularly in the *Last Post* since the magazine's first issue back in December 1969. But these represent, obviously, only a small part of Aislin's output. On the next four pages we print a selection from Mosher's latest book — *O.K. Everybody Take a Valium* — published by Hurtig Publishers. These satirical drawings will be 'new' for most of our readers, though they, in turn, represent only a small selection of what his latest book has to offer.

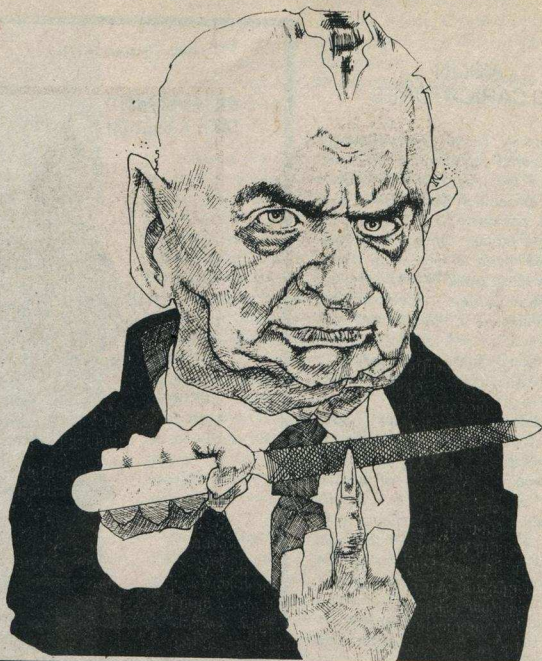
In his introduction to Aislin's book, *Toronto Star* cartoonist Duncan MacPherson refers to "the satirical drawing that reflects the inanities of human society," and notes that "it is in this that Mosher excels — particularly in the use of caricature rather than the 'situation' cartoon." He also notes that "there is a stratum of Canadian society that will recoil from Mosher's observations" and that this same stratum "is the very subject matter that angers and motivates Terry Mosher."

Last Post readers will recognize the aptness of MacPherson's description.

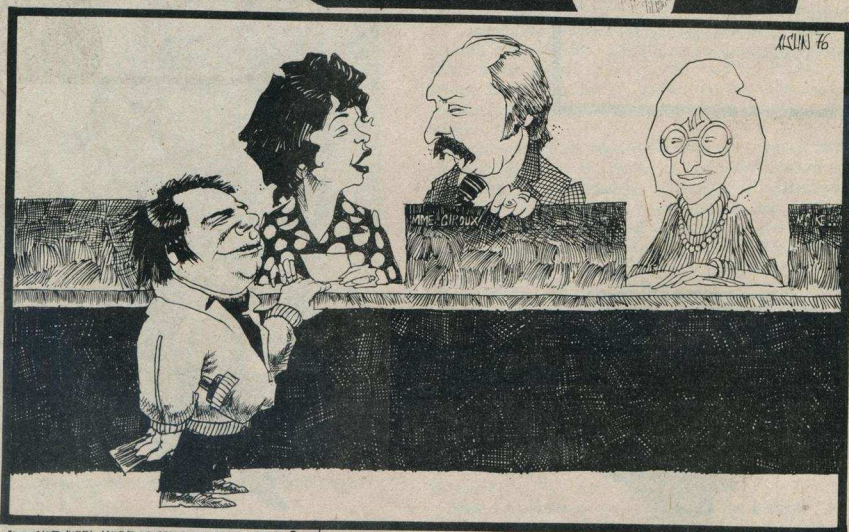
P.Q. sweeps to power in Québec

O.K. EVERYBODY
TAKE A VALIUM!





The Diefenbaker memoirs



"MR. CARTWHEEL HERE IS CONCERNED ABOUT QUÉBEC'S POLITICAL SITUATION AND WANTS HIS OVERDRAFT TRANSFERRED TO OUR CALGARY BRANCH"

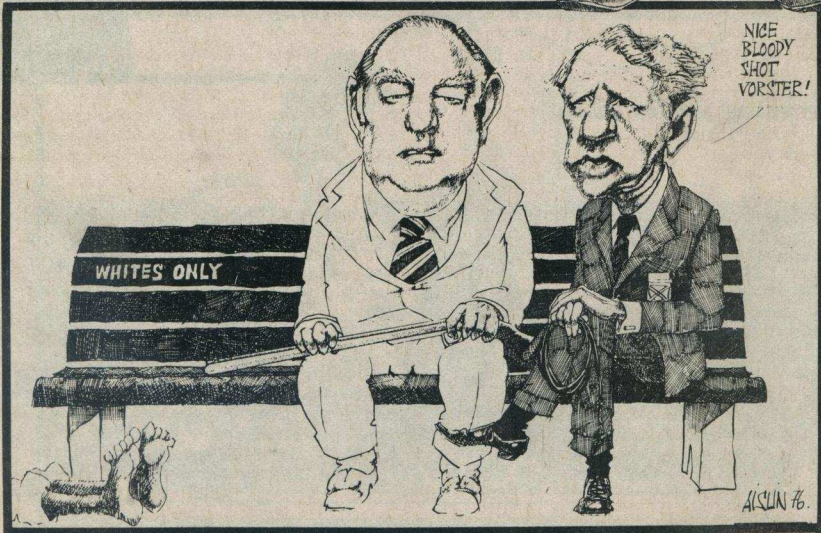
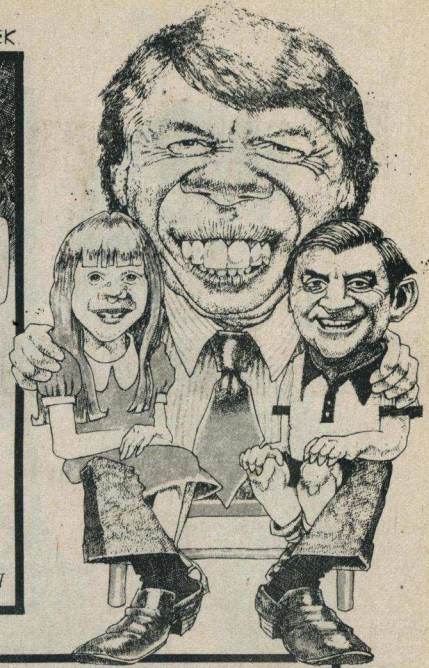
Jean Drapeau promises to back P.Q.
on certain issues



MARGARET TRUDEAU! MARGARET TRUDEAU!



NEWS ITEM: MARRIED WOMEN HAVE SEX 1.57 TIMES PER WEEK



Bud 'n the boys get tough on immigration

by Harry Sebastian

Canada's immigration department undoubtedly has come some way since February 1975 when it published a green paper expressing alarm at the growth in nonwhite immigration.

"The rapid increase during the past few years in the number of sources of significant immigration movements to this country — with those from certain Asian and Caribbean nations now larger than some traditional European flows — has coincided with the latest and most dynamic phase of post-war expansion in Canada," the green paper stated.

"It would be astonishing if there was no concern about the capacity of our society to adjust to a pace of population change that entails novel and distinctive features. What is more surprising is the resilience Canadian society has demonstrated in accommodating so many foreign migrants with so little social stress."

That was before the travelling circus known as the special joint parliamentary committee on immigration went across the country holding public hearings that as often as not turned to noisy confrontations with groups ranging from the Western Guard to offshoots of the Marxist-Leninist Party. The Western Guard evidently failed to impress the MPs and senators who sat on the committee, for the report they produced in November 1975 was not in favour of the geographic (read racial) selection criteria suggested by the department.

Immigration officials, operating under an act dating back to 1952 supplemented by a patchwork of amendments, were pressing for an overhaul of the act to clarify issues such as refugee status and at the same time to tighten their discretionary power and that of the minister and the RCMP. They produced Bill C-24, tabled in the Commons in November 1976, passed into law last July and due to come into effect April 1. Explicit racial quotas are out, but the department will set global immigration quotas based on demographic policies it has not spelled out and will be empowered to administer expanded discretionary powers according to regulations it has not detailed.

- The department will have wider scope to exclude or deport people on security grounds. Among those defined as security risks are people the RCMP or other security forces have "reasonable grounds to believe" will commit an indictable offence, believe will "engage in or instigate the subversion by force of any government", or belong to a group thought likely to engage in violent acts. These sections are not based on any record of violent activity but only on belief or likelihood.

This means people can be kept out of Canada on the basis of beliefs held by a federal police force known to have engaged in mail-tampering, burglary and barn-burning. The government uses fear of terrorism and organized crime as a pretext. People also can be barred if it is believed they will be "unwilling to support themselves" and their families while in Canada.

- Up to now, the department has had the authority to deny entry only where treasonous or subversive activity was suspected. Under a special temporary law covering the 1976 Olympic Games, people could be denied entry on security grounds without a hearing. The new act basically makes this provision permanent. The only hearing required is to determine whether the person being barred is in fact the person named in the minister's deportation certificate. Until now a full hearing has been required.

- Permanent residents who are not Canadian citizens may, if they are suspected of being security risks, be deported on the decision of a special advisory board which will be able to determine what evidence is to be released to the person threatened with deportation and what is to be kept secret. This means that in some cases, people will be prevented from responding to accusations made against them because they won't even know what the accusations are. Only one member of the three-member advisory board will be a judge; the other two will be privy councillors — present or former cabinet ministers or provincial premiers. Immigration officials say the RCMP and foreign security forces don't trust judges to

photo: David Lloyd



Jack Sidney George ('Just call me Bud') Cullen claims the new act is a great humanitarian measure; his critics have a decidedly different opinion

keep material confidential. Even when the board decides against deportation, the cabinet may reverse the decision.

- Ordinary deportation cases will be decided upon by adjudicators who are theoretically independent of the immigration department, which presents the evidence in support of deportations. The special joint committee recommended that the function of deciding on a case's merits be removed from the department's special inquiry officers who also must act as prosecutors. However, the adjudicators will be department employees, and in many cases they will work almost cheek by jowl with officials of the deportation section. Many of the adjudicators already chosen are currently special inquiry officers known for their hard-line approach. Further, contrary to government statements, they will be empowered to adduce evidence themselves. So much for any distinction between judge and prosecutor.

- The concept of domicile will be ended. Up to now permanent residents who have lived in Canada at least five years but have retained foreign citizenship for sentimental or other reasons have not been deportable unless convicted of treason or a serious narcotics offence. They no longer will enjoy this security. The government said it needs domicile removed to deport certain gangsters. But it refused to say how many people are protected against deportation by domicile provisions. But it did say domicile is unnecessary because now anyone living here more than three years can become a Canadian citizen. However, this simply isn't so. Citizenship can be refused on grounds of inability to speak an official language, for security reasons or on other grounds. One American immigrant who once had belonged to the Communist Party lived in Toronto 21 years before he was allowed to become a citizen. And citizenship can be revoked if the citizenship branch decides it received false information.

- Airlines and other transport companies will be subject to fines for bringing to Canada someone the minister has notified them is in one of the prohibited classes. (This has been called the Huey Newton clause: Newton, a former Black Panther activist, spent several weeks in Canadian jails after Air Canada flew him from Havana to Toronto en route to California.) Thus, airline ticket sellers around the world will become agents of the Canadian immigration service. Needless to say, airline companies do not offer an elaborate appeal procedure. The Huey Newton clause was added to the bill at the suggestion of Jake Epp, Conservative immigration critic.

- Under the 1952 United Nations convention on refugees, signatories including Canada must give refugees a chance to a hearing to determine if they are legitimate refugees. Canada does not allow refugees automatic right of oral appeal to the immigration appeal board, the judicial body that makes recommendations on appeals to the minister. Some officials argue this would subject them to a flood of supercilious appeals. France, which receives far more applications for refugee status in Canada, allows an oral appeal, and Janet Scott, chairman of the immigration appeal board, said the board could handle refugee cases. The U.N. convention also calls for refugees to be protected against expulsion except where they are dangerous to public order or national security. Bill C-24 gives the immigration department power to deport refugees sentenced to six months in jail for any crime or convicted of a crime carrying a maximum sentence of five years or more. Possession of marijuana is punishable by up to seven years' imprisonment in Canada.

- Any police or immigration officer may arrest *without warrant* any immigrant or visitor in certain deportable classes

or anyone against whom a deportation order has been issued. Officials will be empowered to impose a variety of terms on immigrants such as forcing them to work for a particular employer, even where they would be acting as strike-breakers. Selection criteria, although not explicitly racist, will continue through emphasis on education and skills to favour people living in countries culturally similar to Canada. Nothing is said about protecting migrant workers, who perform underpaid jobs Canadians refuse to take and who must make social security payments without normally being eligible for benefits. Immigrants and visitors may, on official discretion, be subject to fingerprinting on arrival. They can be kept out for health reasons on the discretionary judgment — not subject to review — of a doctor. The list goes on.

'A modern, flexible framework'

In a liberal, humanitarian country like Canada, immigration officials who wanted these powers wouldn't be allowed to have their way, you say. An immigration minister who dared to bring such measures before Parliament would be met with such derision and hostility that he would wander off with his tail between his legs. Failing that, a massive public outcry would stop the government dead in its tracks. Right? Well, not exactly.

The new law does have its good points. It incorporates certain safeguards and protections that had developed in case law and were current in practice. It deletes any reference to epilepsy or moral turpitude. But it is neither as generous nor as fair as Immigration Minister Jack Sidney George "Bud" ("Just call me Bud") Cullen said when he introduced it in the

CP photo



Jake Epp, Tory immigration critic, presented amendments on behalf of his party, but didn't always try very hard to get them passed

Commons.

"The new act will remove inequities that exist in present law and will provide a modern, flexible framework for the future development of immigration policy," he said. "The current prohibited classes defined in existing law are harsh and out of tune with modern Canadian values. The new act replaces them with new inadmissible classes defined in accordance with objective criteria reflecting current attitudes and knowledge."

The new inadmissible classes, we are told, are intended "to meet the threat posed by terrorists and those associated with organized crime." This brings to mind the analogy of using sledge-hammers to swat flies or other more malignant insects.

Cullen said he saw the new act as a great humanitarian measure, helping reunite families and protecting "the health, safety and good order of Canadian society". Speaking in Commons debate, Progressive Conservative MP David MacDonald said he saw it in a different light:

"We are not debating a piece of legislation which would enshrine Canada's continued belief in the importance of having new people come here with new ideas to populate this country. . . . Lip service is paid to the notion of effectively regulating, managing, controlling and dispersing the immigration phenomenon of this country. . . .

"When problems have developed concerning unemployment, inadequate or unavailable housing in urban centres and the occasional reports of racial or ethnic disturbances or confrontations, we have allowed extremists in our society to propagate the belief that immigration is a problem and that we must effectively control this dangerous gene of immigration. . . .

"At root, what bothers many people about the [1975] green paper is that it considers immigration as a problem. Basically, it sees immigration as negative, as something to be managed. It is much more concerned about systems management than about dealing with people as people. That, certainly, is the atmosphere pervading this legislation."

(MacDonald took a stand of principle and voted against the bill. His reward from Tory leader Joe Clark was to be kicked off the party's strategy committee.)

The process began with the green paper and the special joint committee. On November 24, 1976, the government finally came up with its long-awaited act, or rather its skeleton of an act, because it didn't spell out the myriad of regulations under which it would operate. Immediately a flurry of protests came from a variety of human rights, church, labour, legal and political groups denouncing some of the more objectionable aspects of Bill C-24, which was even harsher before it went through committee. But the content of these protests received little attention outside Montreal. Cul-

len and his parliamentary secretary Arthur Portelance responded to attacks on the bill by maligning its critics rather than responding to criticisms. There were demonstrations and manifestos urging withdrawal of the bill, but Commons debate on second reading (approval in principle) went quickly because there was little opposition, most Tories supporting the bill.

The most revealing part of the whole process was the committee stage. Members of the Commons standing committee on labour, manpower and immigration already were feeling exhausted after dealing with departmental spending estimates and amendments to unemployment insurance regulations, and with the government threatening they wouldn't get their summer recess until the bill was through, they decided not to stick around much longer than they had to.

The government had delayed for years before producing the bill, but in its rush to get it through, it sought to restrict the number of witnesses the committee would hear on grounds that some groups already had appeared before the special joint committee to comment on the green paper. Some witnesses received only short notice, and when Amnesty International was unable to appear on the designated day, the committee refused to reschedule them and refused even to include their brief in the committee record.

The Canadian Federation of Civil Liberties Associations, the Ontario Federation of Students and the Voice of Women were among groups that were refused. Only occasionally was there a quorum during the presentation of briefs, but the exercise gave the government the appearance of listening even if it ignored the presentations. "It would be better not to have gone at all than to have participated in such a zoo," one participant commented.

The tactics of Jake Epp

Submission may be too weak a word to describe some opposition members' role during clause-by-clause examination of the bill. In the case of Jake Epp, chief Tory immigration critic and MP for the Manitoba riding of Provencher, sabotage of opposition amendments would be a better description. Epp presented a number of amendments at the urging of his party, but he didn't always try very hard to see that they passed. One Epp amendment which aimed to improve access of refugees to hearings by the immigration appeal board appeared to have substantial support. Fellow Tory Roch La Salle wandered into the committee room and offered to vote for the amendment if Epp allowed him to be designated a committee member in the place of an absent Tory, but Epp said it wasn't necessary because his motion would get enough votes anyway. The amendment was lost 7-6.

One night the committee narrowly passed a compromise amendment that would restrict the suspicion of criminal activity clause to very serious crimes. Three committee members — Andrew Brewin (NDP — Greenwood), Gordon Fairweather (PC — Fundy-Royal), and Louis Ducloux (L — Montmorency) — spoke strongly in favour of the amendment. Epp voted for it. But next day Brewin, Fairweather and Ducloux were all absent. The government requested unanimous consent for the amendment to be rescinded, and Epp gave his agreement. Any member could have blocked rescindment, and Lincoln Alexander (PC — Hamilton West) was about to do so when Epp shouted, "Don't say no!"

CREATIVE STATISTIC OF THE MONTH

"... prominent Quebec City Liberal Guy Morin has drawn up a list of 47 points on which to fault the P.Q. . . .

"— creating only 61,000 new jobs in the first eight months of government compared to — here Mr. Morin seems to exaggerate just a little — 4,298,000 new jobs created in 78 months of Bourassa administration."

— *The Montreal Star*, Oct. 17, 1977



Jack Manion, deputy immigration minister (centre), told incredulous committee members that not even Supreme Court Judges would necessarily be trusted as members of the deportation board; R. M. Tait, assistant deputy minister (left), didn't tell the committee he had been wrong about earlier assurances about refugees' rights

Alexander as much as admitted later that he had gone against his better judgment in listening to Epp. Brewin was fit to be tied when he learned how the committee acted in his absence, calling it "despicable".

Another Epp amendment would have required the minister to apply to a federal court judge to obtain the security certificates used to keep certain people out of the country. Brewin agreed this safeguard was needed, and when Epp withdrew the amendment Brewin reintroduced it in his own name. Epp voted against it, helping to torpedo it.

Not all Tory members of the committee were as obedient to Epp as Alexander, and Epp tried to have MacDonald kicked off, but the view of others in the party who felt he was punished enough already prevailed.

Officials and goon squads

The committee provided other interesting spectacles. Jack Manion, deputy minister of immigration, attempted to explain that judges of the Supreme Court of Canada would not necessarily be trusted as members of the special deportation advisory board. "The security authorities will be extremely restrictive in whom they would accept as members of the advisory board," he said. And as the incredulity of committee members grew, he explained that it was not just the

RCMP that wasn't prepared to give Canadian judges security clearance, but foreign security forces as well. After all, they share information with the RCMP.

R. M. Tait, assistant deputy minister of immigration, told the committee the new act would preserve refugees' rights to appeal to the immigration appeal board on humanitarian and compassionate grounds. He admitted later he was wrong, but said he didn't think this important enough to bring to the committee's attention.

Charles Caccia, Liberal MP for the Toronto riding of Davenport and perhaps the bill's most conscientious critic, asked officials to explain many of the bill's numerous and complex clauses. This didn't go over well with Liberal colleagues like Kenneth Robinson, who angrily accused him of holding things up. It was largely through Caccia's efforts that the government agreed to drop a clause that would empower the immigration department to dictate that some immigrants live in remote areas with high job vacancy rates.

Robinson's attitude was typical of the Liberals' goon squad approach. Each day saw new faces on the committee,* the faces of Liberals who never before showed any interest in immigration but were sent in by the party whip to vote down opposition amendments and preserve the bill intact.

When the committee finished its work, the bill went to report stage in the Commons, which rushed through 54 proposed amendments in less than three days. Third and final reading was obtained in a matter of hours, and Senate ap-

proval took less time than that.

The process was one of abdication. The opposition abdicated to Cullen. Cullen abdicated to his officials, deferring questions to them and defending the indefensible at their behest. Only a few MPs gave the impression that they had even read the bill before it came to committee, and even those who were genuinely interested in it were hampered by a lack

of specialized knowledge.

Commons standing committees are not provided with independent researchers or independent legal counsel, and members consequently must depend heavily on information and interpretations provided by government officials, who have a vested interest in presenting the bill in a favourable light. A special Commons committee on penitentiary reform

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showed last spring that with their own research and legal staff they could produce a report of some merit. Some members of the immigration committee received unofficial assistance from two articling lawyers representing a coalition of church and human rights groups, but apart from this they had little assistance in taking on officialdom. The result was a failure of the political system.

The wide latitude the new immigration act gives officials is bound to lead to abuses. David MacDonald predicted the act would become so unworkable the government would have to bring in another new immigration act before long. Such abuses can spread and affect the quality of justice provided to everyone in Canada, and this should give even opponents of immigration cause for concern.

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Gordon's nationalism and Quebec

by MEL WATKINS

A Political Memoir, by Walter Gordon. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 395 pp. \$15.95 cloth.

Let me admit, right at the outset, that in reviewing this book, I'm guilty of a serious conflict of interest. Once upon a time, I worked for Walter Gordon. I grew to like him and respect him, and notwithstanding later political differences, I still do. Mr. Gordon is a man of honesty and integrity, of decency and compassion. As human virtues, there are neither minor nor common.

This book, Mr. Gordon's autobiography, abounds with evidence of these qualities. Consider for example, Gordon on Diefenbaker. We are reminded in a footnote that Diefenbaker alleged in the second volume of his memoirs that when Gordon delivered the Report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects to him, Gordon told him "he hated me". Mr. Gordon sets the record straight: "I am certain I never said I hated him. In fact, I do not believe I have ever said I hated anyone. I do not use that kind of language". As it happens, Gordon's memoirs are not of the hatefilled variety in which Diefenbaker specializes.

But, of course, our interest in and affection for Mr. Gordon result not merely from his *persona* but from his politics. He is, after all, the pre-eminent Canadian nationalist of our times. To know more about his politics is to know more about our nationalism, and hence by necessity to know more about ourselves. This, then, is the value of this book.

That is not to say, however, that there is not a problem with this book. There is, and it results from the fact that much

of it has already been published. Mr. Gordon wrote all but the final chapter shortly after he left politics in 1968. He tells us now, in the preface written in 1977, that he decided not to publish in 1969 "almost at the last minute"; he does not tell us why. Meanwhile, in 1973, Denis Smith published a biography of Gordon with full access to the manuscript and papers, and with generous quotes from the former. (I reviewed it favourably here in the *Last Post*.)

Having now decided to publish his own version in full, Mr. Gordon chooses not to tell us why we have had to wait some eight years. One can only guess that it has something to do with Gordon's relationship with Pearson: the story of a once close friendship and confidence that Pearson destroyed, and in the destroying so gravely damaged Gordon's nationalist crusade. The story of that relationship is a recurring theme of these memoirs; perhaps the passage of time makes full disclosure easier.

In any event, the appearance of this book is as good an occasion as any to take stock of Canadian nationalism, both of its external posture vis-à-vis the United States, and of its internal posture, as English-Canadian nationalism, vis-à-vis Quebec. Mr. Gordon's nationalism has been mostly about the former dimension, but it is the latter dimension, that has moved to centre stage since November 15, 1976, and to which I will confine my remarks.

In response thereto, an already weak Canadian (really English-Canadian) nationalist movement has split asunder. On the one hand are those who respect Quebec's nationalism, insist on its right to self-determination, and call for the attempt to build a new bi-national Canada. On the other hand are those who deplore Quebec's nationalism, believe that Canada-without-Quebec could not exist, and end up willy-



Walter Gordon: Quebec brings out a profound contradiction in his nationalism

nilly with all the anti-nationalists in the "national unity" camp. Mr. Gordon is of the latter persuasion. This may not surprise but it surely saddens and it certainly matters.

In the nature of the case there is not much about all this in this book; even the final chapter ends in early 1976. But there are lots of clues. Levesque is around in the 60s, increasingly causing trouble for the Liberals, and, while Mr. Gordon may not hate him, he certainly doesn't much like and respect him. Mr. Gordon tells us that in 1965 when he was pushing his Canadian ownership-legislation on magazines and newspapers, he was aware of "rumours that *La Presse*, by far the largest French-language daily in the province of Quebec, might be sold to European interests sympathetic to the Separatist (sic) cause", and he used this rumour to good effect to draw the fangs of opposition of the anglophone publishers. When Pearson stepped down, Gordon supported Trudeau and he was hardly unaware of the latter's stance on Quebec. (His first choice was Marchand, but between the two there is, of course, nothing to choose.) Mr. Gordon deplors the excesses of the federal intervention of October 1970, but does not doubt the necessity.

Still, Mr. Gordon was never a true hard-liner. A centralist at heart, he admits to some initial trouble in relating to Pearson's willingness to accommodate the Lesage government, but he now tells us that "Mike Pearson's greatest personal achievement was his early understanding of what was happening in Quebec."

In 1972, he wrote in *Macleans*: "It seems unlikely that

we shall be able to avoid a breakup of our country indefinitely if we continue to pretend that Quebec is a province like the others", and he adds in the book: "My views about Quebec are very different from those held by Mr. Trudeau, at least as he expressed them in conversation with me. His assertion at that time that Quebec is a province like all the others and must be so treated flies in the face of all the facts."

As for Trudeau, he is "highly intelligent and completely bilingual without being attuned intuitively to the way English-speaking Canadians think. . . . He simply does not understand the reactions of people in English-speaking Canada." Gordon tells us this by way of arguing that Trudeau needs an "English-speaking second-in-command"; if public opinion polls post-November 15 be our guide, unfortunately, Trudeau understands only too well the baser reactions of people in English-speaking Canada.

And, since November 15, in a situation increasingly polarized by Trudeau, Mr. Gordon's public utterances have cast him more clearly in the Trudeau camp. We have had the spectacle of a nationalist, who might be thought by definition to believe in the right of self-determination, refusing to admit that Quebec has that right. Indeed, so blinded is Gordon on this matter that he misrepresents the demands of the northern native peoples for self-determination within Canada as "separatist" and sinks to the level of telling us that if we don't draw the line, next it will be "the 450,000 Italians in Toronto". True, Mr. Gordon is, as always, conciliatory (and I do mean that as a compliment) as in his rejection of Donald Creighton's "harsh approach", but it may very well matter critically to any process of negotiation leading to a new constitution whether or not one recognizes Quebec's right to choose independence.

But there may be a yet more profound contradiction in Mr. Gordon's nationalism, and that is his conviction that English-Canada is so non-existent that without Quebec it will simply disintegrate. To be a nationalist in a dependent country is necessarily to see one's society as weak and threatened, the better to insist that things be done. Canada is such a country and it is indeed threatened by the U.S., and our knowledge of that owes much to Mr. Gordon. But Mr. Gordon knows that he is not simply a Canadian but an English-speaking Canadian, and that Quebec is not a province like the others. To know that, one might have thought, is necessarily to know that English-Canada exists. But Mr. Gordon doesn't know, and his not knowing compels one to ask: Just what is it about Canada, other than keeping Quebec in its place (which it can hardly be) which is worth all this noise and effort to preserve? If it was something real, would he be so certain it could not survive?

In the process of telling us all this in his recent public speeches, Mr. Gordon has done yet worse. For he has the dubious distinction of being one of the first, if not the first, prominent public figure in English-Canada, to reject the PQ's proposed sovereignty-association by insisting that English-Canada will have no truck or trade with an independent Quebec.

Addressing the Committee for an Independent Canada on February 12, 1977, Gordon insisted that the PQ position showed "a woeful lack of understanding of English-speaking Canadians" and added "If Quebec should separate, which in my view would lead to the end of Canada, no one should imagine that those Canadians who would feel hurt, angry and affronted would be prepared to sit down to amicable negotiations with the people responsible for the break-up".

This is indeed to paint the portrait of the ugly Canadian, and when it's done by a nationalist to raise, again, the question of what one's nationalism is in aid of. Nor is Mr. Gordon unaware of the fact that the polls show that support in Quebec for the sovereignty option depends critically on whether it is with or without economic association with the rest of Canada. He is apparently not above the practice of blackmail.

I cannot end on such a sour note. In reviewing Smith, I made the point that Mr. Gordon's nationalism has always transcended the immediate interests of his class and has been progressive on matters economic. He has wanted to lessen the

dependency of the branch plant economy not only to give more opportunities to Canadian businessmen but also to create more jobs for the mass of Canadians. On social legislation, like medicare, he has consistently been a progressive. From these commitments he has not strayed. In his most recent speeches, he has pressed the government to take strong measures to lessen unemployment and to avoid tariff cuts at the GATT negotiations that would worsen the employment situation. He remains, on these also vital issues, a force for good.

Another round of union-bashing

by MARC ZWELLING

Strike!, by Marc Zwelling. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 224 pp. \$10.00 cloth.

between the lines

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This book is the only publication to emerge from a unique but short-lived experiment in non-sectarian political education known as the Marxist Institute of Toronto. In the fall of 1974 this group approached a number of radicals in central Canada to speak in a lecture series on the "national question" in Canada. The papers published here are revised versions of the papers read in the Marxist Institute's forum and encompass analyses of the Canadian state, the Canadian ruling class, Canada's role in the Third World, the position of Québec and the role of international unions.

Imperialism, Nationalism, and Canada

Essays from the Marxist Institute of Toronto
Introduction by John Saul and Craig Meron

97 Victoria Street North,
Kitchener, Ontario.

between the lines

Hal Banks, the notorious Seafarers' Union president, appears in *Strike!*, but John Gagnon does not. That's the trouble with Walter Stewart's book. It's not balanced.

It's funny, and there's never been a truly dull anti-union book. Stewart knows something about Banks — but so does everyone. Why disinter him after two decades?

Stewart doesn't know John Gagnon, the frail Sudbury smelter worker who has won more than \$2½ million in benefits for workers and widows of workers who have cancer or died from it because of working conditions. That's money the Ontario government and Inco Ltd. had no intention of parting with until John Gagnon began his crusade a few years ago. He's modest and typical of many unionists. Banks had a better press.

Stewart's idea is that there are too many strikes, and we've got to do something. He confesses at the end of the book that he doesn't know what. But the final chapters review the ideas that work in other countries and give them apparent labour-management harmony.

Up to that point, however, *Strike!* dissects and goads unions and their members and chiefs. He claims he's sympathetic to unions, wants them to be more powerful and believes more people should join.

But along the way and despite this vow that he's "a union man" there's every anti-union cliché imaginable.

If Stewart knows some good guys in the labour movement, he won't admit it. The labour leadership (and the working men and women who tolerate such leadership) are all either reactionary, dull or demagogic agitators in Stewart's script.

It's hard to imagine readers would consider giving more respect, recognition or power to the crew Stewart describes.

One reason the unions appear so unworthy is that Stewart really doesn't know much about unions or collective bargaining. He was once a Newspaper Guild member, and most of his sources are retired or dead union officials and an unidentified "number of labour experts I consulted."

If a single worker was interviewed, none is quoted. Stewart wouldn't have to sit at a bargaining table ever in his life to write a useful book about labour relations today. But it probably would have helped.

Two of his other books, *Shrug* and *But Not in Canada*, relied on research that peeked behind the headlines and images to get at the real story. *Strike!* relies on newspaper clippings and old books. He's also heard a lot of gossip,

which adds much of the book's humour.

The trouble is he never devotes as much skill to explaining unions and bargaining as he does to deprecating them. He wants an end to "our slavish devotion to the adversary system."

Compact and enjoyable as Stewart is to read, it's hard to sum up the dilemma better than Sam Gindin, not a professional writer but a union researcher.

"For workers, the root of the adversary system lies in the fact of private control over their labour, and unions with the right to strike are absolutely fundamental for workers' protection. To end the adversary system is to build a society that makes private corporations and their power obsolete. But this is obviously not what management means when it calls for an 'end to the adversary system.'"

It's probably not what Stewart means either. As a magazine editor, he has great control over his work, little supervision and hardly any need to struggle or picket for anything. While he says he endorses "industrial democracy" and depicts a little of how power-sharing works in Sweden, Germany, Austria and other countries, he hardly seems convinced it's possible or even useful to change the relationships of workers and bosses in this country.

If he really wants smelter workers, assemblers, printers, coal miners and woodworkers to take control of their industries, why doesn't he simply say so? A century ago, workers were skilled and managed their workplaces. The industrial revolution and the assembly line chopped work into pieces and removed control to the owners. Is it sweeping change that Stewart wants?

There is also the question, is it what the workers want? Potash Corp. of Saskatchewan officials have been trying to convince a union member representing the potash miners to join the board of directors since the province started nationalizing part of the industry a year ago. The workers haven't decided what's right for them, and some worry aloud that a worker-director will either be a powerless token or a tool to shove the bosses' goals down the workers' throats.

He doesn't claim to have solutions; all he has are problems. For \$10, shouldn't readers get something more than re-heated prejudice?

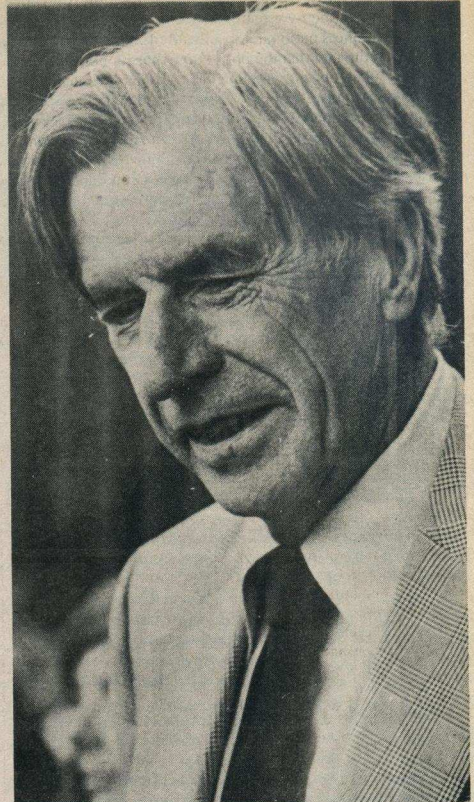
What purpose is it to describe the pay of building tradesmen as "naked greed"? What insights does the reader get from being told public employee strikes are aimed "to hurt the public." (J.S. Woodsworth, that saint in politics, once said there's no "innocent public" involved in strikes by garbage collectors or posties. "The public has been guilty of the greatest sin, the sin of indifference," he said.)

Stewart doesn't campaign for outlawing all strikes, or even public service strikes (others may use it that way, don't worry).

It would be difficult to fly the planes and deliver the mail if the air controllers and letter carriers were all in jail; a simple observation inserted into *Strike!* as if it were a new book of Scripture.

This tone presents a problem. Assertions without proof require faith in the author's infallibility. Stewart on paper resembles a new Cartesian. When he's not sure, he says it forcefully, cleverly and often (It's an intrinsic defect in labour writing. One union leader laments, "We don't have any labour reporters in this country; they're all statesmen.") Instead of "I think, therefore I am," they believe, "I write, therefore I know."

"I have been writing about inflation ... since I was a



John Kenneth Galbraith: Stewart buys his idea of a big labour-big business conspiracy to jack up wages

financial reporter with the *Toronto Telegram* in 1962," Stewart says. Well!

Not surprisingly, one of Stewart's favourite sources is John Kenneth Galbraith. It was Galbraith, for instance, who first "showed" the "conspiracy" between "big labour" and "big business" to jack up wages and screw the public.

Stewart buys Galbraith entirely. For a company "it may be simpler to give way to extortionate demands from its work force, and increase prices accordingly, then to fight the union."

Why should there be so many strikes and such long ones (80 per cent in Canada run five months) when the conspirators are mysteriously agreeing to fleece the public is a contradiction Galbraith and his disciples, like Stewart and Pierre Trudeau, haven't answered. Surely there wouldn't be a need to strike if all the employers were spinelessly caving in to the unions.

When you have all that confidence in yourself, you don't need to check your facts. Sometimes it's harmless. Stewart misquotes old Sam Gompers, who didn't say "more" when asked what labour wants.

But Stewart doesn't stop with ejaculating the old anti-union platitudes. He invents some new ones. Canadian unions opposed wage controls, he says, because half our union members are in international unions (which he calls pejoratively "American unions".)

The old xenophobia about "American unions" convinces him that if not for the American connection, Canadian workers would love controls. Stewart forgets that U.S. unions co-operated in wage controls when Richard Nixon borrowed the idea from Galbraith and even sat on the Pay Board to help out in the administration. Canadian union leaders, including those in international unions, were aghast.

This assertiveness goes on to claim that because Canadian auto industry employees joined the United Auto Workers instead of a purely domestic union the country no longer has a Canadian-owned car business.

He asserts that "it is not so easy, these days, to round up a mob of strike-breakers or a platoon of police to beat on the heads of pickets" and that "the major battles have already been won" for job security, dignity and decent wages. He claims with "more liberal judges" unions have little to fear from the law, which Stewart earlier has said usually favoured owners, not workers.

All this would be news in Newfoundland, where 15 men were ordered to jail earlier this year for striking over unsafe working conditions. Three of their colleagues had been killed in 10 days.

It would be news to the men wounded outside the Robin Hood flour plant in Montreal when professional strike-breakers fired shotguns at them.

It would be news to the 30 men and women parading outside the Quality Bed Co. plant in Winnipeg for the past 2½ years. After 30 years of signing contracts a new manager decided he didn't want the union around any more. He rounded up some scabs, and the police chaperoned them past the line.

A UAW spokesman says 10 per cent of all strikes involve a first contract. It's not money that's at stake; it's the right of the employees to stand up to the boss.

It's hard to know whether to blame Stewart merely for naivete or for sloppy reporting. (There are a few errors that proofreaders should have caught, but these are minor. Getting the date of the National Day of Protest wrong is unforgivable.)

*Please
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to send us
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Stewart argues that we're all fed up with strikes. He has the statistics to prove it, for a change, instead of just his self-confidence. But even the "facts" can be misleading.

Industrial accidents cost the economy twice as much lost time as strikes (18 million days a year), to cite some figures Stewart doesn't mention. More working time is lost in just three weeks this year due to unemployment than to strikes in all of 1976.

While strikes are no more "damaging" to the economy than hang-overs (the comparison was made by the former director of the U.S. Mediation and Conciliation Service), why are people so obsessed with them? They are inconvenient when there's no mail, or when holiday plans are interrupted by strikes at airports, bus terminals or ferry docks.

But Stewart is superficial when he blames "the adversary system." His attack is still on the strikers, not on their grievances. Since it's employees who take the initiative when something's wrong, it seems unions cause strikes.

Stewart probably understands this. He piles up a lot of reasons for strikes that don't involve wages. Assuming typical workers are at least as rational as typical magazine editors, there is no reason why inter-union political wrangles, or what Stewart calls "bloodymindedness" by union and management negotiators should convince so many employees to walk out.

With no national commitment to guaranteed incomes, full employment or retirement with dignity, employees thoughtfully and wisely push their luck at times. The contracts they have to sign are one-sided, giving away most human rights in the workplace to management. They agree to work for two or three years at fixed rates of pay and other rewards. But there's no promise of three year's work.

It's only considering all the aspects of lost working time — unemployment, absenteeism, high rates of turnover, industrial disease and strikes — that will lead to some new ideas for managing conflict and improving employee-employer relationships. Lingering anti-union attitudes, corporate power and the out-dated way work is organized mean it's virtually impossible for employees to get more control over their lives at work without strikes. Just to get a safety committee recognized, which would mean some progress toward "industrial democracy," has required strikes. Every advance in legislation (medicare, pensions, hours of work, vacations and the small steps in occupational health) was preceded by years of bargaining by unions, and by strikes. Without friction, there is no motion and no progress.

It's been said many times (but probably not enough) that strikes get the public's attention because the strike is visible. Bargaining is a public process.

When George Weston Ltd. raises the prices in its wide-flung operations, the company does not send its executives around to picket with signs reading "Food prices going up." When the managers of international corporations want something, they don't "strike," they "lose confidence" in the economy and beam their investment dollars somewhere else.

Stewart's analysis is too simple because it depends on good guys and bad guys. His lectures to the unions are unlikely to have any effect, not because labour leaders are too tied to the adversary system and are beyond salvation, but because unions simply haven't got the power to change the system.

Stewart's prose is so luscious it's easy to forget he hasn't told us much that's new or helpful. His message is easy to bite, but hard to swallow.

Victoria Co. before the city-folk came

by BOB TROTTER

Aunt High Over The Barley Mow, by Dennis T. Patrick Sears. McClelland & Stewart/ Toronto. 303 pp. \$12.50 cloth.

The setting for this blunt, ribald, strangely moving second novel by Patrick Sears is Victoria County. I never met the author but I would love him like a brother.

I never will meet him, at least not on this earth, because he died before the book was published.

Throughout the book, he makes reference to my home town, Lindsay, the county seat for Victoria. I was born in Lindsay about the same time as Sears was born, give or take a year or two or three, and his graphic descriptions of the pre-war era bring a great tug to this Irishman's heart.

Years ago, the south side of Kent Street, the main street of the town, had a sign on it pointing to the west. The sign said: Bobcaygeon, 27 miles. On the north side of the street another sign said: Bobcaygeon, 26 miles.

The town has a wide main street but it isn't that wide. The town, says Sears, has the reputation for having the widest main street and the narrowest minds of any town north of the Rio Grande.

Sears' story is about a brother and sister, Padraic and Brigid Fallon, who grew up in the north of the county where the black Irish still live and try to make a living off land that yields "fifty bushels of mixed rock to the acre."

Some of the towns and villages and townships are given the same names they have today while others are thinly disguised, probably on purpose so descendants can't sue for libel.

The descriptions are graphic, juicy, rich and sometimes hilarious.

Sears, I understand, lived almost like a recluse in a small village near Kingston, Ont. He was a quiet man who disliked the limelight. After his first novel, *A Lark in the Clear Air*, was published, he was asked to make a few public appearances and the experience was shattering to him.

He was, I'm sure, much like the people in his novels.

He mentions an old crone called Mother Cooley, a woman of vast age

who lived in a log cabin "around at the tether end of Dillon's Mountain where the slope coasted gradually down to the limerock plain."

She kept about two dozen cats in the cabin which "slumped beneath two great elms, one on either side of the house, leaning toward each other and embracing at the top-most boughs . . . the cabin stunk to high hell of old woman and catshit."

Years ago as editor of the now-defunct *Watchman-Warder* newspaper in Lindsay, I was sent out on a hunt for new correspondents in the county. A name was given to me by the publisher and I spent most of a day trying to find the woman. And she lived in a log cabin near Kirkfield with about two dozen cats. I was tired, hungry and thirsty when the old crone was found. She had been a writer for the paper many years before I got there.

Naturally, I was invited inside and offered a cup o' tea.

And that cabin stunk to high hell of old woman and catshit.

She had dozens of plants in the place and every one of them was fertilized with catshit. It was all over the place.

Sears speaks of older, more glorious days when the men of the northern part of the county fought tremendous battles with Orangemen who came to Lindsay for fight and frolic. The Irish fought among themselves, hot with whisky, quarrelsome and ready for any Anglo-Saxon Protestant who might step on their coattails.

He mentions the Glorious Twelfth (of July) and the Orange parade in Lindsay when the drums "with ear-bending whaps barged up Kent Street" and two men from Carden Township staggered out of a saloon, pulled the "King Billy" from his white horse amid shouts of outrage from the Orangemen.

But the men from North Victoria were trounced and wherried out of town followed by shouts of, "To hell with yer goddam pope!" and "No fucking surrender to papish bastards."

As a kid in Victoria, I remember the great Orange parades but they were much tamer in the late thirties. I recall making quite a killing one year. A friend of mine had a grandfather who owned a flour mill near Kawartha Park in Lindsay. We got permission to use the mill property as a

parking lot and charged a quarter for the day's parking.

We crammed cars in there thick as fleas on a dog's belly. As we were leaving for the day, a huge Irishman came steaming into the lot, drunk as a billy goat and tried to get his car out. Three fenders later, he steered the old Ford Victoria down Peel Street and we never saw him again.

Sears' description of haying brought back a flood of memories. He talks about "hay-slings" — slings which carry a huge load of hay into a mow. The slings were separated with a tripe rope which spewed the hay into the mow. One summer I worked on a farm as a lad of about ten and the farmer — my uncle — used hay-slings. Unfortunately, I tripped on the tripe rope and the load of hay spewed all over my uncle.

He drove me out of that barn with a pitch fork. To this day, I think, if he had caught me, he would have stuck me with that fork.

But it's the description in the book which shows Sears' love for the land and that he had the soul of a poet: "After a night of dark, drumming rain the wind ran around to the north and the first, lazy flakes of snow tumbled along, dying as they reached the soaked, brown earth. Then the snow whirled faster, steadier, heavier. It began to cling to the tops of fence rails and bare elm branches and among the stands of hickories where the blue-jays screeched.

"Every morning came up like the one before, with the wind snarling around the clothes-line wire and the wooden trumpery hanging from the house gables."

A description of a genuine Irish wake, held when the father of Patch and Bride is killed on the road to Orillia; brought back memories of my step-grandfather's funeral in the days when bodies were buried from the house and not in the antiseptic atmosphere of a funeral home. At the risk of making my aunt angry, I can tell you that an Irish wake is a sad-happy affair where even kids get a taste of Irish mist.

Sears talks of old Con Carrigrew, a lumber king who dies of cancer of the throat. I'm sure he is talking of old John Carew who owned the John Carew Lumber Co. in Lindsay for years and owned timber rights in Victoria, Haliburton and Peterborough Counties.

My Uncle Foster Lytle, a twinkling

Irishman with huge but gentle hands, worked for Carew all his life and knew every stand of timber in the area. When he came to Lindsay to visit my grandmother, he always paid a visit to our house and I can remember him eating three heads of lettuce at one meal.

"Jaysus, but that's good lettuce, Bert," he said to my father. "Would you be havin' a little more for me now?"

My mother — a beautiful, slim, quiet soul born in Yorkshire, was absolutely amazed at how much lettuce a lone Irishman could eat. But after a winter in the lumber camp and the spring log drive, fresh lettuce in Lindsay was a treat. My father was a grower at a greenhouse and we had lettuce before anyone else.

Foster had a couple of brothers who reminded me of the Fallon brothers in Sears' book. When Big Reddie Lytle got a few drinks in him, he would roar through the streets singing in a clear high baritone voice: Rattle up a stove-pipe;

Johnny shot a bear; Shot him in the arse-hole, And never touched a hair.

It's a song I haven't heard for 35 years but Sears has it in the book.

He also has a couple of scenes about the Lindsay Fair and another scene at a small village fair. Although he doesn't mention the real name of the village, I took it for Bobcaygeon, one of the oldest fairs in Ontario billed as The Daddy of Them All.

The Irish blood in my father got the best of him one year. He prided himself on his build and his wrestling prowess. He got half looped and went to Bobcaygeon fair. He came home happy as hell but bruised and battered.

He had accepted the challenge to "go a round" with a carnival strongman. He went the round all right. In fact, he went two rounds and won \$50. Mother was disgusted but I can remember him winking at me happily through an alcoholic haze, a happy man in spite of the bruises.

Getting back to the old *Watchman-Warder*, Sears says that it was a Tory newspaper every Conservative subscribed to but never read. I know he was right about the subscriptions but I hope he was wrong in the second half of the assessment. I toiled for that paper for three years.

It is unfortunate that Dennis T. Patrick Sears will not write another novel. I love the magic of his fluent, mellow prose, ripe with the tang of earth and fresh air, right out of my childhood before the tourists came to corrupt. It is in the heart of the Kawartha Lakes, the vacationland for aliens from Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo. That rich array of real people have been changed by the times but brought back to lusty life by Sears.

A newspaperman, too, Sears died a few months before this novel was published. I'll miss the bugger.

A look at the wild, 'Wobbly' West

by NORMAN PENNER

Reformers, Rebels and Revolutionaries: The Western Canadian Radical Movement 1899-1919, by A. Ross McCormack. University of Toronto Press/Toronto. 228 pp. \$4.95 paper.

What was the RCMP doing in 1917 (or the Royal Northwest Mounted Police as it was called then)? Why it was opening the mail of radical labour activists, collecting dossiers on them, spying on their meetings, and acting as *agents-provocateurs*, just the same as it is doing today — to almost everyone's shock and surprise!

McCormack in his very good book claims that the Mounties started this activity in 1914, but some radicals who were interned as Communists during the Second World War, found that the RCMP had dossiers on them dating as far back as 1905. In fact, the RCMP got started shortly after the Riel insurrection of 1869-70, and stayed in the west, precisely to monitor the upsurge of western radicalism during the period covered by McCormack's book. Incidentally, the sub-title of the book is misleading because it deals exclusively with labour radicalism, whereas the farmers' movements in the west were every bit as radical as the labour movement, if not even more so.

But the militancy of the labour and socialist movements in the west during this period was a unique and special feature in the history of the Canadian left. This has been dealt with in many previous publications, but McCormack brings out much additional information as a result of painstaking scholarly research in the relevant archives, and long interviews with survivors of that period. Particularly graphic is his description of the way in which industrialism came to the west, the kind of free wheeling capitalist entrepreneurs who exploited the workers there, most of whom were recent immigrants from Britain, the U.S.A., and Central and Eastern Europe.

The section dealing with the Industrial Workers of the World, known as the "Wobblies", is probably the best analysis yet written about this union in Canada. It is also the best chapter in the book. It was a western Canadian phenomenon. In fact it was a B.C. specialty although its impact went beyond the province. It was started in the U.S.A. by those legendary figures of the American socialist movement, Eugene Debs and Daniel De Leon. It produced some of the most colourful and heroic labour figures in America, such as "Big" Bill Haywood, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Joe Hill. It began as a socialist led revolt against

Gompers and the AFL. In Canada as well as in the U.S.A., it took hold mainly among migrant workers in west coast lumbering and mining. It became the repository in North America of syndicalism, the idea that one big union is to be the main vehicle in the proletarian revolution, not a political party. It was uncompromising in its attitudes and considered every other trend in the labour and socialist movements as hopelessly opportunistic. McCormack explains very well the social roots of this organization:

"Exploited by employers, harassed by the State, ignored by trade unions, and excluded from the political process, Wobblies advocated direct action because no viable alternative was open to them." (page 116)

Less satisfactory however is McCormack's treatment of the war period when the labour and socialist movements in the west engaged in a whole series of militant actions in protest against the conditions imposed on the working people by the war profiteers and the federal government. Here, forgetting his precise definitions of syndicalism in his chapter on the IWW, McCormack labels many of the actions undertaken then whether by the trade unions or the socialist parties as "syndicalist". This was not syndicalism, however. The radical movement, mainly sparked by the

socialists, undertook a richness and diversity of activity, parliamentary and extra-parliamentary, propagandist and agitational, and gave leadership on a whole number of pressing immediate issues. J. S. Woodsworth who began to emerge in that period as a powerful ideologue of social democracy, defined at the time, the character of this activity:

"Should we use the industrial or the

political weapon? We find answers using both to good advantage. It is well to attack the enemy on both fronts and sometimes a flank attack is more effective than any frontal attack." (*Western Labor News*, October 11, 1918)

Incidentally, an examination by McCormack of the series of articles by Woodsworth, of which this was one,

would have shown that there was more to Woodsworth's radical roots than Methodism as McCormack claims (page 170). However, this is a very useful addition to the social history of Canada and reinforces our knowledge that Canadian radicalism and socialism are integral and endemic parts of Canada's political culture.

Templeton's old bones

by ANNELI ANDRE BARRETT

Act of God, by Charles Templeton. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 320 pp. \$10.95 cloth.

"You're stretching it out like a cheap murder mystery," complains Cardinal Maloney to archaeologist friend Gordon in Charles Templeton's *Act of God*. Ultimately, the reader must agree with this assessment, not of Gordon's story, but of Templeton's novel.

Templeton, among other things a former evangelist and church leader, has chosen for his new novel a theme of universal significance — the discovery of the bones of Jesus Christ. He deserves to be congratulated for a credible presentation of a fictional but uniquely important archaeological discovery. In other words, Templeton has at least done his archaeological research.

The details of the find are precise — the discovery of a skeleton, cause of death crucifixion, in a 2000-year-old Jewish tomb — and seem authentic; buried with the skeleton is a manuscript written by Christ's disciple Simon.

Could a boxful of bones and a grinning skull shatter Christianity? Cardinal Maloney comes to believe this, so firmly in fact, that he decides the discovery must be permanently hidden.

The Church must be saved.

The Very Reverend Michael Cardinal Maloney, Bishop of the Archdiocese of New York, a probable candidate for the papacy, will commit murder in the name of Christianity.

But murder doesn't come easy for a Catholic cardinal. And to add to his problems, his atheistic friend Gordon is bent on challenging him on the logic of basic Christian dogma.

One of the more stimulating aspects of *Act of God* is this continuous religious and intellectual confrontation between the Cardinal and Gordon, the archaeologist who discovered Christ's bones.

If premarital sex is a sin, then how does Cardinal Maloney justify his passionate love affair when he was a young man, not yet ordained? Gordon clearly revels in these and other pointed questions; in the light of Maloney's murderous schemes, it is ironic that Gordon accuses the Cardinal of hypocrisy. . . .

Gordon's articulate cynicism is strangely compelling; Templeton's character study of him is brilliant. Any excellence in *Act of God* lies primarily in this gripping debate; only here is the theme treated with any respect.

These debates mirror Templeton's own spiritual struggle; once an evangelist and now an agnostic, his attempts to come to terms with himself provide the only really thought-provoking content of the novel.

The workings of the "Almighty's Mafia", as Templeton refers to the upper echelon of the Roman Catholic priesthood, is a subject he is obviously familiar with. For Cardinal Maloney is not only a servant of God but also a figure of spiritual power. This spiritual power is translated into temporal terms; it is a power which corrupts.

The deterioration of Maloney, initially the paragon of Christian manhood, is the second compelling element in *Act of God*. His degeneration occurs in stages; at first the humanitarian priest, he rapidly becomes snobbish, unsympathetic, dishonest, manipulative, tyrannical and ultimately murderous.

Unfortunately, where the penetrating spiritual crises end, the sensationalistic

murder story takes over.

Gordon has conveniently been working on Jesus' bones in the basement of the Cardinal's home. The only person curious about the secretive goings-on is detective Copeland Jackson who, appropriately enough, is in love with Maloney's lovely, orphaned niece, another resident of this odd menagerie.

It cannot be denied that Templeton has created an atmosphere of suspense, but it has been at the expense of the reader's credibility. Templeton has the reader entirely at his mercy; wanting to find out what happens, the reader must put up with an increasingly contrived and implausible story development.

The murder itself is too easy. And Copeland, the persistent New York detective, stunned by personal tragedy, conveniently abandons the case just as he has uncovered the truth.

Can a crime so hideous go unpunished? Are we really to accept the casually convenient disposition of Christ's bones?

In presenting a moral dilemma as powerful as this, Templeton should not have had to resort to sensationalism. Story-telling is not, in *Act of God*, his forte. Even his ending, instead of resembling a cliff-hanger, looks suspiciously like a cop-out.

Finally, a word about Templeton's women. As stereotyped role-players they do little more than adorn the pages. Characters like Maloney's niece, the lovely weak maiden, Miss Pritchard, the busybodyish but proud housekeeper, and Mrs. Gordon, the nagging, deserted wife, are easily recognizable types. For good measure, there's even a vain, sinfully rich old woman who will only donate money to the church as long as her charity is lavishly and appropriately recognized.

Act of God could have been a profoundly moving, spiritual masterpiece. Instead, by some twist of fate, or more likely, sheer lack of writing ability, it succeeds merely in tantalizing and ultimately disappointing the reader.

'Vulnerability, defeat, withdrawal'

by ROGER McTAIR

India: A Wounded Civilisation, by V. S. Naipaul. Knopf/New York. 191 pp. \$8.95 cloth.

India: A Wounded Civilisation is V. S. Naipaul's latest work and is his impression of India as he journeyed across the sub-continent in late 1975 and for most of 1976. The book was originally done as a series of essays commissioned by the *New York Review of Books* soon after Indira Gandhi declared the State of Emergency that later contributed to her electoral defeat.

Naipaul's central perception of India is one of an ancient civilisation that has lost its essential spiritual elements and exists simply on outdated and irrelevant forms that control and constrict India's coming to terms with the realities of modern life.

At the very beginning of the book Naipaul describes his relationship to India as a special one, coming as he does from a community that arrived in the West Indies 100 years ago. He admits that his India is a dual one; one formed in his mind by the nostalgia and religion implanted in Trinidad where he grew up; and the other actual India which he dreamed about but first visited in adulthood in 1962.

The childhood India of an imagined pastoral land ideal, innocent and pure is the link that draws him to the real Indian subcontinent — a land that he finds strange and contradictory. Yet his roots, his ancestry ensure that he cannot remain indifferent to it.

Throughout this book, Naipaul reduces the traditional Hindu response of Karma to intellectual depletion and absurdity when faced with the challenges of the modern world. And to express his point he piles up image after incredible image to reinforce the inadequacy of the entire ancient philosophic system.

Hinduism is now an irrelevant form of a once visionary religion. Quietism,

Karma and a vision of history as extended fable surrenders the organisation of the real world, with its myriad problems to "others". It is, he says "religious response to worldly defeat."

Regardless of all the political rhetoric of the present and the political rhetoric of Independence, Naipaul sees India still controlled by the unbreached walls of caste, of medieval social relationships that bind even now whole families to landowners; it exists in child labour practices that he brands as slavery; it exists in the grip in which old India holds the new:

"The heritage is there, and will always be India's; but it can be seen now to belong to the past, to be part of the classical world. And the heritage has oppressed: Hinduism hasn't been good enough for the millions. It has exposed us to a thousand years of defeat and stagnation. It has given men no idea of a contract with other men, no idea of the state. It has enslaved one quarter of the population and always left the whole fragmented and vulnerable. Its philosophy of withdrawal has diminished men intellectually and not equipped them to challenge; it has stifled growth. So that again and again in India history has repeated itself: vulnerability, defeat, withdrawal. And there are not four hundred millions now, but something nearer seven hundred."

Time and again Naipaul sees the problems of the modern state, the problems of underdevelopment defeated. He does not see any solutions to the problems because all solutions have to come up against the fact of the pervasive influence of old India. Against "... religion, the security of caste and clan, Indian ways of perceiving, Karma, the antique serfdom. ..."

In this book he predicted that "Indian Passivity" would allow Mrs. Gandhi and the Indian Congress party to hold on to power in the 1977 election and he was wrong. But even at the time of writing Naipaul did not see her opponents as any alternative to Indira Gandhi. Jaya

Prakash Narayan, one of the leading opponents to the Congress government he saw simply as utopian, Old India all over again, a man whose politics were consistent only with the spiritual imperatives of Hinduism and therefore the romantic past:

"To make democracy work, Jaya Prakash Narayan suggests, to undo tyranny, it is only necessary for India to return truly to itself. The Ramraj that Gandhi offered is no longer simply Independence, India without the British; it is people's government, the re-establishment of the ancient Indian village republic, a turning away from the secretariats of Delhi and the state capitals. But this is saying nothing; this is to leave India where it is. What looks like a political program is only clamour and religious excitation. ... India is to be returned to itself, to surrender to its inmost impulses; at the same time India is to be saved from itself. The synthesis of Marxism and Gandhianism which Jaya Prakash Narayan is thought by his admirers to have achieved is in fact a kind of nonsense; he offers as politics a version of an old religious exaltation; and it has made him a part of the sterility he is protesting against."

The fact that Narayan did not become the president of India after Mrs. Gandhi's defeat reinforces Naipaul's claim even if he was wrong about Mrs. Gandhi's electoral certainty. Narayan, widely popular and almost universally forecast to be president was passed over because he was an untouchable. Naipaul would not have been surprised. His litany of absurdity and his dissection of one of the world's oldest civilisations now in a parlous state is terrifying. And yet because of Naipaul's considerable talent his perceptions seem honest and objective.

It remains to be seen whether India will ultimately slide into religion induced chaos or if the civilisation that gave the world the Upanishads and the Ramayana will ultimately revitalise herself.

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