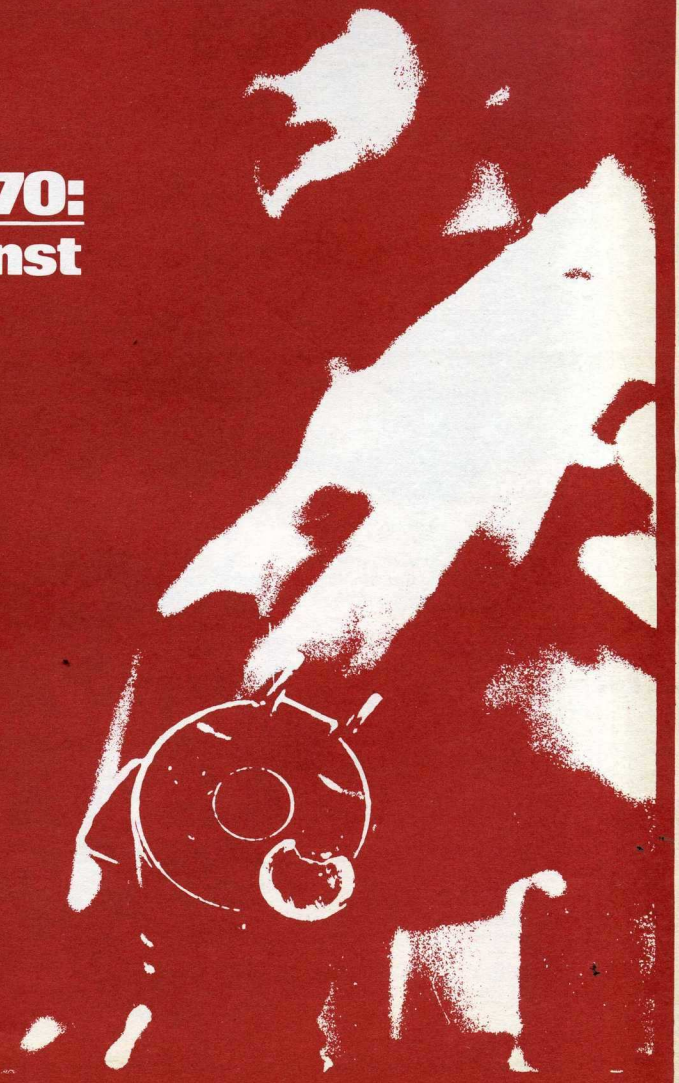
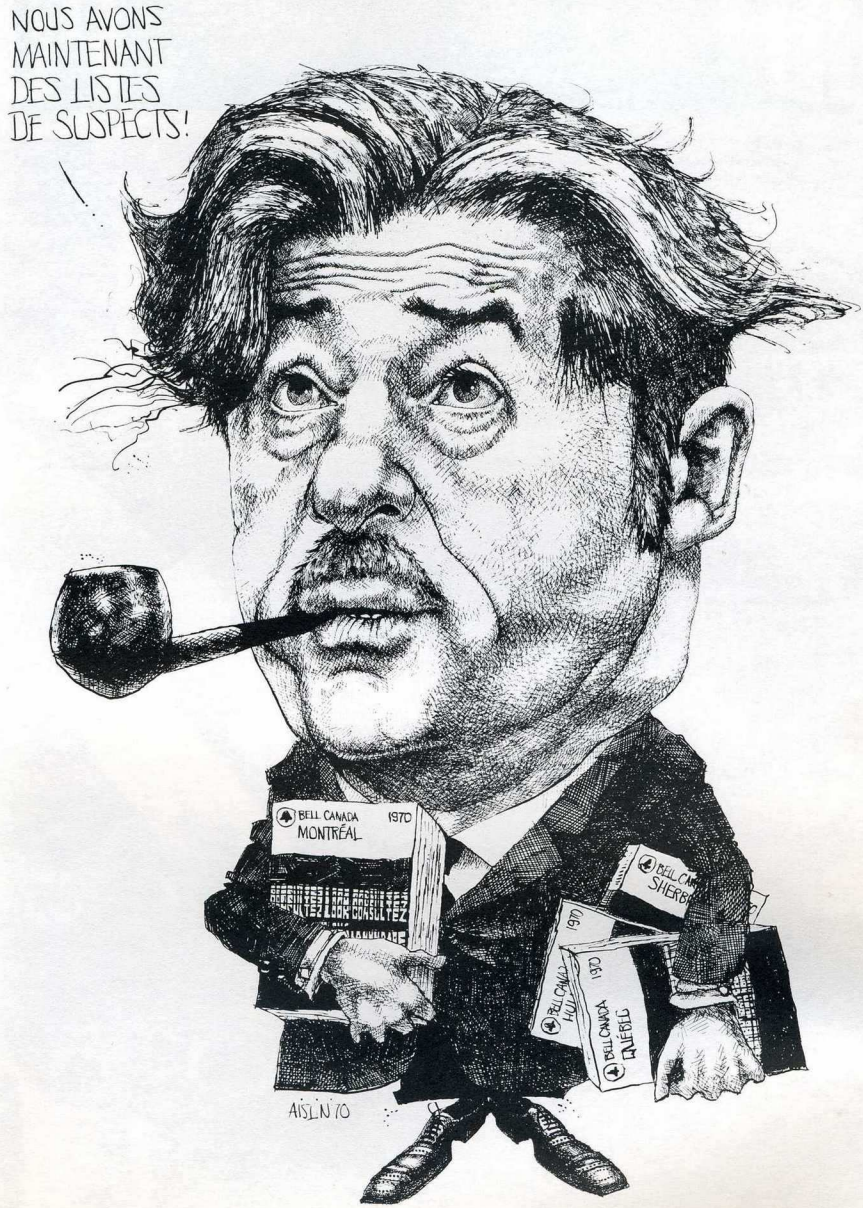
LAST POST

THE LAST POST Vol. 1 No. 5 Price 50 cents

LAST POST

OCTOBER 1970:
The Plot Against Quebec.





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LAST POST

THE LAST POST Vol. I No. 5
a radical Canadian newsmagazine

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Since Vol. I No. 4 appeared six weeks ago, we have put out two Last Post specials—a newspaper on the Nova Scotia fishermen's strike (a revised version of which begins on page 35) and a preliminary report on events in Quebec. The latter has had a country-wide circulation of 200,000, and many people have told us it was the most informative piece they had seen on the crisis.

The expanded and updated Quebec coverage in this issue is still, of necessity, a midstream report, and as such is something of a departure for us. We were faced, like all news media, with the task of responding to a rapidly-changing situation. What we decided was that anything we could do at this point would be tentative and the thoughtful reflections would have to come later but that to do something now was nevertheless essential. Hence the special and hence this issue—despite the acrobatics we have had to perform because of the War Measures Act.

To fulfil this counter-news function requires people, and many have joined us since the last issue. Equally important, we've had a lot of help from journalists in Montreal, Quebec City, and Ottawa, many of whom have fed us material they couldn't get into the newspapers they work for. It is largely because journalists work under these conditions that the Last Post was founded, and we are gratified that they have considered it important enough to co-operate with us.

It also requires money. Response to our appeal for funds in the last issue has been encouraging but the Last Post is going to need such sources of income to stay alive for some time to come. It is especially necessary to keep it alive when censorship and the even more insidous mechanism of self-censorship have turned so much of the press into an organ of the government.

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The Santo Domingo of Pierre Elliott Trudeau

In the peak of the hysteria about "apprehended insurrections", "coups", and "armed uprisings" that was being cried from Ottawa, one reporter remarked, in the wry wit that sometimes comes out of frightening events, that "This is the first time in this country we've had a counter-revolution before having had a revolution."

The remark won't stand in stead of cold analysis, but it has a grain of truth in it, and at least it underscores some of the unreality of the events that exploded on the cool morning of Monday, October 5.

It had been a singularly quiet year in Montreal, which has been accustomed over the last few years to rushing mass demonstrations in the streets, gunfights at the Murray Hill garages, police strikes, student strikes and occupations.

The most significant political event was the April 29 election, in which the liberal-separatist Parti Québécois of René Lévesque won one quarter of the popular vote and a tenth of the National Assembly's seats. But that had been an electoral battle, fought in the ballot box.

Much of the organized left was in disarray, the rest of it was either working in the Parti Québécois or working with citizens' committees. The rise of the citizens' committees, which reflected the left's shedding its student image and working in clinics and with labor unions reflected a very peaceful form of political activity.

Premier Bourassa was planning a visit to the U.S. to make his first major plea for American investment, a plea based on the argument that Quebec was stable. In Ottawa, Prime Minister Trudeau was preparing a Speech from the Throne that stressed his confidence in the state of the Canadian confederation. Pollution was the main item on the federal agenda.

Then the balloon burst.

The kidnapping of James Cross from his home on wealthy Redpath Crescent on Monday, October 5, touched off a series of events that left the country reeling. The appearance in court a month later of scores of people charged with offenses as amazing as seditious conspiracy to overthrow the government, marked what seemed an utter transformation in the fortunes of Quebec and Canada.

By then the country had experienced a public battle of demands and refusals between the FLQ and the government; the kidnapping of Quebec Labor Minister Pierre Laporte; the entry of thousands of troops into Montreal and Ottawa; the proclamation of the War Measures Act with its near-dictatorial powers; the discovery of Laporte's body in the trunk of a car after a curious set of events that no one has yet fully explained; the arrest of hundreds of people after at least 2,000 police raids; and a series of statements by high political figures that has confused even the most credulous.

On October 5 a country's hysteria was unleashed, and grew through the weeks.

Suddenly we are back where we were five years ago. A cold civil war is being fought along national and linguistic grounds. The country is polarized, but not on social issues, on issues of language and race.

What happened to so disturb the calm of a listless October and so hurl a nation into a tortured vortex of political explosions, so violent a shift of the forces in this country, so sudden an alteration of the stakes of the political game? Who wins, who loses?

What happened between October 5, and today?

Who was making what decisions?

What were their strategies?

What may be the fruits of their strategies?

Was it a hunt for kidnappers and terrorists, a hunt that went wild, or were there more basic, long-term motives that directed the men in power over the first six weeks?

With an urgency that cannot be underestimated, we must begin to piece together the beginnings of answers to these questions.

The plot

Of all the strange answers that have blown in the October wind, none has been stranger than the coup d'état that never took place. This supposed plot—or these plots, for the exact details depend on which government spokesman you happen to be listening to—has been referred to again and again since October 16, and it is worth examining closely.

It has appeared in two stages—first as a complex conspiracy by the FLQ and its sympathizers, secondly as an attempt by moderate nationalists to set up a provisional government to supplant the Bourassa cabinet in Quebec City. In a further twist, some, such as Mayor Jean Drapeau, have linked the two by saying that the moderates would have opened the way to the revolutionaries.

When the War Measures Act was proclaimed, government ministers painted a vast canvas of revolutions in the offing. "They will stop at nothing to subvert democratic government in this country," Justice Minister John Turner told the House of Commons. "While their prime target today may be the government of Quebec, there is every reason to assume—indeed, I think there are many clear indications—that other governments and indeed the central government of this country fall within the purview of their efforts."

A conspiracy of that scope requires a lot of manpower, and Canadians were assured that the FLQ had it available. The Quebec City newspaper Le Soleil spoke to sources high in the provincial government, in the military, and in the three police forces concerned, and reported to its readers even before the War Measures Act was proclaimed that there were at least 3,500 terrorists, armed to the teeth with automatic weapons

and 10,000 sticks of dynamite, who were getting ready to fight. Regional Economic Expansion Minister Marchand said much the same thing in the House of Commons when the War Measures Act was announced, although he reduced the number of terrorists to 3,000.

Some details of the plans these thousands of revolutionaries were supposedly following were given by Defence Minister Donald MacDonald.

According to MacDonald, we are on a "revolutionary timetable", and the kidnappings are part of a "well-known revolutionary formula." In a CTV interview October 25 he said that "on the whole, you had a pattern of incidents here which, given the revolutionary ideology we're talking about, in other situations and in other countries has escalated itself up into a state of disorder in which it will be virtually impossible to carry on the normal processes of government and which would provide, if you like, a situation ripe for revolutionary action."

Another important characteristic of the FLQ is "the fact that they're not organized. If in fact there had been a highly structured organization it would have been even easier for the police to break."

On October 15, however, Montreal police chief Marcel St-Aubin said he was having difficulty investigating the FLQ because of "the internal organization of the movement, as it is divided into numerous small cells." It was St-Aubin's statement, along with covering letters from Mayor Drapeau and Premier Bourassa, that was used in the House of Commons the next day to justify the invocation of the War Measures Act.

According to Nick Auf der Maur, a Montreal broadcaster and member of the Last Post editorial co-operative who was arrested under the Act and spent three days inside Quebec Provincial Police cells, the police in their questioning appeared to believe that every demonstration, bombing, and strike that had happened in Quebec in the last two years was part of the conspiracy. He says they see the FLQ as being organized along the lines of the Mafia, and they believe that if they could only find Comrade Big the game would be up.

St-Aubin said the kidnappings are "only the beginning" of "seditious and insurrectional activities." But Bourassa the next day said the FLQ had reached the "final stage" of its plan. The first three stages of the plan had already been carried out: violent demonstrations, bombings, and spectacular kidnappings, in that order. "The fourth step—the most important—is selective assassinations." The government had "every reason to believe" the FLQ was now prepared to carry these out. He added that "already" political leaders had received assassination threats.

There were hints at more than this. Federal Justice Minister John Turner said October 21 that "it might not ever be possible to disclose to the public the information on which the government made its decision."

Prime Minister Trudeau, however, said in the House October 26 that "the facts on which we did act are known to the people of Canada and indeed to this House." When Opposition Leader Stanfield immediately pointed out the apparent discrepancy between Trudeau's statement and Turner's, the Prime Minister said there was in fact no discrepancy. There may be information, he said, that the public doesn't know. But that is irrelevant, since the **known** information was what the government had acted upon.

Perhaps the fullest exposition of the conspiracy theory came from Jean Marchand, once a prominent Quebec labor leader, and today not only the Minister of Regional Economic Expansion in the Trudeau Cabinet, but also the man charged with keeping an eye on his five million restless countrymen who live in Canada's second-largest province.

Photocell

"Those who are well-protected behind the Rockies or even in the centre of Toronto don't know what is happening in Quebec right now," declared the Quebec expert in the House of Commons a few hours after the War Measures Act had been signed. There were conspirators who had "infiltrated all the vital places of the province of Quebec, in all the key posts where important decisions are taken." There were at least two tons of dynamite, detonators and electric circuits for setting off bombs, thousands of rifles and machine guns, bombs. "For whoever knows the FLQ right now," said the shuddering expert, "whoever knows this organization well cannot do otherwise than recognize that the provincial state of Quebec and the federal state are really in danger in Canada.

As the startled members of the House of Commons soaked this up Marchand perorated: "If we had not acted today, and if, in a month or a year separation had come about, I know very well what would have been said in this House: 'What sort of government is this? You had all that information in your hands and you could have used emergency powers and you did not do it. It's a government of incompetent people.' "

Just to make sure that the people who lived behind the Rockies, well-protected from the fanatics of French Canada,

knew what was going on, Marchand re-stated and even elaborated his claims on a British Columbia hot-line show a week after the government had struck. He had a new sensation to offer: the Front d'Action Politique (FRAP), the main opposition party in Montreal's civic election, only days away, was a front for the FLQ (whose membership had now shrunk to "between 1,000 and 3,000"). There were to be explosions, more kidnappings, perhaps assassinations on election day. Anarchy was then to spread through the province, and after the province the nation. Thrones were to topple as the conspiracy leap-frogged across the continent.

Most of these scenarios were "revealed" in the days immediately following the proclamation of the War Measures Act. Then the emphasis shifted to the alleged provisional government plot in which such names as Claude Ryan and René Lévesque were dangled before the public. In recent days, however, not much has been heard of these immense plots, and for a very good reason.

In one of its latest communiqués, dated November 2, the FLQ itself has ridiculed the idea of an immediate overthrow of the government: when the revolution does come, it "won't be carried out by a hundred people, as the authorities want people to believe, but by all the people of Quebec . . . The FLQ will leave coups d'état to the three governments in office, because they seem to be past masters in that field."

That no vast conspiracy ever existed is borne out by the testimony of the mother of Paul and Jacques Rose at the inquest into Laporte's death. At the time Cross was kidnapped, she said, her two sons and Francis Simard were travelling through Texas. The first they heard of the abduction was a radio broadcast, after which they had to journey across the United States, driving 24 hours a day, before they could get to the scene of the supposed conspiracy. The testimony of Bernard Lortie also gives an impression of last-minute improvisation.

Nor have the authorities been able to back up their claims that 3,000 or so terrorists were ready to hit the streets. Even with the awesome powers of the War Measures Act, with its license to search, seize and arrest on no stronger grounds than mere suspicion, and with so many raids that, after 2,000, even the most conscientious reporters lost count, the police could come up with only some 400 captives. Most have been released, and well under a hundred seem likely to be charged.

Is it this handful of people then who have placed the established order in Canada in grave danger? If so, they must indeed by supermen. And in fact, the police did not appear to be trying very hard to find out. According to Auf der Maur, Robert Lemieux, the lawyer who had acted as negotiator for the FLQ, was questioned for a total of two minutes during the first eight days of his imprisonment. Pierre Vallières, a leader of the 1966 FLQ, was also questioned for two minutes in these eight days. Charles Gagnon, another leader of the 1966 FLQ, was not questioned at all.

Still the government now chose to spread scare stories about a sudden revolutionary upheaval, a notion it had repeatedly dismissed in the past. A year ago, Montreal's Drapeau administration journeyed to Ottawa for the government's investigation into the activities of the Company of Young Canadians. Piles of captured documents were produced to demonstrate that a far-ranging conspiracy was on the move. It was repeatedly noted at the time that, while the documents showed lots of smoke, it was difficult to find any fire. Beyond the well-known fact that FLQ cells existed, and might carry out isolated, anarchistic acts, the rest was vapor. The Drapeau administration's evidence was laughed out of town.

Two previous, abortive attempts (according to the police) at kidnapping people in high places, including the American consul-general in Montreal, had been taken with equanimity. And so, indeed, had the kidnapping of James Cross: there had been no indication in the first week of the crisis that upholders of the status quo had better nerve themselves for the crunch.

Nor did even the second kidnapping, that of Pierre Laporte, bring about sudden fears of insurrection. Why then did the government choose to unleash the vast conspiracy theory on October 16? Why did it give credence to a picture of the FLQ that could not be believed by anyone who had any knowledge of the situation in Quebec, that it could not have believed itself, but that might conceivably be widely believed in English Canada since the government and the police are the only sources of information?

One clue comes from Jean Marchand's Vancouver interview, for it contains more than the accusations that made the headlines (reaction to his statement about FRAP was so adverse that Prime Minister Trudeau had to dissociate himself from it the next day, and Marchand himself had to back off). Marchand made some other statements in that interview that, in the long term, may be a lot more significant. Having averred that there are between 1,000 and 3,000 members of the FLQ, Marchand says:

"**Now all members of the FLQ are not terrorists**. But there are enough to create a lot of trouble and a lot of killing and this is what we are trying to prevent."

Not all FLQ members are terrorists!

Then what are they?

Who is the FLQ?

Or more to the point: **Who isn't?**

If not all members of the FLQ are carrying arms, planning assassinations and stashing bombs, what are they doing? Organizing in the labor unions, perhaps. Organizing demonstrations, or working with FRAP and the Parti Québécois.

Maybe if you're a leftist or a Péquiste, you're in effect FLQ? The net is suddenly a little wider, and out for more fish, than we have been led to believe from the impression that the government was just hunting two or three kidnapping cells.

Is Marchand saying that the FLQ is everyone who is working for a socialist or independent Quebec?

Let's follow more of Marchand's interesting analysis.

He says: "How in a society like ours can such a movement like the FLQ flourish. You knew a year ago, two years ago or even five years ago that there were FLQ members. **But as long as they do not recourse to violence, under which law can you do anything?"**

None, Mr. Marchand. If they do not resort to violence they are not violating the Criminal Code. But perhaps exactly what Marchand is saying is that we need laws by which the government can arrest and prosecute those that follow their political aims even by peaceful means. This seems incredible, so let's follow what he said further:

He makes the point that "it is not the **individual action** we are worried about now. It's this **vast organization supported by other bona fide organizations who are supporting, indirectly at least**, the FLQ."

Mr. Marchand is not worried about the kidnappers, he seems to be saying, but about the people who **"do not recourse to violence."** People—it's now a "vast organization"—who are supported by bona fide groups.

What are these people doing? Where are they?

Marchand refers to "many important institutions in Quebec" that have been "infiltrated" by this strange breed of non-violent FLQers.

If there are so many people, in so many areas and institutions, it's going to be pretty hard to ferret them out. Especially if they lack the decency to commit a criminal act and

facilitate the government's job of destroying them.

And so we come to the most distressing statement of all, and Marchand states the aims of the government bluntly.

"Well, if it had been an isolated case of kidnapping I don't think we would have been justified in invoking the War Measures Act because there the Criminal Code would have been enough to try and get those men and punish them. But there is a whole organization and **we have no instrument,** no instrument to get those people and question them."

Let's summarize the implications of Marchand's logic.

There is a vast conspiracy of people numbering from 1,000 to 3,000.

They are not all terrorists, in fact some hold highly respectable and critical positions, and some have the protection of other bona fide groups.

They must be rooted out.

The Criminal Code permits us to root out kidnappers and killers, but not people who commit no crimes.

Therefore we need an "instrument" by which we can go after these people who commit no crimes, and it's not simply a question of kidnappers.

Is the Trudeau government seeking a circumvention of the laws of this country in order to launch a hunt that extends into the highest reaches of Quebec, into the most respected, bona fide groups, in order to ferret out these dangerous people?

Whom is the Trudeau government after?

The politics

The apprehended insurrection-coup-plot-uprising-revolt grows more ridiculous every day, and it is evident that it does so from statements made even by federal ministers. Certainly, as far as armed uprisings of one to three thousand people are concerned, the government never believed its own case. It allowed and encouraged the story to spread in order to use it as currency to buy time and public support to keep the War Measures Act in force.

It is possible to piece together with some certainty that Trudeau, on the eve of implementing the emergency powers, feared he was losing control of the situation in Quebec, of French public opinion, to the nationalists and moderate separatists.

The Prime Minister had grounds for such fears. Contrary to the early statements by both federal and provincial spokesmen, a significant portion of the Quebec population had not recoiled in revulsion at the FLQ's action. Predictably radical youth, certain labor organizations, and a startling percentage of average citizens were reacting favorably to the content of the FLQ's political analysis, if not to their *modus operandi*. But even while most of the sympathetic repudiated the acts themselves, the FLQ's highwayman élan and the governments' inept responses left many Québécois inwardly pleased.

LES GARS DE LAPALME

The fifth demand in the original FLQ ransom note insisted that the "revolutionary Lapalme drivers" be rehired by the post office. Here is a brief background to the Lapalme dispute.

In 1965, the contract for mail truck pickup and deliveries in the Montreal area was held by Rod Service Ltd. The drivers earned $1.20 an hour and regularly put in 70 hours a week, with no overtime. They organized a union, with the help of the Confederation of National Trade Unions, but were forced to strike for recognition and their first contract.

During the strike, it was revealed that the exclusive trucking contract had been granted on a yearly basis by Ottawa without public tenders ever having been called. It was a flagrant example of political patronage. The drivers, led by Frank DiTerlizzi, won the first round, and managed to improve their working conditions somewhat.

A few years later, the G. Lapalme company got the contract, acquiring in the process Rod's creaky old trucks. Again the contract was issued on a patronage basis and no public tenders were called.

In the course of five years and a couple of strikes, the drivers managed to improve their conditions, achieving a fairly decent $3 an hour wage and recognition of seniority.

This spring, Communications Minister Eric Kierans decided to clean up the mess. In theory, this was fine. But the price for cleaning up the mess caused by past Liberal patronage was going to be paid by the workers.

Kierans announced the job would be divided up by three contractors, chosen by public bids. This left the drivers, some of whom had up to 40 years service, out in the cold. There was no guarantee the men would get their jobs back. In addition, their union was going to be busted, or at the very least broken in three, since there would be nothing obliging the contractors to accept the struggling union or its members. The 450 Lapalme men struck to save their jobs and their rights.

It was a bitter struggle, one which the workers waged with determination and imagination. Sometimes they 'lost' their trucks, other times the main Post Office in downtown Montreal was surrounded, wagon-train fashion, by 100 trucks with keys snapped off in the locks.

Finally, a mediator was named. After a brief examination of the situation, he recommended that the whole contract business be dropped and the trucking operation be absorbed into the postal service. Fine. Except the men would lose their union, since the CNTU has no jurisdiction in the post office, and they would lose all their hard won seniority rights.

They were told to apply for their jobs through Manpower offices, although there was no firm, iron-clad guarantee all 450 Lapalme employees would get jobs.

The Lapalme men kept up their strike. The deadline for acceptance passed, and the post office hired scabs. In the months that followed, a minor guerrilla war was waged against the postal department.

Seven months after having lost their jobs, the Lapalme men still hold a strike meeting every day at the Paul Sauvé sports centre, holding out in what other union members call "an inspiring display of solidarity and co-operation."

A young English-speaking member of the group, who had worked only 10 months with Lapalme, says: "I could have gotten a job driving for the post office easily. But Kierans and his gang asked us to abandon our union, to desert the old guys with 20, 25 years service, to help throw them on the street. What they're asking just isn't human. We're all in this together and we're going to see it to the end."

BOURASSA
A triangular trap

TRUDEAU
A coup d'état

MARCHAND
'A vast organization'

That much can be established. Whether Trudeau thought the strange events in Quebec were bringing the province as close as it had ever come to separating, however, can only be speculated right now.

What is very probable is that, as hints in the Marchand interview might suggest, Trudeau at least saw the opportunity to move decisively against the separatist-nationalist tide in Quebec and set it back for years, if not stem it forever.

One of the most significant statements of the motives of the Trudeau government, and the steps by which it arrived at making the drastic move on October 16, is to be found in a column by Toronto Star Ottawa editor Anthony Westell appearing the day after the Act was invoked. Westell, a longtime Ottawa columnist formerly with the Globe and Mail, has extremely good sources inside the Liberal cabinet, and, along with Toronto Star editor Peter Newman, is one of the three or four most important Liberal Party intimates in the national press gallery.

Writing under the heading "The Agony Behind Trudeau's Decision", Westell examined the basic premises on which Trudeau approaches the current situation in Quebec:

"The answer begins with Trudeau's analysis of the rise of separatism in the past five years. The decline and fall of the Lesage Liberal government, he believes, left a power vacuum which Union Nationale premier Daniel Johnson did not fill because he never took a firm position for federalism. René Lévesque left the Liberals to lead the Parti Québécois into the void, and win almost a quarter of the votes in the election this year."

The Trudeau administration's entire strategy toward Quebec is to make sure that the vacuum of social contradictions and frustrations is never left as open territory to the separatists, and particularly to René Lévesque. The Trudeau government fell over backwards pumping money and organizational talent into the election campaign of new Liberal leader Robert Bourassa, scarcely concealing the influx of everything from top advisers to Trudeau's personal hairdresser to Bourassa's side. The province was saturated with a well-oiled campaign that reeked of money, and no one had any doubts that much, if not most of it, came from the federal Liberals.

When the FLQ struck, Westell reports, "Trudeau's instinct was to refuse negotiations or concessions to the terrorists. Nor were there any doves in the federal cabinet."

But he stresses that "...Trudeau grew increasingly concerned at the threat to Bourassa's fledgling and inexperienced government posed by the new terrorism."

Initially, the threat came from one specific source—the vacillation of the Quebec cabinet in the face of Laporte's kidnapping five days after Cross's abduction.

Trudeau's strategy of strength depended on Bourassa emerging as the strongman, the pillar of fortitude around which Quebec could rally, the dam that could keep the tides of nationalist and separatist feeling from moving into that dangerous political vacuum of which Westell spoke.

From the outset, it was obvious Bourassa wasn't the man to grab the bull by the horns. A scant 48 hours after the Cross abduction, on Wednesday October 7, Bourassa left on a long-planned trip to New York to meet financiers to discuss a $3 billion power development project at James Bay and other investment plans. When asked how he could leave the country at such a time, a Bourassa aide told reporters:"Jérôme (Choquette) is handling everything in Montreal and Sharp in Ottawa."

In Bourassa's mind, the best way to handle the crisis was to continue his efforts at getting those 100,000 jobs promised during the elections. According to Robert McKenzie of the Toronto Star, "the Premier was more concerned with the manner in which he could explain the kidnapping to U.S. financiers than with actual developments in Canada."

Here the crux of the entire crisis developed.

It centres around the way public opinion in Quebec was reacting to the kidnapping. Trudeau made at least one tactical error, and one massive political blunder. Those mistakes proved to be the factors destroying his strategy.

Pierre Desrosiers suggests in the weekly Montreal paper Québec-Presse an interpretation that has also been voiced by Parti Québécois economic expert Jacques Parizeau, and backed up by some reporters in Ottawa. It is this:

Trudeau's initial tactic had been to remain firm, in an effort to force the FLQ's hand. They might have killed Cross: Desrosiers and Parizeau suggest Trudeau was prepared to let that happen, betting public opinion would swing to him out of revulsion. But instead, the FLQ upped the ante. It kidnapped Pierre Laporte. Trudeau's tactic to back the FLQ into a corner had failed.

This unexpected response to Trudeau's immediate strategy, however, would only have been a temporary tactical setback, if Trudeau had not made one critical political error of judgement. He totally misread the climate of public opinion in Quebec.

Westell himself makes this point:

"Another minister feared that after the first shock and outrage at the kidnappings, Quebec opinion was being won around to the rationalization that while violence may be wrong, the terrorists were somehow glamorous patriots fighting a noble cause—the same sort of shift of opinion that happened after Charles de Gaulle's 'Vive le Québec Libre' speech in 1967.

"A backbencher close to Trudeau expressed much the

same fear more precisely," Westell states, "when he said that the Quebec media—television, radio, newspapers— were heavily infiltrated by FLQ propagandists and suggested drastic action would be necessary to eventually deal with the problem." By "FLQ propagandists", of course, the backbencher meant journalists who were expressing the sympathy felt by many in Quebec for the goals and principles expressed in the FLQ manifesto.

"A Montreal MP, on the other hand," Westell continues, "told the Liberal caucus Wednesday that the FLQ was appealing dangerously well to real grievances among French Canadians, and that it would not stand for repression."

We have confirmed that this "Montreal MP" was Marcel Prud'homme, who was taken aback when he took a poll in his constituency and found that the vast majority of the young supported what the FLQ did, and that the older constituents violently condemned the tactic but frequently expressed some sympathy for the content of the manifesto. Prud'homme communicated these facts to an emergency caucus meeting.

Trudeau himself let slip in the Commons a thought that had been more and more in his mind by now: the media were playing into the hands of the FLQ by giving them too much publicity.

The government was so frazzled by this PR problem that, while the cabinet was planning the emergency regulations, it actually considered press censorship, of which Trudeau was the leading advocate.

Trudeau's aides had initially tried to suppress the publication of the FLQ manifesto in the Quebec papers, one of them arguing for an hour with the editor of the National Union paper Montréal-Matin, in vain, against running the text.

"As the week wore on," Westell reported in the Toronto Star, "the question as to how to quiet the Quebec media came more frequently into conversations around the government.

"This was because the critical battle was seen as the struggle for public opinion. Would Quebecers rally to law, order and a strong Bourassa government, or drift towards a new 'moderate' position?"

Others arguing in support of this thesis report that Trudeau, when he was unable to prevent the spread of the manifesto in the Quebec press, himself ordered the CBC's French network to broadcast the manifesto, as the FLQ had demanded. They argue that this was a sign of Trudeau's overconfidence that the broadcasting of the manifesto would actually cause Québécois to react **against** its 'extreme' language.

State Secretary Gérard Pelletier told reporters the night it was broadcast that he had no worries because it was a "stupid" document. But the most compelling reason for its broadcast was that the police were asking for more time and needed the government to stall.

In any event, on October 8, the manifesto was broadcast over the CBC's French network in Quebec, as demanded by the FLQ, and subsequently published in most of the province's commercial newspapers. Read in a near-monotone, the manifesto's effect was far different from what Trudeau had hoped. Its language was simple, the grievances it pointed to were real, and much of it gained wide support.

Its call was not to the barricades or to an immediate overthrow of the state, but to "make your revolution yourselves, in your neighborhoods, in your work-places. And if you do not make it yourselves, other usurpers, technocrats or others, will replace the handful of cigar puffers we now know, and everything will have to be done again. You alone can build a free society...

"You alone know your factories, your machines, your hotels, your universities, your unions; do not wait for a miracle organization."

It rejected the electoral process because "the Liberal victory (of last April 29) showed clearly that what is called democracy in Quebec is, and always has been, the *democracy* of the rich." The second 'democracy' is in English—throughout the manifesto phrases like 'big boss', 'cheap labor', 'money-maker' appear in the language of the people who introduced those concepts to Quebec.

Many of the major grievances of the last few years in Quebec were touched on—Bill 63, the language bill entrenching the existence of English schools in Quebec that touched off massive province-wide demonstrations before it was passed last year; the electoral map that created the artificially large Liberal victory on April 29 and gave the Parti Québécois only seven of 108 seats with 24 per cent of the vote; the Murray Hill Limousine monopolies that aroused Montreal's taxi drivers; the plight of the Lapalme workers, thrown out of their jobs by the federal government; the failure of K.C. Irving to build a promised paper mill at Cabano in the lower St. Lawrence region, which had the townspeople threatening to burn the Irving-owned forests that surround the town; the closure of the Vickers and Davie shipbuilding plants on two hours' notice, throwing more than a thousand skilled workers into the streets.

Recurring through the document are the names of Quebec's most powerful institutions — Noranda Mines, the mining empire that controls large parts of the province's northland; the Iron Ore Company of Canada and Quebec Cartier Mining, subsidiaries of American steel companies that exploit the rich iron ore deposits of northeastern Quebec; Power Corporation, the conglomerate that owns much of Quebec's French language press and has extensive interests in steamships, road transport, real estate, finance companies; the Roman Catholic Church; Eaton's; Household Finance; St. James Street, the Montreal branch of Wall Street and Bay Street; Westmount, the opulent Montreal suburb that houses the English elite; Mayor Jean Drapeau's elegant Montreal restaurant, le Vaisseau d'Or—the Golden Vessel.

The manifesto emphasized that it is the "big bosses" who must be fought but the FLQ's call extends beyond the very poor: "there are reasons...for the fact that you, Mr. Bergeron of Visitation Street (in the east-end slums of Montreal), and also you, Mr. Legendre of Laval (a middle-class suburb), who earn $10,000 a year, you do not feel free in our country, Quebec."

On Saturday, October 10, the day the crisis took on an entirely different slant, Premier Bourassa was still in New York. Justice Minister Choquette was preparing a response to the FLQ's final deadline, set for 6 p.m. that evening, with a dramatic television showdown.

That morning, the Premier was scheduled to fly to Boston where he was to meet with U.S. Senator Edward Kennedy. Unfortunately, Boston was fogged in. He had his government F-27 turboprop wait four hours at New York's La Guardia Airport in the hope of weather clearing over Boston. The plane made an unsuccessful approach at fog-enshrouded Boston Airport before Bourassa finally gave up and headed back to Montreal. The newspaper photograph featuring Bourassa and Kennedy, one that was calculated to strengthen the premier's image in Catholic Quebec, never materialized.

In its stead, the Quebec population was treated to Justice Minister Choquette's negative reply to the FLQ. A few minutes later, the FLQ's Chenier Cell made off with Pierre Laporte and changed everything.

If anything, the kidnap had the effect of increasing the FLQ's stature. It drove home the point that it was no longer a diplomatic problem, better left to Sharp and Choquette. It

became a truly Quebec problem and various groups and people were reacting to it.

FRAP, Montreal's union-and-citizen-based civic opposition movement, publicly endorsed the objectives of the manifesto, while rejecting the FLQ's tactics. It added that it could not condemn the violence of the FLQ without condemning the violence of the system, and its statement enumerated a long list of labor and political conflicts. It also noted that the FLQ's terrorism is directed not against wage workers but against the violence of the establishment. However, FRAP said it opted to fight with democratic means.

The executive committee of the Laurentian and Montreal Councils of the Confederation of National Trade Unions expressed their unequivocal support of the manifesto.

Montreal Council president Michel Chartrand (now in jail) said the authorities were getting extremely agitated by the possible death of two men but did not seem to be able to summon the same anxiety for thousands of people whose lives were potentially threatened by a walkout of medical specialists.

Later he said "who's scared of the FLQ? Are the workers terrorized by the FLQ? Are the students terrorized by the FLQ? The only people who are afraid of the FLQ are those who should be scared—the power elite. So who says the FLQ is terrorizing the population?"

The union-financed weekly Québec-Presse editorialized that the FLQ's analysis was "exact", and that the horror of an armed, clandestine movement should be counterpointed to the horror of the better-armed, equally clandestine established authority.

A survey of opinions on "hot-line" programs on popular French stations in Montreal showed that the vast majority of callers condemned the actual acts of the FLQ, but over 50 per cent supported the spirit of the manifesto.

A CBC interviewer took a survey in front of a French Catholic church after 11 o'clock mass on Sunday, and found that condemnation of the acts was almost universal, but that half the people he talked to expressed sympathy for the things said in the FLQ manifesto.

Student newspapers came out in favor of the FLQ, some with grave reservations about the tactics, others not. At l'Université du Québec, virtually the entire student body went on strike in support of the FLQ's aims. About 30 per cent of the faculty walked out too. At l'Université de Montréal, 1,500 students struck and said they would go into the community to muster backing for the FLQ's goals. Several junior colleges and even some high schools closed down.

But most important was the way the second abduction affected the Quebec government.

The kidnapping of Laporte came close to shattering the Bourassa cabinet and the Liberal caucus. Most Liberal MNAs owed more political friendship to Laporte than to the premier, whose sudden emergence from virtual obscurity had antagonized many. Their instinct, along with the realization that any of them could have found themselves in Laporte's anxious position, was to save the Minister's life even if that meant compromising with his kidnappers.

The government split into "hawks" and "doves", and it took several exhausting days and elaborate manoeuvring on both sides before the "hawks", with help from Ottawa and Montreal, were able to browbeat the "doves" into submission.

The hardliners numbered four. Led by Choquette, the others in the group were Finance Minister Raymond Garneau, Tourism Minister Claire Kirkland-Casgrain and Financial Institutions Minister William Tetley. Those who wished to negotiate, in the hope of saving Cross and Laporte, included Bourassa, Health Minister Claude Castonguay and Communications Minister Jean-Paul L'Allier. The rest of the ministers were confused and undecided.

"At the start," admitted Choquette in an interview November 3, "not everybody was at the same point. There was a different way of seeing things...we met Sunday (October 11) for the first time and we had another meeting Monday; another Tuesday and so on."

That Sunday, Bourassa met with leaders of the three opposition parties in his suite at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel. He also had a 10- or 15-minute telephone conversation with René Lévesque.

At least some of those people got the impression that he sincerely wished to negotiate with the FLQ to save the two lives. According to McKenzie of the Toronto Star, two of the people who were in the room stated that Bourassa mentioned the War Measures Act but was against its implementation because it would place too much power in federal hands.

Choquette conceded that "it took three days...I think it was **Wednesday** that there was agreement among everybody." He was prepared to split the cabinet publicly by resigning, if he did not get his way, with all the consequences that would follow if the government collapsed under the crisis. At one point his resignation lay on the table, reports Dominique Clift in the Montreal Star.

"You know that a cabinet minister, if he is not in accord with a fundamental decision of his government, it is his duty to resign," he explained later. "I mean my conviction was strong and I do not think I could have remained..."

Choquette's threat may have been enough, but still other steps were taken to bring Bourassa and the cabinet into line. It has been reliably reported by several journalists, and Westell carries the information, that Trudeau spent several hours on the phone at his Harrington Lake summer home, encouraging Bourassa to hold fast and refuse serious negotiations.

Mr. Laporte's appeal ("My life is in your hands Robert") and letters sent by Mrs. Laporte to various ministers made the decision more agonizing. The cabinet was on the verge of crumbling.

Marc Lalonde, Trudeau's éminence grise, was rushed to Montreal and later Quebec City to buttress the hard-line position.

In addition, Bourassa was facing extreme pressure from the Drapeau-Saulnier administration in Montreal. Most of the intelligence upon which government decisions were based was provided by the Montreal police force and their go-between, Michel Coté, the city's chief legal counsel. Earlier in the week, the Montreal police had arrested lawyer Robert Lemieux and seized all his confidential legal documents, in defiance of the provincial government. Montreal police were operating independently of the provincial government, while the Drapeau équipe consulted directly with Ottawa.

Bourassa was left with the feeling that he had virtually no control over Quebec's most powerful police force, while being faced with a Trudeau-Drapeau axis that was calling all the shots.

There is evidence that Premier Bourassa sought desperately for a way to escape the trap in which he was caught—a triangular trap set by the Trudeau government in Ottawa, the Drapeau administration in Montreal and the hawks in his own cabinet.

To underscore their position, the Trudeau government called in troops to guard Ottawa and the Parliament buildings. This ostentatious display of military power prompted a reporter to ask Prime Minister Trudeau just how far he was willing to go, would he curb civil liberties?

"Just watch me," he answered.

Dave Clark

Bourassa was isolated from the sources of power. If his conciliatory attitude was to prevail, he needed the support of the people.

On Wednesday, October 14, a group of French Canadian moderates, led by René Lévesque and Claude Ryan (whom no one had ever imagined as political allies) along with all of Quebec's top labor leaders, issued an attack on Trudeau's statements, lambasted the Premier of Ontario, John Robarts, for shooting his mouth off, and urged the government to release the 23 political prisoners the FLQ wanted transported to Cuba or Algeria. The group criticized "certain outside attitudes....which add an atmosphere that had already taken on military overtones—(a situation) which can be blamed on Ottawa."

It is a matter of general agreement among the Ottawa press corps that it was this statement that tipped the balance. Trudeau realized he was losing ground in Quebec, that a floodtide of opposition to Ottawa was rising. The Bourassa government was divided, but a new alliance of nationalists and liberals and separatists and labor threatened to fill the vacuum.

Negotiations with the FLQ were cancelled and federal troops were called into Montreal.

While troops patrolled the streets of the city, about 3,000 students rallied at the Paul Sauvé arena to hear Michel Chartrand, Pierre Vallières, Charles Gagnon and the undisputed hero of the day, Robert Lemieux. Fists raised, they chanted "FLQ...FLQ!", just as Ottawa was preparing to make their cry illegal.

While the meeting did have a certain revolutionary tone, the main thrust of it was an appeal for coolheadedness. Pierre Vallières and Michel Chartrand both said that the presence of troops in the city was a "provocation". But the latter, borrowing from his 25 years experience in trade unionism, said "never strike when the employer wants you to strike." The message was simple: no mass demonstrations, just go about propagating the goals of the movement, building support in a quiet way. This tenor seems to have gone unnoticed by the press and the governments.

The Prime Minister has maintained (on a French CBC program) that the Quebec government requested the implementation of the War Measures Act on Sunday, October 11, but that the federal government held off for five days before acquiescing. The veracity of this statement is in question, since Quebec Justice Minister Choquette himself said that the cabinet did not reach a common agreement until Wednesday, October 14.

In a Calgary speech on October 20, Liberal MP Patrick Mahoney said that the statement by ten Quebec leaders (the Ryan-Lévesque statement) urging the exchange of 23 prisoners for the kidnap victims prompted the government to invoke the War Measures Act because these statements tended **"to give leadership in the direction of eroding the will to resist FLQ demands."**

Anthony Westell confirmed the motivation:

"Only a few weeks before, Lévesque's separatists had been extremists on the Quebec spectrum. With the emergence of terrorism as the new extreme, the perspective changed. Suddenly Lévesque was appearing with Montreal editor Claude Ryan, a nationalist, on a platform urging peace with the FLQ—a new, moderate centre, as it appeared to some.

"For Trudeau, the moment for decisive action to stop the drift in opinion was rapidly approaching."

In a democratic society, drifts of opinions are supposed to be countered by other opinions. Opinions are legal. But the opinions of Québécois who did not support the FLQ but shared some of the views the FLQ and the left have been voicing for years were apparently not to be tolerated.

Pierre Elliott Trudeau had to suspend democracy. He could not triumph in Quebec by moral leadership or by the reason of his position. He had to suspend the laws of the country and

the constitutional rights of citizens to combat a drift in opinion.

On Thursday, October 15, 7,500 federal troops moved into Montreal.

At four in the morning of Friday the 16th the War Measures Act was invoked.

The method

Police forces moved swiftly and a mass round-up was begun.

Any reservations that had been expressed about implementing the War Measures Act were drowned in the public reaction to the murder of Pierre Laporte (in mysterious circumstances that are still unclear). Public opinion, nurtured on horrific images of Algerian-like clandestine organizations, was re-inforced with the outrage at the murder of Laporte. For a while at least, Trudeau did not have to worry about justifying the incredible War Measures Act. To point out the contradictions in government statements, to suggest that there was not in fact very much evidence for the existence of the much-heralded conspiracy of 3,000 heavily-armed guerrillas in high places, was not only treason to many people, but also disrespect for the dead. No one could even come close to challenging Trudeau's unassailable position of power. Silence became the order of the day.

But it was obvious that as hysteria and revulsion wore off, more intricate and credible justifications would be required for the actions of the Trudeau government, and for the round-up of opposition in Quebec. Especially since for two weeks, the police were arresting everyone except kidnappers.

The Prime Minister claimed the government had already stated the reasons for invoking the Act, although other members of the government said that the real reasons would probably "never be known".

The first stage of justification consisted of dire forebodings of armed terrorist insurrections. This wore thin as the Montreal elections took place in an atmosphere of total calm and no incidents occurred anywhere. The second stage was imminent.

In his rambling victory speech on election night, Mayor Jean Drapeau, who had swept into a fifth term with control of all 52 city council seats, referred to "attempts to set up the provisional government that was to preside over the transfer of constitutional authority to a revolutionary regime."

But Drapeau had been seeing coups under every bed for years, so this still did not send the story hurtling across the front pages.

The next day, the Toronto Star, in a story by Peter Newman (though it did not bear his byline), replete with "high Ottawa sources", gave the tale the necessary credibility—a group of Quebec intellectuals were planning to replace the legally-elected government of Premier Bourassa and the federal government invoked the War Measures Act to forestall this coup.

Within two days, the country was made to believe that this was the real justification behind Trudeau's act. These were the facts that could not be told. It has since become clear that the Star was acting as balloon-flyer for the most powerful people in the Trudeau administration, and that the story was a direct leak, if not plant, of the Trudeau cabinet (see article on role of media in crisis, p. 24).

Newman's story did not name names of people involved in the supposed provisional government plot, but it was clear he was implicating the "influential Quebecers" who had signed the statement of October 14 calling for an exchange with the FLQ. Claude Ryan and René Lévesque both denied the report Wednesday morning, Ryan in an editorial in Le Devoir, Lévesque in his column in Le Journal de Montréal.

Ryan strongly denounced the government for playing the game of the deliberate leak. "This is so gross," he said, "that the more one tries to untangle it, the more it appears ridiculous and stupid. I was going to write: malicious. I am not sure of that. Mr. Trudeau and his friends are out to get certain dissidents: I nevertheless don't believe them capable of such baseness. I would rather believe that they were carried away by panic."

The smear campaign was on.

The information now available makes it clear that the rumors, spread from the highest circles, are the very opposite of what really happened. The alleged 'plot' to overthrow the Bourassa government was in fact, a 'plot' to save that government. And one of the central figures in that 'plot' was Bourassa himself.

A partial explanation of what happened was provided by Dominique Clift in The Montreal Star on November 2. "Premier Robert Bourassa himself," Clift writes, "was at the very centre of the consultations which could have led to the formation of a government of national unity in Quebec, a move which was later misrepresented by Mayor Jean Drapeau and anonymous federal sources as an attempt to create a provisional government sympathetic to the cause of revolution.

"The reasoning in circles close to the premier was that such a government of national unity, taking in representatives from other political parties and other groups, would enhance the authority of the cabinet in facing revolutionary agitation and at the same time ensure its freedom of action against a preponderant federal influence."

Those who would have entered a new cabinet, Clift explains, would have included René Lévesque, labor leaders Marcel Pépin and Louis Laberge, a Union Nationale representative (this has in fact happened with the appointment of former UN labor minister Jean Cournoyer to replace Laporte) and perhaps Claude Ryan.

In an editorial replying to charges that he was involved in a plot to usurp the legally constituted government, Ryan said that on Sunday, October 11, his editorial staff had discussed various options open to the Quebec government. One of the hypotheses worked out was a government of national unity. He then asked Lucien Saulnier for his reaction to that hypothesis, along with other possibilities. Ryan also said he had spoken to Bourassa during the crisis.

The attempt to form a government of national unity that could both deal with terrorist activity and maintain Quebec's authority against the urgent encroachments of Ottawa did not get very far. The idea came up in conversation between Bourassa and a friend after federal troops had already entered Montreal, and just hours before the proclamation of the War Measures Act: "I thought of that," Bourassa said, "but it is too late."

Bourassa had also, as Clift reports, "actively encouraged Claude Ryan and René Lévesque, and other people in the public eye, to issue a statement saying that the lives of the two hostages were far more valuable than abstract reasons of state." This is the origin of the Ryan-Lévesque statement of October 14, later used by the rumor mill to blacken the signers' reputations.

For if it was too late for the idea of a coalition government to succeed, it was not too late for the truth to be so distorted that the strange tales of plots and revolutions and insurrections and coups d'état were raised to a new and staggering level.

With the government carefully, almost coyly refusing to

give the public a clear account of what it knew or believed, the cauldron of rumors continued to bubble. It was not until Friday, October 30, that Prime Minister Trudeau provided additional information, and when he did it was in the form of a new sensation. The government, Mr. Trudeau said, had had "solid information" all along about an effort to form a provisional regime at the height of the crisis. If the attempt had seemed to have any chance of success, the federal government would have acted to prevent it, Trudeau indicated. "I would be awfully interested," he said, "in somebody trying to replace a legitimate government." Throughout the informal press conference, the prime minister made Claude Ryan his particular target, even pausing at one point to twist Lord Acton's famous dictum that all power corrupts and absolute power corrupts abosolutely, by saying, in clear reference to Ryan: "lack of power corrupts; absolute lack of power corrupts absolutely."

But while Mr. Trudeau admitted he had known about the attempt, and said he would have been ready to prevent it if necessary, he made no mention of the fact that the efforts to shore up the divided and weakened Quebec cabinet had been done with the knowledge of the premier of Quebec himself. Nor did he address himself to the fact that, had such efforts succeeded, and a coalition government installed, this would have been a legal and constitutional step, one that has many precedents (perhaps the best-known being the British National Government in World War II, with Churchill's cabinet representing all parties.

Rather than deal with important questions like these, Mr. Trudeau left the impression that the Quebec government, already menaced by an FLQ "apprehended insurrection" had also been threatened by a second level of plotting, this time not by terrorists but by moderate Quebec nationalists who hoped to stage a coup d'état. A benevolent Ottawa, he implied, had stepped in with the War Measures Act to save the Quebec government from both extremists and moderates.

The results

The effect of the backdoor leaking of the "provisional government" idea extended beyond giving the government more justification for maintaining the War Measures Act. The first wave of coup theories, smearing of FRAP, references to separatism being the natural breeding ground for terrorism, and the arrests of non-terrorist political leaders, labor leaders, intellectuals and journalists had the effect of tarring the left with the brush of the FLQ.

But the "provisional government" rumors, the slurs on a conservative, Catholic nationalist like Ryan, moderate labor leaders like Pépin of the CNTU and Laberge of the QFL, René Lévesque and Jacques Parizeau of the PQ (all signatories to the declaration of October 14) were aimed at destroying the credibility of the moderate nationalist centre that Anthony Westell spoke of, and tarring that too with the FLQ brush as (in Drapeau's words) "the provisional government that was to preside over the transfer of constitutional authority to a revolutionary régime."

The campaign against the left and the separatists widened into a campaign against all significant Quebec opposition to the Ottawa government.

In Le Devoir of November 7, editorial cartoonist Berthio draws a Premier Bourassa sitting in a darkened cell that is his office in the Legislature. The window on his office-cell is covered with metal bars shaped in the letters PET. The caption has the imprisoned premier saying: "At least they could let me read Le Devoir..."

On the night of November 8, PQ leader René Lévesque, (whose actions throughout the whole crisis have been directed toward providing support for the Bourassa government) told a cheering public meeting that Trudeau acted through the present crisis like a "fascist manipulator." Lévesque rarely lapses into the jargon of student leftists.

He told the crowd of about 1,000 that Jean Marchand, Jean Drapeau and "above all" Pierre Trudeau "profited from the situation in order to get a hold on Quebec so as to transform the Quebec government into a type of puppet with which they could do almost anything.

"It was a manipulation, a systematic manipulation, of the population with this in mind.

"From this point of view, in the precise sense of the word, Pierre Elliott Trudeau conducted himself like a fascist manipulator."

He defined such manipulation as that which "...tries its hardest to force to the edges of society all those who don't agree so as to leave a place only for it." The solution to the FLQ, he said, lay in reforms such as better housing and reduced unemployment, not in the repression of all dissent.

The niceties of terminology like "fascist" may or may not be helpful to arriving at an appraisal of Trudeau's motives, but the faot that a liberal moderate like Lévesque, who strongly condemned the FLQ, should voice such a charge is important.

The government's tactic was the tactic of the pre-emptive strike. The suggestion that it was limited to terrorism stands pale. It was also aimed at separatism. It could be easily argued that it was aimed against Quebec nationalism of any color—against the maintenance of any strong national government in Quebec City. At least, that has certainly been its effect, as French newspapers in Montreal query in their editorials: "Where is the Bourassa government?"

McGill University professor and PQ member Daniel Latouche told a McGill teach-in on October 22: "The federal government, Ontario and English Canada will never let Quebec separate even by legal means, even if the Parti Québecois wins the next election. A lot of us thought they would before, but recent events have shown that we cannot expect that."

If this is what the net hauls in, one can assume this is what the net was put out to haul in. Marchand's radio statement that it is necessary to ferret out also those who "do not recourse to violence" has become a reality.

To stop a drift in opinion, democratic rights were suspended. To crush a constitutional idea—Quebec nationalism or even separatism—the constitution was in effect suspended. There is no opposition in Quebec City. It is questionable whether there is an autonomous government of Quebec in Quebec City.

Like Lyndon Johnson, faced with the prospect of a democratic, left-liberal government in Santo Domingo, Pierre-Elliott Trudeau moved in.

LBJ had his lists of "known Communists" to justify the invasion. But the New York Times found that several of the "known Communists" were in fact dead, others were out of the country, still others were in jail.

Trudeau's revelations of conspiracies are of the same order. He will no doubt come up with documents to "prove" his charges: such documents have been popping up for years. On October 29, the Toronto Telegram came up with an Alice-in-Wonderland report of terrorist plots to assassinate five hundred prominent Quebecers; these reports will recur.

But the real coup d'etat this October was carried out by Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who with one stroke effected a vast

shift of political power. Trudeau "seized the opportunity of the Cross-Laporte kidnappings," says Parti Québécois economist Jacques Parizeau, to carry out "the inevitable confrontation which had to come sooner or later between Ottawa and Quebec." He set back political dialogue in this country ten years, even beyond the stage of "what does Quebec want?" to "what kind of people are we dealing with?"

Public Order Temporary Measures Act, 1970 differs from the War Measures Act in essence only in that it gives detainees access to legal advice, lessens the arbitrary period of detention, and narrows the application of the Act to Quebec.

It is still illegal to advocate the ideas and principles espoused by the FLQ, as if the FLQ had a monopoly on Marxist ideas. It is retroactive, and permits prosecution on evidence based on acts committed even before the War Measures Act made the FLQ illegal.

But the new Act is accepted by everyone—including the New Democratic Party—because it is a toning down of the War Measures Act. It's not a substantial toning down of anything. A more basic point is being buried in the thunderous stampede to consent to and approve of everything the government does: the government has yet to justify the implementation of the initial War Measures Act in the first place.

But the government has other priorities now. The bitter pill was swallowed happily by the public, and opposition parties rushed to pat the government on the back. What is important now is to consolidate the strategy.

Anthony Westell gives some clues about how this will be done in his column of October 29:

"—There will be more private and public support from Ottawa for Premier Robert Bourassa, as the legitimate government of Quebec.

"—The federal strength will be advertised in every possible way; the Maple Leaf symbol announced last week is not a foolish gimmick but part of a planned campaign by Information Canada to strengthen the federal image.

"—The French-language CBC service will be brought even more closely under control, to exclude any trace of dangerous programming, and ways will be sought to ward off private media, which have been too easily used by FLQ propagandists.

"—French Canadian opinion leaders who buckled under FLQ pressures and were willing to compromise will be quietly discredited. Separatist leaders will be pressured, while the public mood is unfavorable, to moderate their positions and stop agitating agaist Ottawa.

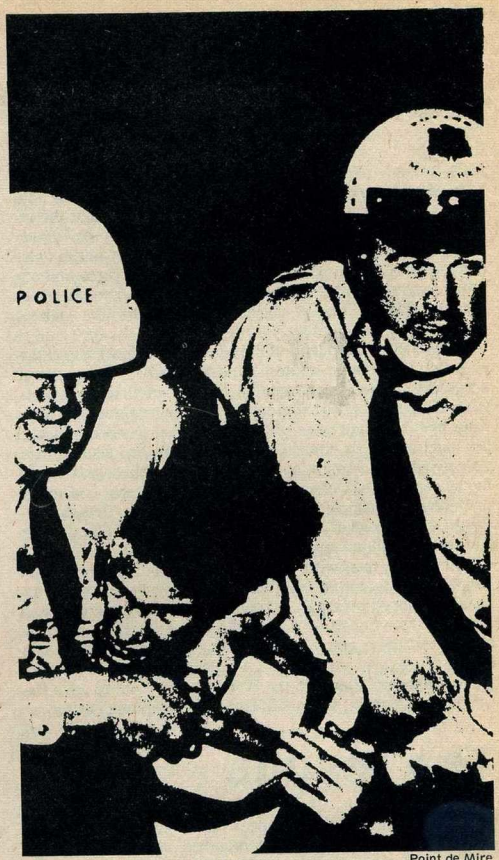
Westell ends by stating Trudeau's objective: "...to polarize opinion in Quebec, forcing the choice between nationalism and federalism, a gamble he is confident of winning."

But the effects will extend further than Westell predicts:

There will, beginning early next year, be a spate of political trials (for now Canada does have indisputably **political** prisoners, under the War Measures Act rather than the criminal code) which will drive home day after day to opponents in Quebec how dissidents are being dealt with.

There is and will continue to be in Montreal a fear to engage in open political organizing as long as the special powers are in force; as long as the prevailing winds of public opinion remain faithful to the governments, the Choquettes will contrive their proposals for identity cards for all Quebecers, and control over people will tighten; political acitivity in schools will be hurriedly stomped on; journalists will fear to write as they had before these events and many will find themselves not very employable commodities...

In short, one of two options, or perhaps both, one after the other.



Point de Mire

First, a long winter of silence will descend on Quebec—and then, perhaps, the corollary of long silence and pent-up frustrations: the explosion of fettered national and class grievances stewing among the unemployed, the young, the poor, the intellectuals, the labor movement.

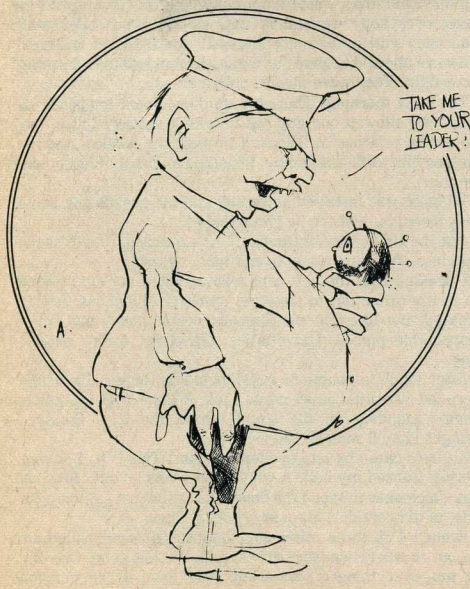
Initially, Trudeau attempted a policy which depended on broad support in Quebec. The policy failed because that support did not exist. The result was a new policy—a policy of making a virtual desert of all opposition in Quebec, radical, liberal, nationalist, even, in some cases, conservative. The instruments of that policy were the War Measures Act and its successor.

This policy too depends on public support, this time the blind, uninformed support of English Canadians. It cannot succeed without their support. They are being used as pawns in a cynical and destructive game.

English Canadians must decide whether they are willing to be used in that way.

This article was researched and written by Last Post staff, with the assistance of journalists who work for the establishment media in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec City.

MEMOIRS OF A PRISONER OF WAR



by NICK AUF DER MAUR

The day after the War Measures Act was passed, a friend came up to me and said he had seen my place being raided on TV. "What?" (That's the term most people used to react to fresh developments throughout the whole affair.) It turned out it wasn't my place, but the apartment where I used to live. I sublet it to a group of South Vietnamese students and they were all arrested. It was hard to figure out, because they had little or nothing to do with local politics. But from the beginning, the arrests had seemed indiscriminate.

Over the weekend, I ran into all sorts of people. Many of them were very apprehensive. "They can hold you for 90 days...incommunicado." Old tales of beatings by the police were resurrected. The arrests kept up.

It took a while to sink in, but it did. Everybody was up for grabs. The disturbing thing was that not too many people seemed disturbed. "If you have nothing to hide, a clear conscience, then you have nothing to worry about," was the usual reaction from a lot of people, "It's only aimed at the FLQ." Trouble is, the police were armed with a blunderbuss.

The city scene was filled with police cars racing to and fro, running red lights. Truck loads of soldiers lurched through the streets. One was reminded of American generals in Vietnam: "Just give us the tools, and we'll do the job."

There they were: the RCMP, the Quebec Police Force, the city of Montreal police, the army regiments and paratroopers from weird, faraway bases; the grim, but contented-faced plainclothesmen. The city was completely open to them. Arrest who you like, stop who you like, search and raid wherever you like. They were, as one wag commented, as happy as pigs in a puddle.

But, like the generals in Vietnam, they didn't get anywhere. And this worried more people. The police will get angry, arrest more people, beat them up. More and more people were staying at the homes of acquaintances.

Pierre Laporte was killed over the weekend. And there was less publicly-voiced opposition to the War Measures Act. For a lot of people, that kind of talk made one sound suspiciously like a sympathizer of the FLQ. One of English Montreal's most popular radio commentators, Rod Dewar, a liberal, was yanked off the air for his views.

Tuesday night, we were sitting in a tavern. A friend came over and said my apartment was raided. I phoned up my landlord, who lives in the building. He told me they arrived about 7 o'clock, a dozen or so in and out of uniform. They searched the entire building, including his living quarters and antique store. The girl who lives downstairs has a big dog which is trained to growl at strangers. They pulled out guns and were going to shoot the animal to effect an undisturbed search. The landlord was advised they had this right, since the owner wasn't there to keep the dog at bay. Cooler heads prevailed and they decided to forget that apartment and search mine. They seized my passport and a few papers.

The next day at work, just as I was about to go to lunch, I received a telephone call from Cpl. Tumas of the RCMP: "We'd like to talk to you. We'll meet you in five minutes at the corner of Stanley and Dorchester."

"Are you going to arrest me?" I inquired.

"We'll see. We just want to talk to you."

"Can't it wait until after lunch...I've made arrangements..."

There was a muffled noise, then the voice: "Meet us in five minutes, we'd like to talk to you."

"You're going to arrest me," I said.

"We just want to talk to you."

I discussed it with my colleagues. None of the previously arrested people had been released yet. The police can hold you a long time with no reason.

What the hell, I thought, I have nothing to hide, my conscience is clear. So, along with two colleagues for witnesses, I went to meet them a block away.

Their car was in a parking lot and they were smiling, these two detectives from the RCMP. They told my friends everything was OK and they could go, they just wanted to talk to me privately in the car.

We drove a half a block and parked.

"You went to the Lemieux press conferences. Who did you see?"

They acted friendly and slightly apologetic. They wanted to know if I recognized Paul Rose and Marc Carbonneau or anybody else at the press conferences. I didn't.

What about the FLQ, or the cells? Nothing that hasn't been printed. "I don't know anything," I said. "We believe you," one of them chuckled.

Well, the two men in the front seat drew closer, what about "foreign organizations?"

"Are you kidding," I replied, telling them I thought all that stuff, like Montreal Gazette stories about Cuban waiters at Expo '67 spending weekends training guerrillas in the Laurentians, was a lot of hooey.

"How about the Black Panthers?" I told them I met one, from California, on a visit here and he barely knew some people spoke French in Quebec.

They laughed and announced they "had" to take me to Parthenais street, the provincial police headquarters. I asked them who decides who should be arrested. "Higherups", was the answer.

At Parthenais Street, they drove into the wrong driveway. I guessed these two hadn't brought many people here before me. We were directed towards the basement garage. Combat-equipped soldiers searched the trunk of the car before we were let in.

In the basement we waited for an elevator. A huge barred gate appeared to block off the area. Right beside the elevator, there were two cells with steel doors and small glass windows. They were brightly lit. I looked inside. There was nothing. They were the size of closets, two feet wide and three and a half feet long. It looked ominous.

My two RCMP friends took me up to the fourth floor where they left me to be checked in. I was led down a narrow corridor, through a series of electronically-operated barred gates. We arrived at a cell with a steel door and a small glass window. Inside, it was four paces long and two and a half paces wide, with a single steel bunk, basin and toilet bowl. The far wall was all bars...on the other side of the bars there was a corridor with windows. I had a magnificent view of Montreal...the east face of the Mountain, with the TV tower and the cross, all the big downtown buildings in the city's west end. Across the street, near the approaches to the Jacques Cartier Bridge, there was some sort of building being used by the army. If I stood on one of the cross bars, I could see into the street and the laneway and observe the comings and goings of army vehicles.

Here I was, I thought, I hadn't done anything and didn't know a damn thing about "an apprehended insurrection." What are they doing with me...I wasn't particularly worried, since I assumed everything would be sorted out. It was quiet where I was, so all I could do was think. It kept recurring to me that I was a political prisoner. It doesn't matter that I've done nothing. That train of thought, which could be depressing, was interrupted an hour later by voices. I called out: "Hello, how long have you been here?"

Several voices shouted out, "il y a un nouveau", there's a new guy. It turned out I was in the second cell of a long row. I couldn't see anybody but we could talk. They asked my name. I told them. A whole bunch of familiar voices rang out: "Hi Nick...what are you doing here?"

I seemed to be in the company of all the "grosses légumes." Vallières, Gagnon, Lemieux, Michel Chartrand. The closest one to me was Reggie Chartrand. Greetings were short. They were hungry for news of the outside. They told me they only knew of Laporte's death when they noticed flags flying at half-mast.

We shouted back and forth. Everybody seemed to be in good spirits.

Supper was delivered to our cells. It was surprisingly good. Unfortunately they didn't keep up the same standard throughout my stay.

After supper, I was taken to be fingerprinted and photographed.

In the evening, Reggie Chartrand did most of the talking. He was bitter that there weren't more protests on the outside against the War Measures Act. He was particularly displeased with the students.

"Ils fument du 'pot' et font rien. C'est des 'punks' avec diplomes."

I expected I was going to be put through all sorts of interrogation. But, according to the others, interrogation was only cursory, minimal. Aside from being kept in the cells all the time, everybody was fairly well treated...no rough stuff. You even got used to sleeping with the lights on all night. We were allowed to keep our cigarettes but had to call a guard for a light. They were always obliging.

The next morning, Thursday, nothing much happened except they allowed one guy out to take a shower. Later, they led a new prisoner in. I looked through the window and recognized him as he walked by. I shouted to him, but he couldn't see me.

When he was installed in his cell and the guards left, somebody asked him where he got arrested.

"At the University of Quebec," he answered, "I was teaching class. Two guys came in and took me out."

I decided that the two cops who arrested me didn't come up to my office not to save me embarrassment, as they intimated, but to avoid the appearances of police statism in respectable places. Universities, obviously, aren't respectable.

After lunch, a couple of guys, including Reggie Chartrand, were led away and never came back. A while later we noticed Reggie standing on the street across the way. Sanity, I thought, they'll soon be releasing me.

A guard came by and opened the door. This is it, I smiled. He just wanted my belt. A while later I was let out of the cell while a cleaner mopped the floor. I felt good just standing outside, in the corridor, all of 30 seconds. Clang.

Around 4:30 three other guys and myself were called and led out to where we were checked in. We felt good. One day, for me, everything is sorted out. They gave us our personal belongings back, counted out our money. I put my belt back on.

The four of us were put in an elevator which resembled a mobile cell, and brought up to the 10th floor. We went through

the same checking in process. I asked them what was going on. A guard said that the fourth floor was simply a detention centre, run by the police, and this was a real jail, run by prison authorities.

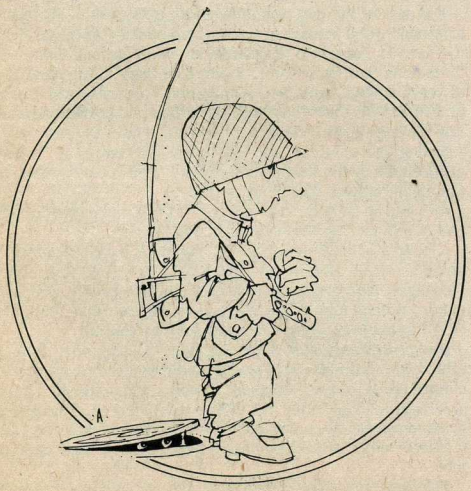
We were forced to undress as they thoroughly searched our clothing, our bodies and even our hair.

Our new home was located on the 13th floor, in cell block 13 AG. I was assigned cell number 2, which made me 13 AG 2 (13th floor "à gauche"—to the left). The cell was slightly bigger, although a bit dank. After dinner, they let us out of our cells for a half-hour recreation period. The four of us, the new arrivals, shook hands with everyone else and said hello. Afterwards it was back into the cells. Up here, there was at least something to read. A quick inventory of the library produced: two copies of the Readers' Digest in French, one in English; one in Swedish and one in Dutch; two copies of Fortune; a 1968 issue of Time; and, peculiarly, a French-language magazine from Poland.

The makeup of the prisoners was pretty interesting. While there was a heavy contingent of intellectual types, there were very few students. The prisoners represented a fairly general cross-section of Quebec society. A Canadian Ambassador's son occupied a cell down from me. His neighbor was a construction worker, assigned by his union to guard Charles Gagnon after his life had been threatened by some mysterious right-wing group. There were poets, union officials, workers, teachers, students, journalists.

In the evening, we chatted back and forth, not seeing each other. Somebody read one of those quotable quotes from the Readers' Digest: "When I was young, I used to think that socialism was the mathematics of justice; now I know it is the arithmetic of envy." The quote provoked much lively debate, consisting mostly of epithets and denunciations of brainwashing in the social-prison system.

A couple of the prisoners played a game called Battleships, in which each player has a sheet of paper with numbered squares, crossword puzzle fashion. He tries to bomb the ships by guessing the squares where the ships are located. Throughout my stay we could hear them playing, calling out numbers to one another: Revolution 4 (square R4), Imperialism 7, Capitalism 2, Liberation 5. Evidently none of them was familiar with the army.



"Soldiers and police were everywhere. . . they acted as if they were on top of things."

While in prison, no one talked about the FLQ, at least not in specific terms. Since we had absolutely no news of what was happening on the outside (we later learned the guards had instructions not to tell us anything) we were in a suspended, frozen state. Almost all the people I was with had been in since early Friday morning, when the War Measures Act was decreed, so I was a sought-after source for the latest developments.

My favorite story concerned The Gazette, my former employer. It seems that on that Friday, or perhaps it was the Friday before, a Gazette police reporter phoned the office from police headquarters. The police had staked out a small farm house outside Varennes, on the South Shore, where Cross was being held. "This could be it," he told his editor, "There might be a shoot-out, better get someone over there." He gave the exact location of the house. A half hour later he phoned back the office to give additional information. "Don't worry," the editor said, "we've got the whole situation under control. . .we've sent out a reporter and photographer in a helicopter. . .we'll swoop in, get pictures. . ."

The reporter cried out, You fools, or something to that effect, it's a secret stakeout. The police are hidden. You'll give them away.

From descriptions I heard, complete panic broke out at The Gazette, something along the lines of Dr. Strangelove: "Bring back that plane!" The editors ran around in a frenzy, they just killed Cross, they were ruined.

During their first call to the Department of Transport at the airport, an official exclaimed: "Is this some kind of publicity stunt?" and hung up. Fortunately, for the Gazette's collective nerves, they got through in the nick of time and radioed the helicopter back. Of course, in the end, the police tip was all wrong anyway.

That pleased them. So did the news that on the day the WMA was enacted, a radio station in Quebec City continuously played Pauline Julien songs (she was arrested) and Mikis Theodorakis music.

The next day, Friday, there was a variation in our routine. We were allowed out of our cells most of the afternoon. We played cards together and generally had a pleasant time.

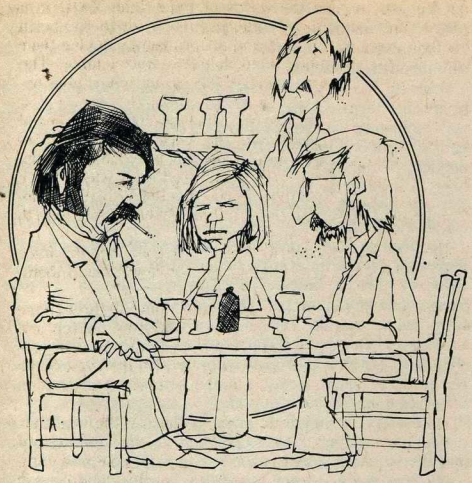
In the evening everything changed, at least for me.

I was called for questioning shortly after supper. I was led down to the 10th floor, into a little office used for client-lawyer consultations. There was a detective from the RCMP and one from the Montreal city police. They didn't give their names.

The RCMP man had a three-page form which he filled in, asking me my mother's maiden name, schooling and all sorts of personal data.

Then he asked me things like why I went to Vallières' house. I told him (truthfully) that I'd never been to his house. They asked me about other people I knew, like Mario Bachand, who served time for the 1963 FLQ. He jumped bail a year and a half ago on a very involved charge which resulted after five policemen were discovered videotaping a private meeting being held in a school hall. The meeting and everything about it were legal but Bachand was charged with extortion and several other things when somebody else relieved the police of their tapes. He went to Cuba where he is now probably smoking cigars and cutting cane.

The questioning was almost conversational, with the RCMP man doing most of the talking. The other detective was writing something on a note pad.



"Tuesday night, we were sitting in a tavern."

At one point, he slid the pad over and asked me to write out the alphabet, first in capitals then in small letters. I obliged, all the time keeping up the talk with the other one. Then I was asked to write out a few sentences. I wrote: Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party and The quick brown fox. Still talking to the other fellow, he asked me to sign what I wrote. I did.

Curiously, they never asked me about the current FLQ or if I knew anything about it.

I was brought back to my cell block. The other prisoners, some of whom still hadn't been questioned after a week, asked me what happened. I told them. Some of them reacted with horror when I told them I signed the things I wrote. "What else was on the paper?" they asked. "Was there any blank spaces for them to fill in something?"

Stupidly, I realized that maybe I had been had by one of the oldest tricks in the book. After recreation I went back to my cell saying "stupid, stupid, stupid."

Up until that point, despite the fact I knew better I always had a vague assumption that the police, if not the authorities, acted on good faith, that they were really only after people they thought guilty. Now I had a very different feeling. They're out to get everybody. They were probably under enormous pressure from the governments to produce results, and they were going to do it one way or another. The thought was depressing.

Lying down on my bunk, I recalled a discussion I had a few days earlier with some foreign journalists.

The foreign journalists seemed more worked up about the consequences than the home-grown variety. "If this happened in the States, all hell would break loose," said one. "This could never happen in Britain," added another over a beer. "What about the Bill of Rights?" somebody asked. He was incredulous when I told him we've only had one for five years of so. I threw in the fact that we've only had a national flag for a few years. For good measure, I said that the elections coming up in Montreal would be the first here with universal suffrage. Previously, only property-owners and water-tax payers could vote. I told them about the Padlock Law under Duplessis, when police could lock up an apartment or a building simply by declaring it was used for "Communist" purposes.

I told them a few things about Canada's economic situation, about the 80 per cent foreign control, about French-English relations and about a number of other things. As the discussion carried, I realized that from a foreigner's point of view, the picture of Canada as a banana republic is easily made.

To add a little color to this view I said: "Consider this: in 1942 Michel Chartrand was Jean Drapeau's campaign manager when he first ran for public office. Today Drapeau is Mayor of Montreal and Chartrand is in jail. In 1963, Pierre Elliott Trudeau personally selected Pierre Vallières as his successor to the editorship of the magazine Cité Libre. Today Trudeau is Prime Minister of Canada and Vallières is in jail. In 1967, René Lévesque drew up his thesis for a sovereign Quebec within a Canadian economic union. Most of the economic part of the thesis was written in Robert Bourassa's basement with his help on his typewriter. Today Bourassa is Premier of Quebec and they're going to try and drag Lévesque under with the FLQ."

Sitting in my jail cell, considering the War Measures Act, the police, the politicians, the situation and everything else, I started to think that maybe this is the crunch and we're all going to stay in jail for a long time as political prisoners. Considering the hysteria on the outside, this jail cell reasoning seemed pretty valid at that point.

I dozed off.

Six a.m. Saturday we were awakened for breakfast, featuring the usual, sickly smelling coffee, the most wretched in the world. I wondered what the coffee was like in Brazilian jails.

The rest of the day was uneventful, until about 4:30 in the afternoon when a guard arrived with a package from my dear mother. It contained a change of clothing, my Montreal Canadiens hockey sweater, a bilingual copy of the Ordinary of the Catholic Mass and a biography of my patron saint, St. Nicholas of Flue who is also the patron saint of Switzerland. (He was a peasant, soldier and a political figure.)

Seeing the contents, this big burly guy came up to me, grabbed me by the shoulders and said: "You are a true French Canadian, despite that funny name."

An hour or so later, one of our cell block mates was called and told to pick up his belongings and leave.

A couple of hours later I was called. A bunch of us were being released. Before we were let out, we were once again thoroughly searched. On Friday I had procured a pen and paper and had kept a few diary notes. These, along with my St. Nicholas book, were confiscated on the way out.

The processing took about an hour. During that time I talked with a middle-aged worker who belonged to a citizens' committee in one of Montreal's poorer areas. He had been arrested an hour after the WMA was decreed. The police broke down his door and took him away from his family. After eight days in jail, he thought he probably had lost his job.

The stupidest thing about it though, he said, is that they never asked him a single question.

Nick Auf der Maur is a member of the Last Post editorial co-operative.

FRont d'Action Politique

by PETER ALLNUTT

"Our position is already clear. Our goal is to turn power over to the wage-earning masses through democratic means. That is why we're in the civic election."

Paul Cliche, president of the Front d'Action Politique was facing the radio and television microphones in the group's meagre offices trying to explain that FRAP was not in fact a front for the FLQ.

On Wednesday October 21, Federal Minister Jean Marchand had referred to the following Sunday's Montreal civic election while speaking on a Vancouver radio program.

"There is no relation in our action to the election itself but we had good reason to believe that the FLQ which, (pause) as a front, has the organization called FRAP in Montreal and is running candidates in Montreal, wanted to disturb the election by explosions of all kinds and by further kidnappings or even shooting people," he said.

Marchand later dropped the word "front" in relation to FRAP. But Mayor Jean Drapeau said the next day "that it is true, that there is a link between FRAP and the FLQ."

He added that the "para-municipal movement has grouped within its movement everything that is revolutionary."

Four months earlier, Cliche was a technical adviser to the Confederation of National Trade Unions and FRAP did not exist. Today they were seen as part of a massive plot to overthrow governments, upset all principles of democracy, and bring the FLQ to City Hall.

There was definitely a threat here. And one which upset those who hold political power in Quebec, and Montreal City Hall in particular. But it was not the threat of the terrorism of the Front de Libération du Québec.

For the first time the citizens' committees which had been building and organizing around the problems of the people in their areas had come together. And for the first time the trade union movement had joined them in a common struggle to create an opposition at City Hall and force governments to answer the demands of the citizens. The process of coming together had already taken ten years.

When Paul-Emile Léger was named Archbishop of Montreal in 1959, one of his first endeavors was a week of prayer for the peoples of eastern Europe living under the yoke of communism. It flopped. Confused, the Archbishop called upon André Laurendeau and Gérard Filion, respectively editor-in-chief and publisher of Le Devoir, to discuss the social climate in Quebec.

The two journalists felt it was time to stop responding automatically when summoned to the Archbishop's Palace. They refused his invitation.

So Léger procured a house specifically for the meeting. Laurendeau and Filion accepted and proceeded to lay down the line of the new Quebec. People wanted to talk about the social and economic issues of their city, not the high-sounding philosophy of catholicism or liberty.

Léger began to read the words of Pope John XXIII in a new light and pushed the archdiocese into a far more liberal and active position. Brothers and Sisters began leaving their cloisters and living among the people they were leading. The church began to sponsor social workers and charitable organizations.

At the same time—the early 1960s—the concept of social animation came into vogue under the respectable guidance of the Eastern Quebec Development Bureau, a regional development pilot research project. Basically the theory was to teach citizens certain abilities—how to run meetings, distribute information—and stimulate them into discovering solutions to their problems and **fighting** for them.

Social workers, sent out to "help" the poor, began to see the only answer lay in teaching the poor how to help themselves.

In practice social animation came into Montreal through the work of the Conseil des Oeuvres (sponsored by church and charity groups) whose social workers began using it to promote specific citizens' demands. It grew with the work of the Company of Young Canadians, and the now-defunct Action Sociale Etudiante.

In St. Henri, in the southwest corner of the city, the local clergy attempted in the late fifties to build up the "morale" of the district. St. Henri consisted then, as it does now, of a number of factories mixed in with the worst housing conditions in Montreal, a couple of main thoroughfares into the city centre, the remnants of the Lachine canal, two or three tiny parks, outdated schools and a collection of taverns and greasy-spoon restaurants.

The development of citizens' committees here took the same form as elsewhere, although it was more intense since St. Henri had drawn special attention from assorted social animation groups. The first committees were organized around specific needs, making demands upon city and provincial governments for a hospital and better schools.

Responses to the demands have been small, slow in coming. So the committees, their demands and their determination have grown over the decade. Some results were obtained on the school campaign; the Hospital Committee, after obtaining 14,000 signatures over ten years, has just now extracted a promise for a hospital.

It was in St. Henri that the city did respond with one of its few attempts at low-rental housing—Little Burgundy, a red-brick project plopped into the middle of the district. But the people did not plan it, or control it. Even the rent system was not satisfactory.

One woman complained that she used to pay $35 a month in her "so-called" slum tenement. "When I moved into the housing project I paid $57. Now I have been advised that I will have to pay $125 starting in September. I will have to move back into a slum. And when they have demolished all the slums, where am I supposed to live? In a swamp?"

By 1968 most of the committees in the city had suffered similar refusals by governments to take their demands seriously. Conditions were becoming worse. The committees, aided by "animateurs", began to develop their own services.

The food co-op was one of the most popular projects, since it lowered the cost of meals and brought the people of the community together at work which they could easily do themselves. The St. Henri area created three.

In St. Jacques, which stretches up the east side of the city centre from the St. Lawrence river to the north-end tracks, the committee movement emerged with a health clinic. A survey of health conditions showed that the death rate from tuberculosis in the area was ten times that of Montreal as a whole. A brief to the city, however, was met with the response that conditions were adequate.

The clinic was begun by Dr. Henri Bellemare, chief of internal medicine at the Cartierville Sacre-Coeur Hospital. A

popular man in the district because of his work on the clinic, Bellemare ran as a FRAP candidate in the last election, polling the highest percentage of the alliance's candidates. He was detained by police under the War Measures Act in the week prior to the election.

The clinic has become an integral part of the citizens' committee and dispenses information on the political life of St. Jacques as well as pills and medical advice. Its only full-time physician, Dr. Howard Bergman, works on a salary of $5000 a year as does the clinic's secretary-receptionist.

"Our clinic is not just a social service along the traditional lines of charity for the poor," Bergman says. "It is a service the poor have given themselves and it is also an instrument of social and political action." It is financed by donations and a $2 per month fee from client families.

Eight months after the clinic opened, twelve families in neighboring Maisonneuve, with a $300 loan from the local citizens' committee, turned the loft of a garage into a food co-op. This year the co-op is in new quarters, includes some 100 families—most of them now members of the committee—and sells more than $1000 worth of food a month.

In preparation for Expo 67, the City of Montreal built numerous little white fences around various parking lots. They were neat and pleasing: behind them sat the shabby tenements of the slums, now invisible to the tourist. It is from these slums, and other "unfavored areas", that FRAP has grown.

While Expo, a new baseball club and the 1976 Olympics were being touted as Montreal achievements, the city still had an infant mortality rate of 50 per 1,000 in some areas. The Senate Committee on Poverty did not visit Montreal because the poor are so many—and, recently, vociferous.

Seventy-five percent of the citizens are tenants; only those paying water tax and property-owners had a vote in municipal elections until this year. Since 1962 the city has constructed 2,238 low rent dwellings—roughly equivalent to one year's demolition. In 1961 a federal census revealed 86,000 dwellings were overpopulated.

While other cities were attending to some of these social problems Montreal was building Expo, and then continuing it as Man and His World. The attraction gobbles up $20 million of the $33 million to be spent on recreation; of the other $13 million, a large chunk goes into Place des Arts, hardly a playground for the city's low-income earners. Kids pay to swim—if they are fortunate enough to live near a pool. In recently-annexed St-Michel, there are four playgrounds for 80,000 residents.

Of the rest of the public money, $8 million goes into social services. Half of this isused for public health—which is supposed to combat the kind of situation where, according to FRAP, one district has only 28 full time doctors for 120,000 people—one for every 4,300 people, compared to the ratio of one doctor per 600 people recommended by the World Health Organziation.

The budget is the fourth largest of any government in Canada. The city council has been known to pass it in two hours. It is this council, with its preponderant (and now complete) control by Mayor Drapeau's Civic Party and its attitude toward the attempts of citizens to force these problems into the open, which has been a main reason for the rise of FRAP. Drapeau, they say, can be summed up by a quote from Le Devoir. Asked how much the Olympics would cost the city, the mayor said, "it is wise and prudent not to advance figures that will make people tremble with fright".

The Maisonneuve committee grew much like those in St. Henri. Originally formed around the Catholic order of the Holy Cross, it received the assistance of social animators from Action Sociale Etudiante and the Conseil des Oeuvres and of an adult education program run by the Montreal Catholic School Commission.

One of the group's main demands has been better recreation facilities. Having elected Gérard Pelletier to Ottawa, residents have tried unsuccessfully to have the federal government erect a community centre in the area. The committee has also been organizing tenants into a "union" which could bargain collectively with landlords.

In both St. Jacques and Maisonneuve, Parti Québécois candidates were sent to the National Assembly in the last election.

Other areas, other problems. In the residential district just east of McGill University, housing mostly students, recent immigrants, old people and low-income earners, Concordia Estates Ltd. decided to start a "housing project". The private development firm, which had brought up all the property in a six-block area over several years, now announced plans to put up a high-rise development which would remove most of the existing housing. Alarmed that low-cost housing would disappear and they would be forced out, residents formed the Milton-Park Citizens' Committee for the express purpose of stopping the project, or having it adapted to their needs.

To the east, in Mercier ward, a committee fighting for better welfare legislation was joined by the Company of Young Canadians in 1967. Two years later it was campaigning for more jobs. Then Montreal Executive Committee Chairman Lucien Saulnier went to Ottawa and launched his attack on the CYC as "subversive"; many of the residents, particularly needy mothers the committee was starting to work with, were scared off.

Over the past five years the committees have grown more consistent, more imaginative. The problems are continuous—trying to find an office, and some financial support, and the need to fend off the constant attacks of "subversion". Members of the St. Henri Workers' Committee, one of the few expressly for workers, are now starting the Maison du Chômeur (House of the Unemployed), through which the jobless will pool their resources, do work in the neighborhood, and raise the issue of unemployment. "Bourassa may not find 100,000 new jobs. But we can probably find 100,000 unemployed."

The Church is still helping, though its role has declined. The Montreal Archbishopric is raising $10,000 for Projet d'Organisation Populaire d'Information et de Regroupement (POPIR—a play on "pas pire"—not bad). A local priest in St. Henri was quoted as saying "citizens committees have achieved more for the population of St. Henri in ten years than all the politicians put together in the past 75 years."

In late 1969 the various committees realized they were attacking the same people, demanding the same redresses. An alliance was proposed and last spring they formed RAP (Regroupement des Associations Populaires). The committees did not merge, but kept their autonomy with a central body to co-ordinate activities.

They were not the only ones looking at October 25 as a significant date in Montreal politics. It would be the first time in Montreal history that all citizens could vote in the municipal elections, and the last time for another four years to send some opposition to Mayor Drapeau's Civic Party to city hall.

Dissensions had been brewing for some time in the trade union movement. A push for political involvement by the Confederation of National Trade Unions was led in the 1950s and early 1960s by secretary (later president) Jean Marchand. He felt it necessary to oppose the Créditiste movement and

lead workers in the CNTU to work politically for their own best interests.

When followers wanted to take this further, perhaps create a labor party, or run candidates, Marchand refused. He believed that the union had a social responsibility (which placed the CNTU ahead of other union movements in the fight for social reform) but would not commit it to direct political action.

After Marchand left, the CNTU was faced with another challenge to this position, this time from within its own ranks. Michel Chartrand, elected chairman of the Confederation's powerful Montreal Council on support from the construction unions, battled constantly for more political activity to better the workers' position.

The response from CNTU president Marcel Pépin was the "second front". The main battle would be the traditional economic one, but would be coupled with political education in the unions and demands upon government for legislation benefitting the members. Paul Cliche was one of the second front's main organizers.

When the committees allied in RAP decided to band together to form a political party to contest the municipal elections, the "second front" members of the CNTU and members of the Montreal Council wanted to join in. Finally, Pépin gave Cliche a leave of absence to work full time with the new organization and thus the union's blessing was bestowed on FRAP.

This widening of the alliance was seen by members of the citizens' committees to be of such significance that they elected Cliche of the CNTU president of FRAP and Emile Boudreau of the rival Quebec Federation of Labor vice-president (the QFL did not rally to the same extent and ran its own candidates in some areas, but did not compete with FRAP).

The campaign was a new experience for most FRAP members. Again, the local committees did not lose their autonomy, but selected their own issues in accordance with the general principles worked out at the FRAP founding convention. The committees were now called CAPs (Comités d'Action Politique); their leaders went to FRAP council meetings but every membership of each one approved its own campaign in its area.

FRAP had two goals in the election: the first, to spread the concept of local democratic organizing for self-help or demands upon government, and second, to get some opposition at City Hall. As a result of the campaign several new committees sprang up under the stimulation of FRAP—these CAPs will now continue as citizens' committees where before there were none.

There are three seats in each district, and every candidate needed $300 to stand for election. It was not easy, but 32 were fielded. There was no candidate for Mayor.

In the election, FRAP candidates received between eight and 27 per cent of the vote—a significant number despite the mood in which the ballots were cast and the charges by Drapeau and Marchand. As well, two candidates—Dr. Bellemare and printer Jean Roy—were detained under provision of the War Measures Act just prior to the election. On October 10, the FRAP executive issued a statement expressing its view of the FLQ:

"The violence we condemn is the violence of the system, for example the situation imposed on the Lapalme posties, the situation imposed on 200,000 unemployed workers in Quebec, the situation imposed on the population by the medical specialists. FRAP is persuaded that the FLQ's terror is not directed against wage earners, but against those who practice this violence.

"FRAP reiterates its aim. It seeks political and economic power for the workers of Quebec, and in this way it agrees with the FLQ.

"And to achieve this aim, the means we have chosen are to struggle on several fronts—political struggle on the municipal level, which led FRAP to involve itself in the current municipal election campaign, and struggle at the level of the consumer and the worker, that is, organizing workers at the grassroots level in a workers' movement."

But some FRAP candidates made statements that were less conciliatory to the FLQ, and condemned its violence. When Drapeau began to draw a link between the two which he said was "more than moral", FRAP replied with a $3.6 million law suit.

Its work, its future, already difficult, will be made that much harder by the attacks. One member said, during a teach-in at McGill University, "Here we have been working evenings, part time on a low budget in the face of the manipulations of government, sticking to the electoral process, slowly convincing people and they say we're a front for the FLQ. Who the hell in his right mind would do this if he was supporting the FLQ? We do this because we know it's the only way to get real change—the FLQ only makes it harder."

The work of FRAP goes on—door to door, issue to issue. It is not a political party, but a movement, and not a movement in the traditional sense. For FRAP is still the sum of its committees and the social work of unions. It is already planning a "winter offensive" with mounting unemployment as a chief concern of members.

DRAPOCRACY

by JEAN-PIERRE FOURNIER

Jean Drapeau is perhaps best-known to Canadians as a benign father-figure presiding over grand schemes for the greatness of Montreal. But the mayor of Montreal has another face, which shows itself at regular intervals. This is Jean Drapeau, the democrat.

Like that day in 1960 when he personally led a Quebec Provincial Police raid on a downtown Montreal apartment where they uncovered a detailed plan to steal the upcoming civic election. It seemed odd that the discovery should occur on the eve of the voting, just in time for Montreal newspapers to headline the story in 72-point bold type, but too late for the police to back up the accusation or for any of Drapeau's opponents to reply to it. Stranger still that, though there were four persons in the apartment at the time of the raid, none was arrested and no charges were ever laid.

But Mayor Drapeau is a good winner. After elections, he is very merciful. He even refused to smear anybody by releasing details of the plan and giving the names of the people involved.

After he revealed the plot, he only urged Montrealers to go out and vote early to foil the enemies of democracy. Drapeau was elected.

In 1962, the mayor might have kept mum about the formidable coalition of Montreal underworld, U.S. Mafia and Teamster hoodlums opposing him. But then, they might have overpowered his Civic Party and dealt a mortal blow to democracy in Montreal.

So, he let the word out. To journalists, in private. Day after day, Montreal newspapers were filled with rumors of secret meetings between Hoffa's henchmen and local politicians. From a mysterious visit the mayor made to Ottawa (to discuss Expo), the press surmised he had asked the RCMP to keep very close watch over the U.S. border which carloads of bullies would seek to cross prior to election day.

Then, shortly before the voting, Mayor Drapeau, at great risk to his life, no doubt, spilled the whole story: though composed of honest men, the Civic Action League, his main opposition in the election, was a tool of Murder Inc.

Again, no names, no arrests, no charges. Following the election, which he won handily, the mayor forgave.

All that, of course, was when the Mafia was the Big Threat and when Mayor Drapeau had no hesitations about confessing (before the Private Bills Committee of the Quebec Legislative Assembly, January 25, 1961) that, between the police state and one ruled by the underworld, he had a long time ago opted for the former.

The 1966 election went smoothly, almost unnoticed. Obviously, the Mafia and other assorted foes of democracy did not feel the time was opportune to strike. Everybody was concentrating on the next year's Expo. Thirty-three Civic Party councillors were unopposed and only a couple of obscure candidates whose names are barely remembered dared to enter the mayoralty race.

Drapeau's Balkan sense of political timing also gave Montreal the grand opening of its pretty subway just days before the election, replete with photos all over the papers of Drapeau munificently giving his gift to the city.

The Big Threat now is no longer the Mafia.

When the mayor was asked by a reporter, two days before of the last civic election, why the police did not take advantage of the War Measures Act to clamp down on the underworld as well as the FLQ, he replied: "The underworld does not threaten the security of the State. The FLQ does."

To combat the FLQ, the mayor requested the suspension of civil and individual liberties. But he could show cause for the request: a two-page report from police chief Marcel St. Aubin asserting the possibility of an insurrection.

Mayor Drapeau might have been satisfied there and then that his duty had been accomplished. But he did more.

To avoid being a cause of disorders, he abstained from campaigning publicly, thus preventing squabbles over his administration of the city. Any controversial statement, he took care to make in the serene, secure atmosphere of his city hall office or radio and television studios, generally surrounded by his gorillas and his famed trained-to-kill-on-command bull-mastiff.

Then, taking his cue from Regional Expansion Minister Jean Marchand, he exposed the main opposition party—FRAP—as a front for the FLQ and he warned that blood would flow in the streets of Montreal if a socialist-leaning party were to win the election.

As he said, "it is my duty, as guardian of the people's democratic rights, to point out the links which may exist between a political party and an outlaw organization."

* * * * * *

Jean Drapeau's democratic fervor goes back a long time. His rise to political fame began in 1950 when he acted as co-counsel for the claimants in the Public Morality Inquiry, which found evidence of collusion between the underworld and city authorities.

Following the results of the inquiry, the 74 claimants founded

the Civic Action League for the purpose of cleaning up city hall. After a long and frustrating search for a mayoralty candidate, they reluctantly set their choice on Jean Drapeau. He won a first term in 1954, but bowed three years later to a loose coalition backed by Maurice Duplessis.

From 1957 to 1960, the frustrated mayor attempted unsuccessfully to drag the League into the field of provincial politics. His wild ideas for reshaping Confederation and placing it under the authority of an appointed constitutional council failed to catch on with the public.

Then, suddenly, after an incredible series of deceits and betrayals, (described by J.-Z.-Léon Patenaude in Le vrai visage de Jean Drapeau, Les Editions du Jour, 1962), he bolted the League with 17 of its councillors a few weeks before the civic election of 1960 to form his own party.

Through some strange sense of independence, Jean Drapeau had consistently refused to take up membership and to abide by the constitution of the party which carried him to the mayor's seat in 1954. He would not be anyone's slave, he contended.

His behavior at city hall has reflected this attitude. In the spring of 1957, when he could not manipulate councillors as he does today, he refused to carry out a majority decision of the council, forcing Premier Duplessis to legislate to take the matter (an urban renewal scheme) out of his hands.

Even after he was defeated in 1957, Drapeau would not join the Civic Action League, though he freely spent its money and committed its membership every time he appeared in public.

It was an attempt by the League to make him conform to its regulations which finally precipitated his departure.

* * * * * * *

The Civic Party is built to the mayor's image. It rests entirely upon a blind act of faith in his leadership.

"It is not a party as such," one of its senior councillors confided to reporter Jean-V. Dufresne while insisting that his name be withheld. (The Montreal Star, November 24, 1969).

"Call it a team, an idea, a consensus, but not a party. There are no structures outside election time, no membership cards, no convention for leadership. In fact, Jean Drapeau was never elected party chief.

"District candidates for the city council are screened and personally chosen by Mr. Drapeau. All parties do that, but Mr. Drapeau is more selective and loyalty to him must be absolute. He picks his own executive committee like a prime minister picks his own cabinet. The city council may veto his choice, but never does.

"There is a monthly caucus and, of course, the monthly meeting of the city council. That's all."

Another says, "Like all men obsessed with efficiency, Jean Drapeau has an instinctive distrust of complex political structures. This is one of the reasons why he quit the Civic Action League. He wanted direct, personal contact with the people. For instance, he likes to say that all those who elected him are members of the Civic Party. It's democracy à la de Gaulle.

"Remember, we have had our fourth republic, too. Montreal just could not make the grade prior to the sixties because the council was too democratic. That is, every councillor could protect his own selfish interest.

"Above all, Mr. Drapeau wanted a tightly united party and a homogeneous executive as a basis for quick, bold decisions on big, bold projects.

"You know, there is a form of democracy that is only a pretext for inaction..."

Mayor Drapeau himself sums up his philosophy of power in much the same terms.

"The entrance door to the Civic Party is very narrow, the exit is very wide," he told reporter Carl Dow. (The Canadian Magazine, September 19, 1970).

"A new member must prove his worth and abide by the aims of the party. If he disagrees, he is free to leave and no hard feelings, but leave he must. There is no room for disagreement within the Civic Party...But it is no rubber-stamp —there is discussion, exchange of opinions, but there is also decision and there must be unity in support of decision. I think of it as a kitchen with a head chef and I am the head chef."

And what principles guide the chef in making up his menu? In the same interview, he told Dow:

"What the organizers of social destruction forget is that happiness or unhappiness is a moral question, not a question of wealth and property. On the mountain, we have more unhappy people than there are in the slums.

"We must not take for granted that all the poor are protesting their lot—many are satisfied and have no greater ambition. For those who have, we must offer help."

What kind of help?

"The life of a community does not have to be wrapped in old newspapers—citizens have a right to expect their civic life presented with a proper spirit of life and color. There is no reason why life, even for the poor, must be depressing. We need things like Expo and the Olympics because of the spiritual values they represent and inspire."

Jean-Pierre Fournier is a reporter for The Montreal Star.

Three thousand FLQers armed with as many rifles poised to strike, says Quebec's Le Soleil.

Five hundred people on assassination target list, says the Toronto Telegram.

A few days later, the same paper tells us 40 are on such a list.

This is the journalism of consent—the kind of journalism that gives credence to every government rumor, aids the government in perpetrating its mythologies, whips up the appropriate mix of hysteria, anger, and revulsion required by the government to launch its legislation. And it is the kind of journalism—virtually the only kind of journalism—Canadians have been reading throughout the crisis.

But even beyond uncritical consent there is direct agency—acting as an arm of government and doing its work for it. And that brings us to one of the most remarkable stories to come out of the whole affair.

On Monday, October 26, tucked off to the side of the front page and obviously downplayed, the Toronto Star published an un-bylined story which was to cause a furore over the next two weeks.

"Plan to supplant Quebec government caused Ottawa to act" read the head, with the overline adding: "Behind War Measures". The Star, which has a standing rule to try to avoid quoting nebulous sources and not naming them, and which by-lines any major story that is a revelation, carried the simple credit: "From our Ottawa bureau."

"Top level sources," the story began, "indicated today that Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's decision to invoke the War Measures Act was based on something more than fear of the Front de Libération du Québec's plan for the "well-organized escalation of terror" to which Pierre Laporte referred in his agonized plea for freedom.

The item continued to reveal Ottawa's conviction that "a group of influential Quebeckers" has been preparing to replace Bourassa's government "with what they conceived of as an interim administration having enough moral authority to restore public order."

This remarkable story, so explosive that any paper would have made it its headline instead of tucking it aside and leaving it anonymous, has been generally accepted as having been written by Star editor Peter Newman.

His source was, according to journalists, Labor Minister Bryce Mackasey. Mackasey was not his only leak (it is known that Newman spoke to several ministers at a party held by Bernard and Sylvia Ostry, close intimates of the Trudeau administration, and that Mackasey was among the top ministers there), and there have been reports from journalists in a position to know that he actually spoke to Trudeau himself before filing his story.

After Mackasey told Newman all about "the plot", Newman is said to have called his friend Claude Ryan in Montreal. Ryan told him about the idea for a coalition to support and to buttress the flagging Bourassa government.

Then Newman is reported to have gone to Marc Lalonde, Trudeau's top aide and one of the most powerful men in the country, who gave him vague confirmation of a "provisional government" plot.

So the editor-in-chief of the Toronto Star put all the versions together, and in his usual melodramatic this-is-the-real-story fashion, he wrote that Pierre Trudeau acted because a coup by Quebec intellectuals was imminent.

The story flashed around the country. The Opposition put the government up against the wall. The story flourished when day after day the Prime Minister refused to deny it.

Then with consummate chutzpah, the Prime Minister accused the opposition and the press of spreading the rumors.

The Newman story, of course, had its desired effect, or the Trudeau administration's desired effect—it discredited one of the most important moderate nationalists in Quebec, Claude Ryan, as well as Lévesque and some labor leaders, and gave the Trudeau government much-needed extra currency about plots with which to purchase public support and continue justifying its moves in Quebec.

All this was too much for Peter Reilly, anchorman for CJOH, the Ottawa end of the Bushnell television empire.

Reilly pieced the story, the inconsistencies, the leaks all together and was about to broadcast it the evening of Thursday, October 28. He was going to name the powerful Mr. Lalonde as the main perpetrator of the hoax. The government got wind of it.

Some hours before he was going to go on the air, Reilly got a call from Labor Minister Mackasey. Don't broadcast the story, said Mackasey, you'll not be presenting what actually happened. Come over to my office for a chat and "I'll give you some valuable background information".

So Reilly agreed, and a few hours later, he was sitting in Mackasey's office and getting very little information indeed. The phone rang.

The minister handed it to Reilly. It was his boss at CJOH. He had just had a call from Peter Newman, he said, warning that Reilly was intending to do something very foolish. Newman said Reilly was going to spread a story with no foundation to it and that his colleagues in the press gallery thought him a bit of a fool for doing it, Reilly's boss reported to him.

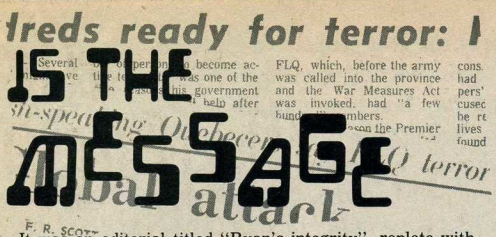
Even if it was so, the unbelieving CJOH official reportedly told Newman, he wouldn't know where to find Reilly at this hour.

Newman is said to have immediately produced a number where Reilly was sitting. The office of Labor Minister Bryce Mackasey.

The story, incidentally, never got on the air.

Now if Trudeau had chutzpah in turning around and accusing the press and the opposition of peddling rumors about the "provisional government", on the Toronto Star editorial page of November 5, Newman did something that left mouths agape in wonder.

Although it is uncertain that Newman wrote the piece in question, it appeared on the editorial page he edits and approves:



It was an editorial titled "Ryan's integrity", replete with photo of a noble Claude Ryan in an upstanding pose. It's theme: stern admonition to the (here quoting Ryan's own phrase) "peddlers of venom" who are besmirching Ryan's reputation.

Not a word appears anywhere in this editorial acknowledging that it was this very newspaper that picked the rumor out of Drapeau's mouth, wrapped it in the gift paper of "Ottawa sources", gave it the necessary credibility of Canada's largest newspaper, and sent it hurtling onto the front pages of the country.

A quick perusal of some events and the more representative excesses of the last month will give a picture of the quality of our national political journalism, as well as the effective censorship that now exists in Quebec.

At Radio-Canada, newsmen began compiling an uncomfortably long list of cases of spliced interviews, uncovered press conferences, deleted news items, and the like. Some examples: labor leader Louis Laberge stating that Trudeau would regret to the end of his days invoking the WMA; Lucien Saulnier's statement on the night of Laporte's death that the people of Quebec cried for vengeance for the spilled blood; part of a statement by FRAP head Paul Cliche that FRAP disagrees with the FLQ's methods (they aired the part that said FRAP agrees with FLQ aims); etc.

Radio news editor Michel Bourdon, secretary of the CBC journalists union, le Syndicat général du cinéma et de la télévision, revealed these cases at a Université de Montréal teach-in and was promptly suspended for conduct critical of his employer, and calling into question his impartiality as a journalist. The union went to bat for him, and a week later Bourdon and SGCT president Denis Vincent were fired.

On Monday, Nov. 2 at 7:30 a.m., Quebec Justice Minister Jérôme Choquette held a "private breakfast" for the bigwigs of Montreal's major French and English papers, at which he advised them to pay close attention to the contents of the Act.

Two days later, the left-wing weekly Québec-Presse (which had not been invited to the "breakfast"), received a communique from the FLQ, along with a photo of James Cross. An editor of the paper phoned Choquette to ask if they were allowed to publish the news.

"I will deal severely with a newspaper that did that," the caller was told. He was asked if it was forbidden even to mention that a communique had been received. "In my opinion—I don't want to presume the judgment of the courts —that too is forbidden." Don't you feel you're bullying the press, Québec-Presse asked. "In this particular domain, and in the name of the public interest, it must be accepted that the freedom of the press is bullied."

Even editors of the Montreal Gazette were telephoned by a fuming Choquette threatening arrests because it dared to run a story saying a new photo of Cross, with some brief statement by the FLQ had come into the hands of the police.

The student magazine Quartier Latin was visited by the police two weeks ago and was instructed not to run certain articles by the police, who perused the typeset stories before the magazine went to press.

In the English CBC, everyone is already familiar with the cancellation of the television program on Lenin. What people are less familiar with is the "restraining order" CBC president George Davidson imposed **before** the passage of the War Measures Act that led to the cancellation of any programs containing "comment" on the Quebec crisis.

One "Encounter" TV program, a TV hot-seat for politicians out of CBC Ottawa, was cancelled minutes before the taping because it discussed Quebec, as were two radio programs and large portions of another major radio public affairs program.

One memo from a CBC executive in Ottawa to news staff ordered them to have all Quebec news approved by senior administrators before broadcast and ended "and don't ask me why because I don't know." The airwaves were given to safe, conservative analysts and it is still forbidden to broadcast statements by say, Michel Chartrand even if they were recorded weeks before the crisis.

But when a woman in Hull claimed she had been tortured and tatooed by the FLQ and that they told her they would kidnap children if the FLQ demands weren't met, the CBC spilled it over its national news. The story proved to be a complete hoax.

Of the major papers in the country, only the Toronto Globe and Mail can walk out with any shred of dignity left—not because it threw much light on anything, but because it at least didn't throw every plot and the kitchen sink onto its front page.

The worst of the major papers will probably prove to be the Toronto Telegram, which unleashed its police reporters into Montreal (to the best of our knowledge none of them spoke French) and made the Tely's front page look less like a newspaper and more like a rooting gallery for the police.

In one day alone, for example, we were treated first to a banner-line telling us "Beer, liquor flow freely at Lemieux press conference", and such acute dispassionate coverage calculated to keep sane tempers in the nation as:

"Sipping a beer to oil his rapidly moving tongue, Robert Lemieux last night basked in the Kleig light glory . . . ."

Referring to the "screaming and spitting separatist crowd", the author, Vincent Devitt, later tells us: "The incipient violence in the whole affair increased when the erratic Michel Chartrand began to speak. Fixing his snarling, Groucho-Marx-like visage directly on the television cameras that would carry his defiance to the nation . . . ."

The excesses, however, must not blind us. Because the real effect was achieved in the day-by-day journalism of enthusiastic consent, together with the willingness of almost every paper and wire service and broadcast outlet to peddle the rumors that were being shoved out the back doors of governments.

Perhaps the most dangerous of all were men like Charles Lynch, author of such political sycophancy as "It is conceivable, in fact, that we may be in the presence of a political giant . . . ." when he wrote of Trudeau just after the passage of the War Measures Act.

The most dangerous men are those who relentlessly drive us to agree, agree, agree . . . . .

This article was researched and written by Last Post staff.

One of the first people arrested after passage of the War Measures act was Pierre Vallières, who a few hours before had been one of the main speakers at a political rally in Montreal. Three weeks later Vallières was charged on several counts, including seditious conspiracy. As well, he still faces charges arising from his participation in the 1966 FLQ, as a result of which he was arrested in New York in September, 1966, and later extradited to Quebec, spending more than three years in prison without bail. He was released only last May.

In the Manhattan House of Detention for Men, in the weeks after his arrest, Vallières wrote a 500-page book which has become an important document for anyone seeking to understand the roots of conflict in Quebec. He called the book Nègres blancs d'Amérique . . .

WHITE NIGGERS OF AMERICA

When I was born, a year and a half before the Second World War, there was growing unrest in the working class of Quebec. The year before, there had been bloody riots in Sorel, and a number of strikes were turning to violence in Montreal and the other cities of Quebec. After the years of "social peace" which had followed the great conscription crisis of 1917, a degree of hope was appearing for the first time.

A small group of idealists, of "communists," were trying as best they could to exorcise the people's obscurantism and fear of living, to change their traditional frustration and despair into passion and class struggle. It was not easy. But there was a steadily growing number of people who, like my father, believed that these men, denounced by the financiers and the politicians in power, were right. Yes, it was necessary to change **everything**, tear everything down and start afresh, get rid of the exploiters.

The English and American financiers, the French-Canadian petty bourgeoisie and the clergy—united by common interests despite their continual wrangling — were asking: "What is happening to our people who have always been so peaceful, so industrious, so profoundly religious (read: resigned), so submissive?" The Catholic Middle Ages and capitalist oppression did not want to die.

There was more and more talk of the approaching war. For some, it was an opportunity for awakening and revolt. For others, the material justification of despair. Most people were disoriented, torn by contradictory feelings and unable to take a position.

It is hard for a people to learn to shake off a long period of disenchantment.

"It's all very well to revolt, but what good does it do?"

The husband, coming home from the factory where the whole day had been filled with the workers' anger against the system, would try to convince his wife. But she, who had spent the whole day alone contemplating the greyness that covered the city—and her life—could not believe in miracles.

"Look," the Québécois Wife would say, "look how wretched we are. Our servitude has become so complicated. There's no cure for it. War is coming. It's going to open up old wounds that are not yet healed and make new ones, even worse ones. Because these days they are much better equipped to spread death and suffering.

"Your friends talk about a new society because they want to take advantage of us.

"No, you're right, I shouldn't have said that.

"But why do they insist on reawakening a hope that will soon be dead and will have done no good? Can your friends prevent the war, depression, misery?

"Once again the flesh of millions of men is going to rot in the mud of battlefields, just as yours goes on turning

black in the sweaty soot of the Angus Shops of the CPR!*

"Our flesh, that has never known the tenderness or the warmth of what I dare not name, is only good these days for sowing the land with blood spilled for nothing. And you think that out of this universal atrocity there can one day come fraternity? You're dreaming, my friend, or else you like to forget reality...."

The Wife felt like crying aloud the anguish she felt as a solitary slave, a disillusioned and exhausted mother-hen.

The Husband, his face hard, his eyes wet, his heart full of kindness and anger, would place his worn hands on the Wife's shoulders.

"That's why I want to fight. You are right to complain. But you are wrong to be resigned."

"I know it won't do any good," she would reply.

"I know it **will** do some good...to somebody...to our children, maybe."

He would drop the discussion and say no more. Impatient as a child getting ready for a party, he would wash his face, his neck, arms, hands, consulting the newspaper the while to check the time and place of the meeting....

The misery created by the system pushed my parents into marriage after a brief acquaintance. This misery did not disappear by virtue of the sacrament. It remained unchanged, heavy, demanding. It separated husband and wife, enclosing them in two different universes. The system shut my father up in the factory and my mother in cramped lodgings.

At the factory, my father had the fraternity of men working together; the work was hard, but there were many of them doing it, and they all wanted to free themselves from it. At home, on the contrary, my mother was alone with the children, and she was always faced with the same drudgery; she was forbidden by tradition from trying to "escape her duty" as a Christian-mother-submissive-to-the-will-of-the-Good-Lord.

If love was there in the beginning, a host of factors very soon forced it out of this world monopolized by the million little worries that poverty engenders. And this was not an exceptional "case." Only priests imagine that love can adapt itself to misery, to a stupefying daily routine, to crass ignorance of the laws and beauties of sexuality, to Jansenism and the dictatorship of capitalism. Only priests can see a kind of paradise in the proletarian hell; and how useful they are then, without knowing it, to capitalism!

When a woman makes love out of a sense of sacred duty and submits to her husband's passion the way a prisoner submits to torture by the military police, how can joy dwell in her? When a man abandons the control of his own destiny to his wife — to please her, or prevent her from making a scene — how can joy dwell in him? And when children grow up in an atmosphere of constant frustration, how can joy reach them?

Sometimes it seemed to me that my father was ashamed of himself, and that my mother was afraid of her own desperate eagerness to preserve present security and ensure it in the future. The more I became aware of this spiritual poverty that went round in a vacuum, the more I said to myself that to accept this state of things was a crime against oneself and against others, and that one had to do **everything** to break the vicious circle of misery.

In the beginning, the absolute evil, the foundation of this authority, seemed to me to be the family. Later, I came to understand that the family — more precisely, the working-class family — was only a product of the condition of the working class, which was itself the product of centuries of exploitation of man by man.

The terrible thing about the working-class family is the function, imposed on it by the present system of renewing and perpetuating the supply of slaves, of **niggers**, of cheap labor to be exploited, alienated and oppressed. And the inhuman

*Montreal is the eastern terminal point of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Angus Shops are its centre for locomotive repair. *(Trans.)*

"The terrible thing about the working-class family is the function of perpetuating the supply of slaves, of niggers, of cheap labor to be exploited, alienated and oppressed . . ."

thing about a working-class childhood is the child's powerlessness to resist the conditioning not only of the system itself but of all the frustrations of the life around him, frustrations that are generated by the capitalist organization of society and that contaminate him even before he becomes aware of their existence.

The children of the bourgeoisie are frustrated too, but not in the same way. The bourgeois child, when he becomes aware of reality, revolts against his parents, and only rarely against his milieu or his class, **which is in power.** The proletarian child too revolts against his parents, but very early his revolt turns against the condition of his class and those who are responsible for that condition.

The revolt of the bourgeois child and adolescent usually remains an individual affair. The revolt of the working-class child and adolescent is, from the outset, a larger problem: first, the son of a proletarian is ashamed of his humiliated class and wants to get out of it; opposed to his entire milieu, he often seeks, through individual success, to be admitted to the middle class even at the risk of betraying his own. But the bourgeoisie can admit to its ranks only a tiny number of "parvenus," for otherwise it might lose control over the exploitation of the working masses.

That is why, in the majority of cases, the revolt of the worker's son changes into class consciousness and an increasingly resolute will to work toward overthrowing the system. Of course the system crushes a great number of them, for it has many methods of oppression, psychological as well as economic, but in the long run the revolt spreads, grows deeper and more lasting, and it is then that the union of all these workers, who are profoundly frustrated but increasingly **conscious,** begins to make the ruling class feel that its days are numbered.

It is therefore very difficult for a member of the working class to "make it" on his own. In order to liberate themselves, the workers must unite to tear down the old order and the old values and to build on their ruins a new order and new values, which will make new men, create a new society and constitute a true humanism, for the first time in history.

Notwithstanding the fact that it remains a social monstrosity, as is clearly expressed in the literature of the 19th and 20th centuries in capitalist countries, the bourgeois family nevertheless retains an economic base that enables even "its" rebels to prosper, to achieve fame and fortune. Gide, Mauriac and Sartre remain bourgeois and privileged members of the system in their very revolt. Even their blasphemy is profitable and can earn them a Nobel Prize! In Quebec the same remark holds good for the Maheus, Chamberlands, Préfontaines et al., who while cursing their families and their class, make enormous profits from so doing.

The worker's son, with rare exceptions, makes no money and achieves no honor or renown by revolting, for the simple economic reason that he does not have the financial means to publicize his revolt and to buy literary prizes, fellowships from the Conseil des Arts and finally a chair at the University. The bourgeois manufacture "shocking" and even pornographic novels for the same reasons that they periodically invent "quiet revolutions": to give themselves progressive airs, to salve their consciences and to create a little "change" from time to time. For even the bourgeois are **bored,** as contemporary novelists bear witness.

If the bourgeois family is a social monstrosity, as is scientifically demonstrated by psychoanalysis, psychology, pedagogy, and contemporary sociology, what term shall we use to characterize the working-class family, which capitalist religion, capitalist education, capitalist ideology (the State) and capitalist economy have constructed on the model of the bourgeois family, while at the same time — by exploiting the labor of the "head of the family" and often of the mother and children — they deprive it of the economic base of the bourgeoisie?

It is an understatement to say that the working-class family is a double or quadruple monstrosity. This "possessing unit" — as Engels calls it — is a hell, a room with no exit, in which the self-destruction of human beings is accomplish-

ed mechanically, like an automatic extension of the exploitation of the worker by his boss, of the farmer by the food trusts, the student by the university of the bankers and pharmacists, the consumer by the department stores and finance companies, the believer by his curé, the patient by his doctor, the accused by his lawyer (the attorney for the "defense"), the journalist by high finance and politics, the entire people by the State, capitalism and imperialism.

When you are only a "kid," what can you do to escape from the room with no exit, the hell of the frustrating conditioning that seeks to demolish you before you have even become a man? And when, as an adolescent, you stand up, with your back already bent by too much effort, are you in any better position to win out?

And when you are a man, how much energy it takes just to **try** to "reverse engines," as the saying goes. How many sacrifices and how much will-power, how many painful years to reach the point where there is nothing left in you of that childhood and adolescence, nothing left of the **nigger**, of the man who was born defeated. And in spite of everything, some part of it always remains, not only in your memory, but in your flesh and bones.

In Vallières' early youth, the family lived in a slum tenement in east-end Montreal, where young Pierre soon learned the laws of the inner city. Although he was a good student, school was a secondary interest. His heart was in the street, where he dreamed he would one day lead his own gang. However, while he was still quite young, his parents joined the post-war wave of migration to Montreal's virgin south shore. His parents, too, had dreams, of escaping the urban rot for promised splendor in Ville Jacques-Cartier. They erected a temporary tar-paper shack, and along with hundreds of others, Vallières' father spent his spare time trying to build a home.

While my father was expanding the house, to make it more liveable, my mother hardly dared invite "the relatives" to visit us. She was so ashamed of "the surroundings", as she said. In spite of the misery that encircled and penetrated his domain, my father was happy to have something to build...even if it was only an extension to this jerry-built shack. But my mother dreaded letting others—city people—see our poverty.

It was as if our entire existence was nothing but a daily obscenity. We had to hide that from people of the big city...

But the people of the big city and the rest of the province soon learned the truth from the newspaper headlines in capital letters reading: "THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT VILLE JACQUES-CARTIER"—"BABIES DYING OF COLD IN COTEAU-ROUGE"—"TERRIBLE POVERTY ACROSS THE BRIDGE"—"A CITY OF SHEET METAL."

We would read these reports with rage in our hearts. What were we **guilty** of? Of having wanted freedom? We had never had it. Painfully, we were trying to achieve it. Why did these newspapers talk about us as if we were barbarians spewed out by Montreal, like bile spewed out by an unhealthy liver?

For some newspapers, which I need not name, we were not men but "the dirty masses" of Ville Jacques-Cartier, the human "scrap" of the biggest garbage dump in the metropolitan area.

After the stories in the newspapers came the "collections," the distributions of food and whatnot, the CHARITY of all the people who had guilty consciences or who simply adored helping the poor. Fortunately, we were not armed; otherwise the Church would have acquired a few more martyrs and the statue manufacturers would have made money.

Everything was increasing: the population, the slums, the publicity, the taxes, the number of unemployed, of sick or crippled children and of unwed mothers, the churches, the thugs, the grocers, the thieves, the murderers, the drunks, the wretched...

Angus Shops, Vickers, Canada Cement, Canadair, etc., were laying off hundreds of workers every week. And each time the unions said it would only be temporary.

Some families converted their sheds into lodgings, moved into them and rented out their shacks, so as to be able to buy enough "baloney" and Weston bread to feed "the little ones." Others sold their houses—because of the taxes—and went off to build others in Saint-Amable or Sainte-Julie, beyond Boucherville.

More than one mother tore her hair in despair, and more than one man thought of stealing, killing or committing suicide. Some set fire to their houses in order to collect the insurance and try to start over again somewhere else. The Established Order declared that henceforth laziness and slovenliness would be forbidden in Ville Jacques-Cartier, that norms would be established, that those who did not meet them would be expelled and that taxes would be raised in order to force the "lazy" (that is, the unemployed) to leave the city.

The underworld, which with the support of Duplessis controlled the city, tried to put up a respectable front and held numerous press conferences announcing reforms such as Quebec had never known. They began to build schools and distribute little gifts to their friends. Overnight, grocers, wrestlers, bandits became "entrepreneurs" and contractors for primary schools, churches and administrative buildings. All this was financed with government subsidies or "Sunday collections"—in other words, with money stolen from the people, with the broad, hypocritical smile of a gentleman-thief.

The purpose of building schools was not to educate children, but to grant "paying" contracts to supporters of the regime. So it was that Duplessis, financed by his friends on Wall Street, created his own class of petty bourgeois, out of the very misery of the workers and farmers of Quebec who, taken in by a cunningly organized system of patronage, voted for him en masse—**against** their true interests and without quite realizing what was going on.

Around 1950, a vast, slow construction project was undertaken to provide a complete system of aqueducts and sewers for "the dirty masses" of Ville Jacques-Cartier. The underworld rubbed its hands at the thought of the enormous profits it was going to reap from this very humanitarian enterprise. They began by raising taxes.

One after another, all the streets of the city were transformed into long trenches eight feet deep, with heaps of earth on either side about six feet high. Paths were improvised between the houses, piles of earth, trenches, sewer pipes, dynamite, steam shovels, etc. The daily dynamiting cracked the walls of the shacks and ruined the wells, which ran dry or filled up with muddy water.

A few public drinking fountains were installed here and there, on the privileged streets, which were served by the aqueduct from the first year on. But after a lightning beginning, the work slowed down. Everywhere there were trenches, unusable wells and mud...mountains of mud. And the work did not progress: lack of funds, people said. But Quebec had put millions into the project. Where had the money gone? The people asked questions while the months and years passed. The work advanced at a snail's pace, a little here, a little there. In winter all the machines fell silent. The long trenches filled up with snow.

Most families had to collect rain water in huge barrels or buy water by the pail every day from a tradesman to whom the city authorities had granted a monopoly on the sale of water. Water cost five cents a pail. Many families, including mine, had to tighten their belts to buy water for cooking, bathing, doing,laundry, etc.

That lasted for years, years during which Duplessis was letting the Americans loot the rich iron deposits of northern Quebec.

The Americans were making billions off **our** iron, Duplessis was making millions off the Americans, the political machine of the Union Nationale was distributing its millions to the supporters and thugs of the regime...and we, poor starving wretches, we had to buy water!

After attending a religious seminary for his secondary education, Vallières took a job in a financial house on St. James Street. He soon quit in disgust, and began mingling with the left-wing intellectuals of the late Duplessis era. A great influence on his early political development was the poet, Gaston Miron. During this period he also became interested in the fledgling radical student movement at the University of Montreal, and established his first contacts with the editors of Cité libre, the leading liberal journal then under the directorship of Gérard Pelletier and Pierre Elliott Trudeau. But in September, 1962, frustrated and bored, he set his sights on Europe and sailed to Paris. He found France just as narrow and stultifying as his homeland; desperate and on the brink of suicide, he decided his real place was in Quebec. When he returned, it was March, 1963; Pelletier was now editor of Montreal's French daily, La Presse, and Cité libre would soon be offered to two of his protégés.

A few days after I came back, the Wolfe Monument was overturned in Quebec City. I immediately said to myself that things had changed in the country of silence and winter.

I began to take hope again.

Gérard Pelletier offered me a job at La Presse and I accepted with joy. I knew nothing about journalism, but it was not long before I felt as much at ease in it as a fish in water. It was at La Presse that I really became politicized, thanks to some older comrades for whom social revolution was still an objective.

The journalistic milieu gave me a better understanding of Quebec society. Political engagement, which was an integral part of my profession, prevented me from letting myself be caught in the trap of comfortable ideologies, good jobs, careerism and the soft life with an easy conscience.

In contrast to the institutionalized forms of dissent which journalists diligently report in the Establishment newspapers, my friends and I were soon involved in less peaceful forms

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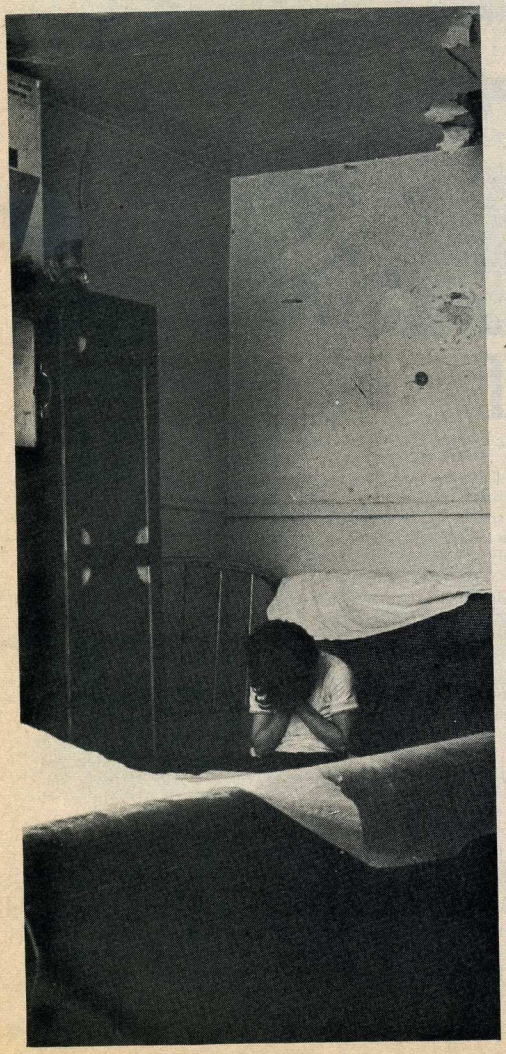
of protest. Which quickly led me from Cité libre to the picket lines, the protests against the war in Vietnam...and the Front de libération du Québec.

I have always felt myself to be, and I have always been, a proletarian. With the spotty cultural background of a self-taught man, I formed the ambition of acting directly on society, outside the established structures, and, together with my brothers in misery, of changing it in accordance with the workers' desire for freedom. You must not expect me to join up like a bourgeois in the club of right-thinking socialists who have only read (so as to be able to quote it to the "hotheads") Left-Wing Communism: an Infantile Disorder.



Am I essentially a rebel? I have no idea.

I am certainly a man who has been flayed alive, like every clear-thinking Québécois. But contrary to what people might think, I have no predisposition for martyrdom or anarchy.

For me prison does not represent a setting aside of political and social engagement. Of course I don't want to rot here too long, although I am learning a great many things which some day will surely be very useful to me in carrying on.

A revolutionary must always be prepared to start over again and to live a life of continual danger. Revolutionary activity is never perfectly safe. When I am willing to make compromises, I will have murdered **our** ideal in my mind and heart. To my friends, I will then be ripe for the cemetery.

When I agreed to take over the editorship of Cité libre, together with Jean Pellerin, I had it in mind to transform the review, which up to that time had served to promote the interests of the liberal bourgeoisie, into a weapon for the Québécois workers. It seemed to me that this was a legitimate ambition and the concrete extension of the defense of the Asbestos insurgents that Pelletier, Trudeau and their friends were so proud of.

But I was counting on a "socialism" that was more apparent than real, a "socialism" that was at most only a demagogic instrument designed to give a progressive image to conservatives who were eager to replace the men currently in power, at the federal as well as the provincial level. Certain "citélibristes" were already taking advantage of the fact that the Liberals had come to power in Quebec; others, including Trudeau and Pelletier, were biding their time, and while the Quebec government became increasingly "autonomist," were getting ready to "save" the Canadian Confederation from the "plague" of French-Canadian nationalism.

At that time I was far from realizing to what extent the traditional staff of Cité libre were linked with the Establishment, although some of my comrades on La Presse (of which Pelletier was editor-in-chief) had undertaken to enlighten me on the subject. Who could have sworn, in 1963, that in Ottawa, Trudeau would become the number one enemy of the French Canadians, that Pelletier would agree to occupy a stall in the federal stable he had so often indignantly denounced, that Marchand would forsake the union movement to ally himself with the official spokesmen of American imperialism: men like Pearson, Martin, Winters, Sharp, Hellyer?

One expected to see such men associated rather with the New Democratic Party. But we were forgetting that at the time of the first convention of the NDP, Marchand was attending an important meeting of the federal Liberals. But even supposing that Trudeau, Pelletier and Marchand had linked up with the NDP, would that have changed their attitude toward Quebec? There are only very slight differences between the federal Liberal Party and the NDP, and there is reason to believe that if one day the New Democrats come to power, they will be as reactionary as their predecessors.

So my plan was to turn Cité libre into a weapon and put it exclusively at the service of the Québécois workers. But Pelletier and Trudeau did not want the review to become separatist. I asked them if they had any objection to its becoming frankly socialist. They told me they had no objection to that. No doubt they thought the socialism I was talking about was the same as theirs: a label.

Was I a separatist? I think so. But not in the manner of Marcel Chaput, for whom separatism must serve the inter-

ests of the French-Canadian petty bourgeoisie. Through socialism I wanted to justify a revolutionary separatism, a working-class separatism, a separatism that would be synonymous with social revolution and not merely with legal independence. Besides, could Trudeau and Pelletier—who in 1962 had refused to let me contribute to the issue on separatism because, they said, I was a "separatist"—not know in 1963 that I was a nationalist? The fact remains that they entrusted me, along with Jean Pellerin, with the editorship of the review...

Trudeau and Pelletier could not believe that the young people whom they had influenced from 1950 to 1960 had become separatist. It was as if they had given birth to a monster. And the young people, for their part, could not get over the fact that their former idols had aged so rapidly. One day some separatists burned Pelletier in effigy in front of the La Presse building. During the first wave of bombings, in 1963, Pelletier received threats against his life. Today in Ottawa, Pelletier and Trudeau cannot understand that they are traitors or that they are serving the imperialist aims of the United States and English Canada. But they are too intelligent to be considered irresponsible. That is why it is impossible not to regard them as traitors. Some day they will have to take all the consequences of this betrayal.

Because of Pelletier, who was afraid of the consequences of expelling us outright, the executive board of Cité libre finally gave me and the new editorial staff a choice between making substantial compromises and "resigning." I resigned in March 1964, together with most of the staff. But to prevent this affair from being kept "in the family," a long press release was sent to the newspapers. The so-called progressivism of Trudeau and Pelletier was further unmasked, and only a few moss-backs were left to keep the review from going under. Cité libre became frankly a review of the "centre left" and ideologically worthless.

In 1964 there were three important events that left their mark on me and taught me unforgettable lessons: first, the fight against Bill 54 (Labor Code, first version), then the long hard strike at La Presse, and finally the convention of the CSN (Confederation of National Trade Unions).

1. The battle against Bill 54 exposed the blind alley into which the leaders of the Québécois workers, with Jean Marchand at their head, had led the French-Canadian union movement. As a delegate from the Syndicat des journalistes de Montréal (SJM), I participated in the impressive assembly of the CSN that took place in Quebec City in the spring of 1964. The union members were ready to march on the Quebec Parliament and unequivocally denounce the anti-labor policy of the Lesage government.

Addressing the assembly, which was vociferously demanding political action, Jean Marchand, then President of the CSN, declared that we must be satisfied with telling the government the union members would not accept Bill 54, and that above all we must not make a "political issue" of it. As if one could oppose a projected law without making it a political issue! From that moment on I understood the collusion between certain union leaders and the men who held political power.

2. The strike at La Presse (June 1964-January 1965) was a rough experience not only for the journalists but for the other employees of the newspaper, who outnumbered the "stars" of the conflict four to one. There again, collusion between Marchand and the Liberal government and the financial circles of the Rue Saint-Jacques was one of the main reasons for the resounding failure of this famous strike. Marchand had no more cause to love the journalists than Monsieur Lesage did—and for the same reasons. The corrupt exercise of power does not thrive on a free and critical press.

So everyone was agreed that it was necessary to break the

"I do not want to be right but to live. Like you, when all is said and done. And that is why the purpose of my ideal and my action is not to prove to you what is true and what is false, but together with you to make a world that is more habitable for me, for you, for us all."

back of the journalists of the most powerful daily in Quebec: the financiers, the government and the CSN (certain of its leaders, I mean). From the first weeks of the conflict, the employees of La Presse felt isolated and defeated. By the time "La Presse libre" appeared, at the initiative of Marcel Pépin, it was already too late. Since most of the journalists and other employees of La Presse were up to their necks in debt, it was easy for the bosses to impose their conditions on the strikers after seven months of lonely strength which had come to seem a "dubious battle" they could not win.

I learned from this experience: (1) that a union must never count on the support of the congress or confederation to which it belongs, even though **under normal circumstances** such support would be provided; (2) that the organization of a strike is of greater practical importance than the negotiations themselves—the mistake made by the journalists at La Presse was to be content to negotiate without bringing pressure to bear on the adversary by demonstrations and reprisals against, for example, the property of the company's administrators.

By negotiating with kid gloves and with respect for bourgeois legality, the strikers at La Presse lost a great deal. Unfortunately, their experience was not unique in Quebec.

Nevertheless, I think the failure of the strike at La Presse woke up many people in the CSN and may have precipitated Marchand's departure...for Ottawa. Furthermore, I am convinced that when the day comes for the employees of La Presse to go on strike again, they will not repeat the unfortunate experience of 1964.

3. In the middle of the strike at La Presse, the convention of the CSN took place in Quebec City. A convention whose outstanding features were: the personality cult of Marchand, timid support for the employees of La Presse, a scathing denunciation of the sectarianism of the FTQ* and a decision to raise the wages of the chaplain and the officers of the CSN. A ton of papers was distributed to the delegates, who hardly had time to figure out what was in them before they were called upon to approve, or slightly amend, the resolutions prepared by the bureau confédéral. The convention was a monumental farce, more like a plebiscite than democracy in action. I came away disgusted.

It was a non-political and even non-union convention. The participants had received no kind of education in political or union affairs. The few delegates who were political to start with were afraid to oppose Marchand and his clique.

***

(By 1965) along with other comrades, I had secretly joined the Front de libération du Québec. We met frequently to lay the foundations of a revolutionary movement that would serve exclusively the exploited of Quebec. This did not mean that we neglected legal action. Far from it. But we always tried to orient such action in the direction of progressive radicalization of worker and student demands.

We thought it useless to work within any of the traditional parties, including the parties of the Left and the RIN.** We were (and still are) convinced that on the ground of electoralism, the battle is always lost for the wage-earners, that is, for the vast majority of the nation. As Duverger would say, every election, organized at the cost of millions of dollars, expresses not so much the real participation of the masses as the means by which they are "legally" excluded from power. The people, who are the "theoretical and fictitious sovereign," are manipulated everytime by the political machines of the parties most favorable to the interests of the local and foreign capitalists.

Within these parties, which function like corporations of shareholders, the little people have no place. How could these parties, which exclude the workers from their ranks, admit them to power? Capitalist democracy is only a farce which, at election time, makes the citizens choose a government that, by its very essence, is beyond their control and represents only the ruling minority. We are told there are "third parties" which oppose the "old parties." To be sure, the third parties oppose the old parties, the way the Liberals oppose the Conservatives, that is, respecting the rules of the game that have been established by the bourgeoisie.

The third parties in Quebec do not oppose the system; they oppose a political clique—not structures, institutions, the economic and social regime and the illusory bourgeois democracy. That is why the workers can hope for nothing from them. When the third parties, like the NDP, seem to be coming closer to power, it is because they are beginning to serve the interests of the financiers. Besides, the closer they come to power, the more conservative and "respectable" they become. The evolution of the NDP is eloquent on this point.

Because in order to take power through elections, one must have a great deal of money; and in order to obtain money, one must give guarantees to the capitalists.

It is not by adding up little reforms that we will succeed in realizing (our) ideal...This ideal—which is also a product of our social activity, of our evolution—seems very far off, vague, even theoretical. But like any ideal, like any objective, it is a working tool, a hypothesis, a hope born of the felt need to **realize** it. And far from being an obstacle to our immediate daily activities, it is indispensable to them, as light is indispensable to a man descending into the depths of a mine. This ideal was not born spontaneously in the mind of a single unparalleled genius. It is a weapon, a tool, an implement forged by conscious men with a view to finding the road to the creation of a better world, in which every man and every human collectivity can flower.

I cannot conceive of conscious and effective revolutionary activity which does not have a clearly perceived end in view (an end that is, in fact, only the beginning of something else), and which does not at the same time—start-

*Fédération des travailleurs du Québec—Quebec Federation of Labor (CLC).

**Rassemblement pour l'indépendance nationale, one of the forerunners of the Parti Québecois.

ing **now,** from day to day, even within actions that are seemingly insignificant — attempt to integrate individuals and their problems etc. into an ever broader community of common interests.

In short, a "utopia" is necessary for the emergence of class consciousness and collective revolutionary action. But this "utopia" is not a divine revelation but the material and theoretical product of human needs felt by men, one of whose most fundamental characteristics is the **hope,** the **will** for "more," for progress, for an ever greater measure of freedom, happiness, creativity and joy.

These are ideas to which the men of today are as responsive as were the men of yesterday. And personally, I find it difficult to conceive that men — that is, the vast majority of them — will one day renounce their need to create, to love, to live in happiness and complete freedom. I do not know **why** men exist, love, suffer and do not want to die. But I know that they exist and that, everywhere and in everything, they seek to fufill themselves as **persons,** through fraternity, love, solidarity and so on. The system under which we live has invented a multitude of obstacles (economic, psychic etc.) to the fulfillment of this need, or these needs, which everyday observation leads us to believe are fundamental for men.

Perhaps I am wrong to believe in these things? But have you yourselves ever felt you were to blame for loving and wanting to be free?

To my way of thinking, the danger for humanity — and this danger seems to me to be "complementary" to the level of consciousness that men have now reached — is that it may cease to believe in itself. But that is not a new phenomenon. Every great historic change has been accomplished in fear, risk and anxiety, which I think are inseparable from hope, the will to power and revolutionary action itself. And every revolution is made of thousands and millions (soon billions) of human lives composed of emotions, feelings of joy or sorrow, of hopes, disappointments and fresh starts, of fear, courage, consciousness and unconsciousness. And in my opinion, any revolutionary action which does not have as its objective the realization of the material conditions (including the "intellectual" conditions) that can enable each and every man to assert himself as an individual — and to do so from the outset of the revolutionary action — is not worth undertaking.

Oh, I can hear you muttering: "More dreams that are impossible to realize. We were born to suffer and die, etc." But how can you be sure that we were born for what you say? God has told you so and the curés tell you so. But what does that prove?

I do not want to **be right** but to **live.** Like you, when all is said and done. And that is why the purpose of my ideal and my action is not to prove to you what is true and what is false, but together with you to make a world that is more habitable for me, for you, for us all. The important thing is not to be right metaphysically but to overcome everything that oppresses us, to overcome first the forces that we consciously know are crushing us, hemming us in, suffocating us, so as to be able afterward to overcome and tame the forces of nature that are acting on us without our yet really knowing how. Individually we can do nothing, but **together** we can realize our dreams, which will in turn give birth to other dreams in the generations that follow us.

Nothing has begun with us and nothing will end with us, unless it be our individual existence. And even if some day individuals succeeded in overcoming death, that would only be the beginning of a new era, a new history, also made of "revolutions." Will there come a day when life can evolve without death?

Now I've launched into some pretty profound reflections, into questions which neither you nor I can answer, but which remain. I should like to get rid of all these questions. But it seems to me that if I did, I would quickly change into an apathetic clod, moved at most, from time to time, by transitory adventures, superficial and soon forgotten.

My dreams are "measureless," and yet I am an ordinary man, I think. I cannot "live my life" without working to make the revolution, and it seems to me that it is pretty much the same for you. It is not a question of playing at being heroes — besides, who can do that, in the era of the atomic bomb and the agonizing war in Vietnam? — but of getting **together** to build a new world in which ordinary men, like you and me, will no longer be the **niggers** of the millionaires, the warmongers and the preachers of passivity, but will be free at last to subject the world to their "whims": love, scientific curiosity, creation...in solidarity and equality, in modesty and pride.

Excerpted from Nègres blancs d'Amérique, by Pierre Vallières. Copyright, Ottawa, 1968, by Editions Parti Pris. English translation copyright 1970 by Monthly Review Press, Inc. Accompanying photographs by Photocell.

These excerpts were originally chosen for this issue well before the events of October, and included two further sections totalling about a half page in length. We were advised that, in view of the arbitrary nature of police action at the present time, it would be prudent to omit these sections. While we would have preferred to print the sections, we did not feel that they warranted jeopardizing the entire magazine.

A complete English translation of the book will be published by Monthly Review Press in January.

With a pile of RCMP photos as evidence, Chief Justice Gordon Cowan of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court convicted forty-five fishermen from the small villages of Mulgrave, Canso, and Petit de Grat of illegal picketing. The men received sentences of twenty days, thirty days, and more: Everett Richardson, circled at left, was sentenced to nine months in jail.

It was June, 1970, and the men had been on strike for three months—on strike against the fish-packing companies that were forcing them to work under inhuman conditions, paying them 1930s wages, and denying them their union. The strike was hard, but the blow that had just been dealt them by Judge Cowan was harder still.

But with the support of other Nova Scotia workers, they survived it, forced the release of the jailed men, and held out for another four months. Now the boats are back out again, and the men are working under a collective agreement—much less than they wanted, but the first collective agreement most of them have ever known.

The fishermen's strike is over, but their struggle has only just begun.

by ROBERT CHODOS

THE FIRST STRIKE

'I'm hungry. My father is a fisherman. He is in jail for picketing. Please help.'

Seen from the growing industrial complex around Port Hawkesbury just across the Straits of Canso, the village of Mulgrave, N.S. looks as if it came from another era.

The north end of town is dominated by an ancient Acadia Fisheries Ltd. dock and processing plant. A few stores and a one-time Canadian National Railways wharf now used by Shell Oil at the south end are the only other signs of commercial activity.

The town's ramshackle wooden houses climb a gentle hill, stretching back a half-mile or so from the shore, and your eye will immediately pick out the few new buildings—a Roman Catholic church built about ten years ago, a new high school up the hill from the CNR wharf, a suburban-style bungalow belonging to the Acadia Fisheries manager. You might also notice the traditional, white, wooden Anglican church, or the former schoolhouse, an old, red, wooden, barn-like building near the Acadia plant.

Like Canso, fifty miles to the south on Chedabucto Bay, where Acadia has another, newer plant, like Petit de Grat, wrapped around an arm of the sea in the shadow of a Booth Fisheries Ltd. plant on a small island off the south-western tip of Cape Breton, and like most of the province's other fishing communities, Mulgrave is characteristically quiet.

But when Jim Allen, a Nova Scotia organizer for the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union, arrived there on a routine visit one day early in April, he found Mulgrave alive with excitement. Crewmen on Acadia-owned trawlers coming into port were being asked what was for many of them the most important question of their lives: did they favor going on strike, for recognition of the UFAWU and for a collective agreement with the company?

Almost unanimously, they were answering 'yes'. And at Canso and Petit de Grat, the same thing was happening.

Allen quickly telephoned UFAWU president Homer Stevens in Vancouver. "Homer, I think there's a strike here," he blurted.

"You'd better find out if there's a strike," Stevens replied.

There was indeed a strike, the first major walkout by Nova Scotia fishermen since an organizing attempt by the Canadian Fishermen's Union had been smashed more than twenty years earlier. It had grown out of the harsh refusal by Booth and Acadia to discuss conditions with the fishermen, and out of three years of organizing work by the UFAWU. It was to develop into one of the bitterest labor disputes in recent Nova Scotia history and bring Nova Scotia workers to the verge of a general strike.

It would be seven months before the fishermen would go out on the boats again, this time with a collective agreement. And the key issue of the fishermen's right to the union of their choice remains unsettled even now. And they may have to strike again to settle it.

From the time the first UFAWU organizers had come into Nova Scotia in 1967, the fishermen had been learning that the road to unionization, collective bargaining rights, and a decent living would not be an easy one. UFAWU people from British Columbia told them about the hardships the early trade unionists there had had to put up with, the strikes and struggles that had begun at the turn of the century and continued to the present day.

These hardships were part of their own history too. The Halifax strike of 1947 had lasted several months and been broken by the companies with the help of the courts and the Liberal Nova Scotia government of Angus L. Macdonald.

The Canadian Fishermen's Union had applied for certification on trawler vessels and been granted it by the Nova Scotia Labor Relations Board, but the companies challenged that certification in the courts and succeeded in having it overturned. The fishermen went on strike to defend their union. As the result of the court decision and legislation passed during the strike, fishermen were excluded from the Nova Scotia Trade Union Act and classed instead as 'co-adventurers', without the right to bargain collectively.

The fishermen had been dealt a heavy and lasting blow. The companies managed to get the boats, manned by strike-breakers, back out to sea. Fishermen who had participated in the strike were blacklisted from the industry.

Under the new legislation, effective organization was prevented; repeated attempts to challenge the companies through 'federations' under the constricting framework of the Fishermen's Federation Act, in the books since the 1920s, all came to naught.

In 1966, a young government archeologist named Jeremy Akerman (now Nova Scotia leader of the New Democratic Party) began to look into fishermen's problems while working at Louisbourg on Cape Breton; he ended up organizing the Louisbourg and District Fishermen's Association. Meanwhile, the UFAWU had become interested in organizing Nova Scotia fishermen, and the Louisbourg Association became its first local. It was the first fishermen's trade union local in the province in twenty years. The UFAWU was soon active in Halifax, Lunenburg, and other fishing ports as well.

The 235 fishermen in Mulgrave, Canso, and Petit de Grat were dealing with companies that had a particular reputation for harshness and intransigence. Union locals had been set up but there was no progress toward bargaining rights or better conditions.

In December, 1969, the fishermen began to hold meetings to draw up the details of what they would like to see in a union contract, and in February they approached the companies to talk about an agreement. The companies at first refused outright to meet them, then hedged, saying that they would have to consult their head offices.

In late March, the fishermen came back to try to initiate a more serious discussion. Booth Fisheries manager Earl Lewis told them, "I'm not going to

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talk about it; I'm not going to admit in any way, shape, or form that you have a union or have a right to talk to me about conditions." When the fishermen asked why not, his reply was "no spika da English."

Over at Acadia Fisheries, manager A.L. Cadegan told them, "You know there's another way if you want to do it. Go ahead and tie up the boats." The fishermen realized that they would have to do exactly that, and the strike votes were taken, boat by boat as they came in.

When he heard about the strike, Homer Stevens flew immediately to Nova Scotia, and has been shuttling between the two coasts ever since.

The fishermen began organizing picket lines and other mechanics of a strike. The old Mulgrave schoolhouse, now a union hall, became strike headquarters.

The companies, and their head offices in Chicago, Ill., and London, England, sat tight, confident of their power.

On an Acadia trawler fishing in Georgia Bay, off Newfoundland, third hand Ray Cooper was in the wheelhouse—he was not supposed to be there, since only mates and skippers are allowed in the wheelhouse during fishing—when he overheard the skipper tell the shore captain that there was a strike on. Cooper quickly told the rest of the crew, and the men discussed what action they should take. When the boat landed at Mulgrave six days later, fifteen men of the sixteen-man crew voted to strike.

In Arichat, a couple of miles up the road from Petit de Grat, Anglican Rev. Cal Macmillan wondered what he should do. His sympathies lay with the fishermen, but as a rector he felt he should serve his entire congregation, union men and company men alike.

In the Halifax suburb of Sackville, another Anglican rector, Rev. Ron Parsons, watched the events in the Straits area with more than academic interest. Dissatisfied with the smugness of his suburban parish (where he had unsuccessfully tried to organize a home-owners' union), he had approached Rev. W.W. Davis, Bishop of Nova Scotia, a couple of months earlier to discuss a new posting. They had decided on Canso. Father Parsons was to take up his new position in May.

Fourteen days after the first strike vote began in Petit de Grat, all the boats were tied up in the three ports. But for more than a month the strike was quiet, and attracted little notice.

"Everything had been going against the fishermen. Some men were in jail; the rest were expecting to go to jail. The wives were on the picket lines, expecting to go to jail after their husbands, expecting to have their children taken away. Then suddenly the whole thing turned completely."

—Lloyd MacDonald, electrical worker from Mulgrave

The first serious incident occurred May 11, when Acadia Fisheries tried to run fish through the picket line at Canso. With the help of Royal Canadian Mounted Police officers, Acadia assistant manager Claude Bennett and non-union truck drivers rammed a truck through the line and headed north. The fishermen telephoned the men at Mulgrave and told them what had happened, and in an instant a couple of cars full of fishermen were speeding down from Mulgrave to try to stop the truck on the open highway.

They met the truck at Guysborough, thirty miles out of Canso, where it had stopped for gas. The fishermen got out of their cars and stood around the truck, until the Mounties told them to get out of the way.

They did, but five of them were quickly arrested and taken to Guysborough Jail. They were held there without charge for twenty-three and a half hours, and then charged with such things as illegal parking and mischief.

Ray Cooper had inadvertantly left his keys in his car after moving it as instructed by a Mountie. Then he had noticed the Mountie locking his car and walking off with the keys, and had gone over and demanded the keys back. He was charged with obstructing an officer and illegal parking.

The next afternoon, the men were found guilty and sentencing postponed for a week. Five months later, the men still have not been sentenced.

Incidents between picketers and company men became more frequent. Claude Bennett's attempts to get through the picket line were often the cause; on one such occasion, women on the picket line stripped him and beat him with fishing line.

The companies also kept trying to get shore workers in the fish plants, members of the Canadian Seafood Workers' Union, to cross the picket line. But despite encouragement from the RCMP, who promised them protection if they went through the line, the shore workers refused to scab.

Another RCMP project was photographing the men on the picket lines. Mounties would come over to fishermen and ask if they could take their pictures; the fishermen would say "sure," unaware of what the photographs were for.

They soon found out what they were for. On June 4, an injunction against picketing at the three plants was handed down by Judge D.J. Gillis of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court. The fishermen held a meeting and decided to defy the injunction: they would keep up the picket line and risk jail sentences. The summonses started coming on June 13, and by the time they stopped forty-five fishermen had been charged with contempt of court for picketing.

On June 19 in Halifax, Nova Scotia

Chief Justice Gordon Cowan handed out sentences of twenty and thirty days to twelve fishermen from Mulgrave. The fishermen laughed as the sentences were pronounced.

On June 22, three days later, the fishermen from Canso came to trial. When Cowan sentenced Everett Richardson to twenty days, Richardson replied "twenty days or twenty years?" Cowan, angry that the fishermen were not taking his sentences seriously, promptly increased the term to nine months.

Meanwhile, the picket lines at Mulgrave, Canso, and Petit de Grat were being maintained in the face of the injunctions. Fishermen who had not received summonses remained on picket duty, and they were joined by local supporters, members of the New Democratic Youth from Halifax who had been helping the strikers, and some of the fishermen's wives and children, who had appeared irregularly on the picket line all along.

In Halifax, outside the courtroom where their husbands were on trial, the wives of the Mulgrave fishermen held a meeting of their own. They decided that the strike, important enough to their husbands that they were happily going to jail for it, was important to them too. They would organize themselves into picket watches while the men were away, and risk following them into jail.

During the next week, the leadership of the strike was largely in the hands of the women. Besides keeping up the picket line at Mulgrave, they took their children across the Straits to Point Hawkesbury and Point Tupper and talked to workers at construction sites there.

They explained that the crime for which their husbands were in jail was picketing. The children were equipped with such signs as "I'm hungry. My father is a fisherman. He is in jail for picketing. Please help."

The 2500 construction workers, who did not need much coaxing, walked off their jobs in sympathy with the imprisoned fishermen. Hundreds of them came over to Mulgrave and Petit de Grat to serve on the picket lines. They stated they would not go back to work until the fishermen were released from jail.

Instead of breaking the fishermen, Judge Cowan's actions were only bringing out support for them. On June 23, the day after Everett Richardson was sentenced, 3,000 miners in Cape Breton went on strike. Construction workers in Halifax and Sydney walked out as well. And the fishermen's picket lines were being maintained by striking construction workers from Point Tupper.

The Nova Scotia Federation of Labor called on all working people to "act now to free the fishermen and force the companies to the bargaining table." It accused attorney-general R.A. Donahoe, whose department had issued and acted on the injunctions, of "an open bias against all working Nova Scotians, in favor of foreign corporations who are exploiting our natural resources and who have clearly indicated their total irresponsibility to the people of this province."

NDP leader Akerman said the sentencing of Richardson showed "a jurisprudence reminiscent of nineteenth-century repression." The NDY said that "what started as a fight for recognition of the UFAWU has now become a fight for the entire working class of Nova Scotia." Even Anglican Bishop Davis issued a statement in which he "deeply regretted" the jailing of the fishermen.

In the three fishing villages, the atmosphere changed overnight. Support was flowing in from everywhere. The fishermen were confident that the men would be released from jail and the strike would be quickly settled.

Thursday evening, fishermen from Petit de Grat and their supporters rode to Halifax for their trials. On the bus the fishermen sang and joked. When they arrived at the Shipfitters' Union hall in Halifax, still in high spirits, people around the hall wondered who they were.

"They're the fishermen," someone said. "They've come to go to jail tomorrow."

"Well what in Christ are they so happy about if they're going to jail tomorrow!"

They were prepared to go to jail, but in the end they did not have to. Their trials were put off until October 27, and the men from Canso and Mulgrave already in jail were released, and further hearings in their cases put off until October 27 as well. The show of support had succeeded.

On Monday, the construction workers and the miners went back to work. The men who had been in jail had signed papers before they were released promising not to go back on the picket lines, so the lines were kept up by the women, the other fishermen and supporters.

The women, with their new-found realization that they could organize themselves, get together, and do things, were not about to give up their independence just because the men had returned. Many of them now expected their husbands to stay home and mind the kids while they served on the picket line.

HOMER STEVENS

Some of the men realized that the initiatives the women had taken were a major reason they had got out of jail, but others began to fear what was happening and felt it had to be stopped. In the two weeks after the men came home, relations between men and women became hostile and tense. Disputes between husbands and wives were common. Finally, many of the men ordered their wives not to go on the picket line, and the women's participation in the strike died away.

The jubilation of a couple of weeks earlier had given way to a new mood of disappointment.

The picket lines had thinned out. The women's gains in self-confidence and organization had been dissipated, although not completely lost. And most important, the companies had still not sat down to the bargaining table. As the strike entered its fourth month, no end to it was in sight.

The fishermen, used to hardships all their lives, would undergo them for a while longer.

"The company'll steal your fish, they'll take everything you got onto you, and the same fish that they're taking and marking down for fish meal they'll sell for the best kind of prices in the States."

—Reg Carter

When Reg Carter, then seventeen, left his home in Port aux Basques, Nfld., nine years ago, he spent a year fishing in Nova Scotia and then joined the stream of people from the Atlantic provinces heading for southern Ontario. Soon he had a $120-a-week job in a Massey-Ferguson plant, an apartment, and a rich girl-friend. At the end of eleven months, he was offered a promotion and a $20 raise.

He had a two-week vacation coming to him before the promotion took effect, and so Carter headed for a visit home. But he ended up in Halifax, drunk and broke. He never made it to Port aux Basques, never went back to southern Ontario, and has been fishing out of Mulgrave ever since.

"Sometimes I think I was stupid to give that all up," he says, but he would not really want to be working anywhere else. What he does want is decent conditions where he is working now.

Ray Cooper, from Trinity Bay, Nfld., has never known the $3-an-hour, paid-vacations, forty-hour-week-with-time-and-a-half-for-overtime life that people think of as something Canadian workers have already won.

He worked on freight boats a few years back—"that's much worse than fishing"—and then began fishing out of Mulgrave. If you mention the forty-hour week to him he smiles and says, "we're a long way from that in this country."

While he is on a trip, Cooper works a minimum of sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. Eight hours on deck, four below, eight on deck, four below. "And you work eight hours; not just four or five, but all the time you're up."

The four hours off, on the other hand, include mealtimes, "and when you finally do get below, you usually can't sleep. You've been working on the fish eight hours, without even stopping for a cigarette, and you're too tired to sleep. If you get to sleep, you have to get up right away. You never see eight hours' sleep in a day—never.

"I'll tell you about one trip, the second-to-last trip in March. One night we shot away at twelve o'clock, took back at one o'clock. There was 60,000 fish. We put that down in the tank; that's what the tank holds. We shot away again, and hauled back 70,000 fish. That gave us 130,000 in two tows. We had fish on deck, a trawl on deck, and we couldn't shoot away. We worked at that three hours, and we had some of the fish cleared off the deck, so we could shoot away. We shot away, came back, and there was 60,000 fish again.

"It was like that for three days, with no sleep. We never went below, not for five minutes. And all the time the temperature was somewhere around fifteen degrees below zero."

Medical services on board are nonexistent. "Gerald Collins lost three fingers on board and they did his hand up with a dirty rag," Reg Carter says. According to another fisherman, "Eric Fitzpatrick got his leg broke and they wouldn't bring him home; they kept him out at sea with his leg broke."

A trip is about twelve days long, and then there are two days on shore before you have to go out again. "Sometimes it's not even that," Ray Cooper says. "Sometimes you come in Monday morning and have to leave again Tuesday afternoon.

"And if we land at Canso, say we land at Canso at 7 o'clock, we don't get home to Mulgrave until maybe 10, maybe 11 o'clock. We're all on the bus, and we have to wait for the mate to do something, wait for the skipper to do something else. The bus driver wouldn't wait for the crew, but he waits for the skipper and the mate."

The men get their pay cheques for a trip about an hour before they are scheduled to go out on the next one. At Acadia, the pay cheque is calculated on the basis of a small wage—$4 for a deck hand, $5 for a third hand, and so on up to $10 for the skipper—plus a payment based on a 30 per cent share of the catch, at prices ranging from about three cents a pound for redfish to ten cents a pound for the best haddock. At Booth, the share is 37 per cent, but there is no wage. It is this share method of payment that is the basis of the companies' claim that the fishermen are 'co-adventurers'.

How the share is calculated is one of the fishermen's main grievances. The only explanation of his pay that a fisherman gets is a small yellow slip telling how much of it is wage, how much is share, and what was deducted. "They tell us that most of the fish is second-class fish," says Reg Carter, "and that's why we're getting so little for it. But when they sell it there's only one class of fish.

"The fish that they're paying us five and ten cents for, they're selling in the States for eighty cents or a dollar ten. Then Acadia tells us that they're not making any money, and they say they've got figures to prove it. But in those figures, they use the prices they're paying **us** for the fish, and we know those aren't the prices they're selling it for. They expect us to believe that, they think we're just dumb Newfoundlanders. But we're not so dumb."

A fishermen's pay for a trip varies widely depending on how good the catch was; on one twelve-day trip last October, Carter made $137.58, and that's not unusual. Working twelve months last year, as a deck hand, he made about $2,600; Ray Cooper, working as a third hand, made $3,400 for eleven months.

Out of this fishermen pay for their own grub, buy their own gear, and try to live and, in most cases, support a wife and children. "And we can't buy our grub our own self," Ray Cooper says. "We have to go to whatever store the company sends us. Even if we can get meat for eighty cents a pound somewhere else, and we have to pay a dollar a pound where the company sends us, we have to go there. And if we go up to the office and say 'the grub bill's too high,' we're blacklisted."

Blacklisting is the companies' ultimate weapon, and they use it frequently and harshly. There are many different reasons for blacklisting, but most of

them have to do with challenging company orders. If a fisherman asks any questions about his pay, he is told to mind his own business. If he persists, he is blacklisted.

Skipper Reg Miles was blacklisted for similar reasons. The company brought in ninety Portuguese a few years ago to work at even lower wages than the Newfoundlanders. When they wanted to put six Portuguese on Miles' boat, he balked—"I don't have anything against them—I don't want you to write anything against the Portuguese—but they don't speak English and it makes it very hard, especially if there are six of them on board." Miles refused to sail. The company told him he didn't have to sail: he was blacklisted.

But often men are blacklisted on what appears to be the whim of the company. One cook was blacklisted for six months for forgetting to order milk. Gerry Fitzpatrick's blacklisting occurred when he was accused of breaking a jar of mustard pickles on board.

When a fisherman is blacklisted, he can't work for the company for the period of time specified. A man might be blacklisted for as little as three months, but Gerry Fitzpatrick's term was the usual one—ninety-nine years.

"If you're blacklisted, you've got to find part-time work," Ray Cooper says, "and you can't find that around Mulgrave. You've got to go to Halifax, or maybe Prince Edward Island to work, and that's a long way from home. You've got your family here in Mulgrave, and you want to be handy to home, so you just sit around the house."

Ordinarily, however, a fisherman will spend very little time at home, and his wife has to get along by herself. There are few jobs for women in Mulgrave—working in the fish plant, being a waitress—and most of the women have to stay home with their children anyway.

While her husband is away, a fisherman's wife will mind the kids, clean the house, play cards with the neighbors, watch the heavily-mortgaged television set. It's a lonely existence. "When Ray comes home, we have to squeeze two weeks into two days," Christina Cooper says. And many of the men, with no other outlet, spend their two days on shore drinking in the Canadian Legion hall instead of with the families they never get to know.

In Mulgrave and Petit de Grat, all the fishermen work on the company trawlers, but in Canso, many of them own their own small boats and sell fish to the company. These 'inshore fishermen', however, are just as dependent on the company as the trawlermen, and they have been just as active in union work and in the strike.

As a result of changes in the fishing industry, the inshore fishermen's situation is a particularly precarious one. With the help of generous long-term federal and provincial government loans, the companies are building large, modern trawl fleets, plants, and ports, and the inshore fishermen are being squeezed out.

"The inshore fishermen are being forced to the wall," says Homer Stevens, "in just about as vicious a way as the Enclosure Acts were used to take people off the land in Britain and stick them into factories and into the slums of London and Manchester.

"The whole question is whether the fishermen get anything out of this modernization, except more misery, more boats being overturned on the high seas because of ice conditions, extremely low living standards on the boats that are sent out with all this modern equipment paid for with public funds (both Booth and Acadia have received hefty federal grants for new trawlers), and the complete uprooting of fishermen's communities without any real plan and without them having any say in it."

"My personal attitude towards injunctions, contempt proceedings, etc., would best be described as 'militantly contemptuous' of the false façade of 'impartial justice' which fails to hide the harsh class (justice?) which prevails. Someday labor will rouse itself, establish its own government, courts, and real justice. Then the phony judges can clean shit and write their biographies."

—Homer Stevens,
in a brief autobiography
written in prison, 1968

When the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union first began to work with fishermen in Nova Scotia in 1967, it could look back to a history of more than seventy years of organizing on the west coast.

Unionism in the salmon-fishing industry in British Columbia dates back almost to the beginnings of the industry itself on a commercial basis at the end of the last century. In 1900 and 1901, there was a series of bloody strikes, and at one point the government brought the 'sockeye soldiers'—members of the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry—into Steveston to help strikebreakers.

"This was in the days prior to the use of injunctions," says Homer Stevens. "They just used the power of the state openly."

The early unions had virtually all been smashed by World War I, but they began to rebuild in the 1920s and by the thirties had gained a certain amount of power and strength. However, the unions were all fairly small—there was one union of shore-plant workers, one of herring fishermen, one of halibut fishermen, and several different unions of salmon fishermen based on different types of gear being used.

The process of merger began in the early forties, and by 1945 the unions had all come together to form the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union, affiliated with the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada.

Like its predecessor unions, the UFAWU won contracts on the basis of 'voluntary recognition'—company recognition of the union's strength—since the fishermen's right to bargain collectively had no legal basis.

The union helped gain Workmen's Compensation and Unemployment Insurance coverage for fishermen. In the mid-fifties, it successfully fought an attempt by the government to declare it illegal under the Combines Investigation Act, which had been passed originally to protect the consumer from collusion among large corporations (since fishermen are not employees, a fishermen's union is not a trade union but an illegal combine—or so the government's reasoning went).

Under its banner, B.C. fishermen conducted major strikes; the most recent one was in 1967. That strike, largely won by the fishermen, led to prison terms for defying an injunction for then president Steve Stavenes and secretary-treasurer Homer Stevens, a lawsuit by the companies and, this past summer, a $107,000 judgment against the union by Mr. Justice Gordon Rae of the British Columbia Supreme Court. Mr. Justice Rae based his opinion that the strike was illegal on the 1947 judgment of the Nova Scotia Supreme Court that fishermen were co-adventurers.

Over the years, the UFAWU acquired a reputation as a strong, militant union, tending toward the left wing of the labor movement. "Now, it's not communist," Stevens says. "As a communist I might say, 'I wish it were.' " As the atmosphere of the Cold War and the McCarthy era swept the labor movement in the early fifties, many left-leaning unions

On a question such as this there was no neutrality, you were either for the fishermen or for the companies.

were purged; the UFAWU was among them.

In 1953, the UFAWU newspaper *The Fisherman* published an editorial condemning the raiding of the Civic Outside Workers' Union in Vancouver, which had been expelled from the Congress a year earlier for failing to get rid of its communist leadership, by a TLC-supported group. The editorial said that this sort of thing would continue to happen as long as there were unprincipled people in the leadership of the labor movement.

The TLC executive demanded a retraction of the editorial. When the editor of *The Fisherman* refused to retract, the executive suspended the UFAWU from the TLC for not carrying out Congress policy. The suspension was upheld at the 1954 TLC convention in Regina.

There were, of course, other reasons than the editorial for the suspension of the UFAWU. George Hewison, a UFAWU organizer from Prince Rupert, B.C., says that the real issue was control of the union by the rank-and-file, which could not be tolerated by the men at the top in Ottawa.

Hewison also thinks that the TLC executive wanted to pave the way for raiding of the UFAWU by the Seafarers' International Union, which had been brought into Canada by the federal government to smash the left-wing Canadian Seamen's Union (the Canadian Fishermen's Union, which carried out the 1947 attempt to organize fishermen in Nova Scotia, was affiliated with the CSU).

The UFAWU underwent a long period of conflict with the SIU, but it survived and, more recently, has received support from the Seafarers.

In 1956, the TLC merged with the Canadian Congress of Labor to form the Canadian Labor Congress, parallelling the merger of the AF of L and the CIO in the United States. The UFAWU applied to join the CLC, and that application has stood before the Congress ever since, without being accepted and without being flatly rejected.

In recent years, the CLC executive has taken the position that the UFAWU can only come into the Congress by merger with an existing affiliate, on the grounds of encouraging larger and stronger unions. It has suggested the Canadian Food and Allied Workers' Union, Canadian branch of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, as the most likely union to merge with, and there have even been preliminary talks between the CFAWU and the UFAWU. "If anyone saw the terms Homer Stevens was offered, he would be amazed that he turned them down," says Jean Beaudry, executive vice-president of the CLC.

"The basic question is not really refusal or acceptance of a merger proposition," Stevens replies. "The merger proposition didn't even come about until after our application was made. If there's to be discussion of merger, on the basis of building bigger, stronger, more effective unions, then we should have the right to discuss that as equals, and not be in an unequal position where the Congress is saying to us 'you can only come into the Congress that way.' If the Congress is serious about building bigger, better, more powerful unions, which it should be, there shouldn't be any inequality about it at all.

"They have a tremendous field to work in. There are over a hundred affiliates, where they are talking about narrowing it down to perhaps eighteen or twenty. We don't see that as a process of shotgun marriages. We see it as a process of equals sitting down to discuss, within the framework of the need of the workers involved, the kind of structures they want, structures that are suitable to local conditions. It can't be forced."

At the 1970 CLC convention in Edmonton, delegates voted by a two-to-one margin against direct UFAWU affiliation and supported instead a resolution submitted by the CLC executive that the Congress "pursue vigorously its attempts to effect the entry of the UFAWU into the Congress by merger with the CFAWU." Although CLC president Donald MacDonald's tirade against the UFAWU, delivered after the vote was taken, as a "sinister element" trying to "pervert" the labor movement received most of the press coverage, there was substantial support for direct UFAWU affiliation, particularly among British Columbia delegates.

Meanwhile, the UFAWU had expanded beyond its west-coast base. Motivated by the fact that no one else had tried to organize Maritime fishermen in twenty years, and also by the increasing number of west-coast fishermen going to fish on the east coast, the union in 1966 sent a team of four organizers to investigate possibilities in the four Atlantic provinces and the Gaspé region of Québec.

They decided that Nova Scotia, where the shore-plant workers were already organized in the Canadian Seafood Workers' Union and the labor movement as a whole would be most likely to provide support, offered the best opportunities for organizing fishermen and the best chance of success in an eventual conflict.

"Our organizers found that fishermen by the thousands felt they needed and wanted a union," Stevens says. "But there were several things they had to contend with. One was a considerable amount of despair and pessimism about the possibilities of organizing actually being effective. On the other hand, many fishermen had the attitude that all they had to do was put their names on an application card and all of a sudden there would be contracts and all sorts of benefits; I don't know how many speeches we made saying that this was going to be a struggle and they were going to have to be involved in it and carry the main burden of it.

"And we also had to overcome the stigma that had been attached to our union, not only by the companies but by the press and people in some of the church groupings and other institutions as well."

"If the Church and the federal and provincial governments support this union, then the strike is over and Acadia Fisheries will acept it. Of our own volition, however, the Company regrets very much that it cannot in all conscience and alone take the responsibility of introducing such a union to Nova Scotia."

—F.C. Burton, director of Acadia Fisheries, in a letter to Anglican Bishop Davis

In one advertisement run in Nova Scotia newspapers early in the strike, Acadia Fisheries Ltd. described itself as "a small company, owned by an old English family business, still run by one family.

"In Mulgrave and Canso," the ad went on, "Acadia Fisheries is in the

Photo courtesy of **The Fisherman**

hands of good Canadian citizens with a deep respect for Canadian law and order and concern for the welfare of the communities they live in."

But in fact Acadia, through Boston Deep Sea Fisheries, the English company which owns it, is connected to the Grimsby Group, a giant British consortium. Like so many other small companies, Acadia is the local arm of a large multinational corporate structure.

Booth Fisheries is a part of the U.S.-based Consolidated Foods empire, which in 1969 had sales of more than a billion dollars. Consolidated Foods operates restaurants and retail stores, manufactures chemicals, draperies, rubber stamps, hospital equipment, vacuum cleaners, women's underwear, Early American furniture, and all manner of foods, mostly in the U.S. and Canada.

Sara Lee, Popsicle, Chicken Delight, Electrolux, Fuller Brush, and Wonder Bra are some of its better-known brand names. Booth itself has plants in Newfoundland, western Canada, the United States, and Mexico as well as Petit de Grat.

But to single out Booth and Acadia is, in a sense, to miss the point, for the strike is not being waged by them alone.

It is being waged by the whole fish-processing industry and its allies, the Nova Scotia elite that Homer Stevens calls the "codfish aristocracy." The former Nova Scotia government, headed by Conservative premier Isaac Smith, is part of that élite, and so is the new Liberal government of Gerald Regan. Part of it too is the *Halifax Chronicle-Herald*, the province's largest newspaper, which has treated the strike so one-sidedly that it has succeeded in single-handedly instilling a permanent mistrust of reporters among the fishermen and their friends.

"The fishing industry in Nova Scotia has made a decision," Stevens says, "and that decision amounts to this: to do everything possible to prevent the growth and strength of militant, capable unionism in the industry."

Citing the brief that the industry, united in the Fish-Packers' Association of Nova Scotia, presented to Judge Nathan Green's inquiry into the strike—one day after hearings had supposedly ended—Stevens says that "essentially all the strategy and tactics have been worked out in a combination of all the companies."

Co-operation among the companies has occurred in various ways. Mostly it has taken the form of the industry getting together to use its influence with the courts, governments, governmental bodies like the Green commission, and the media.

"They've also done what they could to co-operate in the economic field," Stevens says, "but this is the hardest part to trace."

Jeremy Akerman says that National Sea Products, the large, locally-owned fish-processing company with plants at Halifax, Lunenburg, Louisbourg, and elsewhere, has taken over Booth and Acadia's markets to protect them until the strike is over.

Some of the companies—including National Sea Products—have signed union contracts, but none has signed a contract with the UFAWU. Instead, the companies have accepted the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway, Transport, and General Workers (CBRT), which moved into the fishing industry about two years after the UFAWU began organizing.

According to Guy Henson, professor at Dalhousie University in Halifax and chairman of the Joint Labor-Management Study Committee, key factors in the companies' coming to terms with the CBRT have been the existence of a "level of trust" and "communication between a CBRT representative and an executive of a major operator" through the Joint Committee.

Other observers have been less kind to the CBRT. Edison Lumsden, president of the UFAWU's Canso local, says that "the CBRT contracts are not much better than what we have now." Father Ron Parsons of Canso adds that the CBRT, primarily a railway union, simply does not have the expertise to do a good job in the fishing industry.

Father Thomas Morley, a Roman Catholic priest from Bras d'Or on Cape Breton, accuses it of "company unionism" (Henson says he would "put on sackcloth and ashes" if he had been a party to negotiations involving a company union).

In any case all the companies, including those that have signed contracts with the CBRT, still maintain as stated in their joint brief to the Green inquiry that fishermen are co-adventurers

and do not have the right to the union of their choice.

The Nova Scotia government, meanwhile, played a waiting game. The government has $9 million invested in Acadia Fisheries' Canso plant (Acadia was behind on its interest payments when the strike began) and the fishermen have repeatedly called on the government to use the leverage involved in that investment to force the companies to settle the strike.

But labor minister Tom McKeough's efforts to act as a 'mediator' won him no friends among the fishermen. "McKeough is on the comapnies' side," Reg Carter said in September. "He always was, he always will be, and until somebody votes him out of the office which he's into now, it'll never be changed."

Along with Ottawa, the government was also responsible for launching the Green inquiry, which initially raised the fishermen's hopes for an early settlement but left them disillusioned when Judge Green recommended that the fishermen go back to work under prestrike conditions before negotiations began.

"Judge Green came here," Carter says, "and asked the fishermen what was happening, and we told him. But where was that in the report? I didn't see none of it."

The Green report did come out for the fishermen's right to have unions of their choice—eventually. Because the courts have never decided which government, federal or provincial, has jurisdiction over labor relations in the fishing industry, both governments have been able to let themselves off the hook for not passing legislation giving fishermen the right to unionize (although legal niceties didn't seem to bother Angus L. Macdonald when he wanted to **deny** fishermen the right to unionize in 1947).

Judge Green recommended that each of the two labor ministers make a commitment now that, if the courts give his government the jurisdiction, he will immediately introduce legislation giving fishermen the right to bargain collectively. Tom McKeough, under heavy pressure, made that commitment.

Federal labor minister Bryce Mackasey did not, and his flat refusal to comment on the matter has been part of what Homer Stevens calls Ottawa's "strong duplicity" in the fishermen's dispute. Farther from the scene than the Nova Scotia government, and less visible, federal officials have made it quite plain that the fishermen can expect no help from them.

When Frank Howard (NDP—Skeena) asked in the House on June 8 whether the government would take any steps to settle the strike, Mackasey replied simply, "no." Howard then asked whether the government would take steps to ensure that fishermen were given the right to collective bargaining, as recommended by H.D. Woods' task force on labor relations, and Mackasey said "this is always a possibility when these proposed changes are brought before the House."

Meanwhile, in his white paper on unemployment insurance, Mackasey recommended that "self-employed" fishermen (i.e. 'co-adventurers'), who have been covered under the Unemployment Insurance plan, be removed from the plan and put under a separate insurance scheme that would be set up especially for them. This would withdraw the only legal vestige of employee status that fishermen had.

But the government presence that has been most keenly felt has been that of the justice departments, not the labor departments. The RCMP harassment early in the strike (the Mounties have been much friendlier to the fishermen since adverse publicity forced Ottawa to cool them) and the provincial government's zeal in prosecuting fishermen after the injunctions were brought down have not been forgotten.

Press campaigns against the UFAWU in Nova Scotia date back to 1967, when the *Chronicle-Herald* and other papers ran anti-union coverage—fed to them by the Fisheries Association of British Columbia—of the B.C. fishermen's strike. In the current strike, virtually every company statement has received full and sympathetic coverage in the *Chronicle-Herald*. Because there are so few outlets in Nova Scotia, the paper, with province-wide distribution, has a strong influence.

FATHER PARSONS

At crucial points in the strike, the *Chronicle-Herald's* inevitable big red headline has been used with maximum effect. On August 13, with the Cape Breton Labor Council threatening a general strike and the Green report expected any day, the headline said, "B.C. UNION (the UFAWU is always referred to as a 'B.C. union') LACKS TOP CLC BLESSING." Underneath, a subhead said "Communist leadership is factor," and a story by Eric Dennis, the *Chronicle-Herald's* Ottawa correspondent and a member of its ruling family, reported on Donald MacDonald's view of the UFAWU.

To the side, another story was headed "Settle strike easy"—Acadia manager A.L. Cadegan was saying that the strike would be settled immediately if the UFAWU left the province.

Four days later, a story from Petit de Grat by Linden MacIntyre, who has handled much of the coverage from the Straits area, was headlined "TRAWLERMEN DISCLOSE PLANS TO QUIT UFAWU." Somehow, two months later, the trawlermen are still in the UFAWU.

One day in August, a man went into a small grocery store in Mulgrave to buy a bottle of pop. The storekeeper, sympathetic to the fishermen, recognized the customer as Linden MacIntyre. "The only way you're going to get a bottle of pop," he told MacIntyre, "is over the head."

"The church has lost its old fervor. Respectability seems to count for so much now."

—Father Thomas Morley

When five fishermen were arrested in Guysborough on May 11, the newly-arrived Anglican rector of Canso went to visit the men in jail and interceded with authorities in an effort to get them out. It had not taken Ron Parsons long to get involved in the strike.

His voice in support of the fishermen

would be heard more and more over the next few months, at meetings, from the pulpit of the little Canso church and the other churches under his jurisdiction. And he soon found the controversies that the strike had given rise to in the community exploding around him.

A little more than a month after his arrival, Bishop Davis was presented with a petition from twenty-six members of Father Parsons' congregation, most of them church officers, demanding that the new rector be "controlled." The petition said he was "second only to Homer Stevens as a troublemaker in the community."

Bishop Davis also received anonymous letters warning that Father Parsons would be shot and the Canso rectory burned down unless he stopped supporting the fishermen.

"The Bishop called me in and said he was concerned," says Father Parsons. "I was too, to tell you the truth, but I said no, I'm not going to back down while the strike lasts."

After the strike he plans to ask for an ecclesiastical trial to contest the charges, but he sees his first duty at the moment as being to the fishermen. "I haven't called a meeting of church officers since the petition," he says. "I don't dare to."

The big, outgoing, 46-year-old Father Parsons takes it for granted that "if you are going to do Christian work you will get into trouble with your church government," but Father Cal MacMillan of Arichat, younger, quieter, and more intense, wanted at the beginning to remain neutral.

He soon found that on a question such as this there was no neutrality, that you were either for the fishermen or for the companies, and he was forced to express his natural sympathies for the fishermen. And his involvement deepened, until in September he found himself (along with Father Parsons) in the middle of a determined campaign to get welfare for the families of striking fishermen.

With the support of Father Parsons and Father MacMillan and Bishop Davis's statement condemning the jailings in June, the actions of the Anglican church have, on the whole, pleased the fishermen. The position of the Roman Catholic church has been much more ambiguous, and there have been those within the church itself who have strongly condemned its leadership for not taking a more definite stand.

"The deportment of the Anglican church has been one that we could have emulated," says Father Thomas Morley. "It would be much more credible if

FATHER MORLEY

the (Roman Catholic) Diocese of Antigonish had come out definitely against the strike, but their position is that they haven't taken a position. They haven't had the courage to take a stand."

Father Morley, whose parish of Bras d'Or is at the eastern end of Cape Breton, about seventy-five miles from the Straits of Canso, became interested in the strike when the *Cape Breton Highlander*, a weekly newspaper published in Sydney that has supported the fishermen, ran an article detailing the conditions that fishermen underwent on the trawlers. A couple of years back, Father Morley, many of whose parishioners are fishermen, had gone out in a trawler for eight days to see what it was like.

"I knew that what had been written in the *Highlander* article was true," he says, "but I didn't think people would believe it. So I decided to write to the *Highlander* myself."

In his article, Father Morley described his own experience on a trawler and said, "on the basis of that never-to-be-forgotten experience I can make the following statement: There is not a unionized miner or steelworker in Cape Breton or anywhere else who would work two successive trips on a dragger; one trip would be sufficient to convince him that here obtains the most foul exploitation of human resources still extant in our land....

"This is exploitation. We used to call it immorality. It is supported by discriminatory legislation and abetted by a court system that is rapidly becoming socially anachronistic....

"We ourselves should be on the picket lines with the fishermen at Petit de Grat, Mulgrave, and Canso."

Like Father MacMillan, he found himself becoming more and more deeply involved in the strike. In September, just before he left for a year's study in Ottawa, he served as an advisor to a committee of fishermen that went to Halifax in an abortive attempt to negotiate with the companies.

One of the things that has disturbed Father Morley most has been the position of some of the Catholic clergy in the strike area, particularly around Petit de Grat.

Father A.P. Poirier of Arichat and Father George Arsenault of Petit de Grat have lent their support to a movement to "get rid of Homer Stevens"; Father Poirier was quoted as saying that, since the fishermen are unskilled workers, the companies should have no trouble replacing them if they refuse to quit the UFAWU.

Father Morley calls that position "unmitigated strikebreaking" and criticizes Father Poirier and Father Arsenault for "basing their position on expediency and not on principle. These men just have no identification with struggling people."

These divisions within the church have been accentuated by the fishermen's strike, but they have always existed in Nova Scotia. The philosophy of clerical involvement on the side of the oppressed that was stated in the papal encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* found expression in eastern Nova Scotia in the work of Father Moses Coady and his associates in Antigonish Movement.

Through the Extension Department of St. Francis Xavier University, which Father Coady headed from 1928 to 1952, they conducted a remarkable adult education program in the countryside and helped farmers, fishermen, and coal miners set up co-operatives. One of the obstacles they had to contend with was the opposition of conservative priests.

In the late forties, Father Coady devoted much effort to setting up a co-operatively-owned fish processing plant at Petit de Grat. The fishermen had reached the point of having their own

refrigeration equipment when a local Catholic clergyman, Father Boudreau, intervened. "It will take you ten years to get your own plant," said Father Boudreau, who had connections with Booth Fisheries in Chicago. "I can have a plant for you in a year."

And he did. Booth Fisheries came in, took over the refrigeration equipment that had belonged to the fishermen, and built the plant. Father Coady's dream of a fishermen's co-operative was realized instead at Port Bickerton, seventy-five miles west of Canso, where, according to Father Morley, the fishermen are doing very well.

"Petit de Grat will rue the day," Father Coady is reported to have said before he left, "when Booth Fisheries came to its shores."

"The companies are trying to starve us out, but they're not doing a very good job on it. Looks like we'll starve out the companies instead."

—Ray Cooper

By the end of July, the strike had settled into a test of the fishermen's ability to hold out against the companies' grinding campaign of starvation and fear. It became increasingly difficult for the men to subsist on their strike pay—$10 a week for a single man, $15 for a married man, and an extra dollar for each child up to a maximum of $20. Most of the union's strike fund came from contributions, and they kept hoping that they could increase the strike pay; but only once were they able to double it, and the next week it was back to the old level.

There was always a supply of fish in Canso, where many of the strikers are inshore fishermen with their own boats, but in the other towns the companies' attempt to starve the fishermen out stood a better chance of success. The fishermen were determined to fight it, and they were helped by contributions of potatoes, other vegetables, and eggs from the Nova Scotia branch of the National Farmers' Union.

Slowly, men began to drift away from the strike area. In Petit de Grat and Canso, attachment to home as well as loyalty to the union kept the men from leaving, but in Mulgrave, where most of the fishermen had come from Newfoundland, the hunger, the mounting finance payments, and the boredom of the long days were beginning to tell.

None of the men thought of going back to work for the company, but they did think about going to work somewhere else. It was always a difficult decision, they always contributed ten per cent of their pay to the union, and usually they came back to the strike area after a couple of weeks. But by mid-September, more than half the men in Mulgrave had gone to Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland to fish.

The fish companies, acting as a group, had a double-edged policy on this. Members of the union could always easily find jobs elsewhere, since that took them away from the picket lines.

But less committed people, skippers who are not union members but simply refused to scab, for a long time found it impossible to find work with any other company.

Seeing that the fishermen would not give in easily, the companies were also trying to get to the townspeople, and particularly to the 800 shore-plant workers. The most powerful weapon in this campaign was the companies' repeated threats to pull out of Nova Scotia if the fishermen did not give in.

Acadia manager A.L. Cadegan said "fishing is finished in Mulgrave" and told the provincial government that the Mulgrave plant would be closed permanently at the end of October.

Early in June, Booth threatened to pull out of Petit de Grat by June 27 if the fishermen were still on strike, but June 27 arrived and Booth suddenly remembered that they had not notified the government of their intention to leave as required by law. They set another deadline of August 21, but that deadline too came and went without Booth's pulling up stakes.

However, the fears on which the companies were playing are very real ones in Nova Scotia. Foreign-owned companies, enticed to the province by tax concessions and the promise of cheap, unorganized labor, pull out when they see the tax concessions running out, the wages going up (a little bit), and unions organizing the workers.

The memory of Friday, October 13, 1967 haunts every Maritimer—on 'Black Friday' the British-owned Dominion Steel and Coal Company announced that it would close its steel plant at Sydney, threatening 3,200 workers with unemployment and Nova Scotia's second largest city with a slow death.

But the fishermen also remembered that the steel plant and the town of Sydney were saved—the government took the plant over, and not only kept it alive but turned a profit within a year—and

TOM McKEOUGH

refused to be cowed by the threats from Booth and Acadia.

"Let them pull out!" says Reg Carter angrily. "The government got to take it over. Why should the people of Nova Scotia turn around and kiss England's arse? Let them get out and good riddance to them!"

Albert Martell, a shore worker in Petit de Grat and president of local 109 of the Canadian Seafood Workers' Union, has reacted differently to the threats.

Early in the strike, his local voted to support the fishermen and contributed $1,000 to their strike fund. But in June, a Petit de Grat "committee of concern" organized a vote in the community on the question, "do you want Booth Fisheries to remain in Petit de Grat?"

Not unexpectedly, the vote was 269-1 in favor of Booth's staying, and it was interpreted by Martell as a vote against the UFAWU. He began making virulent anti-UFAWU statements and collaborated with Father Poirier in the campaign to "get rid of Homer Stevens."

In August, Martell sent a telegram to the Nova Scotia Federation of Labor and the federal and provincial governments saying "Local 109 demands positive action be taken by the Nova Scotia government and the Federation of Labor to remove Homer Stevens and his co-workers from our province. . . .The 90 per cent striking fishermen are in fear of reprisals due to threats made by Homer Stevens."

But Martell had never called a meeting of Local 109 since he began his campaign, and still hasn't, despite petitions from the membership. The *Chronicle-Herald* and its allies treated Martell's statements as meaning that the Seafood

Workers wanted to get rid of the UFAWU, but most of the shore workers continued to support the strike and all of them refused to cross the picket lines. But the wear of the long strike was affecting them too, and their Unemployment Insurance stamps were beginning to run out.

Support from the labor movement as a whole continued to pour in, and the walls of the union hall at Mulgrave were papered with letters announcing contributions from unions all across the country.

By mid-October, $70,000 in contributions had come in, about 45 per cent of it from Nova Scotia and another 40 per cent from British Columbia. Among the contributions was one of $1,500 from the CBRT, which supported the strike even though it had undercut UFAWU organizing attempts in several Nova Scotia ports.

"One or two of our Brotherhood representatives see the fishermen as a big membership grab," said Dick Greaves of Toronto, a member of the CBRT national executive board. "It's as mercenary as that. The UFAWU has done a tremendous job, and in an organizing situation like this there's no room for labor to equivocate, from the CLC right on down the line."

The Cape Breton Labor Council threatened a general strike for August 21 in support of the fishermen. Judge Green rushed to complete his report on the strike by the deadline, and when the report came out the Council postponed the general strike "to allow the fishermen time to study Judge Green's recommendations," although it was clear that the report was completely unsatisfactory to the fishermen.

The Council was criticized for what *Cape Breton Highlander* publisher Sandy Campbell called its "indecent eagerness" to postpone the general strike, but Winston Ruck, president of the Labor Council's most powerful union, Sydney's local 1064 of the United Steelworkers, said there had been no change in his determination that the strike "must be settled to the satisfaction of the members of the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union."

The Nova Scotia Federation of Labor also provided continuing support, despite the position of its parent body, the CLC. Jean Beaudry of the CLC was angry at the Federation of Labor's stand, and said that the UFAWU, as a non-affiliate, was "not entitled to the services of the Congress" in its fight. Still, the only opposition to the Nova Scotia Federation's stand at its convention in Halifax early in October was some under-the-surface dissatisfaction with the leadership for not being more active in support of the fishermen.

Early in September, the fishermen met with representatives of the Federation of Labor to work out a UFAWU negotiating position that would be backed by the Federation.

In those meetings the fishermen made some important concessions, the most significant of which was a temporary withdrawal of their demand that the UFAWU be recognized and concession to the companies' insistence that the fishermen negotiate as an ad hoc committee instead of as the UFAWU.

This move was made reluctantly, and it disappointed many. "For me, the real issue in this strike has been freedom of choice," said Father Parsons, "and now in a sense they've given that up."

The fishermen themselves were as determined as ever to have the union recognized, and while they were prepared to concede temporarily to build a stronger negotiating position, they were also prepared to go on strike again next April for recognition, if that proved necessary.

When they finally sat down with the companies over the bargaining table in Halifax on September 9, the fishermen were confronted with a long list of further company demands: that inshore fishermen, clergymen who were present as advisors, and UFAWU organizers Homer Stevens and Con Mills be kept off the negotiating committee; that the fishermen's picket lines be lifted; that they be allowed to remove processed fish and fish meal from their plants.

The fishermen agreed to all of these.

Then the companies demanded that they be allowed to send vessels out to sea and bring new fish into the plants—i.e. that the fishermen surrender—before they would negotiate.

The fishermen refused.

Even 'mediator' Tom McKeough, whose government had just called an election for October 13 and would have loved to be able to announce a settlement of the strike by that date, seemed shocked at the companies' hard line. The negotiating committee returned to the Straits area empty-handed.

"How far can you go?" exploded Reg Carter, a member of the committee. "How far can a poor fisherman go? We gave up our union—we never should have done that. We gave in on Con and Homer—we never should have done that. We gave in on the inshore fishermen. We gave in on the advisers. We lifted our picket lines—all to please the Federation of Labor, and McKeough, and the companies. Then they tell us that we're going to go back fishing—well that's bullshit."

A settlement still seemed far away, and now the winter was approaching, and the fishermen would need money for fuel. Local and provincial officials had stalled all summer on the fishermen's families' requests for welfare; now, with the election campaign on, requests were suddenly granted in Petit de Grat and Canso. But some of the families continued to have trouble getting welfare, and local officials in Mulgrave still refused to budge.

On the whole, the election held out only a remote hope for improvement. Everyone expected the Tory government, with 41 out of 46 seats in the last legislature, to be returned, even if with a reduced majority, and the Tories were running on an anti-labor platform. On Labor Day, Tom McKeough took the unusual step of refusing to extend greetings to the working people of Nova Scotia on the grounds that "too often we have seen the substitution of an illegal picket line for the bargaining table."

And if the Liberals won, things would be little better. Liberal leader Gerald Regan failed to take advantage of what Sandy Campbell (whose *Highlander* came out for the Liberals) felt was a golden opportunity to win support by backing the fishermen. Instead, Regan refused to commit himself one way or the other.

At one Liberal rally in Halifax late in the campaign a member of the audience, dissatisfied with the answer Regan had given to a question about the strike, dumped a bag of fish in front of him and said "this is the real issue in the election."

Jeremy Akerman supported the fishermen and was a frequent visitor to the Mulgrave union hall, but the NDP seemed to have little chance of taking even one seat. However, Akerman did succeed in turning the previously apathetic fishermen into a committed band of NDP supporters. "Us fishermen, we never paid too much attention to politics before the strike," said Eric Fitzpatrick, a fisherman from Mulgrave. "When we came on shore we'd never talk about politics, we'd just get drunk, and try to forget about everything. If a program that had anything to do with politics came on TV, we'd turn to another program—Donald Duck or something. At election time they'd come around and offer us a quart of rum or a case of beer and tell us who to vote for—I'd vote for whoever came around first. But anyone who takes his vote seriously wouldn't sell it like that. Now I wouldn't sell my vote for five hundred dollars. If some-

body offered me five hundred dollars I wouldn't lie to him, I'd tell them how I'm going to vote—NDP."

On October 13, there were two hundred NDP votes in Canso, another hundred in Mulgrave, and a thousand in the Straits area as a whole—where there had never before been an NDP organization.

The new atmosphere in the province that the strike had helped bring about led to other changes as well. The Tories were defeated, and Gerald Regan would form the next government, but he lacked an absolute majority. To stay in power he would have to retain the support of Akerman, elected in Cape Breton East, and another New Democrat, Paul McEwan, elected in Cape Breton Nova.

That might mean that the NDP could force the government to do something for the fishermen. And among Regan's own Liberals elected was the lawyer who had represented the fishermen at their trials, Len Pace. The remote hope seemed to have been realized.

Meanwhile, a second attempt to get negotiations going had proved more successful. The companies had dropped their demand that new fish be brought into the plants and the fishermen had agreed to lift their picket lines for a trial period of ten days, and negotiations began in Antigonish on September 22.

After the ten days, the talks continued and the picket lines stayed down. A few days before the election, McKeough was able to announce an agreement—enough to save his own Cape Breton seat, but not enough to save the government.

The agreement was "nothing to write home about," as Con Mills said; the fishermen would continue to work long hours for wages lower than the legal minimum. But it was a step forward, and with the winter coming on the fishermen didn't feel they could hold out for any more at this point; the agreement was quickly ratified.

A separate agreement for the inshore fishermen remained to be worked out, and so did questions like discrimination against strikers and the threatened closure of the Mulgrave plant. The negotiators moved to Halifax.

But the pressure to get the boats out again was strong. The inshore fishermen were unwilling to hold up the trawlermen, and had to be satisfied with a statement from management promising to deal with their grievances rather than an agreement. The reopening of the Mulgrave plant would depend on a grant from the new government. And as the boats started to go out again in the first week of November, the fishermen who had struck were still not assured of protection from the dreaded blacklist.

ERIC FITZPATRICK AND 3 OF HIS SIX CHILDREN

At Petit de Grat, there were further problems. At the beginning of the strike, Booth had removed three boats from Petit de Grat and taken them to their Newfoundland plant, and they now showed no intention of bringing those boats back. That meant that there were more fishermen than there were places on the boats that remained, and this was used to divide the men.

As well, the work of Albert Martell, Father Poirier, and Father Arsenault had had some effect, and the future of the Petit de Grat local was a bit uncertain. At Mulgrave and Canso, however, the men's commitment to the union remained unshaken. There was a long struggle ahead: for changes in legislation, for recognition of the union, for better agreements.

But the gains that the fishermen had made in forcing the companies to an agreement were very real, and would be felt.

And the other gains, the intangible ones that had been building all through the strike, were no less real. "The normal way in which fishermen settled arguments," said Homer Stevens, "well into the third month of the strike, was to challenge each other out at the ball park and settle it that way. There was all kinds of feuding going on, between families within the community and one community feuding with another. But they've grown to understand that they really depend on each other, that they can't get anywhere unless they stick together, work together, put their heads together, and clear their heads of a lot of illusions. I think the most outstanding thing I heard said amongst a bunch of fishermen was that for the first time in their lives they've actually had time to get to know each other better, to sit down with each other and thrash things out

"They've realized that they're all fighting the same elements, and they've stopped fighting each other."

Robert Chodos is a member of the Last Post editorial co-operative.

LAST POST BOOK REVIEWS

The National Dream: The Great Railway 1871-1881, by Pierre Berton. 439 pp. McClelland and Stewart. $10.

I know the picture is as much a
forgery
as the protocols of Zion, yet it out-
distances
more plausible fictions.

—Alden Nowlan, Ypres 1915

A few months back, an acquaintance of mine told me that Pierre Berton was coming out with a book on the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway—it would have "all the dirt on the CPR," he said. I couldn't imagine a book by Pierre Berton having all the dirt on anything, but I made a mental note to read it when it appeared.

There is a lot of dirt in **The National Dream**; I don't know whether it is all the dirt or not but there's a lot of it. The Pacific Scandal is there, of course, in sordid detail, as are the influence-peddling, corporate fraud, and speculaton that went on throughout the 1870s, under both Conservative and Reform administrations. This is not one of your dry-cleaned company histories. But somehow it doesn't add up; the whole is less than the sum of its parts.

Berton's politicians, capitalists, and engineers are fallible, often venal, but they are all larger than life. It even extends to physical descriptions—"a mountain of a man in a stovepipe hat, his vast beard trimmed in the shape of an executioner's axe"..."this tousled and scholarly looking lawyer with the powerful build and the strange pallor"..."a stocky, powerful man with a massive, leonine head, the hair almost down to the shoulders, a short-cropped beard, a face scorched by the prairie sun and that single black eye—a glittering orb that, like the Ancient Mariner's burned itself into the listener's consciousness." One wonders how, in a mere hundred years, the Canadian male could have declined so greatly in stature, strength, and masculinity.

We are asked to accept Cartier, whose key role in the Pacific Scandal is not underplayed, as nevertheless "an attractive figure: a wiry, compact, totally dedicated Canadian patriot with all the vivacity of his race." George Stephen, the president of the Bank of Montreal, and Donald A. Smith, the future Lord Strathcona, who spent ten years chiselling furs out of starving Indians in Labrador for the Hudson's Bay Company before rising to the top of the CPR-B of M financial empire, come across as farseeing nation-builders. Even Sir Hugh Allan, the central figure in the great scandal, is pathetic rather than evil, appealing in his crudeness, a sort of nineteenth-century Squire Western.

And that's ridiculous, too, and nothing
on which to found a country.
Still
it makes me feel good, knowing
that in some obscure, conclusive way
they were connected with me
and me with them.

—Alden Nowlan, Ypres 1915

There is a story to be told about the building of the CPR, but it's not the one Berton tells (maybe he'll tell it in the second volume, scheduled for publication next year, but I doubt it). Anyone wanting to piece that story together for himself will find the Berton book useful (although perhaps not as useful as Harold Innis's musty volume, now almost fifty years old, replete with statistics, documents, and footnotes), but after reading it he will still have a lot of work to do.

For Berton's description of the 1870s as "an era which saw the commercial interests working hand in glove with the politicians to develop, exploit, or con-

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solidate the nation (one could use all those verbs) for personal profit, political power and (sometimes incidentally) the national interest" is not an adequate one. And his conclusion that "given the political morality of the day and the prevailing public attitude, the traditional Conservative partnership with business was probably the only way the nation could be built in a hurry" leaves too many questions unasked.

What kind of nation did the railway promoter-polticians build? Why was the same class that built the CPR so willing, only a few years later, to sell the Canadian economy piecemeal to the Americans? Who paid what price for the instant enrichment of Stephen, Smith and their cronies: What was the result of Canada, and particularly the virgin West, mortgaging its future to a private corporation? (Berton's only reference to the current social role of the CPR is a comment on the company's promise forever to operate the railway "efficiently": "that adverb was significant since it relieved the CPR for future responsibilities for unprofitable aspects of its operations—passenger service, for example." This is the company's interpretation of the adverb but one that, fortunately, is not shared by everybody.)

The National Dream is a good yarn told for those who still want to be convinced that Canadian-history-doesn't-have-to-be-dull. But the problem with the accepted versions of Canadian history has never been their dullness but rather that they are based on myths that are false and, ultimately, destructive.

The myth-makers (of which camp, Berton is a prominent member) are not helping to build a nation, but to perpetuate the relationships among the different sectors of this country that have made true nationhood impossible.

By Robert Chodos

Partner to Behemoth: the military policy of a satellite Canada:
by John W. Warnock. New Press

Canadians, in general, believe that although the U.S. may unduly dominate Canada economically (and perhaps culturally), the country is in all other respects just like any other country, with a government acting primarily in the national interest when it comes to domestic and foreign policy.

Few Canadians would even suggest that Canada is in any way implicated in the American war in Indo-China, or that Canadian foreign policy has been too often, too coincidentally, similar to U.S. foreign policy. Warnock's examination of Canadian foreign policy since 1945 is based upon two assumptions: Canada is financially controlled by American investors and Canada is a military ally of the U.S. Warnock concentrates primarily upon the latter assumption, the alliance which Canada joined on its own initiative; once Canada entered the alliance the economic situation served to discourage withdrawal. Warnock's analysis of subsequent Canadian international activity (where U.S. interests were at issue) is less than flattering to the national self-image of Canada striding forth boldly among the nations of the world.

Canada has variously described itself as a "middle power", a respectable pillar of the UN and NATO (although it is seldom considered tactful to mention both organizations at once) and as a natural leader of the smaller nations. These are charming descriptions, far more flattering to Canadian self-esteem than such terms as satellite, client-state or an infinite number of similar phrases. Canada is respected, the usual story goes, because of its policy of "quiet diplomacy" (c.f. "children should be seen and not heard").

Canada's acquiescence in America's global policy should not be too surprising. Numerous American pressures, as well as the Canadian elite's view of its own interests makes it logical that the Canadian Government should share many of the assumptions of American foreign policy.

Canada has not been only a passive American servitor; it has frequently anticipated the latest changes and exigencies of American foreign policy. Displaying initiative in 1945, Canadian political leaders quickly took up the crusade against Communism (without the prior direction of U.S. policy makers). The "shift" in foreign policy (both Canadian and American) was simply a return to routine operations as the alliance with Stalin had become redundant and inconvenient.

The stated reason behind the shift was the danger to the "Free World" posed by expansionist totalitarian Communism. In reality, the Free World was threatened not by the nationalistic foreign policy of Moscow but by the possibility that governments inimical to "free enterprise" might come into power to the detriment of American economic interests. Canada appreciated the undesirability of such occurences and joined the U.S. in trying to maintain the global status quo where, of course, that status quo favoured private enterprise. Canada served this end in the UN as in 1956 when Britain and France embarrassed NATO with their anachronistic Suez adventure: Canada put forth a solution to the crisis. a solution identical to that of the U.S. Lester Pearson was duly rewarded for his services with the Nobel Peace Prize. Canada has never really wavered from the American position in any international organization.

But there have been episodes that were not sweetness and light; there was a dark age within living memory—when John Diefenbaker became what Kennedy called an "s.o.b." That meant that

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Mr. Diefenbaker had been a little less co-operative than American Presidents were accustomed to expect. Had the U.S. been less sure of Canada in the final analysis, stronger action might have been taken. However, General Norstad simply dropped in to tell reporters that Canada was not fulfilling certain nuclear commitments—thus conveniently providing the Liberals with an issue to defeat Diefenbaker's government.

Lester Pearson and the Liberals proved to be far more agreeable to the U.S. There have been no further important clashes over foreign and/or military policy, as the U.S. has always been highly considerate of Canada's quaint folkways (e.g. opposition to conscription and to actual involvement in foreign wars) and is more than satisfied that Canada serve as armorer and provisioner to American efforts in Indo-China and elsewhere, without participating as a combattant. Canada's role on the International Control Commission for example has been quite compatible with U.S. interests as Canada has consistently followed the American line.

If Canada's strategic policy has been determined by the U.S., tactical policy has been determined by the Canadian Armed Forces and the defense industry. The Canadian Armed Forces are well under the control of the civilian authorities, yet the military has had little difficulty in obtaining the apparatus it wanted, taking precedence over real necessities.

The air force (U.S. and Canadian) dominated defence policy throughout the 1950's touting the threat and efficacy of the manned bomber and the need for improved interceptor aircraft, even when it became apparent that the real threat was the ICBM against which the air force was helpless.

The Canadian navy has also managed to wheedle more than its share of the defence budget for its anti-submarine activities.

The armed forces are not alone in getting the government to purchase redundant and costly weapons-systems; there is also the Canadian defence industry. Canada is one of the world's foremost producers and sellers of arms, and it is in no way surpising that this industry has acted in its own interest, influencing the government to acquire this or that weapons-system or apparatus. The armaments industry is subsidized by the government in the development of weapons and then proceeds to charge the government for the finished product. Frequently this money is siphoned off to an American parent company; Canada cannot even hold onto the profits made on the armaments trade.

American domination of the Canadian economy reached its present level in the same period as the Canadian government was tying Canada's foreign policy to American needs. This foreign policy has been no more in the Canadian interest than has the domestic economic policy of the Liberals under King, St. Laurent, Pearson and Trudeau. This in itself is in no way surprising. Canada is an American satellite and is dutifully conducting itself accordingly, nationally and internationally.

The alternative to Canada's present status is not superficial "changes" in foreign policy, all of which are compatible with American policy or at least do not conflict with U.S. interests. Canada's status is not accidental, it is a result of government policy. Canada's defense policy is only one result of the government's long years of faithful service to U.S. interests.

By Tom Clasper

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