LAST POST

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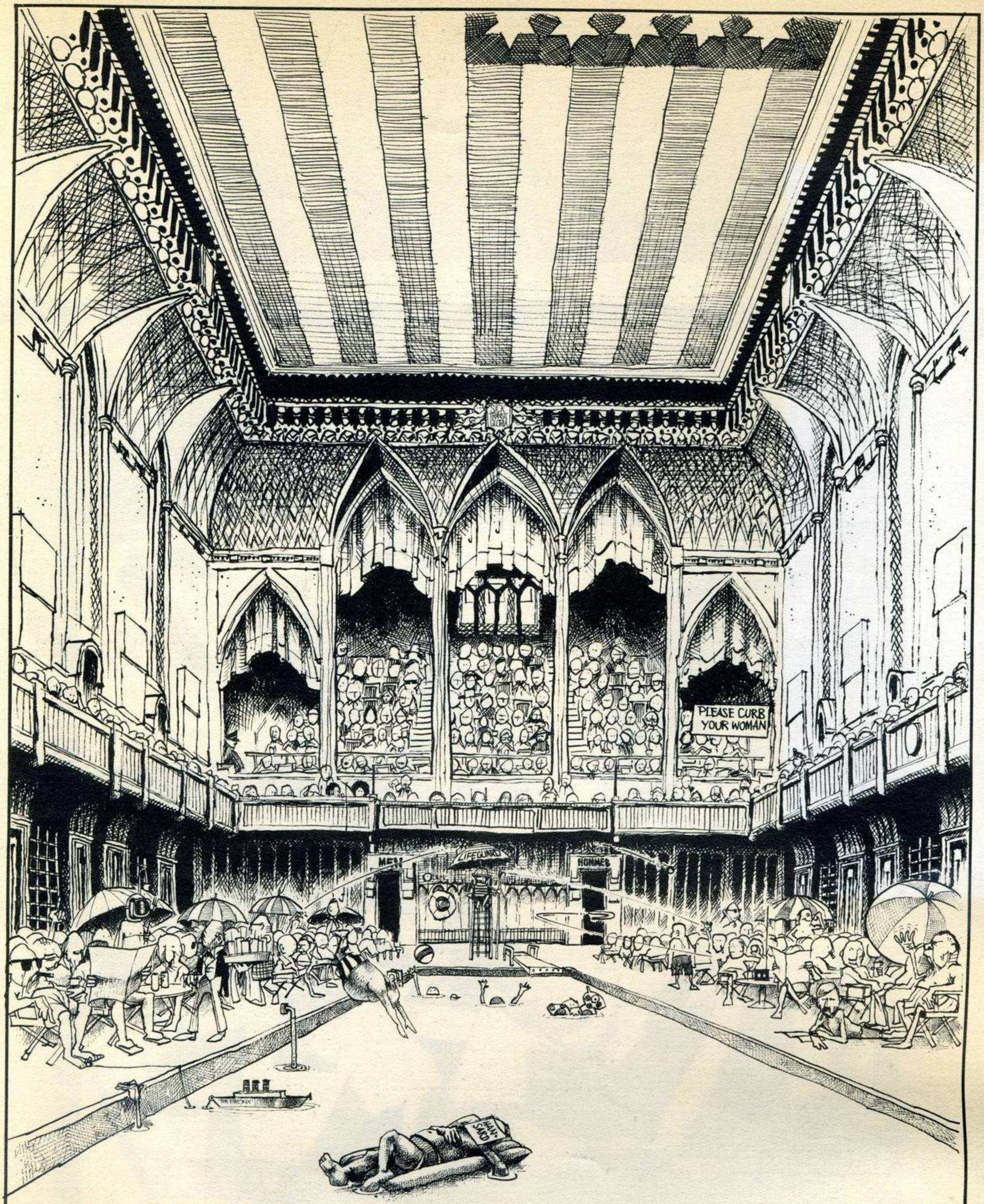
LAST POST

DOUG HARVEY and the N.H.L.
DAVID LEWIS and the N.D.P.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THE LAST POST Vol 1 No 7
a radical Canadian newsmagazine

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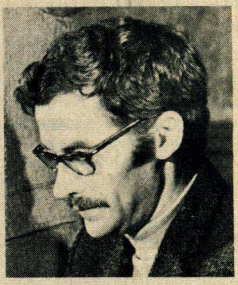

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COURTROOMS and POLITICS

The plot against Quebec: part 3

When police completed their haul of political prisoners a couple of months after the eruption of Quebec's October crisis, authorities found themselves with three distinct types of defendants on their hands.

One of these was people suspected of being the principals in the kidnapping and killing of Pierre Laporte. Formally, these were not political cases at all, but strictly criminal ones involving charges of kidnapping and murder.

The second type included some of the best-known figures in the Quebec left — Michel Chartrand, Robert Lemieux, Pierre Vallières, Charles Gagnon, and Jacques Larue-Langlois. They had all been active in radical politics for years, and they were linked in a seditious conspiracy charge that had them supposedly plotting together since 1968 to overthrow the state. In the inevitable colonially-minded comparison with American trials, they became known as the Montreal Five.

People in the third category were accused of the same kinds of crimes as the Five — seditious conspiracy, membership in the outlawed FLQ. But they did not have the same political reputations. Most of them were young, barely out of their teens. To reporters and most observers of the political scene, they were unknown.

So far, prisoners in the first two categories have captured most of the attention. Their trials have developed into dramatic confrontations between the accused and their supporters on one side, and the courts on the other. They have attracted large crowds and frequent headlines, and each side has planned its moves carefully with the galleries in mind. The clearest indication of the public's importance came on Friday, February 5, when Judge Roger Ouimet expelled it from the seditious conspiracy trial of the Five. He said it would be impossible to preserve order and dignity in the court with the kind of audience that had been present.

There had been no disruptions in the court, no disorderly demonstrations. But the audience, which often numbered well over 100 people, consisted primarily of friends and sympathizers of the accused. It was an appreciative audience for the Five, applauding their attacks on the judge, laughing at Chartrand's earthy jokes.

Ouimet's unexpected move created the chaos it had ostensibly been designed to prevent. When the judge had succeeded in restoring order, Chartrand told him that "a trial without the public is a dirty trial. If you proceed without the public, you're going to lose me as an accused!" Ouimet said he would indeed proceed without the public, and Chartrand picked up his papers and retired to his cell, followed by his co-accused. When Ouimet reconvened the trial on Monday, the public was back.

Meanwhile, across town at Quebec Provincial Police Headquarters, Paul Rose was on trial, charged with the murder of Laporte. From the start, it was clear that Rose's trial would be no normal exercise in legalistic give-and-take. Halfway through the process of jury selection, usually a dull, laborious affair, relations between the accused and Judge Marcel Nichols had reached the breaking point.

Rose had begun by moving that the entire jury panel be excused, on the grounds that it did not consist of his peers. "My peers are workers, guys from St. Henri, the Quebec people, and not engineers and businessmen," he told Nichols. But people under 21, people not owning at least $4,000 worth of property or paying at least $500 a year rent, and women are legally blocked from serving on Quebec juries.

The jury selection proceeded in that vein, and two weeks into the trial, Nichols banished Rose from the courtroom. Except for brief appearances, Rose remained in his jail cell, but even then the court did not go unchallenged. One of the crown's witnesses, 21-year-old Lise Balcer, refused to testify: "The court does not recognize women as jurors," she said. "How can it recognize them as witnesses?"

Balcer was immediately found in contempt of court, and when she appeared for sentencing on March 1, seven members of le Front de Libération des Femmes, a militant Quebec women's group, occupied the jury box, chanting "discrimination" and "justice is shit." They too were found in contempt, and were summarily packed off to jail for a month. One woman shouted "they're raping us again!" as police took her from the court and was sentenced to a second month.

These were dramatic events, but the trials of those falling in the third category, although quieter, are possibly even more significant.

Most of the lesser-known political prisoners are under 25, students, workers or unemployed. Their histories of political activity vary from passing interest to full-time involvement. In October, most of them were engaged in the series of student strikes and popular assemblies which were just starting to mushroom when the War Measures Act came hurtling down.

It is the thousands of people like these who are the main target of repression. A representative of the state, Special Crown Prosecutor Gabriel Lapointe, made this clear when he pleaded before Judge Roger Ouimet at the sentencing of 22-year-old unemployed Côme Leblanc, the first person convicted of an offence under the War Measures Act.

LARUE-LANGLOIS

CHARTRAND

LEMIEUX

THE SECOND TYPE: ACTIVE FOR YEARS

Lapointe called for an exemplary sentence: "In providing a penalty of five years for this offence, the legislator wanted to make young people understand that the FLQ is not a sport. He wanted to show those youths who occupy themselves with such activities instead of studying or working, the serious consequences of their acts."

The judge handed Leblanc ten months, for "advocating the aims and principles" of the FLQ. The jury which found him guilty of having FLQ ideas in his head acquitted him of membership in the "unlawful association" and of distributing statements on behalf of it.

Leblanc's "activities" were, admittedly, not what you'd find on the agenda of a Boy Scout camping weekend. On the contrary, they were the sort of activities engaged in recently by frightening (to the government) numbers of young people in Quebec.

According to a "confession" Leblanc made to police and used as evidence to prove his FLQ connections, the youth took part in numerous demonstrations since 1968, worked for the Parti Québécois last April, and took a course from radical Quebec historian Léandre Bergeron. He attended two meetings of a militant left-wing independentist group and owned a copy of Pierre Vallières' **Nègres blancs d'Amérique**.

In court, Leblanc admitted distributing copies of the FLQ manifesto and a leaflet calling for a general student strike, before the War Measures Act was introduced. He had picked up the literature at a student meeting on October 14, attended by about 1,000 people. The Crown also noted that he had quit school, been laid off a job, was unemployed, and spent fair lengths of time conducting "political discussions" with his friends.

The repression in Quebec is directed at people like Côme Leblanc: the people who have attended a dozen demonstrations this winter demanding the release of political prisonners; the people who stroll city streets and country roads dressed in the red-white-and-green colors of the Patriotes; the people who decorate their walls with movement posters; the people who hawk papers to raise money for legal defence. It is directed against the young in the schools and in the streets, the 200,000 official unemployed and the countless others working at subsistence jobs they consider meaningless.

The few dozen youths charged with activities which became illegal after October 16, 1970 are being used as examples. They are being used in an effort to intimidate others who may not have realized that radical politics is a serious business.

Rose's summation to the jury

One of the few times Paul Rose was allowed to speak during his trial was to present the defence summation to the jury. He had planned a three-hour address, but was cut off after 80 minutes when Judge Marcel Nichols declared his plea terminated. Here is a free translation of excerpts from Rose's address.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this is no doubt the last time I will be asked to speak for a good length of time. When I first came here, I said I did not recognize this foreign court of British origin which is only a cover for the establishment. But I'd like to explain today the significance of each of my acts.

"I am a member of the Front de Libération du Québec, and I'm proud of it. I have always had an honest attitude towards myself and towards all those engaged in fighting for the freedom of the Quebec people. I stand before you without bitterness or resentment, proud of having conducted a battle which, I am convinced, will one day end in victory, that is, in our liberation...

"I never hid the fact that I took part in the kidnapping of Pierre Laporte; I am too proud of it. Because twenty of us managed to shake the financial establishment of Quebec in a manner which will not soon be forgotten. Twenty Québécois succeeded in shaking up a whole pack of financiers, a whole horde of exploiters, in a way which nothing previous — and certainly no political party — had ever been able to do.

"In October we took a big step forward. If 20 Québécois could do so much, imagine what 100, 1,000 or a million Québécois could achieve. We concentrated all our energy, all our strength, and all our courage in the October events. Militarily, we knew it would not necessarily be a success. In fact, we obtained nothing from the governments. But the demonstration of our power as 'little two-bit Québécois' was worth 100 military victories.

"Today, if the number of young people like us behind bars has increased, outside they have multiplied. We decided to carry out the kidnapping because we anticipated a storm in the breast of the authorities. Instead, we got a hurricane, and that encouraged us greatly, because it showed that while we are used to taking blows from infancy, those who give them to us are themselves unable to receive them. I know that we are the ones who will vanquish, because the FLQ is prepared to take 1,000 blows in order to deliver a single, solid, well-placed one. We have all this strength, this vitality, which lives within us, passed on to us by our ancestors...

"If you were in the place of the Vietnamese, would you not do as they do? One must put oneself in the place of the Québécois, and if some people are obstacles to us we must have the courage to use the means to overcome these obstacles. We have obligations to the children who will follow us. We have duties to the people who live in this territory, toward the people who speak French...

"Young people like us — and there are many of them at liberty — no longer want the society you gave them. We want to reclaim what belongs to us. That is why the FLQ exists. BC Packers empties the bays, and when the fishermen see half their produce stolen they wait for the boats with guns. The newspapers call that violence. The Front de Libération du Québec is even ahead of that. We don't wait until the boat comes into the river. To prevent is to cure...

"The Front de Libération du Québec is everybody, it's you, it's me, it's everybody who wants to end this contempt and this exploitation and who has guts. This democracy is a paper democracy. It provides rights in theory, but not in practice. We no longer want a society which can pronounce itself only once every four years, in a façade of justice, a façade of democracy which hides the quite opposite reality. Don't be surprised to see young people like us working for the society we desire. We have the right and we will exercise it..."

At this point, Judge Nichols interrupted, ordering Rose to stick to "the facts of the case". Rose continued:

"I take responsibility for my part in the events of October. Your verdict, gentlemen of the jury, is not very important. Whether you say guilty or not guilty, I will be found guilty elsewhere. If the establishment wants to find me guilty of being a Québécois, then I am guilty. I am one. And I'm proud of it..."

Nichols: "You must, you must..."

Rose continued: "I am a member of the FLQ. I will always be a member of the FLQ. There will always be an FLQ as long as Quebec is not free".

"I call you to order, Mr. Rose", said Nichols, but the defendant continued. A moment later, the judge offered his final interjection: "Mr. Rose, your plea is finished".

New charges for Vallières and Gagnon

"There is always the court of appeal."

— Judge Roger Ouimet

For almost five years, Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon have been "alleged terrorists". First they faced a variety of criminal charges connected to the activities of the 1966 Front de Libération du Québec. Then Vallières wrote **Nègres blancs d'Amérique**, and the two were charged with sedition (the absurdity of charging Gagnon with sedition on the basis of Vallières' book was realized, and the charge against him was thrown out; Vallières still faces his). Last spring they were let out on bail, but then came October. Vallières and Gagnon were back in jail, charged with FLQ membership and seditious conspiracy, along with Robert Lemieux, Michel Chartrand and Jacques Larue-Langlois.

Between their first arrest in September 1966, and their second, on October 16, 1970, only one case ended in conviction: a charge against Gagnon for conspiracy to commit armed robbery, which was upheld by the Quebec Court of Appeal, and which the Canadian Supreme Court refused to hear. More serious charges either ended in acquittal or are still pending appeal. Others were never heard at all.

While the 1966 cases wended their way through the courtroom bureaucracy, Vallières and Gagnon spent nearly four years in jail, detained without bail (**Last Post**, Vol. I, No. I. The charges against them were serious enough to hold Gagnon for 40 months, Vallières for 44.

They were so serious in fact, that on March 9, 1971, the attorney-general of Quebec saw fit to abandon proceedings in all outstanding cases against Vallières and Gagnon dating from their 1966 arrests. This despite the fact that the existence of these charges had been cited by Superior Court Judge Roger Ouimet as grounds for refusing the men bail on the newer count of FLQ membership, after he had quashed the October seditious conspiracy charge against The Five.

In dropping the long-standing charges against Vallières and Gagnon, the crown cleared the slate, as far as the vintage-'66 FLQ was concerned. A month earlier, it had dropped charges against Richard Bouchoux, who had been suspected of being the organization's bomb technician five years ago. Bouchoux was more fortunate than some of his comrades. He spent only 17 months in jail, receiving bail in 1968 after a nervous breakdown and an acquittal.

Also recently, the crown abandoned perjury proceedings against Serge Demers, who is serving time for his part in the 1966 bombings. A "confession" by Demers was the key state evidence against Bouchoux, Vallières, Gagnon and others. Demers repudiated the confession on the witness stand, earning himself a perjury citation and Bouchoux an acquittal.

By dropping the old charges against Vallières and Gagnon, the crown gave up its strongest argument for their detention without bail. So it invented new ones. The next day, Vallières, Gagnon and Larue-Langlois (who is at liberty on bail) were charged anew with seditious conspiracy, and to ice the cake Vallières was slapped with a new series of counts, alleging that he counselled people to murder and kidnap in letters posted from his jail cell in 1968.

In view of the gravity of these new charges, bail for Vallières and Gagnon is, of course, out of the question. They will remain in custody while justice is served. From the crown's viewpoint, the 1966 charges had lost their credibility and had to be dropped. If the new ones meet a similar fate, others can no doubt be found.

Criminal proceedings, after all, are like apples and oranges. It doesn't matter which ones are used, as long as the desired purpose is served. In this case, the purpose is to keep people in jail.

'There's no justice there,' he said

While the trials of Paul Rose and the others arrested in the aftermath of October being brought to their swift conclusions, justice was proceeding more slowly in another celebrated Montreal case. Frank Cotroni lists his occupation as "theatre manager" in Montreal's north end. Out on bail since early 1967, his trial has still not begun.

The case concerns a tunnel that had been started from the basement of a two-storey dwelling and led to a branch of the Montreal City and District Savings Bank immediately behind it. A number of holes had been drilled into the wall of the bank.

Cotroni (who had been in trouble with the law before, in connection with the wrecking of the Chez Paree nightclub in the early sixties' and ten others were arrested and proceedings began in early April 1967. On April 20, bail for Cotroni was set at $100,000 (the question of possible danger to the public, which has kept Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon in jail, evidently didn't figure in his case). The next day a little man in his sixties, accompanied by another man, came and deposited a brown paper bag containing 51 $1000 bills and 490 $100 bills with the court. Cotroni was freed. The others were bailed out at the same time.

After that, Cotroni appeared in court countless times. His battery of defence lawyers presented motion after motion: motions to quash the charges, challenges to the jurisdiction of the court, requests for delay. The court took it all as part of the game. The records contain an interminable series of entries: "April 4, 1968. Present: Judge E. Trottier; G. Grenier, Crown; R. Daoust, Defence. Accused present. By consent, case remanded to May 7, 1968, 'pro forma'."

One charge was dropped, and proceedings began an another. At one preliminary inquiry, the crown could find only one witness, Ernest "Le Pic" Bilodeau, who would link Cotroni to the tunnel plot. Then the crown prosecutor said he didn't believe Bilodeau's testimony. Another preliminary inquiry was held. Trial dates were set, and then set again.

"You can use procedure to tie up the courts for years," says one Montreal lawyer. "If you can get your guy out on bail, you can keep him out forever."

Four years after the case began, only two of the accused, Frank Fuoco and Theodore "Boots" Orban, have been tried. Orban was given a five-year penitentiary term, and habitual criminal proceedings have been started against Fuoco.

For Cotroni, meanwhile, bail was reduced to $60,000, then to $30,000, then to $3,000. He has spent much of his time in Acapulco, Mexico, where he was arrested again in early 1971, this time on suspicion of buying jewellery with a stolen credit card. Sidney Leithman, one of his lawyers, flew down and helped clear matters up. Cotroni was relased after fifteen days.

When he got back to Montreal, Cotroni called a lavish press conference. It was all a mistake, he told reporters. A case of mistaken identity. But he would never go back to Mexico.

"There's no justice there," he explained.

This section was compiled by Robert Chodos and Marc Raboy of the Last Post editorial co-operative.

What if they gave a war...

As dusk descended on Mount Royal, so did the armed forces helicopters. The War Measures Act had been proclaimed and the army was ordered to clear the mountain that looms out of the centre of Montreal.

Presumably, they were looking for anarchistic ducks lurking on Beaver Lake and subversive squirrels hiding like so many chattering Che's amid the trees on the slope.

With Stirling sub-machine guns at the ready, the soldiers charged out of their copters to liberate the mountain.

"It was a real gas", recounted an officer later. "You should have seen the faces of some of the hippies we ran across.

"I remember one who gave some lip to a big corporal from the boondocks. Boy, that was one hippie who got himself zapped good."

The officer, sensing a certain dismay in his listener, hastened to add that the hippie wasn't shot — "he was just grabbed by the locks and knocked around a little bit."

The officer recounting this incident was one of 7500 soldiers deployed in Ontario and Quebec during the events of October. The backbone of the Canadian army was laid out, leaving all but token forces in the Maritimes and the west. ("A taxi full of guerrillas could have captured Halifax.")

What was flickering in the mind's eye of these soldiers?

Canadian Cong prowling the frozen swamps of Northen Ontario? Urban guerrillas with blood dripping from their front teeth on Montreal's St. Catherine street? Massed mobs teeming through the ghettos of Lower Town Quebec?

Expect the worst, the soldiers were told. "The worst? What is the worst?" they asked. "Just expect it," they were told.

It was Catch vingt-deux.

Among the officers at the beginning, exhiliration predominated.

After 20 years of playing soldier at exercises around the country, here was the real thing.

"The balloon's gone up!" chortled one.

Vindication for all that training. At last, a chance to use that "In" jargon. ("Reference the hippie behind the oak tree at three o'clock.")

If there was a predominant feeling among the grunts, it was trepidation — and in some cases, fear. All the measures they were ordered to take escalated these emotions. Anti-molotov cocktail netting on the trucks. Full combat dress. And the clincher, keep the ammunition magazines inserted in the sub-machine guns.

Ammo clips can be popped out of a pocket and onto a rifle in a matter of seconds. The fact that they were ordered to keep the weapons fully loaded put the fear of God into them.

"Considering the touchiness of the Stirling automatic — a good jolt can start it spraying bullets — it's to the soldiers' credit that no civilians were accidentally shot," said one officer on duty during the crisis.

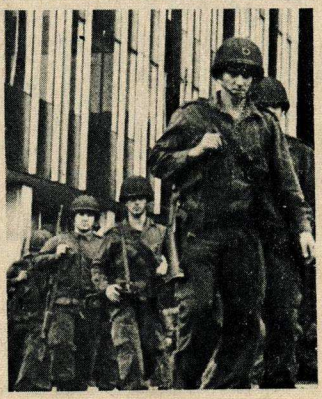
One soldier paid for this little manifestation of hysteria with his life. Disembarking from an army truck near Ottawa, he stumbled and shot himself dead.

The absurdity of having soldiers walking around with sub-machine guns at the ready becomes apparent when measured against the police response, suggested the officer.

"The police were active," he said, "and they kept their riot equipment at the ready. But they didn't wheel down streets with Stirling automatics poking out of squad-car windows.

"The military thought in terms of The Enemy. Sealed off in battalions, their weapons at the ready, the soldiers were keyed up to repel organized attacks."

To offset the anticipated criticism that the army was "occupying" Quebec, Defence Minister Donald MacDonald took great pains to assure Parliament that the army was only summoned to "aid the civil authorities". It was made clear that the forces were under the sole and constant command of the director of the Quebec Provincial Police.



But as dozens of deposed Latin American presidents can attest, you can't keep the army down.

According to a **Last Post** source, there was a strong move in the military to "take the initiative" and trigger search-and-destroy missions in the thick woods surrounding the Bomarc missle base near Sudbury, presumably to look for the Canadian Cong.

But that was slapped down by the defence ministry.

Then there was Brigadier-General Radley Walters. His friends and admirers describe him variously as: "A soldier's soldier" — "A man with an independent mind" — "The guy's loved by his men" — "He wouldn't hesitate to tell a politician to go screw himself" — "Flamboyant".

From Camp Petawawa, 110 miles northwest of Ottawa, the general was dispatched to take command of the combat troops stationed in the Ottawa-Hull area.

The general, who refuses to wear anything on duty but an old combat jacket he wore on the beaches of D-Day 27 years ago, decided to demonstrate his "independent mind" late in October.

Chafing at being chained to the command of a civilian police director and convinced the job was not being executed properly, the general took matters into his own hands.

Ignoring the Defence Minister's directives, he ordered a series of "sweeps" in Hull. They reportedly took the form of full-scale patrols and house-to-house searches.

Puzzled reporters called QPP headquarters in Hull to find out what was going on. The Provincial Police were as mystified as reporters. They had no idea what was happenin . Calls to defence headquarters elicited the equivalent of a blank stare.

When the Minister of Defence got wind of the situation, he was furious.

Radley Walters, as they say, "got his knuckles rapped."

It is not known whether the general lived up to his reputation and told the minister to go screw himself.

The PQ seeks respectability

Since its creation in the fall of 1968, René Lévesque's Parti Québécois has spent a good deal of time and energy trying to achieve an elusive goal: respectability. In the 1970 Quebec elections, this goal led the party to circulate a statement by David Rockefeller in which the banker proclaimed that American capital was not afraid of an independent Quebec. More recently, it has prompted the PQ to dissociate itself not only from the principals in the October events, but also from all those whose aims extend beyond paper independence for Quebec.

A few weeks before the PQ's February convention, Lévesque told students at the University of Montreal that the party had not exercised leadership in opposition to the War Measures Act for fear of being connected with "the extremists". During October, he said, it did not organize any demonstrations because "it has become almost impossible to guarantee the integrity of a demonstration." Nor did it call any public meetings, lest they be "invaded".

Then, at the convention itself, Lévesque let fly at the extremists, in a keynote speech which the left-wing weekly **Québec-Presse** called "a stupid re-opening of old wounds which many had believed healed." His attack was directed at those who would "flirt with the foggy ideas of the so-called revolutionaries" — those within the party who have been trying to move it to the left, and those who never joined the party because of its middle-class orientation and liberal program.

Lévesque's address set the tone for the convention, which demonstrated clearly that the PQ's aim is a new political arrangement for Quebec, but little more. The convention rejected most resolutions which smacked of socialism, like one calling for guaranteed employment. It also rejected a resolution that public funds be used for French schools only, a concept which has stood at the centre of much of Quebec's extra-parliamentary activity in the last two years.

More to the point, the PQ voted down a resolution demanding bail for Pierre Vallières and Charles Gagnon, the only people picked up in the first War Measures Act swoop who are still behind bars. Although the resolution was couched in civil libertarian terms, careful not to express support for the politics of Vallières and Gagnon, the convention rejected it, under executive pressure.

Interestingly, the call for bail was opposed by Lévesque's only challenger for the party leadership, André Larocque, whose campaign was based on returning the party to the grass roots and engaging in local citizen action. "Larocque," wrote one reporter covering the convention, "like a good social democrat, regarded his opposition to the extreme, violent left as an essential mark of his own socialism."

Larocque was neatly trounced by the powerful Lévesque — who many Péquistes consider the party's sine qua non — but Pierre Bourgault, the flamboyant former leader of Quebec's first separatist party, the Rassemblement pour l'Indépendance Nationale, won election to the PQ executive although Lévesque and the rest of the party élite worked for his defeat.

Bourgault, who now edits the weekly newsmagazine **Point de Mire**, has never really fit in with the sober style of the Parti Québécois. Although the RIN's view of independence did not differ markedly from that of the PQ, it never had the same reticence about taking part in demonstrations and other actions. More recently, Bourgault has written in **Point de Mire** that the PQ must become socialist, and warned against a purge of its left wing (such as he carried out in the RIN in 1967).

On the convention floor, Bourgault's speech accepting the executive nomination was, for many members, one of the highlights of the weekend. He attacked the leadership's quest for "respectability" and urged it to solidarize with all wings of the independence movement. Specifically, he said, the PQ has no right to denounce militants "simply because they are in jail".

Men and ideas that are not respectable today, he recalled, can become so tomorrow. "Ho Chi Minh was not respectable, but he became so. Castro was not respectable, but he became so."

The party opted for respectability, now. That should not be surprising, because it is composed primarily of people who are quite respectable, now.

LAST POST

Marginalia

American businessmen in the big, multi-national corporations are getting the word to step up the fight against Canadian nationalism.

In an article entitled "Twelve Steps to Pacify Canadian Nationalism", the New York weekly newsletter Business International warns that these 12 steps "should be a fundamental part of every management's strategic tool kit, lest recent skirmishes develop into more serious confrontations."

For the time being, the big stick apparently is to be concealed, in favor of a tranquillizer of sleeping pill approach.

Among the steps recommended by the insiders' publication: give the company Canadian management and directors; offer shares to Canadian investors; publish financial information — in English and French — even if this is not legally required; pay more attention to pollution; support Canadian culture; treat Quebec as a distinct market.

These steps should not be allowed to interfere with profits, the newsletter notes, but emphasizes that there's a $21 billion investment at stake, twice as high as in the European Common Market.

* * *

Don't be surprised to find the CBC's Ottawa man, Smilin' Ron Collister, go on to his just reward very soon and become a Conservative candidate in the next federal election. He reportedly ducked offers from both the Tories and the Liberals to leap into the race last time around — but is being sorely tempted this time.

* * *

Federal politicians got a queasy feeling in the pit of their stomachs when they heard about Justice Minister John

Turner being shouted down by radical groups in Vancouver.

"If the people of Quebec can't speak freely," said the Vancouver Liberation Front, "then Turner is not going to be able to speak in public either."

For Members of Parliament, it means the next federal campaign will be cloaked in intensive security. And like the recent U.S. political campaigns, it will have a heavy media orientation.

Prime Minister Trudeau, when outside Quebec, was able to "rap" with the radical young during the last federal election. He'll be making speeches while heads are rapped in the next.

The signal was the demonstration outside the Royal York Hotel when he gave his government's commitment to "women's rights". On the Quebec scale of demonstrations, it was a small thing. But Toronto reporters insist it was the most "violent" demonstration they had seen in a long time.

* * *

Most citizens committees across the country turn a sharp edge of suspicion on any government official who arrives in their midst. But some of the officials — especially from Munro's Health and Welfare Department — are very good at winning trust. It turns out that mistrust was probably the best attitude. There is a strong report that a sophisticated "information retrieval service" is at work — perhaps unknown even to the government's travelling salesmen. All the data on citizen's groups across the nation is gathered — and made available to the RCMP.

* * *

Parliamentary Democracy in Action Dept: The most edifying news to come out of a recent Ottawa parliamentary committee meeting on agriculture was printed in the following paragraph in the Montreal Star: "Lawyer Harold Stafford (L-Elgin) had to be awakened twice when votes were called. At one point, Guy Crossman (L-Westmorland-Kent) lit matches under Mr. Stafford's feet to rouse him."

* * *

While researching the two major, but separate articles in this issue, we came upon an interesting Canadian historical footnote that would otherwise go unnoted: In his younger days, Mel Watkins used to babysit Bobby Orr. Ah well, Parry Sound's loss and Canada's gain.

* * *

Now that Canada has belatedly recognized the legality of the Peoples' Republic of China, Ottawa has moved swiftly to ensure that proper communications be set up between the Canadian and Chinese peoples.

To this end, an elaborate Chinese language program has been set up at a governement school in Ottawa. Because of the difficulties and complexities of the Chinese tongue, the course is of the total immersion type — eight hours a day, five days a week for two years.

There are six Canadians, government employees, enrolled in this course which is designed to facilitate cultural, political and trade relations between Canada and China: two from the Department of External Affairs, one from the Department of Trade and Commerce and three from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

And lest there be some confusion as to government priorities, the course has already produced one graduate — an RCMP staff sergeant. That's recognition.

* * *

The Quebec best-seller list, as appearing in La Presse, shows no. 1 is **Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Quebec** (a Marxist history), and includes **Quebec Occupé,** (a collection of leftist essays on the October crisis), **L'Homme Rapaille,** (poems on a nationalist and left theme), **The Black Book** (on the dying French language), **Famille Sans-Nom** (Jules Verne's stridently nationalist account of the 1837 revolt), and **La Crise d'Octobre by** Gérard Pelletier. The list of English bestsellers published in the Canadian papers have a different roster: they include **Love Story, Ball Four, The Inheritors, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex,** and **The Godfather.**

* * *

Let's pause and question the truth of the statement oft-repeated during the White Paper debate that our mining and resource companies are about to be taxed out of existence: The DBS recently published some interesting (if a bit out of date — 1966) figures comparing book profits of various types of corporations with their taxable profits. For all corporations reporting, the total book profit was $7,386 million and profits before tax were 56 per cent, or $4,-103 million. Metal mining companies had book profits of $396 million, but taxable profits of only $15 million or 4 per cent. The mineral fuels industry had book profits of $197 million, and taxable profits of $20 million, or about 10 per cent. Other mining companies had taxable profits of 28 per cent of book profits.

* * *

Conversation between broadcaster Peter Gzowski and Defence Minister Donald MacDonald broadcast on CBC radio last January:

"...Assuming, as you say, that 'the urban guerrilla is here to stay' was there not a couple of years ago an exercise of Canadian forces that was based on the scenario of a popular uprising, I think in Quebec, led by a popular labor leader...?"

—"I must confess I don't know, it was before my actual responsibilities and I don't remember, I seem to recall that... whether it was in Quebec or assumed elsewhere in Canada I couldn't be sure... **the scenario seems to have been a pretty good guess by somebody though."**

—"... What a minute... you're saying 'led by a popular labor leader' was a pretty good guess?"

—"Well, at least the popular labor leader associated with... events, yeah."

—"Are you making an accusation?"

—"No, I really shouldn't make an accusation. Certainly the notion of a scenario whereby there would be this kind of challenge to the normal police authorities has been borne out by events."

This is a clearly unmistakeable reference to Michel Chartrand, the only 'popular labor leader' the Defence Minister could be referring to in this context. But Chartrand was before the courts last January, at the time of the interview, charged with seditious conspiracy and advocating the aims of the FLQ.

But no one has questioned the propriety of a Minister of the Crown making an analogy between the exercise scenario, the October events, and a particular man before the courts charged with the participation in the events the Minister has already pronounced him guilty of.

* * *

The Liberal administration has, apparently, been reduced to crystal-ball gazing in American think-tanks on matters concerning Quebec.

Though it escaped the attention of the papers, a team of federal civil servants journeyed at the beginning of winter to an organization known as the Institute for the Future, a futurology think-tank in Middleton, Connecticut, that usually concerns itself with test-tube babies and android computers (its financial links are not yet known to us).

The federal officials spent several days in workshops assessing, among other things, the probabilities of Quebec separating, possible effects, and means of preventing such an eventuality. The Institute's Director, Selwyn Enzer, reports that it was decided "there is a 40 per cent probability of Quebec separating by 1985". It was also strongly felt that there was a serious chance of what Enzer called "Western Canada separation", or at least a moving closer to the United States by the west in the wake of Quebec separation.

There was also, Enzer said in a phone interview, discussion of rebellion and civil strife. Much time was expended discussing how to prevent Quebec separation, but apart from suggestions about setting up French-language academies to strengthen French culture, and equalizing standards of living, "the people were too emotionally involved," Enzer said, and "no panaceas were offered."

They had to withdraw the Public Order Act

"The question is being asked with increasing frequency at the present time as to what will happen when the officially proclaimed State of Emergeny ends. Will we feel safe without this protective umbrella? The drafting by Government of a Public Order Act suggests that this is intended to be a way out, just in case the forces of destruction have gone underground, and might think of coming to the front once again unless there is some restraining legal provision."

— editorial in the Trinidad Guardian, August 2, 1970

A political crisis arising out of a rapid erosion of support for the régime, followed by harsh repression that succeeds in re-establishing control. Later an attempt by the régime to extend and continue the repressive measures, and sensational political charges against the leading people opposing the régime. Then a series of show trials, with both sides using the courtroom as a forum to appeal for public support.

In Trinidad and Tobago the chain of events began last spring, touched off by a drama being played out in far-off Montreal. People in the small Caribbean country watched the trial of ten Trinidadian students by an all-white jury in the Sir George Williams computer case with growing anger, and as the trial neared its end the anger boiled over.

The demonstrations that began as a response to the Montreal trial soon grew into a massive protest against unemployment, which attains levels as high as 25 per cent of the population, inflation, underdevelopment and foreign (often Canadian) control of the economy, and the failure of Prime Minister Eric Williams' government to deal adequately with any of these problems (**Last Post, Vol. I, No. 3**). At one point 55,000 people marched in Port of Spain, a city of 300,000 (Trinidad and Tobago has only a million people).

In April, with the demonstrations beginning again after a lull and the army about to mutiny, Williams cracked down. A State of Emergency was proclaimed and a curfew imposed. Curfew violators were shot. On May 20, the government extended the State of Emergency for six months. Meanwhile, it introduced economic reforms, incorporating much of the rhetoric but little of the substance of the protectors' demands. Then toward the end of the summer, looking for ways to extend its special powers still further, it proposed the Public Order Act.

SHAH
"different from the afro saxons"

The Public Order Act would have permanently given the government the power to restrain freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press. It would have given the Minister of National Security the power to permit the formation of quasi-military organization outside the defence and police forces. It would have given to the police the power to "stop and search" for firearms or ammunition — and to the Minister of National Security the power to declare anything to be ammunition. It would have provided for preventive detention and restriction of movement. It would have left Trinidadians, as a group of Port-of-Spain lawyers said, "only with the power to see and hear."

But it was never passed — it was never even brought before the House of Representatives. For the view expressed by the **Guardian** on August 2 was not a majority one. The Trinidad and Tobago Labour Congress took a strong stand against the Bill, and discussed the possibility of calling a general strike when it came up in the House. The Trinidad and Tobago Medical Association warned that it "would lead, eventually, to more and worse civil disorder."

Algernon Wharton, QC, a prominent barrister and the acting president of the Trinidad and Tobago Central Bank, suggested that the Bill be burnt in the public square. The Steelbands' Association called for the withdrawal of the Bill. Even the **Guardian,** a few weeks after its original editorial, said that "the present Bill needs serious amendments." Finally, on September 13, the General Council of the ruling People's National Movement advocated the Bill's withdrawal. The cabinet met right afterwards and withdrew it.

But more aftershocks of the spring convulsion were still to be felt. Charges were brought against the soldiers involved in the April mutiny at Teteron, headquarters of the Trinidad and Tobago Regiment. Thirty-one of the soldiers were charged with treason, which would carry a mandatory death penalty. But the government chose to proceed instead with a court martial against thirteen soldiers, including the alleged leaders of the mutiny, on charges of mutiny with violence.

The court martial itself was highly unusual. None of its members was a Trinidadian — its president was Col. Theophilius Danjuma of Nigeria, and its other members came from Commonwealth countries in Africa, Asia, and the Caribbean. Some of them came from armies that had taken power in military coups.

They must all have been somewhat taken aback at the strange history of the Trinidad and Tobago Regiment. One of the accused, Lt. Raffique Shah, described the Regiment as "a glorified version of the Boy Scouts as a showcase for visiting foreign dignitaries" in his final address to the Court. Shah's lawyer, in his address to the court after Shah was convicted, called it "a regiment of toy soldiers, expensive toys, it is true and decorative but completely and utterly useless."

The Regiment was set up by the British as a condition of independence in the early sixties. "The etiquette of personal relations to be practised and appreciated in our military institution was British," Shah's lawyer said, "the rules and regulations were British, the idiom and phraseology were British, the uniforms were British, the weapons and technology prior to the declaration of the State of Emergency were British, and to ensure that the whole operation was launched in the British style the original officers appointed were British."

Later, the government used the army as "a juicy grassland to which its loyal party hacks and useless senior civil servants might comfortably be put out to pasture on fat salaries and generous fringe benefits. And the prestige of resounding ranks and titles as consolation perhaps for egos, bruised by the withdrawal from useful public service."

The army might perhaps have remained an expensive ornament except for two things. One was the coming to maturity of a new generation of Trinidadians, the first to begin to shake off the colonized mentality of the past. In the army, this generation consisted of officers in their mid-twenties like Lt. Shah, men trained at Sandhurst, who "took their training as soldiers too literally, (and were) too young and idealistic to go along with the game of make-believe." In Shah's lawyer's words, these were "the sabras of our young nation," very different from the "afro saxons" who made up the country's traditional élite.

Inevitably, this led to conflict, "and this is in essence the conflict from which the mutiny at Teteron derived. It was a conflict between one generation and another. It was a conflict between our colonial past and our future aspirations, it was failure of communication between the two and a rejection of each by the order."

The other thing that shattered the army's leisurely way of life was the uprising of early 1970. Not surprisingly, the discontent that spread throughout Trinidad was felt in the army too. But the army was involved in a much more direct way. For the first time it was called upon to perform a genuine military function — it was asked to bring the explosive situation under control.

"What happened?" Shah's lawyer asked. "The high office holders in the army reacted predictably to their masters' call for help. Accustomed and encouraged to believe that their jobs were sinecures they could not face the challenge. So they abdicated. They simply could not perform. Col. Johnson, the commander of the cocktail party circuit, Col. Christopher, a sheep in wolf's clothing, Dopwell, Spencer, Vidal, the ambiguous Captain Halfhide. The army was leaderless in the emergency.

"Only the professionnally trained soldiers who, in a sense we might say, had swallowed the romance of the Light Brigade more uncritically than the rest, knowing intimately the condition of the Regiment and appreciating the impossibility of such a Regiment performing on active duty had the courage and initiative to act. So they took control. And how tragically ironical that instead of being decorated for their public service as the deserters were, they are charged and convicted for the offence of mutiny."

The mutineers never fired a shot. Their demands, once they had taken control, were that the minister in charge of the regiment be removed; that the commanding officer, Col. Stanley Johnson, be removed and replaced with the more respected former commander, Brig. Serrette; that Lt. Shah and Lt. Rex Lasalle (another of the defendants) be appointed company commanders; that a commission of inquiry into the regiment be appointed; and that the soldiers be given amnesty. All their demands were eventually granted — except the last one.

Shah's lawyer asked that his client be set free, arguing "that not only was our army irrelevant to the needs of Trinidad and Tobago but that the inevitable consequence of accepting the irrelevance of the army is to accept the irrelevance of a mutiny within it." He insisted that the particular conditions of Trinidadian society had to be taken into account in deciding a sentence. But on March 3, the court sentenced Lt. Shah to twenty years in prison, Lt. Lasalle to fifteen, Lt. Michael Bazie to seven, and the others to lesser terms.

"As they were all being marched out of the court," reported the **Trinidad Express**, "the soldiers raised their clenched fists in the air and shouted 'power!' The gallery replied with very loud shouts of 'power!' while the members of the court were still in their seats."

Outside, more than 200 secondary school students marched through the streets of Port-of-Spain to protest the sentences. Black power leader Geddes Granger addressed a crowd in a public square. He asked the crowd if it was satisfied with the sentences, and there was a resounding "No!"

"Then if you are not satisfied, do not go home and sleep and tell your neighbor how sorry you are. Sorrow never freed a man yet. Go home and do some serious thinking."

The NHL power play

by
Nick
Auf der Maur

"The NHL never has been motivated by what its customers might or might not like. It has been guided by its estimate of what the public will hold still for."
— Jim Proudfoot, Toronto Daily Star.

When it comes to hockey, there's a general, if inarticulate malaise amongst Canadians. There's a feeling that something has happened to their national game, what Ralph Allen once called their national religion.

It's something that creeps into tavern conversations, magazines and radio and TV shows, but almost never on to the sports pages, at least not in the two senior NHL cities.

The malaise began to manifest itself with expansion, but its roots go beyond that.

The National Hockey League was organized in 1917 by five teams — Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec City and two from Montreal.

In 1971, the NHL comprises 14 teams — three in Canada and 11 in the United States. In between, the League has attained complete monopoly control of almost all organized hockey in Canada. The NHL ship is so tightly organized that even the robber barons of old couldn't have devised a more monopolistic, feudal setup.

In the early and middle sixties, the big powers in the NHL were Conn Smythe of the Toronto Maple Leafs; Frank Selke, general manager of the Montreal Canadiens, owned by Senator Hartland Molson; and James Norris, owner of the Chicago Black Hawks. Norris had also owned the Detroit Red Wings and part of the New York Rangers, as well as the Montreal Forum. But U.S. anti-trust laws forced him to get rid of the Red Wings — he sold the franchise to his half brother — and the Rangers, while also breaking up his International Boxing Club with which he monoplized that sport.

With these men in power, Clarence Campbell was a vocal opponent of expansion.

But times were changing. The old feudal lords of hockey were being eased out.

Conn Smythe eased himself out in favor of his son Stafford Smythe while Frank Selke and Sen. Molson were in the process of turning the Forum and the Canadiens over to David Molson, the blond-haired, blue-eyed son.

At the same time south of the border, a new man was on the rise. He was William Jennings, the lawyer for Graham-Paige

Corp. which took over Madison Square Gardens from Norris's boxing empire. He soon became president of the Rangers.

Jennings, an American with no previous experience in hockey, started pushing expansion. The old guard regarded the NHL as a private club, one that made a lot of money. They were content. But the young Turks, led by Jennings, saw the possibility of turning the NHL into a really big, American money-making enterprise.

Before long, Clarence Campbell, the old traditionalist, was espousing visions of a greatly expanded league, putting hockey up on a par with U.S. pro football, baseball and basketball. In 1967, in one fell swoop, the NHL doubled its size, adding six new franchises at $2,000,000 a throw.

James Norris and the old Canadian traditionalists were reluctant. They favored adding two new teams at first, to preserve the quality of the game. Toronto and Montreal agreed, so long as they didn't have to split their Canadian TV money with any new Canadian team. (Actually Stafford Smythe told the city of Vancouver that if they would turn over a downtown block for $1 he would provide an arena and a franchise. The city thought the price steep and was frozen out.)

James Norris was persuaded to go along when the cup was sweetened. He owned the arena in St. Louis, a city that hadn't applied for an NHL franchise. Although several groups in Vancouver would have gladly paid the $2,000,000 admission, the B.C. city wasn't awarded a franchise. St. Louis got one and the League went about trying to find someone to pay the $2,000,000 and buy Norris's arena. They hit it lucky when Sid Salomon III persuaded his father to ante up. Ironically, St. Louis has become the most successful expansion team.

While the original six team owners pocketed millions, the new teams each were allowed to draft 20 of the least wanted players in the NHL. Of the original 120 players drafted in 1967, only 24 are still playing with the same teams.

As a result of expansion, the quality of play in the league was diluted. Further expansion in 1970 saw the addition of Vancouver and Buffalo, this time at the price of $6,000,000 each — triple the old cost.

The price was so steep that no local Vancouver capitalists could raise the dough. So in stepped the Medical Investment Corporation of Minneapolis, a company originally set us as tax shelter for five Minnesota doctors. Among other things, it owns the Ice Follies, and radio and TV stations.

Medicor, as it's known, bought the Vancouver Canucks and set up shop in a new arena, one built and paid for by federal, provincial and municipal money.

While this was going on, William Jennings was wheeling and dealing in New York, setting himself up as the new power in the NHL. With Americans owning 11 of the 14 teams in the NHL, he found no difficulty. (Norris had died in the interim, leaving William Wirtz to take over).

The NHL set up a new office in New York, run by Don V. Ruck, a former Connecticut newspaperman. Ruck also set up NHL Services, a money-producing outfit dealing in endorsements, games, souvenirs and similar products. Control was slipping away from Canada.

The League headquarters was kept in Montreal for two reasons. First, because the labor pool — the players — comes from Canada and it's easier to control out of a Canadian city. But most important, Canada provides what Clarence Campbell calls a "hospitable climate".

He patriotically explained that Canada provides protection from "harassment in the U.S. by various types of Congressional or legislative investigations and so on." The "so on" refers to U.S. antitrust laws which forbid monopolies.

Meanwhile, according to Jennings, the next cities in line for NHL teams are Cleveland, Atlanta, Kansas City and — believe it or not — Hempstead, Long Island.

To a lot of people, rapid expansion has killed the game. For the most part, it's played before fans who know little or nothing about hockey except the fighting. Stick-handling, passing, finesse and grace have all but been eliminated says Maurice Richard. Hockey used to be a game of puck control. Now the teams dump it into the corners and scramble. A recent survey showed that close to 70 per cent of goals scored in the NHL come from "second efforts".

That means from rebounds and, mostly, scrambles inside the blueline. There is less and less of the well-executed, co-ordinated play as one team carries the puck in. Old-time Canadian fans are losing interest. In their stead, the new fans — the less discerning ones with a greater consumer potential — are being recruited in Minneapolis and Los Angeles. But none of this means that the Molsons and Bassetts are losing any money — they're laughing.

In 1969, the stock of the Canadian Arena Company (which owns the Canadiens), which had been selling in the neighborhood of $775 per share, was split 50 to one.

"David Molson", said lawyer H.W. Hamilton at the time, "has always felt that the company belongs to the people, but with stock at $900, there's little chance of them owning any of it".

"It isn't the Americans who are to blame, if we're looking to place blame somewhere. That's too easy. Something more fundamental has gone wrong in Canadian hockey...the decline in the quality of the play and the moves to the United States are all signs of the deeper corruption."

— Jack Batten in Saturday Night, Jan. 1971

* * *

"Juan, why don't you lay down your pen, lace on some skates; put your muscles where your mouth is and we will show you what it is all about."

— Mrs. David Molson, in a letter to Montreal critic Juan Rodriguez who claimed hockey isn't sacred anymore.

"We had a big game against Boston on a Saturday afternoon. They flew in here the night before with nothing to do. Well, I figure their biggest threat is Derek Sanderson, and everybody knows how much he likes good-looking girls. So I get him this unbelievable broad and tell her to keep him going as long as she can. She even brought along her roommate to occupy another one of the Bruins. I called her a little after nine Saturday morning to see what time she got in. 'A few minutes ago', she said. Beautiful. The game started at 1:30 and Sanderson couldn't have gotten more than two hours sleep, if he got to sleep at all. He had to be dragging, right?"

— Lou Scheinfeld, vice-president, Philidelphia Flyers.

"This is not just a business it's a public trust in this province of Quebec and I feel it's in good hands."

— Sen. Hartland Molson, August 16, 1968

* * *

"Hockey IS Canadian; it's been a vital part of the life and concern of an overwhelming number of plain Canadians for several generations."

— Health Minister John Munro, Nov. 18, 1969

"This is a ripe issue, a nationalist issue. The same issue we're going to face with Arctic oil, the Mackenzie pipeline, water, you name it. It's a question of a natural resource getting sold out. Hell, three of the companies that make hockey sticks are now owned by Americans. Unless the business community and everybody else start supporting this thing, the game will go right out the window."

— Chris Lang, of Hockey Canada, Feb. 1971

The company made a net profit of $939,000 in 1969. Three Molson sons own 57 per cent of the stock.

Over in Toronto, Maple Leaf Gardens last year reported net profits, after taxes, of $987,795.

In 1969, president Stafford Smythe and vice-president Harold Ballard were hauled before the courts on charges of income-tax evasion.

Smythe is alleged to have evaded income taxes on $278,920 — including $208,166 appropriated by him from Maple Leafs Gardens Ltd. for construction and improvements on his residence and $35,575 for personal and family expenses.

Last year, the new Leaf president, G.E. Mara, and David Molson of the Canadiens showed up at a Senate Committee hearing to denounce tax reforms.

At present, corporations buy "a substantial number" of season tickets en bloc (all but 1,000 of the Forum's 16,500 seats are held by season subcribers, while in Toronto, there's a waiting list of 3,000 people, some of whom have been waiting for six or seven years, for season tickets). So the ordinary fan doesn't have much of a chance of seeing a game in a good seat, unless he has friends, corporate friends.

The White Paper on taxation would prohibit corporations from deducting the cost of such tickets from their income tax. Incredibly, Molson and Mara claimed such a move would drive them into bankruptcy.

"To stay in business, you place your operations in places that will keep you in business. The difficulty is that in Canada there are no places outside Toronto and Montreal that have the consumer spending to support an NHL organization."

— Clarence Campbell, 1969.

"Hockey is not only Canada's national sport," said the patriotic Mr. Mara, "it is a way of life of countless citizens, young and old, and beyond doubt, contributes in a multitude of ways to the building of young men, to the social structure and to the basic fibre of our people".

Besides, said the two magnates of Canadian hockey, if that particular clause wasn't eliminated from the tax reforms, they'd sell out to the Americans.

The prohibition of tax-deductible tickets, said Molson, "would probably lead to the deterioration in the operations of the Forum generally and inevitably acquisition by United States interests of the Montreal franchise".

But most of all, they were there to speak out against the tax proposals, said Mara, because they did not want to see Canada "degenerate into just another colorless, static, socialist state".

So much for the "basic fibre of our people".

The basic ingredient behind the money-making success of the NHL magnates is the fact that they have just about everybody in Canada, or at least all the kids on skates, working for them.

All of hockey is set up pyramid fashion. While the intent of amateur hockey may be sports and fun, its real function is to train players for ultimate service in the NHL while weeding out those with lesser talent.

From the ages of about six to twelve, just about any kid can play in some sort of organized hockey. Afterwards, it becomes progressively tougher because everything is set up to eliminate kids who are just in it for simple sport.

This is why in one community there may be, say, nine Pee Wee teams. The next year the players advance to bantam — but there's only one bantam team for the players from last year's nine Pee Wee teams. Some make it, and the rest are out of luck if they want to continue playing hockey.

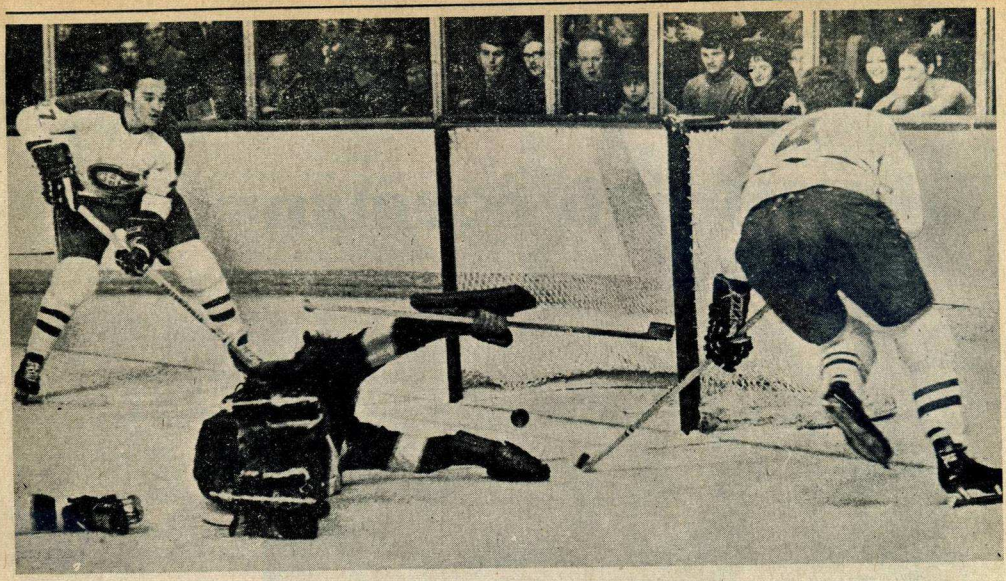
In Montreal, the NHL has a central registry, a computer data bank system, containing the names and particulars of every hockey player over the age of twelve in Canada. This is not done for the service of amateur sport, naturally, but to facilitate an orderly draft system — some call it a cattle auction.

NHL control over amateur hockey goes a long way back and was well documented by the government Task Force on Hockey which culminated in the setting up of Hockey Canada. But that's another story.

A good illustration of how this all came about is contained in the Jean Béliveau story, the one the sports pages forgot to mention when they eulogized "le Gros Bill" on his night in Montreal recently.

Back in the early fifties, Jean Béliveau was the biggest thing in Quebec City since another game was lost on the Plains of Abraham.

Béliveau was playing for the Quebec Citadelles, a junior team. As an amateur in 1950-51, he grossed $20,000 — half from the team and, reportedly, half from a milk company.



At age 19, he was the idol of Quebec City. Le Colisée, a new arena the size of many NHL rinks, was built to handle the crowds he attracted. The following year he was to move up to the Quebec Aces of the Senior League, also an amateur league, but the Canadiens, under Frank Selke, were out to get Béliveau.

A minor war festered between the professionals in Montreal and the businessmen who ran amateur hockey in Quebec. Béliveau was king of Quebec and there was little incentive the Canadiens could offer to lure him away. In 1951-52 he signed with the Aces. So long as he remained amateur, the Canadiens couldn't get him. The next year, it was the same thing, thanks to the Aces' wily coach, Punch Imlach.

But Frank Selke was determined.

During the next season, the Canadiens exerted pressure in the proper places to persuade the other teams in the Senior League to turn professional. In the summer of 1953, the representatives of the Quebec Senior League, with the exception of Punch Imlach, voted to turn professional. Finally the Canadiens were able to annex him, signing him to an unheard of — at that time — contract for five years.

Until roughly that time, senior hockey was big in all of Canada. Towns like Sudbury were able to enjoy good, live hockey. And the fans flocked in to make it a financial success.

But by the early fifties, the NHL was moving into a monopoly position and senior leagues started to die.

In those days, any kid playing organized hockey from the age of 12 had to sign a card making him the property of a professional team in whose territory he played. It was all part of a deal signed with the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association in 1940.

In return, the NHL teams operated elaborate farm systems to develop their players. Years later this system was replaced with the modern draft, instituted in full in 1967.

The main purpose in setting up the draft was to equalize the calibre of the 12-team NHL, but it also served the best interests of the old teams which were getting bogged down in the messy sponsorship system. With the new arrangement, the NHL pays the CAHA a set price for every player drafted by the pros.

But the pyramid setup, and the NHL control of the game from top to bottom still hold true. Everything is set up with the view of supplying the NHL with an abundant and developed supply of labor.

In Quebec for instance, there are more than 50,000 boys 16 years and under playing organized hockey. Beyond that age the number shrinks dramatically, not because there isn't a desire to continue playing but because it becomes inefficient for the development of NHL material.

The CAHA is so structured that at that age, it can only provide organization and facilities for those with promise.

As a result, hockey is permeated with the NHL philosophy. In Toronto recently, the father of a seven-year-old boy showed the press a letter he received from the Don Valley amateur hockey organization.

The letter promised equipment to the boy if he made their team, tickets to all Marlboro Junior 'A' games, admission to a Leafs' practice, and the promise of a trip which would be "the highlight of the boy's minor hockey league career".

If a kid is good enough, at the age of 15 or 16 he gets to play junior hockey, which usually spells the end of his education. The Ontario Junior A league claims 90 per cent of its players manage to keep up their studies, while in Quebec the figure is much lower.

However, recent studies have shown that the average player manages to keep up school averages while playing hockey full-time only until the eleventh grade. After that, he usually becomes a scholastic disaster.

But by the time he's 20, with no marketable skills except the ability to wield a hockey stick, the big boob is ready for the pros. A lot of them don't make it after they get that far, and they're chucked out and left to their own devices.

But if he's lucky, he'll get drafted and either make the grade in the NHL directly or, as is usual, get to play in Omaha or Tulsa or any of the other 45 or so minor professional teams operating in North America.

After that it's the big time, Oakland or Pittsburgh or something.

There's no place for hockey's greatest defenceman

by
Nick
Auf der Maur

In happier days, hockey greats like Canadians' Beliveau, coach Irvin, Geoffrion, Richard and Moore celebrated Harvey's birthday. New there's no place for him in the organization.

In 1935, when he was 11 years old, Doug Harvey signed a card that made him the property of the Montreal Royals of the old Quebec Amateur Hockey Association. If you wanted to play bantam hockey at Oxford Park, or any kind of organized hockey in any park in all of Quebec, you had to sign one of those cards. The only thing amateur about the QAHA was the word in its name.

From that day, Doug Harvey was tied to the game, to which he devoted his life. He went on to become the greatest defenceman in the history of the National Hockey League, proving it by winning the James Norris Memorial Trophy seven times. Bobby Orr has won it the last three seasons and Pierre Pilote of Chicago also won it three times, but comparisons are tendentious since Harvey won it during the NHL's 'golden era' when competition was much tougher, and only the very best made it into the six-team league.

Moreover, Harvey's worth wasn't simply translated into the money he made for himself, (he didn't get all that much) the profits he helped management reap or the enjoyment he gave to the fans. Harvey was a player's player. His first loyalty was to his fellow players. He helped organize them in the sports fiefdom and put the first crack in the near feudal relationship between professional hockey players and management. And when they had the chance, management made him pay for it.

But back in '35, like most Canadian kids growing up on a diet of depression and Foster Hewitt Maple Leafs games, he idealized the NHL. His heroes, though, were the Montreal Maroons, the soon-to-fold NHL team that had a near fanatical following in the tough working-class district where he grew up, the lower half of English Montreal's Notre Dame de Grace.

The day of a Maroon game, he'd join the mob of kids (the type of kids you see in those old 1930s Barry Fitzgerald movies) jammed outside the Forum at four in the afternoon and spend three and a half hours fighting to keep their position in line for the first crack at the 50 cent rush tickets.

By the time he was 15, he was playing regularly for four teams in four different leagues. He played for Nat's Handy Store, in the league sponsored by local stores and garages, West Hill High School, the juvenile team at Oxford Park and his Scout team. He was developing quite a reputation as a rugged centreman (it was not until junior hockey that he moved to defence). In addition, he played organized baseball and football.

By 1942, he was playing for the Junior Royals and getting his first payment as a hockey player — two car tickets per game.

In between the hockey, Harvey joined the Navy during the war and sailed for 14 months, before coming back and playing for various service teams.

By the time the war was over, Harvey was set for professional

and high-paying amateur sports. In the fall of 1945, he played in football's Big Four with the Montreal Hornets, the predecessor to the Alouettes. Offensively, he played halfback, while he linebacked for the defensive squad. In addition, he did the team's kicking.

After his first game, John Porter of the Hornets' management gave him $15. "What's this for?" Harvey asked.

"Well, you lost," Porter explained. "When you lose you get fifteen. When you win you get twenty."

Clearly, he wasn't going to make a living in Canadian professional football — the fans were still sticking to the college variety. The season previous, he made $1,500 playing amateur hockey with the Senior Royals. (By contrast, today's Junior stars, still officially qualified as amateur, can make small fortunes. Guy Lafleur, the sensation of Quebec's Junior 'A' league, gets between $12,500 and $20,000 while playing for the Quebec City Remparts.)

The next year, both the hockey and football schedules were extended, making it impossible to play both. So Harvey, naturally enough, opted for hockey.

The next year he got $2,500. At that time, Tommy Gorman was running the Forum. After the season was over he went to Ottawa, and Frank Selke came in to take over the Forum and the Canadiens.

In the summer, Harvey joined Gorman to play for his Ottawa baseball team.

The following hockey season, the Royals won the Allan Cup and Harvey, the sensation of the team, was getting $3,500.

He played baseball again, winning the batting championship with a .351 average. He was promptly drafted by the Boston Braves. At the same time, in the fall of 1947, he was called up by the Montreal Canadiens, the year after they collapsed in the playoffs against the Toronto Maple Leafs.

By that time Harvey was in the process of building a house — where he still lives — for his family, with the help of his two brothers and Hal Laycoe who later became a Boston Bruin star. He was soon to be married and, naturally enough, chose hockey, his first sports love.

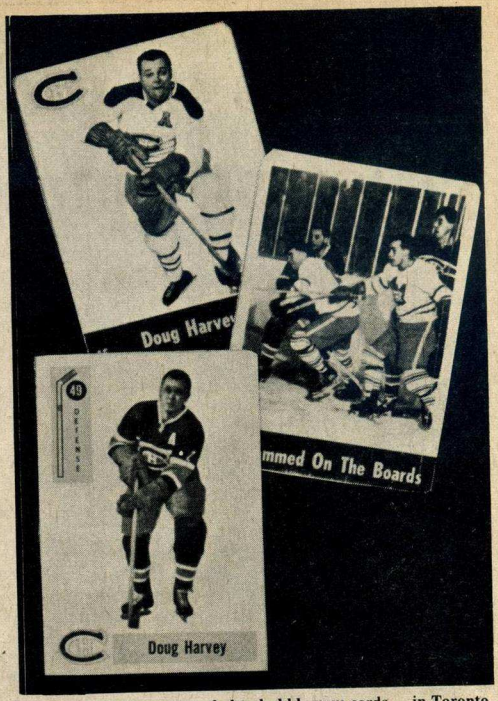
Harvey was one of the top-ranking amateurs and regarded as an absolutely sensational pro prospect. He usually played 55 minutes of a game and felt he was in a good position to negotiate a healthy contract with the Canadiens.

At their first meeting, Frank Selke offered him $6,000 — based on $100 a game — plus $2,000 for signing. That, as Harvey found out, was to be the end of the negotiations. When Harvey held out, he was told he had a choice of accepting the offer or remaining an amateur with the Royals — at half the $3,500 he made the previous year.

He spent a good part of that first season with the Canadiens — 22 games — playing for Buffalo in the AHL.

The next few years were difficult years for the Canadiens in an exceptionally rough and tumble NHL. Fights were frequent, especially with the Canadiens, and particularly involving Rocket Richard. Each team assigned their best 'agent provocateur' to needle and foul the fiery Rocket and provoke him into a fight. These tactics — combined with injuries, aging of older, established stars and a lack of reserves — kept the Stanley Cup out of Montreal from 1946-47 until 1952-53.

That's when the rebuilding by Frank Selke started paying off, resulting in what almost any hockey fan and expert calls the greatest professional hockey team of all time. That team, along with later additions, propelled the Canadiens to nine Stanley Cups in the past 15 years, including five straight from 1955-56 to 1959-60 when the league was at its peak.



Players' grievances extended to bubble gum cards — in Toronto, Foster Hewitt had bubble gum card revenue locked up tight.

Doug Harvey was an integral part of the rebuilding and an integral part of the eventual success. He monopolized the Norris trophy when it was first instituted and was a key to the Canadiens 'power play.' The 'power play' was so formidable, often scoring two and sometimes three goals during a penalty, that the NHL had to change their penaly rule (1956-57), allowing the penalized player to return to the ice after a goal has been scored. The most awesome thing in hockey was Doug Harvey and Boom Boom Geoffrion at the points, Rocket Richard at right wing, Jean Beliveau at centre and Bert Olmstead or Dickie Moore at left wing while the other team had a man in the penalty box. On even terms, or when roles were reversed, other teams had difficulty getting by Harvey at defence and Jacques Plante in goal.

That's what the average fan remembers Harvey for.

But while remembering Harvey for his ice skills, the players — not to mention owners and managements — recall that off the ice, Doug Harvey was one of the moving forces behind the NHL players association.

In 1947 a few players, notably from the Detroit Red Wings, started up the NHL players' pension plan. The league didn't like the idea.

The new NHL president, Clarence Campbell, tried to dissuade the initiators, claiming that it couldn't work, that most players would refuse to pay the $900 per man requirement. Eventually, all players went along with the plan, except Ted 'Teeder' Kennedy of the Maple Leafs. The owners, of course, never even entertained the idea of contributing to the plan, but did agree to setting up an annual All-Star game, with two-thirds of the gross going to the fund.

The league didn't like the idea of a players' pension fund, but they finally agreed to an All-Star game, with the fund getting two thirds of the gross. Here, Gordie Howe is squeezed between Harvey and the late Terry Sawchuk.

Today, it's hard to conceive how difficult this was. At the time the NHL was a pretty tough, close to 'bush' league. Opposing-team players hardly ever spoke a word to each other, let alone a civil word.

Animosities and rivalries were deeply implanted. Blood was shed almost as often as goals were scored.

The idea of starting a pension fund made the managements nervous.

"They didn't want players to get together," says Doug Harvey. "They didn't want them talking to each other, getting close to each other." They might compare notes, working conditions... salaries, something that wasn't even discussed amongst members of the same team.

Still, the league managed to keep the Pension Fund under its control. There were five directors: Clarence Campbell, two owners' representatives and two players' reps.

Each team elected one player, and these six met to choose the players' pension directors. Ted Lindsay, the perennial Red Wing All-Star, was in from the start. Doug Harvey, who soon was showing his independence from management, joined Lindsay.

"I wasn't used to talking to opposing players, in fact it seemed totally against the spirit of the game," admits Harvey. "And as it turned out, the hardest thing I ever had to do in hockey was associating with Lindsay at a pension plan meeting. It wasn't easy."

However, it didn't take long for the two players to overcome their personal mistrust and antagonism. They discovered most players had common grievances.

They attempted to bring some of these up at their annual meetings. Clarence Campbell always answered with: "Gentlemen. This is a pension fund meeting. We'll bring it up at the Board of Governors meeting next year." And that's the last they would hear of the issue.

The issues usually had to do with travelling conditions, training camp and exhibition game payment and even things like bubble gum card revenue (In Toronto, Foster Hewitt had the bubble gum card rights along with all sorts of concessions sewed up tight.)

Sometimes they'd ask why the fund only collected $15,000 from the All-Star game when the gate must have been of the order of $50,000.

"Clarence Campbell was always a gentleman," claims Harvey, "but he had a way of giving answers as crooked as a camel's back."

Faced with this, Harvey's hostility to Lindsay gave way to co-operation in their effort to advance players' rights.

Gradually, Lindsay started advancing the then-radical theory that the players' should unionize or form an association.

The annual meetings used to be held in the afternoon before the All-Star game, with the All-Stars and other players meeting the night before with the representatives. Official fears that the pension fund would lead to players actually talking to each other were being borne out. Previously, a Maple Leaf meeting a Ranger in a hotel lobby was as apt to clout him in the mouth as to say hello.

At one meeting, Clarence Campbell announced that Conn

Smythe, the Toronto general manager, was going to undertake an independent audit of the pension fund.

"I think this is a reasonable request and I move that we allow it," said the NHL president. It was promptly seconded by Maple Leaf lawyer Ian Johnston, one of the directors.

The two players said they'd like to see the audit when it was finished. Campbell replied: "Well, he's paying for it (the audit) out of his own pocket and it's his personal business." The players never got to see the audit.

Lindsay and Harvey stormed out at the end of the meeting. "To hell with this, let's form an association," one of them said.

After hearing of the peculiar business with the audit, most of the other players agreed.

"We had a hard time talking with each other," says Harvey, "but we had to put our feelings down. We knew we were playing against some guys who were pretty well organized."

They managed to get a commitment of $100 from most of the players, and Lindsay went to New York to see some lawyers who were involved with baseball and football players. They managed to keep the fledgling association secret from the owners.

They drew up a 21-point list of complaints and presented them to the owners.

In Montreal, the new Canadiens owner, Senator Hartland Molson, held a banquet meeting with the players and announced that he wasn't against an association, that he had a union in his Toronto brewery but not in his Montreal brewery, and everybody got along fine.

A few things started happening.

"One day Frank Selke would show up in the dressing room," Harvey recalls, "and announce: "We've got a deal on bubble gum cards. You're each to get $150."

The league organized a meeting with players' representatives in February in an exclusive West Palm Beach Hotel. They gave the players a few concessions, like twenty-five cents per playoff ticket — "a few scraps," comments Harvey, "but we were able to go back to the players and show them we got our foot in the door." They were to meet at the traditional Board of Governors' June meeting to discuss bigger things, like a matching contribution pension plan and recognition of the association. They pressed ahead with the organization.

But the league owners and management fought back, vowing to break the association.

In Detroit, where Ted Lindsay had been the major force behind the association, general manager Jack Adams convinced Red Kelly and Gordie Howe to get the other Red Wings out of the association. By coincidence, Red Kelly, who went on to become a Liberal MP, received a $1,000 bonus.

In Toronto, great pressure by Punch Imlach was put on the players to opt out, but leaders Tod Sloan and Dick Duff held tough.

The situation was described by Rocket Richard in Stan Fischler's book, The Flying Frenchmen:

"A lot of people don't realize that Doug was one of the first hockey players to start the movement to organize a players'association. That took a lot of guts in my day. Nowadays the NHL Players' Association is taken for granted, but in the early fifties any player who talked about a union faced reprisal from management. Doug was our leader in Montreal and Ted Lindsay started the movement in Detroit. Unfortunately, it never got off the ground and some of the leaders, including Lindsay, got themselves into a lot of trouble with management. I know that Jack Adams, the Detroit manager, was angry with Lindsay and wound up sending him to the then lowly Chicago Black Hawks as punishment.

"Harvey asked me to join the association at that time. I didn't have anything against it but I decided not to. I was sure that if I did, especially someone like me, who was already in a lot of trouble with the NHL, I would have been in even more hot water, particularly with Frank Selke. He didn't want me to have any part of the union."

Harvey won the Norris Trophy seven times — and Jim Norris, here presenting it to him, was hockey's most powerful man.

The reprisals were swift and a spate of trades were made, designed to reduce the ringleaders' influence.

Montreal association militant Bert Olmstead was sent to Toronto, Dollard St. Laurent went to Chicago. Later Donnie Marshall and Jacques Plante were shipped out. Job security for association sympathizers became tenuous.

Dick Duff was dispatched from Toronto, Fern Flaman left Boston, and Bill Gadsby was switched from the Black Hawks to the Rangers.

Doug Harvey's superstar status protected him in Montreal, where Frank Selke had once asked him if he would like coaching. His future — at age 37 — appeared secure in the Montreal organization. At the end of the 1960-61 season, when he again won the Norris Trophy, he was team captain and had longest seniority.

That summer he went on the banquet circuit in the West as part of a promotional tour for the Molsons who had just purchased six breweries. When he came back he found that his contract rights had been traded to New York Rangers.

In a Ranger uniform the next year, he again won the Norris Trophy and led the team into the playoffs for the first time in years.

Harvey, who was never really paid all that much according to today's standards, didn't have much saved up. He had used part of his earnings to build a home for his parents and one for his brother. His business investments went sour.

And age was starting to show. At a time when most players would be considering retirement, Harvey played on... from New York to Detroit to St.Louis... and after that in the minor leagues.

He had helped build and maintain the great Canadiens' dynasty but there's no place for him in the organization.

Nick Auf der Maur is a member of the Last Post editorial co-operative. Our thanks to Bruce Kidd and Stan Fischler for their help in researching this article.

Public Archives of Canada

David: the centre of his party

At a meeting of the New Democratic Party's Federal Council last year, David Lewis was eloquent as he opposed a resolution dealing with women's representation. As one of the party's outstanding orators, he had no trouble commanding the attention of his listeners. But there was another, and more important reason why those in the room showed particular interest in what they were being told. For, as Lewis blurted at one point: "I have been the centre of this party for over 30 years."

Later, some Council members commented on the immodest-sounding nature of this statement, and Lewis insisted that what he had really said was "I have been at the centre of this party for over 30 years."

Regardless of whether the "at" was there or not, the statement is an accurate description of Lewis's role and influence in building Canada's social democratic party.

by Robert Chodos, Drummond Burgess & Margaret Davidson

Canadian social democracy was born in the west, in the vast wheatfields of the prairie provinces, then the North American frontier. This was "next year country". A bumper crop would mean farm debts paid in full, good horses in the barn, a little money in the bank. But a whole year's crop could be wiped out by an early frost, a sudden hail, a long drought. Then... next year might be better.

And the vagaries of nature were not the only uncertainties. The prairie wheat economy was established by the industrial and political potentates of the industrial east to sustain eastern commerce and provide a captive market for eastern goods. The machinery, credit, transportation and marketing facilities that were essential to the people who poured into the western farmlands were all provided by eastern interests. The farmers were left at their mercy.

The first focus of attack was the Canadian Pacific Railway, for its grain-loading policies, then the line elevator companies, for the arbitrary prices they set for grain, then the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, the banks, credit institutions, and the tariff policies of the federal government. Consumer co-operatives and wheat-marketing pools began to grow up.

In the 1920s, the west gave rise to the Progressive party, which held sixty-five seats in the federal House of Commons, then disintegrated because it failed to offer a coherent alternative to the dominant Liberalism. It also gave rise to such organizations as the United Farmers of Alberta (which formed the government of that province after 1921) and the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section.

These organizations were socialist, and their socialism was home-grown, borrowing from the American utopians, the British Fabians, and the Bible.

Clark Street is two thousand miles away from Saskatchewan, and psychologically it was light-years away. It is in the heart of what was then the Jewish immigrant ghetto of Montreal (the Jews have now given way to Greeks and Portuguese): one block to the east is St. Lawrence Main, with its garment factories and its small European shops and markets and teeming crowds of shoppers on a Saturday afternoon; and one block to the west is St. Urbain Street, "The Street" of Mordecai Richler's book.

Clark Street is narrow, its three-storey houses all with outdoor staircases and small balconies. It was here that Morris Lewis came with his family, including twelve-year-old David, in 1921.

Morris Lewis was a needle-trades worker, and poor; he was also active in the Workmen's Circle, a Jewish-socialist benevolent organization, and he imparted this tradition to his son. No one can remember when David Lewis was not a socialist. At Baron Byng High School he joined a Zionist organization for want of any other political group, but it was never his main interest. At the age of fifteen and sixteen, even as he was mastering the English language, he was also reading Marx, Engels, Lenin, Kautsky, and other socialist theoreticians. "I read them very carefully, not superficially", he says now. "I don't say I understood them but I read them carefully".

He won a scholarship to McGill University (despite the discriminatory policy against Jews that McGill then practised), and overcame the triple obstacle of being a socialist, poor and a Jew to become a big man on campus. The 1932 student annual characterized him as "Proletariat Lewis... Prophet of Utopia: Savior of the Workin' Man; Menace to Canadian Capitalism". He and A.M. Klein were McGill's star debating team; again with Klein, he edited a political-literary magazine called The McGilliad.

Barely turned twenty, Lewis was not only president of the McGill Labor Club but secretary of the Montreal Labor Party and a member of the executive of the Quebec Labor Party, active in the League for Social Reconstruction, founded by Fabian intellectuals at McGill and the University of Toronto, and an intimate of LSR theoreticians Eugene Forsey and Frank Scott. Already he was attracted to the model of the British Labor party, and even as some of his associates were moving toward Communism he had staked out a firm anti-Communist position from which he would never waver.

"Those of us who are attached to the Labor Movement", he wrote in the McGilliad, "are much more sharply concerned with the activities of Communism than any of the men in authority. We look upon their work with apprehension, we believe that they harm our movement and detract the workers from the right channels".

He opposed the suppression and harassment of Communists on the grounds that it only encouraged their ungentlemanly behavior. "The recognition of socialists as well-wishing citizens played, in my opinion, an important part in rendering them responsible and moderate. Such an attitude admitted them into the pale of respectable society, gave them an opportunity of legally obtaining an audience, forced them out of the realms of sentimental appeal into the world of logical argument. And reason seldom admits of violence. This seems to me elementary".

He graduated in 1931 and entered law school. In 1932 he was nominated for a Rhodes Scholarship, which led to the most famous David Lewis story, the one that begins his campaign biography, the one that everyone who reminisces about Lewis is eager to tell: "You know of course about the time he..."

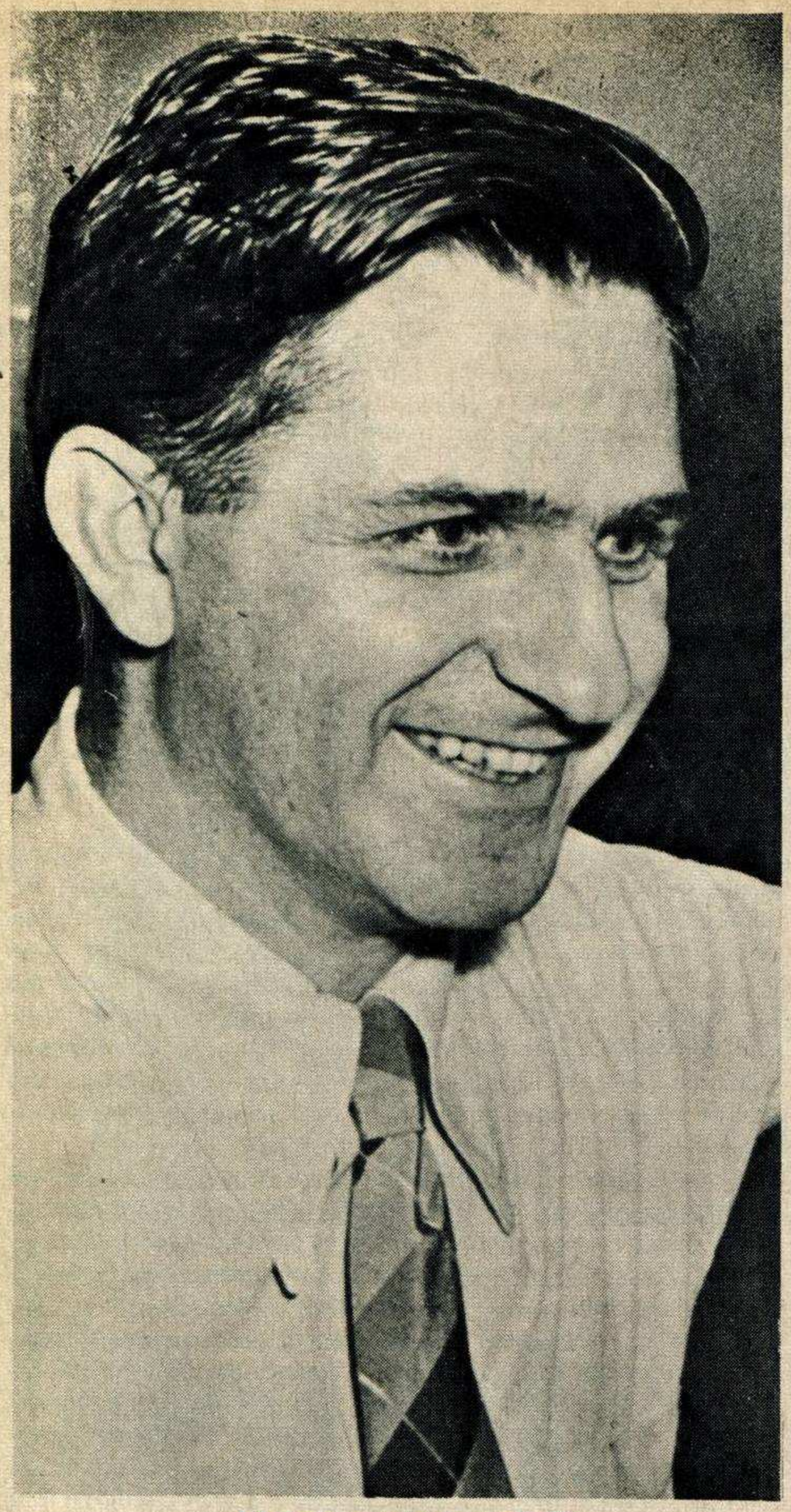
The story relates how the chairman of the young man's scholarship committee was Sir Edward Beatty, president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the country's most redoubtable capitalist. Beatty extracted the information that Lewis's ambition was to be the first socialist prime minister of Canada. Interested, he wanted to know the first thing Lewis would do if he attained that ambition. Lewis replied that he would nationalize the CPR.

Beatty was not cowed by the threat and the whippersnapper was soon on his way to Oxford, Rhodes in hand.

In his three years in England he came to know many of the leading figures the Labor party; he also travelled on the Continent and met with leaders of social democratic parties there. At Oxford he was part of small study group that met under the leadership of G.D.H. Cole, along with Richard Crossman, Patrick Gordon Walker, and other future Labor lights. Sir Stafford Cripps, who would be Chancellor of the Exchequer in the postwar Labor government, offered him a position in his law firm and told him that he had a golden career ahead of him in the party.

But Lewis had determined to return to Canada, where he was already able to command a position of considerable respect, based not only on the force of his intellect and personality but also on his contact with England and Europe, the big leagues, which always impresses in the colonies.

In the colonies, meanwhile, things had progressed substantial-



'He sure was the candy kid'

ly. The condition that spawned the farm organizations in the west also produced a number of small labor parties in western cities. Two representatives of these parties, J.S. Woodsworth from Manitoba and William Irvine from British Columbia, had been elected to the federal parliament in 1921, and they had forged an informal alliance with the more consciously left-wing members of the Progressive party, the 'Ginger Group' that broke off from the main body of Progressives in 1924.

Toward the end of the decade the various labor parties met several times to discuss co-operation, and within each province farmer and labor groups began to move toward working together. The push toward concerted political action was given particular urgency by the economic collapse that hit the prairies with a special ferocity.

In 1932, the United Farmers of Canada, Saskatchewan Section, and the Independent Labor Party of Saskatchewan, headed by a Regina schoolteacher named M.J. Coldwell, reached agreement on joint political action. On the prodding of the Saskatchewan Farmer-Labor Group (as the new alliance was called), the United Farmers of Alberta issued invitations to a conference in Calgary later that year, for the purpose of setting up a Canada-wide political organization.

Delegates from farm and labor organizations all over western Canada came to the Labor Temple in Calgary, and from the east as well; the League for Social Reconstruction, which David Lewis had helped found while at McGill, was represented (Lewis himself was already in England at this point).

A.R. Mosher of the All-Canadian Congress of Labor was there as well, leading to hopes for an alliance with the trade union movement. But Mosher's presence turned out to be as much of a liability as an asset to the fledgling party, for it destroyed any chance that the ACCL's much larger rival, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, would offer any co-operation. Whereas the ACCL was made up of Canadian unions, (notably Mosher's Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees), the TLC took its membership primarily from international unions affiliated in the United States to the American Federation of Labor. The TLC accepted the AF of L's tradition of abstention from political action — but never completely. It might have chosen to work with the new organization, but it could not associate itself with a group tainted with ACCL participation.

The name chosen for the new organization was the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (Farmer, Labor, Socialist). J.S. Woodsworth was unanimously elected president. An eight-point program was drawn up, dealing largely with the immediate needs of the farmers and workers. The provisional national council of the CCF appointed a committee to expand the eight-point program into a full-scale manifesto. The committee met in conjuncition with a committee of the League for Social Reconstruction, and the manifesto as presented to the convention in Regina in 1933 was largely the work of Frank Underhill, of the LSR and the University of Toronto.

The Regina Manifesto proposed a system of comprehensive social planning, and public ownership of all the major sectors of the economy. Inequalities of income would be lessened through taxation. People would be insured against illness, accident, old age, unemployment, crop failure. Health services would be publicly organized and available to all. Human rights would be guaranteed; foreign policy would be oriented toward co-operation, disarmament, and world peace. The Manifesto laid the blame for social ills squarely on the capitalist system, and ended with the declaration that "no C.C.F. government will rest content until it has eradicated capitalism and put into operation the full program of socialized planning which will lead to the establishment in Canada of the Co-operative Commonwealth."

But there was also a distinct note of moderation running through the document. It took little of its inspiration from Marx, whom Underhill had never read. While the CCF "aims at political power in order to put an end to... capitalist domination of our political life," it seeks to attain that power through purely constitutional means. The Manifesto said explicitly, "we do not believe in change by violence" (an amendment to delete that sentence was defeated by the Regina convention).

In his history of the CCF, Walter Young says that "the Manifesto, read carefully, could satisfy most shades of opinion on the left in western Canada with the exception of the communists... Its failing was the failing of all compromise solutions: whereas it had something in it for everybody, it satisfied no one completely other than the members of the LSR".

If it did not succeed in uniting the diverse groups that made up the CCF, it at least gave them a common point of departure. As the struggle between right and left wings of the party intensified, each side would claim that it was remaining true to the spirit of the Regina Manifesto.

At the beginning, the CCF was a party very different from the Liberals and Conservatives; its leader, Woodsworth, did not regard it as a political party at all. He regarded winning elections as being secondary to the need to "build up a convinced and educated constituency". At any rate, the CCF had only mixed electoral success in the early years. It quickly became the official opposition in Saskatchewan and British Columbia, but in the federal arena, the one the party considered most important, it was able to win only seven seats in the 1935 election.

When David Lewis returned from England in 1935, the party which he joined almost immediately had still not found itself; it was still struggling, still groping to find the right strategy and tactics to attain its goals. The situation was ripe for a strong person with a clear idea of where he wanted the party to go. Lewis was to be that person, and the direction in which he was to move the party was toward alliance with the trade unions.

"Unlike his counterparts in the other national parties, he was in the tradition of the European party secretary. He was not a particularly charismatic leader; he was a manager, if not a boss. He was the leading member of an oligarchy, the senior figure in the party elite."

— Walter Young, Anatomy of a Party: The National CCF

IN October, 1936, the CCF for the first time opened a national office in Ottawa, and Lewis was appointed its unpaid, part-time national secretary. With all the advantages that come from doing something first, he swiftly made the office of national secretary a position of almost unrivalled power in the party.

When first opened, the office consisted of a lean-to near the Parliament buildings and was attached to the law firm Lewis had jointed on his return from England. It had no floor except sand, no furniture except a broken-down desk, couch and file cabinet, and no staff except an older, unemployed man, H.W. Dalton, who had no political or administative experience. With virtually no money, and often sleeping on the couch in the lean-to, he had to hold the fort while Lewis was away. Lewis would keep in constant touch with him, telling him to answer as many letters as he could deal with himself and ship the rest off to whenever Lewis was.

The Ottawa office did not meet with the approval of Woodsworth, who thought a central organization would blunt the local participatory democracy that he saw as the essence of the dedication the CCF inspired in so many followers. But Woodsworth was growing old, and the impatient new guard of organization men was taking over. A threat to resign by the party's national chairman and future leader, M.J. Coldwell, brought Woodsworth around, and in 1938 Lewis was able to turn his appointment into a full-time job, at a meagre salary of $1,800 a year.

Lewis brought to the job a brilliant intellect, power of concentration, unusual energy, organizational drive, a first-rate political instinct, self-confidence and unabashed ambition. Though younger than the others such as Coldwell, Frank Scott, and Angus MacInnis who were restless to see the CCF shape up as a party **comme les autres**, Lewis never saw himself as their inferior. His personal qualities and his contacts with British and European socialist leaders made him at least their equal. Scott's memories of Lewis as his student at McGill and then as his co-worker in the party hierarchy leave some doubt as to who was the master, and who the pupil.

On at least one occasion, when Lewis was still part-time secretary, Woodsworth protested the way he was using the office to initiate and recommend policy. Lewis had advised that a CCF candidate who was opposing a Communist in Toronto be withdrawn because the Communist was best known as a leading trade unionist, and Lewis feared the CCF was becoming known as anti-labor.

In a letter that began "Dear Lewis" instead of the customary "Dear David", Woodsworth wrote "it strikes me that in doing this, apparently on your own, you are going beyond what might be expected of the national secretary of the CCF...I think perhaps that as President of the movement my position should have some weight..."

Far from wilting under attack, the 28-year old Lewis replied with a lengthy and vigorous defence that gave no ground at all, claiming that he had a perfect right to give advice since he was a member of the Ontario Provincial Council of the party, as well as the National Council. He was sure that the people he had advised had not "received the impression that I was presuming to express my opinion as National Secretary and I am rather at a loss to understand why you should have reached this conclusion."

In a somewhat subdued response Woodsworth remarked that "it is exceedingly difficult to separate yourself from your position of Nat. Sec. in such matters."

The difficulty disappeared — though not in the way Woodsworth wanted. Under Lewis's control the national office was soon giving advice on every conceivable question. This happened partly because of Lewis's personal drive and the approval of his allies amongst the party brass, but also because provincial and local officers with less knowledge at their fingertips, and with less political savvy where organized politics were concerned, gained the habit of looking to the national secretary. In some cases, this reached the point of complete dependence.

Lewis did not spare himself. With little money to spend, he would travel about the country by day coach because he douldn't afford sleeping car accommodation, and would take lunches with him because he couldn't affort to eat in the dining car.

The impact of his personality on local officials was considerable. Some were impressed, some thought him arrogant and some were ambiguous, like the British Columbia CCFer who remarked after a Lewis visit, "he sure was the candy kid."

At first, progress was slow. In 1938, the United Mine Workers' District 26 (Nova Scotia), became the first union to affiliate en bloc with the CCF. The national office was taken by surprise, and Lewis hurried off to Glace Bay.

In 1940, a CCFer was elected to the house of commons from a working-class riding for the first time — Clarie Gillis, again in the Cape Breton coal-fields. But for the next couple of years, these successes were not repeated. Then in 1943, everything began to happen all at once.

On August 4, the CCF became the official opposition in Ontario with 34 seats, only four fewer than the victorious Conservatives. Five days later, it won two by-elections in what had been Liberal seats in the west. In September, it came out ahead of both the Liberals and the Tories in the Gallup Poll. That same month, the rapidly-growing Canadian Congress of Labor endorsed the CCF as the political arm of labor. The next year, a CCF government was elected in Saskatchewan.

Unlike the earlier UMW affiliation, the CCL endorsement was a carefully-planned move in Lewis's effort to build an organized party with its main base in the working class. He set out to create that base by winning over the trade union bosses. But the initial antipathy toward the CCF of the Trades and Labor Congress continued. The relationship it had built over the years with Liberal and Conservative businessmen and politicians was solid.

And the All-Canadian Congress of Labor, though sympathetic, was too small to count for much. The answer lay in building up the ACCL as a giant equal to the TLC.

In 1939, the TLC expelled its CIO unions, in which both CCF-ers and Communists were active as organizers. The following year these expelled unions joined the ACCL to form the Canadian Congress of Labor — the rival labor giant that Lewis wanted. He was a leading figure in carrying out the merger. He wrote Angus MacInnis in late 1939 that the merger "may prove of very great value," that the new congress was "likely to become a staunch supporter of the CCF." But there were dangers: it was necessary not to provoke the TLC and there was also "the question of Communists holding important positions in the CIO." At the founding convention of the new organization in 1940 Lewis was a main adviser. "The ACCL people... asked me to come...to assist them...in getting the thing properly launched..." And at the 1941 convention, his role "proved very useful from our point of view and undoubtedly helped towards organizing our forces so as to defeat the determined attempt of the Communists to capture the Congress...The switch in the officers was made through mutual understanding between the members of the executive in which I played an intimate part."

The next step was affiliation. For a couple of years Lewis was cautious — he pid not want to make the rival TLC more hostile than necessary; the Communists, who also sought an organized working class base, were certain to be opposed; and Western farmers and middle-class supporters might feel excluded by a chummy CCF-CCL alliance with Lewis as the connecting link. At the 1942 convention, Lewis wrote that he had "succeeded in keeping all such resolutions off the agenda." But the following year the climate had changed. The CCF and the CCL were both feeling their oats. Party and union brass decided the moment had come, and at the 1943 CCL convention the resolution endorsing the CCF as the political arm of labor and recommending that local unions affiliate was brought to the floor and passed.

But the alliance with organized labor did not flourish. The CCF election bubble burst in 1945. Few union locals affiliated. Many union officials were lukewarm about the full-blooded socialism to which party leaders like Lewis were still committed, at least in theory, through the Regina Manifesto. And when the rival TLC responded to the 1943 resolution by cultivating a cosy relationship with the Liberals, the CCL backed off.

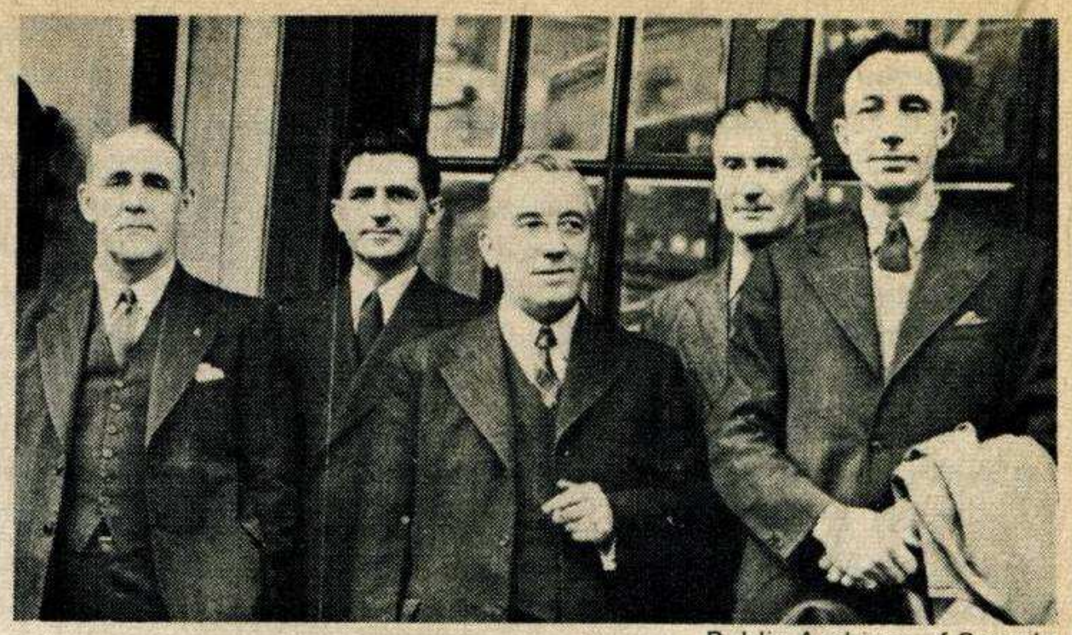
Further opposition came from the American parent unions, who preferred to seek favors from the business-dominated parties than to flirt with socialism.

The projected alliance between the CCF and labor also meant a virtual declaration of war against the Communist Party which, not surprisingly, also saw itself as the political arm of labor.

The problems and needs were clear, and to no one as clear as to Lewis — purge the Communist Party from the labor scene; embrace the TLC with the CCL in one big organization so that the older group would not, in a spirit of rivalry, build a close relationship with the capitalist parties; and water down the socialism of the CCF, so that union officials interested in practical economic benefits and the Canadian electorate in general would not be scared off by the spectre of revolution.

Only one of these, the battle with the Communist Party, was won before Lewis resigned as national secretary in 1950, though by then the first moves to scuttle the Regina Manifesto were also being taken.

Of the CCL unions that Lewis was trying to embrace, four were Communist — the United Electrical Workers, the Fur and Leather Workers, the Shipyard General Workers' Federation of British Columbia and the International Woodworkers of America. Two others — the United Auto Workers and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers — had important Communist strength.



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1944: Gillis, Lewis, Coldwell, Wright and Scott leave for a conference

Together, these made up more than a third of the CCL's membership.

The undermining of Communist strength in the UAW meant breaking locals 195 and 200 in Windsor. This was done partly by the failure of Communist strategy in the Ford strike of 1945, partly through assistance from the fiercely anti-Communist Steelworkers union, and partly by a pipeline that David Lewis set up with the Walter Reuther group in Detroit, with the purpose of launching a fight against George Burt, who led the Canadian section with Communist support.

As early as 1944, Lewis had discussed the problem of Burt with Walter Reuther, whose own path to power in the American union was impeded by Communist opposition. "I discussed George with Reuther in Detroit quite frankly. Walter told me that George still is completely in the camp of Addes and Frankensteen. He always votes with the Communists on the international board." To cut off Burt from his Communist staff, CCFers worked with furious energy to deliver the Canadian vote to Reuther at the 1946 UAW convention. Reuther won the president's chair, but failed to win a majority on the executive (which again included Burt as Canadian director). In the following year's elections, Burt won again, but Reuther this time got control of the executive.

On December 10, Lewis wrote to Reuther "I cannot tell you how delighted we all were with your decisive victory...We all look forward to the influence which the UAW should now be in a position to exert on the policies of the union movement both in the United States and Canada. I am only sorry that our people were unable to deliver a victory in the Canadian region. My impression is that it is only a matter of time now, and that continuing work will ensure a victory at the next convention."

Reuther agreed: "Now that we have an opportunity to put our house in order in the UAW, I sincerely believe we will be in a position to make a major contribution both...in the U.S. and Canada. I hope to...chat with you in the near future."

A struggle no less fierce was waged in British Columbia, where the unions of the British Columbia Federation of Labor (BCFL) supported a Communist executive. It was not until the BCFL's 1948 convention that anti-Communist candidates were able to win a bare, five-to-four majority. By the next year, the Communists had been rooted out of their last major bastion, the International Woodworkers of America, as well.

In the case of unions like the United Electrical Workers and Mine Mill, the CCF forces were opposed by the international and, unable to take them over, the Canadian Congress of Labor expelled them in 1949.

British Columbia had proved a harder nut to crack, as it has proved a harder nut for the CCF to control. It has never quite bought the accommodations that the eastern CCF has made, on the basis of eastern conditions.

Lewis's anti-Communism did not win him any brownie points with the business world or with the business-dominated Liberals and Conservatives. Indeed, in the latter years of the war, the CCF was regarded as a greater threat than the Communists — partly because of its growing popular support and partly because the Communists were co-operating with the Mackenzie King Liberals, an alliance that Communists today must look back on with a certain queasiness.

In 1943, Lewis entered the lists in a byelection in Cartier, in the Montreal area where he had grown up. Opposing him were Fred Rose, one of Canada's best-known Communists, as well as Bloc Populaire and Liberal candidates.

The **Montreal Gazette**, the Tory organ in the city, lost no time putting across the smear, with a little help from a friend. Writing of the Ontario provincial election being held at the same time, it editorialized that "the close similarity between the principles of government advocated by the CCF-Socialists in Canada and those practised under German Nazism and Italian Fascism was detected and exposed before Colonel George Drew, Ontario Progressive Conservative leader, delivered his fine Wednesday night address in Brantford. But Colonel Drew brings that similarity, with all its dangerous implications, in the provincial election contest where it ought to be a factor of major concern...Socialism in this country stands unmasked. He has rendered a service not to Ontario alone, but to all Canada."

The CCF's strength in the Ontario election a few days later gave the **Gazette** the shock of its life. All the myths about the two-party system and how vital were the differences between Liberals and Conservatives vanished. On August 5 the **Gazette's** political analysis embraced the idea of class warfare, and reassured itself that business was still on top: "The Left will present a powerful opposition in the new Legislature. Yet the private enterprise system has not been repudiated in Ontario, far from it. The two older parties, the parties which agree on fundamentals and especially on economic fundamentals, outnumber their Socialist adversaries..."

Lewis, in the Cartier byelection in Montreal, did not share in the triumph. Most of the Left vote went to Fred Rose, who won. Lewis came last.

With the business world in a panic over the CCF upsurge, and a federal election a couple of years away, the right-wing propagandists fueled their campaign to fever-pitch. They began to focus on specific CCF leaders, such as Lewis, the national secretary. The **Public Informational Association** was set up by B.A. Trestrail, a naturalized citizen who described himself as "a Canadian from Kansas City, Missouri." The **Responsible Enterprise Ltd.** was founded by Gladstone Murray, former general manager of the CBC, and backed by such worthies as humorist Stephen Leacock, J.S. Duncan of Massey-Harris, J.Y. Murdoch of Noranda Mines and the Bank of Nova Scotia and Norman Dawes of National Breweries. Money poured out from banks, corporations and trust companies. Vicious pamphlets were distributed throughout the country, while daily newspapers foamed and writhed. One of Trestrail's scandal sheets, called **Social Suicide**, was produced anonymously by the prestigious publisher McClelland and Stewart and, according to Trestrail, mailed to every postal address in the country.

This sheet referred to "David Lewis" in quotes, apparently seeing significance in the fact that his father was "a Russian-Polish Jew" whose real name was "Mowcha Losz" but who changed it to "Morris Lewis." Anti-semitism, then as now, was an easy weapon and Lewis was an obvious target. This reached its peak in Hamilton West, where Lewis lost in the 1945 federal election.

The CCF was strong enough, in the early forties, to provoke its powerful enemies into an all-out attack. It was not strong enough to withstand that attack, when it came.

THE CCF's bid for major party status did not survive the war's end. The election bubble burst as early as 1945: in the federal election of that year it won only 28 seats, a long way from the hundred seats it had expected in the heady atmosphere of 1943. The 1945 Ontario election was an equally crushing blow, as the party was reduced to eight seats from the 34 it had held in the previous House.

In the immediate postwar period, the Canadian political climate turned sharply to the right. Economic prosperity, the growing Cold War and confrontation with the Soviet Union, and the slide toward McCarthyism all made life very difficult for even a moderate left-wing party. And not the least of the results of the new atmosphere was a shift to the right in the CCF itself.

The 1948 convention witnessed a spirited battle on the issue of Canadian participation in NATO. The anti-NATO forces, led by a solid left-wing delegation from British Columbia, put up a good fight but lost out to Lewis and Coldwell. Two years later, **The Montreal Star** could gloat that "there was a striking and most laudable change in the atmosphere of the CCF biennial convention just held at Vancouver. The determined purge of the party's extreme left wing has been apparently very effective. A mild left-wing resolution on the Korean situation — much milder than the debate on the Atlantic treaty and Marshall Plan two years ago in Winnipeg — has been rejected by a vote of 115 to 25."

The party's position on NATO was one of firm support for Canadian membership, its only criticism being that the military provisions of the treaty had been emphasized to the exclusion of the economic and social provisions — a position that did not differ markedly from that of Lester Pearson.

By 1952, even that position was considered unacceptable. Pearson made a speech describing the CCF's NATO policy as being similar to that of the Kremlin, and in an editorial praising the Pearson speech **The Montreal Star** said:

"... But when it (the CCF) suggests that the military side of things is being exalted above the importance it had in the beginning, and talks of 'American influences which jeopardize the peaceful and defensive objectives which brought the organization into being', it is approaching the Communist propaganda line that NATO is essentially aggressive".

At the same time there was a move in the CCF to replace the Regina Manifesto with a milder statement of principles, and Lewis was one of the prime movers. The tone was set by Frank Scott in 1950, when he told the national convention that "we do not oppose the making of profit in all its forms; on the contrary, the profit motive, under proper control, is now and will be for a long time a most valuable stimulus to production".

Over the next few years, this view came to prevail in a party that wanted to come in from the cold.

After 1950, draft statement after draft statement was drawn up, but it was not until 1956 that a new declaration came before a national convention. This statement, prepared by a committee appointed by the national executive and chaired by Lewis, was bitterly debated by the convention in Winnipeg, and even after being passed it remained a point of sharp controversy in the party.

Lewis had already issued a personal restatement of principles, a lecture delivered in Toronto in 1955 and then issued as a pamphlet, **A Socialist Takes Stock**. While reaffirming the humanitarian and egalitarian aims of social democracy and the need to fight against the power of giant corporations, the pamphlet takes a decisive step away from the party's traditional position on public ownership, which, Lewis said, history had proved wrong.

"In the communist societies all wealth, or almost all wealth, has been taken over by the state. But, instead of greater freedom, there is actually, no freedom at all... Socialists can, therefore, no longer regard nationalization as an automatic panacea for all ills, but must regard it merely as one tool that is available

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At the 1958 convention, the stars were Knowles, Jodoin, Casgrain, Lewis and Coldwell

in appropriate circumstances for the furtherance of socialist ends".

Meanwhile, "the experience of the Scandinavian countries, the history of the Roosevelt era in the United States and developments during the last war, have all shown that in the modern economy tools of control and of planning which can be effectively applied without actually replacing private with public enterprise." He came to the conclusion that "the democratic socialist today should continue to reject any suggestion of total nationalization."

The party's Winnipeg Declaration of 1956 takes a similar tack. It replaces the Regina statement that the CCF's purpose was to establish a society where "the principle regulating production, distribution and exchange will be the supplying of human needs and not the making of profits" with one that "private profit and corporate power must be subordinated to social planning". It does not attack capitalism, but rather the "lack of social planning". It offers a program with which no small-l liberal who is not wholly cynical could disagree. It leaves the reader with only a dull echo of the earlier Manifesto.

The reaction was immediate, both inside and outside the CCF. In a column in the **Financial Post,** J.B. McGeachy said the Winnipeg Declaration meant the CCF could no longer be considered socialist. **The Montreal Star** said it "represents a shift to the Right of the most striking kind." Lewis hotly denied these allegations, saying the CCF was just as socialist as it ever was. One bitter left-winger facetiously agreed with him, on the grounds that "one of the persistent clichés of the radical movement is that the capitalist press is always wrong. The **Financial Post, The Telegram** and all the other capitalist organs say the CCF is no longer socialist, therefore it is socialist!"

With the Winnipeg Declaration, the CCF had come a long way from its agrarian radical roots. It was soon to be propelled still further down the same road.

With his family and his debts both growing, Lewis had resigned as national secretary in 1950 to become a partner in the Toronto law firm of Jolliffe, Lewis, and Osler (E.B. Jolliffe was leader of the Ontario CCF), and quickly gained prominence as a labor lawyer. But his influence in the party remained undiminished. He held successively the positions of vice-chairman, national chairman, and national president, and perhaps more important, he held the ear of Lorne Ingle, who replaced him as national secretary. New on the job, Ingle naturally looked to his battle-tested predecessor for advice, and Lewis was only too happy to co-operate.

The major problems facing Ingle in the early fifties were the continuing struggle with the left wing, particularly in British Columbia, and the party's straitened financial condition.

Lewis was able to help with both of these. As the financial situation became desperate, he was repeatedly called upon to go to his extensive contacts in the trade unions in Canada and the United States for first aid. And when the "screwballs in B.C.," as they were referred to in the national office, threatened to get out of control, his generalship was indispensable.

In October 1950, Ingle wrote Lewis: "I am enclosing a copy of a resolution that the Victoria screwballs sent to me recently. I have drafted a reply but before I send it I would appreciate your looking it over to see if I have the facts correct. Any criticisms will, of course, be welcome".

Lewis replied a few days later, saying that "it is possible to make your reply a little stronger by reciting two or three other facts". Just to leave no doubt, he outlined four facts in some detail, concluding that "the summary might also be a little stronger," with suggestions as to how it might be strengthened.

Lewis also helped put down another group of party dissidents, this time in Ontario. The Woodsworth Memorial Foundation had been set up as a research and educational organization in 1945, and its directors, who included Frank Underhill, had tried to make it a centre for independent study, and not a party organ. But in 1952, the Ontario CCF leadership wrested control of the

Foundation from the old board of directors; the new board included David Lewis as vice-president.

The ousted directors charged that the Ontario leadership had no interest in the original ideals of the party. In an article in the Canadian Forum, Underhill (already on his way toward an accommodation with Liberalism), said the Ontario CCF had "fallen into the hands of a small clique", closely allied with the Canadian Congress of Labor and particularly the United Steelworkers. He did not oppose the idea of attempting to obtain union support, but he said the "big new industrial unions have come up a little too easily for their own... good ... They show some signs of being intoxicated by power".

Lewis replied that the old directors had "run the Foundation as a clique, as a little toy for (their) own special design, (and had) failed entirely to do any worth-while educational and research work on social problems". It was in the spirit of the times that each side accused the other of Communist tactics.

Underhill's attack had hit on what had long been a sensitive area in the CCF. There were three major groups in the party — western farmers, university-based intellectuals and labor — and none of them ever completely trusted either of the others. The original alliance of the 1930s between western farm groups and labor political parties and the League for Social Reconstruction had been uneasy enough, and the growth of trade-union strength in the party complicated things. One unionist expressed his view of intellectuals in a letter to Lewis in 1945:

"With so many educated gentlemen who have a habit of tangling themselves up in numerous committees there is no practical approach... About all (they) can do is sit around and talk... They are a bunch of old women... The CCF in my opinion should be taken out of the hands of the intellectuals and made more of a union party".

The intellectual, for his part, is likely to view the trade unionist as "gruff, tactless, uneducated, more interested in power than in virtue; a bit of a bully and a bit of a boor", according to Gad Horowitz in **Canadian Labor in Politics.** The intellectual who feels at home in the trade union movement, who trusts union leaders and is trusted by them, has always been a rare exception. Still, there have been such exceptions, and foremost among them is Lewis.

In the early 1950s, the Trades and Labor Congress and the Canadian Congress of Labor, like their counterparts in the United States, were taking steps toward merger. The main obstacle in Canada was the two Congresses' divergent policies on political action. The CCL had reiterated its endorsement of the CCF at convention after convention, while the TLC had stuck to the policy of political non-involvement that it had followed since the 1920s. There were many more CCL locals than TLC locals affiliated to the CCF, and a higher proportion of CCL members were CCF voters.

But there was a strong minority in the TLC sympathetic to the CCF, and it was almost certain that there would be a majority in favor of CCF support in the united Congress — if the merger could be brought off. The strategy that broke the log-jam was devised by the CCF top leadership.

In July, 1955, David Lewis met with TLC president Claude Jodoin and worked out an agreement that the question of political alignment would not be discussed at the merger convention, planned for the following year. It would be allowed to "find its own level" — it would simply be postponed until the new Congress met again in 1958, when presumably it would choose to take political action, either through the CCF or (in an idea that was beginning to gain favor) through a brand-new party in which the CCF would be encompassed. Jodoin had been elected in 1954 with the tacit support of CCFers in the TLC; though not himself a CCFer, he was not opposed to endorsement of the CCF.

"When in Heaven's name are we going to learn that working-class politics and the struggle for power are not a Sunday-school class where the purity of godliness and the infallibility of the Bible must be held up without fear of consequences."
— David Lewis, 1940

The party was making every effort to improve its image in trade-union circles — the Winnipeg Declaration was partially aimed in that direction. But the leadership's strategy in the merger was almost blocked by the CCF rank-and-file in the unions, who were fearful that political action would be lost in the shuffle unless pressed immediately.

At the 1955 TLC convention, the CCF leadership had to prevent a resolution calling for endorsement of the CCF from reaching the floor. At the same year's CCL convention, President A.R. Mosher succeeded in blocking a debate on the traditional resolution reaffirming the Congress's support of the CCF, despite an angry demonstration by the delegates. Later, Lewis carefully explained CCF strategy in the merger to a special meeting of the CCL's Political Action Committee.

In the end, however, the merger was carried off as planned, and Jodoin was elected president of the new Canadian Labor Congress. The CLC was all set to jump into political action at its 1958 convention and was undecided about the means when disaster befell the CCF. Its once-proud parliamentary contingent went under in the Diefenbaker sweep, and a rump of only eight members remained. Coldwell and his chief deputy, Stanley Knowles, both lost their seats. It became clear that all the party's concern for its image had been in vain: the CCF was going nowhere.

The CCF's electoral collapse gave strength to the arguments of those who proposed the creation of a new party. The CLC was the first to get the hint. Its convention was held three weeks after the election, and it called for the formation of a new "broadly based political movement which embraces the CCF, the labor movement, farm organizations, professional people and other liberally minded people." Knowles was elected a vice-president, providing a direct link between the Congress and the CCF. Along with Lewis and Jodoin, he would be a key man in the formation of the new party.

The shift toward the centre that the formation of the new party involved was clearest in its appeal to "other liberally minded people". Among those who jumped onto the "liberally minded" bandwagon was Walter Young, who would later write the CCF's history. Young wanted the new party to "represent to the Canadian voter the reasonable left, that area of the political spectrum typified by policies which are forward looking but not so far in advance of the populace as to cause disquiet or overshoot the mark. It should be the party which offers reform, not revolution..."

Among the people Young attacked for holding into outmoded ideas was David Lewis: "The statements of Mr Lewis... do give some cause for alarm among the independents — who wish to see the new party as one of all the left — for Mr. Lewis professes to see it as a new instrument for CCF policy".

The attack on Lewis was not surprising, for Lewis continued to take at least the rhetoric of socialism very seriously, but it was ironic, for he had been as responsible as anyone for opening up the party to people like Walter Young. The opposition to the new party within the CCF was considerable, coming notably but not exclusively from the left wing.

It came also from people who simply feared that CCF traditions would be swamped by the trade unionists. And interestingly, it came from the parliamentary caucus, which before the defeat of Coldwell and Knowles in 1958 had always worked hand in glove with the party bureaucracy.

The reduced post-1958 caucaus, however, contained no members of the CCF establishment; the House leader was Hazen Argue (Assiniboia), not a member of the party's inner circle (although still less a member of its left wing). According to Young, the caucus under Argue "was obstreperous, raucous, and at times perverse. Its approach to its job in Parliament was marked by an aggressiveness and a determination to be troublesome, decidedly not in the Coldwell-Knowles tradition, which sat ill with the party chieftans".

After Coldwell's retirement as national leader, the CCF brass wanted the office left vacant until the formation of the new party. The caucus wanted the office filled by Argue. To the amazement of the party chiefs, a cheering convention elected Argue national leader in 1960. Argue then embarked on a vigorous campaign for the leadership of the new party.

All the dissident sectors in the party — elements of the left, the caucus, farm-based traditional CCFers — now united around the unlikely figure of Argue. But the brass had a much more formidable candidate: Saskatchewan Premier Tommy Douglas.

Lewis's antipathy to Argue was open. He told one press conference that "I have always believed that Mr. Douglas would be the best leader. I think he is the best political leader of any party in Canada. I believe I'm second best". Argue sat in the room uncomfortably. Lewis's addition that "I wouldn't lose any sleep if Hazen Argue became leader" hardly mitigated the slur.

At the founding convention of the New Democratic Party in August, 1961, Douglas was elected leader with 1391 votes, to 380 for Argue. The prominence of the trade-union delegates, the careful avoidance of the word socialism, the very location of the convention — Toronto — all established the NDP as something very different from the original CCF. It was a lot closer to being a Canadian version of the British Labor party.

David Lewis had built the political instrument he wanted.

Politicians are fond of pointing a derisive finger at military generals who are always prepared to fight the last war. Seldom do they realize that they, too, are easy victims of this epidemic.

In 1961, with the formation of the New Democratic Party, David Lewis and his allies in Canada's social democrat-trade union alliance found themselves superbly armed, from a tactical viewpoint, to fight the elections of the 1950s. But in the 1960s they were to find themselves out-of-step and strangely defensive towards the new, confident and demanding forces of leftist opinion that were to set their mark on the decade.

The Lewis team had reached its political manhood under the influence of the British Labor Party, the leading leftist force in the then-imperial power. The new radicals of the 1960s, insofar as they looked beyond their own country, grew up under the influence of the American new left, the leading radical force in the new imperial power. Gone were the Oxford-style study groups where young and old co-mingled in genteel debate; the Berkeley revolt broke the academic calm.

This was symbolized by Michael Oliver, the hierarchy's choice for first national president of the New Democratic Party, who in the late sixties found himself 'up against the wall' as vice-principal of McGill University, defending the institution side-by-side with Liberals and Conservatives against both McGill student leftists and the rising forces of Quebec.

The dilemma of the eastern, reformist, union-based party broke into the open only six months after the NDP's founding convention. On February 18, in the prairie capital of Regina, Hazen Argue called a press conference and announced he was leaving the party. "The action I take today," he said, "I feel is not one of leaving the CCF because the CCF as we have known it has now ceased to exist." He went on to declare that "the NDP has now become the tool of a small labor clique and is effectively under their domination and control." He pointed to the leaders of the United Packinghouse Workers, the Steelworkers and the UAW.

Reaction was predictably angry. George Burt of the UAW said "Hazen Argue is acting like a spoiled schoolboy." Fred Dowling of the Packinghouse Worbers said this was "complete nonsense and nobody knows it better than Mr. Argue." William Dodge, executive vice-president of the CLC, called the resignation "the crudest example of political opportunism in Canadian political history," and Tommy Douglas said that Argue had "apparently been dickering for some months to see what kind of deal he could make with the Liberals."

Argue, in fact, then ran for Parliament as a Liberal, but lost and was appointed to the Senate by the Pearson government in 1966.

The spectacle of a former national leader of the CCF, one of the candidates for the NDP leadership, leaving the party and joining the Liberals was a strange one. But it outlined a real problem. Where could a leftist go if he wasn't happy with the NDP? And was the NDP so different from the Liberals after all?

It's a problem that David Lewis has had to face more than once as the party, under his guidance, has shifted towards the centre. "I've had more than one invitation," he says, "to join the Liberals and get into the Cabinet. They've always made... a very strong attempt to undermine our party, the CCF-NDP..."

The Liberals were the wooers, but not all New Democrats were completely hostile. In the fall of 1963, an attempt was made, both federally and in Ontario, to get the two parties working in tandem. Both were out of power in Ontario, and in Ottawa there was fear that Diefenbaker and the Tories might get back into office. In November, secret meeting was held, reported Arthur Blakely of the **Montreal Gazette,** in the Ottawa apartment of Liberal Finance Minister Walter Gordon. Along with Gordon, national Liberal organizer Keith Davey, Tommy Douglas, David Lewis and Doug Fisher were reported present. There had been other get-togethers, at other times, of people from both parties.

David Lewis's comment on the chances of a merger then or now is "absolutely not", but he agrees the Liberals haven't stopped trying. "I was at one of those," he says, "and shortly after that Walter Gordon made a speech somewhere out West and said that David Lewis is a doctrinaire socialist with whom it is impossible to work. I'm sure it was the result of a firm statement by me that I would have nothing to do with the Liberal Party, or with any capitalist party and that he'd better give up. The Liberal Party undoubtedly made very strong efforts over the years... they weren't discussions in any real sense. They were just an invitation for tea and talk. I suspected at the time and quite frankly regretted going...the sensible thing to do would have been to say you go to hell. But, you know, you're human and you want to act like a civilized human being, and if someone wants to talk you don't run away. And that's all it was, there never was, there just never was any minor contemplation of anything..."

There is no doubt that Lewis is adamantly opposed to any such merger. He is a convinced social democrat, and sees the differences between the parties as still fundamental. But as the party has abandoned clarion calls to transform the structure of

society and concentrated on reforming the present system, it is not surprising that Liberals and some New Democrats have wondered if the gap could not be bridged.

The NDP has offered them grounds for wonder. In foreign policy for example, Lewis and Douglas secured overwhelming defeat of a motion calling for withdrawal from NATO at the 1961 and 1963 convention. And as recently as 1965, the party's defence and foreign policy spokesman, Andrew Brewin (a close ally of Lewis), wrote a book called **We Stand On Guard** that declared his "conviction that although Canada's external defence policy should contribute the maximum towards these developments in the direction of 'detente', the need for the unity and cooperation of the NATO countries is still with us and would be ignored at our peril. Indeed the Soviet Union is far more likely to be persuaded to accept the necessary modification and relaxation of her military hold on Eastern Europe if she sees a continued unity on the part of the NATO allies."

That policy would today be judged somewhere to the right of the Trudeau government's attitude. In a book review at the time, columnist James Eayrs asked: "Has the defence critic of the NDP become Paul Hellyer's poodle?" Perhaps Mr. Brewin heard too many apologies for NATO when, as a member of the Special Parliamentary Committee on Defence, he paid visits "to NORAD headquarters at Colorado Springs, to the NORAD installations at North Bay, to NATO headquarters in Europe, to the Canadian brigade group at Soest and to one of the Canadian air squadrons...Paris, London and Copenhagen...the Royal Canadian Navy at Halifax and Bermuda and was briefed at Norfolk, Virginia, by the Atlantic headquarters of NATO."

Even in condemning the Vietnam war — not a difficult stand for leftists to take — the resolution adopted in 1965 left out the condemnation of American imperialism that some proposed. Nor was there any positive reponse to the new forces pushing to the surface in Quebec and shaking the structure of Confederation.

In federal elections the NDP has not achieved the success that was hoped for in 1961. Although in some ways it has surpassed the CCF, the 23 seats it now has are the best it has done, and are no better than were achieved in the elections of '45, '53 and '57.

The party has won a greater degree of support from the workers in eastern, urban areas through the trade union alliance, and Lewis remains convinced that "the aim which I've always had has proven correct and that as we are able to become more and more the voice of organized workers and organized farmers... our progress will be more and more."

But the party's increasingly reformist policies could not absorb the ferment of the 1960s. There had always been those in the party who fought the shift towards the centre, and they were now to be reinforced by younger voices. And there were those, too, who may have found little to complain of in the ideology of the NDP, but who resented the tenacity with which the old guard clung to power. Challenges were bound to come as the new party and its aging leadership found itself out-of-step with the tumult of the decade.

In 1967, the New Democratic Youth elected Ken Novokowski of Alberta as its president. He pledged to break with the organization's right-wing leaders and supported radical resolutions on the Vietnam war and on such questions as nationalization of business.

At the same time, Jim Renwick, Ontario MLA for Toronto-Riverdale, won the national presidency of the party in a "grass roots" revolt against J.H. Brocklebank, the choice of Lewis and others in the party hierarchy. It had not been expected that Brocklebank would be opposed, but there was a wide-spread wish for a younger man.

Still, these were only pin pricks. The party that Lewis had built was still under his control, and was still his kind of party. He has been a vice-president of the new party since it began and, generally, the other officers have been his allies. In the opinion of many, he has been at all times a more powerful figure than the party's national leader, Tommy Douglas. With his election to the House of Commons from York South in 1962, and again in '65 and '68 after losing in '63, and with his position as Deputy Leader, his focus has shifted from the party organization to the Parliamentary caucus, but has never

His energy and work habits had not changed either. In 1968, his majority in York South fell to 700 in the Trudeau landslide. After working furiously for re-election, he found the time on election night to deliver some harsh words to campaign workers who had not delivered the expected number of votes.

But the big challenges were about to begin.

The latest in the long series of challenges to the Lewis way in the CCF-NDP surfaced in 1969. Unlike the Communists and Trotskyists who tried to make some headway by infiltrating the party, the Waffle group sprang from within. It remained devoted to the CCF-NDP and to party politics. And consequently, it was a group that the party brass could not dismiss — or purge.

Although Waffle theoretician Mel Watkins became active in the party only in 1969 after becoming disenchanted with the Liberals, other Wafflers like Jim Laxer have been active members for years. The Waffle is primarily a middle-class movement, and most of its members have been to university. They tend to be young, articulate, and knowledgeable. They also tend, as many Wafflers themselves admit, to use language that is incomprehensible to working-class people. Older unionists in particular have a deep distrust for the group. As one prominent Waffler remarked, "people like Dennis McDermott of the UAW, to put it mildly, hate our guts."

But the Waffle has made a vast impact on the party since it was christened sometime in 1969 ("if we're going to waffle, I'd rather waffle to the left than to the right," said one militant). Its original manifesto gained the support of more than a third of the delegates at the October 1969 convention in Winnipeg, and a quarter of the delegates at the upcoming April convention will be committed Waffle supporters. Even more striking has been the Waffle's hold on the attention of the media. In the past two years, it has had almost as many newspaper headlines as the NDP itself. It has taken the limelight in the clamor for Canadian control of Canadian resources (Laxer's book **The Energy Poker Game** being one contribution), and in its support for Quebec's right to self-determination. It has taken a strong stand on women's liberation. Older sectors of the party, meanwhile, have been constantly on the defensive. Waffle sympathizer Laurier LaPierre, co-chairman of the upcoming convention (which he promises to run with "distinguished neutrality"), says "David Lewis and the party establishment have done nothing but react to the Waffle and the more dynamic elements of the party since 1969."

At the time of the 1969 convention, Southam sage Charles Lynch said "I do not believe they could elect a dogcatcher, anywhere in Canada, on such a platform." But the Waffle waged a good fight in the Saskatchewan NDP leadership race last year with candidate Don Mitchell. In Ontario, it captured about 40 per cent of the vote on policy resolutions in the September 1970 convention. And nationally, it has gathered enough fire to field a strong leadership candidate, Jim Laxer.

"None of us who wrote the Waffle Manifesto, and certainly not myself, ever sat down and said 'Let's radicalize the NDP.' It was much more of a spontaneous thing of half a dozen or so people realizing they were in the party and fed up with it. We never set out to do what we ended up doing."

— Mel Watkins, Gordon to Watkins to You

The present Laxer-Lewis leadership contest (with Ed Broadbent and John Harney competing for a centre position) has brought into sharp focus the distinct threat that the Waffle represents to the conventional wisdom of the party. It is a force which David Lewis has neither ignored nor managed to submerge.

His first confrontation with the Waffle came at the Winnipeg convention. Some people on the executive would have preferred to see the Waffle manifesto never reach the convention floor. They found the anti-American tone tiresome, and parts of the manifesto smacked of the Regina Manifesto of decades ago. Statements such as "capitalism must be replaced by socialism, by national planning of investment and by the public ownership of the means of production" would not win votes.

Lewis agreed with their condemnation of this "ideological nonsense", and would denounce it in debate. He had, after all, chucked out-and-out nationalization as a party policy thirteen years earlier. But he had no patience with their contention that the manifesto could be prevented from reaching the floor ("shut up and grow up," he told a member of the executive at one point). He knew it had to be met head on. Otherwise the press would accuse him of iron management of the convention, and the Waffle might well stage a disruption. Before the convention opened, he negotiated an agreement with several key Wafflers that the manifesto would be debated.

When other and lesser Wafflers reached Winnipeg, they showed initial resentment to the fact that a deal had been made. Above all, they feared that David Lewis could not be trusted. They were wrong ("David likes to make deals, but he lives with the deals he makes," says one Waffle leader). The manifesto was brought to the floor, it was debated, a vote was taken, it was defeated by a two-to-one majority, and each side went away convinced that it had won.

Lewis could still command a solid majority and his mastery of situations was still unmatched, but the emergence of the Waffle from within the ranks was the clearest sign yet that his control of the party was no longer as tight as it had been. In choosing to seek the leadership when Douglas announced his retirement, he faced difficulties on several fronts.

Douglas had often voiced his opinion that a younger man should take over the reins. Lewis supporters claimed that their man, despite his age, represented a shift away from the old look of the party, from the prairie-farmer-evangelical-minister CCF tradition that Douglas represents to a base in organized labor and the cities. But the Lewis image has no more appeal to younger city-dwellers than the Douglas image. Reform-minded Toronto alderman Karl Jaffary announced at an early date his support for the young and moderate candidate, John Harney.

Lewis's decision to present himself as a candidate was, at least in part, a product of his need to reassert control. Under other circumstances he might have stepped aside, but now he could not. Again he would meet the Waffle head on. In August, 1970, delegates to a national convention of the Waffle proposed a ten-man-and-woman team to represent the group until the last four months of the campaign, but by September Jim Laxer had emerged as the obvious Waffle candidate for the leadership (Mel Watkins' health not permitting him to run). Laxer's youth, skill in debate and obvious relish in party politics made him a candidate to be reckoned with. He reminded some observers of the young David Lewis.

In the early months of 1971, Lewis and his son Stephen (bracing himself for the upcoming Ontario election) launched a double-barrelled attack on the Waffle. In a press release, David Lewis accused the Waffle of acting like a "party within a party" (which Laxer dutifully denied). He found the Waffle guilty of "harmful and divisive factionalism...unnecessary as it is dangerous."

Although he denied that an analogy could be made between the Waffle and the earlier Communist threat to the CCF, he conceded that the factionalism of the two groups bore comparison. Talking about the Communists, he remarked "as I have said in another context more recently, when you have a faction, you invariably create a counter-faction, and if the counter-faction is a majority and the faction is a minority, an awful lot of time and energy is wasted fighting each other."

In its January 1971 newsletter, the Waffle announced that David Lewis had "begun a witch hunt against those who are critical of his 35-year domination of the CCF-NDP," and pleaded innocent to his charges. It pointed to the historical precedents of groups in the party interested in "theoretical, policy issues, socialist publication and education." These groups included the LSR, the Woodsworth Foundation, and the proposed Coldwell-Douglas foundation.

Because of the group's unique position as the self-proclaimed loyal opposition within the party, the feelings of individual Wafflers toward Lewis are difficult to discern. In 1969, they respected him, admired him for his contribution to the party, and were more than a little afraid of him. More recently, Laurier LaPierre remarked that he has an "authoritarian streak, and there is no doubt that he will run the party with an iron hand."

Mel Watkins' appraisal is more cautious: "I don't know whether I'd use a word like authoritarian — that may perhaps be too strong. But David's been around for a long time, he's worked very hard for the party, and maybe for those reasons, maybe for other reasons he's a paternalistic sort of guy. He isn't terribly tolerant of something like the Waffle which comes along and says we don't really like this establishment."

In the early months, the campaign seemed to centre around David Lewis's conflict with the Waffle. But as the convention neared, that clash was upstaged by another one that was both more dramatic and more fundamental.

Queen Mary I of England is reported to have said that when she died, the world 'Calais' would be found engraved on her heart. When the time comes for David Lewis, the word they find will be 'Quebec'.

Although Lewis grew up in Montreal, he (along with all other English-speaking Montrealers) had little real contact with French Quebec. He (alone among the five leadership candidates) speaks thoroughly adequate French, but it is of recent origin; in 1943 he apologized to a Quebec CCFer who had written him in French for not replying in his own language, adding that he had found in his experience that most French Canadians understood English.

He would not write that today. But for David Lewis, as for most English Canadians, the process of enlightenment has been slow, painful, and incomplete.

To be a member of the CCF was to be a member of an En-

glish-speaking party. Voices from Quebec, like those of Lewis or Frank Scott (the son of an Anglican minister in Quebec City) came from traditions worlds apart from the French majority of their province. As a party which from the Regina Manifesto onward favored centralist policies, the CCF paid little heed to the rising aspirations of French-Canadian nationalists. And as a party which posed a potential threat to "la survivance", the CCF was denounced time and again by the fiercely anti-socialist Catholic Church.

The party did not succeed in attracting the growing trade union movement to its ranks. André Laurendeau summed up the position of the CCF in Quebec in 1948: "The CCF has always presented itself to us with an English aspect. I have known many of our young people who normally might have been its adherents... But they found themselves in a strange climate, they were not at home... Our socialists haven't a truly independent outlook. They are ideologically linked up with labor parties in England, Australia and New Zealand. This is a plant which doesn't acclimatize itself in Quebec".

When the new party was conceived in the late fifties party members held out hopes that organized labor in Quebec might come under its spell. To David Lewis "it looked as if the base in Quebec would be almost as strong as in Ontario". That hope, of course, never materialized. Lewis's explanation is that, after the death of Duplessis, "progressive people in Quebec and the trade unionists got in behind the Quiet Revolution and behind Lesage and lost interest in building another party. Since the Lesage government in its initial years was doing a great many things the labor movement had been clamoring for, that immediately weakened our position there."

Lewis's interpretation is part of the truth. Natural Resources Minister René Lévesque, in particular, gained the admiration of many when he stood up for the United Steelworkers against Noranda Mines in the early sixties. But the federal elections of 1962 showed that there was mass discontent within Quebec with the old parties. And the beneficiary of this discontent was not the NPD. Pierre Vallières writes in White Niggers of America:

"I tried to do a little 'politicizing' during the federal elections of 1962, but without success... that year I was the only one who voted NDP. All my fellow workers voted Social Credit. The size of the Créditiste vote in Quebec made the Montreal workers jump for joy. I was then living on Visitation Street near Dorchester Boulevard. All my neighbors noisily demonstrated their delight. At last the old parties had got what was coming to them!"

As separatist sentiment began to grow in the early sixties, the NDP showed no more understanding of it that the CCF had shown of an earlier breed of nationalism.

David Lewis would say in 1963: "The force of separatism... is far too strong in this province. It represents a creed of despair, essentially reactionary, denying Canada as an entity at all... It is ante-diluvian, impractical and harmful."

In the same year, he denounced the formation of the Quebec Socialist Party (PSQ) as a "tremendous disservice to the people of Quebec and to the NDP in Canada. It pains me to hear the statement that the left in Quebec is concerned with Quebec and not the rest of Canada."

By 1967, a resolution could be passed favoring special status for Quebec, indicating that the NDP had finally begun to realize that Quebec was a province "pas comme les autres". But for progressive Quebecers, it was too little, too late. Many felt that the social and economic problems of Quebec could not be resolved in a federal state.

The NDP entered the Quebec provincial election arena for the first (and last) time in 1970. With Lewis's approval and with

Public Archives of Canada

Argue lost, Douglas and Lewis won

Lewis associate Roland Morin as leader, 14 candidates entered the race, hoping to provide a federalist alternative to left-of-centre voters who would otherwise be drawn to Lévesque's separatist Parti Québécois.

The voters didn't see it that way. The NDP polled so few votes that Canadian Press was unable to tabulate the percentage the day after the election. None of the 14 came even close to retaining his deposit. Meanwhile the Parti Québécois chalked up 24 per cent of the vote, and carried six working-class ridings in east-end Montreal.

The pathetic showing of the April 1970 election was one glaring indication that the NDP-Quebec was thoroughly isolated from the mainstream of political life in the province. Its decision to become part of FRAP, the coalition of workers' and citizens' groups opposing Mayor Jean Drapeau in the October civic election, was based on a conscious effort to retread itself.

But once again, events gave the NDP a ruder awakening than it had bargained for. Cross and Laporte were kidnapped, the War Measures Act was imposed, and Drapeau and Jean Marchand linked FRAP to the FLQ. The events of October and November forced the NDP-Quebec into the realization that even participation in a group like FRAP demanded a re-examination of its position on the national question.

In Ottawa, where it amounted to treason even to question the government's stand, the NDP stood out on a limb. David Lewis led his party in a courageous, if calculated, attack on the Liberal government. NDP memberships were cancelled at a brisk rate, and the Gallup poll recorded a sharp drop for NDP popularity. But Lewis had been in politics long enough to foresee the time when the hysteria would die down. In Montreal, members of the NDP-Quebec were pleased with the Deputy Leader's action. But they wished they had been consulted.

A further spur to the NDP-Quebec was the stand taken by the Waffle in favor of Quebec's right to self-determination. When the provincial party decided to adopt the same principle at its February, 1971 convention it succeeded in putting itself back on the map. A party that had been all but forgotten found to its amazement that it was on the front pages of all Quebec newspapers — even the French ones.

The adoption of the self-determination resolution represented a clear shift in provincial party thinking, as did the decision to withdraw from provincial politics, interpreted by many as an understanding with the Parti Québécois ("considering the results of the last election, it seems more like an understanding with the electorate," commented one journalist).

And another indication of the party's new look was the election as president of Raymond Laliberté, the militant former head of the CEQ, Quebec's largest teachers' union. A delighted audience in l'Église St-Jacques burst into applause when the

"You don't work with David Lewis, you work for him."

— an old NDP hand

new president inadvertantly referred to the party as the "Nouveau Parti Québécois".

But the NDP-Quebec's new position was in reality a moderate, even fence-sitting one. The party took no stand on what the future relationship of Quebec to English Canada could or should be. It merely reaffirmed the Waffle's position that Quebec had the right to make up its own mind. When the Waffle had taken this stand, it had been renouncing English Canada's right to decide what Quebec should do. When the NDP-Quebec took the same position, it was abdicating the responsibility of Quebecers to decide the same thing. The NDP-Quebec was still acting less as a participant than as a voyeur in Quebec political life.

Jim Laxer (to whom, René Lévesque wrote, a monument might one day be built "somewhere on the Ottawa River, with one foot on each side") was understably pleased with the decision. Himself a federalist, he could now say that the Quebec party shared the responsibility of advocating what seemed to many a position tantamount to separatism.

Ed Broadbent and John Harney, for their part, accepted the passage of the resolution with equanimity. While more emphatic than Laxer about their commitment to federalism, they were not opposed to the negotiation of a new arrangement with Quebec.

David Lewis and Frank Howard viewed the resolution as a disaster. Howard (one of four NDP MPs to support the War Measures Act), still saw no reason why Quebec should enjoy special status. Lewis was not opposed to the principle of self-determination, but he was vehemently opposed to stating it. Journalists remarked that they had never seen him so visibly distressed as that evening. It was a direct slap at his own position and another manifestation that his power over the party was not unassailable.

One consideration playing on Lewis's mind, as he frankly admitted, was votes. "I'd been back in Ottawa one day from a trip across the country," he said in mid-March: "I was around Parliament only a few hours yesterday and I heard literally from a dozen sources gleeful comments by Liberals about this self-determination resolution. And those who are friendly with me and speak frankly with me said in so many words 'we've now got you, you're finished, your party, or at least the Quebec section and the Waffle, have accepted a separatist position'... And they're sure that Canada doesn't want it, and therefore we're through. Now, people ought to have thought of that".

Having taken an unpopular position a few months before, Lewis was unwilling to take another one.

However, his opposition to the Quebec resolution, like his opposition to the War Measures Act, was based on more than expediency. Again, it was a principled stand. First, he opposed the resolution because he considered it the work of "an academic study group which lacks any understanding of what the real struggle for socialism means."

Second, "I also happen to think that in principle these people are wrong. It is one thing to say that if we decide to leave Canada we don't want to have to fight for it (with which I agree); it's another thing to say that we in Quebec have the absolute right to decide for ourselves and you don't have a voice...

"I reject it finally, particularly as a socialist. History I think shows clearly that in a situation in which Canada finds itself fighting not only its domestic capitalism, but also American capitalism... that to divide Canada is not going to build socialism... it's going to make the building of socialism very much more difficult."

The 1971 convention is the first in the party's history at which Quebec will emerge as a major issue. The inevitable defeat of the self-determination resolution will not be the end of the confrontation. A Lewis victory will make the future direction of the Quebec party highly uncertain. Lewis had indicated he will not tolerate serious dissension from the Quebec wing.

The Quebec party, having embarked on its new course, has no plans to reverse direction. Laurier LaPierre, vice-president of the Quebec wing, said flatly, "we are not going to deviate from the Quebec resolution." It was suggested to him that this might lead to an impasse after the convention. LaPierre smiled: "Yes, there will be an impasse."

David Lewis has worked for four decades to build the New Democratic Party. In seeking the leadership of the party he built, he wants to lead the party for four or five years, whip it into shape, and then leave it to a carefully-chosen successor who will carry on in the Lewis tradition.

Toward the end of the campaign, he sat at his desk in the centre block of the Parliament buildings and said, smilingly, "I don't know all the members of the Waffle group — those I do know, and they're at the top mostly, are as far as I am concerned totally committed people to the New Democratic Party, and to democratic socialism.

"And what they're carrying on is not only a right but a duty inside a democratic socialist party. Much of the discussion that's been going on in the last couple of years has been very worthwhile; it has done me good, reawakened me to things I wrote about twenty to twenty-five years ago... I spoke about foreign ownership many, many years ago... I think the Waffle has made a very real contribution."

But when Lewis talks about the Quebec party, this tone of conciliation disappears. As he remarked the day following the Quebec convention, "after the (federal) convention, we will put our house in order."

The Waffle group could probably learn to live with a party that had David Lewis as its leader, and Lewis could probably live with a party that had the Waffle in it.

But he cannot live with the "wrong direction" he thinks the Quebec party has taken. He will expect the NDP-Quebec to abide by the convention's rejection of the "absolute right to self-determination," or get out — or be forced out (and there is more than one way this could be done).

The Waffle too, will likely find that the Quebec question will determine whether its present uneasy relationship with Lewis ends in a showdown or a truce.

The party as a whole will find that a Lewis leadership means they are expected to shape up. The NDP under David Lewis will be tighter, more disciplined, and more the creature of its leader than it has been under Tommy Douglas. One Lewis-watcher speculated about the parliamentary caucus. "There are a lot of individualistic bananas in that caucus," he said, "and most of them are supporting David. They don't know what they're in for"

Neither does the rest of the party, and neither do the people.

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Spring Cleaning

How Stephen Lewis gave up Wellington boots, the Waffle, the NDY, and grew wiser in his years

Stephen Lewis is being called a lot of things as NDP leader in Ontario, but "inflexible" is not one of them. And it looks if he has his way, "socialist" won't be one of them for long either.

A bitter race has erupted in Ontario, Canada's Ruhr basin, over who can outmoderate whom. It's a toss up whether to view it as chilling or absurd, as Stephen huddles privately with Bay Street luminaries and addresses auto insurance agents, urgently constructing a latter-day Loyalist Bobby Kennedy presence. It's even been too much for the **Globe and Mail.**

But what with **Maclean's** already calling the Lewis clan the Kennedys of Canada (a Canadian journalist intent on decolonization recently referred to Harold Stassen as the Tommy Douglas of the United States — uncharitable, but a beginning) the picture is brightening everywhere. It's taking Lewis one year to do to the Ontario NDP what it took 30 years for the Labor Party to become in England.

Unfortunately, others inside the Ontario NDP, incensed at being hustled into the party's closets as red skeletons, are less impressed than **Maclean**'s. For Stephen Lewis, en route to the pinnacle of the Premiership of Ontario, has created a nightmare for Ontario's New Democratic Youth, the provincial Waffle wing, and in fact almost any individual of the party's 20,000 members who is so infantile as to use the word "socialist."

And in the process, he has disillusioned a good portion of the delegates last October who propelled the 33-year-old former whiz-kid organizer into the leadership by a two-to-one margin over his major rival, Walter Pitman. In doing so, the 1,868 delegates, it might be said, overwhelmingly repudiated Madison Avenue socialism personified in Pitman, who based his appeal on being a moderate who already had garnered the support of the commercial press.

Or so the delegates thought. Today, they see that Lewis has adopted the Pitman strategy, surrounded himself with the Pitman strategists, and probably (if he dared) would like to dye his dark brown hair a Pitman greyish blond.

To many in the party, the metamorphosis of "Fast Stevie" Lewis, the hard-lined, upright, young, even radical socialist who, smelling power, turned into a soft-spoken moderate Schreyer pumpkin overnight, is almost that complete.

But is it? Is there any metamorphosis at all really involved? Or is this Stephen Lewis of today as he really was all along, a shrewd man, a hitchhiker ready to tag along on any beneficial cause or image created for him?

Let us begin at the beginning and see. Lewis likes to say that his baby crib in Ottawa was lined with copies of the Regina Manifesto but as soon as he reached the age of reason, his political instincts were already far more pragmatic.

By 1962, he was managing his father's campaign for a federal seat and giving his old man hell for spending too much time making speeches elsewhere, therefore endangering his own electoral chances. At 25, he was already a tough, battle-proven political pro who, having won 12 of 18 election campaigns, could be compared favorably to that infamous hard Tory backroom boy, Fast Eddie Goodman. A year later, Stephen won the provincial seat of Scarborough West. He was on the way.

He immediately became one of the government's harshest and most effective critics, thereby gaining a reputation for being a radical in the press and public. Lewis was manning the barricades in favor of such goals as liberal education, higher taxes for big business, a guaranteed annual income and domestic control of the Canadian economy.

But while he lashed out at the government for so sadly neglecting emotionally disturbed children, Lewis was being paid $15,000 to do public relations work for a system of private centres which looked after emotionally disturbed children.

But still the myth persisted. Stephen, the wild-eyed radical... Lewis the revolutionary...

And by June 1970 when Donald MacDonald stepped down as

Ontario NDP leader, Lewis and leadership campaign workers were more than willing to nurture the myth created by the Tories, and the public.

Sensing the swing of the grass roots party to the left, Lewis was ready to capitalize on his radical reputation, especially when moderate old Walter Pitman entered the lists against him.

Almost immediately The Great Debate was on. University of Waterloo political science professor John Wilson argued that Ontario voters are both progressive and conservative and in order to win the next election, the party must play down its socialist image and present a leader "who is, at one and the same time, the personification both of progressive change and of cautious common sense."

This brought an angry retort, the press reported, from Gerald Caplan, an assistant professor of history at the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education. Caplan stated Wilson was asking the party to betray its basic principles and wailed, "It is socialists above all who must declare that there are certain principles which will under no circumstances be compromised."

Lewis however was far more explicit than Caplan, who became his campaign manager, about his radicalism. During the leadership campaign, he told a **Globe and Mail** reporter that during the past couple of years, he had moved farther to the left.

"There are too many parties clouding up the centre," he explained. "The place in the political spectrum is for us to take a radical posture on issues."

The NDP, he continued, got lost for a time in "the anxious, self-conscious search for respectability and security in a Canadian body politic. It was a false quest and we have paid the price."

From there on, with a party that was anxious to assume a more radical posture, that in fact would give anywhere from 45 to 80 per cent of the delegate votes to Waffle resolutions, that would make a clear unequivocal commitment of nationalization of energy resources, it was easy for the radical Mr. Lewis to capture the leadership.

As party leader, Lewis had been given a strong mandate from the party to take it further down the road of socialism.

But Lewis, already secure in his leadership, showed hesitation about going down that road. He was after a bigger prize now — the premiership of Ontario — and just minutes after his victory, Lewis at his first press conference was telling reporters that those resolutions weren't really all that firm party policy.

For example, on nationalization of the energy resource industries, he said the NDP does not intend to imperil the private enterprise rights of the gas retailers, for example.

"What the party has done is taken a very strong option for independence," he explained. And then significantly, he added, "Now we will have to see how that applies in the province of Ontario."

And later it became clear that a lot of the resolutions passed by the party's convention just didn't quite apply to the province of Ontario.

Consequently, Lewis got Desmond Morton, an assistant professor of history at the University of Toronto to clean up the radical policy mess left at the convention.

Morton, a former assistant provincial secretary of the Ontario NDP who writes long diatribes in the Toronto papers about why the Waffle should be crushed and the need for the NDP to be moderate and liberal or progressive and conservative or something other than socialist, obviously relished the task.

By the time he had finished in March, Morton had actually succeeded in producing a 73-page NDP platform that only used the word "socialist" once.

Almost immediately after winning the leadership, Lewis set up a campaign committee to plot out a strategy that would enable the NDP to win the next election.

Attending the often marathon weekly strategy sessions held every Tuesday in Lewis's office are the key men of the Lewis party organization.

They include Walter Pitman, whom Lewis promoted to deputy leader, Donald MacDonald, the former leader and a Pitman supporter, John Wilson, a key Pitman leadership adviser, John Brewin, son of Andrew, the party's provincial treasurer and Pitman's campaign manager, and Gordon Brigden, the party's provincial secretary and a man addicted to winning elections at any cost.

And it soon became apparent that though the party had got Lewis, what they were going to get was the Pitman strategy — be moderate, be progressive and conservative, be safe and sound and for God's sake, Stephen, cool it.

Lewis listened carefully to the Pitman advice, and quite willingly began to play the game of image politics the Pitman people are so fond of.

He began to go to a barber regularly, threw away his green corduroy suit, replaced his Wellington boots with moderate loafers.

When he appeared on television, his aides made sure that the cameras shot him from an angle upwards, thereby softening the effect of his deep set eyes and hawk-like nose and making him look less like a hood who had just stepped off a motorcycle and more like the boy next door courting the banker's daughter.

And it was working beautifully, as evidenced by Tory leadership candidates like Darcy McKeough who snorted that Lewis was becoming the "sham statesman of 1971" and grumbled angrily to audiences throughout the province that the Ontario NDP leader was trying "to out-schreyer Schreyer."

Lewis and his team loved it, just revelling in the anger Lewis's appearance before the Chatham Junior Chamber of Commerce would provoke in McKeough, who was in his younger days a pillar of that organization.

And just to rub it in there were also speeches to be made to Tory-filled service clubs such as Rotary and Kiwanis, throughout the province.

And then were his very private meetings with stockbrokers and other Bay Street tycoons as well as friendly chats with several top executives of Bell Telephone and other corporate giants.

And the media were certainly helping out. For instance, in December, Lewis appeared before the bastion of Toryism — the Canadian Club in the ballroom of the Royal York Hotel.

After his speech in which he said an NDP government would not mean a gulf between the world of business and government, he said he has "distinct and healthy" questions about nationalization. Lewis was surrounded by enthusiastic well-heeled businessmen offering their congratulations, the press reported.

But even though his new-found friends were beginning to respect him, there was, as Lewis admitted earlier in his speech, still a lingering doubt in the backs of their minds.

"I feel a little as I once did before a meeting of my party's Waffle group," he said. "They, too, have a lingering suspicion that I am at best a dubious character with whom they have learned to live, albeit, at times, on sufferance."

For his part, Lewis however had decided that he couldn't live with Waffle, who were threatening to destroy everything he had accomplished by their silly and vocal adherence to large-scale nationalization of financial and energy resource institutions and their commitment to repatriating the Canadian economy.

Something had to be done about the Waffle, who were actively campaigning for their federal leadership candidate, James Laxer. Something had to be done about the Waffle who, Lewis

Be safe and sound and for God's sake, Stephen, cool it.

and his image makers believed, were costing the NDP thousands of potential votes.

But what? This Waffle thing had to be handled very carefully because really the only thing that Laxer and the Wafflers were doing was campaigning hard, trying to round up delegates and talk about the issues.

First of all, there was the New Democratic Youth organization which Lewis and his people felt was almost completely Waffle-oriented.

So cut off the NDY funds for organizing work in neighborhood communities and plants.

Consequently when the NDY requested a $7,500 grant for its work this year the Lewis people told the party's provincial council in February that this was an election year and such a princely sum was just out of the question.

But even members of the council's executive committee swallowed hard on that one for they realized that the party was planning to spend over $500,000 for the election campaign — the most in the party's history.

So the gloves unfortunately had to come off and Gerald Caplan, Lewis's executive assistant and hatchetman, swung into a vicious red-baiting campaign against the NDY.

Look at some of their documents, Caplan argued. Marxist dogma, through and through,...Communists...Maoists...

And the Caplan attack did succeed in getting the NDY grant cut from the requested $7,500 to $800 — about $3,200 less than it had received the year before.

A victory, yes, but not a happy one, for the whole business had spilled over into the press where Gordon Cleveland, the youth's provincial secretary, had squealed on Caplan and said: "The youth grant was cut off because the left wing of the party is getting too strong and is presenting a challenge to Stephen Lewis and his views of the NDP's chances in the coming election."

At every opportunity, top party officials would warn riding presidents and other key "good" party workers that something was happening to the Waffle.

The Waffle, the officials would whisper **sotto voce**, had been "infiltrated by the Communist Party" and now with the "CP in control was out to get the party as a whole."

Watch out for the Waffle but most importantly make sure that your own people are out in full force when the riding delegates are chosen and especially when you hold a nomination meeting for the next election, was the advice. Pack the meeting if necessary but for God's sake don't get caught and most certainly don't say anything about our conversation.

(Unfortunately somebody goofed recently. When the ballot box was opened in Dovercourt riding, more votes had been cast than the number of people present at the nomination meeting. Despite this, Ontario Waffle chairman, Stephen Penner, had still managed to get one more vote and therefore win the nomination but the meeting was ruled invalid by party officials who are trying at this writing to repair the gaffe.

The Waffle nevertheless has still managed to get a large share of riding delegates behind Laxer and the Lewis people were worried that the Queen's University professor would place second on the first ballot.

They were still confident that David Lewis would win the leadership handily but the thought of Laxer, the Waffler, coming second was enough to send the provincial people into convulsions of shock and fear.

It would destroy everything. Stephen could no longer put the Waffle down at his press conferences as a small and insignificant minority wing of the party. Oh, he might try but he couldn't hope to succeed nearly as well has he did in his speech on the Waffle in Kitchener February to the party's provincial council.

Now that had worked beautifully. First, Stephen leaked the contents of his speech to a compliant **Globe and Mail** reporter which ensured that it would hit the front pages on Saturday — a full 24 hours before he would deliver.

That deliberately-designed leak had accomplished two things. First, as everybody knows, most people have more time to mull over their newspapers over the weekend. Therefore the story in which Lewis would blast and repudiate the Waffle would be more widely and carefully read.

And second and most important, the advance story would tip off the other media and would ensure that the speech itself received the widest possible play.

The radio, television, and newspapers reports of the speech probably succeeded in convincing the public that the Waffle was some sort of discordant nut faction that the party didn't want any part of.

But the Waffle — "the one cloud on my political horizon" — might reappear for Stephen if Laxer succeeded in coming second at the federal leadership convention.

The Lewis people were not just hoping it wouldn't happen but behind the scenes have been working to make sure it didn't.

They were quietly and delicately trying to convince a good number of delegates who are committed to David Lewis to support John Harney on the first ballot before voting for their real choice on later ballots.

The hope was that Harney, a former provincial secretary of the party, would garner enough Lewis votes to place second, and that Laxer would hopefully come a weak third or even fourth.

"But it's very tough to rig a ballot," complained one top Ontario party official. "You've got to calculate everybody's strength exactly or else you can get everything all screwed up.

"You might subtract too many votes from Lewis or not give Harney enough. So it's going to be very very tough."

This article was written by a former close associate of the Lewis camp in the Ontario NDP who is now in a professional position and cannot use his name.

DEPRESSION:

The last of the four-letter words

by Patrick MacFadden

There are three unpleasant topics still left in this confessional culture.

Death.

Taxes.

Slump.

It is clear the first two are always with us. But what of the third?

Do we have a slump? A Great Depression? And if so, how can we tell? And surely if economic depression were on the cards, we would hear about it? But in fact do we see bodies hurtling to the sidewalk from Bay Street storeys? Where are the soup kitchens?

And furthermore: out of the three most wanted recipes from Craig Claiborne's cookery column in 1970, one calls for creme-de-menthe, another Brandy Alexander.

So there.

Yes, but: American Motors in Brampton announce a 33% sales decrease in the first two months of 1971 as compared with 1970.

Nonsense. It's just like colored tee-vee; folk waiting for the price to drop.

Well, perhaps we **will** have a depression? Later on, I mean. (These things take years).

The point is: we don't know. Neither does the government.

However, among connoisseurs of slump, agreement has grown up over the years on one aspect of slumpery. And it is this:

That, other factors being present, the necessary condition to tilt recession, pause, hiatus over the abyss into despond, pessimism and depression is a sufficient number of people who **think** there's a depression.

It follows, therefore, that depression talk should be circumspect. No one wants to scare anyone. The Left is always scaring people: the British writer, Julian Symons, in the course of a bad book he once did on the thirties talks about the Left as forever "scanning the horizon hungrily" in search of a slump.

Let us, then, scan no horizons. Let us keep our eyes firmly on the ground. And let us hope for fair winds.

The trouble is that bad news keeps forcing itself up: up from wherever the seven or eight million unemployed and underemployed have been hiding themselves in various corners of this cold continent during this bleak winter.

The bad news causes a reaction among the people at large. It is immediately noticeable in popular culture.

The current analyst of culture and society is Professor Charles Reich of Yale. He has written a bestseller called **The Greening of America.** In it, he divides us all up into levels of consciousness, or, more precisely, Consciousness. One, two and three.

Using this calibration, what does it tell us about the presence or absence of a Depression psychosis?

Strange to tell, on all three panels of the Reich triptych, we find signs and portents of unease and distress...

Consciousness One

These, it will be recalled, are Professor Reich's proles. On the whole, unlikeable bastards. (In the Reichean paradigm, unlikeable means not wanting to be saved by Jerry Rubin.)

Consciousness Oners listen to shit-kickin' music from wine-and-bible AM outlets; south of the Line, plugs for Spiro's recording of his speeches are an added feature.

Mostly this music is the staple formula of working-class people everywhere: ballads of love, work and hunger. But since it occurs within, and is alienated by the usual commercialized parameters, its organic strengths are diluted into a lifeless and utopianized sentimentality.

Occasionally, however, a revolt takes place, not always in the most diplomatic way. As, for example, in Guy Drake's lyric of Welfare Cadillac, (sic) which plays on mid-West hillbilly distrust of welfare payments to undeserving blacks. It is a favourite of Mr. Nixon's. Blacks are not mentioned; but "Cadillac" is the code word. That few black people have Cadillacs is irrelevant. Racism thrives in bad times.

Then there's Merle Haggard's **Okie from Muskogee,** which finally scuttled the student-worker alliance, not to mention such treatises as Jerry Farber's **The Student as Nigger,** fashionable among the more affluent members of Consciousness Three until quite recently.

Haggard's funky little put-down is tailored for Joe, or for the music industry's Nashville fantasy about the Joe market. (The creation of Joe involves quite directly the monsterization of working people, a traditional activity among the commercial middle classes. The fear of the dark masses is always present in class-divided societies; under boom conditions, however, its expression is usually muted.)

More fully ideological — because of its practical application — is Bobby Goldsboro's **Watchin' Scotty Grow.** (Ideology is primarily a guidance system.)

In this piece, we have a full return to the thirties motif of Home is Best. We are told that we can stick our nightclubs and our "picture-shows". The thing to do is to stay home watching the growth of Childe Scotty. In the last verse, and in what is surely an excess of divinity combined with male chauvinism, we

contemplate the proud father plus Scotty plus God. All just settin' aroun'.

Two aspects to notice here: the Molly of the previous Great Depression song, **My Blue Heaven,** has been replaced by God. This is because women, even, perhaps particularly, mothers can no longer credibly be seen as dependable home bodies. (God, by the same token, can.) Thus an unexpected bonus of the women's liberation movement is to have brought Heaven back to its beginnings — the hearth.

The second point to note about Scotty is that picture-shows are singled out for particular contumely. This is because they are (a) mostly about the problems, real or imagined, of the despised and irrelevant Consciousness Three, and (b) because, at $2.50 a shot, they're too expensive.

The psychology of Depression is closely related to a "make-do" ethic. (Put up with what you have; be sensible; don't rock the boat.)

This goes for personal relations too. There has been a painful descent from the Strawberry Fields of the mid-sixties, a crop fertilized in the missile-belt South by the Asian war, in the Centennial-Expo north by the national togetherness of the Federal Government. The Lynn Anderson hit sums up the new, less utopian mood:

> "I beg your pardon,
> I never promised you a rose garden,
> Along with the sunshine, there's got to be a little rain sometime".

(Copyright, Lowery Music Co., Atlanta, Ga.)

You don't, the song goes on to say, find "roses growing on stalks of clover". Exactly. Stay at home with Scotty.

For the unmarried, and presumably Scotty-less roomer, that is, for the great bulk of the labor force (working or non-working,) things are equally bleak. Here the cheapest medium of communication (i.e. of human relatedness,) is through the ceiling or the pipes. **Knock Three Times** is the song: on the ceiling if you want me, in which case we can meet in the foyer; or twice on the pipes if you don't intend to show.

Admittedly, the ferocity of the past winter may be to some degree responsible for this cloistered, closed-circuit telegraph. In any event, it is a communications system perfectly adapted to highrise roomers working in the scandalously-paid service industries. (And a startling example of how necessity can utilize technology for human purposes: the medium is the hot water system.)

Consciousness Two

The Reichean guidelines are a little fuzzy here, particularly when taken out of a U.S. context. But let us say that C.2 stretches from fixed income suburbia to the soapstone and batik set; people who'd rather "see a good picture" than "go to a film". (And preferably on the tee-vee; here it is noted that NBC has taken to split shows, half tonight, half tomorrow night, a practice wholly dependent on regular evenings at home with Scotty.)

C.2 listens to music as well. Their record players tend to be disguised as furniture. And they know what they like. (Reich's whole numbers are useless; we really have to begin talking about C.1½ through C.2 1/8).

Anyway, their good picture of the year is without doubt **Ryan's Daughter.** It is particularly suited to the cautious ethic of C.2, an ethic all the more cautious during a crisis in the politics of scarcity. Here, as in **Dr. Zhivago,** (C.2 has the music from **Zhivago** and will often play it on their furniture,) director David Lean is working from a script by Robert Bolt. The Lean-Bolt partnership began with **Lawrence of Arabia,** was cemented, if that is the word, by **Zhivago** and most recently found its way, for three hours, to the Irish coast.

Ryan's Daughter, in common with the other two Bolt vehicles, is a depression-suited movie. Like **Love Story** ("**Camille** with bullshit") it's a love story. Like **Lawrence** and **Zhivago,** it repeats Bolt's classic Catholic pessimism: the individual is at the mercy of history, the individual is **nicer** than history, (history is **rotten** in all three movies), and, finally, the individual is destroyed by his willy-nilly involvement with the forces of history.

What does Bolt-Lean see as making up these forces? Quite simply, **natural** forces, best symbolized by the storm in **Ryan's Daughter.** And there's not much you can do with natural forces.

Hence the acceptance of fate bit is very strong: don't rock the boat — it's sinking anyway.

From Erich Segal's million-dollar leukemia in **Love Story** to the nice upper-class, doomed British officer in **Ryan's Daughter,** C.2 has been getting its depression-agitated rocks off on the old **lacrimae rerum.**

Consciousness Three

Again retrenchment. But with a difference: C.3 is bright and with it. This group is supposed to know what to **do** about depressions.

And it does. One thing it does is to turn necessity into virtue.

Hard times? Tough meeting the bills? Credit withdrawn? Avon no longer calling?

Tough titty! snorts C.3. Your trouble is that you're a meterialist, that's what your trouble is. See, you don't **need** all that consumer stuff. That's what causes pollution, you dirty thing.

C.3, you understand, is heavy into zero growth rate, by way of the Whole Earth Almanac. ("Be the first on your block to build your very own butter churn!")

MANKIND HAS SOILED HIS NEST! proclaim the banners of the newest pollution probers from the latest, trendy, experimental campus. (It goes without saying that C.3, is, well, classy.)

So you're worried about schools costing too much? No way! chortles C.3. You don't **need** schools.

Don't need schools? ask C.1 and C.2 in unison.

Right on! replies C.3, haven't you guys heard Goodman and Illich? They're **heavy.** And, like, they don't **cost!** Can you dig it?

Ooh-ah, say C.1-2. And go away marvelling once more at the wisdom of their betters. All of whom, by the by, go to school.

Sometimes C.3 is more blatant. As in this listing from the people's network:

"Action versus Acceptance: Dr. Alan Watts discusses what he considers the essence of Oriental philosophy — to accept the universe as divine in all of its manifestations". (Emphasis added.)

Actually, you can catch Dr. Alan on the people's radio and tee-vee just about anytime, laying My Lai on you as an example of the divine universe you ought to accept if you don't want to be some kind of **schmuck.**

And if there's a Depression, well, that's part of the Plan too. Get back in your pen and break out a new Tarot pack.

* * *

Well, it's not really the thirties, is it? The Bank of Montreal newsletter for last month says everything's cool. And they should know.

On the other hand, B. Brecht once wrote: "When the leaders curse war, the mobilization order is already written out".

Yes, but where are the Dionne quintuplets? Nobody, but nobody can have a thirties-type Depression without quintuplets.

The eyes of an anxious nation are turned towards No. 24, Sussex Drive.

Patrick MacFadden is a member of the Last Post editorial co-operative.

Like fish through a desert

An interview with IRA chief Cathal Goulding

The tradition of Irish Republicanism in the past has been upheld by a body of men zealous to regain the lost six counties, but careless of what kind of society a re-united Ireland should be.

In the thirties, the IRA managed to contain an attempt to develop the movement into a socialist direction. A bombing campaign conducted in England, and contacts with Germany in the opening phase of the war, proved massive disasters.

Even so, as Alexander Cockburn wrote, "the penalties of military adventurism remained unrecognized" and a military campaign was launched against the North in 1956-57, leading to demoralization of the IRA, mass internment, no money, and the final apprehension that purely military operations were doomed to failure. The rest of the story of the IRA, and its change to a socialist revolutionary organization, is found in this interview.

Cathal Goulding is the chief of staff of the Irish Republican Army, and has spent 15 of his 49 years in either Irish or English jails. This interview with him appeared first in the Irish journal **This Week**, and is reprinted here in abridged form.

After your Northern campaign of 1956-62, the Republican Movement adopted a new course. Could you give a brief account of this new course and why it was adopted?

When the campaign in the Six Counties ended in 1962, the leadership of the movement was faced with the question: what form will our next campaign take? We had to ask this question of ourselves, because we knew that if we were to retain the leadership of the movement, and maintain the movement itself as a revolutionary organization, we would need to have a policy for the next phase of the fight against British Imperialism in Ireland.

Also, we had on our hands trained physical force revolutionaries who were, to some extent, still armed. They would decide for themselves what would happen next, if we didn't decide for them. With that idea in mind, we called a conference. It lasted roughly eighteen months — almost two years. We held its sessions regularly, almost once a fortnight. At these meetings we called representatives of local leadership.

We included in this Conference a number of the younger people who were active militarily — in the 25 year age-group or even younger. It was essential to stop any premature action by these people. We weren't just sitting down and waiting for something to happen. We were determined to **plan** for something that we could develop.

Was this really a post-mortem on the Northern Campaign failure?

Yes, but it was also a post-mortem in a larger sense. The terms of reference that the Army Council gave this Conference, were, briefly, to examine the whole position of the Republican movement from the beginning of this century, to try to supply answers to a number of different questions — such as why was the Republican movement unable to succeed in spite of the fact that the people who were engaged in its revolutionary activities were willing to make any sacrifice for it. Although supporters made sacrifices in the sense that they gave us their property, their money, we still never came within a real hope of success.

We found that we couldn't stay within the historical terms of reference we'd been given. We had to go back further. The whole history of the resistance to British Imperialism in Ireland, even from 1798, was relevant. The conclusions that we came to were that, although we had the potential for revolution (we had the manpower, and in some cases we even had the material), **we were separated from the people of Ireland, in the sense that we were a secret organization.**

The people had no real knowledge of our objectives, they didn't understand our tractics or our motives. If they didn't understand us, they couldn't be with us. Without the support of the majority of the people, we just couldn't succeed.

The question was: how could we get the people to support us? The evidence was that the Republican movement had no real policies. Without objectives, we couldn't develop a proper strategy. Tactics were all that we had employed. The actual fight for freedom had become an end in itself to us. Instead of a means, it became an end. We hadn't planned to achieve the freedom of Ireland. We simply planned **to fight** for the freedom of Ireland. We could never hope to succeed because we never planned to succeed.

What did you conclude?

The answer was plain: we would have to establish our objectives; to explain these to our own movement; to persuade our

movement to accept them; to bring them to the people and explain them — and then to show the people, by our initial political and agitationary activities, that we were sincere. We would have to declare what **kind** of Government, what **kind** of State we wanted in Ireland. We would then have to show the people by propaganda, education and action, why this type of system would be beneficial to them — that it would mean more bread and butter, better wages, better housing conditions, more education and a profounder cultural life for everyone.

How did you propose to bring these things about?

Our first objective then was to involve ourselves in the everyday problems of people; to organize them to demand better houses, better working conditions, better jobs, better pay, better education — to develop agitationary activities along these lines. By doing this we felt that we could involve the people, not so much in supporting the Republican movement for **our political** ends, but in supporting agitation so that they themselves would be part of a revolutionary force demanding what the present system just couldn't produce.

So, we believed that political power must be our objective, whether we got it through physical force or through the ballot box or by agitation. The means are immaterial. Of course, we believed, as a revolutionary organization, that the people can't get real political power by simply having representatives elected. There were too many examples in the world — Greece, Spain, Portugal, where the people elected the Government in a democratic manner and were 'democratically' oppressed by the forces of the Establishment who 'democratically' control the police, the Army and the Church...

How, then, could you hope to achieve anything by political participation?

In our plan, a public representative should be a man who would have an assignment: to help our 'outside' political, economic and military activity in destroying the Establishment, North and South. He would have a revolutionary objective within each Parliament. If we got a number of people elected we could, at different stages, refuse to attend Parliament on a critical issue in which the Government would have a bare majority, or in other cases where our one or two or three deputies would swing the vote against them, we could send our men to speak on the issue, to vote and to beat them on it. **We would be extending our guerrilla activities and tactics into the very Parliament itself.** This, we felt, would be the most effective way in which we could operate. It was essential that we should be elected by people for revolutionary reasons — that it would be a revolutionary programme that we would be elected on. We didn't really want people to be elected as Sinn Fein candidates merely as such. If our people were elected from an area **where agitation had developed to such an extent that the majority (or a large number) of people in the area were disgusted and disillusioned with the establishment,** we could put up a candidate, representing that agitation. That is a revolutionary use of political action.

Now, to carry forward the story, by 1967 the Movement had become dormant. It wasn't active in any political sense or even in any revolutionary sense. Membership was falling off. People had gone away. Units of the IRA and the Cumainn of Sinn Fein had become almost non-existent. We felt that something dynamic was needed or the Movement was going to break up and splinter into pieces. We called meeting of the Republican Army's

local leadership at the end of August 1967. We compiled reports from all the different sections of the Movement — and the departments of the Army... This gave a fairly complete picture — not so much to the leadership (we had a fairly good idea) but to the local leadership, not so much of his own area and HQ but of the state of other areas — of the whole Movement. They suddenly realized that they had no Movement at all. They only thought they had a Movement...

Out of this Conference came recommendations. The first was that we should openly declare for a Socialist Republic. That was now the objective of the Republican Movement: to establish a Socialist Republic 'as envisaged by Connolly and in keeping with the sentiments of the Proclamation of 1916'...

How then did your plans relate to Northern Ireland and how did they materialize there?

When we decided on the agitation campaign, we first of all decided that we would become engaged in the things I've referred to: housing, land, fisheries, Trade Union agitations and so on. We realized that in the Six Counties, however, before launching these activities, we would first have to work for the establishment of basic Civil Rights in order to establish democracy and abolish discrimination. This would also give us the political manoeuvrability to establish the Republican Movement openly...

We wanted to do away equally with economic and social discrimination against the Catholic and Protestant working classes. However, at the beginning of the Civil Rights campaign, we felt that as a result of the Unionist 'super-race' complex and its attendant bigotries, the Catholics had a kind of sub-race spirit — that they hadn't got the spirit or the will to revolt effectively...

In too many cases, unfortunately, nothing was done in the past to attract the Protestant people to our standard. We had to establish in the minds of these people that we were dedicated to the emancipation of **all** the people whether Protestant or Catholic. In this sense, the middle-classes in Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic, whether supporters of the Republican Movement or supporters of a Stormont, or of a Free State régime, were already emancipated! They were free; they were well off financially — whether they had good jobs or good businesses. They had confortable homes to live in. They were secure and could send their children to good schools. In short, they were emancipated and had no need of our services. The people who needed our services were the working classes, the small farmers, the dispossessed people, the exploited people. Our objective being a socialist objective, we would be able to appeal to a far broader range of the Irish people.

We were only beginning to learn the technique of political agitation and how to conduct a campaign for Civil Rights. We realized what Wolfe Tone had meant two hundred years before when he made his appeal to the men of no property in Ireland. These were the only pepple who would fight imperialism because these were the people who were being exploited by imperialism, politically, economically and culturally.

This brings us to the point that has mystified what I might describe as the outsider. How could a programme such as you've outlined, addressed to a revolutionary body such as you've described have led to a split?

There were, I think, basically three reasons for the split. The first was that there is a certain section of the Republican Movement who come from middle-class families. Their real interest in the Movement and in Irish freedom is a sentimental one, a traditional, rather than an ideological or socialist one. They were involved in the movement in most cases simply because their fathers or grandfathers were involved in the 'Tan War or the Fenian Movement...

The second reason, another group were good revolutionaries and good socialists but disagreed with parliamentary participation because they felt that the Republican Movement, in entering into any of these institutions was going to deteriorate from a revolutionary organization into a reformist organization. They feared that it would become part and parcel of the Establishment by being engaged in the institutions of the Establishment. This was their objection and this was an honest objection. A section of these, however, merely for the reason that abstentionism had been a principle of Republicanism, held rigidly to that as a principle because it had always been, so to speak, a tenet of their faith — not for ideological reasons — also broke away.

The third section included those who had been misled into believing that our concentration on the political and agitationary aspects of revolution was responsible for a lack of armed strength when this was needed for defence in the North. They were led to believe that the Army had gone altogether 'political' and didn't intend to fight. The events in the Falls, July 3rd have disproved this argument.

It has been suggested, particularly by your opponents of the Provisional Army Council, as you have just said, that your political preoccupations rendered you psychologically incapable of supporting the Bogsiders and the people of Belfast during the fighting of August 1969. Is there any foundation for this?

No, there is no foundation for this. As a famous revolutionary once said: 'a guerrilla must move through his people like a fish moves through water'. We, I think, moved through our people like a fish through a desert: we were sticking out a mile. When the guerrilla campaign in the Six Counties finished, because of the efficiency of the Security Forces there and because of the lack of support for us among the ordinary people, the actual fight was dying down. We weren't able to sustain it, to keep it going; we certainly weren't able to expand it.

As the fight in the Six Counties got weaker so also did our financial support from America get weaker. When we finally decided that we would have to end the campaign, our position from the point of view of military material was very bad. We had practically no ammunition left, we had very few arms because of our losses in both the Six and the Twenty-Six Counties. Our finance at the time the campaign finished amounted to about £12. We couldn't adequately defend the people in the North. We simply did not then have the resources, as we have now.

We were in a cleft stick. We couldn't be militarily active because we hadn't got the resources and we hadn't conditioned the people for military activities. We knew from all our discussions, decisions and the conclusions that we had come to, that military activity **alone** couldn't make the revolution. We would first of all have to get the support of the people for military activity. We **had** to start at the beginning, we had to start with our economic resistance campaign and our political activities from scratch.

So that in the Bogside...?

There were no arms used in the Bogside by the police when they attacked the people who barricaded in there. If we had introduced arms into the conflict in the Bogside it would have given the police the excuse to use arms and their potential concentration of arms would have been far greater than ours. The Bogsiders were using certain means of defence — stones, petrol bombs — and the police were using similar means of attack — batons, even stones, water cannon, etc. They weren't using guns agsinst the Bogsiders. It would have been irresponsible for us to have used arms, since a like retaliation by the police would have caused enormous casualities.

In Belfast, it was a different kettle of fish. There you had the police and the B Specials spearheading the armed elements of the right wing mob of the Unionist Party. They came in and they used arms first. They attacked with guns. They shot people dead. They attacked schools and houses and places like that. So that the

only defence was an armed defence.

What role, if any, does the Catholic Church play in the Citizens' Defence Committees, and in fostering the suspicion that has been engendered that your socialist left wing revolutionary aims are morally dangerous?

First of all, the ordinary people are steadily moving leftward. This is not something that is peculiar to Ireland. It has been happening all over the world. Ordinary working people are beginning to realize that they have a right to the use and enjoyment of the resources of their country, no matter what country.

Now, the Irish people are the same in this as everybody else. The priests who support the people, are a part of the people. The Church, as an official organization, of course, is part of the Establishment and its objective (apart from its religious objectives) — its political objective is to maintain the status quo because it still regards the maintenance of the status quo as essential to its existence. And this is where the Church is wrong. What is essential to the Church's existence in Ireland — or in any country — is its connection or its involvement with the people, in the execution of the people's own judgments on their own secular affairs.

Our organization is dedicated to the emanciption of the people of Ireland, as I said before. Our policies, in trying to establish the people in control of the resources of the country, are not in any way dedicated to denigrating the Church or being anti-clerical.

This idea has been advocated by Pearse, by Connolly, by Mitchell, Lawlor, Emmet and by Tone. Our policy is in the developping tradition of these thinkers. They re-thought the principles in each generation in the light of the problems that beset them in their times. Our time has its own needs and its own demands. We are prepared to do no less than they. So, this is our interpretation of their ideas. We believe that now is the opportune time to implement them.

LAST POST

LETTERS

Dear Last Post:

Why not get away from the Eastern scene a little... once in a while. I sure there must be some interesting things happening out West: for instance, how about these 200,000 tons (or is it gals) of oil to be brought from Alaska to some point in Oregon through the Straits of Juan de Fuca? Some people out here are getting quite steamed up about it... is the federal government?

C.J. Carr
Victoria

Dear Last Post:

It seems that even Last Post falls into the various journalistic traps. For example, your response to Bryce Mackasey was a clever one, but it was much in the tradition of Time. Similarly, facts preceded by the word "reportedly", with no mentioned source, may relieve Last Post of the responsibility for the statements, but this too is the manner in which Time operates. Finally, your self-assertion as a "radical newsmagazine" implies a position as prejudiced as that of the Establishment media.

Lara Ivanoff

Dear Last Post:

Although I am a subscriber and a supporter of many of your magazine's causes, I feel that the sympathies of members of your editorial board sometimes outweigh their journalistic experience.

The points you are often trying to make are repeatedly destroyed by biased reporting. For example, on page nine of Vol. 1, No. 5, you state "If anything, the kidnap (of Pierre Laporte) had the effect of increasing the FLQ's stature".

This sort of statement makes me doubt the veracity of the other statements in the article. Only in the minds of the very sick, or those who would happily embrace the totalitarian techniques of Mao, Stalin or Franco could kidnappers and murderers be looked upon as having any sort of stature.

I wish you continued success with your publication.

Bob MacGregor
Montreal

Dear Last Post:

We have read with great interest and gripping horror, your account of the **Nova Scotia fisherman struggle** in a recent issue of Last Post which a Canadian friend sent to us.

We are summer residents near Petit-de-Grat, with intentions to settle as soon as possible. We lived last year with the inshore fishermen and, though we were aware of terrible hardships, we had no **knowledge** of the grim step by step developments at every level. Indeed, we are sure the local fishermen do not know these facts. Thank you for them.

As you can see, we live near Chicago-home of Booth Fisheries. We pressed them constantly for news of the Arrow oil disaster, which seemed the most important catastrophe. The combination of both these far-reaching problems makes the area a real disaster zone.

The Trudeau-Quebec situation was excellently reported, also.

Gunnar Peterson
Chicago

Dear Last Post:

I first became interested in your magazine when we were trying to organize people in opposition to the War Measures Act. Your magazine supplement on the subject, proved to be quite worthwhile in our struggle as it tended to provide the coherent analysis that we needed to tie together all the fragmented bits of news that managed to get out west. Our job didn't seen nearly as hard after that issue.

Philip Curry
Saskatoon

Dear Last Post:

I suppose I should be grateful for your account of my putting words in the Prime Minister's mouth. Not that he needs any help. **Mange merde,** for example, is a brilliant improvement on Marie Antoinette's **Qu'ils mangent de brioches.** But the rephrasing of Lord Acton was not my invention.

The credit belongs to Nancy Burpee. Nancy was referring to the Department of External Affairs when she said, "Absolute lack of power corrupts absolutely." I quoted this at a Rockcliffe dinner party to annoy a former external type. Alan Gottlieb thought it applied very aptly to one of the Toronto intellectuals your journal mentions with such envy. The Prime Minister evidently thought it fitted his old buddy Ryan.

I like the professional way you obtained and garbled your story, by the way. You study of Time has paid off. Did the Last Post receive a leak from one of the Ottawa top dogs?

Kildare Dobbs
Toronto

Dear Last Post:

Your article on the Waters Staff Village here in Sudbury, while being commendable, was barely a scratch on the surface of the evils of a "company town". Why not investigate further into doctors who will not accept newcomers as patients because they are not INCO employees, the hard work conditions, wastage of taxpayers' money and the dual interests of politicians. I assume that your reporter would have a field day here.

U. Considine
Sudbury

Dear Last Post:

I have seen but two issues of the Last Post: 4 and 5. The latter was especially good. Chodos' "The First Strike" and the excerpt from Vallières are what is so desperately needed; otherwise, while sentimentally meandering through the world of our independence Wonderdream, most of us in the, and I don't want to write it, Movement will continue to be hopelessly inarticulate in explaining the trip outside of some cosy common room, unless that trip becomes the reality of "I'm hungry. My father is a fisherman. He is in jail for picketing. Please help."

Then, at least, there is a chance that on a Friday night the message may get through to, among other places, the East End Toronto hotels that one of the reasons there's not enough jobs to go around is because of John Nassikas' and collaborating Willy Strauss' "co-operative gas" and "co-operative oil" policies. Not to mention the messages that will come back. When that starts to happen, that's when the Movement will be a Movement.

"The Plot against Quebec" was superb!

Ken Courtis
Paris

LAST POST REVIEWS

A preachy, cosmic humanism

The Confession, directed by Costa-Gavras; screenplay by Jorge Semprun, based on a story by Lise and Artur London. Produced by Robert Dorfman and Bertrand Javal; released by Paramount With Yves Montand, Simone Signoret, Gabriele Ferzetti.

On August 13, 1952, General Eisenhower, the Republican Party's candidate for the Presidency, announced in a speech at Denver, that the policy of "containment" of Communism behind the Iron Curtain — a policy favored by the Democratic hopeful, Mr. Adlai Stevenson — was "not enough." The general went on to promise the restoration of "the liberties of oppressed peoples."

Politically this Sir Galahad theme was an astute one: millions of American families had relatives living in Eastern Europe. And traditionally these families had voted the Democratic ticket.

On August 25, pleased by the reaction to his Denver proposal, Mr. Eisenhower upped the ante. To the National Convention of the American Legion, he vowed the U.S. would "never rest" until the "enslaved nations" had regained full freedom.

Western European reaction to the projected crusade was more circumspect. Many commentators, particularly in France, although friendly to the U.S., nevertheless feared that sabre-rattling might induce anti-communists inside the bloc countries to surface precipitately. And thereby bring down the wrath of regimes already petrified by some of the Republican Party's more gusty pronouncements. (Or, perhaps, the French, good sons of Napoleon, remembered affectionately Thomas Jefferson's withering strictures on "Europe's hypocritical deliverers.")

To reassure the Nervous Nellies of Europe, Mr. John Foster Dulles, in a speech at Buffalo on August 27, hastened to clarify that what was meant by "liberation" was, quite simply, not violence, but peaceful revolution, sabotage, non-cooperation and passive resistance.

He neglected to add that all four of these courses were capital offences in the countries concerned.

Mr. Dulles' word carried some weight in 1952, and not least with the frantic eastern bloc monitoring systems getting the message in Prague, Budapest and Moscow. As advisor to the State Department, an ex-Ambassador and drafter of the statement on foreign policy for the Republican convention — a statement hard-edged enough to satisfy not only General Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon, but also Senator Taft — it was clear that Mr. Dulles was not just beating the air.

On October 4 at Rochester, N.Y., he took a further step: he denounced the Yalta agreements. One week later, on October 11, General Eisenhower said me too. On November 4, Ike was elected President. Mr. Stevenson was defeated by large and enthusiastic majorities. Mr. Dulles became Secretary of State. One of his first acts was to order removal from State Department libraries all over the world of books by "communists, fellow travellers et cetera." (Sen. Joseph McCarthy supplied lists; names ranged from et ceteras such as W.H. Auden, through Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to, embarrassingly enough, Foster Rhea Dulles, first cousin of the expunging Secretary of State.)

And on November 20, with 14 highly-placed Communists in the dock, the treason trials began in Prague.

It was a trial that had been fermenting for some time. The new post-war administrations of the Soviet bloc countries were deeply insecure. The forced pace of an industrial revolution that channeled investment into heavy engineering, chronic manpower shortages, glaring inadequacies in distributive systems, the whole enterprise ringed by the rockets of the Western powers' nuclear monopoly. On the international scene, the tensions of Korea; on Radio Free Europe, the voice of Mr. Dulles.

In January of 1951, the Czechs found the price of bread and flour had been raised. In March, rationing was re-introduced. Industrial production soared, but at the cost of growing enmity between Party and workers. In November, 10,000 workers demonstrated at Brno. By June of 1952 absenteeism in the coal industry had reached crisis proportions. Hundreds of trade union officials were dismissed. The Minister of National Security was removed "at his own request." His two deputy ministers followed him.

Czechoslovakia was in the grip of a nightmare. And eventually the country cracked.

The charges included conspiracy to kill the President, espionage, Trotskyism, Zionism and Titoism. Among the accused were Rudolf Slansky, secretary-general of the Czech Communist Party, André Simone, a former editor of the Party newspaper, **Rude Pravo,** Bedrich Geminder, head of the Party's Foreign Affairs Committee, Jozef Frank, a deputy secretary-general, Dr. Clementis, a minister in the Czech government and Artur London, a deputy minister of Foreign Affairs.

Of the 14, seven had been deputy ministers. 11 were Jews. (The charges of Titoism and Trotskyism were regular features of the purge trials; the Zionism charge was new. It would be repeated the following year in the "doctors' plot" in Moscow.)

All pleaded guilty. On November 27, 11 were sentenced to death. Three were given life imprisonment. All declined to appeal. The death sentences were carried out on December 3.

Artur London was released in 1956 and went to live in France. In the Spring of 1963 the Supreme Court of the Czechoslovak Republic revoked the sentences. London and his two comrades were now found innocent of treasonous acts, although they were not cleared "politically." Whether all or any of them were innocent or guilty or semi-guilty was irrelevant. It had been irrelevant all along. Communism had been going through its Tudor period.

"The final struggle," Ignazio Silone once remarked only half jokingly to the Italian Party leader Togliatti, "will be between the communists and the ex-communists." There is something of that struggle in the way **The Confession** is structured, perhaps due to ex-communist Jorge Semprun's script. (Although labels hardly matter; the phenomenon dubbed by Lenin as "legal Marxism" seems to be with us again.)

In any event it would require a cinematographer of considerable power and experience to bring this sprawling horror show to the screen. It would need to be distanced somehow, as fable is distanced. Indeed, the Tudor analogy becomes at times quite persuasive, bringing to mind the Polish scholar Jan Kott's dictum that to fully grasp the portent of Shakespeare's

history cycles, one must have first been exposed to the three o'clock knock.

Costa-Gavras, who has been mercifully spared the three o'clock knock, had decided to limit his film to Artur London's version of his harrowing imprisonment, confession and trial, as told in his book, published by Gallimard in Paris in 1968.

The greater part of this exegesis concerns itself with the ways in which Gerard (London) is gradually brought to say that he did certain things that in fact he did not do. In films of this kind, the procedure is usually simple: the prisoner breaks down to avoid further harassment. Gerard, however, is a Marxist and a Party official. This raises fundamental questions the answers to which elude Costa-Gavras, at least on this showing. His proffered solutions cast serious doubts on his ability to handle such a theme.

For Gerard's Marxism must lead him to recognize the authority of the Central Committee. Hence his line should be: the Party wants a confession. Splendid. They know what they're doing. All the rest is simply bourgeois objectivity. And anyway, since they keep saying it's not my head they want so much as a trial **pour encourager les autres,** then show me the dotted line.

In this context, we must remember that Gerard is not new to the game: a flashback to the Moscow trials in the 1930s shows him on the accusers' side. ("In the hearts of the persecutors," Victor Serge once wrote, "I encountered the same attitudes as in their persecuted.")

The logic of his own Stalinist dialectic, then, should have solved the matter for Gerard. One says Stalinist in a non-pejorative sense, since Costa-Gavras' Gerard is presented throughout, not as a "Left Oppositionist" but as a "good Communist," that is, in the context of time and place, a Stalinist.

It would be tiresome to belabor the matter, sounding as it does much like the angels on the pin problem. But the claims being made for this film as a paradigm of materialist dialectics do require some dilution.

It may very well be, of course, that Gerard is in a much older tradition — that of a good man fallen among scoundrels. If this is what is meant, then the director should say so. (And immediately move to the making of television serials.)

More likely, however, Gerard is, like Sartre's hero of **Les Mains Sales,** a good man fallen among good men — the old Bradley formula for Shakespearean tragedy. Yet Costa-Gavras' treatment will not allow such a reading, since he insists on loading the dice against one side. Perhaps his real quarrel, and by extension London's, is with the **idea** of a vanguard party. This is a perfectly legitimate stance; but the way in which Montand is directed destroys it.

For in take after agonizing take, Montand is pictured as suffering from an ennobling form of dropsy. Keeping his good profile to Coutard's camera as much as possible, he shuffles around through the slops, looking, to borrow a phrase of the late Gerald Kersh, hurt and surprised like an artificially-inseminated cow. And reminding one that much of one's adult movie-going life has been taken up with watching Yves suffer: from Clouzot, who kept trying to blow him up in a truck (**La Salaire de la Peur**) through Resnais, who gelled him in a kind of post-coital revolutionary deep freeze (**La Guerre est Finie**) to Costa-Gavras, who finally did it to him in the back of a truck (**Z**).

Gerard's antagonists have no such fine moments. His experiences, in Spain, in the **Maquis,** later in a Nazi camp, have given him a kind of rotted dignity and that particular form of spiritual arrogance one encounters in mature Marxists. His captors, whose history and burden have been similar to his, share none of these qualities. They emerge as strange creatures, from the take-outs of **Planet of the Apes,** lobotomized drips in **Gum** store raincoats. The suspicion dawns that **The Confession** may in fact be an Eastern, that is, a Western plus Civilization 101. Or as Frederic Morton said of Visconti's Kruppnik movie, "the best thing is that it absolves you so gorgeously from being one of the damned."

It is not so much that **The Confession** is taken out of its socio-historical context. Other exercises in the genre have done quite well: Kafka's **The Trial,** Abram Tertz's short masterpiece, **The Trial Begins...** Costa-Gavras has made his work para-contextual, as it were; but he is unable to tease out any intrinsic meaning from the subsequent stripped-down events.

Hence he settles, as he did in **Z,** for a preachy cosmic humanism, packaged for the popcorn radicals of the Film Generation. Left uplift **pour la jeunesse**. If Art Hiller is the Calvin Coolidge of the new mood, Costa-Gavras is its Woodrow Wilson.

There are two outstanding performances: Gabriele Ferzetti as Kohoutek, the interrogator who conducts his sessions with the kind of uncertain authority one finds in lapsed priests; and Jean Bouise, who makes a splendid little cameo out of a factory manager who bears the quiet dignity of one who knows these things shall pass.

Elsewhere, one looks in vain for any

depth of moral shading. Gerard exists in a timeless existential peepshow. As if aware of this, the director throws in some old newsreel footage of Sacco and Vanzetti marches to portray Gerard's interior reflexions (One takes leave to doubt the phychological verity here: the condemned think back, not on protest marches, but on past beds, past breakfasts. Costa-Gavras is a puritan to the last). The movie ends with Chris Marker stills of Soviet troops in Prague, artistically and thematically an anachronism, politically a reminder of Costa-Gavras' rare gift for opportunism, already evident in Z.

"A tragic lapse of the whole modern conscience," was Victor Serge's summation of the two decades of Stalinist trials and purges. It is a lapse that **The Confession** does little to redeem.

Patrick MacFadden

Teaching aid that needs no teacher

Le Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Québec, by Léandre Bergeron. Editions Québécoises. 250 pp. $1.00

I remember heated discussions a few years ago between members of the St. Jacques' Citizens Committee on the validity of Léandre Bergeron's history course for the ghetto's workers and students. Bergeron lost out and got the Conseil Central of the CNTU to help out. The course, once a week, lasted many months.

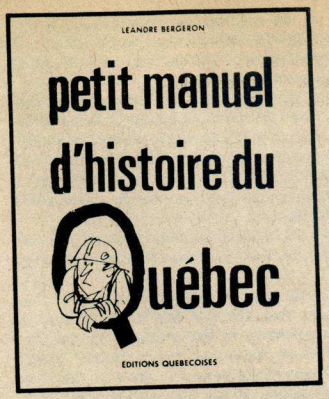
Then the book came out. Bergeron, a professor of French-Canadian literature in one of the youngest and richest English universities of Montreal, generally follows the Michel Brunet labor of debunking.

In tone the book is a bit condescending. Meant for the workers it depicts fairly well what social classes make up our particular society. It's the students and teachers that really went for it. Over 50,000 copies sold in French, it's been the top best-seller in Montreal for over 26 weeks. A publishing miracle of course.

An interesting phenomenon in itself this sale of a book on history!

Most of its contents have been known to many. It contains nothing but facts and Bergeron's interpretation of these. Roughly divided in three parts, the 50 pages on the French regime (1534 - 1760) left me wanting more. The early French leaders of the colony come out a bunch of bungling idiots, mean and cruel, incompetent and too perfumed!

Bergeron ends the English regime in 1919 and for him it's the Americans who



take over. I agree with him. A break with historical traditions but closer to the facts.

The switch to the English rule in 1763 is to Bergeron but a change in masters for the colony. A strong point is made to explain terms used in schoolbooks: Discovery of territories, exploration, the conquest of barbarians (the Indians) are shown to be pure racialism on the part of the whites. The word "naive" may spring to mind at first. Yet it must be remembered that youth, French and English, is still subjected now to a most hypocritical definition of Quebec and Canadian history in schools and colleges today.

The clergy gets it on the nose: it will remain bloodied forever. There are accurate explanations of the many "acts" we've lived through: The 1763 Paris Treaty, the Quebec Act in 1774, the 1791 Constitution, the Act of Union in 1840 and that now-debilitated and totally debauched agreement between two peoples dating back to 1867.

I have often consulted Bergeron's Manual. The original draft was typed in my house and I followed its gestation carefully. It's faithful to its title. Definitely a manual. A teaching aid that needs no teacher.

Toronto's New Canada Press will bring out the English translation around April 20. Drop your Memmis, Marcuses, Guevaras and Maos for a day or two and learn about what's going on here.

It will prove terribly useful one of these days.

André Dufresne

'Her own dear self'

The Female Eunuch, by Germaine Greer. MacGibbon and Kee, London. $6.98.

Who else but equivocators like me will read this book? Perhaps menopausal women creeping through bookstores at two in the afternoon, young bank clerks of either sex wasting their way through a lunch hour, lonely girls searching for the Cabala or tired girls hoping for another problem.

Most likely it will be read by those who have Heard of it by Reputation and by the omniscient beacause they need maintenance. And it will be read by eunuchs who discover it in dust-feathered book shops. "Another book on women's liberation," they'll say, and furtively read it behind the shelf section labelled THE NEW FEMINISM.

And slowly, as they become engrossed, they will cease their rapid turning of pages. They may enjoy the personal vignettes she includes about her three-week marriage, her half-crazed mother, ineffectual father and, perhaps, her wistful dream of living in Italy.

Miss Greer is not nobility. She will never pace through terrazzo halls overlooking Venetian canals while one peasant protects her hem and another her feet.

The Italy she would frequent would be of quaint abandoned farmhouses probably built of limestone on the edge of the sea. The houses would be filled with tanned women and children. There the children would grow in peace and, she says, "... their fathers and others would also visit the house as often as they could, to rest and enjoy the children and (sic) even work a bit".

Germaine Greer would write books and relax, liberated at last. They would be pleasing books to be read and heralded on one side of the sea.

The book she has written, regardless, will come to use in the West. It will be read on cold, sunless mornings and some will put it down refreshed. And they, like all the others, will come to know her own dear self.

Provincial life is her forte; she uses its smallest facts as the final strokes in heated arguments. Life in a small university town is the empirical coup de grace she shows in the final hand.

Her prospective customer must not think such things enscribe her experience. It is said she comes from Australia.

She does not, however, greet us with swelling passages lyrical with descriptions of sun and sea. Australia is strapping girl swimmers who were the childhood demons she was told to thrust out the door.

She alludes to a small classroom where panicking girls wipe ink from their uncultivated fingers on to their serge uniforms. The girls are stoked with love — sometimes for another of their number — and will fall dull, fearing mother has found

the letters from a friend. Germaine Greer's mother did.

The image is as piquant as her unabashed denunciation of Freudian meaning in a girlhood love of horses. "What hooey!" Miss Greer cries as she reins into a description of the love's charm; "...it is part and parcel of her desire to perform some great heroism, to be free and noble". And so it was.

Germaine Greer does not claim a political allegiance. She only holds her hand towards the light. But the gentle machinations of intellectual politics have held her close for some time and she adopts its syntax as easily as she glides, like Mao's fish in the sea, to being Barbarella and a straw-hatted school girl.

Since the book was to be proof of her worth Germaine Greer chose a model. She lives, however, in England, where the culture is dying so she learned to admire Simone de Beauvoir and appreciate the fury of America.

The austerity of the French intellectuals won the spoils. The argument begins with a refutation of the biological inferiority of women, as did de Beauvoir's.

She strides past the animal and the angel and facets of love and hate to reach the apex chapter on Rebellion. There, disconcertingly, she merely gives a precis of the writings and organizations of women's liberation in America, England and, yes, Canada. Yet the book is not a sum of its criticisms.

She could probably confirm her descriptions of the impossibility of being a madonna or of the deep loathing men of all classes display towards women not eased with wealth and the insatiable ego a woman develops because she can cultivate little else.

The book's economics are simple because she is a woman who has had to sell her labor.

There is more to Germaine Greer than has met this eye. She is sexually frank, demanding in one instance you consider tasting menstrual blood on your lover's penis. Then consider, she says, her own revulsion at the idea and you will comprehend the versimillitude of human sexuality.

Germaine Greer is six feet in height, 32 years old, a lecturer in English at Warwick University, writes regularly for Suck, smokes dope, drinks gin and is afraid of heroin. She does not reveal much about herself, offers counsel to other women and has been called, by those who think her a star, a groupie.

She has written a book which, said someone in a theatre queue, "You should catch when it comes around in paperback — if you've got the time". They do not remember she still dreams of riding horses when she forgets someone wants her to be Wallace Beery.

Kim Richards

Mystery, moonshine and cynicism

Gentlemen, Players and Politicians, by Dalton Camp. McLelland and Stewart. 341 pp. $10.00.

"In the Diefenbakers' bedroom in the Chateau, Olive and I grappled..." The reader pauses in mid-sentence — Good God, Dalton, don't! — but he ends his sentence, "...with the copy."

Even as it stands, that sentence is a highlight of sorts in Dalton Camp's memoirs because when Olive was finally satisfied with the advertising plans, the great election campaign of 1957 began. When the campaign ends John Diefenbaker is Prime Minister, and Dalton Camp — the young man on the make from the Maritimes — is at the top of the heap; a certified, practising, political genius.

Gentlemen, Players and Politicians, is the story of Dalton Camp's rise in Canadian politics. As such it will come as a surprise to all those who believe Canadian political history is dull. Rather than being dull Canadian politics do not exist, or as Camp syas in one of his philosophical pronouncements: "Politics is largely made up of irrelevancies."

As a catalogue of irrelevancies, Camp's memoirs are a stunning tour de force. Yet, in spite of, or probably because of, the apolitical nature of the memoirs it is a rather interesting document. During the period under question — 1947 to 1957 — a lot of events took place which were to shape the destiny of Canada. There was the Abbot Plan which proclaimed Canada's economic relationship with the U.S. as a supplier and reservoir of resources, The Cold War which was envisaged by Prime Minister St. Laurent as a prelude to the Holy War of Christendom against Communism within his lifetime. (He is still alive at 89, so there is still time.)

And there were a number of other happenings, including the Pipe-Line deal which actually brought the government down and made all of Dalton's grappling with Olive worth while.

The fact that none of these political events seemed important to Camp raises a number of scary possibilities. Maybe there is no political centre, and the banalities and petty graft that characterizes politics at the parish pump level just conti-

nue as the parish get bigger and the pump fills a larger trough.

Dalton Camp makes a very good case for Franz Kafka.

In the Foreword, Camp describes the aim of his memoirs: "I wanted to write a book free of myth, make-believe, mystery and moonshine, which would be about Canadian politics and Canadian politicians, which would neither be cynical, smart alec, dishonest, nor self-serving..."

The second paragraph of the book begins:

"A pale colourless little man, clad in the aura of indestructability, moves slowly down the centre aisle, his inscrutable featureless face as familiar as a worn five-cent piece, like an animated icon whose eyes emit refracted glints of secret pleasures, cynicism, and wisdom...

"William Lyon Mackenzie King... a leader without peer to his followers...all are drenched in the awe of the occasion. Soon we have heard enough and the light is too strong to endure.

"Then he has gone, retired to the vaulted, hidden labyrinth of power, the big room seems emptier and darker, as though he had come and taken away the essense of the day."

So much for moonshine and mystery. Now, let us turn to cynicism.

Camp's career begins in New Brunswick. He is a Liberal but soon sees the light and becomes a Tory. The Liberal Premier reigns absolute. He is boss over a corrupt machine which collects dues and dispenses favours. None of this bothers Camp too much and he lovingly describes a certain McFadgen, a fixture in the province's politics who trades dollar bills for votes. Dalton is part of the machine until he, for some unexplained reason, gets fired. Henceforth he is a Conservative. Lest the reader be unsure whether Dalton saw the light or just didn't receive a paycheque he lays on us one of the finest political non-sequiturs in his memoirs:

"It made no difference to argue that the Tories, in power, would have been the same — or perhaps worse — for in politics, at least, it is the act of corruption that matters, not the contemplation of it."

Anyway, to prove his point, Camp labors hard and finally brings forth a Hugh John Flemming to slay the big bad McNair government. When this happens, Camp who has already moved to Upper Canada and 25 part of an advertising agency called Locke, Johnson & Company discusses business with the new Premier:

"'They're the Liberal agency (Walsh Advertising).' I said, my irritability barely contained.

"He put down the phone, the light of revelation in his eyes, a smile playing on the corners of his mouth.

"'Well,' he said, softly, reflectively, almost to himself, 'we can't have that, can we?'

"And so it came to pass that Locke, Johnson & Company became the agency for the New Brunswick Travel Bureau... Billing on the account for the first year were $46,993.31. (The account now bills $350,000)."

Thus another great moment in Canadian democracy passed into history and Dalton Camp finally became an account executive.

So much for Dalton's abhorrence of those cynical and self-serving types.

There is another facet to Camp's memoirs in that it illuminates an aspect of political morality in Canada, assuming that Camp is typical of our old-line politicos, and assuming that the whole book isn't a put-on.

While it is one thing to assume that Camp is typical (he mentions all kinds of kindred spirits in the Conservative party and he also appears like his former backroom counter-part of the Liberals, Keith Davey, it is quite another matter to be certain that his memoirs are not really a satire.

For example, a great deal of his book is devoted, in excruciating detail, to the political scene in New Brunswick, and K.C. Irving, who merely owns the place, is mentioned in passing, exactly once. To be able to pull such a thing off is roughly akin to writing a serious piece on the Vatican without mentioning the Pope. Let us however pass this over and take Dalton at his word.

If it is not a satire it's a horror show.

Dalton Camp portrays a political system in Canada peopled by a small group of mediocre men devoid of any moral precepts and isolated from reality:

"Election campaigns which feature policy are for parties with unpopular leaders; parties with popular leaders do not have to campaign on reckless, irresponsible promises. Besides, as everyone knew, people do not understand politics, but they do know who they like."

"The trouble with advertising was that it threatened a political system that was fundamentally a private matter."

A lot of what is wrong with Canada is summed up in those thoughts of Dalton Camp.

Those of us with rather morbid tastes will be interested in Camp's relations with two men, John Diefenbaker and Robert Stanfield. Stanfield is still very much in the wings in this book. Presumably, when Camp brings us up to 1967 Stanfield will emerge in (cough) full flower. However the significant fact now is that Dalton owns up to knowing Stanfield from way back when, shortly after Stanfield emerged from underwear advertisements in Eaton's catalogue to be leader of the Conservative party in Nova Scotia. This striking confession is no doubt responsible for most of the reviewers citing Camp's candor and brutal honesty.

However, Camp doesn't accept responsibility for John Diefenbaker. Dalton is an admirer of George Drew...well, anybody who can describe R.B. Bennett as a Canadian hero can certainly admire George Drew. However, the interesting thing is that Camp figured Drew's resignation as Tory leader before the 1957 election as a disaster — for whom, he never makes quite clear. Anyway Dalton survives and cheerfully goes to work to place in power a man he indicates to be a paranoic nimcompoop.

Thus he ends his memoirs with John elected, and the debacle still to come. The second volume ought to be more fun than the first.

If you prefer to wait for the movie, the script is changed somewhat. After the 1957 election Ali McGraw, instead of dying of cancer commits suicide.

Rae Murphy

White Niggers of America, by Pierre Vallières. Translated from French by Joan Pinkham. McClelland and Stewart. $7.95

The autobiography of Pierre Vallières, written in prison shortly after his first arrest in September, 1966. First published in France by Maspero, then in Quebec by Parti Pris; also published in German, sparking the formation of "Quebec study groups" in several large German universities. Spanish and Japanese editions currently being planned.

Now available for the first time in English. The prestigious Marxist journal Monthly Review has called **White Niggers** "one of the most important documents of the twentieth century revolution on the American continents."

"Vallières," said Monthly Review, which has published the book in the U.S., "is one of the young men of revolution, and his outlook both reflects and has helped to shape the views of the new left... (The book) will be of immense help to the revolutionary movement in clarifying its purposes and goals..."

The October Crisis from centre, left and right

La Crise d'Octobre, by Gérard Pelletier. Editions du Jour, 265 pp. $3.50

Rumors of War, by Ron Haggart and Aubrey Golden. New Press. 331 pp. $7.00

No Mandate But Terror, by George Radwanski and Kendal Windeyer. Pocket Books. 120 pp. $1.25.

Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier was strangely silent during the October crisis. It was put about that he was unhappy over the extreme measures taken by the federal government, measures justified with gusto by Trudeau and Marchand, the two buddies with whom he had trekked to Ottawa back in the Pearson days.

When he did speak during the crisis it was to say things that would, in the gracious language of our prime minister, brand him "a weak-kneed bleeding heart." For example: "I was sick at heart when I agreed with the government's decision to proclaim the War Measures Act. I will not be happy, either, to vote in favor of the bill now under study. I will do it only because I believe that criminal attempts, extraordinary situations, call for extraordinary measures and... the party in power cannot shirk its duties."

Being in power has its drawbacks, as Pelletier indicated. You either support your colleagues, or you get out. Pelletier, although sick at heart, stayed in.

But many of those he knew in the Quebec intelligentsia were getting out, in the sense that the repression practised by the government had alienated them further from Ottawa. Pelletier felt the need to communicate with them, and also to sort things out for himself. And so he set out to write **La Crise d'Octobre,** to try to bridge the chasm that had opened within the French-Canadian liberal intelligensia.

"I still believe, and will always believe," he writes, "that men of reason, whatever their differences, are capable of a minimum of mutual confidence which will bring them together in common reflection."

In the more direct words of LBJ, "let us come and reason together."

The book is a plea to those "weak-kneed bleeding hearts" that Trudeau scorned not so long ago to forget their anguish, get back in the fold and talk it all over. Let's all get together and have a good cry, after which we'll feel much, much better. And by the time the next election comes around it will all be remote history, arousing about as much passion as the discovery of some new artifact on the site of the Indian village of Hochelaga.

Pelletier's soul-searching would have more impact if he were not a member of the government. For the disadvantages of being in power apply as much to this book as they did to his earlier sickness over the War Measures Act.

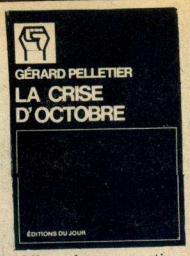
It is known that Pelletier had to obtain Trudeau's permission to write the book, and that while Trudeau said he had no objection, Pelletier had to remember that if he broke cabinet solidarity, he would be expected to resign. And the prime minister has himself told the House of Commons that before the book was published "I ensured that someone in my office checked this book to determine that no erroneous facts were stated..."

When the book was launched in Montreal, Pelletier was accompanied by Regional Expansion Minister Jean Marchand. "It would not be normal for me not to be here," said Marchand. "If we let Pelletier come here alone you would ask, where are your friends Marchand and Trudeau? The prime minister couldn't make it though."

Whose book is this then? Is it Pelletier's? Is it Trudeau? Is it...?

The answer is clear. The book is as much the creature of the Trudeau government as is Pelletier himself, as much so as if it had been published by the government agency Information Canada.

The connection with the actual publishing house, Les Editions du Jour, is not as direct as that. But EdJ owner Jacques Hébert, president of the Quebec Civil Liberties Union, is an old friend of the Trudeau-Pelletier-Marchand group. It was Hébert who accompanied Trudeau on his safari to Communist China years ago, and co-authored the book that resulted. It was Hébert who was chosen to head up the team that investigated police abuses under the War Measures Act, through the Civil Liberties Union of which Trudeau was one of the founders. Pelletier's department has recently granted a subsidy of $20,000 to the Civil Liberties Union.



Apart from its status as an apologia, Pelletier's book is not exactly loaded with new information. The "revelation" of most importance is his admission (and therefore the government's admission) that there never was a popular insurrection in the offing last October: "...if a threat of insurrection existed in Montreal last fall, it was not a threat of popular insurrection." But, having made that concession to the "weak-kneed bleeding hearts", Pelletier insists that there was a possibility of a terrorist insurrection. He says the government "would have committed an even graver error if they had minimized the FLQ threat and the seriousness of the possible repercussions of the terrorist action, i.e. uncontrollable civil disorders" carried out by two or three thousand persons easily drawn into riots.

Such disorders have taken place in Montreal before... and in many other cities. They have not previously required the draconian powers of the War Measures Act. But to speculate as to other motives of the government would be to get into what Pelletier calls the "romanticism about cabinet secrets" which, he says, "it's time we debunked."

Among many omissions in this book, presumably because of the "romanticism about cabinet secrets," is a failure to discuss the provisional government plot, about which members of the Trudeau government once talked so freely to their pet journalists, and which once got as much attention as the so-called apprehended insurrection itself.

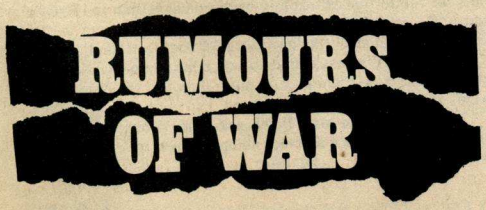
Perhaps it's still too early to explain that one away to the "weak-kneed bleeding hearts". Or perhaps Trudeau is saving that for his own book.

Ron Haggart, columnist at the **Toronto Telegram,** and Toronto lawyer Aubrey Golden are neither members of the cabinet nor "weak-kneed bleeding hearts." In **Rumors of War** they have given us a book that, although it pulls its punches in some areas, is not only the best of the current flood, but is likely to remain the best for a long time to come.

In the last chapter in particular, they grapple with the government's motives on a level that escapes Pelletier. After showing that, to deal with the particular October crisis, the police power did not need the assistance of the War Measures Act, they write: "All this presupposes, of course, that the invocation of the War Measures Act was honestly motivated by a desire to persue criminals and, at the same time, to suppress political activity which so endangered the existence of the state as to be criminal, i.e. the 'apprehended insurrection."

Haggart and Golden then probe the "elegant and complex mind of Pierre Trudeau who, in his writings published on the eve of his entry into federal politics, found it difficult, indeed impossible, to make a distinction between separatism and criminal violence."

All though the crisis, the Trudeau government blurred the distinction between separatism and terrorism, not least of all in the mass arrests under the War Measures Act, where out of some 500 detained, 435 were later released without being charged with anything. Trudeau was helped, as the authors point out, by the fact that English-speaking Canadians, "being functionally illiterate in Quebec politics — accepted his ideas, without needing to read them, as an accurate current philosophy: separatism means terrorism and violence."



But there still remains the question whether the actions of the Trudeau government, however unnecessary, however unjustified and however mistaken, may have been 'sincere' in the sense that its ministers acted on unconscious assumptions rather than outright calculation to smite separatists in general, as well as terrorists in particular.

Haggart and Golden probe "the real intentions of the Government. If the intention was to outlaw the FLQ, then some legislative enactment was certainly required. But a secret, middle-of-the-night enactment was not required to outlaw the FLQ: it could not be said that a Parliamentary debate would drive the FLQ underground; it was already underground. But if the intention of the Government was to ensure the events which did ensue — the internment of close to 500 persons guilty of nothing — then the 4 a.m. proclamation of emergency powers certainly was 'necessary', because no Parliament would for a moment have granted any such mandate."

The conclusion seems pretty clear, and Haggart and Golden make it: "...it is clear that with the vast majority of arrests, there was no intention or likelihood of any charges being laid... The purpose was for internment on grounds **other** than those stated in the War Measures regulations. In the majority of cases, these grounds were radicalism, objectionable to some but legal nonetheless, and opposition to Government policies... There is only one kind of country in which people go to jail without suspicion of crime."

Haggart and Golden are also thorough in their dissection of the fabulous provisional government plot that saw newspaper editor Claude Ryan and others tarred and feathered for planning a coup d'état. Ryan did nothing more than give advice to Quebec Premier Bourassa (at Bourassa's request) and to discuss with people like Montreal Executive Committee Chairman Lucien Saulnier (hardly a radical) what might be done if the faltering and divided Bourassa cabinet collapsed under the presure.

The story spread, say the authors, from Lucien Saulnier, who told it in terms that aren't known. It eventually made it to the country's front pages as the result of babbling by Cabinet ministers to journalists, and especially to Peter C. Newman, then the editor of the **Toronto Star,** who got the ball rolling in the press.

Haggart and Golden only name one babbler: Mme. Gérard Pelletier, wife of the Secretary of State, who told guests at a party at Bernard and Sylvia Ostry's home in Ottawa that "Ryan had been out to take over the government." But Newman already had the story. His main informants were Labor Minister Bryce Mackasey and Trudeau adviser Marc Lalonde **(Last Post, Vol. I, No. 5).**

The cabinet ministers are no longer talking about the famous "coup d'état" scare story. They would prefer to forget it and make it an 'unstory', since it has long ago served its purpose. Pelletier's non-mention of it in his book is a striking example.

There is one aspect of **Rumors of War** that departs remarkably from the generally clear and precise examination of the October crisis. The cartoons drawn for it by Duncan Macpherson

of the **Toronto Star** caricature some of those arrested and charged as impossibly grotesque and vile monsters. More people may look at the cartoons that ever actually buy or read the book and the drawings will reinforce some of the myths about Quebecers that this book seeks to correct.

If the Haggart-Golden book is immeasurably better than the Pelletier apologia, **No Mandate But Terror** by George Radwanski and Kendal Windeyer is immeasurably worse. The authors are both reporters at the **Montreal Gazette**, and their law-and-order instant history has caused some embarrassment in the ranks of **Gazette** management and staff.

The book is Liberal Party propaganda badly disguised as factual narrative. But Liberals are unlikely to appreciate the free publicity. The line these days, as Pelletier's book indicates, is come-let-us-reason-together soft-sell, whereas to read this book is to plunge back into the hysteria of the October days.

"If Canada has a Gettysburg address, Pierre Elliot Trudeau made it that night," the authors say of the television address the prime minister made after the War Measures Act had been proclaimed. They admiringly declare that Trudeau spoke with "a clear cool voice of reason amongst the emotional clamor of crisis." His was a "speech of a free man to other free men... delivered, not with flourish but with elegantly, frozen ferocity and uncanny composure." After reprinting the entire speech, the authors pronounce that "the prime minister had said it all."

This fawning attitude towards Trudeau is characteristic. It simply will not stand up to examination, as the Haggart-Golden book makes clear. It will come as quite a surprise to the hundreds innocently detained to learn from this book that the man who put them behind bars is Canada's equivalent of Abraham Lincoln.

No Mandate But Terror is a prime example of what Haggart and Golden have to say of English-speaking Canadians who "being functionally illiterate in Quebec politics — accepted (Trudeau's) ideas, without needing to read them, as an accurate, current philosophy: separatism means terrorism and violence."

Those politicians who, at the height of the crisis, presumed to question the policies or motives of the government got lambasted without mercy in the commercial press. They get no mercy in this book either, even though their position was constitutionally quite proper at the time and has been vindicated since.

Here the authors' bias becomes flagrant.

After pontificating that MPs' "rhetoric reached new heights of stupidity," they turn their venom upon NDP leader Tommy Douglas:

" 'The government, I submit, is using a sledgehammer to crack a peanut,' the aging leader of the socialist New Democratic Party shrilly proclaimed. Tommy Douglas, the author of this rather incredible statement, was to find himself caught by successive miscalculations over the new few days... In fact, any opposition to the move was completely nonsensical."

Well, now. That's how a Liberal Party flack might wish things had been. But the facts (which get short shrift in this book) would seem to argue that Douglas was correct. His metaphor might have been more elegant. But then the style of writing in this book hardly gives the authors the right to throw stones at anyone else's literary capabilities, least of all for being shrill.

Which brings us to the tricks of personal vilification with which this book abounds. Let's take just one person, lawyer Robert Lemieux, who was asked by the FLQ cells to be their negotiator. Lemieux, we learn, is "a wild-looking man with lank tresses that flapped about as he spoke", a man who is a "wild-haired, fast-mouthed young lawyer." When arrested during the crisis he was "squandering his dubious charms" in jail. While at press conferences, he is found not drinking but "guzzling beer." And these conferences are a "wild parody", in fact "circuses." He is described as "Lemieux and his supporting cast, grinning triumpantly in the spotlight," and although he makes a "minor effort to appear aloof" he can "scarcely conceal his glee at being the focus of so much attention."

Indeed, Lemieux is the villain of this book — not, as one might expect, any of the people who kidnapped James Cross or killed Pierre Laporte let alone any of the government leaders. And one can only wonder Radwanski and Windeyer would virtually ignore the main actors in the affair and concentrate such a spume of venom upon a negotiator.

But then the entire book is so bad that perhaps it's a waste of time to try to come to grips with the omissions, the unrelieved bias and the waspish style of writing.

How seriously can one treat a book that contains no mention of Mayor Jean Drapeau's smear against his opposition party, the Front d'Action Politique, on the eve of the municipal election, as being a front for the FLQ? Or when one reads a severe put-down of a CBC interviewer for his style when questioning the Prime Minister that quotes the interview out of context to such a degree as to be unrecognizable? Or when one reads on one page that "in the streets of Montreal it was hard to find a dissenting voice" that found some merit in the FLQ's demands, while, on another page one reads that "an alarming groundswell of support for the terrorists was meanwhile rising within the French-speaking youth of Montreal?"

This book is not a history of the October crisis. It is itself a part of the crisis, just as much as were the newspaper headlines at the time. It is, indeed, little more than the newspaper front pages of those days, badly rewritten.

To misquote the way Radwanski and Windeyer end their 'epic,' this book is not so much an apocalypse as a finite convulsion.

D. Burgess

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If your subscription began with Vol. 1 No. 1, it will expire after the **next** issue, Vol. 1, No. 8. So, if you have found the magazine interesting and informative...

RENEW

If you subscribe and are getting you copies of Last Post late or not at all, complain. Both we and our printers do make mistakes. We have also filed a complaint with the Post Office about late delivery and copies lost in the mail. Only through communication can the situation be corrected.

The Fall Offensive

By late August, we of the Last Post hope to expand out output. More precisely we are planning:

- to establish a permanent two-person Ottawa bureau, working full time at investigative reporting in the capital.
- to launch, on the basis of our Ottawa bureau, a national press service that would provide daily and weekly reportage and analysis for the growing Canadian counter-media. We have already begun this in a small way with the coverage of the Quebec crisis and its aftermath that we provided to community and student papers across the country, as well as to some papers in the United States.
- to clinch the costly goal we have been aiming for: regular monthly publication.

We see these goals as necessary because the left must maintain regular alternative coverage of events in our country. And it must build communication channels between the various publications (local, regional and national) which share similar interests. But is all this economically feasible?

On the basis of simple "market studies" one would conclude that a magazine such as the Last Post, unable to get much advertising, and hampered by the monopoly structure of the Canadian distribution industry, would not stand a snowball's chance in hell once it was launched. We know. We did those "studies" two years ago.

The facts and figures to date are as follows: it now costs a little over $2,400 to print and distribute a 52-page issue; it costs $100 a month to maintain an office with a minimum overhead for such expenses as a telephone; it costs $400 a month to "support" two highly experienced journalists (at $50. a week) to process copy, correspondence and subscriptions as well as keep a disparate group — spread over several cities — glued together somehow by phone.

We have also learned that one of the major obstacles to a national Canadian magazine is distribution. Virtually all the national distributors are American-owned; they carry what pays — and they feel they'll make a higher profit with a skidoo magazine. Regional and local distributors — with some notable exceptions — are not generally given to breaking open a new market. One asked for a flat $100-an-issue fee as well as 55% off the cover price. As it stands, much of the newsstand distribution has been done by our own people.

All of which is not a lament, or a swan song. Despite the "studies", the magazine has more than 2,000 subscriptions and this issue's press run is 18,000.

This demonstrates that such a magazine is possible: it is kept alive by its readers. Simply, 400 subscriptions every two months provides $1600, which along with other sales and donations meets the cost of the next issue. There are no sugar daddies, and no fancy financing.

As long as our readers feel the task is necessary and support it, we continue. If we are to publish more regularly and expand our operation, our readers must provide the support.

We are planning the Ottawa bureau because to be effective as a newsmagazine requires the ability to counter-cover and investigate events regularly and publish them immediately. And a news service would provide rapid transmission of national coverage to individual opposition publications throughout the country.

The support for such an endeavor can come — as it did for such journals as the Mysterious East, the 4th Estate and Québec Presse as well as the Last Post. The arithmetic is simple: it means more subscriptions and contributions.

In the next few months we will be organizing a fund-raising campaign to help finance our fall expansion. The Last Post is also investigating the possibility of reorganizing as a non-profit corporation, which would make future donations tax-deductible.

It has been our readers who have financed this magazine thus far. We are seeking a further mandate from you. To those who contribute whatever they can afford or sell subscriptions — our thanks in advance; to those who can't afford anything, our thanks for your moral support.

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