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THE LAST POST

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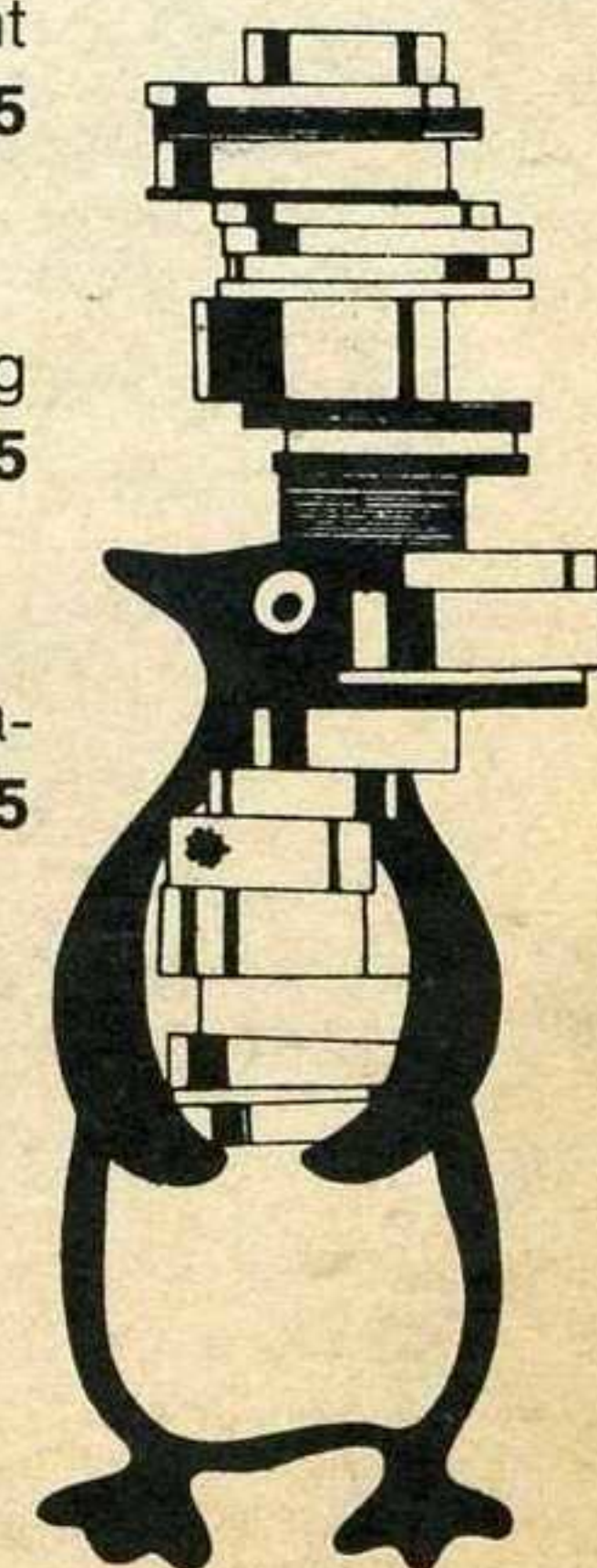
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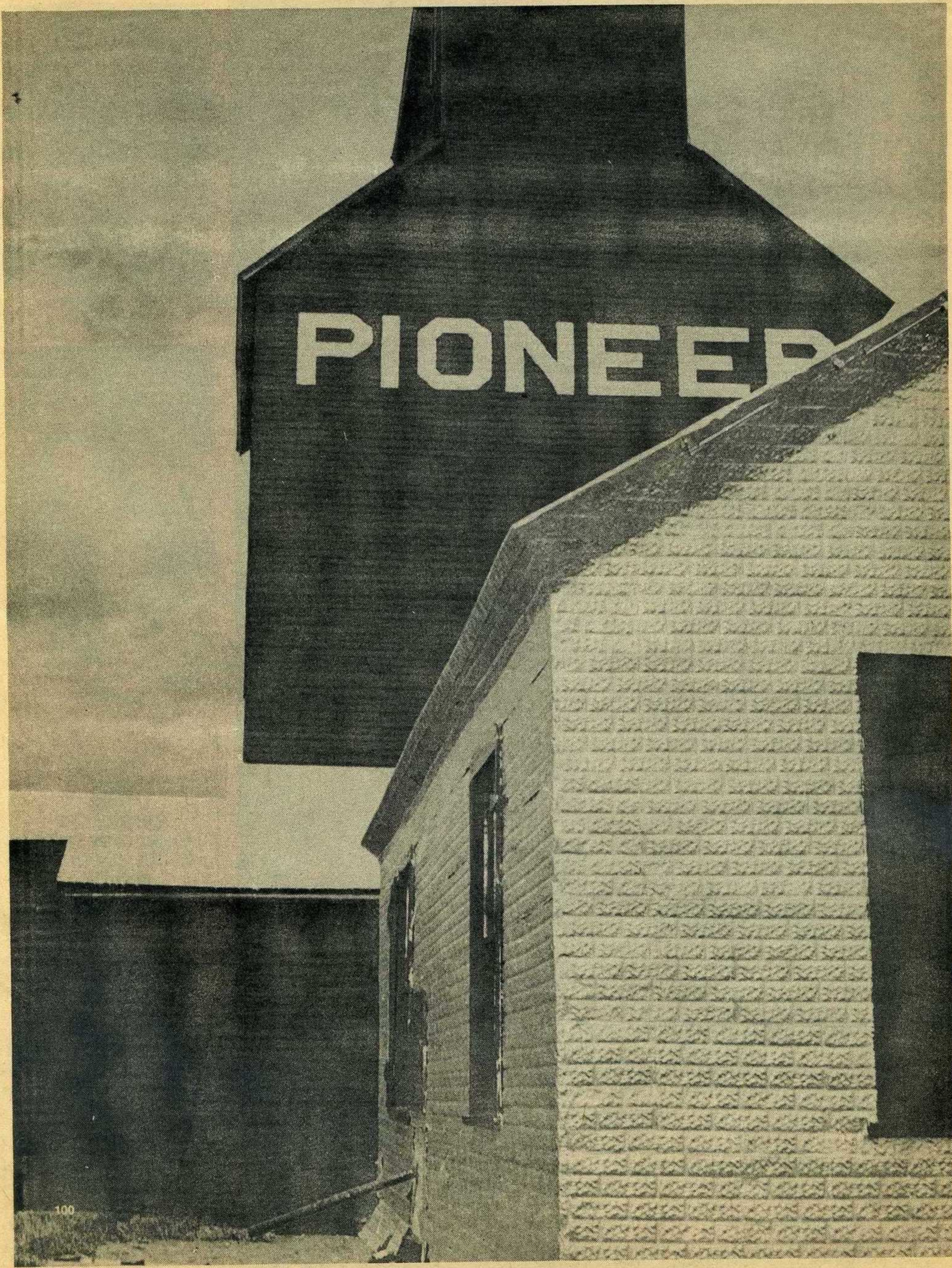
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A lot of farmers have gone under

by Ralph Surette

The revulsion is a national one against Liberal contempt for the rural people. It is difficult to say what the new epoch, marked by the next federal election, will bring. But all the way from Alice Arm, B. C., to Joe Batts Arm, Nfld., the sound you hear is that of psychological trenches being dug.

The year is 1961. Communist Plots rustle in the wheat fields like Riel's ghost. That is to be expected. But who would have suspected one lurking beneath the Peace Tower itself, disguised as a civilized scheme of rural development in the very bosom of the Conservative Party?

The Liberal mandarins, waiting impatiently for their true masters to return to power, are distraught. Is Alvin Hamilton, John Diefenbaker's radical-Tory agriculture minister, really a Saskatchewan Commie?

On January 26 of that year Hamilton announces ARDA, the Agricultural Rehabilitation and Development Act. It is the most ambitious scheme ever to attempt to rehabilitate Canada's decaying rural lifestyles. Its fulcrum will be local participation. The farmer will have a say in his own affairs. Cooperatives will be formed.

"It must be a cooperative enterprise of governments, groups and individuals," Hamilton says. "This would also include the churches." It is to be a total concept approach as prevails in countries where agriculture actually works. It will involve the development of all local resources, including such

things as forestry, recreation lands, tourist facilities, common community pastures.

Alas, poor Alvin. He thought he could deviously sidestep the "private sector" just like that—not to mention the Liberal mandarins—and get away with it.

The Forces of Freedom were vigilant.

ARDA's militants were undercut by people in government as well as by the white-gloved technocrats who considered the plan "socialist".

ARDA's most ambitious program was for the Lower St. Lawrence River area. The Cr ditistes, who in many cases represented the counties that needed it most, scurried around denouncing it as—what else?—a Communist Plot.

Exit Alvin the Red.

A lot of farmers have gone under since ARDA tried and failed. Those who remain in business, especially the small and marginal ones, do so in fear, anger and a heightened awareness of their condition in the face of the Trudeau government's determination to wipe them out in favor of corporate agribusiness.

In fact this summer, 10 years later, an epochal barrier was

crossed by the collective rural psyche. In late August farmers in Prince Edward Island blocked the island's main drag with their tractors for a week in protest against policies favoring corporate farming. National Farmers Union president Roy Atkinson, leading the men, was arrested for "conspiracy to intimidate."

That this could happen in slow-moving P.E.I. after several years of mounting protests in the rest of Canada—very bitter ones in Ontario (produce giveaways), Manitoba (tractor blockades) and Saskatchewan (rotten wheat in Trudeau's face)—is like the last piece falling into a jigsaw puzzle. If there was a last bastion of mildew-and-rubber-boots conservatism in Canada, then surely it must have been P.E.I.

What ARDA tried to be, what it actually became, why it failed and how the thread of that failure led many rural people to the brink of revolt a decade later says a lot of nasty and interesting things about the Canadian power structure.

But first here is the wider background of the present unrest.

Rural depopulation—the backside of urbanization—has been a way of life in Canada for a long time. In 1871 over three-quarters of the population lived in the countryside. In 1971 three-quarters live in the cities.

The country boy's trek to the city is one of the prime equations of our social history. It is intimately linked with the centralizing process of technology and capitalism—the drawing of wealth to the centres of power and the resulting unemployment in the hinterland.

Centralization's first big sendoff occurred in Canada when Confederation was imposed on unwilling Maritimers, draining the wealth of thriving localized economies into the coffers of Upper Canadian bankers. The Maritimes have since remained the major economic backwater of vice-imperial Central Ontario, its more unfortunate children becoming immigrants in their own country.

Except for specific cases, the migrations—especially since the Second World War—were not always a painful thing as populations became more mobile and going places was in the wind. True, many didn't make it past the urban slums or the mines of industrial Ontario. But some floated into the urban middle class. Some returned home. It was generally accepted that one son would take over the farm and the nine others would leave, as local economies absorbed only what they could.

There was always some protest against this over the years, but it never congealed on a national scale. It was "Progress"—one of the unquestionable official myths. The centralizing process of capitalism seemed natural, up to a point—and that point has now been passed.

The relatively self-sufficient Prairie communities strung out along the railway 100 years ago were defined by how far a horse could travel in a day. These became superceded by communities whose influence was defined by the distances of the motorcar, the local telephone exchange and hydro wires.

Technology, capitalist or not, would probably have brought about these changes. The kid from Naicam, Sask., who learned a specialized skill would have moved to Melfort or on to Saskatoon or Regina anyway (although it must be added that in North American style business there was always an excess of cheap rural labor drawn to the cities through the essential fraud of neon lights and Hollywood's public relations for the

system).

What is happening now is infinitely more serious, as the natural centralizing effect of mere technological development has long been bypassed. To complete the example of Saskatchewan, the drain does not consist of Naicam's young bloods being drawn to Saskatoon, but large numbers of people from the entire province—rural and urban—fleeing out of the province pursued by joblessness. This issue was central in the provincial election which saw the NDP wipe out the Liberals with slogans based on Statistics Canada figures such as "last year three people left Saskatchewan every hour, 72 every day, 500 every week, 20,000 in the year."

Sometime in the mid-60's, with the Liberals in power to whom the outback is merely a place for minor patronage, the strains on rural Canada became unbearable, as Canada's rate of urbanization became one of the highest in the world.

Competition capitalism was becoming more clearly monopoly and multinational and seemed to be moving into a final stage of frenzied centralism to be capped off by a continental energy package. Canada's role as an economic satellite of the U.S. became more clearly defined, and its own internal economic centralism increased accordingly.

It must be said that the farmer has been generally more sensitive to this trend than the urban person, not only because he was one of its first victims but because he is less influenced by the obscurantist metropolitan media.

Thus the 1970 royal commission report by Dr. Clarence Barber revealing that multinational corporations—Massey Ferguson, Ford, International Harvester, John Deere, David Brown and British Leyland Motors—were bilking Canadian farmers of as much as \$2,000 extra per tractor, while it surprised many urban people, only confirmed the obvious for the farmers.

Members of the Ontario Federation of Agriculture knew it better than anyone. The OFA had been importing tractors from England with great difficulty and at half the Canadian price—and had to weld steel plates over the serial numbers to protect the British retailer. However Dr. Barber reported that some of these steel plates had been pried off in the night when the tractors arrived at the port of Montreal, presumably by the multinationals' "secret agents."

Economic centralism is not without its political wing—the Trudeau government, carrying on the traditional role of the Liberal Party but with that peculiar incontinence that one columnist, referring to the party's place on the political spectrum, called "extremism at the centre."

The Federal government has, in fact, decided to institutionalize rural depopulation by reducing the farm population from the present 10 per cent to three per cent by 1990 as recommended by the 1968 Task Force on Agriculture—a veritable behemoth of reasoning in favor of technocratic centralism written by four professors and an accountant. Without farmer representation, naturally.

It is argued that, since one third of Canadian farmers are chronically on or below the poverty line, they should be replaced by corporate farming and retrained to work in industry.

The government's policy includes the following options:

- A farmer who has reached retirement age can get a government allowance which, along with the sale of his farm, the government presumes will afford him a decent living.
- A younger man can go into a manpower retraining program, although there are no special programs designed specifically for farmers.

■ A farmer whose operations can become profitable, in the government's judgement, will be given assistance in buying out his neighbors. That is, to become a corporation. The bigger the better.

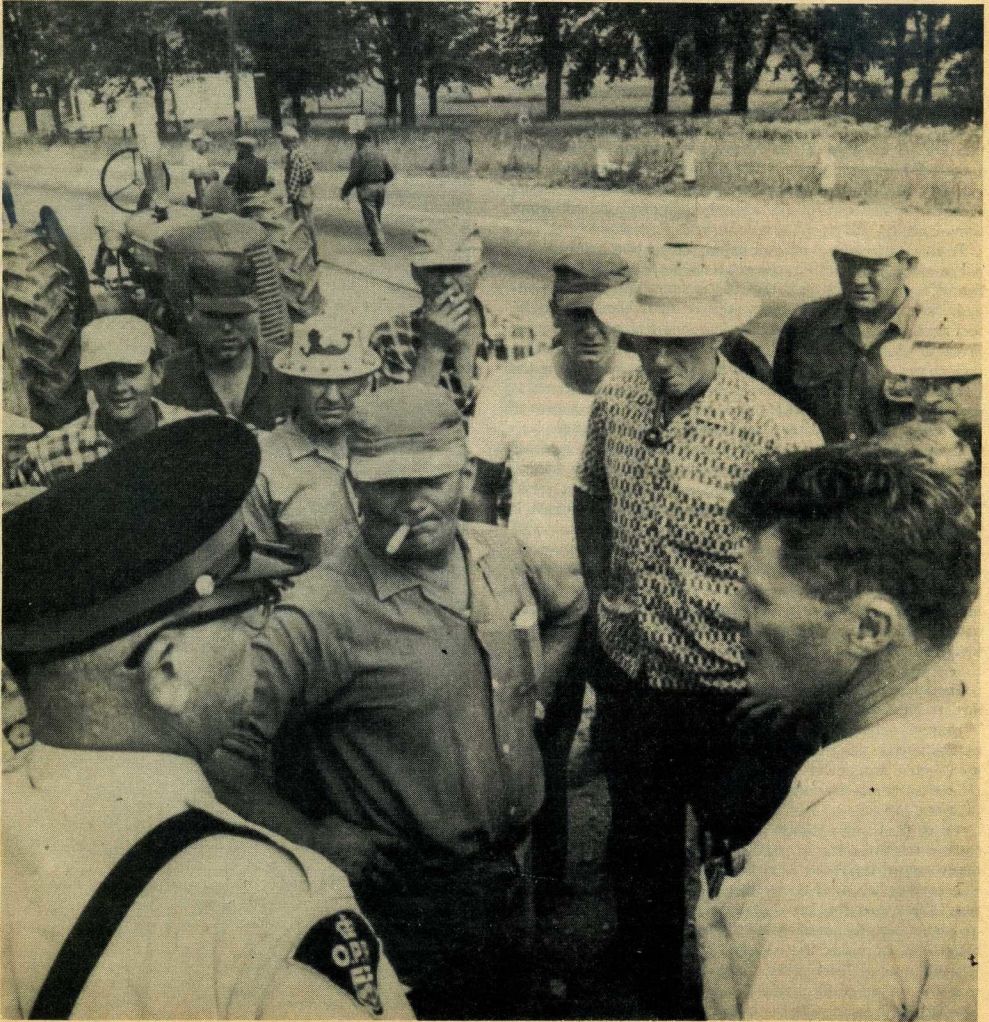
The policy's deficiencies are too obvious to bother repeating at length. Poor farmers are going to be retrained for urban jobs that do not exist. And viable communities which, except for the native peoples, consist of the most durable and indigenous way of life that has existed in this country will be destroyed with cavalier insouciance.

There is no need to rationalize the knowledge that farmers have in their gut. Suffice it to say that a number of socio-

economic studies support their point, the latest being one called the Prairie Community System, a publication of the Agricultural Economics Research Council of Canada. This is a thoroughly apolitical document by Professor Carle Zimmerman, an American mostly connected with Harvard, but recently of the University of Calgary, and his associate, Garry Moneo of Saskatchewan.

They state that Canada is simply repeating policies which were tried in the U.S. ten years ago and failed at enormous cost (That's par for the course. Whereas the U.S. hit parade gets here six months later, one could expect a 10-year lag on a more complicated issue like farm policy).

Demonstrating farmers near Lobo, Ont. get the word from an OPP sergeant



The study also emphasizes the value of small communities which counterbalance the technological excesses of our society, and it notes a trend in which Westerners are "trying to organize a folk life to make the Prairies more of a Canadian homeland."

The picture of rural Canada being screwed becomes morbidly complete when one considers that speculators are carrying out a massive grab of recreational lands in Canada, mostly for resale to Americans.

So not only are farmers to be cleared off the land to make way for the corporations in a sort of Canadian vietnamization (zap the gooks off the land and into the cities where they can be controlled, or at least where their vote is worth less. Zap them with the Stratofortresses of agribusiness), but in true imperial style the land is to be divided with the best of it becoming the summer estates of the genteel absentee landlords.

This has already happened to a large extent. In the Maritimes especially, where it was never assumed that ownership of land meant you could prevent the other guy from walking across it, the neighborly Maritimers are extremely uptight these days about all those "keep out" signs defacing the land—sure sign of the moneyed American with a keen sense of the meaning of private property and just as determined to keep the dirty yokels out as he was to keep the Black creepy-crawlies out of his closed compound in suburban Cleveland.

To be sure, much of the prime recreation land is not necessarily farmland. But the crisis of rural Canada is not just one of farmers—it is just that the farmers and their dependent farm towns are in the vanguard of it because they're feeling it most. If fishermen, for instance, are not feeling the brunt of the Trudeau depopulation policy, they are nevertheless not overjoyed at the idea of their shores becoming the property of strangers and being told to keep out. Examples are multiplying of fishermen suddenly cut off from access to their wharves—and other residents to their beaches—as ownership of the fields suddenly pass from a native who could not resist the money to the foreign bigwig who had the money.

Land grabs come under provincial rather than federal jurisdiction. But the prevailing compradour mentality which is permitting them is not one that stops at jurisdictions. It suffuses the entire Canadian power structure. American ownership is linked with "development" and don't get uppity or you'll scare away investment. Far from trying to stop the lands sellout, most provincial governments are encouraging it. Nova Scotia's Liberal government, for instance, has a tourist brochure out called "How to buy land in Nova Scotia."

The sudden value placed on rural lands has given added thrust to the apprehension of rural people and their determination to stand their ground against the Trudeau doctrine.

And not only this, but the urban decay that has caused land values to rise. The reasons for not wanting to be "retrained" by Canada Manpower for a position as welfare recipient in the urban slums are many times greater now that the cities' image is tarnished.

There is also the stigma attached to welfare that is one of the universal aspects of rural life. Although this attitude has often been interpreted as right-wing reactionism, it is a fact that to those whose lives are based on a rigorous minimum, a lack of the superfluities of materialism, welfare represents a breakdown in the human fabric. It has never been comprehensible to farmers that there should be a lack of work. They do not understand Liberalism. Rural poverty, if that's what it must be, to the rural person is still a cut or two above urban poverty. Besides, one fights better on one's own ground.



Beyond economics and politics, there is a cultural vengeance implied in the farmers' revolt. It is more than the anger of traditional communities being destroyed for nothing. It goes to the heart of what this country is all about.

Canada's traditional English-speaking intellectual elite—the Toronto media and University of Toronto crowd—has always considered Toronto as another in the great constellation of American cities, as befits our colonial status. In fact Toronto, as regarded by its elite, was the quintessential American city, America as it should be—America without tears, a gentle, civilized America, America detached from reality.

Toronto is the metropolis of English Canada. The great migrations of a century have fed into it—people bringing to it their particular ways from all parts of Canada, linking the metropolis to the outlying regions. In any normally independent country the metropolitan cultural fountainhead is something that has been fed, historically and geographically, by the country as a whole: culture came from the source, from the legends of the earth and of society at large, and were distilled by the metropolitan artistic talent.

Toronto has been the recipient of all the elements of a Canadian culture—but its elite has failed to recognize them as such. Instead of the country as a whole giving the metropolis its *raison d'être*, the unnatural opposite view was held by the elite: the metropolis, drawing strength from outside, gave the country its *raison d'être*. Canada was Torontocentric.

The outback, full of dull hicks, existed only in such measure as the CBC, the metropolitan dailies, or the "national" magazines recognized them. And the recognition was rather dubious: backward ambitionless Maritimers, politically and psychologically perverted Québécois, vacuous rednecked Westerners.

It is difficult to think of a country in which rural lifestyles have been so thoroughly ignored by its metropolitan consciousness. In the U.S. country music has come to practically dominate pop music. In Canada, the regional folk songs of Newfoundland, the Maritimes, Quebec and elsewhere, the songs of miners and fishermen, have no mainstream to float up into and remain isolated. The prison songs of a Johnny Cash would be unthinkable in Canada: giving prisoners a sense of dignity would be a threat to a colonized mentality; it might scare away investment if foreign financiers get the idea we're soft on troublemakers.

The songs and stories of the great strikes, of the dead miners of Estevan and Glace Bay cut down by the bullets of provincial administrations, of the concentration camps of the Depression (indeed, of the Depression itself), of the wealth of other instances of common people fighting to assert their rights, not only remain untold and unsung, but the events themselves lay unrecorded in the official histories. Only Louis Riel (with qualifications) and the Eskimos have made it into the popular consciousness. But the Eskimos and the Métis are no longer a threat. And let us not be too harsh: the liberal conscience is big enough to reconstruct the victim of a moral genocide by placing his image on a postage stamp. And even Dr. Norman Bethune may make it, since he was far away and in another land.

But the Canadian Indians are still too dangerous to really make it, let alone the white working (and non-working) and rural class.

So now that the great constellation of American cities has proven to be a sewer in the sky, the elite has had second thoughts and is "discovering" Canadian culture everywhere. It seems to be afflicted by an identity (ego?) crisis now that its

inspiration—U.S. urban liberalism—has come to grief. And since Canada is Torontocentric (Marshall McLuhan, Pierre Elliott Trudeau's advisor on how not to let the FLQ use the media, and who believes giving TV to French Canadians was like giving liquor to the Indians, thinks the whole world is Torontocentric) we are told that all of Canada is having an identity crisis vis-à-vis the U.S.

It is incredible that anyone could believe that the people who have tilled this land for 300 years, whose fathers have spilled their blood and guts in the mines and on the railways, who are still deprived of rights on the fishing boats and are willing to practically starve (witness the Canso fishermen's strike) to acquire them, could have doubts about their sense of place or the value of their folkways in this country.

So there are not only farmers angry about their bread and butter, but a whole rural class whose way of life has been continually ridiculed by a pompous and hypocritical ersatz elite for whom even their standards of ridicule were borrowed, let alone their standards of attainment.

It is somewhat amusing to watch many in this same bourgeois elite (some having repented, other saying they were nationalists all along) now overreacting in praise over every tidbit of Canadian culture, good or bad, running Pretty Pictures of Canada in Maclean's, "discovering" Farley Mowat—20 years too late.

Which says something about the bourgeois elite: all they wanted all along was desperately to be "with it."

The elements of a Canadian culture have always been present and will continue to be so. Perhaps we need a change of elite. Come to think of it, maybe we don't need an elite at all.

For Canada, ARDA was an avant-garde scheme, and still would be today were it re-introduced in original form, although much of what it proposed had actually been started in some Scandinavian countries a century before. Its inspiration was drawn largely from those countries where agriculture functioned efficiently and as a labor-intensive sector on a cooperative basis. In New Zealand, for instance, from where techniques introduced 20 years ago are only trickling into Canada today, co-ops are so highly developed that in some instances they cover not only production, but every operation right through to the retail level is integrated into one cooperative structure.

The key is maximum development of renewable resources under a cooperative system. ARDA aimed at doing this, including: development of forest cooperatives for marginal farmers, since a lot of poor farmers exist on the rim of forests where the land is not fertile; reforestation, water and soil conservation, fire roads; development of tourist and recreation facilities; fisheries; mining operations. All this was meant to allow the marginal farmer to pick up enough money here and there to relieve him from poverty.

Anyone familiar with Canadian politics should be able to guess what happened to such purity of purpose.

Instead of becoming a support system for marginal farmers, ARDA became a support system for bureaucrats and planners, and "local participation" became parish pump politics dishing out the new patronage bonanza.

The one area where ARDA seemed to be taking off for a while was the Bas du Fleuve (Lower St. Lawrence-Gaspé), where poverty is such that in some places entire towns go on welfare each winter. This was the plan's main pilot project, along with the Interlake district of Manitoba.

Entire communities showed up at public meetings to work

out with the planners their dreams for local development. The Church, growing increasingly activist, participated. In fact there was so much "animation sociale" that some people in government started getting uneasy.

Since ARDA was channelled through the provinces (and Quebec was enthusiastic) the Bas du Fleuve scheme became known under the provincial name, BAEQ (for Bureau d'aménagement de l'est du Québec, or Eastern Quebec Development Bureau). In 1966 the long-awaited master plan was completed and dropped on Premier Daniel Johnson's desk. Nothing happened—a nothing compounded by the new Quebec-Ottawa jurisdictional disputes—and still nothing has happened.

In the Bas du Fleuve, BAEQ has become synonymous with the most vicious bureaucratic fraud ever perpetrated on an underprivileged people.

Last fall a group of priests from the area signed a petition supporting the FLQ manifesto.

The grossest example of local politicians unable to resist temptation occurred in P.E.I. where big things were also in store (later, in 1969, an additional \$17 million "five year plan" for the island was launched. The farmers' protest against corporate farming this summer indicates where this money has been going).

Bulldozer owners on the northwest of the island discovered that all they had to do to get funds for "ARDA ponds" (officially for fire and irrigation) was to say the word. So now the northwest tip is dotted with beautifully-squared ARDA ponds, unrelated to any conceivable fire or irrigation. Then there are the irrigation dams that had to be dug up again because no one checked to see what would happen upstream.

Then there's the greatest one of them all. It is said that on the west end of the island there's an airstrip built with ARDA funds that has a curved runway. Seems the contractor, in his haste to get the dough, hadn't checked out how much land was available. So why waste good asphalt? Just curve the end a bit. These new-fangled planes can do anything anyway.

ARDA continued to more or less dominate agricultural talk for a few years until the Liberal government, having returned to power in 1963, more or less forgot about agriculture amid the sound and fury of the Scandals and the lurchings of the Leaky Ship of State.

They had no reason to worry about it anyway. Was not ARDA—having become in Liberal hands a good instrument for regional "cash infusions"—keeping snotty Eastern farmers happy? And were not the massive wheat sales to Russia and China (inaugurated under Hamilton) keeping snotty Western farmers happy?

But to the extent that anybody did worry about it, it seemed obvious that ARDA was going nowhere, especially since the Liberals weren't interested in making a Tory plan work anyway, and certainly not one with Commie tendencies.

Quietly, then, in 1964, came the first call for the government to move towards corporate agriculture: a report for the federal government by the Winnipeg consulting firm of Hedlin-Menzies suggested that 50 per cent of Eastern farmers get off the land and into other work. Get the poor farmers out and help the middle and rich ones, the report said.

Poor farmers were just a drain on the national economy. The report stated that its studies showed that half the farmers would get out of farming if other work were available. Many farmers would probably be willing to get into other work even now. But since there is no other work available, the question was and is academic. What is important is that farmers have since then made a psychological leap and now are committed to staying on the land. In fact Walter Miller, vice president of

the National Farmers Union stationed at Guelph, says he knows of families that are scraping up odd jobs in local towns to support the family farm which is losing money.

From Hedlin-Menzies it was an easy step to the 1968 Task Force and the government's present commitment to corporate agriculture.

The operative word in Canada's free market agriculture in 1971—as it has been for at least the last 20 years—is chaos.

For the multi-million dollar food processing, distributing and speculating industry, it can be described as "profitable chaos".

The key to the free market system is that there are no controls on production. So farmers continually overproduce. When they have overproduced item A and sent prices for it crashing down, many of them will go to great expense to switch their production to whatever else is bringing in a good price, say item B. By the time all of them have switched within a few years, item B may be overproduced.

Overproduction means a continual supply of cheap food to ensure corporate profits (cheap food in no way means cheap food for the consumer). Overproduction means a slow but sure death for the small farmer who cannot endure to produce at a loss as long as the corporate farmer can. Which means that agriculture—helped along nicely by governments in many little ways—keeps moving deliberately towards corporatism, centralism, destruction of rural lifestyles, etc. And corporatism in turn means even cheaper food—and without the chaos! (Let us genuflect before the genius of technocratic Liberalism).

Whereas the big corporate farmer, often a speculator and distributor at the same time, can hold his products in storage until prices rise and he can dump, the small farmer cannot and takes the brunt of the loss of collective overproduction.

Then there's the cost-price squeeze. The farmer is hemmed in by spiralling costs on both sides. Studies for 1966 have shown that after the take of the "upstream" (farm machinery, fertilizers, etc.) industries and of the "downstream" (food processing, distribution) industries were deducted, less than 10 per cent of the retail price of food was returning to the farmer, a proportion which had declined steadily in the postwar period and was still declining. In many cases, even at face value of inflated dollars, the farmer is getting less today than he was 20 years ago.

On the one hand, the farmer is getting screwed by the multinational farm machinery cartel (as clearly shown by the Barber commission mentioned earlier). On the other, there's the vertically-integrated food empires, against which the farmer must often not only compete but to whom he must sell and from whom he must buy in a system designed to ensure handsome profits at every level of the operation.

It must be noted that "overproduction" is a relative term, and nowhere more than in Canada. Saddled with a dominant ruling party that was first indifferent to agriculture and now is downright hostile to it (now that it has discovered agribusiness), Canada has been steadily losing her share of export markets even as those markets grow by leaps and bounds. For instance, world wheat trade doubled between 1954 and 1968 but Canada's share of that market dwindled from 31 per cent to 21 per cent. Export markets for coarse grains doubled too, but Canada's share dropped from over eight per cent to less than three per cent.

And this is apart from the moral issue that is never far from

the surface when discussing overproductive agriculture in the technological countries: why must wheat, or anything else, rot on the ground while millions are starving?

Chaos at the moment means this. Western farmers, stuck with massive surpluses of grain, have decided to use it to grow livestock. They have overproduced hogs, particularly, placing themselves and Eastern hog growers in trouble. Chickens and eggs have been massively overproduced, particularly in the East, precipitating this year's curious "chicken and egg war" with Quebec at the centre.

Quebec and the West are both special cases in agriculture, the very opposite of each other in outlook and approach, but with their rural problems running parallel to the problems of their special collective identities.

The West, to its infinite credit, has never been amenable to the Liberal Party philosophy of keeping outlying regions quiet with "cash infusions". Given to forming radical political movements, the West's particular situation was too much for the Liberals to contain.

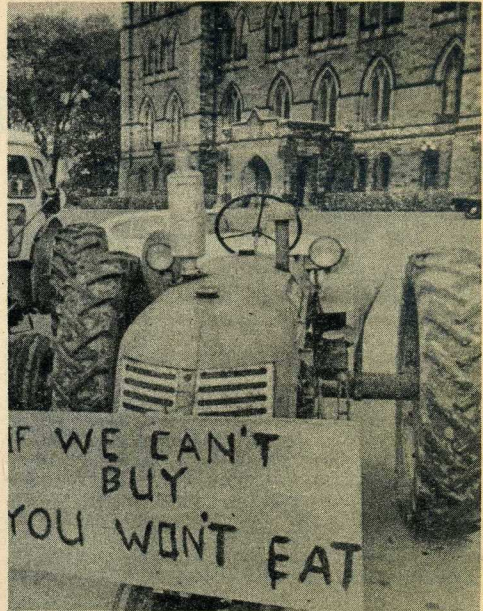
For one thing, a grains economy on a semi-arid plain is an extremely cyclical thing; and even if farmers' losses were fully covered it would still do little for the small town businesses that exist only to service the farm industry. When farmers are having a bad year on the Prairies, the entire Western economy suffers, since there is little economic diversification. The giant food industries do nothing for the West, since produce is taken to Toronto or Montreal to be processed. Most of the Canadian farm community in fact is like that: a producer of raw materials for the economic centre of the country and a consumer of finished products—the same relationship that Canada as a whole has with the U.S.

Long-term total economic planning, coupled with a shift of power from the corporations to the farmers, is perhaps more urgently needed in the Prairies than elsewhere in Canada. What the federal government has come up with instead is the Grains Stabilization Act, over which there has been a great furor in the House of Commons this fall. Anticipating easy passage of the bill, the government proceeded to break its own laws by withholding payment of anywhere up to \$92 million owed the farmers under existing wheat storage legislation.

In terms of the real potential of the Prairies—not only in local community and Canadian terms, but as one of the world's five great semi-arid plains—the difference, for the wheat farmer, between this Act and the old system of government payments for storage of unsold wheat can be described as the difference between being shafted by a ten-foot pole and a twelve-foot pole.

The two extra feet are the extra thrust the Grains Stabilization Act has in hastening the demise of the small farmer. It will make payments to the wheat industry as a whole whenever total production falls below a set norm (the norm being average production over the last five years, itself a topic of bitter controversy since farmers say the last five were sub-average years). When the set amount is met by the industry as a whole, no payments will be made to anyone. In other words the farmer who has a bad year, while the industry as a whole exceeds the norm, gets nothing. What the government is saying to the farmers is "now you chickens get into that cage with the corporate wolves. We're going to have a little private enterprise here to see who comes out on top."

Quebec farmers are the poorest in the country. Also they are the most passive. Associated generally with the Cr ditiste Party, they are one of the most conservative groups of people in Canada. They are the traditional colonized Qu becois. (They contrast sharply with the forestry sector of semi-rural Quebec, where in a number of small towns entire populations



have staged angry demonstrations against shutdowns of wood-cutting operations).

In the Prairies the farmer membership has generally been more militant than its farm union leaders. In Quebec the opposite is the case; the membership has to be prodded, since with its traditional reflexes it is easily frightened by the subtle threats of "la haute finance", whereas farm leadership groups have acquired muscle as a spinoff of the nationalist movement.

However, the extreme conservatism of the colonized person is a curious phenomenon. There is a very thin line between that and desperation. Quebec's egg farmers, going under very quickly under a rising surplus on the Canadian market, had reached that point in 1966. They formed Fedco, the Quebec egg marketing board, meant to set quotas for producers and act as the exclusive marketing agency for all eggs sold in Quebec. It also sets prices weekly.

This means that many corporate middlemen are eliminated. It also means that speculators can no longer dump surplus eggs on a captive Quebec market.

Poor Quebec farmers had long looked on with impotent rage as well-organized Ontario corporate farmers-cum-speculators not only undercut their livelihood, but often bought eggs from the U.S. to dump on the Quebec market at cutthroat prices.

Since most of the poor farmers in the hassle were from Quebec and most of the speculators from Ontario—and with the usual paranoia that greets any move by Quebec—it came to be assumed across the land that Quebec was again trying to sabotage Confederation by unconstitutionally impinging on

interprovincial trade, and that it was at "war" with the other provinces, particularly Ontario, where broiler chicken producers had set up their own marketing board several years before and were suddenly believed to have done it on the spur of the moment in "retaliation" against Quebec, which has a surplus of broilers.

It was also a deliberate misconception that Fedco was trying to prevent eggs from coming in from other provinces. Quebec produces only about 50 per cent of its own consumption, and therefore, necessarily had to import the rest from the other provinces.

The interprovincial aspect was largely a diversionary tactic by corporate farmers, and was settled with surprising ease when agriculture ministers from the 10 provinces this summer agreed to set up their own egg marketing boards and that the Canadian egg market would be shared according to mutual agreement. Manitoba, which had tried to block Fedco in the Supreme Court, agreed with the rest. It was a victory not only for Quebec egg farmers, but in the long run possibly for all Canadian egg farmers.

It must be stated categorically that Quebec farmers have nothing against English Canadian farmers, as demonstrated time and time again by their union, the UCC (Union catholique des cultivateurs, or Catholic Farmers' Union) which has passed countless resolutions over the years supporting the demands of Western wheat farmers. They know they have everything to gain by solidarity, and apparently the English Canadian farmers have realized it too in the egg question.

The "unconstitutionality" of Fedco was not the real issue. It was just the best argument the food industry could come up with. One speculator said at one of the court cases his opposition to Fedco was based on his belief in a "free Canada."

Fedco was more emphatically opposed, in fact, by the Quebec Food Council, representing the Quebec food industry, than by any province.

That is because the Quebec food industry is running scared these days. In a recent controversy over a corporate increase in milk prices (Quebec is Canada's top dairy province, but its population—particularly in the Montreal slums—is the one that suffers most from lack of milk) there were calls by urban citizens' groups that milk become a public utility.

And there is a farm union bill before a provincial legislative committee which the food industry fears will make the UCC the exclusive marketing agency for all agricultural products in Quebec, as Fedco now is for eggs. The Bourassa big-business government is permitting it, apparently sensing there are more votes to be gained that way, especially with the anti big-business mood in Quebec.

The man behind the thrust of the Quebec farm movement is Albert Alain, president of the UCC. Although unknown in English Canada since he speaks little English, he is probably second only to Roy Atkinson as the most important man in Canadian agriculture. It is through his efforts, his continual contacts with the grassroots, his computer grasp of the economics of agriculture, that Quebec agriculture is moving in the direction it is.

Although his approach is a soft-line diplomatic one, he is tough. "The food industry is scandalized that farmers want to control their production," he snapped with anger at one press conference. "But make no mistake. You don't see Noranda Mines, or anybody else in private business, fooling around with their production."

One more point must be mentioned about the troubles of Canadian agriculture. Research. Even the staid old Science Council of Canada this year rapped the federal government

for lacking the kind of research which is necessary to get an export farm economy going.

It pointed out that since most of the corporations dealing in the agricultural sector are American owned, they spend little money on research in Canada. They spend it at home, naturally.

Most agricultural research over the past 20 years has been "pure" research which has little to do with local conditions or the development of higher yield native grasses, fruits, vegetables, livestock, etc. Research was dominated by the white-gloved technocrats—who in the early sixties had a regulation keeping farmers off federal agriculture research stations because "it bothered the researchers."

There was always a minority group—the people associated with ARDA—who believed in applied research. But they never had the real power to change anything.

Had the Conservatives stayed in power after 1963, and Hamilton remained agriculture minister, the crisis in agriculture today would be with us anyway. The Diefenbaker Tories, although not as close as the Liberals to big business, were controlled by it nevertheless and sooner or later farmer power would have come in conflict with the slush fund.

ARDA now would be too late. Maybe it was too late in 1961.

The cooperative structures of the European and Pacific countries took a long time to build. In Canada for many farmers the moment of truth is right now.

And agriculture, as a fundamental part of this country's society, not to mention the only way to live in dignity for thousands of people who have no other skills and will land in urban slums otherwise, will get nowhere as long as it is controlled by multinational corporations both "upstream" and "downstream".

The problem for Canadian agriculture ultimately is the same that afflicts the rest of the economy—control by multinational corporations.

Perhaps the present rural unrest, coupled with unrest in the urban cores, will succeed at some point in electing some kind of government with the guts to start wresting Canada out of the control of the multinationals, including the farm machinery and food empires, and to return control of farming where it belongs—in the hands of farmers.

Perhaps and perhaps not.

Certainly the bursting forth of the radical, Saskatoon-based National Farmers Union, which was formed only in 1969 and has grown very quickly since, indicates the extent of the discontent as well as its intensity.

Time is short.

Because if nothing happens, soon we can expect the biggest farmer of them all, the Bank of America, tired of whining Chicanos in the grape and lettuce fields, to cross the "imaginary border" and gratefully accept from the Liberal Party a franchise to the entire Prairies, as well as permission to divert the MacKenzie River to Southern California and to sublet Saskatchewan to Howard Hughes for a private missile range.

Ralph Surette is a Montreal-based journalist, originally from Nova Scotia, with wide experience of rural problems.

Brave talk at the end of the road

by Robert Chodos

OTTAWA—As is not uncommon in Ottawa, most of the action was somewhere else.

But the reverberations were felt here with unusual severity. There is really only one issue in Canadian politics just now, and that is jobs, and what was happening in Washington, in particular, meant that there were fewer jobs than there would otherwise be.

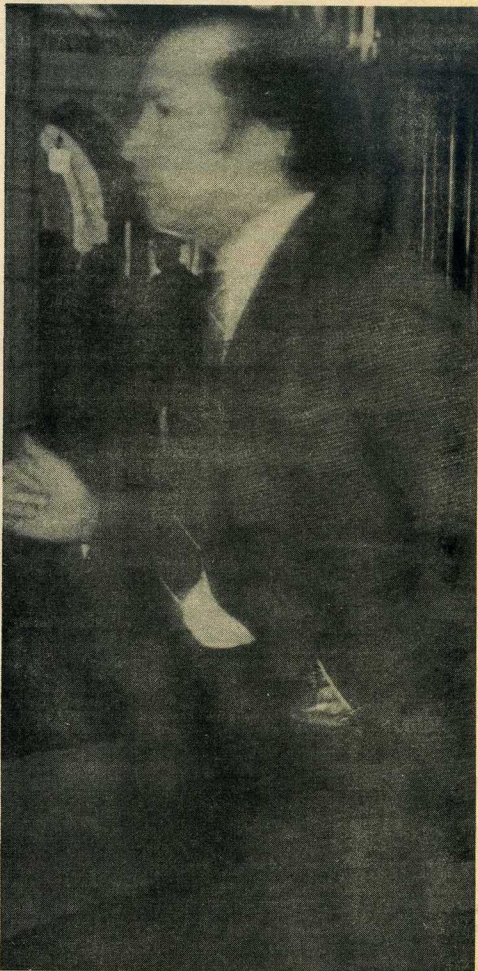
The operative word was uncertainty. The government was uncertain where the Americans were heading. It was uncertain what we would do to deal with the emerging American protectionism. Its forecasts of unemployment had been wrong, but that was because people were participating in the labor force at a higher rate than usual; it had correctly predicted the number of jobs available. It would predict neither employment nor unemployment for the coming winter. And it was uncertain about the reason for the rise in the participation rate.

Prime Minister Trudeau had some suggestions as to why it might have occurred, however: "It may be because the work ethic is coming back or because women's lib has convinced more women that they should be looking for work because it's the right thing to do or because students are browned off with universities and they want to do their own thing for a while."

In reality, of course, the reasons were not quite so mystical. If students were not going to university in the usual numbers—and they were not—it had more to do with the decline in the economic value of the university degree than with any return of the work ethic. And it had most to do with the difficulty students had this past summer in finding jobs (forty per cent of student's educational costs are financed from summer earnings)—despite the government's Opportunities for Youth program, unemployment among people under 25 was 10.8 per cent in July and 9.1 per cent in August.

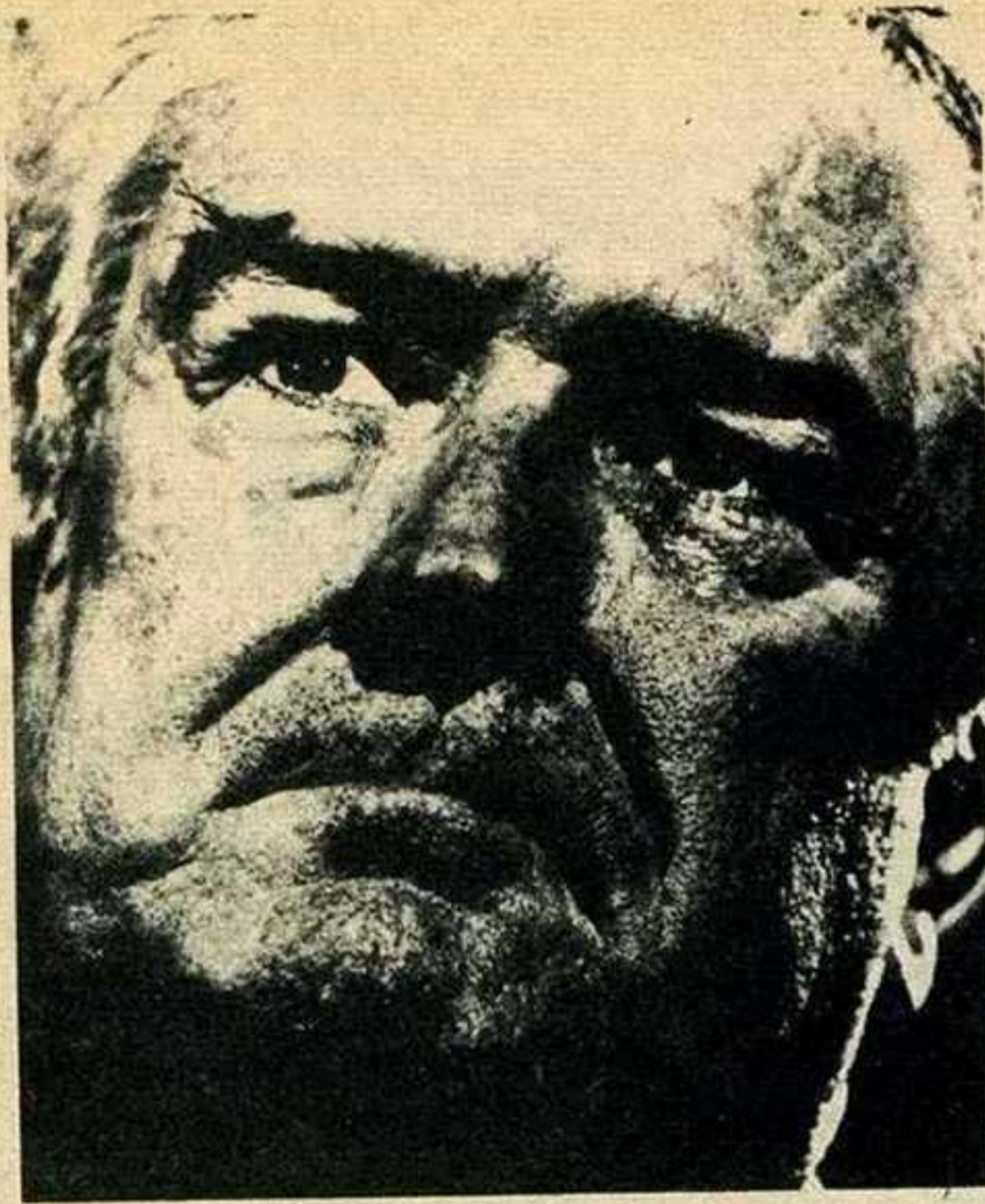
In other words, the rise in the participation rate was directly related to the tightening of the economy. And besides, even if the participation rate had remained the same as last September, the seasonally-adjusted unemployment rate would still be well over six per cent.

Clearly, the answers lay elsewhere. Government officials' uncertainty was, no doubt, part of the truth, but it was also good cover for another part—what they did know about Canada's economic prospects was not comforting, and they were plainly scared.



They knew, for instance, that the United States was prepared to be tough in demanding the removal of the clauses in the Canada-U.S. auto pact that protected Canadian jobs. They knew that any Canadian government measure designed to stimulate employment, from the Employment Support Bill to counteract the effects of the Nixon surcharge to a regional development grant to the Michelin tire plant in Nova Scotia,

Secretary
of the
Treasury
Connally



could run into opposition from south of the border. And they knew that, economic relations between the two countries being what they are, the Americans had the clout to get their way.

And they knew, finally, that one of their most cherished illusions was precisely that. There was, in the end, no special relationship with the United States.

This is not an aspect of reality that is easy for the Liberal party to face. For the special relationship was not just something the party had adopted out of convenience, something that could be easily cast aside like the policy of opposition to nuclear weapons. It was, historically, their very *raison d'être* as a party, the cornerstone of their philosophy, the thing that differentiated them from the Conservatives, who believed in high tariff walls and the British connection.

When he was talking about our range of options at his October 15 press conference, Trudeau observed that the 1911 election had been fought on the issue of reciprocity versus no-truck-or-trade-with-the-Yankees. He recalled wistfully that no-truck-or-trade-with-the-Yankees had won.

But that victory was short-lived. The special relationship soon came back in the form of Mackenzie King and C. D. Howe, who gave the idea economic flesh and bone and made it work. And so Canada got a slightly diluted version of American prosperity, complete with the high standard of living, the forty-hour work week, and stereo.

And, the Liberals figured, it could go on forever. There were a few who questioned whether this was, in fact, the best thing we could be doing with this country, but they could be dismissed as revolutionaries, romantics and impractical dreamers.

Until August 15, 1971.

Even after the original Nixon message, the import of what he had said took a while to sink in. This is obviously some sort of mistake, Ottawa said. Surely you don't mean us.

The first sign that Ottawa was getting the message came, appropriately, at the Centre for Inter-American Relations in New York City. There, in a September 21 address, Mitchell Sharp, the mild-mannered secretary of state for external affairs, said that "the enunciation of the Nixon Doctrine, and more particularly its specific manifestation in the economic measures taken by the United States last month, has effectively, and perhaps brutally, challenged some of our assumptions and led us to re-examine our position as an industrial and trading nation."

In the code-language of diplomacy, he added that "I hesitate to believe that the United States is now turning its

back on a partnership in the development that has served both our societies well for centuries." He hesitated to believe it, but he had made the suggestion. Then he said, "I do not accept that the United States, in a narrow and short-sighted pursuit of its own interests, has adopted a beggar-my-neighbor policy toward Canada." Now he had made that suggestion too.

Two days later, Ron Collister of the CBC asked Prime Minister Trudeau on the television program "Encounter": "The President's measures, do you think they show a fundamental change in U.S. trade policy? Are we going to have to make fundamental changes in ours in reaction?"

"Yes," answered the prime minister.

Later in the program he added that "when the Americans look at what they're doing they say: 'Well you know, we're doing this to the Japanese and we're doing this to the Europeans', they don't seem to realize what they're doing to Canadians. If they do realize what they're doing and if it becomes apparent that they just want us to be sellers of natural resources to them and buyers of their manufactured products—all these 'ifs'—I repeat we will have to reassess fundamentally our relation with them, trading, political and otherwise."

It was brave talk. Trudeau said that our options ranged all the way from a trade war to a common market with the United States (from no-truck-or-trade to reciprocity), and that was brave talk too.

For it is in the very nature of reciprocity that both parties have to want it for it to come off. And even with Ottawa's inability to gauge American intentions it could perceive that reciprocity was something in which the Americans were not interested.

As for a trade war, if it was to be waged successfully it required firepower and the willingness to use it. Observers noted with interest the government's verbal escalation, which quickly became standard fare in ministerial speeches, and waited to see whether it would be backed up with anything more substantial.

They are still waiting. The American treasury department says that it has a shopping list of grievances against Canada and Mitchell Sharp replies that he has a shopping list of grievances against the United States. But, unlike the Americans, he doesn't give any indication of what he might do to have his grievances redressed.

One did not envy him his chances of success. The uncertainty of American intentions was genuine, although some possibilities—the ones the Liberal government had devoutly hoped for—had now been eliminated. The exact reason why the Nixon Administration leaked the shopping list was unknown; some have suggested that it was meant as an indirect message to the recalcitrant Japanese. Nor was it known why the story was given wildly inordinate prominence by the *Chicago Tribune*, a newspaper so faithful to the Administration as to be almost its unofficial spokesman.

Stripped of its fundamental assumptions and unable to see any substitutes it would find palatable, the government gave the impression of proceeding from day to day, reacting to events, moving this way and then that. It had discovered that a Canadian cabinet minister could criticize the United States in public without the sky falling in. And it was evidently eager to pursue its new-found friendship with the Soviet Union.

But a co-ordinated, decisive independent course still seemed far beyond its power.

Robert Chodos is a member of the Last Post editorial board and heads the magazine's Ottawa bureau.

The saga of



STOMPIN' TOM CONNORS

**from
Skinner's Pond, PEI
(between Frog Pond
and Big Brook)**

The life and times of Canada's most remarkable singer—a cantankerous nationalist, bard of the byways, heir of Wilf Carter, lost lover of the Algoma Central, and the man who gave Canada “Bud The Spud”.

by Mark Starowicz

I The Albert's Hall Jug Band, Nashville North, the Cousin Bill Show and Saturday Night at the Horseshoe.

The Brunswick House is a foamy old hotel and beer parlor at the corner of Bloor and Brunswick in Toronto, and it's developed an interesting schizophrenia over the last few months. The old downstairs section attracts the usual beer-hall crowd—cabbies, construction workers, rubbies and others who stopped in on the way home and didn't leave until the 1 a.m. closing time.

But because it's not far from the University of Toronto, Rochdale College, and the student rooming-house area, and because it always had a lively amateur show, it started pulling in a hairier clientele. It made for an interesting mixture.

Whoever owns the Brunswick obviously had a good eye for a trend, and must have decided that if the young people wanted to mingle with the working class, there was a buck to be made. So a few months ago Albert's Hall opened up on the second floor, and the university crowd started streaming in.

Star attraction in Albert's Hall was a "jug-band" of kids who looked like anthropology students with shaggy beards, dressed in overalls, plunking a broomstick-and-washtub base, blowing into jug bottles, and doing satirical renditions of *The Sheik of Arabee* and *The Green Green Grass of Home*. The place was packed. Shitkickin' music was in anyway; Nashville and Appalachia. Real folks. The middle class wanted Carter Family, and poor people's music, although it was all treated in the spirit of a good joke. Albert's Hall is still packing them in.

* * *

There was this summer (maybe there still is) a program on CTV hosted by Ian and Sylvia Tyson which specialized in country music. It was produced and shot in Canada, and no doubt nicely fit the Canadian content quota. It was called "Nashville North."

* * *

Harry Brown is an announcer at the CBC and, probably because he came from the Maritimes, he used to be the announcer of the Cousin Bill Show, a country music program CBC radio played in Toronto on Saturday mornings. It had quite a following. That's where he first met Tom Connors, when he made a guest appearance on the show.

"Hell, I didn't know what to make of the guy. I didn't know whether to think he was real or a put on. He was either the world's greatest liar or one of the most incredible people I'd ever met. By the time he finished talking and started playing, I was crazy about him. He was no put on."

* * *

The Horseshoe Tavern, probably the national shrine of country music, is on Queen Street near Spadina, near the garment and used-furniture district. It stinks of beer, it's lined with cheap plywood panelling and black and white pictures of ancient country music stars.

It can hold about 300 people, and does, every Friday and Saturday Night. There's a lot of Maritimers, a lot of people in from Sudbury or Timmins or the Soo. The women are dressed up in pink dresses, or frilly blouses, and their hair is up and

sprayed to stay up. The men form a picture of pastel shirts with cigarette packs in the chest pocket, or double-vent jackets, sideburns clipped close to the cheekbone. The people are dressed up; this is a night out.

Beer comes in overpriced jugs or bottles, and you drink it out of short glasses like you get a Coke in at a restaurant. They're sitting a group to a table; two or three couples are making it a night out. At other tables there are groups of men, also a bit dressed up and scrubbed-looking, but they form the rowdier semi-circle around the couples and groups nearer the one-foot-high stage platform. The average age in the place is about 35.

There's godawfully loud music coming from the four men on stage, and it rattles the beer glass on the table so you have to push it back off the edge every ten minutes.

Then Connors comes on: tall, gangling and a little stooped, black cowboy hat, grey shirt with the back vent sticking out under a black leather vest, he tries to grin and keep a cigarette in his mouth at the same time. A roar of clapping and pounding and "Hiya Tom" subsides as he talks:

"Now I ain't gonna tell any Noofoundlander jokes. We don't tell Newfie jokes around Toronto anymore. Mainly cause we're gettin' outnumbered.

"Also cause down in Newfoundland they're startin' to tell Ontario jokes. Lemme tell you this one:

"This here mainlander moves to Newfoundland for some reason or other, and after a few weeks begins to get awful headaches, and notices somethin' funny. There's a ring right around his forehead, all the way around his head. He gets kind of worried after a few days and goes to see this old Newf doctor. Says how come I got these headaches and this ring round my forehead since I come here. I'm really worried.

"Doc says: Why hell, baye, there's nothin' wrong with you. Yer just full of shit and down a quart."

The place is pandemonium—laughing, pounding, beer-spilling, cheering, clapping, and a dozen people crying out "Bud the Spud, Tom", "Big Joe Mufferaw", "Algoma Central", others waving at him "How are ya Tom", whoops, shrieks, yelling, a wall of solid sound lasting minutes, while Connors gawks around wearing a sheepish grin and a long ash falls off his cigarette.

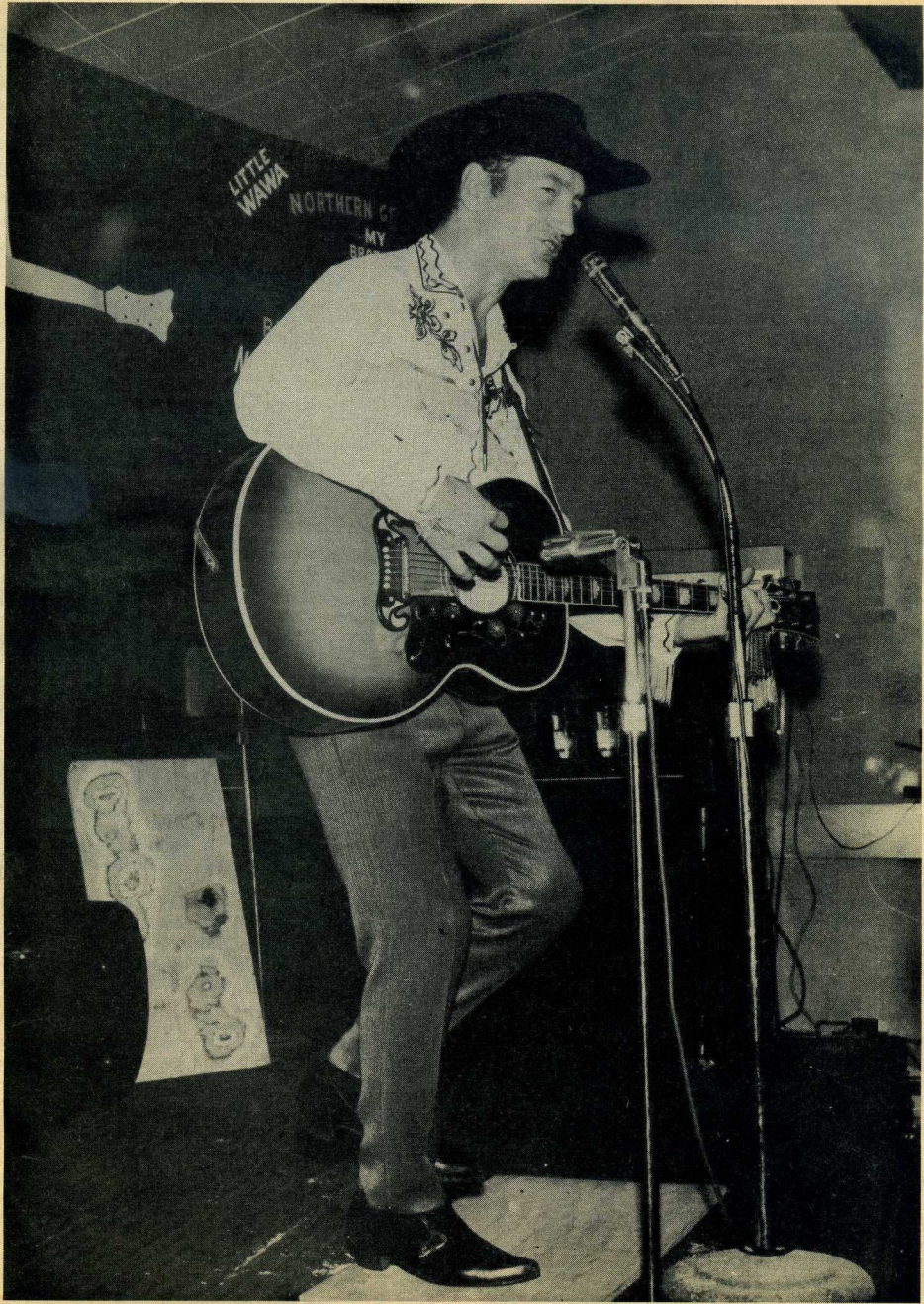
II The Past: the Strathspey, Bluegrass, Hank Snow, Wilf Carter, Rodeo Records, and the day they gave Tom Connors the Golden Spud.

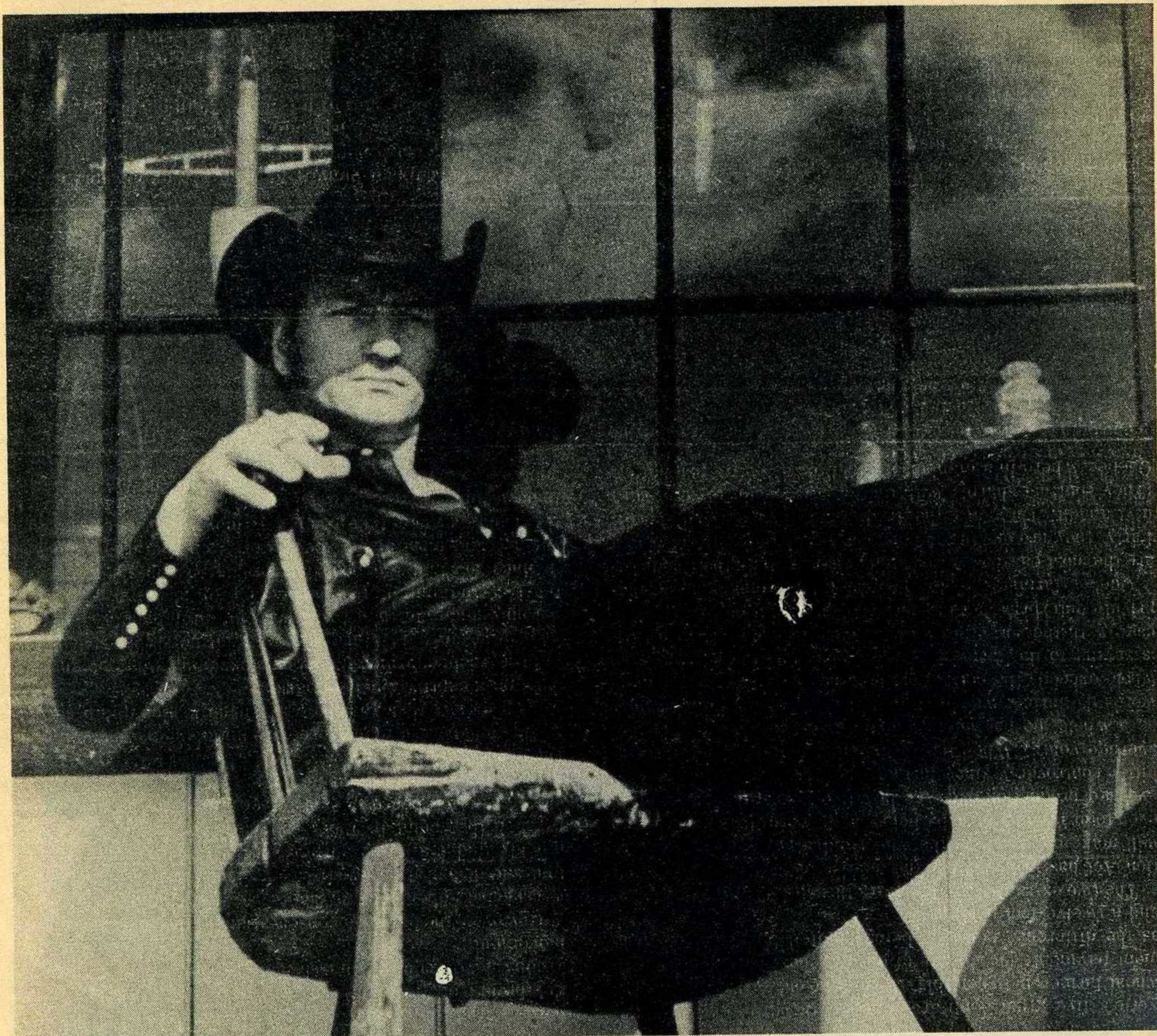
Two very deep cultures developed on this continent, independent of each other, and produced the richest veins of all North American music. When radio came, they met and enriched each other; now one is dying from poverty, and the other is dying from wealth.

In Tennessee and Kentucky it was Bluegrass, and more generally, the country music of Jimmie Rodgers, Hank Williams, and the Carter Family.

In the Canadian Maritimes it didn't get any name, just "Maritime Music", and it spawned Hank Snow, Wilf Carter, Angus Chisholm and Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald, and dozens more whose names are remembered only in the Maritimes.

Both pockets had deep roots in Scottish, Irish and some





French music, both grew their own local variants in the soil of North America, and both nurtured the laments and wit of rural cultures in hard times. The Maritimes had more French, and a strong sea lore which Bluegrass didn't, but still they had a remarkably parallel development.

Maritime Music remained more faithful to the Scottish and French roots. Maritime fiddling, for example, didn't become as fast and flashy as Bluegrass, and is more strict in form, and also more melodic. Bluegrass stressed fast chords instead.

But the parallels are deep. In Maritime fiddling, to take one example, there's something called the Strathspey. It's a dirge-like lament that has a strong hint of bagpipe-sound to the melody and style. In Bluegrass, the equivalent is the lament for lost love—but you no longer hear the bagpipes.

It's risky to make generalizations, however. Whole folk cultures developed independently of each other in the Maritimes, and eastern Quebec, and the Ottawa valley. Prince Edward Island fiddling is quite different from New Brunswick Acadian, which is faster, and just a shade closer to Bluegrass. But Cape Breton Acadian fiddling is closer to Scottish.

"You can get into a pack of trouble making some state-

ments about all this," Tom Gallant, a New Brunswick playwright now in Toronto, and a student of Maritime music, warned me. "A lot of Scottish fiddlers are like high priests, and don't admit to Don Messer, who has taken a more middle-of-the-road approach. But if you tell a Messer fan that he'll tear your head off."

Both Maritime and Bluegrass songs spoke of everyday experiences, and told stories. It was easy, then, for both strands to feed each other, as the basic themes and stories weren't much different.

Records began the Bluegrass-Maritime courtship, but radio made the marriage in the Thirties. Radio also led to an explosion of creativity in Maritime music, and the birth of the greats like Wilf Carter, and Hank Snow.

Rodeo Records was the symphony hall of the Maritime greats. They'd haul in someone like Angus Chisholm, probably the world's greatest living fiddler, and Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald, and for a few bucks and some booze, record 20 or 30 cuts. The fiddlers and singers hardly made a living, but the radios were exploding with their music. And there wasn't a home on the coast that didn't boast a stack of Rodeo Records.

The first king of them all was Wilf Carter, a Nova Scotian who worked in the New Brunswick woods, fancied himself a cowboy, went West, and brought thousands to tears as CBC radio beamed out favorites like "Strawberry Roan." At radio CFXY in Charlottetown, Don Messer brought on the local fiddlers and singers, and became one of the great institutions of the country.

Then the God of them all came on—Hank Snow, a Nova Scotian.

In the Forties and Fifties, boys dreamed of meeting Wilf Carter or Hank Snow, and becoming country singers, like girls in the later Fifties in other parts of the country swooned over Elvis Presley.

Wilf Carter went to the States to gain his fame as Montana Slim. Hank Snow went to the States too, to bat out million-seller after million-seller. In the Maritimes, no matter where Snow lived now, he was the poet laureate. He had roots in both music cultures, and brought them to a new development. Wilf Carter eventually retired and is an old man in Winnipeg now, a lost memory to this generation. Hank Snow, still worshipped in the Maritimes, remains in the United States.

Nashville came along, took a part of Bluegrass and developed an Empire.

In the Maritimes, there were no massive recording companies to spread the music all over the country, Wilf Carter was gone, and Hank Snow was gone.

Toronto killed the Don Messer Show, imported Nashville and electronic perversions of bluegrass from the States, and threw on "Nashville North." You'll see a lot of "Nashville" singers in Toronto bars, and you can catch a really funny put-down act at Albert's Hall.

Tom Connors was in Charlottetown in 1960, and had to sleep in jail because he didn't have a place to stay, although PEI was his native province. Ten years of bumming around Canada, and singing, gave him his start in Ontario and the Lakehead, and finally he recorded "*Bud the Spud*", an incredible piece of PEI nationalism, an epic, centered around the PEI potato. It was the first of his songs that got national attention. It seems the Maritimes had spawned another Wilf Carter, but they hadn't seen him on home soil since they first heard of him with *Bud the Spud*.

Almost exactly 10 years after he had crashed in the Charlottetown jail, Stompin' Tom Connors arrived in Charlottetown airport. He had been invited to play for the country music festival PEI was organizing for Old Home Week.

When he got off the plane, hundreds were waiting, a jam of cars choked the road to the small airport, and the fire department was out to greet him. A motorcade hauled the stunned

Connors through the streets to the concert area, and people lined the roads. When he arrived at the country music festival site, where he was the headliner, thousands were waiting.

Some government minister got up and presented Connors with The Golden Spud, and the thousands were going crazy.

Connors was choked over the award of the gilt-painted plaster potato, and later called it "the greatest moment of my life."

And when he sang that incredible song about trucking potatoes from New Brunswick to Toronto, as Tom Gallant, who was there, said, "the place was pandemonium. I've never seen anything like it. There was hardly a dry eye in the place . . ."

*"It's Bud the Spud, from the bright red mud,
Rollin' down the highway smilin',
The spuds are big, on the back of Bud's rig,
They're from Prince Edward Island . . ."*

*Now from Charlottetown or from Summerside,
They load them down for the big long ride
He jumps in the cab and he's off with the bright
sebagoes*

*"Ya, the cops have been lookin' for the son of a gun
That's been rippin' the tar off the 401
They know the name on the truck shines up in the sun:
Green Gables.
Well, he hits Toronto and it's seven o'clock,
And he backs her up agin' the terminal dock
And the boys gather 'round just to hear him talk,
About another big load of potatoes."*

Wilf Carter and Hank Snow had gone, but Tom Connors came back.



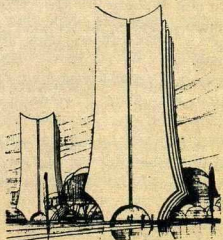
To and from Skinner's Pond, the Coal Boat, Steve-dore Steve Foot, and the Maple Leaf Hotel.

Connors is speaking slowly, almost drowsily, occasionally sipping his beer. We are in Tom Gallant's living room in Toronto, at two in the morning, after the show at the Horse-shoe. Connors is still wearing the battered black cowboy hat, and only once did he remove it for a second to run his hand through his black hair. He stared at a spot in the rug.

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"I was a bastard child; my first memories are of hitchhiking all over the place with my mother. I must have been pretty young, because in all my memories she still had to carry me as she hitchhiked.

"We were on our way somewhere to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, because she had some relatives there or something.

"I was taken away from my mother by the authorities and I remember that night too. There was a couple of detectives and a woman from the Children's Aid, and we fought and scuffled and everything with them and I was hiding under the tables and running all over the place, and anyway, they finally nailed me. From that time I went to an orphanage, St. Patrick's, in Saint John, New Brunswick. And after that—I was there a couple of years—I was adopted out by my foster parents in Skinner's Pond, Prince Edward Island, I guess I was around seven then. I'm 34 now.

"I ran away from home, Skinner's pond, when I was about 13 years old, and from there I went to Saint John and I was working on the docks until the Children's Aid got wind of it again. They told me either they'd send me back to PEI or I'd have to go to school for another couple of years in Saint John. I never lasted out the two years. I joined a K.C. Irving coal boat.

"I had been writing songs since I was about eleven, and when I was in this boarding house in Saint John there was this French fella from New Brunswick who had a guitar; he taught me about three chords, two of which I found out later was wrong, and I bought his guitar for \$19; It was probably worth around \$3, but it was my first guitar. So I started making up tunes too, and would sing some when I worked on the coal boat and all around.

"I started to wander all over the place, all over North America actually; I was travelling with this friend Steve Foot—he's got records out too now, Stevedore Steve Foot. We would often go into a park or something and sit down on the bench and I'd start playing and singing, and when we got a crowd Steve'd pass the hat and we'd get some dimes that way. If the law ran us out of the park and we had to work or something, we'd pick up a job in a construction outfit, work in the bush, or dig a grave like we did for this guy in Fort McLeod, Alberta.

"I guess I had been roaming around for about ten years, anyway, and I had been writing a lot of songs and I'd be knocking on a lot of doors throughout the country. I'd go into different radio stations and ask them if I could sing a couple of songs—some would laugh at you, and others would say ya, c'mon in during the western show and sing a couple.

"I knocked on a lot of recording company doors, and publishing companies, and I was kind of a laugh to them. Because when they heard my material, it was all stuff that I had written, and mainly about this country, and towns in this country, and that was kind of a no-no to these people. You know, they thought if it isn't the Nashville sound, then it just isn't going to go. One thing they were really sure of, nobody wanted to hear anybody sing about places like Timmins or Tillsonburg.

"One day, when I was about 28 or 29 I guess, I arrived in Timmins with about 35 cents in my pocket and I went to the Maple Leaf Hotel. The beer was 40 cents, and I asked the waiter if he'd put up another nickel. He said well, if you play that guitar you got there with you, we'll buy you maybe two or three beers. So I said alright, had a couple of beers and sung a couple of songs, and the next thing I know the bartender calls up the owner, who comes in and offers me a job singing for Friday and Saturday night.

"He said if I could pull a few people in he might give me

\$10 or \$15 and a room. And if you go over, he said, maybe I'll hire you. Best part was the room, cause I had no place to stay that night.

"There was no stage so they just moved one table out of the corner, no microphone, so you just had to shout from one end of the room; it was a long narrow room.

"So then for six months I worked there for \$35 a week; he kept holding me over each week. Then I got a raise to \$75 for another three months, and then another raise to about \$105.

"I started to catch on there in Timmins, and they had me on the radio now and then, and a couple of times on Timmins television. So I began to move out a bit, I went to Kapuskasing, Kirkland Lake, and a few of those places, and eventually it spread out to Sudbury, Wawa, Sault Ste. Marie, all those places. Then I came to Toronto and I got a recording contract.

"You know, all that time before Timmins I just used to roam here and there. There was many times on the highway that if there was no cars coming the particular way I was going, I'd go to the other side of the road and thumb back the other way. Because it didn't matter where I was going, so long as I was going places."

IV

Joe Mufferaw, the Algoma Central and getting pissed in Sudbury.

I never thought that nationalism was so deeply ingrained in this country until the first time I saw Connors at the Horseshoe. To have students, writers and professionals, or disenfranchised businessmen sound nationalist in the wake of surcharges is no shock. But I still wasn't prepared to believe this sentiment ran particularly out of control in Sudbury or Timmins.

And I've seen a packed crowd go wild over a singer before.

But I've never never seen so much unrestrained joy and applause as when this ruffled Islander got up and started strumming something like:

*"She's on a bar-hopping spree
Back in Soo Saint Mareeee,
Because of me
She's now a fallen star
She could have been true,
But I left her in the Soo,
And I travelled North upon the ACR.
Well a-let's go home or be a rover. I've made up my
mind.
So take me home tonight Algoma Central 69."*

Maybe it's the combination of someone singing a Bluegrass love lament, only it's set in the towns that no one would stoop to sing about.

The Toronto subway has ads coaxing and begging people to see a Canadian play at the St. Lawrence Centre, or come to Stratford, and the CRTC's debating Canadian content, and this beer-hall on Queen Street has people going crazy in it and a line-up around the block.

Connors stands on a plywood board ("I ruined so many rugs stomping that bar owners made me stand on a plywood board") and his left boot is smashing a beat that is echoed by

every fist in the room pounding the table. By the end of the night (I saw it) there was a hole in the half-inch thick plywood.

Connors worked as a miner, tobacco picker, coal-boater, construction worker, almost everything. And on his 17 LPs the songs chronicle the smallest towns and the hardest jobs. *Sudbury Saturday Night* is about the joys of getting pissed in that INCO mining and smelting town, and the way he sings it is just what it's like in the Nickel Range Hotel on a Saturday Night—a civil disorder. *Tillsonburg* moans about the lowest

of the migrant labor jobs in Southern Ontario, the miserable tobacco-picking circuit where they used to import blacks from the West Indies to do the dirtiest work. *Coal Boat Song* is a funny love story set around the Newfoundland coal boats. *The Bridge Came Tumbling Down* is an epic song about a disaster that killed 19 men in Vancouver. His songs about the Black Donnellys are masterpieces of Canadian folklore.

Some of the songs are corny, and the rhymes awkward. But after a few minutes that becomes part of Connors too and his gangling, stumbling manner; and they're no cornier than a lot of pieces of country music. Besides, there's nobody complaining at the Horseshoe. Up near the stage there's a group recording parts of the performance for the CBC. But they're only recording the introductions and the applause, because music union regulations prevent transcribing a live performance for straight use on radio without complicated arrangements. But the audience doesn't know that, so when one of the CBC people shuts off the tape recorders as Connors starts to sing, others around that table start getting ugly—"Whatsa matter? You don't like that song? What the hell's wrong with it?"

Connors mentions the name of a town in a song, say Kirkland Lake, and an entire table at the left rear roars and pounds and cheers. They're from Kirkland Lake. And if he sings a song that mentions five towns, the place is like a pin-ball machine—first this lights up, then that one clicks over there, and the other one bongs.

Connors is still talking; it's six in the morning:

"Like when I had that first job for 14 months up in Timmins, a lot of groups came in week after week into a lively town like Timmins. Some big names too.

"And someone would make fun of this guy at the Maple Leaf Hotel. One guy especially, you'd recognize his name, but I won't tell you. I had a song called *Caroline* about Timmins, and a song about Kirkland Lake and Rouyn called *Movin' Out to Rouyn*. And this guy—he had everything all set up—he'd say "And we've got this guy Tom Connors and he's movin' out to Rouyn with Caroline on his back . . . and he's doin' this and he's doin' that" and he went on and on. Needless to say they grabbed him. And he wasn't even playing anywheres near the hotel where I was, but he was in Timmins. But he underestimated the people in Timmins, and how much they liked what I was doing. Because about six of them grabbed him and threw him right out on the sidewalk, with his guitar still on him. Guitar broke into smithereens. Threw him right out the door."



The trip to Hank Snow's ranch: Sleepy McDaniels, the tribute to Wilf Carter.

"I would have had a lot of things to say about Hank Snow but I read an article in which he says that the proudest minute of his life, he says, was in 1958 when he became a citizen of the great United States.

"I could tell you a lot of stories about different times I went to see Hank Snow. I seen me hitchhike 3,000 miles to see Hank Snow.



"The last time I met Hank Snow I was workin' on the same show with him, in the same dressing room. After all the times I tries to meet him and I got snubbed, I always put it down to the man being busy . . . when you really love somebody's music you can make a lot of excuses for them. The show was in Rockfield Park near Orangeville, Ontario, and he's standing there all by himself and I think I'll go over and say something to him. I went over and I held out my hand. I said Hank, I tried to meet you a lot of times before, I don't mean to take up much of your time, but I've always been a fond lover of your music—and I've still got my hand out like that, standing there, he just grunted and mumbled and walked away.

"I think it was two days that I hadn't had anything to eat when I arrived in Rainbow Ranch, Tennessee, and I came there because Hank Snow was 'it'. I was sitting on the corral where he keeps his horse. Me and Steve Foot and a guy named Jimmy Fox. We waited for about two hours, and then all the limousines and busses come. When he sees us he tells his base player, fella called Sleepy McDaniels—he's dead—to get rid of us. So he come over, and asks what's going on boys, and we tell him we hitchhiked all the way from the Maritimes to see Hank, and we sneaked across the border at Fort Erie, Ontario. I remember we sneaked under the rafters under the railroad bridge, and were standing over this water with trains going over waiting for the watchman to change shift so we can sneak past on the lower rafter.

"Anyway, I think Sleepy McDaniels kind of felt sorry for us, and went in and said he'd see if he could get Hank to see us. But he came out after a couple of minutes, and said all about how busy Hank was and everything. Sleepy McDaniels bought us a meal in town later.

* * *

"I was crazy about Hank Snow and Wilf Carter when I was a kid. I wanted to be just like them. I remember hearing their songs on the radio all the time. You know, I've got this song out on my last album called *Tribute to Wilf Carter*. And I was talking to Tommy Hunter the other day, when I was doing his show, and he told me he was in Winnipeg when Wilf Carter was in this radio station recently and this technician asks him if he ever heard my song. So apparently Carter hadn't and this technician plays it for him. Tommy Hunter tells me the guy had tears in his eyes at the end. I'd dearly love to meet that old bugger someday, Jesus I would."

VI Excerpts from a letter written by an irate New Brunswick woman to the Tommy Hunter show.

"Hopefully I was the only one to watch tonight's program. I endured the whole disaster with my head hung in despair and embarrassment.

"He didn't get named Stompin' Tom Connors for sitting on stools. How could you *dare* to sit Stompin' Tom on a high-chair in front of that outrageous set and expect him to sing as he loves to sing? When you finally allowed Tom his stompin' board you placed him in that hideous general store. And the rockers! You might have saved some money by scrapping all those horrible fences, trees, mood scenes and various gadgets that characterize your set.

"Country music sings about life without the frills. Stompin' Tom once said that wherever there is truth, no matter how much garbage and junk it's buried under, it will always manage to make its way through. That is all I want to say."

VII On Newfies, the Country, the City and Nashville.

"I run down myself. I don't run down anybody else. The Newfies can take jokes. If the other nine provinces could laugh at themselves as much as the Newfies can, and take the jokes, this would be a hell of a lot better country to live in. And that's a fact.

"Now, mind you, Prince Edward Islanders are just as good at it, and so are Cape Bretoners, but when you start talking about the Mainland, it starts getting a little worse as you come along. And sophistication, you know, it multiplies itself the further west you go from the islands of the east coast.

"Then you get a strong part in the middle of Ontario, then it starts degressing again little by little. For instance, even in Winnipeg, they're a little higher than they are in Saskatchewan. Saskatchewan are beautiful people, and Alberta and the eastern part of British Columbia. But then you start getting towards Vancouver and you get this thing again. I think it's got a lot to do with rural people. They're closer to the stock."

* * *

"It's not the guy in Sudbury, or Timmins that's hung up on American or Nashville music. It's in the cities.

"Let's face it, the majority of the country is always the poorer class. These are the voters that are *told* how to vote, and where to put their vote, these are the guys that are brain-washed into thinking this is what you should have, and they go along with it. But you can only tell them so long this is what you should do and this is what you shouldn't do.

"But then some jackass like Stompin' Tom comes along and throws a monkey wrench into the whole machinery. I come along and say look that's not the way it is. The way it is is the way you want it. Your kind of thing. We're talking about you. OK, You tell this kind of jokes, you do this, you do that, and that's the way you like it, that's the way you're going to get it.

"We ain't going by what somebody from a university or college or from a government—whatever they say, take it with a grain of salt. But in the meantime we've got some songs here and we're going to sing them the way you like them.

"And you know, that tears them apart. I know. They know. I've done these jobs, I've lived with them. There's not one guy from the working class can come up to me and say, look here, Tom, you're full of shit. They sense it somehow. They know I don't get up there and say Oh Yeah, here I am, I'm the great Stompin' Tom and don't you forget now, you little working men down there, I'm for you.

"Oh No. No. No. They know goddam well that's not the story at all."

Mark Starowicz is one of the founders of The Last Post. He thanks Tom and Cathie Gallant for their assistance and "the crash course on Maritime music."

London's great spy caper

by Gilles Perrault

A French intelligence expert assesses the meaning of the expulsion of Soviet diplomats from London recently, and suggests that this is part of a concerted operation by Western intelligence services to sabotage any growing ententes between Western countries and the Soviet Union.

On the first day, he's number two man in the KGB, on the second day, he's the KGB's number two man in Europe only. On the third day, his power is reduced even further—number two man in Britain. He started out as a General, and now he's only "intermediate level." An uncertain career.

The man reveals, among other things, that Kremlin agents are fanning the flames in Ireland, arming the Catholics, and setting the British trade unions against the Common Market. Now we understand Mr. Heath's difficulties a little more clearly.

They also discovered, in the mass of documents he delivered, a plan to sabotage the Concorde supersonic transport. A strange project. And dangerous, because you might be able to spy on the Concorde without raising alarm, if you're adroit, but you can't sabotage it without alerting the security services. Sabotage is a carefully delivered and aimed blow conducted in a context of chaos. You need a war for professionals to risk it. They don't go in for it much in peacetime. There hasn't been one sabotage recorded in western Europe for 25 years. And the Concorde is going to be the exception? Well . . . no. On second thought, London takes back this suggestion. The sabotage plan goes into the same wastebasket as the "General's" epaulettes.

But 105 Soviets remain pinned all week to the banners of the world press. One hundred and five Soviet diplomats—or apparent diplomats—who are really nothing but spies. British public opinion is boiling over, and European opinion is invited to conclude that "even while they speak of a detente, the Russians keep their fingers in there." A hundred and five pawns expelled. It's a little like the police, confronted by a poison pen letter case, locking up all the postmen.

Whether it's a river or a stream, the information game always has a source. The problem is always to select and recruit interesting "sources"—intellectuals, military men, specialists. Channelling the material is always a secondary problem. What good is the best organized network in the world if there are no informants to feed it? And isn't it a valid expectation to have, after a defection, that some traitors will

be unmasked by the defector?

But only three weeks elapse from the time of the defection and the public announcement of the defection. That's pretty short. And no arrest of any British citizens. And it's a bit too late to start the hunt—the prey is alerted. In sum, a useless move. A hundred and five postmen expelled, and they'll be replaced quickly enough in one fashion or another. One can gather that the great affair that has just shook the world wasn't exactly an information affair.

The Soviets quite justifiably believe that their country should have perished in 1941, thanks to the lack of attention paid by Stalin to the warnings of impending Nazi invasion that his European agents sent. They think—rightly or wrongly—that their networks saved the country from the apocalypse of a "preventive attack" by communicating the secret of the atom bomb. So, they practice espionage like the rest of the world does, but they put into it a furious zeal that you won't find anywhere else.

Installing a few microphones in a foreign embassy, that's fair game. But cluttering in a few dozen, like they did in the American embassy in Moscow, that's bad taste, (and leads furthermore to the ambassador having to place himself in the centre of an empty room, surrounded by a glass cage which excludes all sound, in order to have his confidential conversations.) Not a single Soviet commercial delegation arrives without its specialists in sneak photography. Hardly a diplomat accords an interview to a western journalist without ending the discussion with an offer to "continue exchanging information." Hardly a Western businessman is assigned to the USSR without being "approached." And it's also useless to ask what the objectives of Soviet espionage are: everything interests them, from the speed of the boat to the age of the captain.

This sort of diligence leads most towards amused skepticism: what's the use of collecting all this nonsense? But this enrages the intelligence organizations, because they know very well that the reason for a multiple offensive is to paralyze and disperse the defender.

That's also the double reason for the proliferation of diplomats, which London chooses to become scandalized about. In fact, diplomatic immunity is so tempting that few countries of the world fail to avail themselves of it for their agents. Nor, in fact, do they abuse it. The American diplomatic representation in Santo Domingo is larger than it is in France. It's evident that the CIA finds some of its perches there, as well as in all the American embassies in Latin America. The number of diplomatic posts reflects the concern Washington holds for the particular country.

SPIES . . . SPIES . . . SPIES . . . SPIES . . . SPIES . . .

The FBI, for its part, systematically attaches three agents to watch each Soviet citizen assigned to the United States. And if the Soviet representation should double from one month to another, Mr. Hoover would follow suit and double the number of surveillants—he has the means. But neither MI-5 nor the French DST can permit themselves this, because of manpower limits—proper surveillance cannot be maintained. In London, as in Paris, the counter-espionage men are reduced to the state where their “tailings” and wiretaping are effective in inverse ratio to the “diplomat” placed under surveillance. It’s clear that 500 Soviet residents in London, with the so-called “satellite” embassies’ personnel added, would put the head of MI-5 into a state of powerless exasperation, comparable to the emotion displayed by M. Rochet, head of the DST, when he noisily denounced (during a television debate) the pit of spies which to his eyes festered around every eastern embassy.

But M. Rochet’s eruption had no diplomatic consequences, the French Government knowing only too well that it has no more chance of matching the power of the DST to the KGB than it has of matching the French Army to the Red Army. And London knows that as well as Paris. The only question, then, is why did Mr. Heath’s government decide to suddenly “discover” a reality known to itself for a long time.

On May 25, 1951, Donald Maclean and Guy Burgess, high officials of the Foreign Office, suddenly leave Britain. Moscow agents, they had transmitted a mass of first-rate information concerning NATO and nuclear arms (Maclean was a member of the Anglo-American Committee on atomic questions). Coming after the Fuchs and Pontecorvo affairs, the Burgess-Maclean case gave the coup de grace to the confidence the Americans had in their British partners.

Very quickly, the question arose: “Who warned the two diplomats that they were suspected? Who is the third man?” Years pass before it’s answered. But on October 25, 1955, openly in the House of Commons, Colonel Lipton, a Labor MP, throws this in the face of Anthony Eden: “Has the Prime Minister decided to cover up at all costs the cowardly activities of the third man, Mr. Harold Philby?” Philby was part of the establishment. His father was a sort of Lawrence of Arabia. Studies at Cambridge. Distinguished career in the foreign office, and later in special services. Prime Minister Eden, and Foreign Minister MacMillan, grandly defend his loyalty. Saved by the two Conservative chiefs, Philby, “the third man”, works for another eight weeks for KGB before joining Burgess and Maclean in Moscow.

The establishment never forgave this. The Conservatives could forget even less, since the Profumo affair heaped even more ridicule on top of the Philby affair. There exists between the Conservative Party and the KGB a deeply bitter feeling, and perhaps it found an outlet in the recent explosions.

The affair takes place in a certain context: after the visit of Willy Brandt to the Soviet Union, before Brezhnev’s visit to France, and after the Berlin accord has opened a way to a European security conference. . . .

This is not the first time that a manoeuvre combining politics and intelligence placed itself in the path of the process of detente marked by an opening to the East. Now, if it’s deplorable that diplomats play at being spies, it’s dangerous when intelligence men get mixed up in politics. In Cuba in 1962, at the Bay of Pigs, the United States got a confirmation

of this.

The Topaz affair (on which the movie was based) in France was badly set up by the CIA and ended up a fiasco. As far as it went, it consisted of using the French intelligence service SDECE man in Washington to float the charge that President de Gaulle’s entourage was choked with Soviet agents. There, too, a defector was supposed to have been the one to have brought this news to light. The aim was to paint French policy of opening up to the East as having been engineered by the Kremlin.

It’s also significant that M. Rochet, head of the DST service, did his television act exactly six months before the London affair. The Western security services, obsessed with anti-communism, prisoners of reflexes acquired during the Cold War, consider all attempts at a rapprochement with the East as treason. So strong is their passion that it prevents them from realizing that ideological affinities don’t always coincide anymore with politico-economic realities. It’s interesting in this light to note that Rochet said that “the Americans, we musn’t forget, are our allies.”

But in the case of the Concorde, for example, the danger came from the West, not the East, for the signal reason that the potential competitor of the Franco-British supersonic plane was not the Soviet Tupolev but the American supersonic transport program (before it was scrapped; the Rochet statement came before the SST program was killed). It’s out of the question that a Western airline would buy the Tupolev, anymore than it’s possible that a Polish airline would take an option on the Concorde. The markets are divided. This did not prevent the DST from discreetly observing earlier American attempts to discover the secrets of the Concorde, while the supposed Soviet approaches received the greatest possible publicity from London.

The affair of Algerian oil also showed most clearly that reality escaped those who operated from rigid preconceptions. Because it wasn’t the USSR you found side-by-side with socialist Algeria, but the American oil companies led by Gulf. And, when the American “ally” defected, it was the Soviet Union which offered its natural gas to France, and offered to construct a refining plant in Le Havre.

In August, we learned from the Czech General Senja, in refuge in the United States, that the Red Army was put on a war footing, that the ration cards were ready for all of Western Europe, and that each community in France would have as mayor a Soviet citizen already assigned and trained for his future functions. . . . At the beginning of September, “revelations” that Martin Bormann was a Soviet Agent assured the success of the “memoires” of the ex-Nazi general Gehlen, a known creation of the CIA, and whose book rails against Brandt’s “Ostpolitik”. Then we have the London affair.

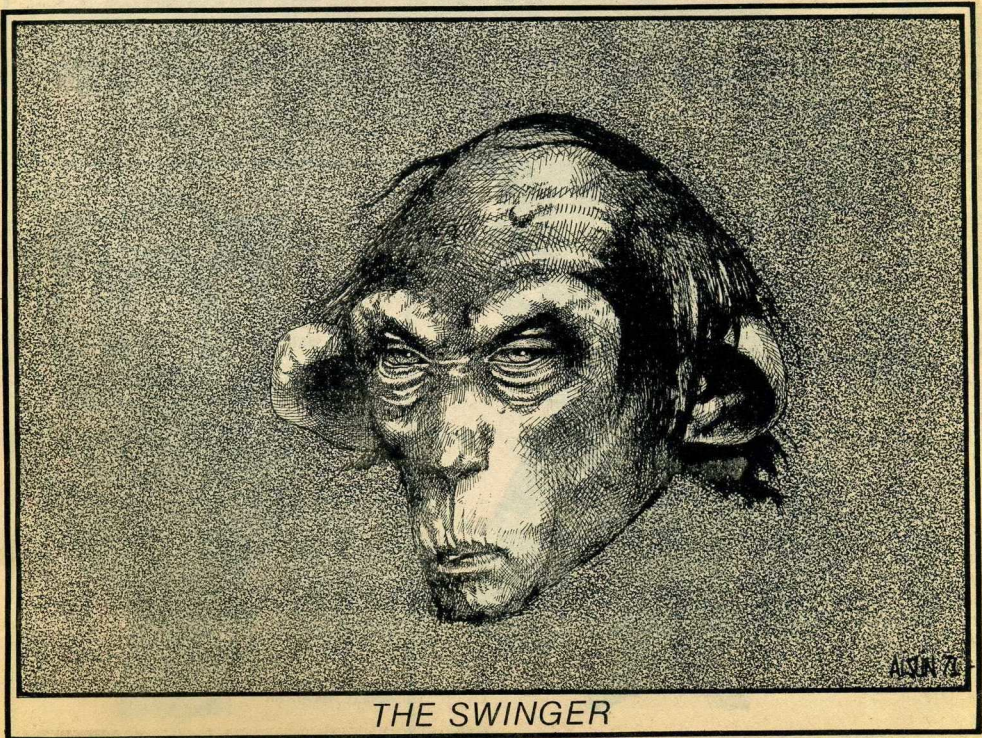
Perhaps it’s all a coincidence.

Gilles Perrault is author of The Red Orchestra, a much-acclaimed history of Soviet intelligence operations against Hitler during the Second World War, and also one of the leading experts on Western intelligence operations today. His piece appeared first in the Paris newsmagazine, Le Nouvel Observateur.

The cartoons on the next four pages are by Terry Mosher, better known to Last Post readers as 'Aislin'. They are a selection from his book, soon to be published, that brings together 100 of the best cartoons he has done over the past three years.

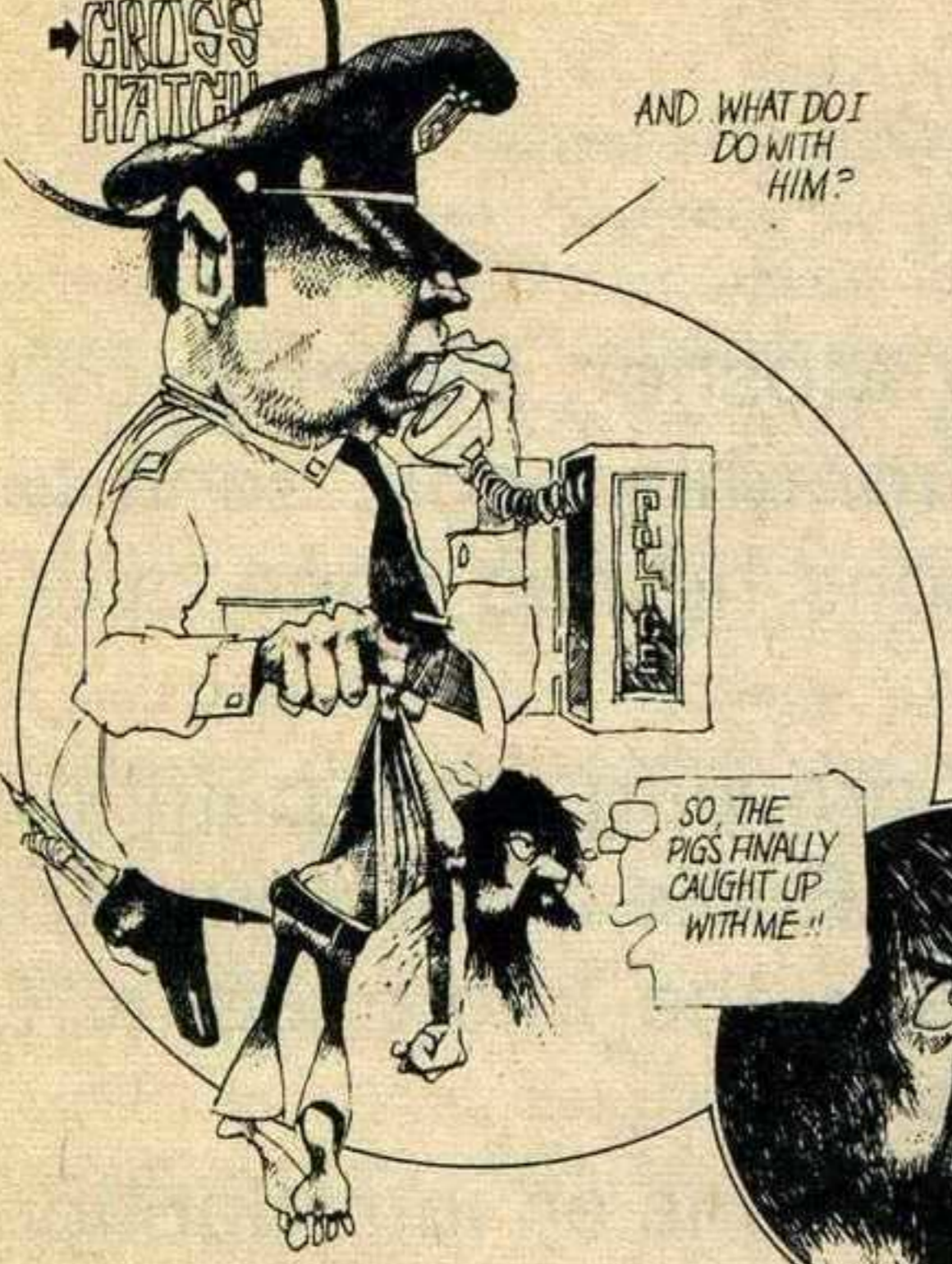
A founding member of Last Post, Terry studied drawing and painting in Toronto and Quebec City, where he graduated from the Ecole des Beaux Arts in 1967. At present travelling in Europe, he won awards in the International Cartoon and Caricature Salon in 1968 and 1970.

The 108 page book called 'Aislin 100 Caricatures' contains an introduction by Peter Desbarats and J. V. Dufresne, includes four color plates, and costs \$2.50. It is published by APS Publishing Services Ltd, 892 Sherbrooke St. West, Montreal, and may be obtained in bookstores or ordered direct from the publisher.



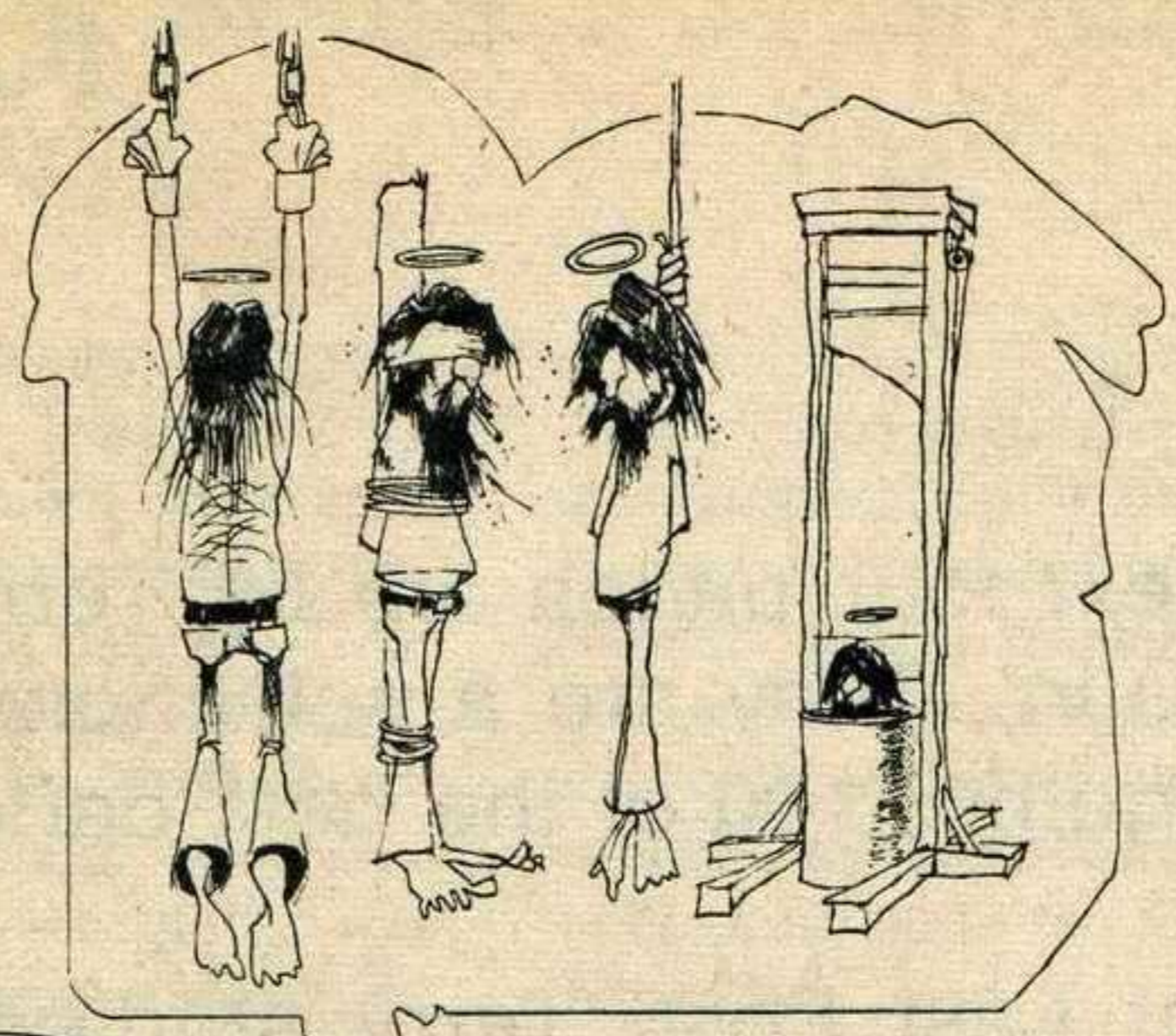
AI SLIN'S
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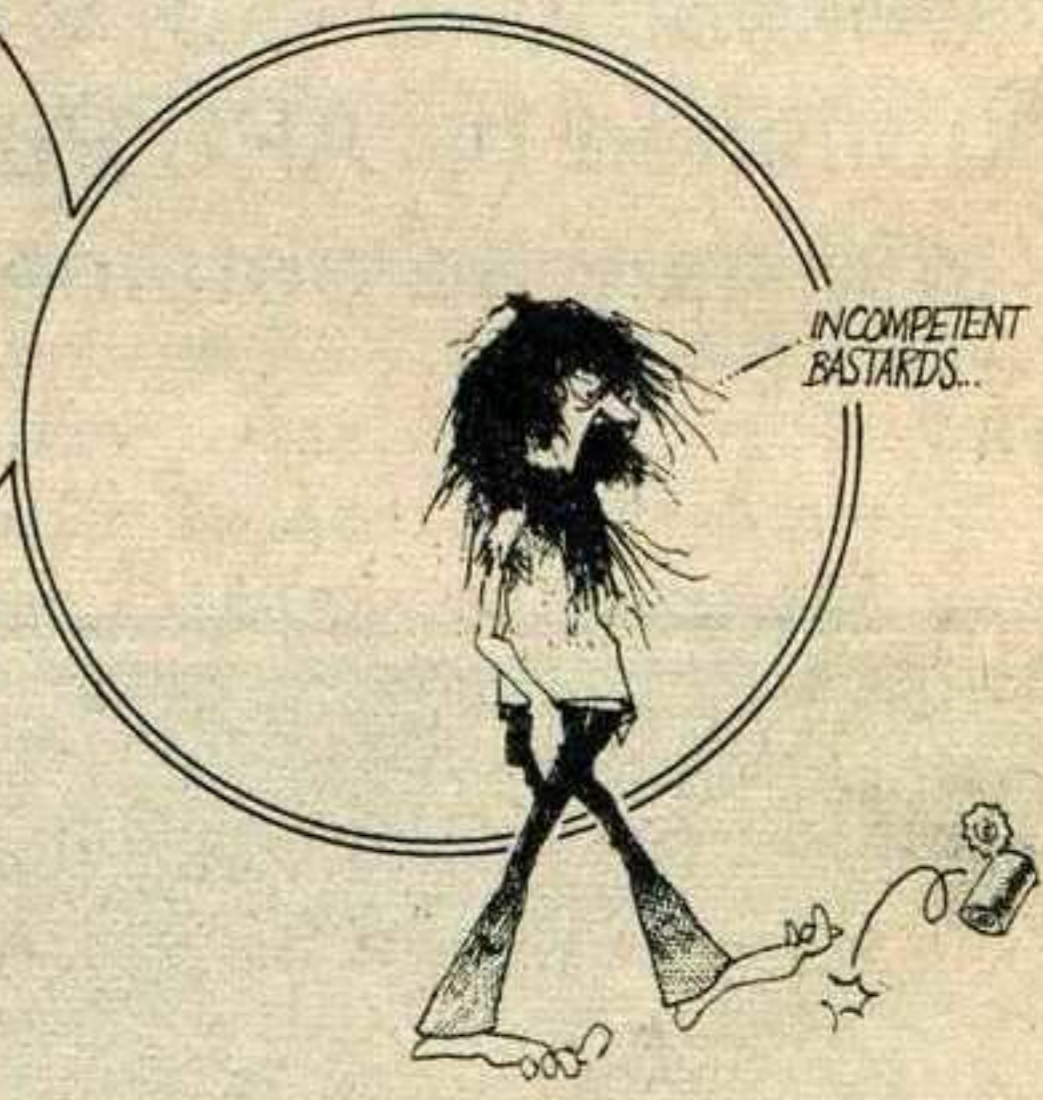


AND WHAT DO I
DO WITH
HIM?

SO THE
PIGS FINALLY
CAUGHT UP
WITH ME!!



DON'T CALL
US! WE'LL CALL YOU!

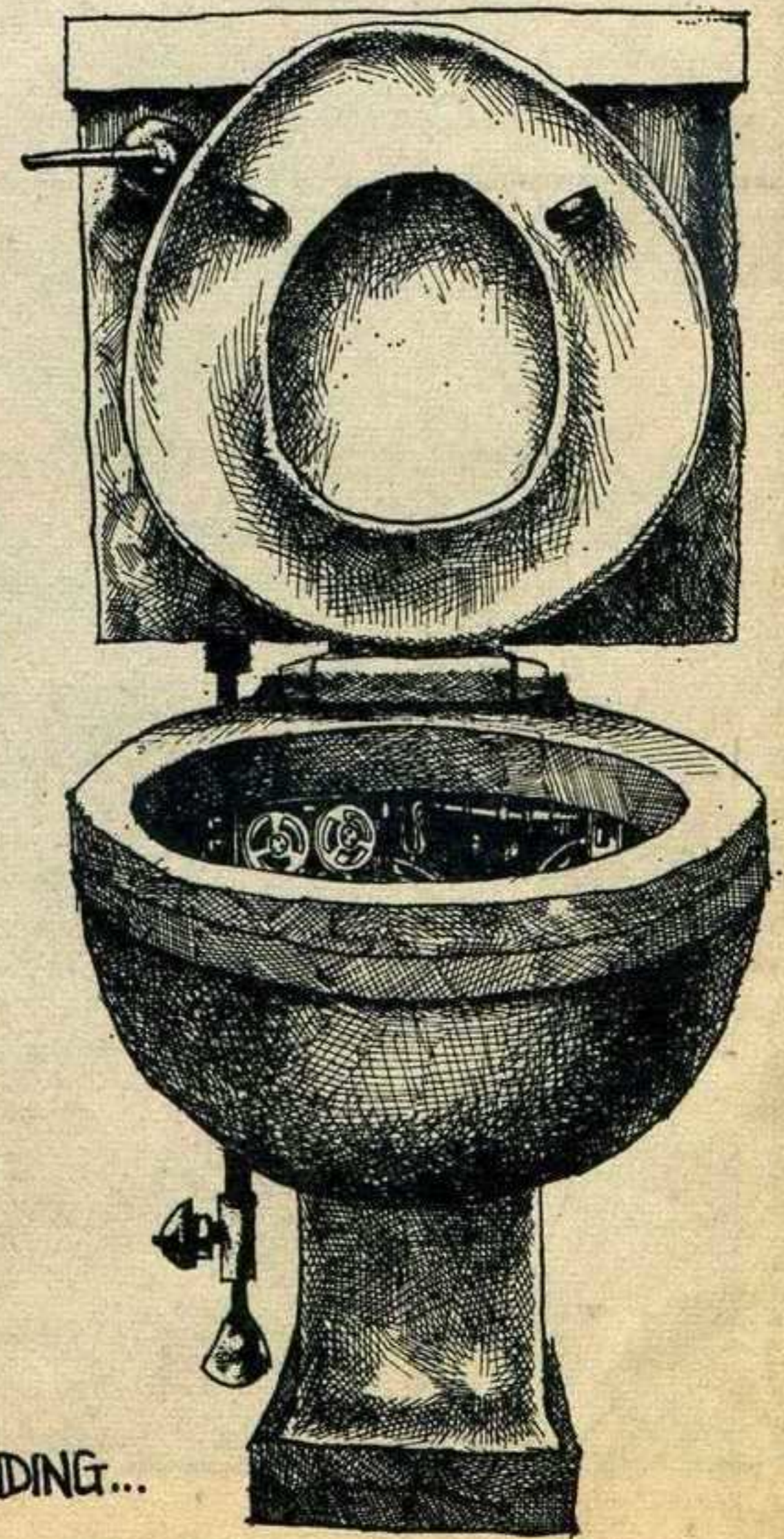


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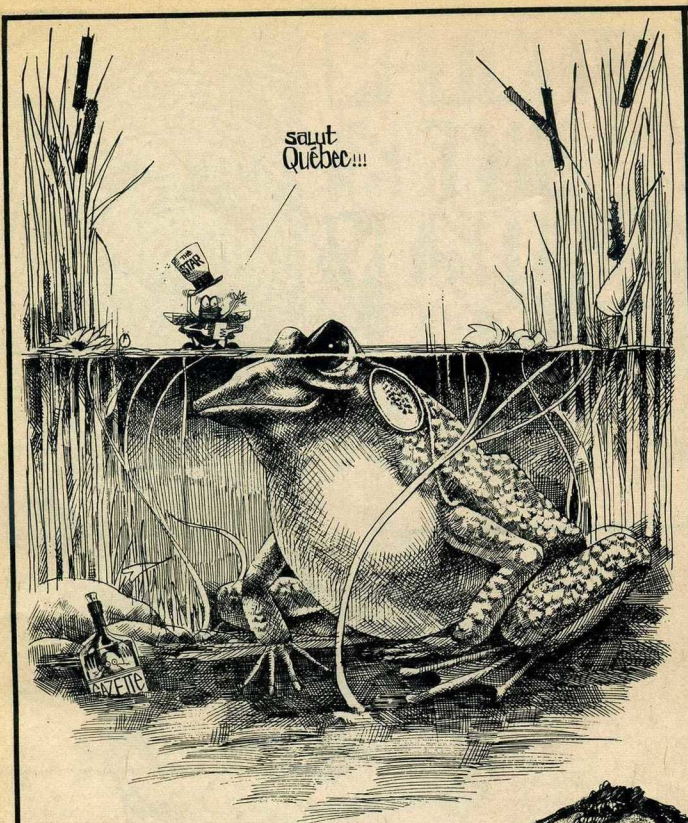
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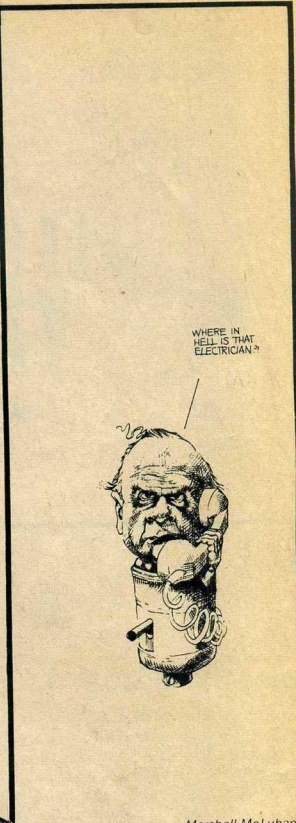
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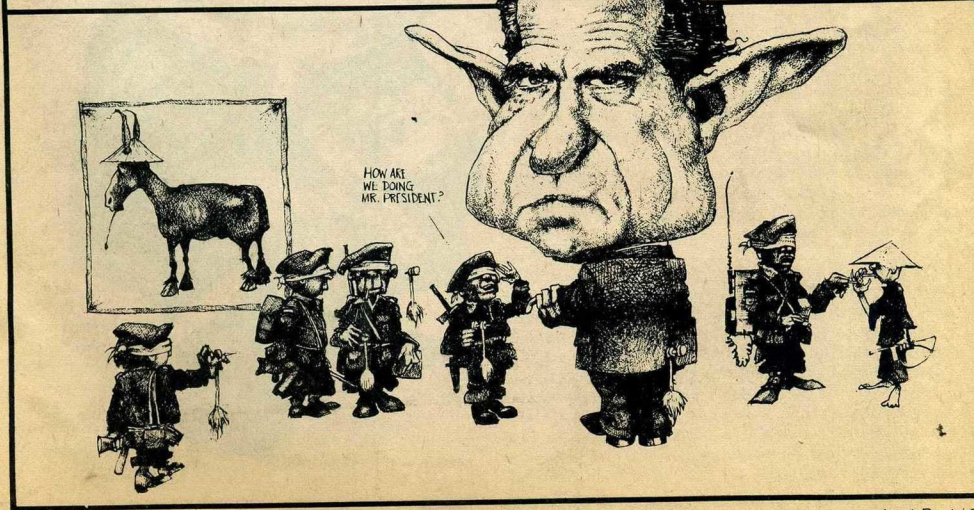
PATENT PENDING...



The Montreal Star adjusts to the New Quebec

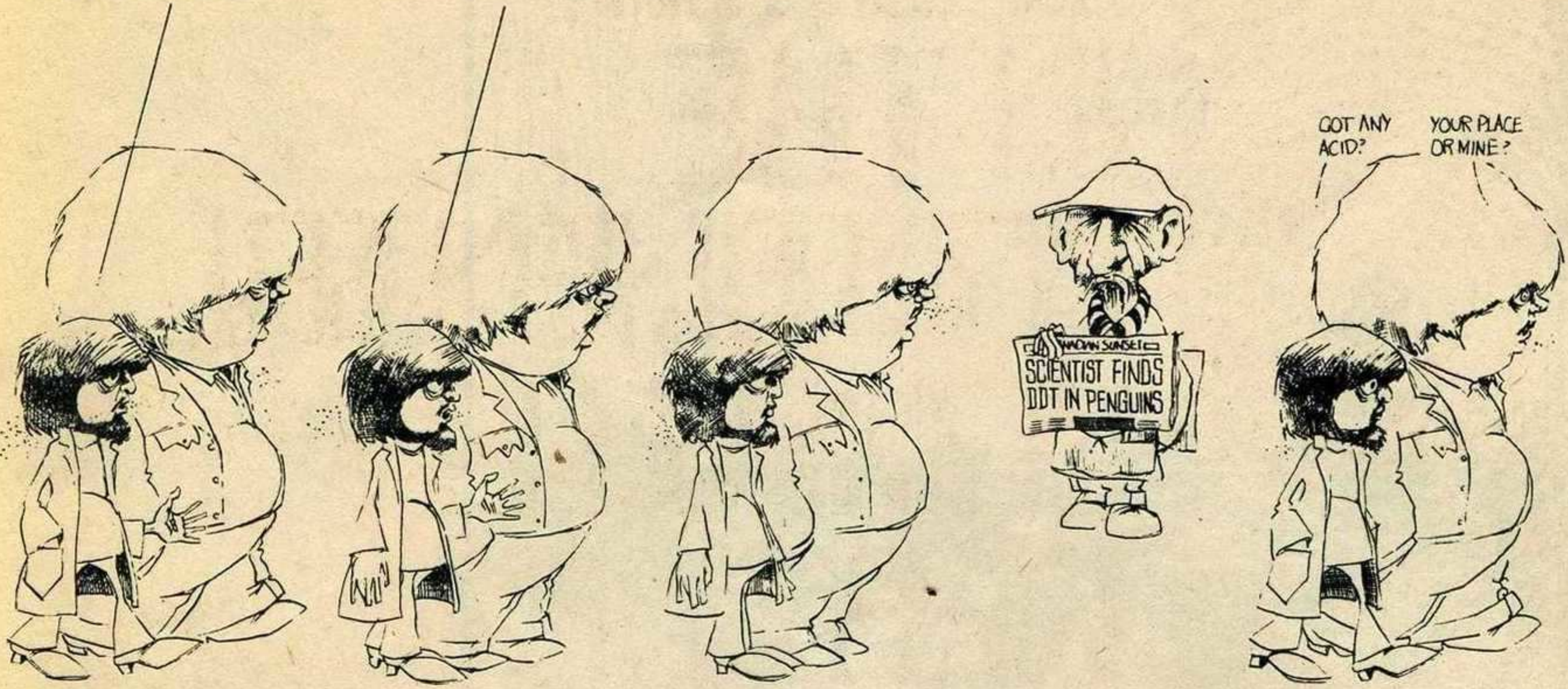


Marshall McLuhan



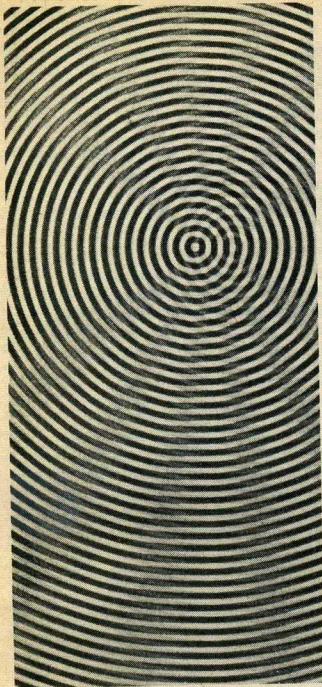
...YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
GARBAGE IN THE WATER
GARBAGE IN THE AIR
GARBAGE IN OUR FOOD
GARBAGE IN THE GOVERNMENT!

SO MAYBE TEN OR TWELVE OF
US COULD GET OURSELVES
TOGETHER & BUY SOME LAND
WAY UP NORTH. JUST THINK
WHAT WE COULD...



FOR
CHRIST'S
SAKE





CAUGHT IN THE CONTINENTAL COMPUTER WEB

by Richard Liskeard

One of the better rib-tickers that can be thrown into the Keystone Kops Kontinentalism file the Liberals are so impressively amassing happened almost two years ago.

A man of no less stature than George McIlraith was Solicitor-General at the time, and it came to pass that he got a free tour of the FBI computer centre when he was down in Washington.

Much to his surprise, a request for information on a stolen car came pounding out on the computer from RCMP headquarters in Ottawa. Apparently an RCMP constable in Swift Current, Sask. was checking out an Ontario car that had been parked in his town for two days. He radioed his local dispatcher who queried RCMP headquarters on the teletype network.

While the constable waited in his car, Ottawa headquarters perused their file on stolen cars and came up with nothing. Ottawa apparently decided to check with the FBI in Washington if they had any record of the car.

As McIlraith watched, the computer in Washington replied that the car had been stolen in Scarborough, Ont. only four days before.

No comment was made by McIlraith as to why data was being stored in an FBI computer and not in RCMP headquarters. But RCMP Commissioner W. L. Higgett said his force was using the FBI computer because it "... can locate the information and transmit it to Ottawa faster than the RCMP can search its own files manually."

Although the RCMP got its own computer, following this episode, this only accelerated the exchange of data between them and the FBI.

The episode is only a tiny example of what is becoming one of the greatest threats to Canadian sovereignty: Losing control of our data and information transfer systems to the United States. This has implications for security, industrial development, education, and scientific research. It is such a threat that the Science Council of Canada recently declared it one of the nation's top priorities to kill this trend.

The head of the federal task force on computer communications, Dr. Hans Jacob von Baeyer, likes to tell another story. He says it's true, and it goes like this:

A man brought a large suitcase full of computer punch cards to a Canadian customs shed as he came in from the U.S., and was told he'd have to pay duty.

The customs official decided the cards should be assessed as paper for import purposes. Then he noticed that there were holes punched in the cards.

"This paper is used," he said, "used paper comes in at a lower rate." And the man brought the cards in as cheap used paper.

"There could have been a hundred thousand dollars' worth of programming on those cards," Baeyer says. He offers it as proof of how impossible it is to stop the flow of computerized information into and out of Canada.

The historian Harold Innis devised what is probably the most significant theory of Canadian communications, as related to the survival of the nation. Briefly it runs like this: Canada, in order to survive, must link itself horizontally along the 49th parallel. Canada ceases to be a political entity when communications lines go north-south. On the basis of this, he calls the building of the CPR in the

19th century the *sine qua non* of the Canadian nation.

This theory became the basis of all Canadian nationalism, both conservative and socialist. Both these political groups allied to found the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, an electronic CPR, on the theory that otherwise American broadcasting would kill us. The National Film Board, and Air Canada are similar pieces of government legislation that are *per se* economically illogical, but politically critical if you start from the premise that you must keep the nation a political reality. The traditional enemy of this view, as George Grant points out in *Lament for a Nation*, is the Liberal continentalist—the politician who says economics cannot be interfered with.

In a small report issued a few weeks ago the Science Council, a government advisory group like the Economic Council, declared the computer data flows of this country to be on the verge of being lost to the U.S., and stated that at all costs an "east-west" flow of data must be established by the government, linking it in urgency to the past need to build a CPR and a CBC.

Compared to the great debates that preceded the CPR and the CBC, the crisis has crept up on most Canadians. The report may sound alarmist. The fault lies at least partially with the press. First of all, the papers gave only small notice to the publication of the Council's report. Only two smaller-town papers wrote editorials on its appearance. It has, in short, been buried. Secondly, the growing crisis facing the computer industry, and the magnitude of its implications, were never even touched on by the press.

A previous report of the Science Council noted that "the electronic computer may well be the basis in the 1970's of the world's third largest industry, after petroleum and automobiles, and just as these existing industrial complexes have wrought innumerable industrial changes in contemporary society, so the computer industry will play a major role in shaping the society of tomorrow."

The report wasn't exaggerating.

The computer industry is the world's fastest growing industry. Worldwide revenue for it has grown from \$975 million (U.S.) in 1960 to \$10 billion in 1969—a more than tenfold increase.

By 1974, it's expected to more than double from that to \$24 billion.

A British example dramatizes it another way: by 1980 it's predicted that the computer industry will approach four per cent of the Gross National Product. In France it's expected to overtake that country's large automobile industry by 1976.

In Canada it's projected that by 1979, if our GNP is estimated then at \$145 billion, the computer industry might be up to five per cent of that GNP. By way of comparison, we spent four per cent of our GNP on new cars in 1968.

This makes it all sound peaches for Canada's computer industry, much of it concentrated in Calgary (because of the oil industry). Growth. Profits. Markets. No fundamental factor seems to bar the road.

But instead, it's reeling. Or as the Science Council put it: "The Technology of Technologies is sick in Canada."

Canadian computer firms are beginning to die like flies. Takeovers by American data giants are taking place as regular as clockwork. One estimate is that Canadian computer firms have suffered a 30 per cent decline in business. In Calgary in 1970, about 300 people are estimated to have lost their jobs in that city's computer industry alone. In Kitchener-Waterloo, over 40 highly trained computer-programmers are listed with the unem-

ployment office. A national estimate is as yet impossible to arrive at. It has reached the proportions of an industrial crisis, in the assessment of the Science Council, an organization not usually noted for alarmist tendencies.

The key factor in this anaemic death in the industry is illustrated by Baeyer's story of the man with a suitcase full of computer cards.

Calgary subsidiaries of U.S. oil companies send their data in the form of magnetic tape or telephone lines to parent firms' computers in the U.S. The processed data comes back to Canada and is charged duty on the cost of the tape—\$30 to \$40.

This isn't restricted to the oil industry. The key point is that what has hit a hundred other industries that have high American ownership here has hit the computer industry too. An American firm, almost invariably a subsidiary, will use either the facilities of the parent firm, or the subsidiary in Canada of the computer company that the oil company's parent company uses in the States. Keeps the billing simple.

The process is illustrated by what's happening to Canada's ad agencies—over a dozen have folded in a period of three years through the following mechanism: If Ford in the U.S. has an account with an agency in New York, then Ford in Canada uses as its ad agency the Canadian subsidiary of the New York ad firm. Foreign ownership reaches its own cruising speed in the victim territory—the effects of foreign ownership extend far beyond who owns the plant itself. It affects the development of the entire industrial sector.

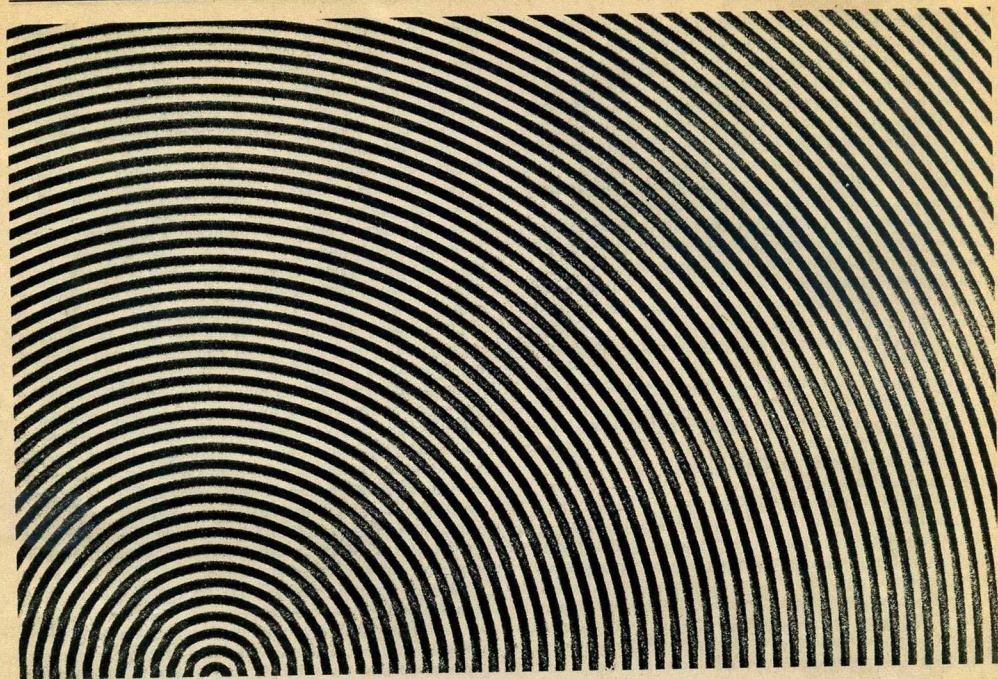
If Canadian ad agencies fold, so do supportive graphics industries; freelance photographers are forced out of work; copywriters are driven out of the market.

The Science Council's report recognizes this: "...the creation of source material for services, such as information banks and computer-assisted learning, would migrate to the points of supply of these services. Thus much of the information and many of the ideas and values which underpin our society would eventually become largely alien. The Science Council, as a group of concerned and informed Canadians, consider these trends to be unacceptable."

Not only are supportive industries—(everything from the companies that make computer cards, to electronics firms that make the circuits, to fine metal firms that make the bodies, to the electricians whose skills provide the construction, to the university engineering faculties that research and provide the trained manpower)—going to die off with the nub industry dying, but much more. Accessibility to data transmission and data banks play a large role in determining where a new industry will locate. If there isn't a good terminal in Quebec City, a company won't be too interested in locating in the economically depressed Gaspé. A computer trunk line is a road. And you don't build an industry where a road doesn't extend.

But we're talking about even more dangerous implications. To understand the threat of not having national control of the computer industry and the data network, we must understand the vast implications of computers.

The U.S. DATRAN company has predicted a volume of some 8,000 computer communications "calls", or transactions *per second* in the United States by 1980. An article in *Fortune* has predicted that 50 per cent of U.S. computers will be inter-connected by 1974. Britain expects 50,000 computer terminals by 1973 and half a million by 1983—that's active computer data units, each an outlet of its own, like a telephone, seeking information from each



other and from central data banks. By 1980, DATRAN predicts, there will be 2.5 million data terminals in the U.S.

The trick will be not whether you have a computer, but who has the massive data banks. Universities in the United States are already linking specialized information pools. A chemical data bank is linked to a biological data bank, for the smaller computers anywhere to query either or both.

Central data banks are assembled where there is a vast network of computers worth serving. If Canada does not assemble its data banks, it will have to plug into American data banks, and we'll have to file our information into American pools. The real power in this system lies in who controls what goes in and out of the banks. As in many things, it's not the information itself that frequently determines the product, but what kind of information is gathered, and how it's assembled and joined. If every Canadian university didn't have a library of its own, it would have to depend on U.S. university libraries, and whether or not they felt like building up Canadian history sections. Medical students go where the best medical faculties and libraries are. A computer data bank is analagous.

It's critical not only to build up banks, but much more vital to build up a central network of access to the banks. For this reason, the Science Council report states that it is imperative to create a "National Spine", with branch lines, linking an east-to-west network, or it will flow north-south.

From his desk in downtown Ottawa, Baeyer pulls a full-page ad from the *Calgary Albertan*, announcing extension of the Cybernet data centre network into Canada.

Cybernet is a U.S.-based computer system with a linked

chain of giant computers and data banks in Washington, New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Los Angeles and other big U.S. cities. Customers in any one of these points can rent use of part or all of the facilities, and that allows them free access to the entire multi-million dollar network.

The *Albertan* ad meant Calgary computer-users would have partial access to Cybernet's U.S.-based equipment. Of course, even with a healthy Canadian system, there would be massive intercourse between Canadian and American data banks—Canada can't try to assemble the last word on everything and hide itself from the data banks of the world. But that's not the danger lurking in the Cybernet ad.

A Calgary subscriber to Cybernet would get services for the same price as a subscriber in Palo Alto, California—despite the added distance from the computers.

Somebody has scribbled the word "dumping" beside this paragraph in the ad in Baeyer's hands.

That term is normally applied to more tangible commodities, and refers to selling an item in a foreign country below the price in the country where it's made. In Canada, most dumping is illegal.

Should a U.S. company be able to sell computer services cheaply in Canada because their biggest costs are already paid for by their U.S. operations? If such unrestricted competition should be allowed, Canadian firms, who have higher costs, would go under in no time. And that's exactly what's happening.

Baeyer says he isn't sure whether anti-dumping laws could be applied to selling information—which is what Cybernet does.

The Science Council's thin 42-page report is historic in its importance because it drops the statement that chills most of Ottawa: ". . . it will be necessary to restrict the free play of market forces" Careers have been ruined for lesser slips in the cafeterias of the civil service.

The analysis contained in this document falls short in few places, and merits close attention.

Noting the healthy start the Canadian computer industry got in the 50's, it goes on to state: "This initial effort has been replaced by branch plant manufacturing sustained by tariff barriers and industrial incentive funds. Canadian participation in the broad range of opportunities for hardware development and manufacture has been extremely small, and the software and computer service industries are generally weak and shaky. Most of our computer service bureaus are reporting annual losses and several have been taken over by U.S. firms. (The lion's share of revenues . . . is enjoyed by foreign-owned computer firms.) . . ."

The report names the following causes for this malaise:

- foreign competition
- small and scattered markets,
- industrial fragmentation
- the effects of Canadian geography,
- high costs.

"The Council feels," the report states, "that branch plant status for the Canadian computer industry is just not good enough.

"Leaving aside questions of exports, excessive dependence on foreign suppliers and lack of worthwhile jobs for highly-educated Canadians, we are above all faced with the urgent need to exercise control over the shape and thrust of industry, so that its development may be harmonised with our social priorities." Mark, that last sentence refers to all "industry", not just the computer industry.

Predicting that by building our own national computer communications network "we will make a radical change in the mental resources of our society," the report adds: ". . . because of the pervasive influence of computers on social and cultural affairs, on national unity and on our sense of national identity we feel that Canadians *must* be able to control fully the development of computer communications networks in Canada."

The report argues for a national spinal communications network, tying together regional subnetworks, controlled by a single organization, with government participation and regulation.

It notes that "no long-range commitments to build [such a network] of a scale comparable to the commitments made in the United States . . . have been announced by Canadian organizations. Thus, in the absence of government initiatives, it seems likely that Canadian computer communications facilities will remain essentially in their present state for some time to come."

Dr. J. Kates, president of one Canadian computer firm, SETAK, Ltd., has said that there may be substantially *no* Canadian computer service industry five years hence, if the operating climate of these companies is not greatly improved.

The Council warns of the results:

- a continual outflow of funds for network charges to the U.S. "of a magnitude and growth rate largely beyond our control."
- little control by Canadians of privacy and security stan-

dards (Most Canadian life insurance firms already store their private data on customers in U.S. banks with parent companies; the possibilities of an international credit control system are staggering; and we already know about the RCMP and how jealously it keeps its data from the FBI—it doesn't take much to extrapolate into defence and political information).

■ little opportunity for Canadian bodies even to verify that advertised standards of privacy and security are in fact being met.

■ cheaper service from U.S. points, leading to the decline or death of our industry.

■ social implications of basic information being calibrated to U.S. views, priorities and standards, thus affecting our own.

The report, in its description of the problem, is magnificent, even eloquent. It becomes disappointing in the solution it demands.

The need for a National Spine, with subtrunks to get the service to more outlying areas is critical. But the ownership of such a vastly powerful system is even more critical. The report suggests a private organization, with federal regulation, presumably similar to the Bell Telephone, or the federal government holding "a controlling interest" in a mixed public-private venture.

It has been suggested that the Science Council, already fearful of having made radical suggestions, played "conservative" on this recommendation.

What in fact the Council has done is made the most eloquent case of the desperate need for nationalization of the computer industry, and its being conducted in the national interest in a manner similar to a crown corporation such as the CBC. Allying with private enterprise is merely to give such private companies cosy participation and handouts in what is going to have to be a massive investment effort by the public purse.

CTV is a privately owned but federally-regulated body, and it has devised every conceivable stratagem to put out cheap and useless Canadian television content, drowning us in one-man quiz shows with sound-track audiences, as a guise for importing American programming. It has contributed relatively little to the encouragement and building of Canadian talent and resource. We will get a CTV of information systems under the Science Council's timid backing-off at the last, crucial step.

The Council may be forgiven for anticipating that any Liberal or Conservative, and probably NDP government would fear to nationalize in this area where nationalization is so critically needed, because such a move would be a recognition of the need to have government control of key economic and social sectors that would open floodgates—energy resources, dying media, etc. Might spread. Awful.

There has been no official government reaction to the report as this journal goes to press. The Science Council has no powers but to make recommendations. The government can totally ignore any proposals and doesn't even have to respond. An overall Communications Task Force report is expected sometime in January, and official reaction is perhaps being delayed until that report appears.

Or perhaps such an eloquent description of colonial status of our industry, coupled with an analysis of how foreign capital's effects are detrimental far beyond the bounds of the actual industry owned, is better not advertised by the Liberal government.

STRIKEBREAKERS

INC.

It's no light responsibility to be the head of the third-largest private police force operating in Canada. Raymond Anning's image fits the job. His voice is distinguished, his manner polite, his answers brisk and precise, his comments discreet—as one would expect from a man who spent five years in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police and four years with the Metro Toronto force.

Anning is the president of the security guard company, Wackenhut of Canada, with at least 600 men at his disposal. Until recently, he was the head of Anning Services Ltd. of Toronto, which he founded in 1963. But this company has recently, as is the custom these days, become part of the world-wide operations of U.S.-owned Wackenhut. It has been grouped with two other, formerly Canadian security outfits—Trans-Canada Protection Services of Toronto and Argus Protection and Investigation Service of Windsor—and turned into the usual branch plant with Anning as its chief officer.

Privately-owned police forces provide many services. One of the best-known, but least important, is the private detective work familiar to anyone who has ever read a mystery story.

One of the least known, but most important, is the provision of uniformed private police for what an Anning's advertisement modestly calls "strike control."

When talking to the press, Raymond Anning manages to make "strike control" seem about as sinister as drinking milk. "The term strike control," he says, "is often taken to mean hostility to labor and unions and as being political. We don't interpret this term as strike-breaking. We strictly provide uniformed guards. We protect premises during a labor dispute. We are impartial as to who is right or wrong. Our only job is to see there's no damage to property. This is a right of any individual, even union members too."

That's when he's talking to the press.

But if that was all company bosses wanted, they could probably make do with the local Boy Scout troop. They want more for their money. Especially if they belong to the growing list of manufacturers who welcome strikes, so that they can hire scabs and break the unions in their plants. It's so much easier to deal with a man who has to stand alone in his dealings with management—like the unorganized, average white collar clerk, whose dreamiest idea of striking a blow for his own rights is to steal an extra five minutes for his coffee break.

Anning explains his "services" differently when he is talking to business executives.

At the top of an attractive leaflet put out by Anning Services Ltd., and intended only for the eyes of the upper-level administrator, there appears the name "Case No. 444." The "Client" is described as being "An Ontario Manufacturer". The headline reads: "Labour crisis resolved with aid of security team."

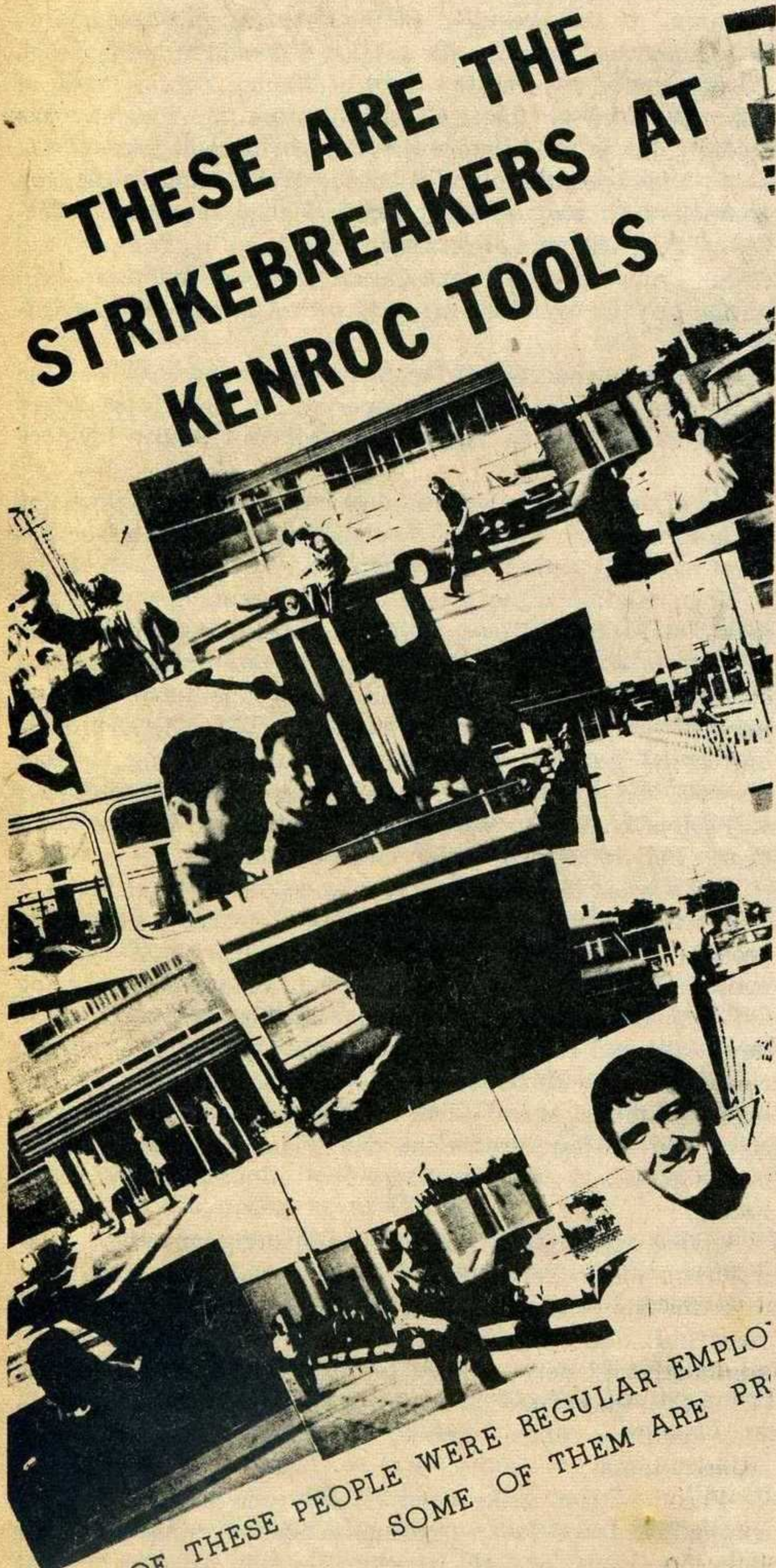
"Faced with a strike deadline only one week away, this company's labor lawyer recommended Anning's Labour Relations Divisions," the brochure begins. It explains that Anning's put uniformed security guards around the plant two days before the strike, and extended this around the clock the day the strike began.

"Since this was not a closed shop," the leaflet continues, "a number of employees wanted to continue working. But their attempts to cross the picket line were restricted. Nevertheless, management decided that the company must continue

by Drummond Burgess

Steelworkers' pamphlet
tells the story
of Kenroc Tools strike

THESE ARE THE STRIKEBREAKERS AT KENROC TOOLS



NONE OF THESE PEOPLE WERE REGULAR EMPLOYEES
SOME OF THEM ARE PICKET LINE

to operate. Arrangements were made to transport, in Anning vehicles, the workers who wanted to cross the picket line and enter the plant."

This would seem to strain somewhat the Anning claim that its operations are "impartial".

The leaflet continues: "During the third week the company advertized for, and hired, additional personnel to fill the vacancies created by the strike. These people were also picked up at designated areas by Anning vehicles and driven through the picket line to the plant."

There is a name for men who are hired to cross a picket line during a strike. They are scabs, and if transporting scabs is "impartial", then union members might well wonder what Anning's would do if it decided to proclaim it was taking sides.

"Meanwhile the union was getting worried," the leaflet proceeds. "Realizing they didn't have enough pickets to stop this activity, they applied to other unions for assistance. Their request was answered, and soon there were some 300 pickets milling around in front of the plant. But despite this formidable crowd, both new and old employees continued to be transported to their jobs in Anning vehicles.

"By now the company was facing another problem. It could neither ship nor receive goods by transport because all transport drivers refused to cross the picket line."

Quite a problem. But Anning's had an answer for that one too.

"'Why not,' suggested Anning representatives, 'let us supply you with drivers and you rent the necessary trucks?' This plan was agreed on and put into effect. All shipments were made without incident.

"The strategy applied by our client had a very demoralizing effect on the union and its members. After 19 weeks of strike activity, they signed an agreement on terms that offered them less than what they had been offered prior to the strike.

"Clearly, the company's investment in security assistance more than paid for itself by preventing property damage and helping to end a serious strike on terms favourable to management."

So much for the Anning claim that it is "impartial". There's a perfectly well-known word for this sort of activity and every worker knows it—strike-breaking.

The tactics summarized in this leaflet have become a sort of Schlieffen Plan for manufacturers.

During the 1970-71 strike at Bach-Simpson in London, Ont. (where Anning guards showed up on the first day of the strike), Robert Wilton, the company president, told the *London Free Press* that "the workers exercised their right to strike—and we chose to exercise our right to carry on somehow without them." The "somehow" consisted of hiring non-union labor the week after the strike began, as well as eliminating 33 strikers' jobs by ordering equipment from its U.S. affiliate in Chicago. When picket line action was stepped up, and scabs were unable to pass, the London police appeared on the scene and resorted to arrests and other activities that city alderman Andy Grant called aggressive support of non-union workers. He accused management of "using scabs to create and inspire trouble and violence on the picket line." Then in April, the courts issued an injunction severely limiting the number of pickets. In May, the union gave in.

As a large, private police agency, Anning's cannot escape being in the public eye, and has to take the time to foster some sort of image of public service. Even its private leaflet, though clear enough, is carefully worded.

Smaller and more obscure companies don't have this problem.

PROFESSIONAL STRIKEBREAKERS



Sometime ago a group that calls itself Canadian letter to the business community advertising that service is strikebreaking.

AND THEIR STRIKEBREAKING DUPES

The two-year old Canadian Driver Pool Ltd. whose Ontario operations are headed by Richard Grange, also puts out a private letter for manufacturers. It doesn't pull any punches.

The letter—brought out in the Ontario Legislature by NDP leader Stephen Lewis—claims that Canadian Driver Pool has helped 43 industries to break strikes, and in some cases to maintain up to 80 per cent productivity while the strike lasted.

"Once the striking employees see that the company intends to stay productive without their help," the letter explains, "the morale of the strike has been broken and we have separated the hard-core unionists from the employees who are just worried about how they are going forward to meet their next monthly payments."

The brochure offers "an experienced strike security force... using latest electronic equipment," and says that "these men have been trained especially for this type of work and operate with Doberman Pinschers which are trained for crowd control and plant security... The security team will also supply camera men who will record any acts which could be detrimental in any way to your company."

"This information is useful in presenting a case with regard to an injunction against the union."

The letter assures manufacturers that Canadian Driver Pool will supply drivers to see that products move safely in and out of the strike-bound plant, claims to have had "100 per cent success in all our strike activities," and denounces unions as having outlived their usefulness, so that "they have now become a detriment to both employee and employer."

Raymond Anning, as head of a large operation, doesn't like to talk about the less well-known Canadian Driver Pool: "I would prefer not to answer the question. We have no connection with it. I have feelings about them but I would prefer not to state them." However, allowing for differences of writing style, their leaflets offer basically the same "services".

Canadian Driver Pool ceased to be obscure in rather

dramatic fashion in the middle of October, when two unions on strike against two Toronto area companies discovered their phones were being wire tapped. The first discovery was made by local 688 of the International Chemical Workers Unions, which is on strike against the Redpath Refinery of Canada and Dominion Sugar Co.; the second was made by the Steelworkers' local 7642, on strike against Kenroc Tools.

Both companies are making use of the "experienced strike security force" of Canadian Driver Pool, with its "latest electronic equipment."

"The Chemical Workers found more than just wiretapping equipment. They discovered two plainclothes Toronto policemen at the scene and turned them in.

CDP president Grange admits he is providing trucking facilities at both strike-bound plants, and that he is using camera equipment, radio equipment and Doberman Pinschers at Kenroc, but, not surprisingly, denies any use of wiretaps.

However, Steelworkers' area supervisor Don Montgomery has demanded a government investigation of Canadian Driver Pool and suggests there is collusion between some police officers and the company.

Unions are not the only groups to find their opponents reinforced by private police.

Pinkerton's is a name that has become synonymous with strike-breaking in North America. Even though its founder, Allan Pinkerton, was himself a radical working man in Scotland who had to flee that country to escape arrest for his Chartist activities, the company he founded in 1850 has shown no love for the working man. During the 1892 Homestead Strike at the Carnegie Steel Co., for example, 300 armed Pinkerton detectives headed for the strike scene on two railroad barges reinforced with heavy steel plate and were driven off by the strikers. The Pennsylvania state militia then broke the strike. No effective steel union was organized until the 1930s.

These days, Pinkerton's also turns its attention to the troubled university campus scene. Its thriving Canadian operation advertized in a house organ for university administrators like this: "Pinkerton's takes care of everything. You pay one fee and forget the details. . . . Pinkerton's men and women have been preventing trouble since 1850. They've met all kinds of campus problems and know them well. . . . And Pinkerton's is focusing its total attention on security. . . . This includes a constant search for better ways to help you keep sources of trouble off campus, maintain crowd control, and assure thorough theft protection. . . . Also, the campus drug problem is no stranger to Pinkerton's people."

Until quite recently, Quebec manufacturers didn't really need to rely on private police forces to help make sure workers saw things their way. For example, Premier Maurice Duplessis was only too happy to put the Quebec Provincial Police at the disposal of companies. During the Lachute strike of 1947, 150 provincial police were sent in, clubs flailing, to help break the strike at the Ayers woolen mills after the Labor Relations Board conveniently decertified the union. At Asbestos in 1949, 100 provincial police were sent in immediately the strike began, and a savage struggle ensued—which the workers won. At the Louiseville strike in 1952, Duplessis' police went in armed with clubs, guns and tear gas bombs.

But Quebec, too, has its "security" companies that offer "special services".

When the Steelworkers tried to organize the 350 employees of Boa-Ski in July 1969, management called in the Canadian Federation of Independent Associations, and its "security" arm, United Business Security. Without union accreditation, CFIA head Lucien Tremblay called a meeting "to prepare the demands of the employees." Tremblay "explained the collective agreement that would be presented to management," the minutes of the meeting declare. A unanimous vote authorized him to negotiate. Tremblay did his negotiating with his friend Ubaldo Brunet of UBS, who had been made Boa-Ski's "director of personnel." Not surprisingly, they managed to agree.

Disillusioned, the workers voted to dissolve their CFIA union in December and went on strike. Boa-Ski locked them out. The workers were forced to accept the CFIA and go back to work.

Tremblay and Brunet had negotiated before, with similar results—Lord and Company, Victoria Precision Works and Canadian Structural Steel, where Judge Crowe of the Labor Relations Board ruled that "there is proof that the employer and the CFIA connived together, without even bothering to hide it, with the intention of dominating or preventing the formation of an employees' association."

But the strike Ubaldo Brunet is proudest of is the 1957 Murdochville struggle against Noranda Mines. "If the police can't protect us," he said during a strike 11 years later, "we'll take care of that ourselves. After all, I broke Murdochville with 1,700 guys. . . ."

The "security" game is big business these days. It's very much part of the trend towards American controlled, multinational corporations. The largest firm in both the U.S. and Canada is Pinkerton's; next in line is Burns' International Security Services, which operates in Canada under the name SIS Protection Co. Each employs more than 30,000 men and women.

Wackenhut is in third place with some 10,000 nattily-uniformed guards. With 88 offices, it shows the flag in most states of the United States, in Brazil, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Columbia, Ecuador and Italy, as well as Canada. It was natural for Wackenhut to

move first into Latin America, the historic scene of U.S.-dominated Banana republics. It's also natural that Wackenhut is now moving into fresher fields by opening a European office in Rome early this year, and its Canadian operation in August.

As is usual, Wackenhut did not have to start at the beginning in Canada. It looked around for some ripe pickings in this country, and came up with Anning Services, Trans-Canada Protection and Argus Protection and put them all together in one package.

Raymond Anning, as head of the new subsidiary, obviously sees nothing wrong in being U.S.-controlled. "Our having been acquired in no way jeopardizes the operations of Canadian business," he says. "There are now I think four companies that are American controlled. Pinkerton's is the oldest and no one has had any fault to find in their connection. There's been no adverse effect on Canadian industry or security."

It's not surprising that Canadian business, itself ripe for any U.S. offer, finds nothing wrong in American control and nothing wrong in "strike control" police. Workers are of another opinion, regardless of whether the security company is Canadian or American—the U.S. control just adds a further twist of the screw.

Ontario Liberal MPP George Ben is also of another opinion. He recently asked for a government regulatory body to make sure that security firms did not "become extensions of reactionary U.S. influence."

Ben said he was concerned that "the Wackenhut group appears to be in the business of acquiring control of such companies throughout North America and the implications are obvious. The possibility of the growth of private armies. . . is enough to give all thinking politicians concern."

He also raised another interesting angle. He wondered whether there is "widespread CIA and FBI infiltration of these agencies, or is there likely to be."

Raymond Anning denies the threat but admits the pervasive presence of ex-policemen. "The accusation about the FBI and the CIA is unfounded. There is no connection between Wackenhut and the Bureau. But it's true many of its members are ex-agents, the same as in Canada where many in the security field are former RCMP."

Wackenhut in the U.S. was, in fact, founded by and is run by former FBI agents. In Canada, a similar pattern holds true. Anning himself, now president of the new Canadian Wackenhut subsidiary, is former RCMP and Metro Toronto Police. Of the other two companies that sold out to Wackenhut along with Anning's, Argus owner John Forrest, now a vice-president of Wackenhut of Canada, served with the Ontario Provincial Police; Trans-Canada head Robert Cullen, now Wackenhut Secretary, served with the Peterborough Police.

It's a trend as common, and as alarming, as the easy passage, notably in the United States, between the Defence Dept. and the private arms industries.

A good deal has been heard recently, of these private police forces, and a good deal is likely to continue to be heard. Whether anything will be done is a rather different question. When the strike-breaking leaflet of the Canadian Driver Pool Ltd. was brought out in the Ontario Legislature, Tory Labor Minister Gordon Carton said the thing was "abhorrent", and promised he would not let the matter rest.

The matter rests.

Drummond Burgess is a member of the Last Post editorial board.

Destroying the god they helped to make

by RAE MURPHY

SHRUG: Trudeau in Power, by Walter Stewart. New Press, 300 pp. \$7.95.

Lester Pearson rises from his seat, freed of power at last. A wedge of policemen arrive to escort the winner on stage. Pierre Elliott Trudeau's face, which might have been carved in alabaster to commemorate some distant war of the Crusades, closes in mask-like as he walks into the future, burdened with hope.

Thus Peter C. Newman, Canada's master of the overwrought metaphor and preposterous simile describes that beautiful, exquisite moment of blinding white light when Pierre Elliott Trudeau moved up several links of the Great Chain of Being and became our Leader. In mortal terms, Trudeau was actually elected leader of the sagging Liberal Party which had been bungling about as a minority government and badly needed a new front.

Meanwhile back in the God-making department, Ron Haggart bubbled the following froth:

You can manufacture noise and screaming kids, but you cannot manufacture that excitement in the eyes, that glistening look of rapturous excitement which is on the faces Trudeau now sees when he makes his little speeches, saying nothing, in the hotel ballrooms where the delegates gather to see him. It is not madness, not in these excited matrons and lawyers. It is belief. It is belief, perhaps at this stage only shallow belief, in one man's shy appeal, but it is belief, too, that an interesting and uniquely intermingled Canadian society produced this man.

And through the surging crowd, Joey Smallwood (who could use a Savior or two at the moment) touches the hem of Pierre's Robes and screams in ecstasy: "Pierre is better than medicare—the lame have only to touch his garments to walk again."

Certainly the tasks confronting the Liberal Party required direct intervention from the Divine. The Ship of State was wallowing in a sea of bilingualism and biculturalism. Across the Aisle sat the menacing figure of Robert what's his name brought up from the darkest regions of the Maritimes by that diabolical advertising man Dalton Camp to challenge the sacred right of the Liberal party to rule from sea to shining sea.

No wonder Pierre's face seemed "carved in alabaster . . . as he walked into the future." He was burdened not only with hope but with hack politicians grasping at the hem of his robes looking for miracles, teeney-boppers bopping on all sides, the liberal intellectual establishment pulling at his sleeves torturing their fertile minds with Ultimate Questions about *Him* and where *He* will lead *His* children. He was surrounded on all sides by millions of corsetted matrons deadening the air with beads of perspiration as they threatened to engulf *Him* in a mass of middle-class flesh. Meanwhile the Procession pressed on, lead by a chorus of castratti sopranos of the press blanketing *His* path with panegyrics.

Before the business of answering prayers became a pain in the ass, Trudeau took the God business seriously.

On Monday April 22, 1968 he told a reporter that the next federal election would be held in "God's good time." On Tuesday he announced that the election would be held on June 25. Thus, even if Trudeau did not claim to be God himself he certainly was in touch.

If one cares to recall the period, 1968 was the year that majority government was essential to the future wealth, prosperity and stability of our society. The type of government that could, in the words of the then president of the Canadian Manufacturers Association, be capable "of governing for the next four years or so without looking over its shoulder every other day to see if it is in danger of being outbid by the opposition."

The Canadian establishment demanded two things from

Pierre: He had to get a majority government which would be tough and hard enough to ram through unpopular legislation and which could end the progression of governments too weak to throttle the opposition inside and outside of Parliament.

He also had to get Quebec into line.

Behind all the stupid slush that was written by political pundits like Cristina Newman, who before she wrote that incredibly bitchy article about Trudeau's visit to the USSR, confidently put the real issue in the 1968 election as whether Canada needed a lover (Trudeau) or a father (Stanfield), serious slush was written by Peter Newman and the major editorial writers in English Canada demanding a strong, majority government which could whip Canada back into shape.

I believe it is necessary to remind ourselves not only of the events that led to "Trudeaumania" and the people who fostered the mirage but also the reasons that Trudeau was imposed on Canada.

Trudeau was well known to the Canadian establishment before he was made leader of the Liberal party. The media flacks worshiped his elitism, his contemptuous refusal to deal with mundane issues like social services—"none of this free stuff". For example, Toronto's *Globe and Mail* described Trudeau's first cabinet meeting after the 1968 election:

Mr. Trudeau was his usual frank self when he emerged from the first meeting of the new 29-man cabinet to tell newsmen that frankness in public was the last thing he will tolerate in his colleagues.

Reviewing the television debate between Stanfield and Trudeau Peter Newman gushed that Pierre was, "just too bored with the squares to do much more than speedtalk his way through their games."

Trudeau's politics, his manner, his appearance was great stuff in 1968. Remember how the cheers were heard when he made no promises about anything—that was the new politics. Remember how English Canada swooned when he put Daniel Johnson "in his place" on national television—a French Canadian who would settle accounts with those separatists and crypto-separatists in Quebec—the savior of Canadian unity. Our liberals even took delight in the charming way he would shrug away questions. Well they don't like it anymore and Peter C. Newman for the past several issues of *Macleans* has declared open season on Pierre Trudeau. Thus now we can all behold *Shrug* a devastating critique of Trudeau by Mr. Newman's associate editor Walter Stewart, published slick and glossy by *Macleans*' own publishing house, New Press.

The book is a series of charges against Trudeau, and a random glance at the chapter-headings really tells it all:

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Unity 1—Go West, Young man, But Go Armed.

Unity 2—Standing Together at Rifle-Point

The Independence Question—What am I Bid For Canada

And so on. Stewart really nails Trudeau on just about everything, yet taken as a whole the book is more an indictment of Canadian liberalism than it is of Trudeau.

In order to prove that our present Prime Minister does not measure up to the high standards Canadians have come to expect from their government, there naturally has to be a backward reference to the days of yore and if possible a forward line of march. Stewart provides both, and these constitute the silliest passages in the book.

Our history was hammered out in the Commons . . . It was here that Laurier tossed his silver mane and wiggled for power, here that Meighen stabbed and Mackenzie King, dodging and feinting, turned his blade; here R.B. Bennet blustered and harummphed, and Louis St. Laurent, that cool and gracious gentleman, dispensed power and favor. Here Lester Pearson and John Diefenbaker locked horns like ancient moose, and stirred the mud with frantic stampings. Here Pierre Trudeau shrugs and smiles and, only mouthing, mind, tells Honorable Members opposite to fuck off.

Good God, even leaving those old moose alone, stirring mud with frantic stampings, any time there has been a majority government Parliament and the opposition has gotten short shift. Arthur Meighen stabbed all right: as Minister of Justice he helped smash the Winnipeg General Strike with illegal arrests and his own retroactive legislation, the infamous Section 98.5. That "cool and gracious gentleman" Louis St. Laurent did as neat a job trampling on Parliament as any. Parliament has been corrupted all right, but its corruption far precedes Trudeau.

Stewart's discourse on Parliament abstracted from the reality of political power in a highly class-structured country such as Canada is rendered even more absurd by his vision of a more ideal Parliament of the future. He goes essentially with the same old hacks plus one, very interesting, appeal for partisans of all parties—strengthen Robert Stanfield.

That Robert Stanfield should emerge as the political hero of a book that protests against the sell-out of Canada's resources, our political fronting for the United States, our disastrous social welfare policies, shows exactly where Walter Stewart's head is at. Just think of it—Robert Stanfield, the liberal answer to Pierre Trudeau—If I may quote one of the thoughts of our beloved Prime Minister, "oh, fuck off."

I will spare a description of Stewart's elegy on the past greatness of Canada's foreign policy under such peerless spokesmen as Paul Martin. While hell hath no fury as a Liberal scorned it also hath no depth below which one will not reach in order to make a point.

Stewart's handling of the National Question in Canada, known as the "problem of National Unity" also betrays a crisis of liberal thinking. National Unity is the goal of most right-thinking and self-righteous liberals in English Canada and naturally Stewart feels that Trudeau has bungled the whole business. In English Canada, bilingualism has allegedly been rammed down the throats of the West and the Ottawa civil service. Stewart's chapter on "National Unity" as it applies to the West is replete with jingoistic jokes and long discussions about "the favored status of Quebec", as seen by Mr. and Mrs. Average Western Canadian.

To be fair, one cannot really tell if Stewart supports these cannards which have been circulating around Western Canada long before Pierre Trudeau was born. Stewart merely

blames their existence on Trudeau.

The whole sham of bilingualism was a concept very near and dear to the liberal establishment in English Canada and Trudeau was egged on, encouraged and indeed drew much of his support in the West precisely because he was the one aspirant for leadership who would have no truck or trade with any attempt to recognize the national rights of Quebec. Remember how poor old Stanfield choked on the formulation that arose from the Conservative Thinker's Conference about "two nations". There was no such fussiness in Trudeau's thinking and English Canada lapped it up. The policy of bilingualism was a miserable failure of course, but even if Trudeau was a main exponent of it, the blame must also rest right across the board, as Stewart must have noticed as he thumbed through old copies of Maclean's.

National unity, which is really nothing more than code words for the status quo, is still very much a part of Mr. Stewart's approach. Thus when he deals with the imposition of the War Measures Act he can only attack Trudeau, no matter how sincerely and powerfully he writes on the subject, from the libertarian standpoint. The imposition of the War Measures Act was essentially aimed at the nationalist movement in Quebec, not against civil liberty in general. The roster of those arrested clearly testifies to that aim and that aim alone. The idea of armed men marching on the streets of Quebec cities grows out of the determination of English Canada to maintain "National Unity" at all costs, not out of the totalitarian mind of one man.

To cling to the status quo of the present confederation in the face of the growing and indeed insuppressible demands of French Canada for self-determination either within or outside a new federal pact means in essence that one can only quibble about timing, tactics and excesses of the given action to enforce this so-called unity. When all the hokum about bilingualism and biculturalism, of fiscal finagling is done, and that day is drawing near, the only answer to the problem for the English liberal establishment is to call out the troops.

Trudeau was a bastard for doing what he did, but he was carrying out an agreed policy of English Canada. Shedding tears over the imposition of the War Measures Act and at the same time holding to the bankrupt concept of "National Unity", "One Canada" is simply a liberal cop-out, in spite of all the fiery rhetoric.

Shrug is one of the first books out debunking Trudeau, but it seems as if it will not be the last. A disenchantment with Pierre Elliot Trudeau is both natural because of the flimsiness of the myth that surrounds him, as well as the lousy mess he has made in government. Although Canada has never been particularly noted for classy federal government, Trudeau is vulnerable because he is there—*Sic transit* whatever it is.

However, an interesting aspect of the "get Trudeau" movement appears to lie in its timing and in its direction. As if anticipating the growing wrath of Canadians fed up with unemployment, fed up with the sell-out policies, and perhaps even a growing wondering about the underlying meanings contained in the glib pronouncement about "National Unity", a movement led by the same group who were his flocks yesterday seems to be developing to both channel criticism and to preempt the field.

With all Trudeau's continentalism and his background of sophistry on anything vaguely identified with Canadian nationalism, he hasn't really been playing the game fully with Richard Nixon. For example, when James Reston, Ambassador plenipotentiary for the *New York Times*, made his first visit to Canada he asked what the hell Trudeau thought he was doing visiting the Kremlin before getting clearance from the White House. This interesting comment came shortly before our own Cristina Newman, the lady who so earnestly opted for a lover instead of a father in 1968, asked what the leader of a third-rate nation (Canada) was doing signing protocols with sinister Russians. Without inferring any connections I think it is only reasonable to be wary of liberal demons, just as we should be of liberal Gods and liberal journalists saving us all, once again.

Another view of "Shrug"

by LEANDRE BERGERON

Any book, article, song, dance or chant that denounces the Trudeau fraud is worth publicizing. *Shrug* by Walter Stewart is one of those books. Buy it or steal it and give it to your mother to read, or to your uncle Harry who may still believe the Prime Minister is an ok guy. Readers of the *Last Post* may not want to read more than a few pages because the criticism of Trudeau in this book is done in typical liberal bourgeois fashion: Our democracy with its parliamentary system is essentially good; Trudeau has abused it. Instead of analyzing the whole political and economic structure that calls on frauds like Trudeau to snow-job the oppressed, the author spansks Trudeau for doing his job relatively well.

If this is the case, can this book help radicalize anyone? I think not. But in the hands of those who voted for Trudeau in

1968, it can be the beginning of an awareness that bullshitting is the essence of bourgeois politics and that Trudeau, a master in the trade, has pushed it to such refinement that the skeleton shows through the robes.

But let us hear the author himself sum up his own book. "With the Trudeau regime, putting it all together is simple enough, and requires no more than a quick glance back through these pages. Such a glance will show that, measured either by his own objectives when he ran for office, or by the standard of accomplishment of his predecessor—no very high mark—Trudeau has not done well. His handling of the economy has been disastrous, and his treatment of Parliament degrading. His record in foreign policy has been patchy, and his defence of the independence of his country has

been non-existent. Such social legislation as has been produced has been grudging and incomplete; he is more conservative than the opposition parties and, I believe, than the nation as a whole. His technique of government-by-confrontation has aggravated the problems of Canadian unity and undone much of the positive effect of legislation to reduce regional disparities. He has not, despite the fanfare, opened politics to the people; quite the reverse, in fact. His real accomplishments—improvements in Canada's stance on some external affairs issues, extension of unemployment insurance benefits, a strong push towards bilingualism—have been more that offset by a dangerous restructuring of government and the concentration of power into fewer and fewer hands."

More. More. More.

Pierre Berton drives a spike

The Last Spike: The Great Railway 1881-1885, by Pierre Berton. McClelland & Stewart. 479 pp. \$10.

It was the same world then as now—the same.

Except for little differences . . .

—E. J. Pratt, "Towards the Last Spike"

There is no need to ask what motivated Pierre Berton to write *The Last Spike*, or Jack McClelland to publish it (aside from the money that the book, pushed along by a promotion campaign that is surely unprecedented in the history of Canadian publishing, is certain to make for both of them). No need because Berton himself has told us, in the pages of Peter Newman's *Maclean's*.

"What we once did we can do again," says Berton. "Once again, the time seems ripe for a common endeavor that will hold us together." He picks out Expo 67 and the two world wars, along with the building of the CPR, as instances when Canadians "pursued and achieved

the impossible."

The CPR and Expo 67. It is not a comparison that exactly cries out to be made. And yet as one reads *The Last Spike* it begins to appear less and less improbable—there is the courtly George Stephen as Pierre Dupuy, drumming up support for his great enterprise in the financial capitals of the world; as Robert Shaw we have the gruff, union-busting Van Horne, ruthless with himself and with his men, pushing his line of steel at breakneck speed across the prairies; and as Jean Drapeau there is of course Macdonald, faithful to his *politique de grandeur* and squeezing the last cent out of an unwilling and often unsuspecting public's purse to achieve it.

Well, that's one way to build a country, the same now as then. In my review of Berton's earlier companion volume, *The National Dream*, I criticized him for writing myth instead of history. It is now clear that it would have been as fruitful to criticize Hans Christian Andersen on the grounds that there is, in fact, no such thing as a fairy. For it was never Berton's intention to write history, it was his intention to create a particular response, and he must be criticized on the desirability of the response and his effectiveness in evoking it.

It would be wrong to underestimate the importance of this kind of literature as a crystallizer of the national consciousness. The sensational success of Léandre Bergeron's *Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Québec* in French Canada pointed to one thing: that French Canadians were ready to re-examine their myths; having decided that the child at the end of the St-Jean-Baptiste Day parade was not what they were all about, they were looking for new symbols, symbols that pictured French Canadians as a people who fight back.

This is not a process that can be shared by people outside Quebec, and therefore the *Petit Manuel* loses much of its sense in translation. Which is perhaps why the translators chose, instead of rendering the title literally, to call the English Canadian edition of the book *The History of Quebec: A Patriote's Handbook*. There is no need to explain to a student at Laval or a taxi driver in Jonquière whose handbook it is; but by the same token it is clear to a university student in Toronto that the *Petit Manuel* is not his own.

The Last Spike, however, is. It is something he can accept or reject on his own terms. Which of those he and his fellow English Canadians will choose to do I do not know; I would like to believe that they will do a little of both.

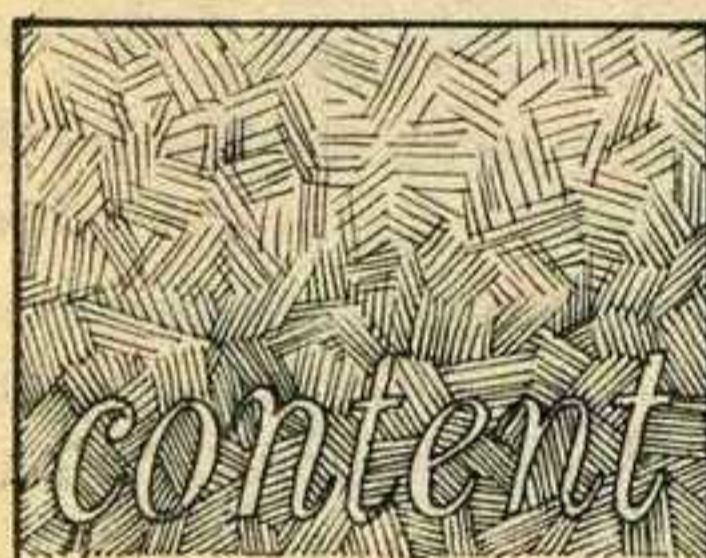
For what is the great enterprise that Berton wishes us to undertake, following the example of Stephen, Smith, Macdonald, Van Horne and the rest? It is a "massive and carefully thought-out program to regain this country for the use and the benefit of Canadians, both French and English speaking."

I suspect that there are a lot of Canadians who share that goal (although Stephen's successors at the Bank of Montreal, who advocate allowing foreign capital to enter the Canadian banking field, are not among them). And I suspect that for that reason *The Last Spike* will have a large public; Berton is usually good at sensing which way the wind is blowing, and he has to his credit the all-time Canadian best-seller, a 1965 attack on the complacency of the church, *The Comfortable Pew*.

But Canadians who happen to live west of the Ontario-Manitoba border, or belong to trade unions, or be Indians or Métis or Chinese, may choose to draw different lessons from Berton's narrative (just as a slum-dweller in Montreal may entertain some doubts about Expo 67). For the lessons are all there: the accidents that took the lives of countless navvies, white and Chinese; the policy of immediately firing anyone suspected of trying to organize a union; the wages that sometimes amounted to a take-home pay of four dollars a week; the indiscriminate use of the public treasury to aid a private company; the cynical decision to make the west serve the needs of the industrial east as an agricultural supplier and a market for its manufactured goods; the ruthless destruction of the Indian and Métis way of life on the prairies; and the crushing of the last expression of that way of life, the Northwest Rebellion. They are all there; Berton simply glosses over them as necessary if the builders of the CPR were to achieve their goals. Which, no doubt, they were.

I hope that we will undertake the program that Berton proposes. And I hope that we will not use the CPR as a model.

ROBERT CHODOS



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Adapting by educating the man

Pedagogy of the Oppressed by Paulo Freire. Methuen Publications, 186 pp. \$7.95.

The scene is a school in Montreal's Point St. Charles—one of the city's abundant poverty areas. A typical slum school, its teacher turnover rate reaches 75 per cent some years. Student drop-out by grade nine is 42 per cent.

The kids hate school on the whole. And even the teachers who go there because they want to (and not because the board sent them) reach the point where they can't stand it.

Enter a group of students from Dawson (community) College with an idea for an education project. They bring guitars, weaving and tie-dyeing equipment, music for dancing. They want to update the school.

They are given a scant hour after school each day. The kids love it. They flock to the after-school classes. They identify easily with the long-haired, bare-footed students.

One fine June weekend the Dawsonites take a group of kids to a Laurentian camp for the weekend. A rare experience for these children. Unfortunately, somebody gets carried away, so the story goes, and goes into the water... naked!

Monday morning, the Dawsonites are discouraged from continuing their project. The children (that is, the girls) cry.

Paulo Freire, author of *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, would consider this merely to be expected in the bureaucratic, traditional type of education he calls the "banking-system."

In the "banking-system," he says, pupils are treated as receptacles into which the teacher pours "knowledge." The learning experience is designed to make us good citizens, i.e. adapt us to the status quo.

The "knowledge" transmitted by the teacher is usually more myth than truth, says Freire, the myths being designed to convince people that the present situation is good and must be maintained.

He mentions the prevailing myth of the free society where a man can work, and where he can change jobs if he doesn't like his working conditions.

This type of education is dehumanizing, says the author, because it makes the students into objects easily manipulated by the ruling classes.

For him the oppressed is the "object"-

person, be it a poverty stricken peasant in Latin America or middle-class North America.

(The exiled Brazilian pedagogue worked a long time with illiterate peasants in South America before spending time in Harvard. He now lives in Geneva.)

He says the advanced technological society is rapidly making objects of most of us... subtly programming us into conformity. Today, the "educated man is the adapted man."

And naturally, he who succeeds best is he who has most to gain from maintenance of the status quo. That's why our education system has a rapidly diminishing success rate as we descend the social ladder.

The antidote to the banking-system of education is an education for liberation and it is this concept that Freire deals with in his book.

Destroy the traditional teacher-pupil relationship, he says. And don't place too much hope in existing education systems. It is better to set up education projects outside of the schools.

Using very general terms, he says teachers and pupils should be co-investigators bent on demystifying the system. The goal is to shatter the existing myths so that each person can come to a "true perception of his reality."

It is only when a person realizes he is being taken that he can cease to play an object role in society because that's when he ceases to adopt for his own the values of the ruling class, such as getting rich.

But the process of dehumanization has to be more than a transformation of knowledge from teacher to pupil. It must be based on dialogue, with the leader accepting from the start that the learning situation will be as great for him as for the client.

"We must teach the masses clearly what we have received from the confusedly," says Freire, quoting Mao.

So far so good. But the idea of an education based on co-investigation is not new. Progressive kindergartens have been using it for years. (Of course, to keep things under control, the teacher usually determines the outcome of the experiment in advance. A kind of predestination.)

What is new is Freire's insistence that cognizance is only the first step. It is not

enough to perceive the reality of one's situation. One must push the investigation to its logical conclusion and decide how he will act to change things.

True education is an act of liberation. His methodology is sketchy, and this is one criticism of the book. But a group of social animators have adapted it for use in one of Montreal's poor communities:

They went into an area and studied the problems with the help of volunteers in the district who were interested in the project.

They drew up a list of themes to study, and with the help of prospective "co-investigators" chose those which evoked the greatest interest.

They collected teaching material and began.

One theme, for example, dealt with working conditions in a nearby factory. With slides, discussions, etc. they work to isolate the problem. After studying several other themes, they begin to see the relations between the sources of each problem. They are ready to proceed with a global analysis of their situation. The conclusion they come to, or the kind of action upon which they decide, is predictable but unknown... because the project has just started.

Freire, who is now an education consultant to the World Council of Churches, admits in a preface to the book that his pedagogy of the oppressed is still in a trial stage.

But he says his Latin American experience has given him a wealth of material to draw from.

ISAAC SCOTT

The film as commodity

Movies and Society, by Ian C. Jarvis. General Publications, Don Mills. 394 pp. \$14.40.

The study of the motion picture has grown by leaps and bounds in the past several years, achieving a level of respectability seldom found in the popular arts. No university campus is now complete without at least one film appreciation course. To meet the increased demand for reading material publishers

have flooded the market with books on almost every aspect of films and film making, so that it has become virtually impossible to examine each as carefully as is warranted. This is too bad for there is the possibility that some important works may get lost in the shuffle. It would indeed be most unfortunate if Ian Jarvie's excellent examination of the sociology of the film should receive this cursory treatment.

The sociology of film is a subject that has been shamefully neglected in the past; essentially because those interested in film tended to concentrate their energies almost exclusively on an examination of the esthetic aspects of the medium. What work has emerged as the "sociology of the film" has been most disappointing, because as Jarvie indicates, they were mainly *not* about the sociology of the cinema, but concerned themselves specifically with analyses of audiences, content, or the rise and fall of specific genres.

Jarvie, who teaches philosophy at York University, has written the first major work that systematically examines *all* aspects of cinema as a social institution; his book earns a place of honor in the academic disciplines of sociology and cinema studies.

His primary objective is to examine the cinema as a social institution, to which end he has devised four divisions readily discernible in the medium's institutional structure: Industry; Audience; Experience; and Evaluation. Each of these divisions has been examined before, but seldom so systematically or fully. What results is a multi-faceted examination of the nature and function of the film in modern society that represents a worthy target for others to aim at.

While the author's strength undoubtedly lies more in the descriptive, rather than the analytical, nevertheless the overall scope of the book does provide film scholars and others interested in the medium with an integrated view of what lies behind the process of "making a film." What results is a sound rationale for examining the commercial film as a "manufactured" commodity, like automobiles, and yet still containing a great deal of individual artistic integrity. While Jarvie's view that film criticism should begin with the premise that films are made to make a profit will not meet with universal approval, he makes a strong case for this approach. It can in the end only make for a healthier state of film criticism.

The extremely valuable annotated bibliography of more than 130 pages is a

major feature of the volume, and lists almost every important work on the subject. Although the annotations are of course personal, they are also astute, and are alone almost worth the price of the volume.

While there are many questions that remain unanswered, it is hoped that Jarvie's work will encourage others to

examine facets of the problem of the interrelationship between social developments and the content of motion pictures. This book has provided us with a valuable starting point; it should not be relegated to the back shelves while publishers push more popular, but facile biographical material.

GARTH S. JOWETT

Same war, other means

Aid as Imperialism, by Teresa Hayter, Penguin (a Pelican original), 222 pp. \$1.25.

Robert S. McNamara is best known as the U.S. Secretary of Defense who managerialized ('managed' is far too tame) the Vietnam war on behalf of his country from 1960 to 1968. Since leaving the Pentagon he has not been much in the public eye, but this does not mean he has become an insignificant person. On the contrary, as a dispenser of 'foreign aid' in his new position as president of the World Bank, he remains one of the leaders in the world war of counter-insurgency, or protective reaction, or whatever jargon is used nowadays.

The giving of "foreign aid", we used to be told, was a noble activity carried out by Western countries, and especially the United States, to help poor countries get out of a rut, all done from the highest of motives, no strings attached. Few people believe that any longer. It's now generally recognized that aid is an arm of foreign policy; to paraphrase Clausewitz, "foreign aid" is a continuation of war, only by other means.

It was in that frame of mind that McNamara got President Johnson to make him head of the "international", but U.S.-dominated, World Bank.

At least two years before he retired as Secretary of Defense, McNamara was already turning his statistics-oriented mind toward "foreign aid" as a more sophisticated weapon of liberal imperialism than napalm or anti-personnel bombs.

In a "security is development" speech in Montreal in 1966, he rattled off some numbers for his listeners: "In the last eight years alone there have been no less than 164 internationally significant outbreaks of violence . . . At the beginning of 1958, there were 23 prolonged insurgencies going on about the world. As of February, 1966, there were 40. Further, the total number of outbreaks of violence has increased each year: in

1958, there were 34; in 1965, there were 58.

"But what is most significant of all is that there is a direct and constant relationship between the incidence of violence and the economic status of the countries afflicted."

Two years later, McNamara, now head of the World Bank, moved into Indonesia to help shore up the pro-U.S. military dictatorship that had taken power following the slaughter of several hundred thousand supposed Communists. An approving reporter for the Los Angeles Times news service declared: "Confronting a situation it would be charitable to call economic anarchy, McNamara is adopting a radically different approach from that he employed toward the Vietnam war. Instead of massive infusions of men and wealth, the new McNamara doctrine calls for selective injections of small quantities of specialists and credits into critical areas of the Indonesian economy."

A few months later, McNamara himself put it this way in an interview with Peter C. Newman in the Toronto Star: "So in a very selfish way it is in the interest of the developed nations to assist the developing countries and in particular it is far more important to their security, if that's what they're interested in, in many cases, it is far shrewder to put funds to work to assist the developing nations than it is to put those funds to work in expanding military strength. This is a hard argument to put across."

It is indeed a hard argument to put across. The "let's nuke them" school of strategy has usually carried the field in this discussion. A gun on the hip offers a more immediate feeling of security, as well as more immediate profits for the U.S. arms industry.

But, as Teresa Hayter's study of international aid agencies, *Aid as Imperialism*, makes clear, such "foreign

aid" as is provided is not antagonistic to military methods of counter-insurgency; it is complementary. If provided on a really massive scale, as McNamara says he wants, it might be more effective, and might kill fewer people. Nevertheless, the aim would be the same.

In Teresa Hayter's words: "There is a strong emphasis in the agencies' policies and demands on the principles of free enterprise, on reliance on market mechanisms, and on the respect of private property, domestic and especially foreign. The need for change is to some extent, acknowledged; but the first priority is stability. Right-wing and military dictatorships . . . are acceptable, and indeed typical, recipients of aid so long as they offer the prospect of economic and financial stability."

In other words, when he left the office of Secretary of Defense for President of the World Bank, Robert McNamara wasn't really switching jobs.

Miss Hayter's book concentrates on the dealings of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund in Latin America. From the point of view of the degree of development McNamara says he wants, it's no success story. By and large, the stabilization programs demanded by the international agencies have resulted in low or zero rates of growth. Agricultural projects do not help the peasants, since they concentrate on large, highly-mechanized commercial farms. In industry, the demand for monetary stability often results not just in stagnation, but in a reduction in employment.

Even if the "international" agencies really set out to fund programs that would improve the conditions of life for the masses of the poor, they would then have to contend with the governments of the Latin American countries. For while those governments know they are threatened in the long run by mass discontent, in the short run they fear that major changes would require alienating the United States, and might lead to uncontrollable internal demands. As Miss Hayter puts it, "the security of foreign interests and of the interests of the present governing classes in Latin America are closely inter-connected."

The narrowness of the possibilities for change within a Western, private-enterprise framework were shown at a meeting of the World Bank last July. The World Bank wanted to make loans to Guyana and Bolivia, even though their governments were nationalizing some major foreign companies. The loans went through, but not without an attack on these government takeovers by U.S.

Secretary of the Treasury John Connally, who then abstained on the loans. A recent, right-wing coup d'état in Bolivia has now, for the time being, removed that particular disturber of the peace of mind of the U.S. Secretary of the Treasury.

With the recent U.S. economic regulations proclaiming that not only must private enterprise be first in the world but the U.S. must also be first in private enterprise, Connally is being hailed as the strongman of the Nixonian new order. McNamara's more subtle approach to controlling the world may have lost out, at least temporarily, to the more traditional Texas brawl attitude.

Teresa Hayter's book was originally commissioned by the Overseas Development Institute, a body funded by the Ford Foundation, the Rockefeller Foundation, British companies with interests

in the Third World and by the World Bank. Her research was financed mainly by the World Bank. But, once it was what she was writing, the ODI, under World Bank pressure, refused to publish the finished product, and tried to suppress it. The details of the running battle between Miss Hayter and the agencies are recounted in the Preface and an Appendix.

These details are important, as well as interesting. Miss Hayter's text was written in as moderate and subdued a tone as she felt would be consistent with the truth. Nevertheless, her shafts hit home. There will no doubt be many "approved" books about the World Bank and similar agencies in future, that will seek to present statecraft as altruism. But with Miss Hayter's book as a comparison, they will sound rather hollow.

DRUMMOND BURGESS

Siberia, demystified

SIBIR, My Discovery of Siberia, by Farley Mowat. McClelland and Stewart. 313 pp. \$10.00

A day in Norilsk is enough to convince a Canadian Prime Minister that the Russians really can build big buildings on permafrost. We could do the same, said Trudeau quite rightly, if we should ever want to.

It takes a good deal longer to get to know the people of the Soviet North, to understand their troubles, their victories, and their dreams.

It is this understanding above all that Farley Mowat brings to us in *Sibir*. At the very end, he sums up his feelings about the people he met in two extended visits:

"These, then, are the real Siberians. Together with those who share their sensibilities and their understanding, they are the men and women whom I shall forever remember. With hope. With abiding friendship and with love."

There is, for example, the story of the Arctic people and their reindeer. While we've been singing about Rudolf's red nose, the Chukchee and Eskimos of the Soviet Arctic have become among the best-paid people in the Soviet Union with their herds of reindeer. We tried it in Canada too, more than 30 years ago—but the big beef ranchers soon put a stop to that.

But here, as Mowat argues cogently, would be the basis of a viable industry in our north for our northern peoples. Of

course, there would be problems—like a shortage of Eskimo labor to sweep the floors in the Department of Transport outposts.

Soviet experts told Mowat that "if Canada should ever change her mind about reindeer, we will be glad to help establish the husbandry. Everything we have learned is at your disposal."

Our Northern Affairs administrators might also have a look at the Chukota National District, which with a population of just under 80,000 has a large degree of local autonomy with its own radio and television system, and its own publishing house.

It is in his discovery of the native Arctic peoples of the Soviet Union, and of the life they are building for themselves that Mowat finds his greatest inspiration, and also the sharpest contrasts with the Canadian north about which he has written so eloquently for so many years.

This, of course, is far from being the full story of Siberia with its spectacular development of mineral wealth and power sites, in which people from every Soviet republic have taken part.

Mowat has his reservations about some of this development. He says: "Many human beings are becoming increasingly distrustful of the validity of our constantly accelerating pursuit of Progress. I, myself, am one of the unreconstructed people who have still to be convinced that the general industrial-

ization and mechanization of our world will lead to the achievement of paradise on earth."

These are questions which are hotly debated in Canada and in the Western countries generally. Mowat makes it clear that they are also widely debated in the Soviet Union. He describes in some detail the struggle waged by Soviet people to save Lake Baikal from destruction through pollution. In 1962, the economic planners in Moscow decided to build a gigantic cellulose and wood-chemical combine on the south shore of Lake Baikal.

"At this juncture," Mowat reports, "something truly remarkable occurred. In the Soviet Union, that closed society, where, so we are told, the voice of the individual is never heard, there arose a thunder of protests from individuals in every part of the land."

Finally, the ecologists won a total victory. A Soviet writer told Mowat, "Some people thought we could not win. We knew we could. Things are not the same in our country as they were some years ago, and not the same as most foreigners seem to think. Lenin said the will of the people must be supreme. . . we were the people. In Moscow, they listened, and at

last they bowed to the people."

That "things are not the same in our country as they were some years ago," is a recurring theme among the many Soviet people with whom Mowat talked. He is quite aware of the dark and bloody pages in Siberian history—pages about which we are being treated to a spate of reminders in the daily press since Trudeau's visit.

Mowat went to Magadan—the site of one of Stalin's most notorious forced labor camps. He tells us that "even before Stalin's grip was broken by death, the place had already begun to change. It had been realized that the productivity of prison labor was so low, and the costs so high, that it did not pay to use it. By 1950 the barracks were no longer occupied. . . . The new Magadan does not like to remember the dark days of its past. Those days are past, and the citizens believe they will never return again.

"Many of the older people in Magadan today went there as prisoners. These men, and women, have a singular quality about them, they have a greater hunger for freedom and a stronger desire to build a new world even than do the young immigrants who now far out-

number them. Perhaps there is a parallel to be drawn between them and the original English settlers of Australia who, too, were mostly prisoners, "criminals" according to the mores of their times. In both cases injustice and adversity produced a people of singular resilience—and intractability. The Australian character was deeply influenced by its prisoner-pioneers and the same is true of Magadan."

None of this removes the blot of Stalin's forced-labor camps, but it does, I think, contribute something to an understanding of how the Soviet people themselves are painfully grappling with that past, determined that it shall never return.

Sibir, then is much more than a vivid account of the opening of the Siberian frontier. It is a book which helps us to really discover the Soviet Union and its people. Mowat's great merit lies in his ability to reject both the distorted myths of the professional anti-Sovieters, and an "official line" which over-simplifies and "prettifies" all aspects of Soviet life. Such objectivity is still all too rare among writers in the West.

JAMES FOSTER

Canada's playwrights:

Everybody's at the bottom of the heap

by CAROLE ORR

The Canadian playwright is about to make himself heard, though not in the generally accepted manner.

In true Calvinist tradition, it has been assumed by his countrymen that if he toils and sweats, surely goodness and mercy and Broadway shall follow him. Our playwrights, however, have found that in practice, they bear a distressing resemblance to Sisyphus, or perhaps Lester Pearson. Disenchanted with this role, they have formed a new pressure group, The Playwright's Circle, which will attempt, among other things, "to promote the best interests of the Canadian playwright. . . and the circulation and use of new dramatic work, in all its aspects."

The Circle grew out of two conferences held this summer, the first at Stanley House in the Gaspé July 19-23, a conference on the dilemma of the playwright in Canada sponsored by the Canada Council, and the second at Niagara-on-the-Lake, a continuation and enlargement of the Gaspé meeting.

At the July meeting it was agreed that the present position of Canadian playwrights in Canada is ridiculous: beggars in their own home. Several recommendations were tabled as remedies for the situation, one of the most crucial being item No. 2.

" . . . that all Canadian grant-giving agencies stipulate that not later than the first of January 1973, any theatre receiving funds will be required to include in its repertoire at least one Canadian* work in each two works it produces."

*as defined by the Canada Council

A recommendation in this case is just a shade away from a demand, the civility and sweet reason of the Gaspé brief barely masking the rage that has grown in years of frustration.



CREEPS at Tarragon Theatre: Steve Smith, Robert Coltri, Frank Moore, David Freeman, Victor Sutton.

It bears attention. Among those who signed the Gaspé brief is James de B. Domville, administrator of Théâtre du Nouveau Monde in Montreal, and more significantly, chairman of the Advisory Arts Panel of the Canada Council. Others signing the brief were: Carol Bolt, playwright; John Douglas, dramaturge at St. Lawrence Centre; Suzannè Findlay, Associate Producer at the CBC; David Gardner, Theatre Arts Officer of the Canada Council; Marc Gélinas, member of the Conseil d'administration des auteurs dramatiques; Jack Gray, playwright and Secretary-General of the Canadian Theatre Centre; Peter Hay, formerly dramaturge at Vancouver playhouse and now drama editor of Talonbooks; Tom Hendry, playwright and notably the main reason for the existence of the Manitoba Theatre Centre; Jean Morin, Vice-président du Centre d'essai des auteurs dramatiques; George Ryga, playwright.

The Playwrights' Circle is still an infant, but a precocious one. On September 27th, another brief was drawn up—basically an endorsement of the Gaspé recommendations—by the Circle, particularly Tom Hendry, for submission to the Canada Council Advisory Arts Panel. James Domville and David Gardner, not being playwrights, are not members of the Circle. Other veterans of the Gaspé are members, along with an undetermined number of others whose membership is not yet official. The Circle list includes 28 playwrights who have at least expressed sympathetic interest in the concept, all of whom have seen their work produced on stages varying from Stratford to the Global Village, and from Vancouver Playhouse to Charlottetown. This to forestall charges of sour-grapiness.

The 50 per cent quota idea has shown a wonderful ability to induce panic in all quarters. Actors, directors and administrators generally respond with horror, stating flatly that such a move would be suicidal.

According to the Circle, this sort of thing is largely the result of an endearingly humble Canadian myth, that the production of Canadian material "offers certain road to the poorhouse, to the deterioration of taste and standards and to alienation of audiences." They set out first to show that this is, in a word, bunk.

In their brief to the Arts Panel is included a list of the box office records of some recently produced Canadian plays, as follows:

- 1) At Vancouver Playhouse, *Grass and Wild Strawberries* by George Ryga, played to 101 per cent of capacity (1970).
- 2) At Theatre Calgary, *You Two Stay Here* by Christopher Newton was second in attendance only to the curriculum play *The Taming of the Shrew* (1970).
- 3) At St. Lawrence Centre, *Striker Schneiderman* by

Jack Gray and *Man Inc.* by Jacques Languirand, on average outsold both *The Knackers ABC* and *Faust* (1969-70).

4) At Manitoba Theatre Centre, *Look Ahead* by Len Peterson was held over (1963)

5) At Stratford Festival Tom Hendry's *Satyricon!* played to 90 per cent capacity and outsold *Hadrian VII* (1969)

6) At Neptune Theatre *The Sleeping Bag* by Arthur Murphy outsold everything else. (1966)

7) *Anne of Green Gables!*

8) At Toronto Workshop Productions *Chicago '70* and Michael Nimchuk's *Good Soldier Schweyk*, based on a novel of the same name, set all time attendance records.

Why, then, did Stratford do no Canadian plays whatsoever this season? Or Shaw Festival? Why is the St. Lawrence Centre doing only one Canadian play? And why, oh why, did the Vancouver Playhouse reject George Ryga's *Captives of the Faceless Drummer* after the tremendous response to both *Grass and Wild Strawberries* and *The Ecstacy of Rito Joe*?

James B. Douglas, who played the leading role in *Captives* when it was finally produced at the smaller Art Gallery Theatre in Vancouver, offered the *Last Post* some explanations. Douglas has been around theatre for a long time, as one of our finest actors, presently a member of the St. Lawrence company, and as a director, now working on the development of a new theatre in Toronto, *Tarragon*.

Vancouver's artistic director at that time was David Gardner, who commissioned a play from Ryga for the 1970-71 season. When *Captives* was finished Gardner took it to the Board of Directors, who announced that it was too big a risk to use a new play by a relatively new Canadian writer, and replaced it with Neil Simon's *Plaza Suite*.

"The Board" says Douglas, "objected to the 'fucks' and the FLQ content of the play, which concerns itself with the October FLQ crisis." More than that, they objected, in his opinion, to the audience it would supposedly bring in. *Grass* had attracted young hairy folk in blue jeans, and, Douglas thinks, "they just didn't want those kind of people in their nice theatre."

This new audience, says Tom Hendry, bring with them a new set of beliefs and concerns, and they demand from the theatre stimulation and direction.

If the public is there, then why are plays like Ryga's blocked? Who are these mysterious arbitrators of public taste known only as The Board, and more importantly, how is it that they are able to get away with such shenanigans?

One of the major prerequisites for accession to Boardhood is money. The boards of directors of the large theatres are made up largely of those who have contributed generously to the theatre's bankroll, who are therefore inevitably from the well-upholstered rungs of the social ladder: successful lawyers and businessmen, wives of corporation presidents, and the like.

At Vancouver Playhouse, the people who scuttled *Captives* included Mrs. Armond J. Hall, President, Mr. Norman Rothstein, Vice-President, Mrs. Frank Ross, 2nd VP, Mr. Ed Finnegan, stockbroker and past president, and a certain Mrs. Turner, who, as it happens, is none other than the mother of The Honourable John, our vigilant minister of justice.

The clash here between management and creative personnel is not so much over aesthetics as it is over politics, the social *direction* of the theatre. George Ryga's work, according to James Douglas, embodies the best of what Canadian plays should be: fine drama by any standards, with a social concern that is integral, not a message shoved down our throats. Aristotle said it differently but there it is.

It should be said here that "Canadian" does not mean the drama of maple syrup and beaver stew. Canada's playwrights do not insist that Shakespeare was a traitor because he wrote about that homicidal Scot. Canadianness, they assure us, would be the inevitable result of nationality, evident in attitude, not necessarily plot and setting.

Tom Hendry is more emphatic than Douglas. "I'm looking for theatre with a political commitment which is violently socialist, an embarrassment to the NDP." Though not quite on a level with the concepts of, say, the Red Theatre of China or the People's Anti-Japanese Dramatic Society, the general idea is clear. It is scarcely calculated to win the heart of John Turner's mum.

The boards are not the only obstacle to the playwright in Canada. John Palmer, a member of the Circle and author of *Memories of My Brother, Part II*, which will be presented this season at St. Lawrence, is an enthusiastic critic of some of Canada's artistic directors, as are other playwrights in the Circle. To go through some of the evidence tabled:

■ Paxton Whitehead, artistic director of Shaw Festival and now Vancouver Playhouse, is described as an irrevocable Englishman who has gone on record as saying that he never reads new scripts because he's never seen any good ones anyway. Beverley Simon's *Crabdance* is going on at Vancouver this season against his expressed wishes.

■ Michael Bawtree, literary manager at Stratford, complained that he couldn't *find* any Canadian plays. He was looking in South America, where he found Enrique Buenaventura's *The Red Convertible*, produced last summer at The Third Stage, Stratford's experimental wing. It was greeted with uniform dismay.

■ Leon Major, artistic director of St. Lawrence Centre, hasn't time for it all and expects playwrights to come to him. "You mean the writer should be a salesman?", asked Norman Williams. "Well of course", was the reply. Mavor Moore has said that if a writer has anything any good, he'll be "camped on Leon Major's doorstep."

It goes on and on.

They are able to get away with it, say the playwrights, because of our neo-colonial attitudes, the belief that we can be competitive only as suppliers of wheat. So we continue to clutch the hand of Big Brother and clench the British teat in our grim little teeth.

Brian Doherty, seedbed of the Shaw Festival, said it rather well: "We hit on Shaw" he recalled, "because he's the second most important playwright in the English language...and besides, Shakespeare had already been taken."

This barnacle mentality is not the case in Quebec, where theatre, despite some of the worst economic conditions in the country, is more vital than anywhere else. Le Théâtre Populaire de Québec, Théâtre du Nouveau Monde, Théâtre du Rideau Vert, Théâtre de Quat'sous, and many others have for some time now been producing predominantly Québécois drama, plays by Réjean Ducharme, Roch Carrier, and their compatriots, often using Joul as do Québec's novelists.

The point is an obvious one.

In Ontario, especially Toronto, theatre is beginning to show similar signs of life. The Playwrights' Circle is now attempting to establish for English-speaking writers what the Centre d'Essai des Auteurs Dramatiques has been to French-speaking writers.

Other organizations have, of course, done a certain amount to improve things: the Canada Council, the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts, le Ministre des Affaires Culturelles, their counterparts in other provinces, The Dominion Drama Festival, the Canadian Theatre Centre, have all been tinkering with the problem. It has obviously not been enough, however, when George Ryga lives year after year below the official poverty line, or when one playwright being produced at one of the major theatres this season refers to himself quite freely as "the house nigger".

Millions have been poured into theatre by these organizations. The crucial point is that it goes mainly—usually about 75 per cent of the Canada Council Theatre budget—to large resident theatres and established festivals, who are precisely the ones who reject Canadian work. (Perhaps Stratford could be subsidized by the Department of Tourism?)

Last year, of the more than \$7 million in budgets passing through the hands of subsidized English language theatres, notes the Circle brief, approximately \$14,000 came to Canadian playwrights. This year they expect \$20,000 out of \$8 million.

For more reasons than one, then, the major subsidized theatres can be depended on to make a fuss if the Gaspé recommendations go through. They may, after all, have a legitimate reason.

Playwrights need opportunity to develop *in* the theatre, the experience necessary for the mastery of stagecraft, which is exactly what our writers have not yet had. Virtually all these new plays put into production require endless rewriting and reworking to the exigencies of the physical stage, the collaboration of writer, director and actors. It is a process demanding enormous energy and patience.

"A season of 50 per cent Canadian plays at this point," says James Douglas, "would be exhausting. For the large theatres, it would be impossible and ridiculous."

In Douglas's opinion, theatres like Stratford cannot give enough new plays the time necessary for final development, largely due to the cost of union employees. *Captives* was being rewritten all through rehearsals for the Art Gallery production, and is still being reworked slightly for a short run at St. Lawrence's Town Hall. Jack Gray's *Striker Schneiderman* was put together at St. Lawrence in three weeks, from page to audience, leaving no time to in-

corporate improvements Gray brought in after two weeks of rehearsal. With that handicap, the wonder is that *Striker* did as well as it did.

"You almost get the feeling," sighed Norman Williams, "that they want our stuff to fail."

Williams has been writing plays in Canada since before the Second World War and has won various prizes for his work. His latest play *The Animal Cage*, having been turned down by various Canadian theatres, was eventually produced at the Playwrights' Unit in New York, largely through the efforts of his friend Peter Peer, actor and sometime cab driver.

The Playwrights' Unit was founded by Edward Albee as a tryout theatre, a place where new plays such as *The Boys in the Band* have gotten a start. This is the concept behind small groups such as Peter McConnell's Learning Resources Centre and George Luscombe's Theatre Workshop Productions. It is a fundamental aim of Tarragon Theatre, another new Toronto enterprise, of which James Douglas is one of the founding directors. They have just opened this season with David Freeman's *Creeps*, to capacity crowds.

The audience is there for this kind of theatre, the plays are there, the actors, the directors, everything but the money. Peter Peer suggests a Theatre Development Fund along the lines of the CFDC, whose responsibility it would be to screen productions of Canadian plays at small theatres and adjudicate which should be given the money to move into major production. The Fund could put up perhaps one-third to one-half the cost, making it almost certain that the full amount required could be raised from other sources. Actor's Equity could make some special arrangements with the tryout theatres as it does in New York (home base of Equity).

The Gaspé brief made other recommendations regarding direct grants to playwrights, publications of plays, copyright laws, and the improvement of the Canadian Theatre Centre, that are unlikely to arouse very much opposition. It includes a comprehensive financial breakdown for a "Playwrights' Development Package" for implementation of the recommendations. Section 17 is devoted to the CRTC and the CBC and a general indictment of both. That however, is another tale, locked in the albums of the Whiteoak family.

Another central question is that of the unions, particularly ACTRA, which has a writers' wing, already the source of some grumblings on the part of some other ACTRA members. The Playwrights' Circle favours membership in ACTRA for all writers, (or SAC—Société des Auteurs), but there are dissenters such as Norman Williams, who prefers the idea of agents, acting as Peer did for him. Again, the unions are a thorny subject requiring space of its own.

On one point at least, there is professional solidarity: Canada's playwrights have so far been treated as nothing better than a band of stray cats. They are workers, locked out, without any of the traditional weapons of organized labor. For the moment, they will try the concept of a special pressure group to move their ideas.

The federal government, for its part, could consider again the wisdom of the kind of donation just made to the Shaw Festival by the Department of the Secretary of State: \$500,000 toward a new \$2.5 million building. This puts Brian Doherty in a rather peculiar light when he writes to Bill Glasco that he doesn't think Tarragon should open until it can have a "big smash opening."

Cecil B. de Mille would approve.

POO CORNER

**Weather blamed
in jobless rise**

Public blamed

**Quebec
crimes
up 15%**

From the Montreal Gazette

Shulman

**'Physician,
defeat
thyself'**

Dr. Morton Shulman was asked yesterday to contribute \$50 to a campaign to stop himself from becoming Ontario's Minister of Health.

Along with the rest of the physicians in Ontario, Dr. Shulman received a letter urging him to contribute to either the Conservative or Liberal Parties to fight the risk of their becoming salaried civil servants and face "the spectre of Morton Shulman, Minister of Health, November 1, 1971."

The letter was signed by London insurance man Colin Brown, who has previously organized personal campaigns against the white paper on taxation, against medicare and for a golf course in Yugoslavia.

From the Gazette

Basford tells businessmen:

Ottawa will listen

**Chamber
chooses
officers**

QUEBEC CITY — (Gazette) — A Calgary, lawyer and businessman has become the chamber, and it appears that a French-Canadian from Quebec City will become president next year.

Neil V. German, a stocky, aggressive lawyer, took the 42nd president of the powerful businessman's group.

Basford is completely bald.

John Meyer is also completely bald

DAILY NEWS

We still admire Guy Nelson A. Rockefeller's refusal to go with the Mafia at the rebel's command. As he said in a well-considered statement yesterday, if he had gone to Attica, "then in the next disorder the prisoners may say they won't negotiate with anyone but the President."

We admire equally Mr. Rockefeller and to get all the facts on the subject before drawing hard and fast conclusions.

The rest of us would do well to suspend judgment in like fashion until all the facts are in. Shoot from the hip in a case like this, and one is all too likely to make of oneself a pluperfect jackass.

ATTACKS WRITER

The minister then launched an attack against *Gazette* columnist John Meyer who has opposed certain measures of the bill in print.

"I noted the other day that such a respected and expert business journalist as John Meyer of *The Gazette* had written that all mergers registered with the tribunal would be examined and subject to test."

"I hope the fact that I read John Meyer does not destroy my credibility entirely."

"Of course, this is misinterpreting what the merger provisions do."

LAST POST

LETTERS

Dear Last Post:

I don't know Wilf Day of Port Hope, whose letter on the Quebec CCF brought a rebuttal in your October issue from Dr. J. Stanley Allen of Hamilton. But Stan Allen is an old friend, wise adviser, comrade and colleague from the days before and during World War II, when we both devoted all our spare time to trying to get the CCF launched in Quebec. We were both delegates to many Quebec CCF conventions (as was David Lewis), and on occasion were both members of the Quebec CCF executive. I hope he will forgive me, therefore, for reminding him that his constituency of Mount Royal was not typical of Quebec.

Stan defies anyone "to name even one delegate" to a Quebec CCF convention who "joined the Bloc Populaire". I was one of the delegates to the 1944 convention who did exactly that.

He says that "Le Bloc was by '44 an almost spent political force". On the contrary, in that year it obtained 191,675 votes, compared with 37,001 for the CCF.

Had the CCF stuck to J.S. Woodsworth's attitudes on war and conscription, there would have been no need for the Bloc. It was with dismay that the Quebec CCF watched the National Council move gradually to its policy of total conscription. Withdrawals from the Quebec membership began when the National Council called for a "Yes" vote in the conscription plebiscite of 1942, before the Bloc was formed. I remained, however, because the CCF MPs after the

plebiscite voted against the conscription amendment to the National Resources Mobilisation Act, as they had been urged to do by the Quebec CCF.

But at the Quebec convention of 1944 it was made perfectly clear by spokesmen for the National Council that their policy of total conscription had to be accepted by every section of the CCF. This some of us, in conscience, could not do.

A few days later I called on André Laurendeau to dissociate myself from charges of racialism and "fascism" which had been made against the Bloc by some speakers at the CCF convention. He said he regretted the fact that no Protestant candidate had so far been nominated for the Bloc, and asked how I would react to such a nomination. We agreed that it would have to be in a constituency with a Protestant majority, and one in which I would not be placed in the position of opposing a CCF candidate.

When I was eventually nominated in Brome, former CCFers from Sherbrooke and Stanstead came out to speak for me. Most of them eventually joined the Cr ditistes who, for all practical purposes, were to become the labor party in the Eastern Townships. Social Credit, as a federal party, had had the political sense not to take a stand either way on the conscription plebiscite.

Dr. Allen says that "the Laurendeaus, Trudeaus and Drapeaus" were "the folk who did all they could to hinder the war effort against Hitler". Stan, how can you say such a thing? Michel Chartrand was with them too. These men understood that nothing could possibly do more harm to Canada than conscription for overseas service. None of them wanted to see their province driven to separatism. In that respect, they were all disciples of Henri Bourassa.

Had the Bloc succeeded, Andr  Laurendeau would have become Premier of Quebec, instead of Maurice Duplessis. But the forces of North American economic continentalism were on the side of the Union Nationale, and they were too strong to beat—even in Brome.

**Gordon O. Rothney
Winnipeg.**

Dear Last Post:

While rushing to congratulate you on the well documented article on "Canada and the Vietnam War" in your last issue, will you answer the obvious question—why does it, along with all the establishment press, so carefully avoid any reference to the Canadian "aid" program to South Vietnam?

When there is abundant proof that the other even more insidious way we play patsy to the Pentagon in Vietnam is by providing the facade for the CIA operations to carry on—why is this omitted?

How will you explain—after the last of the U.S. armed forces are finally withdrawn—that you did not help to expose the fact that Canada is still playing its part by setting up new medical centres (on the Cambodian border yet!) to enable the CIA to carry on.

Surely the *Last Post* doesn't need any lessons about the "other war" that goes on and on, long after the B-52's will have been driven from the skies?

And, if so, how is it that this most vulnerable aspect of Canada's involvement in Vietnam is ignored in your pages, too?

**Claire Culhane
Montreal**

Dear Last Post:

Earlier this year, you imaginatively endowed us in your pages with vast riches from what you regarded as a questionable source. This delicious rumour propagated itself to a point where, late in the summer, I was asked at a Couchiching Conference how we were spending the \$800,000 we had received from Brascan Ltd. My reaction was just short of convulsive. I invited that questioner, and I now invite you, to visit our office and our staff of two. Our financial status will become clear to you.

A campaign, with a publicity budget of \$0.00, a budget for campaign literature of not much more, and endless hours of work by volunteers in Committees across the country (from all social and economic strata), resulted in the presentation of 170,000 signatures in support of our Statement of Purpose, and a Brief, to the Prime Minister.

Now, from your pages, I understand that we symbolize the 'last gasps of bourgeois nationalism'.

I find it interesting to try to recall the images which were associated in my mind with the word 'bourgeois' when I was, in my own adolescence, in the thrall of uncritical socialism. 'Bourgeois' simply has no place in my vocabulary today, and I am surprised to see it used by such an enlightened journal as your own.

I am appalled that the *Last Post* has not been aware of developments in sociological methodology which make it clear that this country, and the world at large, is in the midst of a 'human' revolution. This revolution goes far beyond the narrow categories

of the class struggle and begins to embrace all members of the human race as victims of alienation from their own humanity. It attempts to break the duality in human consciousness which creates rigid institutional structures and which turns even the most creative breakthrough into an 'ism'—a new idol. I refer you to the work of Northrop Frye, Marshall McLuhan and Bernard Lonergan S. J.—not a radical among them, by your terms. Yet these Canadians are utterly respectful of the etymology of the word with which you describe your magazine.

They have sought in their respective fields, to expose and define the root problem in human consciousness and human symbolization, and to understand the significance of the root problem in the growth of institutions and in historical development.

Central to that understanding is 'discovery' and openness to all the possibilities.

True to these Canadian insights, the Committee for an Independent Canada has not attempted to set up a structure with a powerful machine. It does not issue directives; it does not have a master plan. In short, it is not a political party and does not intend to become one.

The Committee's purpose has always been to raise an urgent question in the minds of Canadians. We issued an invitation to Canadians to think seriously about the fact that our economic life is dominated by foreign interest; that this fact has overwhelming implications for the free development of our social, cultural and political life. We have not suggested any patterns for thinking about these things. We have not recommended that this thinking be done within any particular political or economic framework. Believing in the soundness of Canadian judgment—our indigenous refusal to make judgments until all the evidence is in—we leave the final decisions as to ideal economic and social structures to our fellow citizens in a free electoral system.

As a result of this thinking being done by Canadians, further very exciting questions are beginning to emerge. How does an entire nation free itself of psychological dependence, of branch plant thinking and of self deprecation? In today's world what is the role of a nation? Is it just possible that Canada has the unique task of creating, out of her own imagination and with reference to world historical process, a new national role—one which may be faithful to our geo-

graphy with its limitless horizons, and to our history of discovery?

Without ceasing to draw attention to the fact that the implications of economic dependence would hopelessly inhibit such a possibility, the Committee hope to foster searching questions as to what it might mean to be involved in creating a nation with meaning, not only for itself, but for the world community.

We see this as an exciting task. It is a task for all Canadians—including those who might be willing to be as open to some of the *truly* radical ideas being created in Canada today as to importing revolutionary ideas.

Barbara Daprato
Executive Director
Committee for an
Independent Canada
Toronto

Dear Last Post:

Nobody publishes as much descriptive or analytical material on Canadian society as does *Last Post*. That's why I subscribe. But while your research performance agrees with me, your political assumptions do not.

Can anyone, after writing or editing the Gastown police-riot report in the October issue, really be satisfied with "community control of cops" as the "solution"? The writers seem to approve of Vancouver's coalition of community groups' attempt "to get on the ballot with a demand for community control". Gastown is a community, so's Vancouver. Both places include proletarians, lumpens, petty-bourgeois and genuine capitalists, big and small, among their citizens. Now which class or "bloc of classes" in these sample communities are going to exercise control? All of them at once? Most of the editors and contributors of *Last Post* conceive of themselves as Marxists. Is community control actually as "realistic" as your West Coast staff suggests?

Other questions come to mind, again from the October issue. One article, "Les gars de LaPalme", bitterly denounces Eric Kierans' "incredible gaffe" in shafting the mail-truck drivers. The other, "Canada's resources: the piecemeal surrender", uses the same Eric Kierans as a valuable source of information and encouragement in fighting the American imperialists. We know *Last Post* and the Waffle Movement obviously have ideas in common. But Waffle leader Jim Laxer uses Kierans as a quotable source; Waffle leader Melville Watkins is often seen drinking beer with Kierans at Toronto's Embassy Hotel (incidentally, now boycotted by the Militant Co-op for harboring U.S.-owned Anning's Strike-

breakers). Now for the question, is there or ain't there a problem at *Last Post*? Who comes first, the "wage-earners" (of whom Jim Laxer claims to belong), or national-bourgeois Eric Kierans?

Two more difficulties. One, didn't Canadian Texpack (page 41 of the October issue) distribute 1942 U.S. Army surplus unsanitary bandages *before* selling out to American Hospital Supply? And two, doesn't Jim Laxer's "public ownership" solution to Canadian workers' problems strongly resemble the Vancouver Left's "community control of cops", with the same criticisms accruing?

Perhaps *Last Post* ought to put researchers and journalists into preparing a massive expose of its own apologetic assumptions. Only an uncomprehending readership would allow *Last Post* editors to continue pretending both Marxism and liberalism at the same time. ("Marxism to others, liberalism to themselves"—Mao Tsetung.) Keeping readers in the dark is not a contribution to journalism.

Kevin Henley
Toronto

Dear Last Post:

Today I received and read Vol. 2 No. 1, the best of your many excellent issues.

It re-awakened in me, anger, real red-hot anger, at the ghastly mess we have to try and change.

Thanks for the information and sense of purpose we need so badly. Now we are still faced with the challenge, what to do about it? What can we do?

T. Padgham
Flin Flon

Dear Last Post:

A few weeks ago I received Volume 1, No. 7 of the "*Last Post*" as a sample copy. Earlier in the year I had read another issue and had been tempted to subscribe, but one article in particular in the sample copy gave me serious doubts about the quality of your publication.

I refer to the article on Stephen Lewis entitled "Spring Cleaning" and I feel-qualified to comment on the grounds that I am a member of the NDP and a member of the Provincial Council. Although my link with the NDP is recent (because of some years spent in the federal public service) my ties with democratic socialism go back to the days of the CCF. I have never considered myself part of the Establishment of the party or of society. For this and other reasons I consider myself to be a fairly objective observer of the events your anonymous con-

LETTERS

continued

tributor has attempted to describe.

At the beginning of the article, sarcastic reference is made to people being so infantile as to use the word "socialist". I have heard the so-called radicals of the Party harping on this point time and time again; I wonder when they will learn that use of the word does not make a person a socialist. I wonder, also, when they will learn that repetition of the word does not necessarily mark a radical and progressive mind. Socialism, after all, is not new and I have lingering suspicions that many of the people who frantically wave the banner of socialism are really among the more narrowminded, inflexible, and reactionary members of the NDP.

Your writer states that Stephen Lewis has "disillusioned a good portion of the delegates". I cannot speak for a good portion, but I was a delegate who did not vote for Stephen Lewis but who has accepted with equanimity the decision of the majority and who has been pleased with the performance of our provincial leader to date. I have been through my university days of weighing political power against principles; it is an interesting exercise but I concluded some years ago that power is important if we are to begin the transformation of our society that most of us dream about. It is fine to be pure in principle, but purity is almost pointless if it means we must remain on the fringe of political activity and economic development. (Incidentally, I think it was in 1954 that I attacked the Ontario CCF for sacrificing the Regina Manifesto for political expediency. I was a University of Toronto CCF delegate to the provincial convention and as immature politically and emotionally as many of the Wafflers are today.)

Your contributor states on page 34 that Caplan "wailed", and I do not hesitate to condemn that kind of writing whether it be in *Time Magazine* or in the *Last Post*. It is

cheap, dishonest journalism and is hardly a fitting style for a magazine that attempts to enlist the interest of intelligent people.

It is also stated in the article that Lewis had been given a strong mandate from the party to take it further down the road of socialism. I would like to know where that mandate is. I do not believe the mandate has been significantly changed over a period of years or that Lewis has failed in his espousal of party principles.

Again I see reference to the fact that the NDP Ontario program was written using the word socialist only once. This is really very carping criticism and betrays a childish approach to the issues involved.

Also on page 34, your contributor makes what I believe is a further sarcastic reference to the Waffle group and "their commitment to repatriating the Canadian economy". It is typical of the self-righteous and dogmatic people who seem to have grouped around the Waffle banner to believe that only they have such a commitment. Of course it is not true and it is malicious for your contributor to suggest, by implication, that the rest of the party is willing to see an increase in, or a continuation of, foreign domination of our economy.

I was at the Provincial Council meeting when the NDY grant was discussed. I spoke on the issue and voted, as I saw it, on the merits of the issue and the expected demands of the provincial election campaign. I made it clear that I opposed making the vote an ideological litmus test. I also noted that it was prominent members of the Waffle group who made it an ideological issue and who introduced the theme of "redbaiting" several times. Even I, who had favored the grant and who had spoken against making it an ideological test, was accused of redbaiting. By the end of that particular Council meeting I decided I might as well play the "polarization" game of the Waffle people. If they wished to make every issue, including the length of resolutions, a question of being for or against the Waffle, then I was against.

On page 35 your writer suggests that the Establishment of the party was encouraging devious tactics including the packing of meetings, to beat back the Waffle. First of all, I do not accept the implied proposition that the Waffle is a serious threat. Secondly, in the case of the Dovercourt nomination, your writer gives no evidence to suggest that it was the Establishment rather than the Waffle that goofed. Inasmuch as Penner did very well and won the

nomination, it is at least reasonable to assume that the Waffle could have been guilty of devious tactics of their own. Moreover, the organization of the Waffle as a disciplined party within a very free and undisciplined party provides prima facie grounds for believing the Waffle group did the packing.

I have observed the Waffle organization at two conventions, at the Provincial Council, and at closer range. What seems to bother Wafflers most is the suspicion that others may use their own tactics—name-calling, coordinated attacks, packing meetings, running to the press—against them. Stephen Lewis demonstrated a shrewd assessment of the stock-in-trade of the Wafflers when he politely told them at the Provincial Council meeting in February that they "should be a little less delicately-skinned" and not complain when their own tactics are turned back against them.

Your contributor also states that the thought of Laxer coming second to David Lewis sent "the provincial people into convulsions of shock and fear". The Wafflers are obviously suffering from delusions of their importance, and you are guilty of having very low standards for your reporting. As a delegate to the national convention it was easy to see that Laxer would place second, even on the first ballot, and I and many others freely predicted this without going into convulsions. We knew the Wafflers would vote as a disciplined group on every ballot but that many others, like myself, would badly split the non-Waffle vote on early ballots before uniting behind David Lewis. And as for the suggestion of your contributor that some people might have tried to rig the balloting, it could only come from a person who has little faith in people's intelligence, or who has no experience with genuinely democratic parties, or who is intent upon destroying the party in a fit of pique. The extreme left has always regarded the moderate left as the real enemy and I have heard Wafflers refer to Stephen Lewis as "the enemy".

Canada could use a good radical newsmagazine, but on the basis of the evidence I cannot say the *Last Post* meets the need. I suggest you start with integrity, honesty, and intelligence and build your reporting, your radicalism, and your circulation on those qualities.

**Allan Millard, President,
Carleton New Democratic Party
Constituency Association.
Ottawa**



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