

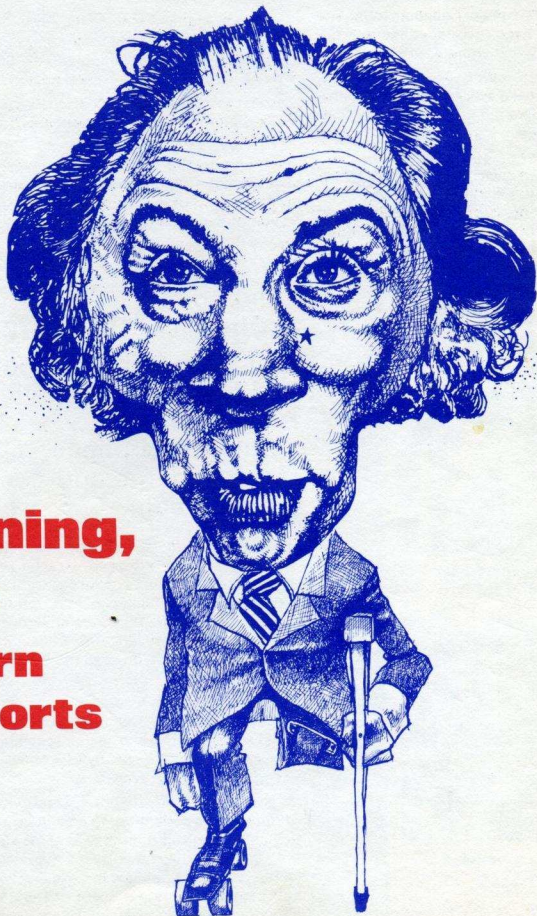
■ Bennett's defeat ■ Waffle's retreat

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Vol. 2, No. 7

October 1972
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THE LAST POST Vol. 2, No. 7

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The Last Post is produced by an editorial board.

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The Last Post is published by the Canadian Journalism Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 430 King Street West, Room 101, Toronto 135, Ontario. Secretary-Treasurer: John Dufort. Typeset by Foundation Press, Ltd., 430 King Street West, Room 101, Toronto 135, Ontario. Printed by Les Editions du Richelieu, 100, rue Bouthillier, St. Jean, Quebec. Contents Copyright 1972. Second Class mailing registration No. 2315. Postage paid at Montreal.



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LAST POST

THE SUMMER

Pearson's ghost stalks the land

The photo distributed by Liberal Party headquarters signalled a new kind of Liberal campaign. There was a bespectacled Pierre Elliott Trudeau sitting at his desk, a serious expression on his face, poring over papers, his tie loosened. The working Prime Minister.

It befitted a man who had now been in office for four years. There was now a Trudeau record for the Liberals to run on and the Tories to criticize. But there was little evidence that the new sobriety meant that there would be any more substance to this campaign than there had been in the flower-power election of 1968.

At his opening press conference, the Prime Minister seemed to have taken some lessons from the political master, a man toward whom Trudeau has shown, in their meetings, a respect bordering on reverence: Richard Nixon. Like Nixon in his acceptance speech to the Republican convention, Trudeau appeared to believe that you didn't have to solve your country's economic problems, you only had to say you had solved them. And like Nixon, Trudeau skillfully avoided the discussion of issues, concentrating instead on a red herring, in this case "the integrity of Canada."

If Trudeau was aware of any statements in which Robert Stanfield, David Lewis or even R al Caouette had come out against the integrity of Canada he wasn't telling anyone where they were, but that mattered not. The important thing was that the expression evoked what the Liberals wanted to evoke: Trudeau the man who can keep the country together, Trudeau the man who can deal with the French.

There had been rumours in the months before the election was called that Tru-

deau would try to start the campaign with a bang: another Quebec crisis with a swift federal response. Solicitor General Jean-Pierre Goyer had tested the mood back in January with a statement that the police had foiled a bigger crisis than the one of October 1970, but he was shot down by the unlikely figure of Quebec Justice Minister J r me Choquette. During Quebec's May revolt, there was a faction within the federal cabinet that wanted to invoke the War Measures Act again, but it was not the right time. And so in his election announcement September 1, Trudeau satisfied himself with the remembrance of things past: "We have dealt swiftly with internal crisis in October 1970."

In subsequent weeks, Trudeau kept to the same theme, saying clearly for the first time that he would not consider a Parti Qu b cois election victory in Quebec a mandate for independence. The calculation was simple: this kind of talk would lose no votes in French Canada since there was no clear nationalist challenge to be fought off, and in English Canada it might even make people forget bilingualism in the civil service and Jean Marchand's handouts to Quebec.

For the Tories, it was a question of trying to define what Robert Stanfield was fond of calling the "Progressive Conservative alternative."

As the campaign opened, Stanfield was beginning to tone down somewhat the right-wing nature of that alternative as it had been developed over the last year. But he was likely to have some difficulty keeping some of his more exuberant new recruits for Conservative candidacies under control: Lubor Zink, the red-under-every-bed Toronto *Sun* columnist;

Stephen Roman, the uranium magnate who had become incensed when the Liberal government refused to let him sell out to the Americans; Claude Wagner, the law-and-order former Quebec justice minister; Allan Lawrence, who had parlayed old-fashioned Ontario know-nothingism into an almost-successful campaign for the provincial Tory leader-

CITIZEN KUPIAK

In 1964, the Soviet newspaper *Pravda* published allegations about a wartime group of Ukrainian Nationalists which it said had "tortured to death and executed more than 200 Soviet and Polish citizens." The Soviet government requested the extradition of the alleged leader of the group, Dmytro Kupiak, who was in Canada, but the Canadian government refused.

Kupiak denied the charges in an interview with the Toronto *Globe and Mail* in 1964, saying that any fighting the underground army of which he was a member did was directed against the Russian political-military police, not against civilians or even the Red Army.

The Soviet government again requested Kupiak's extradition in 1965 and again the request was refused. In 1969, members of the group — including Kupiak in absentia — went on trial for war crimes in the Ukraine, and were convicted.

Dmytro Kupiak is still living in Canada. He is the Progressive Conservative candidate in the Toronto riding of Lakeshore in the October 30 federal election.

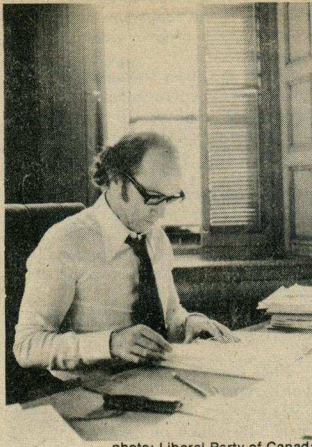


photo: Liberal Party of Canada

TRUDEAU BEFORE AND AFTER A new image, but no new substance

ship in 1971; Paul Hellyer, the erstwhile Liberal who had founded Action Canada; Dmytro Kupiak, who was convicted in absentia of war crimes in the Ukraine and whom the Canadian government had refused to extradite to the Soviet Union.

The difficulty with presenting a consistent right-wing alternative was that there was no consistent left-wing government. Much as Mackenzie King used to co-opt sections of the CCF program to meet the threat from the left, Trudeau had made a series of moves to meet the threat from the right: ditching the Competition Act, shuffling Ron Basford, Ben Benson and Bryce Mackasey out of their portfolios, coming out with a craven excuse for a foreign-ownership policy and a budget that pleased big business. "This is a Minister of Finance who speaks our language," outgoing Canadian Manufacturers Association president Gérard Filion said of John Turner in June, "and in his budget he delivered." It didn't leave much room for Robert Stanfield to manoeuvre.

The neo-Goldwaterite "incentive society" that had been a highlight of every Stanfield speech a few months back had faded into the background; instead, the Tory leader was talking about "a job for Canadians." In criticizing the Trudeau government's employment record Stanfield even managed to sound vaguely progressive, it being more progressive to be against unemployment than to be for it. Conservative sources in Ottawa denied that it would be a right-wing campaign (there was apparently some internal conflict on that question, with a group surrounding Ontario Premier Bill Davis

in Toronto favouring good old conservative Conservatism while Ottawa opted for a subtler tack).

Some Conservative strategists had seen the electorate as being in a bitchy, rather authoritarian frame of mind and wanted to pitch the campaign to that mood, but the more wishy-washy approach was the dominant one. Despite the Tories' claim that they would articulate definite philosophical differences to

Trudeau Liberalism, it was difficult to see what those differences would be. Stanfield has never gotten over his tendency to criticize what the government does less than the way it does it.

There is little doubt that the Conservatives will be able to do some chipping away at Liberal strength. The Liberals overextended themselves in 1968 in Ontario and British Columbia, and there is ample scope for Tory gains in those two provinces. Wagner will probably be able to carry some Quebec Tories with him into the House of Commons. And Tory strength in the Prairie and Atlantic bastions will probably hold (although Liberal hopes in those areas are not as remote as they were earlier; Justice Minister Otto Lang, once considered certain to fall at the hands of a New Democrat, is now rated a slight favourite to retain his Saskatoon-Humboldt seat even by NDP sources, and the Liberals are looking hungrily at ridings in Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland).

All that might add up to net Liberal losses of about twenty seats, which would put Trudeau into a Pearson-style minority-government position. But for the Conservatives to do better than that, and to have a serious chance of forming the next government, they would have to gain control of the Great Canadian Middle. There is no sign that Pierre Elliott Trudeau is about to give that up.

Robert Chodos

NDP buoyant: Little David and the bums

While Robert Stanfield was trying to present himself as a credible alternative to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, David Lewis was trying to present himself as a credible alternative to Robert Stanfield.

Officially, of course, Lewis, like the others, was running for Prime Minister, but not even the most optimistic New Democrat expected to see him living at 24 Sussex Drive after October 30. Opposition leader, though . . . well, maybe.

It was still a very long shot, but it did not seem quite as long as it had a few months earlier. When Trudeau announced in May that there would be no summer election, the NDP issued a long collective sigh of relief. By the time the election was actually called September 1 the mood had changed; the volunteer canvassers, the staple of any NDP campaign, were flocking back. That was partly because of the result of the British

Columbia election; it was not obvious how, if at all, it would be translated into federal seats, but provincial election victories always help, especially if they are as convincing as the one in B.C.

The other reason for renewed NDP buoyancy was that the party had come up with an issue. It was not an issue that was in any sense socialist, yet it was the sort of issue that neither the Liberals nor the Conservatives would dare to touch, and it was all summed up in a phrase that Lewis used over and over again: corporate welfare bums.

The last person to talk about corporate welfare bums, although not in those words, was a chartered accountant named Kenneth Carter, whom the Diefenbaker government commissioned to study Canada's tax system back in the early sixties.

Carter came up with the unlikely prop-

osition that a dollar was a dollar and should be taxed as such, whether it belonged to a construction worker or a mining company, whether it was earned in the steel mill or in stock speculation.

† That was too much for the Liberal government of Lester Pearson, by then in power, and the Carter report was part of the unfinished business passed on in 1968 to Pierre Elliott Trudeau and his finance minister, Ben Benson. Benson packaged a watered-down version of the Carter proposals into a White Paper on tax reform, but the yelps of injured innocence from the business community — and particularly from the mining corporations, the chief beneficiaries of tax bonuses and loopholes — continued unabated. The tax reform bill that was passed into law in 1971 was so drastically changed from the original proposals as to be unrecognizable.

That is where the matter stood when David Lewis picked it up in early August. In a series of speeches, he dealt with a number of variations on the same main theme.

"In 1951, on a national accounts basis," Lewis said in Toronto August 11, "corporations paid 28 per cent of all direct taxes collected by the federal government and individuals paid 26.7 per cent; a fairly equitable sharing of the tax burden. In 1973 individuals will pay 49.9 per cent of all income tax and corporations only 12.2 per cent. At one time the proportions were equal; now individuals contribute four times as much as corporations."

Almost half of the 93,000 corporations in Canada pay no tax at all, Lewis pointed

out. And what corporation tax is paid goes back to the companies through the expanding web of government handout programs.

"Under the latest budget, only 15 per cent of government revenues on a budgetary basis will come from the corporations while 15 per cent of federal spending will go to so-called 'economic development and support' . . . that is to say, to grants and handouts for the corporations. Figure it out: 15 per cent from the corporations minus 15 per cent for the corporations equals zero as the net contribution of the corporations to the social programs of the federal government."

But what really got the newspapers interested were Lewis's specific examples:

—Shell Canada paid no income tax at all on earnings of more than half a billion dollars between 1964 and 1969. In 1970, it paid \$16 million on earnings of \$123 million, a rate of only 13 per cent. Meanwhile, from 1965 to 1971 Shell got more than \$4 million in government grants.

—The International Nickel Company of Canada paid no income tax in 1971 on net earnings of \$210 million, and even received an income tax credit of \$2.8 million that it can deduct from income tax payable in the future.

—Canadian General Electric paid \$26,777,000 in tax between 1967 and 1971 on net earnings of \$211,643,000, a rate of 12.65 per cent. Between 1965 and 1971, it received \$8 1/2 million in government grants of various sorts. And the number of jobs provided by CGE declined ten per cent between 1970 and 1971.

It was all rip-roaring good stuff, and



DAVID LEWIS
Finding his niche

it caught on immediately in the press, itself a major gain for the NDP; it had been a long time since anything the NDP said had been deemed worthy of front-page headlines and lead editorials. Its impact on the voter was less clear, although the implications of tax inequities were easily drawn and Lewis did not hesitate to draw them. He pointed out that Canadian Industrial Gas and Oil, for instance, pays income tax at a quarter the rate of a married man with two kids who makes \$5,500 a year. And he said:

"Someone has to pay. Someone is paying for our country's medical services, public home construction, pensions and other transfer payments. And someone is paying for all those grants and tax concessions to the corporate friends of Liberal and Tory governments. And that someone is you, the vast number of lower and middle-income people who can never quite tally up a surplus at the end of a hard year's work."

He was also careful to make sure nobody got any wrong ideas. "The issue we have raised is not against corporations but against a tax system which allows too many corporations, particularly large ones, to avoid legally their fair share of taxation," he said at the end of a London, Ontario speech. There was little David against the big companies, militant without being radical, upholding British standards of fair play. Lewis had found his niche.

Robert Chodos

WHAT'S MY LINE?

. . . . It wasn't Fischer's antics — arriving late, demanding total silence, dashing out for orange juice — that beat Spassky. His victory was that of the lone individualist over the machine, over the array of Russian chess talent organized behind Spassky.

Fischer's only secret weapon was refusing to treat chess as a game that computers play better than people. On the contrary, he proved that one way to win is to be humanly unpredictable.

It's a trick Marx and Lenin never mastered.

—Toronto Star editorial, September 2, 1972

* * *

A pre-game commentator said this was "the greatest team ever to represent Canada." If he had said it was the greatest collection of individual stars ever to play for Canada, the statement would be indisputable. But the Russians were about to demonstrate what the word "team" means; their vastly superior teamwork, and equally superior physical conditioning, were the foundations of their victory

The rampant commercialization of hockey in North America has more and more glorified individual stars, at some cost to team spirit and team play. In their world hockey debut, our pampered professional darlings played as if they had scarcely been introduced to one another, and were outclassed by Russians who earn tiny material rewards by NHL standards.

—Toronto Star editorial, September 4, 1972

NDP-Quebec:

Covering their tracks

In August it was the Waffle and Stephen, in September it was the Quebec wing and David. With David Lewis and the federal election campaign breathing down their necks, about 150 members of the NDP-Quebec met September 8 and 9 in an east-end Montreal school to retouch their party program.

The conflict is as old as the NDP itself (11 years) and so was the manner of dealing with it: the Quebecers were forced to backpeddle, covering their tracks with a vaguely-worded compromise that would permit each side to continue campaigning with more or less its own interpretation of federalism.

The election program — "Il faut prendre le pouvoir partout" (We have to take power everywhere) — was launched last June 29 by NDP-Quebec president Raymond Laliberté. One of the main planks was the right of Quebecers to political self-determination, and underlying the whole platform was the right of the Quebec wing to make up its own party program.

In principle, David Lewis agrees the Quebec wing is under no obligation to use the federal program as its credo, because he too has understood that Quebec *n'est pas une province comme les autres*.

But when he finally laid eyes on the Quebec program not long before its publication, he immediately and angrily decided the Quebec wing had run too far off the federal track. Hurried telephone calls to friends in the Quebec ranks failed to bring about a delay in the appearance of the contentious leaflet.

So he did what he could: he called a press conference to repudiate the parts of the program he found intolerable. One part he rejected said that "in the event of Quebec's independence, a socialist government in Ottawa, or at least a strong NDP presence, would be a valuable interlocutor for Quebec representatives who would have to negotiate the conditions of separation." That laid undue stress on Quebec's right to self-determination and the possibility of independence.

Another stand that was too much for Lewis came in the section on federalism: "In true federalism, the central government has no other powers than those that are delegated by different parts of the country."

Lewis's rejection and ultimatum threatening the exclusion of the Quebec wing from the party caused disarray —

although no astonishment — in the small and struggling NDP-Quebec. Meetings, negotiations and phone calls followed. The Quebecers clearly made some mileage in those closed meetings for the final program was a long way from what Lewis wanted.

But still, they were going to be forced to compromise. And it was going to be a compromise that would cost something since it would take some of the shine off that new "de chez nous" image the NDP-Quebec had been so carefully cultivating. Finally they decided the best way to backtrack a bit while asserting their right to their own program was to call a special congress.

The compromise resolution, prepared by NDP-Quebec vice-president Pierre de Bellefeuille and reportedly approved in advance by Ottawa, took the stress off the eventuality of Quebec independence and underlined instead the necessity to build a "new society." (Ottawa had suggested the terminology "new country," but the Quebecers balked.)

Refusing to let go entirely of the spirit of *autodetermination*, the program now also states Quebec independence is a question to be determined at the provincial level. It invites all socialists, be they separatist or federalist, to support the NDP.

The plank giving most powers to the provinces was also watered down, so that now the provinces would get only those powers "desired" to support their economic and social policies.

One delegate at the congress said the Quebec wing of the NDP may well disintegrate after the election as a result of the internal frustrations unless the party does unexpectedly well in Quebec. He said a great many of the members would then pour their energies into the Parti Québécois, already preparing for the 1974 provincial election.

Lewis knows this and so does anybody else who has been close to the NDP-Quebec. But with everything concentrated on the October 30 election he has undoubtedly decided not to let Quebec get in the way of votes in English Canada.

As for the Quebec wing, it has had a decade to get used to the way things happen in the NDP. It took months of discussion between federalists in the province (among them a good number of English Canadians) and nationalists (French Canadian almost to a man) before a Quebec wing was even formed.

ANGLE OF THE MONTH

To parents who are getting professional help for children who have a marijuana problem, I have this plea. Do not forget the child's dental health.

So often parents in this particular position feel that the marijuana difficulty is so serious that dental health takes a back seat, and the child turns out to be a "dental cripple."

The fact is that, during this time that is so trying to them, the children may need extra visits to the family dentist and added instruction on home dental care.

—Dr. Howard Kessler, Toronto Star, August 2, 1972

Since then, according to Laliberté, the party has struggled for years to get rid of the made-in-English-Canada image always attributed to it by most Quebecers.

Finally there was a breakthrough, with the Quebec wing reaching a consensus on a Quebec-oriented program. Then came the Lewis ultimatum.

Gail Scott
Magnus Isacson

Bugs in the DREE machine

Shed a tear for poor old DREE. Jean Marchand and his department of regional economic expansion have had a hard summer, and they're probably in for an even rougher autumn as opposition politicians take more pot shots during the course of the campaign.

That prospect doesn't particularly bother the Liberals, and they don't think the DREE controversy will have much effect on their fortunes in the Atlantic provinces, the area DREE was primarily intended to help. They figure the whole hassle over windfall grants to private companies and infrastructure spending that accomplishes nothing simply doesn't register with the voters. It's all too complicated, they say, for the average voter to understand.

Still, the government's four years of effort on regional development was conspicuously absent from a series of fact sheets on the Liberal record which the party was handing out during the first



JEAN MARCHAND
hard summer

week of the campaign. It's evident the Grits want to lie low on that one.

The summer's biggest brouhaha came in early August over a "secret memo" by the Treasury Board that produced the usual Pavlovian reaction from the press in the hot-weather doldrums. Everyone jumped around in a happy frenzy and went running off to the CBC to pick up a few extra dollars in commentaries.

Actually, the memo was pretty innocent stuff. It was in two parts: the first was a summary of a PhD thesis written for the Harvard Business School by David Springate of Montreal. Springate had discovered that for many firms receiving DREE money, the grant was a straight windfall: it had no effect on the firm's choice of where to establish a new plant.

All that information had come out in May when Springate had appeared before the Commons regional development committee to discuss his findings, but it was enough to set the press gallery, with its short memory, on its ear. It was the second part of the memo, however, that really got the Ottawa reporters going.

It said that Springate's thesis had some useful answers to questions the Treasury Board itself had been asking about DREE. And it said a "serious examination" of DREE was "imperative."

Now that was hardly startling news. Anyone with half an ear in Ottawa knew that Treasury Board had grave doubts about DREE and was taking a close look at its programs. But then again, it was summer and the memo was stamped "secret."

The mounting criticism has been felt inside DREE itself where an intensive review of departmental policy has been

underway since last March. It is headed by Rod Bryden, the 31-year-old assistant deputy minister brought into DREE specifically for the cleanup job.

One of Bryden's first appointments was Len Poetschke, a former DREE official who left after disagreeing with the policies of then deputy minister Tom Kent. His more recent appointments include Jim Lynn, a senior policy analyst in the planning branch of the Treasury Board and the author of the "secret" memo on DREE, who has been seconded from Treasury Board to work on the review.

But whatever new courses Bryden and his crew are charting, they will not have an impact on the election. Their work will not be done until early November, and then it will still have to get through cabinet.

The result of a previous job Bryden did for DREE — designing the Halifax-Dartmouth Development Corporation — appears close to cabinet approval. There has been a lot of opposition because the Corporation would put the federal government in business in competition with private industry. DREE has so far rejected this route, preferring to rely on grants to private corporations as its main instrument for regional development.

But DREE reached the conclusion that too much of the profits from Atlantic ventures ended up being invested outside the region, usually in Toronto. Bryden's plan for Halifax-Dartmouth would have Ottawa set up companies in specific businesses and use the profits to finance other ventures in the Halifax metropolitan region.

The publicity surrounding DREE is beginning to have some effect on the department's earlier critics. Marchand had often said — not very convincingly — that he welcomed constructive criticism. But he has often warned critics not

to go too far for fear of setting off a reaction that would kill the program.

The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, which issued a blistering report on DREE in October 1971, now appears to feel that that was good advice. Its criticism has abated somewhat and its officials have been giving speeches saying that despite DREE's faults, they don't want the program scrapped.

In its latest newsletter, APEC discusses the Springle study and compares the grants program under the regional development incentives act (RDIA) in very favourable terms to the program it replaced, the pre-DREE Area Development Incentives Act (ADIA). ADIA, says APEC, produced inevitable windfalls with its rigid formula.

"Strangely enough, the in-built windfall feature of ADIA received little public or parliamentary criticism, probably because the department of industry never released the amounts of individual grants or the names of companies receiving them. By comparison, DREE is a Martha Mitchell of information on RDIA — a wry comment on what happens to governments when they agree to divulge much, but less than all.

"In theory, RDIA is greatly superior to its predecessor. Perfectly administered, there would be no windfalls. With the discretion he has, the minister is able to offer a grant that is not too big and not too small but, like Baby Bear's bed, is just right to induce a firm to locate in a designated region.

"In practice, however, the theory is practically impossible to implement."

D. N. Corry

We, the jury . . .

Except for Senator Keith Davey, hardly anyone talks much any more about his Special Senate Committee on the Mass Media, which made its report almost two years ago. Only the Committee's meagrest proposal for making the media more responsible, the press council, has been implemented at all. And the way in which it has been implemented is not such as to give much comfort.

The Ontario Press Council is the creation of Beland Honderich, publisher of the *Toronto Star*, who persuaded his friends at seven other Ontario dailies (five of them belonging to the Southern chain, which is involved with the *Star* in a joint venture called Southstar publications) to join him in the enterprise and then

NOT ONLY IDEAS

... Given a continuing exchange of ideas with the private sector, we as a government can achieve one of the most basic objectives of our own — which is not *more* government, but *better* government, for the benefit of all.

—Darcy McKeough, then Ontario provincial treasurer, in a speech at Oakville August 22, shortly before resigning from the cabinet when it was shown that a company in which he had an interest had benefitted from a decision made by his department

rounded up Davidson Dunton, the former president of Carleton University, to head the thing.

It has already been suggested that one item of business for the Honderich Press Council should be the *Star's* decision to renege on its promise to hire Ron Haggart, one of the country's most distinguished reporters, because he uttered support for the New Democratic Party.

Also lending support to the Honderich Press Council is the *Windsor Star*, whose publisher last year ordered a story he didn't like ripped out of the paper's magazine supplement before it was distributed.

And then there's the *Hamilton Spectator*, which during the last Ontario election suppressed a story quoting a local member of the legislature, a cabinet minister, who offered aid to some separate schools in a meeting he thought was secret when his party's official line was no more aid to separate schools.

That's not unprecedented for *Hamilton's* only daily. Three years ago the *Spectator* did nothing when a judge — for the first time in Canadian courts — locked out the press from the preliminary hearing to a major trial. One reporter got so frustrated with the *Spectator's* refusal to fight the censorship that he took his story to *Maclean's* magazine, which ran it. The *Spectator* rewarded him by taking him off the court beat.

The *Brantford Expositor*, like the

Spectator and the *Windsor Star* a Southam paper, ran a letter to the editor signed "Deeply Concerned" two days after a long strike ended at the Texpack plant in Brantford; the letter attacked the NDP for having supported the strike, and accused it of scaring away industry from the area. The next day was Ontario election day. Then NDP MPP Mac Makarchuk (he was defeated in the election), suspicious because it's virtually impossible for the average *Expositor* reader to get a letter printed that quickly, asked some friends of his in the composing room about it (Makarchuk once worked at the *Expositor* but was fired for trying to organize a union) and was told that the letter had come in on the same kind of paper on which the editor normally submits his editorials.

Yet another champion of free speech helping to found the Honderich Press Council is the *Kitchener-Waterloo Record*, which in 1971 agreed with its pals in the city establishment to print nothing about controversial urban renewal plans until the wheeler-dealers had assembled their land.

There is no lack of business for a properly-constituted press council to deal with. But what a press council sponsored by the very same publishers who were responsible for these abuses will do is another question entirely.

Marc Zwelling

HEAVY POLITICAL REPORTAGE

Before the Prime Minister sets out on his second national election campaign, he will do a very ordinary thing. He will pack his own suitcase. He will pack it precisely, with exactly the required number of socks and with every shirt in its proper place.

Orderly and methodical.

People who have worked closely with Pierre Trudeau say, invariably, that he is the most orderly and methodical man they have ever known.

—Peter Desbarats, *Toronto Star*

He had the news in jig time. Investment Developers was the closet company which owned fully a third of the stores and the company, wonder of wonders, was owned by none other than Joey Smallwood himself, along with bosom chums O. L. Vardy, his former economic development deputy, and Arthur Lundrigan, millionaire businessman and crown prince of the Smallwood cost-plus contractors.

The clue to scandal had been the rental rates which the government paid, rates considered totally out of line with the quality of facilities provided. For the seven buildings rented to the government by Smallwood and friends, the O'Dea commission figured about \$37,500 would have been a fair annual rent. The actual rent was \$73,191 a year.

But even at that the profit was merely in thousands, relatively small potatoes by the standards of a Lundrigan. And in truth the O'Dea commission proved more revealing in the auxiliary goodies it unearthed in its quest of the liquor store owners.

Besides a parade of lesser Newfoundland public servants, the rogues' gallery included some of Canadian capitalism's most venerable institutions ... the Bank of Montreal, the Royal Trust Company, Brinco and Distillers Corp.-Seagram's Ltd. of Montreal.

While Smallwood, Lundrigan and Vardy clearly made a purse on the liquor store rentals, it transpired, somewhat strangely, that they lost it many times over through rather weak speculation in stocks.

Sometime between 1963 and 1965, with the Newfoundland government still busily negotiating with a Brinco subsidiary for development of the billion-dollar Churchill Falls power project in Labrador, the terrible trio entrusted their company, Investment Developers, to the

Newfoundland: Hand in the swish

"Swish barrel" politics?

A concept foreign to Upper Canadians, clearly, but in Newfoundland, Canada's Happy Province, swish barrel politicking is as much a part of the provincial political spoils system as packing the public service with party hacks and the traditional fattening up of favourite government contractors.

Most of Newfoundland's rum supplies are imported from Jamaica and other West Indies and are shipped in barrels. Long storage gives the wooden barrel staves an alcohol seasoning, a preserved flavor that can be extracted by soaking the barrels in boiling water. The resulting liquid is a wicked rot-gut potion locally known as swish.

To get a rum barrel to soak out for swish it helps to have a friend on the Newfoundland Liquor Commission, or to have a friend who has a friend, etc. Thus swish barrels go to a very select few, pat-

ronage crumbs for the lower classes.

But as a political system swish barrel politics respects no class lines. In fancier classes it operates in a remarkably similar fashion and those Newfoundlanders who have had trouble accepting this recently learned a detailed lesson through the unlikely medium of a royal commission.

"Who owns the liquor stores?" Memorial University student protest placards had been demanding for years. The "liquor stores" are storage and retail facilities located all around the province and rented to the Liquor Commission. The mystery was that no one ever seemed to know who the landlords were.

The new Tory government was mandated to find out and, needless to say, revelled in the task. The royal commissioner was Fabian O'Dea, a former lieutenant-governor appointed by Diefenbaker and a loyal Tory heeler even in the lean years.

ON THE HIGH CANADIAN PLATITUDES

How can you measure the time it takes a country to discover itself? How many miles does it take to express an idea? What is the distance between feelings? Canada has always been too much a part of the imagination for simple definitions.

—Maclean's, August 1972

province's bankers, the Bank of Montreal, as collateral for a \$1.5 million loan which they used to buy Brinco stock. Oddly, for insiders, they bought at prices that generally have not improved since and they fell on hard times. "They got nothing," Tory premier Frank Moores has said. "But it wasn't for want of trying."

Meanwhile, the O'Dea commission charged that the Bank of Montreal has since forgiven Smallwood, Vardy and Lundrigan (Lundrigan was a member of the bank's board of directors until the week the commission reported) "thousands of dollars" in interest on their loan, an accusation the bank has yet to deny or adequately explain.

Then there were the shenanigans of the Royal Trust Company, on whose provincial advisory board the ubiquitous Art Lundrigan also sat. The co-operation of that company was essential — and invaluable — to the schemers. One nice gesture by RT was to bloat the appraised values of the buildings for Lundrigan's Ltd. — the company which built them and originally owned them — so the com-

pany could get high mortgages. RT also put up the mortgage money and acted as trustee for Investment Developers, until, to its embarrassment, it realized its

rather awkward position of being both lender and borrower of the mortgage money. This little oversight was swiftly remedied by transferring trusteeship of the company to Bankers' Trust Co., a wholly-owned subsidiary of Royal Trust.

Seagram's got only peripheral attention in the report: O'Dea accused them of putting pressure on the Newfoundland Liquor Commission to take more of their lines, presumably in exchange for putting a fresh jingle in the Liberal campaign collection plate.

When the smoke cleared a bit, the Newfoundland government purchased the highly-priced services of Toronto legal cracker-jack J. J. Robinette to advise them what to do. Robinette found some grounds for criminal action and all kinds of grounds for civil actions. But the Tories are copping out, claiming their only interest now is recapturing the excess rent and cancelling the hoary leases.

Joey, of course, denies all wrongdoing. In debt up to his ears (by his own account) he is sequestered away in his London, Eng., apartment where, he says, he is bearing down on the typewriter with an eye to getting his version of Newfoundland history to press by January, just in time to keep the wolf of starvation from the door.

And while he slaves away in the London fogs his other apartment, located in sun-soaked Clearwater, Fla., apparently remains vacant. Which seems a pitiful extravagance considering Joey took \$70,000 in cold cash out of that virtually empty sock to purchase it as recently as last February.



Photo: Cameramun

JOEY
Empty sock?

Ron Crocker

The 'low-cost' myth: Housing for those who can afford it

The proposed changes in the National Housing Act recently announced by the government may succeed in wooing a few extra votes, but the amendments themselves will not succeed in covering up some of the consequences of past federal housing policy.

The government has used other means in an effort to cover up those consequences: in fact, it has tried to prevent public access to two reports critical of national housing policy. The Charney Report on the Adequacy and Production of Low-Income Housing was submitted in October 1971, but never officially released; it was leaked to the press last spring, but received only scant attention

there. NDP leader David Lewis gave the public first wind of the Dennis Report on Housing in August.

The first of these reports, prepared under the direction of Montreal architect Melvin Charney, is particularly critical of the approach to low-income housing taken by the federal housing agency, the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation. The CMHC, says the report, is more interested in answering market interests than consumer needs. Its programs have been geared more to what will profit the homebuilding industry than to the needs of the 49.5 per cent of the Canadian population which Statistics Canada says cannot easily afford decent housing. Thus

emphasis is laid mainly on new construction, with very little attention paid to the rehabilitation of old but sound housing.

For many years the CMHC largely ignored the plight of low-income groups and concentrated most of its efforts on housing for those of middle income. Then came the 1970 Special \$200 Million Low-Cost Housing Program, designed to make cheap housing more readily available.

Under the terms of the program, developers wanting to qualify for loans were encouraged to innovate, to experiment with new methods of construction, since conventional methods were simply too expensive to provide decent housing within the permissible cost limits. The

OVER WRIT AND OVER WROUGHT DEPARTMENT

This was the greatest, most ferociously stylish, most fearful-exciting rock concert in memory, a staggering hour of total theatre as an exercise in the consuming but liberating relationship between a performer and his audience.

* * *

The Stones' performance begins at such an emotional pitch that you'd think it could only descend. But you'd be wrong. Mick Jagger forced the audience to discover within itself ever greater reserves of response and adulation. He does this by being, simply, superhuman, a whirling spirit of motion and activity.

* * *

Jagger didn't have to do it all alone. Certain automatic, internal rhythms of rock concerts eased the way — the block-long gauntlet of ticket scalpers wooing the audience all the way from Yonge St. An unusually fine showing by the hip, beautiful people, many of them quaintly armed with prim little opera glasses. And the gray-and-navy clusters of Metro police, restrained and patient.

—Urjo Kareda, *Toronto Star*, July 17, 1972

"innovations" mostly took the form of isolated sites, poor unit design, reduced size and cheap materials, and in many cases the housing provided was nonetheless beyond the means of most low-income families.

There were some successes under this program, but they were the exception. From coast to coast projects financed under this program failed to provide decent housing suitable for low-income people, as shown by the following case studies taken from the Charney Report.

Halifax: Cowie Hill — Centennial Properties Ltd. of Halifax received a loan of \$6,671,150.50 at 7 7/8 per cent interest for 40 years under the terms of the Special \$200 Million Program to finance part of a 735-unit project on an isolated site four miles from the centre of the city. Standards of sound insulation and privacy in the project are low, the units are minimal in space, and there is a scarcity of windows. Inferior materials were used in construction, walls were not required to be of non-combustible construction, and the ceiling clearance is only 6'8".

"Located on the outskirts of the city," comments the Charney Report, "the isolated site, restricted site plan, reduced unit size, poor unit design and cheaper materials clearly describe substandard housing conditions." The project was recommended despite the objections of both the CMHC Branch Appraiser and the Branch Architect. Moreover, a CMHC memo stated that "if the public does not react as expected and units are not sold, arrangements can be made for the houses to be used on a subsidized basis." The developer comes first at the CMHC.

Montreal: Fabreville — B. & A. Construction Ltd. received a loan under the 1970 Special \$200 Million Program to construct 350 single-family units in the

Fabreville area of the Montreal suburb of Laval on a site they already owned. The site is far from jobs, shopping and public transport, making the housing unsuitable for families without cars.

In the builder's submission it was stated that the housing he proposed would be for people with incomes below \$5,000. Of the 210 purchasers who received loans at the preferential 7/8 per cent interest rate only 21 were from families with incomes below \$5,000; out of 350 units this represents six per cent.

Toronto: Main Square — Main Square, located on Danforth Avenue in the City of Toronto, is a project consisting of four high-rise buildings containing 1,080 apartment units and a commercial area. A loan commitment was made to the proponent, Victoria Wood Development Corporation Ltd., for the sum of \$13,774,000 over a term of 50 years at an annual interest rate of 8 1/4 per cent, which adds up to payments of \$578,332 semi-annually. At the same time, the CMHC pays Victoria Wood \$578,332 semi-annually to rent the residential part of the complex, thus cancelling out the mortgage payments.

The CMHC is also providing Victoria Wood with four per cent of the collected residential rent money to manage the project, about \$100,000 a year as its half share of the before-tax net profits from commercial rentals, and ownership of the buildings after 50 years. Victoria Wood did not put any of its own money into the project, which was financed with public funds and built on public lands (leased from Canadian National Railways). The rents in Main Square are so high that about 65 per cent of the units require rent subsidies. Even with subsidies, there are no units available at the low-income levels that fall within the publicized objectives of the 1970 Special Program,

under which it was financed.

A U.S. developer, Kaufman and Broad Inc. of Los Angeles, holds a controlling interest in Victoria Wood.

Winnipeg: Willow Park East — In spite of initial objections, the CMHC agreed to finance the construction of 68 row housing units on a site adjacent to existing housing owned by the Willow Park Co-operative Ltd., which formed the Willow Park East Co-operative Ltd. to develop the land. The site is remote from the city centre and isolated from services and transportation. There is no shopping within a mile of the site, making car ownership essential. The 68 units are located at the far end of the site less than 500 feet from a railway line and separated from the rest of the so-called "co-operative" by a wide buffer zone.

Edmonton: Norshire Gardens — Norshire Gardens is a condominium of 300 row housing units constructed by Embassy Developments Ltd. and financed as part of the 1970 Special Program. Embassy owns a lumber company, and a prerequisite for the design was that the units be "stick built." The units have been constructed at minimal cost, and the limited space within them has not been efficiently used. The project has been classified as "experimental housing" by Edmonton city council, so that a higher than usual site density is allowed. The project is far from shopping facilities, and schools and play areas are inadequate for the number of children living there.

Although the project was originally aimed at people with income levels between \$4,300 and \$4,500, the developer complained that a large number of the lower-income applicants were "very, very heavily in debt" and asked that people with higher incomes be accepted. The limit on income levels was later adjusted to admit people with incomes ranging from \$5,492 to \$6,500. "Embassy Developments," says the Charney Report, "is obviously not in the business

ONLY IF THEY READ THE STAR



Professor Robin Mathews, stout champion of Canadianism in education: For protesting because texts used in Ottawa schools used illustrations of dinosaurs taken from American rather than Canadian museums. That's going a bit too far, Professor; back in the Mesozoic Age, could anyone have told an American dinosaur from a Canadian one?

—*Toronto Star*, July 15, 1972

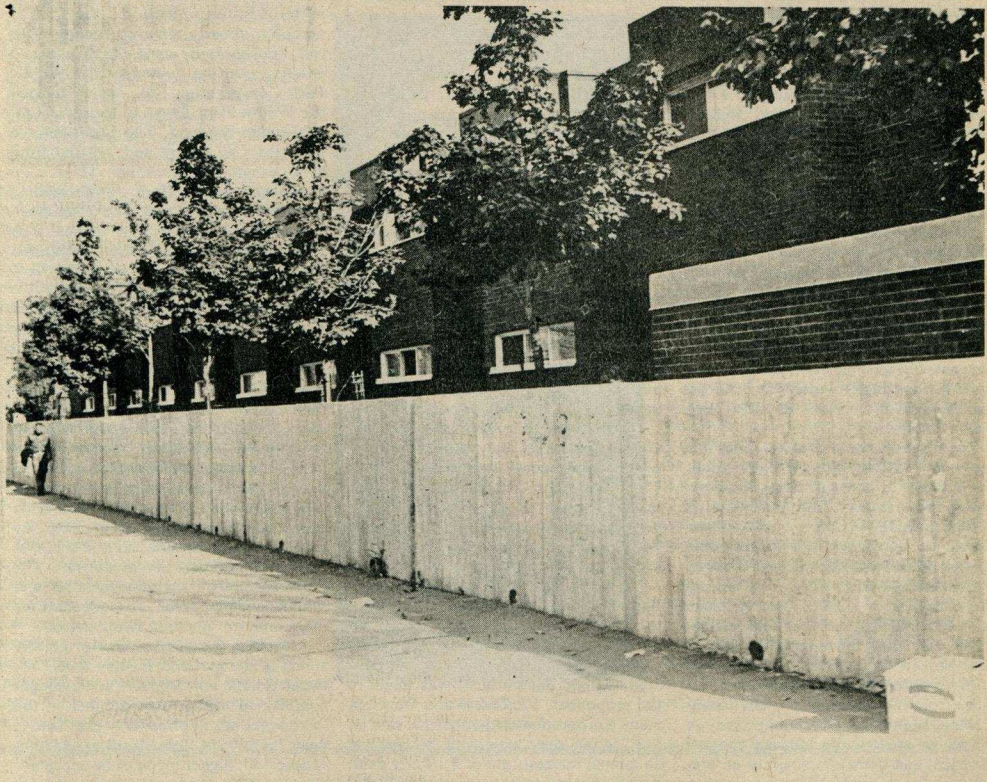


Photo: David Lloyd

of assuring the adequate housing of low-income people."

Vancouver: Champlain Heights — In recommending the Champlain Heights project located in the periphery of southeast Vancouver, the CMHC Branch Appraiser said that "although the units are somewhat smaller than normal market projects, they will provide adequate accommodation at a substantially reduced price."

Champlain Heights is a 132-unit condominium financed for \$1,939,806 as part of the 1970 Special \$200 Million Program. The units all have three bedrooms and an unfinished basement. The overall design is cramped and inefficient. The second and third bedrooms, seven feet across, are extremely narrow. The site is far from shopping and public transport. The choice of site was influenced by the

decision of the City of Vancouver to sell the land for development in order to provide capital for a public works program.

With mortgage payments and condominium charges, the monthly cost of the housing comes to \$187. It is doubtful that Champlain Heights is within the reach of low-income families.

* * *

Undaunted by the results of the CMHC's \$200 million lending spree of 1970, the federal government decided in 1971 to pump \$100 million into an extension of the program. The Trudeau government seems to have decided to continue to provide profits for the developers and substandard housing for the poor, or at least those who can afford it.

Eric Hamovitch

CONFERENCE

on women in the workplace, politics and the arts, to be held in Toronto in Nov. 1972. Sponsored by women of the Waffle Movement for an Independent, Socialist Canada.

Those interested in participating, please write to:

**Women's Conference Secretary
485 Parkside Drive
Toronto, Ont.**



by Claude Balloune



My mention in our last column of the fact that the Canadian Labour Congress convention was catered by a non-union caterer has encouraged this arresting response from Mr. William Dodge, Secretary-Treasurer of the CLC:

July 31, 1972.

Mr. Claude Balloune,
The Last Post,
P. O. Box 98,
Montreal 130, P. Q.

Dear Mr. Balloune:

Someone has drawn to my attention a column of yours in which you refer to "that anarchistic mob known as the Canadian Labour Congress" having a non-union caterer provide lunches at our recent Convention.

Of course I understand that your propaganda designs would preclude an inexpensive telephone call to verify the facts.

These facts are that Edelson has always been sympathetic to unions and would be happy to see his employees organized, but the union preferred not to sign the employees at that time. Instead they requested that the catering job be given to the only unionized caterer in Ottawa, Versafoods Limited. Versafoods was approached, looked the situation over and declined to take on the job.

There was no contract between the Congress and Edelson. He took on the proposition entirely at his own risk and set his own prices.

When it comes right down to it you are even more dishonest than what I imagine you would call "the capitalistic lackey press" for garbling the news to suit your own purposes.

Yours truly,

William Dodge,
Secretary-Treasurer.

WB:kp
opeju-225

Brother Dodge's defence of trade union principles, and particularly the agility that permits him to effect it without contradicting what we said, is as stirring as it is quaint.

But regardless of these vicious attempts at repression of the people's organs by the comprador agents of the capitalist lackey press, I want to assure our readers that this column intends to continue its fearless exposés of the machinations of bourgeois imperialist running dogs, proto-fascists, and rootless cosmopolitans against the true revolutionary aspirations of the shackled people.

Friendly service from the world's fastest take-out Chinese food service:

All in the space of a month we make a hero out of a Communist we ignored for 33 years, reconvene Parliament to end a dock strike barely two weeks old, announce plans to streamline the Prairie economy, and bundle Mitchell

Sharp off to Peking to play Mozart on a piano in a department-store window. If we negotiate another wheat deal Canada may yet get a visit from the Chinese hockey team.

For many years now, the memory of Norman Bethune had, to say the least, gone unadorned in the little southern Ontario town of Gravenhurst.

The modest wooden house in which Bethune was born is currently occupied by a Rev. Houston, whose family had grown jittery to find on odd mornings clumps of people in Mao jackets prowling about the bushes and showing up at the front door bearing huge bouquets of flowers. Delegations of ping-pong players would appear requesting to be shown the room where Bethune was born (it is now adorned with a large Fred Flintstone poster belonging to the Houston boy). Rev. Houston was reported eager to sell the house.

Norman Bethune's recognition by the Canadian people may have taken 33 years, but let it never be said that Ottawa drags its heels when Trade and Commerce sees the light. The rehabilitation of Norman Bethune took place on Sunday, September 10 in Gravenhurst, and had all the air of a shotgun wedding.

Mr. Sloane, the church organist, was the MC of the little ceremony (he also runs Sloane's Restaurant); the mayor spoke, the local MP spoke, the local MPP spoke, the man from the Historic Sites Commission spoke. When Ted Allan, co-author of the Bethune Biography *The Scalpel, the Sword* spoke, he embarrassed everyone by pointing out what everyone who spoke before gently omitted — that Dr. Bethune had been a Communist. He said he mentioned this so that "children should not be frightened of these things."

Afterwards, local MP Gordon Aiken hastened to assure a CBC interviewer that he was sure Bethune hadn't really been a Communist, that he joined the party "as his way of expressing opposition to the way things were at the time." Knowing the good burghers of Gravenhurst, we might expect a Norman Bethune Bar and Grill and a Bethune Marineland and Game Farm to spring up soon.

Building a backlash:

As this journal goes to press people are still wondering what the issues are likely to be in this campaign, particularly since Trudeau is restraining himself to "bright future" and "all is well" themes in his speeches. However, there are indications that he will take a sharp tack sometime near mid-October and make the War Measures Act the chief issue, and clean up on an anti-Quebec backlash.

In what must be one of the most dubious exercises in bad taste, and crass electioneering, a little event is stirring



Claude Balloune continued . . .

in the Toronto borough of North York which may provide a platform raising memories of October 1970. The official opening is scheduled for a new school named the Pierre Laporte Junior High School, and Mrs. Laporte is scheduled to appear at the ceremony. Officials are evasively tight-lipped at the moment about what politicians are expected to participate in the event.

Trudeau's curt remark in the early stages of the campaign that Quebec would not be allowed to separate if the PQ won is the toughest statement he has made on the subject to date. The Liberals are also suspected by opposition parties to be banking on some event taking place in Quebec in October (history has not failed them yet) which would alarm English opinion about radicalism in Quebec.

* * *

The Ottawa rumour mill is already busy churning out alignments for the post-election cabinet shuffle, presuming a Liberal victory. One name prominent on every list is Marc Lalonde, the chief of staff in the Prime Minister's Office who is running in the cinch Liberal seat of Outremont in suburban Montreal; Lalonde is expected to succeed Gérard Pelletier as Secretary of State. One non-cabinet appointment that will be watched with interest is that of Clerk of the Privy Council, the senior civil service job, where Gordon Robertson is due to retire soon. One possibility to succeed Robertson is Bernard Ostry, head of the citizenship branch in the Secretary of State's department.

Stephen's big chance:

The Ontario NDP, which clocked in like a dud firecracker at the last Ontario election, is even more embarrassed by the victory of the party in B.C. But now Stephen Lewis has a plan to effect a stirring victory for the forces of socialism.

The decision of J.-T. Richard, the outgoing federal Liberal MP for Ottawa East (who never made a speech in his 27 years in the House) not to seek re-election, has set off a chain reaction that could make Stephen opposition leader in the Ontario legislature. The new Liberal candidate in Richard's seat is Albert Roy (almost certain to be elected). But Roy now sits in the Ontario Legislature, and will have to vacate his seat when he goes to Ottawa. This means that there will be 19 Liberals and 19 NDP in the Legislature. So the NDP is prepared to bring in its top organizers from across the country in an effort to win Roy's provincial seat and put Stephen over the top.

* * *

One of Trudeau's first promises in 1968 was that serious reform of the election spending and fund-raising system would be a "top priority" of his government. Nothing, of course, has been done.

Until a few years ago the Liberals and Conservatives,

by their own testimony, appealed to only about 300 large companies at election time. This time the Liberals expect donations from 500 companies in Ontario alone. The 1965 election is calculated to have cost all parties \$16 million. This election is expected to see \$30 million spent.

An Ottawa political science professor, Khayyam Palatiel, author of the book *Political Party Financing in Canada*, says "You could put all the big corporate contributors (to both major parties) in one not very big room." Palatiel, who was also research director for the committee that investigated election expenses in the mid-sixties, says that the major parties are financed to a large degree by corporations owned and controlled by foreign interests and suggests "We can't pretend their interests are the same as ours."

The Liberal party's top bagman is John Morrow Godfrey, a 59-year-old Toronto lawyer. Godfrey reveals that when he hits a corporation president for money he lectures him on "democratic society" and suggests that the corporations should give also to the Tories to assure the efficient functioning of a "two-party, free enterprise system."

The Conservative Party bagmen are the law firm of McCarthy and McCarthy in Toronto, and the team is headed by Pat Vernon, who remains more tight-lipped than Godfrey of the Liberals.

There have been rumours of a bit of a crisis in the fund-raising game for the Liberals. Contributors to both parties traditionally split their donations 60-40 in favour of the party in power. Some reports hold that many are now going 50-50 and this is causing some strain on Liberal financing which is forcing them to go further afield in search of donations.

The NDP's records, which are available for public examination, show the trade unions are supplying about 40 per cent of the money collected by the party's federal office between elections — now slightly over \$200,000 a year. In the last ten years, membership fees have provided between 18 and 45 per cent, with the remainder coming mostly from individual contributions. The party's total general election expenses rose from \$1 million in 1965 to \$1,250,000 in 1968, and are expected to reach \$2 million this election, with the help of a large bank loan. During election time about 15 per cent of the party's financing is accounted for by union contributions.

The Balloune Election Report

The next five pages are devoted to portraits and discussion of the records of some of our prominent members of parliament, a sort of guide to some of the major players, intended to assist our readers in forming their views. Aided by my colleague, Aislin, the Last Post's cartoonist, I have tried to assess the current temperature of Canadian political life and depict some of the drama and passion that form the tableau of our parliamentary democracy.

Claude Balloune goes to the elections

Mitchell Sharp

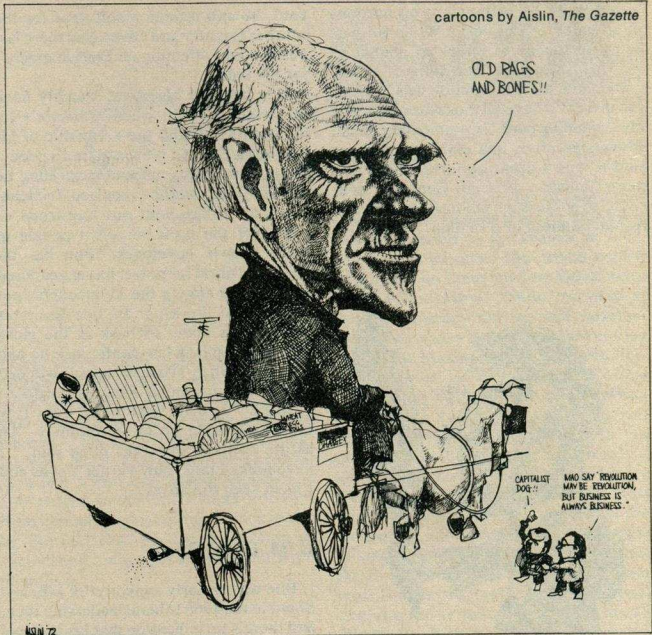
A Dickensian character, and Dickens would have named him "Mr. Sharp" too, no doubt placing him in a setting like Scrooge's office in *A Christmas Carol*. A very clever man who, when blocked from higher office by the victory of Pierre Trudeau in 1968, opted for dignity and prestige, as Secretary of State for External Affairs, where he pulls many strings indeed. Forms, along with the likes of Bud Drury, the reactionary wing of the Liberal cabinet.

Sharp's biographical sketch in the Parliamentary Guide omits a major milestone in his career that gave him his grounding in the conduct of foreign affairs — he was one of the top executives of Brazilian Traction, Light and Power (now Brascan), which controls Brazilian power utilities and played a supportive role in providing Brazil with its current military dictatorship. Sharp is a leading pro-American in the cabinet, and has been the "secret source" that James Reston of the *New York Times* uses on his trips to Ottawa, when he writes his annual column warning Washington that Canada might go the route of Chile (and compares Trudeau to Allende) unless Washington pays more attention to it.

Despite his dignified and high-minded image, Sharp controls a substantial amount of lucrative government patronage through our aid agency, in consultants' and architects' and engineers' fees.

Ed Broadbent

It took Ed Broadbent two years after being elected to figure out that if you represent Oshawa in the federal parliament you don't go around driving a Volvo. His rather exuberant pursuit of the leadership of the NDP earned him hard enemies in almost every faction of the party. His relentless search for nonexistent compromise positions on contentious issues generally lead to everyone's being united on only one thing — a common disagreement with Ed Broadbent. Open, approachable, and well-intentioned, but has an unerring instinct (as when he presses for workers' control in the auto plants) for the very issue that is, at the moment, completely beside the point.



Jean-Luc Pepin

The bouncy, amiable minister of industry, trade and commerce was originally brought into the cabinet as a representative of Quebec's New Guard, a movement that had the same volcanic impact on Canadian life as Lester Pearson's *Sixty Days of Decision*. That soon became a bit tiresome (Pepin often seemed like the fourth of the Three Wise Men), and he set about making friends in the business community; this has stood him in good stead in his present portfolio, where he has appointed 40 of his new-found friends to an advisory board that gets together every few months and talks business.

In cabinet he has distinguished himself as the chief spokesman for continentalism; no less an authority than W. O. Twaits, the president of Imperial Oil, has described him as an "internationalist." While lesser hearts in the cabinet knuckled under to intense pressure from Canadian auto workers, Pepin stood firm

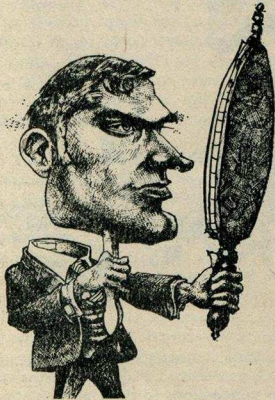
for concessions to the United States on the auto pact. He has lately been touting a new scheme for a continental industrial strategy, the manufacturing equivalent of the continental energy policy. The first French Canadian to hold a major economic portfolio (helping to prove that reactionary ideas sound the same in both of the two official languages), he was rumoured for a time to be in line for the finance portfolio, but there are still *some* standards.

George Hees

George rolled up to the Royal York Hotel in Toronto for the Tory leadership convention in 1967 in a rented double-decker bus, and his rowdies filled only the bottom deck of the bus, which prompted an observer to remark: "Just like George — nothing upstairs." When he was president of the Montreal and Canadian Stock Exchange he kept a portable rostrum in his office to which he

Claude Balloune goes to the elections

would invite TV men to tape his orations in advance of delivery. When he was being persuaded to return to politics in 1965 in his summer home riding of Northumberland, his first reaction was "I can't run there; I'd have all those farmers using my swimming pool." Commenting on the Rhodesian crisis and embargo, George said it was a great opportunity to sell more Canadian tobacco. Generally conceded to possess the political acumen and resourcefulness of a scallop.



John Turner

One of the most distasteful men in Canadian politics today, "Chick" Turner is the stepson of Frank Ross, a wealthy British Columbian and onetime Lieutenant-Governor of the province; he inhabited the fraternities and rushing parties of UBC before going off to Oxford (on a Rhodes Scholarship) and the Sorbonne. For a while there were rumours of a romance between "Chick" and Princess Margaret, but he married instead the daughter of David E. Kilgour, president of one of Canada's largest insurance firms, Great West Life.

Represents that strain of trendy young technocrat who drops a McLuhan quote into a speech to the Canadian Club and sends idiot reporters reeling back to their typewriters to discharge effluent like "Canada's John Kennedy", "handsome young rebel cabinet minister" and "the new breed of politician." Born in Eng-

land, he still retains a soft spot for the Mother Country and advertised there last year for an "affectionate English nanny" for his kids.

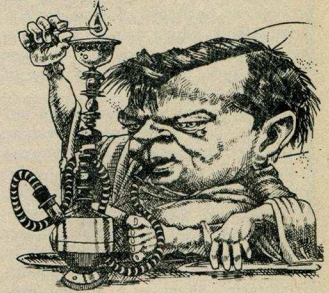
Has his cold blue eyes steadily fixed on Trudeau's job; when *Maclean's* (in its first issue under the editorship of his old friend Peter C. Newman) ran a gooey-sweet cover story on him suggesting he might — and should — replace Trudeau, Turner's office sent out hundreds of copies of the issue to select people in plain brown envelopes. But his ill-disguised thirst for power has engendered disapproval among the kingmakers, not to mention the king: Justice Minister Turner was about to bask in the glory of a media-splash law conference he had organized when Trudeau rudely switched him to the unwanted Finance portfolio; "Chick" had to spend the next few months boning up on economics. An astute political observer once said, "I have looked into John Turner's eyes and I have seen the abyss."

C. M. (Bud) Drury

Bud was an early supporter of Mitchell Sharp in the 1968 Liberal leadership race, and there's no indication that his political vision has grown since. Drury represents the Montreal riding of Westmount, which contains our own White Rhodesian colony, and he has not misrepresented their views in cabinet. Bud has steadfastly stood as a pillar of reaction in the cabinet, resisting any progressive or nationalist policies (such as the fiercely socialistic Gray report), and acting as a defender of American business interests.

When invited into politics by Lester Pearson in 1962 he was running Quebec's provincial bus system, which his family then controlled (it is now owned by Power Corporation), and was associated with Foundation Co. of Canada, Regent Fund Ltd., Avis Transport of Canada (now owned by ITT), Construction Equipment Co., Alaska Yukon Refiners Ltd., and Western International Powers Ltd. This populist background made him an excellent spokesman for Quebec in the troubled Sixties. He has acted in government as a defender of the *Time-Reader's Digest* lobby's interests whenever they came under fire. Nearing the end of his active political life, he is now said to be

plugging for the job of Governor General, since Roland Michener's term expires in a year, but this would seem difficult since it's a French Canadian's turn. So he will probably have to satisfy himself with picking up a couple of dozen directorships of American firms and retire to the Westmount Bowling and Tennis Club.



John Munro

The overweight, chain-smoking Minister of Health and Welfare is a Man on the Way Down. It is reported that John will withdraw from the cabinet not long after the election, perhaps to run for the provincial Liberal leadership in Ontario. His term in the government has not been a happy one. He tried to strike a fashionably left-of-centre pose, but got caught spying on the country's youth in his Youth Culture Study. He laboriously loaded a back-seatful of file folders into his car as he went home each Friday afternoon, until someone noticed that the folders were always in exactly the same position when he came back to his office on Monday morning. His prime ministerial ambitions failed to ignite the enthusiasm of anybody except himself. Queen's Park should be about his speed.

Paul Hellyer

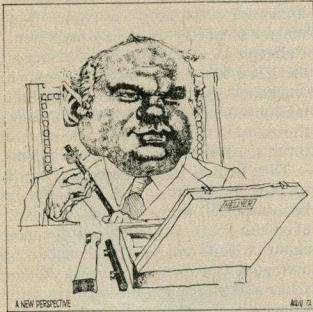
When the Prime Minister was on his Russian tour, visiting one of the remotest parts of the Soviet Union, he received the news that Paul Hellyer had quit the Liberal Party back home. When asked by the Canadian press contingent for his reaction, Trudeau replied: "Viewed from

Claude Balloune goes to the elections

Central Asia it doesn't look very significant." Thus the Prime Minister cast a correct perspective on the matter.

Paul Hellyer doesn't look very significant even viewed from Wawa. He has displayed a refreshing openness of mind when it comes to his principles, standing alongside such men as Hazen Argue in the memories of Canadians. Hellyer, who rallied much of the right-wing anti-Trudeau, anti-French sentiment in the party during the 1968 leadership race, holds the questionable honour of having nearly belonged to every party in the House of Commons except the NDP. He sat as a Liberal, then as an Independent, then seriously considered accepting overtures to lead a new Social Credit coalition, then founded Action Canada, then joined the Tories.

A religious fundamentalist suspected of having substantial sympathy for the Moral Re-Armament movement, he is a habitu  of church choirs. Not regarded as the most penetrating intellect in the House of Commons, a journalist once remarked of him: "If it was raining soup, Paul Hellyer would have cornered the market on forks."



David Lewis

The brash young man who wanted to be Canada's first socialist Prime Minister is 63 years old now and less likely than ever to attain his ambition. The approaching torrent of social democracy that Lewis is always capable of seeing has still only produced three fewer seats for the NDP than the CCF had in 1945.



Lewis tends to sell socialism like Templeton's TRCs, with an ever-present smile that doesn't quite convince, and an over-reliance on the debating tricks he learned in his days at the Oxford Union. He has dedicated his career to the proposition that voters will accept socialism if you make it sound only a shade different from liberalism; this has been made easier by the fact that the Lewis version of socialism is only a shade different from liberalism.

Eldon Woolliams

Eldon Mattison Woolliams, Q.C., B.A., LL.B, Master Mason 32nd Degree; Ancient and Accepted Rite of Free Masonry-Southalta Consistory; Calgary Valley of Perfection; Delta Chapter Rose Croix and Shrine-Alazhar. There is the story CBC announcer Warren Davis tells of encountering a man sitting in an adjoining booth in an Ottawa steak house a couple of years back. Appearing to have achieved a stage of jolly abandon, this man loudly proclaimed in the steak house "This country is being run by a Communist." He attempted to engage Mr. Davis in a conversation to this effect and proclaimed loudly again for the entire steak house to hear "The country's being run by a Commie" causing Mr. Davis, who only wanted to finish his steak, some annoyance. The next day Mr. Davis happened to be reading the introduction to a free-time political telecast, and introduced Mr. Eldon Woolliams speaking on behalf of the Conservative Party. "My God! That's him!" Mr. Davis exclaimed. "That's the guy in the steak

house," he cried, causing much wonder in the CBC studio, as the stately face of Eldon Woolliams, the Conservative Party Justice Critic, flashed onto the TV monitors.

Otto Lang

The former University of Saskatchewan law school dean was one of the few Liberals elected on the Prairies in 1968, and he has parlayed this trivial coincidence into an influence few would have believed possible. When the map of designated areas for regional development grants was drawn, a westward jag across the Manitoba-Saskatchewan border was included to take in part of his riding. Lang has rated two major cabinet promotions during the Trudeau term, despite lacklustre performance in the portfolios he has occupied. Through it all, he has retained responsibility for the wheat board, which has occupied most of his time; meanwhile, he allowed the manpower and immigration department to stagnate for a year and a half. He has the ear of Trudeau, a fact which puzzles most Ottawa observers; the most rational explanation is that Trudeau places an inordinate faith in regional spokesmen and Lang was one of the few Liberals etc.

Herb Gray

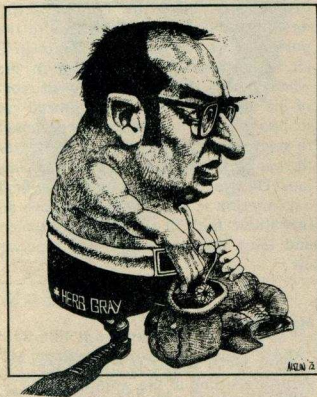
Poor Herb seems to have spent his adult life sitting in the waiting rooms of power leaping through old National Geographics. Herb comes from Windsor, so back when he was just an ordinary MP, he seems to have made friends with his town's largest employer, the Ford Motor Company of Canada Ltd. The friendship turned out well — for Ford — when the scandal broke about the government having forgiven \$75 million dollars Ford owed in back duties arising from the Auto Pact. There was Herb at those embarrassing committee hearings, defending Ford's fine record, its standing as a great corporate citizen, condemning those jackals who were so crass as to expect this firm to obey the law.

In keeping with Liberal Party tradition, Herb was actually appointed to the cabinet to oversee foreign corporations

Claude Balloune goes to the elections

in Canada, his accession to power being greeted with the telltale rumble of an entire country guffawing. Herb's office prepared a report on the whole question of foreign investment in Canada, which the government promptly sat on for a year or so. When it was finally released, first in the *Canadian Forum* as Canada's answer to the Pentagon Papers, and officially (in watered-down form) six months later, it made the explosive suggestion that foreign investment should be "screened" (which was what Herb was supposed to have been appointed in 1969 to do anyway).

As one observer remarked by way of epitaph on Herb Gray's political career, screening foreign investment is about as effective as having a chaperone at a rape.



Bryce Mackasey

Bryce loved Lester Pearson ("I love the guy") and when Pearson announced in caucus that he was planning to resign as PM, Mackasey had to leave the room because he was crying too loud to stay. From this unpromising philosophical base the former boxer and union steward went on to become the most progressive minister in the Liberal cabinet (something few would like carved on their graves, but what the hell...). As Labour Minister he even earned the respect of the Gars de Lapalme and raised blood cries for his removal from the business community; as Manpower and Immigration Minister he is beginning to restore to ser-

vice one of the government's most hardened arteries.

A classic Irish politician in the Tammany Hall mould, he is a bombastic wheeler-dealer, and no one is ever quite sure just what he's trying to manipulate at any given moment. Behind his public face, he is inclined to be moody and solitary. He is given to threatening those who anger him with a lawsuit at the drop of a hat, including a *Globe and Mail* reporter (just not done) who named him as cabinet spokesman for the tobacco lobby, and the *Last Post* (equally just not done) when it identified him as one of the men who peddled the asinine "provisional government" rumour during the War Measures Act crisis. Takes second place only to Jean Marchand for idiotic statements during the crisis.

Jean Marchand

When Jean Marchand arrived in Ottawa in 1965 two observations were made of the gruff little man. One was that he might be (Charles Lynch said this, who else?) "the great white hope for national unity." The other was a remark made by some cabinet ministers that "Marchand is probably more radical than the nation wants."

Neither eventuality, of course, materialized. Flying around the country during the War Measures Act crisis screaming about 3,000 armed revolutionaries and bombs everywhere waiting to be triggered — all this suited a Chicken Little impersonation but not the department of a national-unity figure. As for the "radical" tag, it is interesting to recall that Jean made a terrible row about how he would not run for the Liberals unless they revealed where they got their funds in Quebec. He must certainly have his answer by now since he is the chief Quebec fundraiser for the party and in charge of all federal patronage in the province.

A man of some wit (his remark that the best thing about Ottawa is the train to Montreal stands as the definitive statement on the capital) but with a strong petulant streak: he has responded to recent criticism of his Department of Regional Economic Expansion by intimating that if the attacks didn't stop he would take his handouts and go home.

NOUS AVONS
MAINTENANT
DES LISTES
DES SUSPECTS



Gérard Pelletier

Pelletier once had a newspaper column entitled "Gérard Pelletier — en pleine liberté." Reading one of these columns one night in a bar, another Montreal journalist scrawled atop the page: "Mais malgré sa liberté il ne dit jamais rien." Pelletier is a sincere, gentle, deeply civilized but very anguished man; he anguishes over unemployment and automation and youth and violence but views the world in too philosophic and abstract terms to come to grips with the problems.

Thus he falls into policies like Opportunities for Youth, and his department becomes filled with every professionally alienated youth in the country lounging about in jeans and headband, collecting outrageous salaries for quoting *Rolling Stone* and advising bewildered clerks on where it's at and how to pay people to grow organic turnips.

Has little taste for political life and has privately expressed his desire to leave it. Trudeau has already said he will be shifted out of his Secretary of State portfolio after the election; he is expected to be given Health and Welfare. Unknown to most, he has made the strongest statements by any Liberal cabinet minister urging Canadian independence from the U.S. He had the decency to keep his mouth shut during the War Measures Act crisis while his cabinet colleagues shot

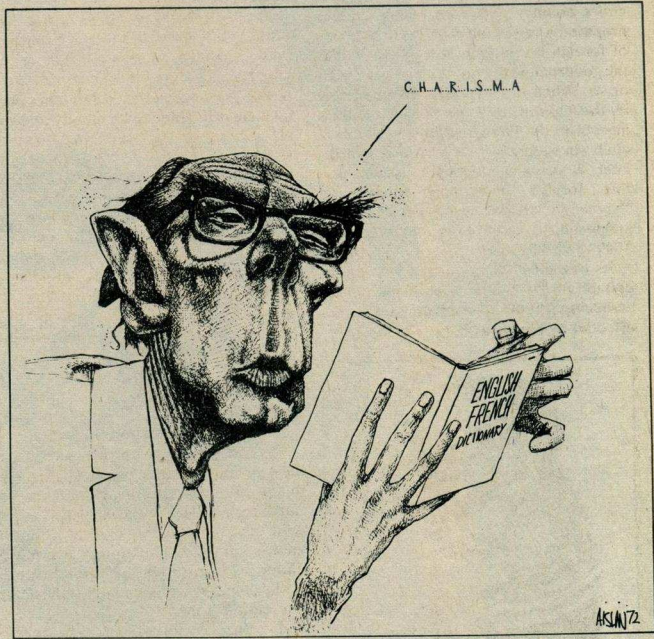
Claude Balloune goes to the elections

theirs off like turkeys; he voted for the Act itself with "death in my heart" — but he voted for it. In Douglas Fisher's words, he scurries about the Parliamentary halls "like a little monk bearing penance for the whole monastery."

Robert Stanfield

E. D. Haliburton, a Stanfield cabinet minister when Robert was premier of Nova Scotia, describes his former boss as "a Progressive Conservative with the accent on the Progressive." It is an orientation few others have been able to detect. Despite his vehement denials at the time that he was part of any "dump-Diefenbaker" movement, Stanfield made himself the willing tool of Dalton Camp's move to get rid of the old chief and re-establish the control of Bay Street over the party. Stanfield is occasionally possessed by a decent instinct — as when he initially objected to the War Measures Act — but he generally manages to suppress it with distressing ease.

He has spent the last year talking about an "incentive society" in which people are free to make money and has attracted the support of everyone who thinks Trudeau is too radical, too soft on Quebec or too tough with the Americans. His unalloyed continentalism represents a historic shift away from traditional Tory wariness of the United States and has



run into considerable opposition in his own party. His blandness, slow wit and halting speaking style sometimes give an impression of calm moderation, but it is a mistake to think that just because Stanfield is mediocre he can't also be reactionary.

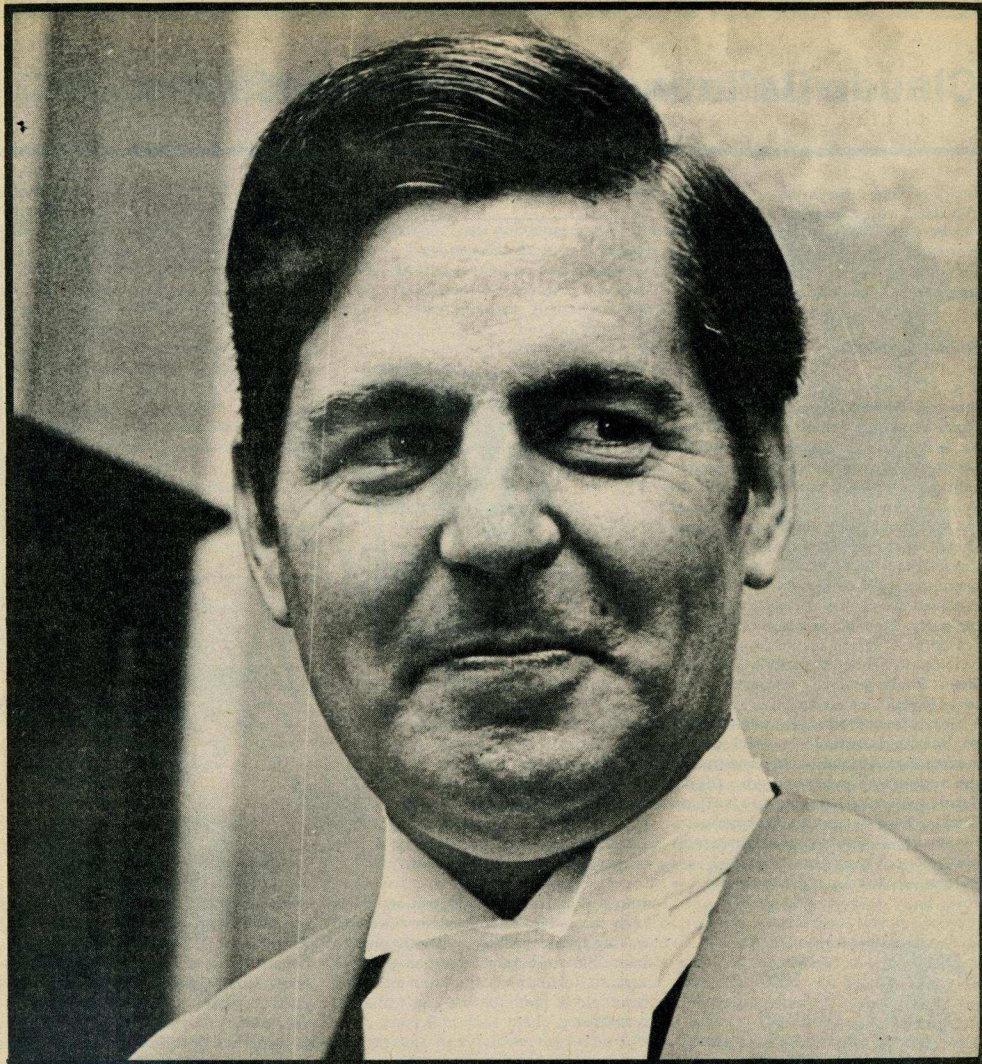
Also-Not-Rans

Much colour will go out of the Canadian political scene through the decisions of these four men (for vastly different reasons) not to contest their seats: Joe Greene, fondly remembered by journalists as "Big Mouth", retires from political life after his overpowering performance as Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, where he is best remembered as having almost given away all our natural resources to the United States at one Washington press conference in

which he said "It doesn't matter where the profits go — Bay Street or Wall Street" ... Edgar Benson goes to his reward as head of the Canadian Transport Commission, when the Liberal Party realized it couldn't get him re-elected if it dropped ten dollar bills out of airplanes onto his riding ... James Laxer withdrew as an NDP candidate after the purge of the Waffle from the party, and will apparently sit it out on the sidelines until the next leadership contest of the NDP, in which the ultimate dialectic of Canadian political life will be performed: Laxer or Blakeney? ... and Mel Watkins, who withdrew for the same reasons, patiently awaits the final verdict of history — will Bobby Orr be remembered in later years only as the man who had Watkins as his baby-sitter when he was a baby in Parry Sound, or will Watkins only be remembered as the man who once baby-sat for Bobby Orr?



INTRODUCING
THE ALL NEW
"TOGETHER
WE STAND"
BY
FROM
BEAVER
FORM."



WAGNER

by Malcolm Reid

Although Claude Wagner has been part of the political scene for eight years, what he believes and what he represents remain something of a mystery. Now, his entry into federal politics and the resultant emergence of the Conservative Party as a serious force in Quebec make him one of the keys to the outcome of the October 30 election. In this article, the **Last Post's** Quebec parliamentary correspondent examines the life, times and appeal of Claude Wagner.

Claude Wagner, like many a great demagogue, has a quiet voice, a formal delivery in which "I" is most often "we," or even something like "the acting attorney-general."

His most famous sentence is "And now, our turn." It was said to the 1970 Quebec Liberal Convention (which rejected him as leader of the party), with the little smile he has that seems to say: "We have suffered, us plain folk. We could say so much more about our tormentors, but won't. Our patience is long. It isn't endless."

But is he a great demagogue? He is a figure of much popularity in Quebec, the great Quebec enemy of crime and disorder. But is he the man who can rally the Quebec right, rally that part which is right-wing in every Quebec working-class heart and deliver it to the Conservative Party, or create some kind of authoritarian mass movement of his own?

Note, for example, that nobody can remember what else he said in that speech to the Liberal convention. People can't remember very much that is specific about him, people will say the words honest, sincere, straight, the words a Detroit polling firm hired by the Tories got when they asked. There's more than that to George Wallace, there's more than that to Réal Caouette. Even with such lesser figures of the Quebec right as Camil Samson, Yvon Dupuis, Léo Tremblay, there is a vision of the world, a coherence, an ideology.

We know that men like these are right-wing, because they lay it all before us in their speeches: The little man gets screwed, it's the fault of the biggies, but also of the radicals, the unions, the traitors. Let us reform the tax system, the monetary system, but above all let us clean out these bad elements to restore the world to its basic goodness. And now and then the dash of racism, the taboo-breaking kind word for the fascist regimes of the past.

Wallace's prose, even for someone who's never seen him, conveys a whole outlook in print. Samson never gets up to ask a question in the Quebec house without making a little speech full of evocative sarcasm for the underminers of Christianity and approval for the good Christian working man. Dupuis's paper *Défi* takes on Mao one week, Michel Chartrand the next, praises the right-wing breakaways from the Confederation of National Trade Unions the third.

Caouette and Wagner were asked the same questions by the Quebec tabloid *Le Nouveau Samedi* as the federal election campaign began. To the question "What is the most important thing in your life?" Caouette answered, "The establishment of a system which would allow each and every human being to live as he wishes."

Wagner could only manage: "What is most important in life for me is remaining myself and rendering the most services to my fellow citizens."

He will tell a reporter just before demonstrating and night-sticking break out in Quebec City during the Queen's visit, "Thank God on two knees it's calm," but he won't talk about God in his speeches. He will say when heckled by Michel Chartrand shortly after Michel's trip to Cuba, "There you have the voice of Cuba," but will say nothing more about Cuba. In recent years he has developed perhaps one other idea than the repression of crime: youth is unhappy with society and will break loose if not provided a good future. But this is the traditional out's voice: if I'm not given power I can't answer for what will happen. From the Lesage cabinet, youthful revolt's healthy side was not apparent to him.

"Part of his image is false," says Pierre O'Neill, a *Le Devoir* reporter who worked for the Liberals when Wagner was justice minister and has covered Quebec politicians critically since. "He is not a hard man, I think. He is a soft heart. He has no ideas. He is like Lesage in that. Except that Lesage talked; he keeps it all inside. Take him out of his field, ask him about federalism and nationalism, and already it's too complicated for him."

For a one-issue politician, a decade of one-issue jobs: judge, justice minister, justice critic, judge. Is there anything more to Claude Wagner than this? *Samedi* asked Caouette and Wagner about Jean Drapeau, the Rolling Stones, and Michel Tremblay, the fine, but also fashionable, playwright of working-class pain. Caouette was clear: praise for Drapeau,

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID?

Mr. Wagner is a tough, hard-line, law-and-order man, who dismisses the strengthening of civil rights as the "soft approach" Mr. Wagner's thinking has fallen a century or two behind.

It will take a lot of demonstrating before he can be seen to be a man of like mind with a man of Mr. Stanfield's views.

Who will follow Mr. Stanfield into the fray? Mr. Wagner? And what will that say of the Conservative program?

—*Globe & Mail* editorial July 31, 1972

* * *

Inevitably there will be charges of opportunism in the Conservative recruitment of Mr. Wagner. However, it is perfectly normal to look for prominent public figures as candidates

The candidacy of Mr. Wagner . . . could lead to important gains for Conservative credibility.

—*Globe & Mail* editorial September 11, 1972

who told off de Gaulle, and for the others, "never heard of them." For Wagner obliqueness on Drapeau — "He is the Mayor of Montreal" — and as for the Stones, "they express action and movement, and also the tendencies of present-day youth." And Tremblay's plays "please me enormously."

† They are the safe opinions of the man who wants to be the people's man, but wants to do it in the ranks of something you won't be laughed at for in places like St. James Street and Place d'Armes. Say the Progressive Conservative party, led by Robert Stanfield, "a man who is honest, democratic and intelligent to excess."

Is there more to Wagner, now that Canada and Quebec will be reckoning with him? There is at least a many-chaptered story in that decade of jobs.

In which an almost immigrant's son becomes a p'tit Canadien-français who, naturally, wants to go to McGill

Claude was born in Shawinigan in 1925. His father was a violinist, played the violin in silent movie houses, moving to Shédiac, N.B., for work, so that Claude began school there. His father was Canadian-born, English-speaking, but with Bavaria not far behind in the family; his mother was French-speaking. The talkies forced the artist to become an industrial worker, and Claude was largely raised in Drummondville, the synthetic-fabrics town. Mrs. Wagner must have talked much to Claude about the injustice of the powerful.

The family saved to send him to college, to the Oblates in Chambly, the University of Ottawa. He had, he says, to overcome a French-Canadian prejudice against McGill as a place of English atheism to go there for law, but this was overcoming a French-Canadian taboo to kneel to a French-Canadian totem: "He studied law under such masters as Professor Frank Scott," said his official biography during the leadership campaign of 1970, just as Robert Bourassa's had boasted he was the only *p'tit Canadien-français* to have attended both those smart English universities, Oxford and Harvard.

Wagner won a debate with the University of Montreal arguing *against* capital punishment, and became a lawyer in 1949, the year of the asbestos strike, an event not mentioned anywhere in the literature around him. He was a civil lawyer, with Létourneau et Associés, on St. James Street, then with John O'Brien, Q.C., in nearby Place d'Armes. In 1953 he married Gisèle Normandeau, a tall, forbiddingly handsome woman who has never let the press know much about her.

Respectability for the musician-worker's son, then, and no hint of crimebusting.

It is not on the record at what moment he began to be a Liberal, but these were Duplessis days, and no admirer of Frank Scott, the social-democratic constitutionalist, was going to be a *bleu*. In the elections of 1960, Jean Lesage recruited Wagner and others to bone up on electoral law and watchdog the Union Nationale. Anyway, he's been a political man through the Quiet Revolution, never, in any job he's held, failing to understand its potential for preaching. All he needed was a theme. This was supplied when Jean Lesage gave him his second Quiet Revolution job: crown prosecutor.

In which the crimebuster is born

The sessions of the peace are the Quebec court where ordinary criminal cases come up: robberies, assaults, but not the grand ones that will be argued before juries. There is no jury in sessions court; the judge is the Solomon of this sad kingdom, convicting and sentencing, often with comment on what the lesson of it all is. In 1963, Claude Wagner was named to this court, the second-youngest judge ever, at 38.

He had made his acquaintance of the criminal courts in 1960 when he went into them as a prosecutor. He told Robert Duffy of the *Globe and Mail* they were like barns after the civil courts, and the quote has been in every biography since. But he made them his. Here were his famous prosecutions:

—*Lady Chatterley's Lover*, pleading the novel's obscenity before the Supreme Court.

—Georges Marcotte, the bank robber who machine-gunned two policemen while wearing a Santa Claus suit outside the bank. (The Pearson government commuted Marcotte's hanging when Wagner was justice minister in Quebec, and he was angry. "I saw those bodies, they were sawed in half by the bullets. I told the widows, justice will have the last word, Mesdames." He said talking to crooks he was using as crown witnesses was what persuaded him he'd been wrong about hanging at McGill, that it had to stay. At other times he insisted this was not a position of principle; later maybe it could go.)

Later, as minister, Wagner once said he agreed with a judge who had questioned the litany spoken by the judge at every trial about the crown being there not to win at all costs, like the defence, but to serve justice. Maybe not at all costs, but the crown had to fight hard, he said. The point is not that he fought this way, but that he admitted it.

But being a judge was even better than being a prosecutor, because it enabled him to gratify not only the drive to punish, but another recurring aspect of his style, the Solomon part, the recalling that sometimes justice is clearing a man, assuring him a right, letting go a blossom of compassion. Or bringing down the mighty. Claude Wagner's mighty man in for a fall was Judge Adrien Meunier of superior court, which hears appeals from courts like Wagner's.

The details of the Meunier case are hard to track down, and the famous Wagner accusation was the outcome of a closed hearing. The hearing, he said, revealed that Adrien Meunier had perjured himself while he was a lawyer for a man up in another case, and he should be so charged.

Bam! Perjury, for a judge who's been a Liberal MP in Ottawa. While a prosecutor, Wagner had made speeches against organized crime at club banquets, and a Marxist newspaperman, crossing Place d'Armes one night on his way to a courthouse-district pub, was heard to say: "These Wagner speeches are great. Because if he keeps on making them, people are going to start getting the idea that courts are rotten, and stinking, and foul." To which another Marxist newspaperman said, "Yeah, but . . . maybe they already know that, and maybe this'll just make them more authoritarian." Anyway, after Meunier, Wagner's name was made. The judge-busting judge.

He also sentenced Hal Banks to five years for conspiring to beat up on an enemy in the waterfront union wars, but that was only the normal tough-judge thing, Banks being a villain of the papers in any case. Judge Wagner praised the union men who'd dared testify against Banks; later he was to speak (but typically, without apparent follow-up) of a haven

for stoolies, and to ask testily what was wrong with informers, anyway.

"Judge Wagner" was his title for only a year this time, fall of '63 to fall of '64, but Judge Wagner became a character of the Quebec drama. Tim Burke, a yeasty reporter for the *Montreal Star*, was one who helped this be. He wrote wham-bang features about the young judge and the young justice minister, and threw in for the first time, it seems, the populist theme: for the common man, this judge was okay.



In which the people's man is born, more or less

Wagner himself did not articulate this populist theme in his early political career, however. Dominique Clift, in one of his *Toronto Star* pieces after the Queen's visit, said low-wage Quebecers liked seeing college boys pounded in demonstrations, and this was part of Wagner's appeal. But with the man himself it was, as so many things were with Wagner, implied. By his choice of riding.

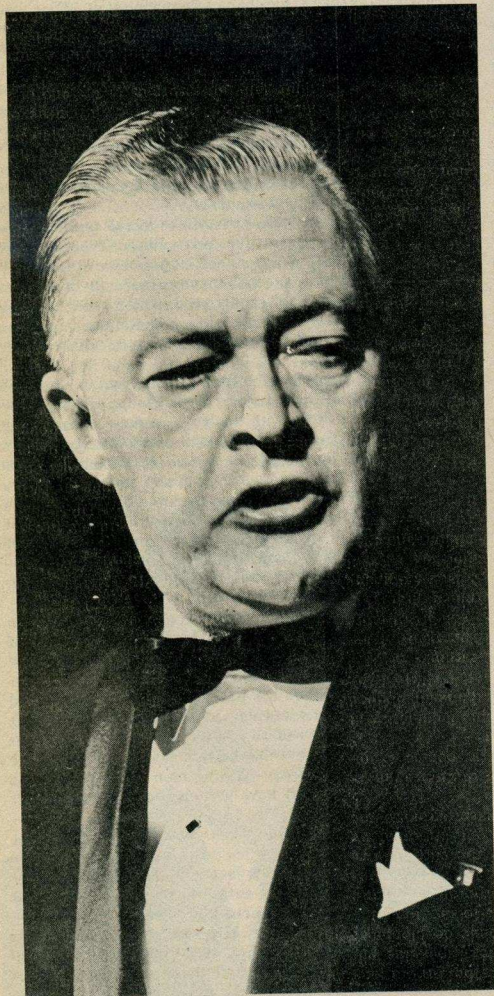
In 1964, George O'Reilly, the mayor of Verdun, retired from politics, leaving the suburb's legislative seat, which he also held, empty. Verdun is a mixed French and English (the English being largely Irish) working-class part of southwest Montreal. Neat, medium-old blocks of housing, not squalor. "No-newsville," says an observer. Liberal.

The Liberals had recently fought two elections, the one which swept out the Union Nationale and the one which nationalized the electricity companies. The Quiet Revolution was bogged down in public service strikes: its limited character was felt in the continuing economic pinch on the working class. It was turning right and the unions were turning left. The national question was also hot, and terrorism, and street demonstrations. Jean Lesage called up Claude Wagner. He fitted Verdun (though he lived, rather, in a better-off area in Montreal's extreme north), he would be solicitor-general. Wagner was surprised but said yes right away, Peter Desbarats reports. This was September.

On October 10, Queen Elizabeth was in Quebec City. It was the centenary of the year Confederation was planned in Charlottetown, and she and Prince Philip were visiting various corners of Canada — but not Montreal. Quebec City was no hotbed of separatism, leftism, or any of the disruptive trends growing in the province, so this might have seemed cool. But it was the first occasion to meet the monarch since the separatist-leftist movement had emerged, and Quebec City is only an afternoon's drive from Montreal.

The city filled with demonstrators, and Quebec had laid out the police. For the police it was the first event of its kind. When the demonstrations took place, the police pounded — exactly how much it is hard to say, but it shocked the international newspapermen and moderate nationalist notables who were there. They demanded an inquiry. Lesage gave the task to the new solicitor-general. Here is some of what he reported, a week later, after the day had become (it seems from RIN leader Pierre Bourgault's expression at a Paul Sauvé Arena meeting in Montreal) Nightstick Saturday:

5... In the days before the Queen's visit, tracts of a seditious character were distributed calling the population to "a test of strength," and to quote only one, of which 17,000 copies were seized, we enclose the October 1964 issue of



With the Quiet Revolution bogged down, and national question hot, Jean Lesage called up Claude Wagner.



RIN leader Pierre Bourgault coined phrase 'Nightstick Saturday'.

"Le Bohème" signed by Jean Gagnon, titled "A First-Class Burial for Confederation — the Queen's Visit."

Under the title "Test of Strength Now Inevitable," we read:

"Tens of thousands of French-Canadians are going to Quebec from across the province not to see the Queen but to protest. It is underestimating French-Canadian strength to think the visit will come off without great risks (not for the Queen, she's perfectly protected) but for our French-Canadians. Again our French-Canadians will be hit by violence and will bleed." . . .

8. It is proper to note the four categories of agitators who created the weekend's climate of disorder:

(a) The RIN and its followers had proclaimed for weeks that the Queen would not be well received and that hostility would pour forth.

(b) Student groups at Laval and Montreal Universities worked to create effervescence in their faculties and planned their very gatherings and illegal acts on campus.

(c) A group of bums (*voyous*) from elsewhere, mostly from Montreal, constituted the subversive wing, and their presence was noted from incident to incident, from corner to corner.

(d) A small clan (*noyau*) of young reporters, partisans and sympathizers of independentist theories, worked not only to exaggerate but to provoke situations the press played up.

9. Here is the list of reporters allegedly clubbed: Rémi d'Anjou, Canadian Press; François Trépanier, Broadcast News; Grant Johnson, *The Gazette*; Serge Gagnon, *L'Action*; André Sirois, *Le Soleil*; André Béliveau, *Le Petit Journal*; Marc Scheifer, international correspondent for the Communist journal "Révolution" (Albert Noel of the *Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*, who had been roughed up too, asked why he hadn't even made the list of the "alleged," and was told by Wagner: "I have read your report. I don't

intend to change anything here.") . . .

10. After reading journalists' and police reports and especially after looking at various films, I am of the conviction that three young reporters showed hostile and provocative behaviour that earned them, not martyrdom or clubbing, but a few inconsequential blows of the stick.

25. . . . No photographer managed to snap a single blackened face, a single wound, a single bruise, a single drop of blood.

What has been called "the Saturday of the Club" was simply the Saturday of the frustrated extremist. Contrary to the seditious predictions of the pamphlet "Le Bohème" not one drop of French-Canadian blood flowed in the streets of Quebec.

That was the second big character-creating story. The crime-fighter had become a demonstrator-fighter. At his next speech in Montreal, Michel Chartrand and other protesters were in the audience. It was at the Chamber of Commerce, and Wagner made a distinction, then took it back, in his speech: "Separatism is not extremism. But from the cry of race to the bomb it is only a short step." He had developed this theme before becoming minister, after the first FLQ in 1963: "Today these same leaders, closing their eyes to the logical consequences of what they preach, have the audacity to say they did not want what is happening."

Now it was headline stuff, and stuff for liberals to editorialize against. *La Presse* was on strike, but its editor Gérard Pelletier had earlier criticized Wagner, and now Claude Ryan of *Le Devoir*, who always wrote rather sympathetically of the zeal of the man, did too. Chartrand agreed to stop heckling when Chamber of Commerce people told him there'd be a question period. There wasn't. Chartrand's home was raided for lottery tickets shortly after.

All this was a problem for the René Lévesques, the Eric Kieranses, the Paul Gérin-Lajoies of the Lesage cabinet. They were stuck in solidarity with this guy. So there is something comic in reading Lévesque's comments on another post-Queen issue. The daily newspaper *Le Soleil* in Quebec produced a directive to its editors to weed separatist and revolutionary opinion from the news, or at least from the front page. Bona Arseneault, minor minister and former *Soleil* editor, thought that was just fine. Asked about it at a press conference, Wagner said: "Listen, I'll answer you frankly on that. For me, censorship of the news is a form of extremism." Asked about that, Lévesque said: "I agree 150 per cent with him."

It was a standard Wagner putting-on-of brakes. I recall him speaking softly, with that smile and with little "hmsms" of consultation, to Liberals at the Blue Danube motel in Charlevoix county during his leadership campaign.

What do you do when the pot is boiling over, one asked metaphorically. Wagner was pleased to generalize, "I see what you're getting at, and I think you turn down the heat." But specifically, later that evening he was saying, clearly of the unnamed Pierre Vallières: "Young men who are brought before court because they have written a book, I don't think much of that . . ."

(Books? The *Samedi* poll asked "Who is your favourite author?" "I have none in particular.")

But as his two-year stint as justice minister ripened, new demonstrations, new attacks from intellectuals, meant new areas of right-wing ground touched on. The CNTU spoke of the danger of a police state in July 1965. He replied, in St. Hyacinthe: "Fear not, you who have signed your statement with the letters CNTU, we dislike dictatorship as much as you. We are now so much closer to a protected state, and so much farther from a police state . . . Is it a police state when, in the midst of a strike of public servants, we do not

harm the picket lines? . . . Is it a police state when we speak to bird-brained anarchists, to dangerous clowns who have nothing of separatist ideology but the desire for violence, the only language they understand?"

The "strike of public servants" was at the liquor commission, and the justice minister said union leaders were calling the police up expecting them to hop to every report of contraband alcohol, while wives of strikers were calling him up begging the government to end the strike. He spoke of having studied on \$7 a week. And he got in digs at the two magazines of the day, *Cité libre* of the middle-aged liberals and *parti pris* of the young Marxists: "unscrupulous scribblers who are much more concerned with the *cité libre* than with the *cité juste*" and "the eternal formers of Leagues to Defend Mr. So-and-so, to Collect Funds for Mr. So-and-so, to Save Mr. So-and-so from the Gallows . . . will they join these leagues when they are formed: The League for the Respect for Authority? The League for the Primacy of the Common Good? The League for the Protection of Honest Men? The League against Extremist Demonstrations? The League against Pseudo-intellectuals, with or without Preconceptions (*parti pris*), etc.?"

This word-play seems a bit beyond his own stylistic reach. A name that comes to mind as a possible author is the late Marcel Vlaminckx, his PR man of the period. A suave Belgian-Canadian who had written up the courts for the bottom (*Allo Police*) and the top (*Le Devoir*) of the French-Canadian journalistic scale, he was perhaps the word man in those days.

(Another mover from *Allo Police* to *Le Devoir* was the cartoonist Normand Hudon, who could so well have gotten the Wagner crew cut down. But *Le Devoir* was between great cartoonists, with Hudon gone and Berthio yet to come, so the caricatural task fell to Macpherson of the *Toronto Star*. His work well expressed the English-Canadian establishment attitude: he showed a brutal Wagner chasing scruffy separatists with a long stick. Ah these Quebecers, the authorities are fascist and the opponents riffraff.

(The view of Wagner as a fascist was shared by the riffraff: the left, in these years, was speaking of "Herr Wagner." More

mildly, a *Magazine Maclean* interview with Louis Martin in May 1965 caught the elite's feelings: "Who is he? The prosecutor who, forgetting the most elementary distinctions, accuses all separatist leaders of complicity with the FLQ? The incorruptible reformer who will clean up justice and make all equal before it? The anachronism who doesn't seem to realize that punishment is good only insofar as it rehabilitates . . ." The interview also extracted this quote from the man: "They're the ones who can't get over it (Nightstick Saturday), not me. I did what I had to do. When I think of what I see elsewhere, in South America, where the nightsticks are longer than ours . . .")

Wagner defined his work as basically the war on crime. His theme was not complicated. Essentially it was that crime, the mob, the Mafia, were stronger than most people supposed them to be and thus had to be fought implacably. "Octopus" was his description. The implications were that the authorities weren't fighting them implacably enough, and that on the outside, they perhaps had a hold on some parts of the establishment, that there was not only ignorance but collusion. It is a radical theme in its way; the underworld is certainly a capitalist operation, and part of the larger system, the part the system claims to condemn but never uproots. But it was isolated; the world was not run by criminals and other capitalists for Wagner, but by criminals and *honnêtes gens*.

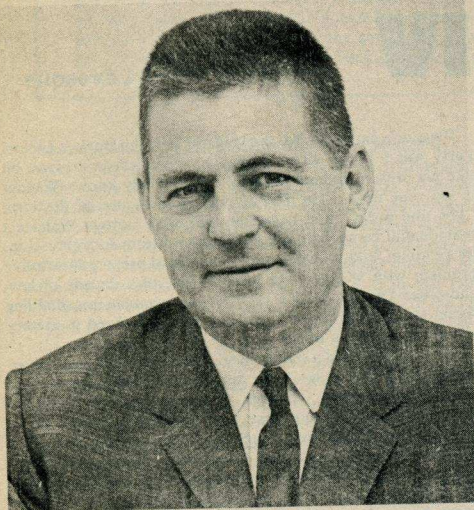
Lesage presented a bill to create a ministry of justice, basically the old attorney-general's department, and Wagner became the first provincial minister of justice in June 1965. In August came his most famous battle with crime, the arrest of the fake-bankruptcy men and their arsonists. Wagner named special prosecutors, held special press conferences, and got a number of convictions.

It was a time of confused criminal-political news, from which the Pearson government in Ottawa was suffering. Wagner should have suffered from another of its chapters, but didn't. I remember him standing up in the house to read to laughter the letter Lucien Rivard, the heroin dealer, famous because federal Liberals had intervened for him, left when he escaped from Bordeaux Jail with the hose they entrusted to him to sprinkle the rink.

Wagner seemed to enjoy the laughter, and they still can't pin the humiliation of the escape on him. When, just before plunging with the Tories, he blasted the circulation of dope in the jails as it had come out at a trial before him, present-day justice minister Jérôme Choquette said: "As Judge Wagner knows, having been minister of justice, the airtightness of jails is a relative thing, whether against drugs coming in or rink-hoses going out." But somehow it didn't nick the crimebuster, perhaps precisely because of the jazziness of Rivard, a worthy Moriarity for this Sherlock.

Then there was the Hébert case, which began with the Coffin case. Jacques Hébert was the premier Quebec publisher of the anti-Duplessis movement. Wilbur Coffin was a poor English-speaking prospector hanged in Duplessis days for the murder of two American hunters in the Gaspé woods. Hébert had already published *Coffin était innocent* before Duplessism fell; now, in 1964, he returned with *J'Accuse les assassins de Coffin*. The assassins were the judges, police and politicians who had set up the case against the prospector. The intelligentsia demanded, and got, a Royal Commission. To look after his interests before this commission, Hébert called on his *Cité libre* comrade Pierre Elliott Trudeau.

The commission ruled that Hébert's case was not proven, and Wagner hit: three days in jail for contempt of court (which produced another book, *Trois jours en prison*, mostly made up of an account of time done by the contemptuous turn-of-the-century journalist Jules Fournier). The Hébert-Trudeau



Justice Minister Wagner, complete with crew cut.

clan do not love Wagner now, and Wagner does not love them. They are the beautiful federalists; he is the plain: his term "le Prince" for Trudeau tells it all.

Wagner's legislative record is thin. The files are full of grand suggestions that seemed to peter out, like the haven for stool-pigeons (though that may be one of the many parts of the Wagner story that are secret) and a Consultative Council on Justice. The man always spoke of there "not being any question of founding a narrow, outdated, purely punitive justice," of how "amusing it is to hear those who see in the attorney-general someone retrograde and feudal, yes, amusing, because right now, with no fanfare at all, the attorney-general has delegated a specialist in criminology to the Montreal Jail, charged with studying the correctional and sociological problem of Bordeaux."

But the bills he piloted through in two years were only 13, mostly routine small reforms — reorganizing magistrates' courts, first legalization of apple cider. A massive new Code of Civil Procedure, but this had been commission-planned before he arrived. The ombudsman wasn't his, civil marriage wasn't his (they were Jean-Jacques Bertrand's), and even Jérôme Choquette looks better with his women-on-juries and legal aid.

The war on crime wasn't necessarily a phony — it simply wasn't institutional, consisted mostly of throwing the already existing book at the same old crooks and the new rebels. The legal system that Wagner went back to in 1970, still letting dope through, bringing accused in too battered to stand trial, and judging offences dating from November 1969 in June 1970, was the same he'd resolved to purify, humanize and speed up in 1964. At least in 1970 he sat in a huge, glassy Place de la Justice (pure Wagner, that name) with carpets and card-indexes, a project of his to replace Montreal's Old and New Courthouses, both of which were pretty old. His fourteenth bill, a reform of the Provincial Police making them slightly easier to sue, died when the government of the Quiet Revolution was defeated by Daniel Johnson in 1966.

Claude Wagner was of course re-elected in Verdun, but

he didn't seem happy in opposition. He got up and asked the questions about jailbreaks and terrorism, but they were asked with a haughty flatness, without the ideological flair that a Samson would have found. He was not prominent in the controversies of this period: language, nationalism, student protest and labour fights.

Now a sessions judge from Rivière-du-Loup was going after him for a speech made while he was minister in which he'd spoken of a judge and lawyer "in a rural part of the province" who'd been lax with a driving offender and let him free to kill in another accident. The Montreal Bar was showing signs of backing up the judge in his demand for redress (indeed a few important details of Wagner's attack on this kind of letting-down of the side were wrong), then actually levying on Wagner a fine of \$100 for the unlaywerly words. And Lesage did not come to his defence. Wagner gave a bitter interview to Michel Roy which *Le Devoir* headlined: "Abandoned by the Liberals, rejected by the Establishment, attacked by his colleagues, Claude Wagner: 'I fight alone.'"

Soon a group of Liberals did come to his defence: Bernard Pinard, Louis-Philippe Lacroix, Henri Coiteux, Alcide Cbucry, Jean Bienvenue — now recognizable as the hard right of the party. There were letters to *Le Devoir*: "Who are these lawyers who set themselves up as judges of Mr. Wagner?" thundered Mrs. Fernande Poirier, Montreal. "No, Mr. Wagner, you are not alone," intoned J. A. Morissette, Princeville.

By February of 1968, the year that was to bring Paris, Prague, Chicago — and the CEGEP Lionel-Groulx — Claude Wagner was making speeches in this vein: "Where are we in the battle against poverty? ... Where are we on the housing crisis? Where are we about social security? ... What is happening to medical insurance? To the thousands of welfare recipients who have begun to demonstrate in every corner of the province? ... What we need is a leadership as strong and limpid as that we glimpsed in the man who said, 'Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country.'"

IV

Wagner in '70 or Lévesque in '74

Wagner's campaign for the leadership of the Quebec Liberal Party was a funny affair. It was a *croisade sans croix*, a bit like his present federal campaign: everybody knows Wagner is big, but what is he about? The ironical use of the term "law and order" had begun in 1968 with George Wallace's presidential campaign. It was the liberal term for repression, for rightism, and it helped solve the liberal press's descriptive problem with Wagner. He was the first of a decade of law-and-order Quebec justice ministers up against the rumbling social struggle in Quebec, and the only one fixed in history as a pure specimen of the type.

His campaign had a shameful aspect to it too. It involved sneaking up on Lesage, who imagined *he* was going to lead the Liberals in again. Through '68 and most of '69 it seemed as if this would be the case, and if there was talk of an authoritarian taking over Quebec, it was usually Jean-Guy Cardinal who was mentioned ("authority" was a word in his Union Nationale leadership campaign). Union Nationale justice minister Rémi Paul's connections with wartime fascist leader Adrien Arcand (*La Presse* ran a photo of Arcand orating at a Rémi Paul rally) sufficed for fascism. Murray Hill buses



Berthio of *Le Devoir* draws the new 'Claude Wagner, Superstar'.

The view from Taverne Chamberland

What is Claude Wagner in the Taverne Chamberland?

A middle-aged terazzo worker, drinking in the tavern in Quebec City's St-Roch district between two stretches of work; one salaried, one moonlighting as his own contractor: "Wagner? He was too honest; they made him shut his mouth. But I'll vote for him; maybe he can do something. Anyway, we've had enough of Marchand. He isn't liked here; he bought his election last time. I know, I heard about it Now that guy Chartrand says a lot of true things. No, I wouldn't vote for him, he's a clown, but sometimes it takes a clown like that to come out with the truth. Wagner is different, he's more of the right I'll tell you frankly, I voted *Créditiste* before. But now you know somebody I can trust, even though he's English? We've always had a grudge against the English, but I could trust Stanfield."

A loud talker of 30, leaving the tavern: "I don't know anything about him, and I don't want to. Politics, me I've never voted and I probably never will. Politics, if you ask me, is filth."

An older man, face crumpled with strain, fingers lumpy with work: "Why do I like him? He's honest, that's all. What has he done? What do you mean, what has he done? Why, it's in the papers, it's . . . well, there was the false bankruptcies, the fires." And he goes on about insurance, swindling money by burning buildings, and how Wagner stopped that, but it has something tacked-on about it.

Young workers at a table: "Oh, we're not too interested in politics. We're all against Trudeau anyway. Though he did do things for youth. Grants, programs. I worked on a project last summer. Yeah, you might say it succeeded in winning youth. Say, when you talk to students, they're PQ, right? I couldn't do that, I've got too many English chums. It's money that talks in all these things. Wagner, that doesn't mean much to me; he was justice minister in the provincial, wasn't he?" "Social Credit, I tell you, Social Credit is what

you want." "Me? I'm into sports."

(Outside, a teenaged mechanic and waitress told me they had never heard of Wagner; a teenaged girl told me he was a good man, she didn't know why. The extent to which young Quebec workers have forgotten Wagner seems considerable. Someone who is eighteen now was ten when he was justice minister.)

The pattern is pure French-Canadian and of vintage flavour. Those who quote anti-establishment remarks by Quebec workers as signs that a socialist conscience is afoot are sometimes accepting easy victories; the anti-capitalist strain in Quebec goes back to Catholic moralism — politics is rotten, elections are bought, honest men are muzzled, and the English, we don't like them, but maybe one, somewhere, is the trustworthy one we've been looking for.

The 1970 FLQ manifesto had a common root with this tradition, and its denunciations of rottenness in high places were quickly absorbed while its dream of self-governed factories was a slow permeation. Michel Chartrand, who tells the same story of corrupt rulers, is a "clown" when he evokes his tradition-destroying ideas for change. The Wagners and Caouettes offer anger against the corruption but let you keep the tradition. Until a struggle has taken you up against them, their way seems easiest.

Or go from the Taverne Chamberland to the poet Paul Chamberland. He was in tune with the taverns when he wrote in his "L'afficheur hurle": "It's a draft of rage that dances in their heads which whispers in their ear in the tavern evenings."

But it's a long way before the taverns share his feeling about Wagner in his subsequent work, "L'inavouable": "I hear in me, in my flesh, the echo of my decision, it's pain I see myself — this is new! — and I say it sounds loud like a 'foreign body': the bullet which will tear into the hard flesh of judge wernag . . ."

were toppled, CEGEPs were occupied, St. Léonard was fought over by right-wing nationalists and right-wing nationalists and right-wing Anglos, the Parti Québécois was founded; the federalist-right/nationalist-left pattern of the Lesage years was asked before it had fully emerged, and Wagner didn't fit in.

But all would change if the Liberals, who got the most votes even in their '66 defeat, came back. Wagner thought he saw the time to make his move. In his days as justice minister he had said it was "intoxicating" to be a member of the Lesage team, but now Lesage was the "tradition that led to defeat," the arrogant man who listened to the highfalutin' and put off the people, who in turn picked up the tax bill for his schemes. Wagner was tired of Lesage, and Jean-Paul Lefebvre, a *Cité libre* type, was pushing Jean Marchand. If they made speeches, a lot of others must have been muttering, like the old Grit patronage guys who said this reform stuff could never work. (I arrived in Quebec City around this time. "Lesage has everything," one newspaperman said to me. "But he somehow has the stench of death about him," said another.)

Wagner, October 1969: "I'm a federalist without second thoughts, frank and open . . . resolved to see the two parties

respect the rules of the game, or change them if need be, but by agreement (The youth problems we have been seeing) are not the work of eccentric minorities of hippies, lovers of flowers, or LSD users, but of students who are worried, ferociously worried, about the future of society . . . economic ghetto . . . cut the umbilical cord of a mother-authority . . ."

And yet he was the last of the three candidates to declare when Lesage did step down. Bourassa, the unknown economic critic who reassured the Ottawa Libs they didn't have to send in their man; Pierre Laporte, the Quiet Revolutionary journalist become a paragon of Liberal partisanship and too old to wait another time, were in there with photos and printed programs. Wagner was still out somewhere speechmaking to the luncheon clubs. He announced on October 30, 1969, with a photo of his family eating anniversary cake. There were no loose crumbs on the tablecloth.

It was a new animal who now emerged. He hadn't been seen much around parliamentary corridors, and the vgnom of the establishment Liberals who hung out in those corridors was strong. The index to Hansard came out with, under

Wagner, "crime, jailbreaks, justice, law enforcement," and Jean-Claude Rivest, the brilliant young Lesage adviser about to become a brilliant young Bourassa adviser, said "his remarks in the House are never on anything else." Another time Rivest said: "It seems he's down in Hyannis Port on vacation, like the Kennedys." And he had changed his haircut from a brushcut to a combed and parted one, and was said to be reading Kennedy books.

The people's-man thing didn't take on much more content through the campaign: he didn't take clear positions on welfare, jobs, social services, taxes, he just let the Bourassa in-laws' money, the Simard shipbuilding millions, the fancy graphics of the Bourassa campaign, the big motel rentings, speak for themselves. Still, the campaign was effective. "He's getting into their guts," a friend told me after a meeting. His people were working people from Verdun, housed at the Holiday Inn. They couldn't buy a convention, like Bourassa's people, only hope to storm it by enthusiasm.

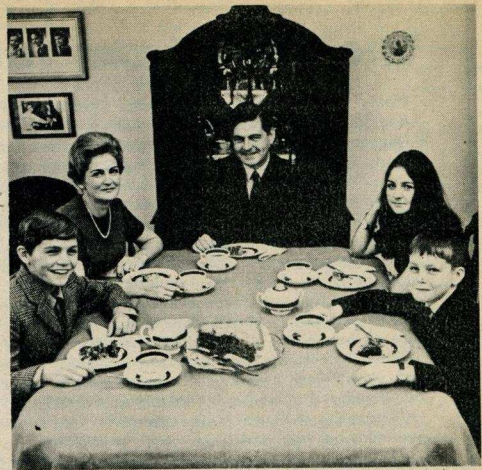
Even the slogan "Wagner in 70 or Lévesque in 74," which *did* imply a broad situating of the man in the political landscape, leader of the forces of Canadianism and conservation against independence and innovation, was never developed. Towards the end, though, Pierre Laporte seemed to be responding to Wagner waves by saying the Grande Allée mustn't rule the Liberal Party.

When the convention came, in Quebec's Coliseum, the Bourassa hostesses were running around in their red uniforms sewing it up. The Wagnerians were disgusted, angry, Créditiste-leaning. Claude didn't want to go up and congratulate Robert, his wife was pulling him back, and Bryce Mackasey, the only federal Liberal biggie who'd backed him, was pushing him forward: "You've got to go, Claude." He went.

A personal note. When this happened I was relieved. I was covering the campaign for the *Globe and Mail*, and hoping Wagner would not win. Not because I saw any value in a Bourassa victory, but simply so as not to have to deal with this withering and alien man every day. And yet his campaign was based on having the common touch, setting folk at ease. I wonder if this is what François Trépanier of *La Presse* (on that list of "allegeds" in 1964) was talking about when he wrote: "He is a man who has two gifts: he inspires fear or confidence according to the situation one occupies in society. For the journalist or intellectual, a dangerous demagogue, an Yvon Dupuis of the bench whose cynicism covers a threat to civil liberties; for the worker or small civil servant, the opposite, a mythic hero . . ."

The two weeks after the convention were the chilliest two weeks imaginable between the establishment and the loser. A federal judgeship was his, it was said, at the price of a few months of work with the new leader. He offered to work with Bourassa, it was said, if his conditions were met: the justice portfolio, surely, at least. He vacationed in Miami. Trudeau had him to lunch, Bourassa conferred and said he was sure Mr. Wagner would stay; Mr. Wagner left. The reporters were invited to the committee room of the legislature, he read his statement from the head of the table, it boasted of his career, spoke of his conscience, used the expression "for the time being." What did that mean? The statement spoke for itself, gentlemen, Joseph-Napoléon-Claude Wagner had nothing more to add.

Small item in *Le Devoir*, March 13, 1970: Premier Jean-Jacques Bertrand of the Union Nationale has renamed defeated Liberal leadership candidate Claude Wagner to the bench; sessions court, the same barn of justice he'd presided over in 1963-64. Everyone, wrote Gilles Lesage, was surprised. Jean-Jacques Bertrand must have been chuckling, but nobody



No crumbs on the table cloth — Wagner family celebrates 16th wedding anniversary.

managed to get his chuckle into a quote.

The bench was the perfect place for a man as (a) political, and (b) taciturn, as Claude Wagner, and it was especially nice not to owe it to the Liberals. he could stay in the news as the social pontificator but would not — judge's impartiality — be called on to get specific about the dramas being lived out in this split-apart society. This could remain true a few months later when the Union Nationale went out, the Liberals in. It could remain true in the October Crisis.

V

"Tous les partis veulent l'avoir"

And what was the Quebec Conservative Party thé while? Not much. The Conservatives in Quebec have always had a certain tendency to attract old-fashioned nationalists for whom the Liberals are the party of servitude to Ottawa, and who hope for something better from the *bleus*. Men like Clément Brown (of *Le Devoir* before going Tory; since, he's with *Montréal-Matin*), like Martial Asselin, the sage of Charlevoix, like Fernand Alie and Marcel Faribault, the businessmen-philosophers of Montreal, men like Jean-Noël Tremblay, described as "the best medieval mind in the Commons" when he was a Tory MP. These are the best. Others the party picks up in Quebec are likely to be Duplessis heeled, so it's tough for a Stanfield looking for a safe, clean Tory who speaks joul. Claude Wagner is a windfall, worth courting at dinners at the Château Champlain.

But of course the Tories were not the only ones to think this, or even the first.

In 1970, the Créditistes held a convention at Quebec's trusty old Centre Monseigneur Marcoux to decide to go into provincial politics. Camil Samson was elected president, not leader. That was for another convention. Réal Caouette was there, answering reporters on television. "No, I am not offering the

party leadership to Mr. Wagner. Mr. Wagner should join our movement, and then he will be elected leader." Wagner was silent. Yvon Dupuis, the fat former Liberal MP who had been Pearson's demagogue-to-oudo-the-Socred-demagogues, became Caouette's horse, and even he was scuffed home by the wrinkled workmen from Malartic and Megantic, Dolbeau and Dorchester. Camil Samson became provincial chief.

October 1970. A time for a Wagner to clean up if ever there was one. But he was a judge, he had no opinions. And none of the important cases came before him. So this is the missing chapter in the story, and the one he will have to tread lightly on: this was Trudeau's tough-guy time, and all Wagner can do is play the world games he decided to play, a few days after James Cross flew for England and Jacques Lanctôt took off for Cuba, with Nelson Labrie, political reporter of *Le Soleil* in Quebec City. *Le Soleil* put the judge, smiling his smile behind the scales of justice on his desk, on the front page. Inside, this sort of thing:

The underworld: now there is your real parallel government.

* * *

Whether I am judge, citizen, or MP, I am the same man, still concerned, always available for what my fellow citizens ask of me In politics, it isn't public men's options that count, it is the options of the popular will, which is sovereign. When the population wants something, the public man must say, "I am available."

* * *

There are injustices which are much more provocative and greater sources of violence than what we call violence. There are factual situations in the population which, if they are not corrected — poverty, unemployment, the social malaise — which may make us wake up one day with a great deal of violence brought on by the inaction of governments.

* * *

When, in January, I offered the population the chance to live in peace in Quebec, to constitute a peaceful society Well, let nobody try to tell me this crisis arrived unexpected, took everyone by surprise But I've resolved not to comment

* * *

The opinions of the humble have always contained the truth, but we have not often listened to it. When your taxi driver tells you (politics are rotten), he is entirely right. What do you expect the man of good will who respects his conscience and wants to serve his fellow citizens without influence, what do you expect this man to do in politics? Your driver's opinion of politics is based on what he sees, and when he sees how certain conventions are arranged, what does he conclude, do you think? He wonders if we do not rather have an oligarchy, if it isn't a small group of men backed by a small group of financiers who elect their men, their clique, their ideas and plans. Where it should be government of the people, by the people and for the people.

Robert Burns of the PQ asked Jérôme Choquette about that, and Choquette said the judge was being indelicate. This was his view of most of the judge's speeches from the bench, of which there was a steady trickle: this accused had been brought to court with unexplained bruises, and the hospital was ordered to take him back or be in contempt (the doctors of the hospital and its president, a judge, were not pleased). This witness said dope circulated freely in jail (Choquette said he was studying it).

A few months after the October crisis there occurred an event that had sad and happy aspects. The Wagners' convent-attending daughter Johanne, 17, had disappeared from home. Kidnapping? No, a day or two later she came home on her own. Had a spark of liberty flashed in the neat home with the pet hamster, the home of the man for whom the *cité juste*, not the *cité libre*, is the one that counts? None of the Wagners, of course, had anything to say to the press.

The Union Nationale held its leadership convention at the Laval University sports centre, to choose the successor to Bertrand, the man who had reappointed Claude Wagner to the bench. A draft-Wagner office opened in Lévis, Union Nationale types of great ambition and little ideology manned it. "I'm available" buttons were struck. Gabriel Loubier was maybe just a scout for Wagner, some said, but Gaby was serious and the Judge was silent. Now it was an expression around Quebec: "*Tous les partis veulent l'avoir*." Not quite. Not the PQ, not the Libs. All the *right-wing* parties wanted him.

Robert Stanfield started admitting he was talking things over. The Ottawa dope was that Tories were wary of his hanging-yes-abortion-no style but the no-abortion thing had never been a warhorse of his. Nor had vice, prostitution, the warhorse of other right-wing cleaners-up of society. (See J. Drapeau, circa 1951.) Which makes you wonder just why Martha Adams, the Montreal madam who is fighting her case on principle rather than alibis, has chosen to run against him in St. Hyacinthe, and maybe even run a slate of prostitutes.

Stanfield said naturally Wagner was worried about financial security, moving Peter Desbarats to comment that times had changed from when political men were supposed to be in it for the public good. The money part of it, of course, has remained well-hidden. All we know is that Wagner has gone into a law firm. Stanfield, at another moment: yes, he could use a Quebec law-and-order man, but not necessarily as justice minister. Then, on September 5, the pact was sealed, the judge stepped down. Claude Wagner had weaned himself from Liberalism, had found the nice way to be right-wing in Canada and Quebec.

A few days later, with a slogan already coined in intervening speeches — "the outgoing government" for the Trudeautes — he announced his choice of riding. It would not be Verdun. His friend Bryce Mackasey had a long career as a little man's man there, the lifting of Verdun from the *rouges* would be a fine thing for him, but alas, as a young Péquiste resident said, Verdun is "*très rouge*."

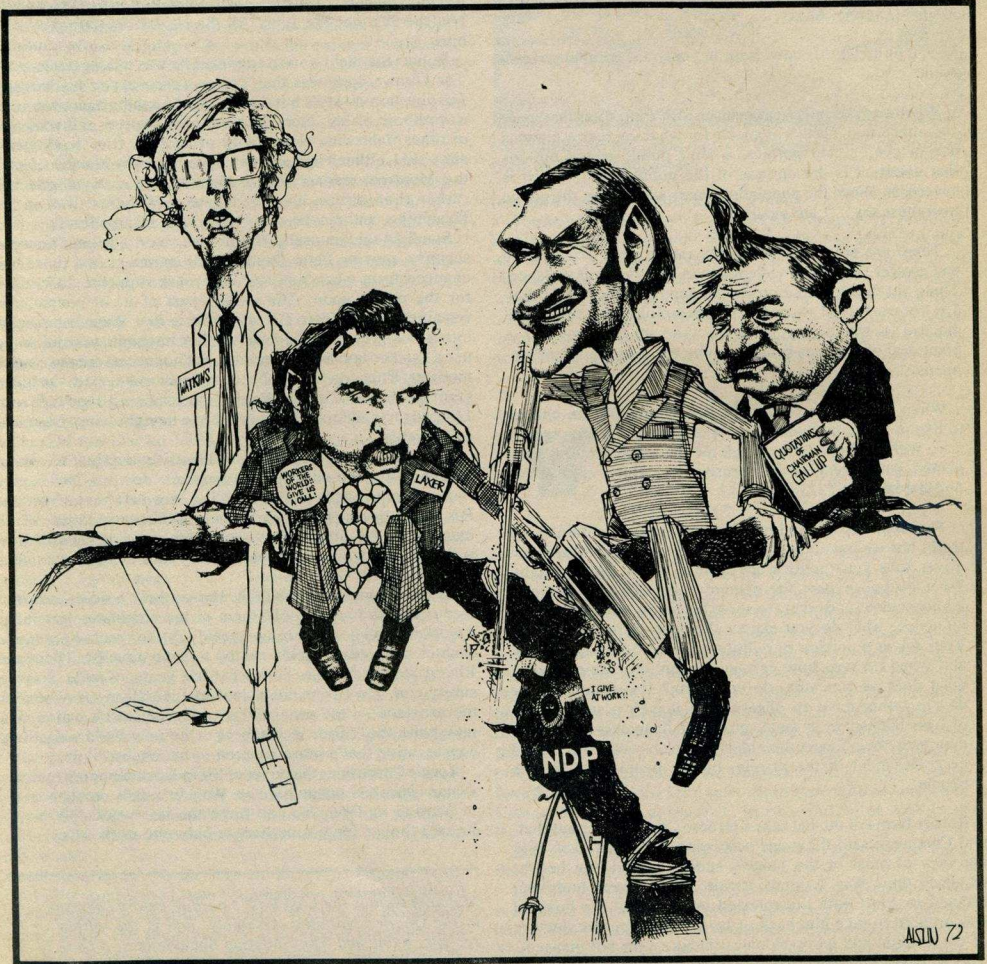
Claude Wagner will win in St. Hyacinthe, "a riding attached to our traditions," he told them at his nomination meeting, a workers' town with a *rouge* weekly run for years by a *rouge* senator and a *bleu* weekly run by a rustic novelist. Théogène Ricard won it for the Tories for ten years, Claude Wagner surely can. He will make a dent in Liberalism elsewhere in the province — the *province*, as opposed to the nation. He may build the Tories in Quebec, or he may build something conservative that's more adapted to nationalist times.

Reggie Chartrand, the boxer of the independence movement, a man who has spent time in Wagner's jails, took him on in Verdun in 1966. He can have the last word. "A man," he said then, "for whom there is only one truth. His."

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Ontario Waffle: Beyond the divide

by Rae Murphy



cartoon by Aislin, the Gazette

On a warm summer day, the Southern Ontario countryside bespeaks the virtues we like to associate with Canada. Man with man, and man with nature, living together in prosperous harmony. Conciliation pervades the atmosphere like soft breezes through leafy trees. Even the names given the counties, like Middlesex, seem to reflect the aura of compromise — the British tradition filtered through maple syrup. And right in the middle of all this is the little town of Delaware, the place where on August 19 and 20, the Ontario Waffle did its thing — it split.

The split in the Waffle was, of course, coming for a long time. Given the self-destruct mechanism that seems built into the left, even the bitterness and viciousness which accompanied the split appeared predictable. Yet it is an unpleasant experience to see it acted out — the points of order, the amendments to the amendment of the amendment to the motion, the caucuses and clenched fists, the multitude of little groups and young men and women with plastic shopping bags filled with newspapers; each more revolutionary than the other, all seeming to argue over the number of militants who could dance on the pin-head of imperialism.

When the left acts out this ritual it makes enemies of people who should be colleagues. It also makes everyone look a little stupid. More important, the ritual detracts from positive analysis or serious discussion. As a case in point, the Delaware conference of the Waffle simply ran out of steam before it could address itself to the real world. The news was the split, the fun and games in the floor fight, and the serious business was referred to a committee.

One of the reasons why the new, improved Waffle — The Movement for an Independent Socialist Canada (MISC) — has received such underwhelming endorsement is because it is deemed to be a retreat. And indeed it is. A retreat forced upon the Waffle by two distinct failures; first, its failure to impose its ideology and policy on the Ontario New Democratic Party, or even to achieve the strength to prevent a purge, and second, its internal failure to remain united upon an agreed set of principles and tactics.

The first failure occurred in the aftermath of the Orillia meeting of the Council of the Ontario NDP, when it became clear that the leadership of the party was both able and willing to force the resolution which required the Waffle to disband. The second failure — the inability to avoid a split within the Waffle — has been evident for at least a year.

Over the summer the Ontario Waffle had apparently been debating five options



Mel Watkins, Linda Hayes, Bonnie Benedik, John Smart and others applaud after 89-49 vote for option three.

that had emerged as a result of the party's decision that the Waffle must either disband or get out. There was, of course, no such five-sided debate because there never were five real options. Any reading of the resolution passed in Orillia leaves only two choices — disband or get out. In all the tumultuous rhetoric over the summer, it was basically these two options that were being argued. One group opted to stay in the party, while the majority, which went on to form MISC, decided to withdraw.

On one level there seems to have been a relatively simple disagreement over tactics, even when obscured by revolutionary phrases, New Left hyperbole, and just plain, old fashioned hysteria. But the issues actually went much deeper, cutting to the core of the Waffle, to that which has made it such a unique part of the Canadian body politic.

The Waffle was a contemporary and purely Canadian response to the two most dynamic currents that have swept world politics during recent decades — socialism and nationalism. The fact that the Waffle grew out of the NDP, and not as an independent off-shoot of the fragmented Canadian left, is perhaps more coincidental than logical (maybe it was vice versa — anyway it's an interesting question that is probably exercising the thesis mills).

It was probably good fortune for the Waffle that it started inside the NDP. The party provided not only a platform and instant credentials, but also a potential power base. This is not to suggest that Jim Laxer or Mel Watkins or any other of the originators of the Waffle Manifesto were insincere or opportunistic in their approach to the NDP. Their relationship to the party has always been one of openness and respect. (This "above board" relationship with the NDP was reflected

both in the campaign against Stephen Lewis's move to expel the Waffle and in the subsequent decision to withdraw from active membership in the party.)

The basic strategy of the Waffle has been to change the policy — indeed the ideology — of the NDP. The idea that it would be not only nice but possible to change the party was based on the history and development of the CCF-NDP in Canada, which distinguished it from both the European brand of social democracy and the American mutation which may now again be surfacing around George McGovern.

The notion of changing the NDP was also based on the new relevance of socialism and nationalism in the context of Canada's relationship with the declining American empire.

The idea that the NDP could be the vehicle for social change in Canada had its appeal. In any case, stranger things have happened — Moses' dialogue with God — but not very many.

The strategy of the Waffle dictated its tactics. The Waffle's meetings had to be open and public. It had to have identifiable structures and spokesmen. Because the Waffle was engaged in elaborating policy alternatives both for the NDP and that section of the Canadian public which was listening, it had to be seen and heard. Because it was also engaged, by the very logic of its policy, in a struggle for power within the NDP it had to be able to organize. In this sense, the Waffle was as much a departure from the traditional socialist and Trotskyist caucuses within the NDP as it was from the orthodoxy of the right-wing leadership.

In a statement to the Ontario Executive, the Waffle described the impetus and direction of the movement:

"The emergence of the Waffle group in 1969 ... marked the rebirth of the first

serious radical socialist force in the NDP since the alliance between the top leadership of the CLC and the dominant eastern wing of the CCF had given birth to the NDP. As part of the youth radicalism of the 1960's, the Waffle formed a clear break with the various strains of American New Leftism that had dominated the Canadian scene since the early sixties. As the first coherent political statement on the left on the issue of foreign ownership, the Waffle asserted the powerful inter-relationship between the goals of Canadian independence and socialism and fundamentally affected debate in so doing . . .

"This loss of a Canadian perspective was alarmingly evident in the youth and student movement of the sixties. For the Americanized New Leftists of those days, American issues . . . were central while the issue of Canada's struggle against the control of the American empire was not even perceived. The gradualist social democracy of the NDP was equally blind to the reality of the American empire. The NDP had been born at the end of the long ideological retreat of the CCF away from explicit socialism . . . To the theoretical weakness of a social democracy that did not face the problem of how power was to be wrested from the capitalists, was added the NDP's failure to realize that without an effective program for Canadian independence the quest for further social legislation was perfectly irrelevant . . .

"The Waffle Manifesto was a basic challenge to NDP orthodoxy not because it called for more public ownership or because it used the word "imperialism" but because it posed an alternative way of looking at the world." (my italics).

The Waffle challenge was not only to the orthodoxy of the CCF-NDP — aptly described by a former prime minister as Liberals in a hurry, and equally aptly described by a prominent member of the left as in a hurry to be Liberals — but also to a section of the Old Left who believe that nothing has happened since the epic battles of the first part of the century, and that the great waltz of history has to include at least one dance with the old harlot of social democracy.

Long experience with left caucuses and various Trotskyist alignments have proved that the right wing can always contain, at times co-opt, and if necessary expel any and all attempts at internal subversion. To the majority of the party — the men and women who join because they have a quarrel with the system and not with David Lewis — the strategists of the "bore from within" rapidly become simple bores.

But the Waffle, with its open and frontal attack, was different. And to make



Ralph Cook and Ellie Prepas speak in support of option three.

a long story short, the establishment of the NDP finally told the Waffle to act like Trotskyists or get out.

* * *

As long as the Waffle operated as an open caucus within the NDP, anybody who was a member of the party could attend Waffle meetings with full rights. This created two problems, that in turn led to a solution which, in practice, became quite contradictory to the stated aims of the Waffle.

The problems:

—As the Waffle grew, as its influence within and without the party expanded, it became, by the nature of its momentum, the umbrella under which all anti-leadership elements in the NDP began to coalesce. The old socialist caucuses declined as everyone gravitated to where the action was.

—The apparent success of the Waffle attracted many of the livelier spirits from just about every left fringe group in America. They joined the party and they became part of the Waffle. Once inside the Waffle, a number of other permutations developed. There were the Old Moles, the CLMs, the PLMs, Rising Up Angry, Falling Down Crazy, Bolt Upright Zombies, Red Mornings, Lower Spadina Communards. While they all had diverse viewpoints, they were all united in the belief that Laxer and Watkins were bastards.

That such an anti-leadership spirit could develop, and by the time of the Delaware shoot-out begin to encompass a much wider grouping of the Waffle not previously attached to any faction, was a direct result of the "solution" to the problem of political diversity.

The Waffle was governed "from above" by three or four strong per-

sonalities, and when the existing structures of the Waffle were not responsive to the policy of the leaders the structures were simply by-passed. A case in point was the letter sent to the Waffle mailing list in July by Laxer, Watkins, Ellie Prepas and George Gilks, in which they all but resigned their NDP candidacies.

This move, according to those who opposed the proposition to form MISC, actually pre-empted the discussion — how could the Waffle decide to stay in the NDP and fight for its existence as a caucus, when its key spokesmen had already virtually resigned?

Of course, by the time the letter was written the decision to accept, or indeed provoke, a split within the Waffle was an agreed policy of both sides. Nevertheless, the high-handedness illustrated by the publication of the letter, as well as other instances of rather crude manoeuvres created a lot of fodder for the anti-Laxer elements within the Waffle. These actions enabled the minority in the Waffle not only to establish some rather bizarre alliances, but also to win sympathy from the mushy (if one can use the term) middle of the Waffle.

Aside from the manner in which it was publicized, the letter raised the hackles of Waffle members because of its petulant tone. For others, the political rationale justifying a withdrawal from the election signalled the long suspected and awaited Laxer cop-out.

"At Orillia," the authors of the letter wrote, "the powers of the Ontario Party, with the apparent blessing of the federal leader, clearly indicated that they do not want the ideas that the Waffle has stood for to be effectively presented within or through the NDP in the future. We remain committed, as we are sure you do, to

those ideas — the building of an independent socialist Canada, the right of self-determination for Quebec, the liberation of women, etc. Before Orillia, it was possible, while holding to these ideas, to be an NDP candidate, because the possibility existed that these ideas would in due course triumph within the NDP. But, because of Orillia, the likelihood of this now happening in the foreseeable future is sharply reduced. As principled socialists, we do not believe that we can represent to the electorate at this time a party that has chosen to move decisively rightward."

To the supporters of Option Five, the so-called Stand and Fight caucus, the letter typified the capitulation of the supporters of MISC to the leadership of the Ontario NDP. This was spelled out in their resolution:

"(1) Our defeat at Orillia was only a tactical defeat. We will continue to struggle to remain an organized left within the NDP. We will use our constitutional right to caucus in an organized way around our program in preparation for the December ONDP convention

"(4) We reject the proposal to withdraw from the struggle. To do so would constitute capitulation to the Party leadership and the repudiation of our previous efforts. At this time any proposal such as the "Movement for an Independent and Socialist Canada" would reduce us to a sterile sect isolated for the existing mass constituency for socialism."

It trivializes the split within the Waffle to express it around the personal or leadership qualities of Watkins or Laxer, or to reduce it to the tactics employed in one or another instant. The issue, although fought along deeply personal lines, reflected the fact that the Waffle,

between the National Convention of the NDP in 1971 and the Orillia meeting of the Provincial Council, began to disagree with itself. It was a highly political disagreement revolving around the question of nationalism and the relationship of Canadian independence from the American empire and to socialism.

In the debate the original impetus of the group — The Waffle Manifesto — was somewhat lost. Rather, the principal question emerged around the character of the NDP. This was especially the case among supporters of the "Stand and Fight" caucus whose position papers maintained the irrationality and eventual irrelevancy of any socialist formation outside the NDP. "Orillia hasn't changed the fact the NDP, through its links with the union bureaucracy, exercises considerable hegemony over working-class politics in Canada," they said. "Many class-conscious workers still see the NDP as the only relevant political formation. The vast majority of the most politicized union locals remain affiliated to the NDP. Campaigns like Dunlop, Ryerson Press and the Auto Pact could not have happened had we not been part of the NDP. And Orillia hasn't changed the fact that many within the party ranks are developing politically and are increasingly open to socialist ideas. On the other hand, there are not large numbers of workers outside the NDP waiting to flock to a new formation."

The argument was countered by others who suggested that the decision of the Ontario NDP to compel the Waffle to disband did not reflect on the potential of a movement dedicated to "an independent socialist Canada" but only of the "capacity of that movement to reflect itself through the NDP." Furthermore,

Photo: Cammie Egyed



Steve Penner, leading proponent of option five.

the advocates of MISC argued, to spend the next period of time, in fact to orient upon a continuous struggle within the NDP for leadership, would not only ultimately fail but in the process weaken the caucus. "With our energies directed inside the party," wrote a group of MISC supporters, "We would be unable to deal with fundamental political questions; any extraparliamentary activity, to which we are strongly committed, could not be undertaken in a serious way. The confusion and bitterness created by the war within the NDP would dampen considerably our public credibility."

The essence of the differences within the Waffle revolved upon whether it should regroup itself within the NDP, joining with the traditional left opposition groups, or whether it should move out on its own. In fact, if not in word, staying in the NDP, even in the unlikely possibility that such an option was open, would mean surrendering its open form of organization: ("We should not be fetishist about our organizational forms," say the proponents of staying in the NDP.) More critically, it would mean a concentration on an inner fight with the NDP leadership and an implicit downplaying of the original impetus of the Waffle — the creation of a movement which would associate the concept of nationalism with socialism.

Often the replacement of the inner fight



Mel Watkins, Bela Egyed, Kelly Crichton, John Smart during debate on interim structures of the Waffle.



Jim Laxer at the mike.

with the leadership of the NDP for the original goals of the Waffle was couched in high politics:

"We fight in the NDP because of our analysis that it is a critical arena for socialists who recognize that the power now exercised by the party leadership over working-class politics must be broken . . ." (The Argument for Option Five)

Sometimes it wasn't:

"After all, our main fight is with Imperial Oil and imperialism, not with the Lewises."

"You're quite wrong. Imperialism doesn't even know we exist, our main enemy is Lewis." (A Waffle meeting in Toronto)

When an organization is under stress, its internal contradictions come to the fore. All along the Waffle has been pulling in several different directions. When things seemed to be moving ahead, these contradictions were muted and made to appear as if they were personality disagreements — in sections of the Toronto Waffle, Jim Laxer has known times when he was scarcely more popular than Stephen Lewis. But the real contradiction within the Waffle has been around the problem of nationalism. Those who want their revolution, like good whiskey, straight, have been impatient with the "bourgeois nationalism" supposedly represented by Laxer and Watkins. As the leaflet of the Canadian Party of Labour said: "Instead of struggling over political lines, various Waffle members are resorting to red-baiting and intimidation of CPL and other militants. Their sole object is to abort any challenge to the nationalist politics and the equivocation of the Waffle leaders . . ."

Thus the debate of the Waffle at

Delaware hinged on which aspect of the Waffle to abandon — the NDP connection or the development of the policy which distinguishes it from both the traditional CCF-NDP and every other left grouping in the country.

The decision, which would inevitably cause a split, was made necessary by the party's action at Orillia and by the fact that throughout the period when the Waffle was forced into open struggle with the party leadership, it lost support and its political initiative. It had, in Richard Nixon's sexual metaphor, "peaked too soon."

And so things at Delaware operated on two levels. The Waffle came together to sort things out politically. At a somewhat lower level it came to settle some old scores.

For the anemic Canadian left, Delaware was only a routine bloodbath.

* * *

The minority of the Waffle who rejected the formation of MISC scored most heavily in the debate on the haziness of the analysis which accompanied the proposals to establish the new movement, and the explicit retreat from a struggle with the party leadership for the legitimacy of the Waffle caucus.

The proponents of MISC don't dispute the latter charge. For example, John Smart wrote:

"For the last two years then, the party leadership in Ontario has been working to move the ONDP to the right. They believe that this is necessary in order to win votes and, beyond that, they are opposed to independence and socialism. This has led them inevitably to attack the Waffle and finally to seek the instrument needed to purge us from the party. At Orillia they succeeded in getting the

largest Council in the party's history to vote overwhelmingly in favour of that course of action. It would of course be possible for the Waffle to mobilize again for the next Ontario convention to be held next December in Toronto. But in my opinion it would be a waste of time to do so. The distribution of forces and opinion in the NDP will not change in our favour over that period of time and the decision of Orillia will simply be confirmed by the convention. I regret the situation that exists in the NDP, but we should accept it and get on with our real work now."

However, behind the charge of retreating from the struggle within the NDP is the notion that in Canada today any socialist ideas are irrelevant outside the NDP. In this connection, the dismissal of the discussion of the aims and programs of the new movement as hazy and obtuse is surprising because those proposals are, in the main, restatements of the goals of the original Waffle, minus the NDP.

By backing off now from a devastating civil war within the NDP — a war which up until now has been more damaging to the Waffle than to the party hierarchy, as the mess at Delaware certainly illustrates — proponents of MISC feel they can keep their options open. These options are conditioned by the principle that a new movement for independence and socialism will emerge in English Canada. The options are that conditions within the NDP and the organized trade union movement may yet change to allow the party to become something it isn't now — the vehicle for social change in Canada. If this does not develop then something else will.

Hazy prospects? They certainly are. The creation of MISC is easier done than said. MISC is a setback for the Waffle within the NDP, and it is cold comfort that the NDP's refusal to countenance the Waffle reflects more on the political bankruptcy of the labour and party establishment than it does on the Waffle.

Anyway, the wise political money has never been bet on the Waffle: In 1969 the Waffle looked more like young turkeys than young turks to pundit Charles Lynch, but in 1972 the Waffle is still the most relevant grouping of the Canadian left. That may not be saying a lot, but it is all there is.

Rae Murphy is a member of the editorial board of the Last Post.

LAST RITES OF A KELOWNA MERCHANT



On August 30, the Social Credit party of British Columbia, led by W.A.C. Bennett, went down to defeat at the hands of the New Democratic Party, led by its new chief, Dave Barrett. What Bennett liked to call "the socialist horde" was no longer at the door; it was in the house. Social Credit, after a 20 year monopoly of power, was sent packing. This is the story of that debacle.

by Dennis Forkin

On May 27, 1972, a cavalcade of sleek chauffeur-driven automobiles wound out of the City of Victoria and headed north along the Island Highway for Duncan in the Cowichan Valley. The Premier and his cabinet were out on a meet-the-people tour. "A non-partisan trip to sound out the people's attitudes and make policy changes as needed," W.A.C. Bennett informed the press. "All policies are up for review."

The press knew better. They knew that the Premier's peripatetic pork barrel had rolled into action in preparation for another election campaign. All of this was a fine art in British Columbia. Like the government ads that flourished in all the newspapers every third year just before elections. Like the recently established Sacred radio propaganda broadcasts deftly entitled "Ask Your Provincial Government." At taxpayers' expense the government ministers were out on a re-election caravan scattering gratuities in the Sacred ridings and hinting at beneficence to come should the opposition constituencies change their allegiance.

This time round the largesse included a \$25 million fund for the purchase of green belt properties and a proposed \$50 million B.C. Development Corporation kitty for low-interest loans to labour-intensive small industries. The booty made its first magnanimous appearance at Duncan in the NDP riding of Cowichan-Malahat: \$3 million for purchase of green belt land. And, reported the Premier casually, the government had options on land worth another \$3 1/2 million. Quite a windfall for a town of only a few thousand. Quite a windfall, that is, if the government was re-elected to carry out its program.

The opposition plurality last election?

Less than two per cent.

The Sacred road show rolled on. The Premier's smile, like that of the Cheshire Cat, remained for some time.

William Andrew Cecil Bennett. The old master. The crafty Kelowna hardware merchant. At 71, a quarter century older than the next oldest provincial Premier. (He preferred "Prime Minister" though.) Now that Joey was gone he had been around as long as the other nine combined. W.A.C. Bennett was getting ready for his eighth consecutive victory.

An entire generation had been born and raised under his provincial leadership. Many of his cabinet colleagues had been with him the whole distance. Oh, it's true a couple had departed amid corruption scandals and Bennett's one-time heir apparent, Robert Bonner, had quit to become head of MacMillan Bloedel, the forest giant whose tentacles reach into almost every aspect of life in B.C. But W.A.C. was still there, still doing what he loved best. Giving hell to his opponents, outmanoeuvring them, angling for another few years at the controls.

But something had changed somewhere. The pervasive mood of the province's political life on the eve of the election call was one of expectancy. Surely, everyone felt, this would be the last time round for the old Okanagan teetotaller; surely after this election he would retire; surely — finally — something would move.

In the minds of many, B.C. had, for the past 20 years, had the depressing air of an old antique shop in which all the clocks had been allowed to run down. The only event to disturb the everlasting calm of Bennett's province was the arrival of the triennial scourge — the spectre of godless socialism. The spectre always kept its appointment as the patriarch,

in speech after speech, revealed the peril: Marxism stalked the land! A crisis had descended! A choice must be made! It was them or us! An election was called, the people once again made the decent choice for God and free enterprise, unworded clocks inexplicably chimed to celebrate the spectre's defeat, then a three-year silence once again closed round.

But things were beginning to happen in the old antique shop. For one thing, the shop assistants had been caught casting interested glances at the ledger books. For another, the competition had begun to refurbish its shops in the apparent expectation of increased business. And dry rot had begun in the foundations. The old merchant appeared not to notice.

The cabinet left Kelsey Bay by ferry on Sunday, May 28, for Prince Rupert, the terminus of the northern CNR line and a major port and fishing centre. A lockout of 50,000 workers in the building trades was into its fifth week, 4,000 civic employees had been on strike for a month and a half, B.C. government employees had overwhelmingly rejected the imposed 6.5 per cent limit on their wage increase and 800 fallers had wildcatted as the first salvo of an impending woodworkers' strike that promised to shut down the vital forest industry. Labour Minister James Chabot was to brief the cabinet during a special session in Terrace on Tuesday. An announcement was promised for the following day.

As the VIP-laden *Queen of Prince Rupert* docked, a reception party of pickets from the carpenters' and fishermen's unions was on hand. With an eye to the news photographers the Premier waded into the demonstrators to pose between two pickets bearing signs advising "Stop Shutdowns" and "You Will Be Replaced". As the cameras were readied the young lady picket to Bennett's left shot two extended fingers up behind the head of the beaming Premier and smiled knowingly. Instead of conveying the image of a good-humoured Premier sympathetic to the working people, the resulting photos revealed the yawning abyss between the B.C. government and those on strike or locked out.

Three days later Chabot issued his statement. It was an ultimatum: the building trades were to be back at work within one week or face binding arbitration.

In November of last year the B.C. Progressive Conservatives chose a new leader in the person of Derril Warren, a 33-year old Vancouver lawyer whose first legal experience was in the office of Calgary's Peter Lougheed. At the same time they chose another lawyer, Peter Hyndman, as their new provincial president. Interestingly, Hyndman turned out to be the brother of Alberta's Education Minister and House Leader, Lou Hyndman, in Peter Lougheed's new Conservative government.

In the space of five months Warren persuaded two MLAs to sit as PCs in the provincial legislature; maverick independent and onetime Sacred Dr. G. Scott Wallace of Victoria's suburban Oak Bay, and backbench Sacred Donald Marshall of Peace River South. More important was the fact that both Conservatives had a reasonable chance of being among the first elected Tory MLAs in almost 20 years.

Oak Bay is composed of well-paid business executives and high-ranking civil servants and has the highest per capita annual income of any riding in the province. Until Dr. Wallace came along and articulated his ultra-conservative brand of Social Credit philosophy the riding had elected Liberals, apparently in the surprising belief that Bennett's Sacreds were inadequate



The old master. The crafty Kelowna hardware merchant. He liked to be called Prime Minister.

representatives of the wealthy.

Marshall's riding in the northeastern corner of the province, along with its sister constituency of North Peace River, is almost as much a part of Alberta as a part of B.C. It is on the eastern side of the great divide, its economy is based on Prairie-style farming, and its chief centre, Dawson Creek, is only ten miles from the provincial border. But Bennett's government had poured a lot of development funds into this section of the province and the vote promised to be close.

Following Peter Lougheed's strategy closely, Warren was attempting to polarize the political situation into a two-way race between himself and the Socreds, with youth and vigour on his side. To accomplish this he and Hyndman were nominated in ridings held by Liberals and were evidently aiming at the capture of the traditional Grit base in Vancouver's silk-stocking residential areas of Point Grey and the suburban North Shore. Warren was well aware that it was the collapse of the Alberta Liberals that provided the extra anti-Socred votes for Lougheed's Conservative victory. He had a similar fate in mind for British Columbia's Liberals.

On May 31 the Bennett caravan reached Kamloops, the

hub of the southern Interior, and made a tumultuous rendezvous with the first of a series of anti-government demonstrations. Arriving at a hotel, the Premier once again attempted to portray himself as a sympathizer with the IWA, CUPE, and Carpenters' Union pickets. His black limousine rolled to a halt. Bennett got out and approached the demonstrators with hand outstretched. He got no takers. "When hell freezes over," growled one.

Raucous demonstrations met the cabinet as well during the official opening of the new Kamloops Vocational School and a tour of the Weyerhaeuser pulp mill, but the largest confrontation came at a Cariboo College meeting that evening. Each cabinet minister spoke in turn as hecklers at the back of the hall kept up a pandemonium of repartee, chants and shouts.

After Education Minister Donald Brothers was drowned out entirely, Works Minister William Chant stepped forward to announce that: "This is indeed a pleasant occasion. This is a wonderful building."

"Let's tear it down," recommended one of the hecklers.

Rehabilitation Minister Gaglardi, speaking before his own constituents, fared no better. At one point he became so flus-

tered at the heckling that he lauded local mining firms for giving "unemployment to a tremendous number of fine labouring people." That broke up even the cabinet members. Blundering on, Gaglardi commenced to praise Socred labour policies with such effusiveness and such disastrous effects that Highways Minister Wesley Black angrily told him to talk about something else.

Finally, the Premier himself reached the microphone and was met with utter bedlam: "Yea Wacky." "It's all crap." "Show us your smile Wacky." "Attaboy." And, in reference to the inquest whitewashing of the RCMP in the beating death of Fred Quilt, an Indian: "Stop Police Brutality" and "Remember Fred Quilt."

It was a bad day for the Socreds.

Recognizing the threat to their only base posed by the Conservatives and intent on some political gains of their own, the Liberals countered Derril Warren's gambit by choosing a new leader as well. He was David Anderson, 34, federal MP for Esquimalt-Saanich in Suburban Victoria and best known as an opponent of America's proposed oil tanker route down the west coast from Alaska to Washington State's Cherry Point refinery just south of Vancouver.

A medium-sized Cherry Point oil spill that fouled White Rock beaches in June brought home the importance of the issue but Anderson would require more than oil spills to get himself into the Premier's chair. From 1952 through 1969 the Liberals had varied between 19 and 23 per cent of the vote and had never really succeeded in breaking out of their base in Vancouver Point Grey, a double-seat riding, and the three seats on Vancouver's suburban North Shore.

The Liberals chose Anderson largely because, unlike previous leaders Arthur Laing, Ray Perrault, and Patrick McGeer, he was not from Greater Vancouver. To become a serious alternative to the Socred government the Grits had to break out of their traditional base in the middle-class urban ridings and Warren's challenge ironically offered them this opportunity. Previously they had worried that any shift to the left would expose their incumbents to defeat at the hands of the Socreds. Now, they calculated, the right-wing vote would be split between Warren's Conservatives and Bennett's Socreds, and they felt themselves free to assume the reformist pose they feel most comfortable with. This would prove to be a dangerous assumption.

Anderson decided to test the temperature in the two-seat Victoria riding, going against Industrial Development, Trade and Commerce Minister Waldo Skillings. It was difficult, however, to see where else the Liberals might make gains. In most non-urban ridings the Liberals were also-rans. They were praying for political lightning but W.A.C. Bennett still seemed to have a monopoly on God's attention in B.C.

The Rev. Philip A. Gaglardi was the Joe Borowski of British Columbia. The Minister of Rehabilitation and Social Improvement created a career in the Socred medicine show by convincing the public that if they insisted on buying snake oil from a mountebank they'd just have to put up with his merry andrew.

Gaglardi was demoted from the Highways portfolio for his use of a government airplane for incessant private trips (including vacations for members of his family). Recently he survived a storm of criticism for billing the provincial government for his expenses on evangelistic speaking tours after his expenses had already been paid by his hosts: "faulty memory," said Phil.

He was much noted for his garrulous pronouncements as well. On one occasion he announced to an audience: "I may



Liberal leader David Anderson wonders where the votes went.

be a little man but I'm determined to be the best little man God ever made." And after the landslide Socred victory in 1969 he advised his supporters: "This is a win for the decent people, the proper people." Which may have left the 53 per cent who voted against the government wondering where that left them in the decency and propriety standings.

Gaglardi was best known, however, for his driving record. He had been convicted on three speeding charges — hence the nickname "Flying Phil," warned for tailgating, fined for careless driving and for driving without due care and attention, and caught with an invalid driver's licence. His licence has been suspended three times for a total of five months and he has been in two auto accidents — once when he hit a bus during an illegal left turn.

It came as no surprise, therefore, when the daily newspapers reported his latest automotive escapades in the wake of the cabinet's Kamloops debacle. One RCMP officer reported that the minister "drove like a bloody maniac." Apparently while passing another car at sizzling speed he forced a car in the oncoming lane off the road. Interviewed afterward, Gaglardi reported that the approaching car had plenty of room to get off the road and that, besides, "I was born dangerous, I live dangerous, and I'll die dangerous." The Reverend P.A. Gaglardi, you understand, don't talk too good.

A few days later, in Nelson, the Rehabilitation Minister was greeted with more pickets. They advised Gaglardi, whose main interest recently had been catching welfare chiselers, to "Rehabilitate Speed Freaks," instead.

For all the grand designs of the old-line parties, the real alternative to Social Credit remained David Barrett's New Democrats who held twelve seats in the 55-seat house. But last time out, under lawyer Tom Berger, they had lost four seats and failed to boost their vote beyond the 34 per cent they had garnered in 1966. Berger himself was one of the losers (he's now a B.C. Supreme Court Judge) and Barrett, a 41-year old social worker from Vancouver's working-class suburb of Coquitlam, was chosen as successor.

Ten years earlier Barrett had been fired by the provincial government as staff training officer at the Correctional Institute at Haney which marks the eastern extremity of Metropolitan Vancouver. The dismissal came for criticizing government policy and provided Barrett with a juicy opportunity to needle the government. Each session when the estimates of the Provincial Secretary came up, he would recount the story of "one of his best friends" who had criticized government policy while a civil servant and been fired for it. Was there anything in the civil service rules against criticizing government policy on one's time, Barrett would ask with a face radiating sincere inquiry. The answer was always no.

The Socreds, however, had already come to rue their dismissal of the irrepressible Barrett. The following year (1960) Barrett had returned the compliment — he trounced the Sacred Labour Minister of the day in the elections and entered the Legislature as the NDP critic on welfare and related issues. His two defining characteristics remained a rather bumptious sense of humour and a complete capacity to persuade people that when he criticized the government he was completely sincere and quite probably justified. This unique combination of verbal burlesque and persuasively righteous indignation hid an astute feel for political positioning and substantial expertise as a campaigner.

The choice of Barrett as leader marked a slight shift to the left since he was one of the signers of the original Waffle Manifesto and reportedly a supporter of James Laxer for the federal NDP leadership. Unlike Ontario, however, the B.C. NDP has had a low level of Waffle activity.

In part, this is due to the more left-wing orientation of its leadership but also to an artificial unity produced by Bennett's campaign tactic of lumping all New Democrats together as Marxian Socialists or "Pinkos". Whatever the reason, there had always been less of a division in B.C. between those who saw politics as the art of the possible and those who saw it as the art of creating new possibilities. The New Democrats had never had the opportunity to practise either art.

On June 1, 1972, W.A.C. Bennett promulgated the grandly-entitled Kelowna Charter. The Premier always tends to assume the proportions of a prophet in his home town, the centre of his Okanagan South Riding, and he was in his best stone-

tablets-from-Mount Sinai mood as he presented his latest concoction to a Kelowna Chamber of Commerce luncheon. It amounted to a preview of the budget he would reveal next year to the legislature and it was clearly an election budget. All that the charter contained would become a reality, of course, only if this party was returned to power. *Catch-22* again.

Among its provisions were a boost in the senior citizen's supplementary allowance, a social assistance increase for the handicapped, a wage subsidy for on-the-job training of school- and university-aged youth, and an increase in the minimum wage. The assorted increases are a fairly regular feature of B.C. life every year and the job training subsidy was just an extension of the wage subsidy already in effect for former welfare recipients.

The promise which garnered the most attention, therefore, was a pledge to abolish succession duties and the gift tax. The Premier had flatly stated in 1967 that as long as he was Premier and Finance Minister he would never advocate the abandonment of succession duties. He was opposed, he said, to creating a tax haven in B.C. Earlier this year he replied to pressure from the Liberals on behalf of their wealthy constituents for the abolition of the duties by saying, "It wasn't without cause that the Great Master said it would not be easy for the rich to go through the eye of a needle." Opposition members were understandably suspicious that Bennett's change of heart was based less on helping the wealthy thread their way than on his own concern for his eighth circuit through the electoral eye of the needle.

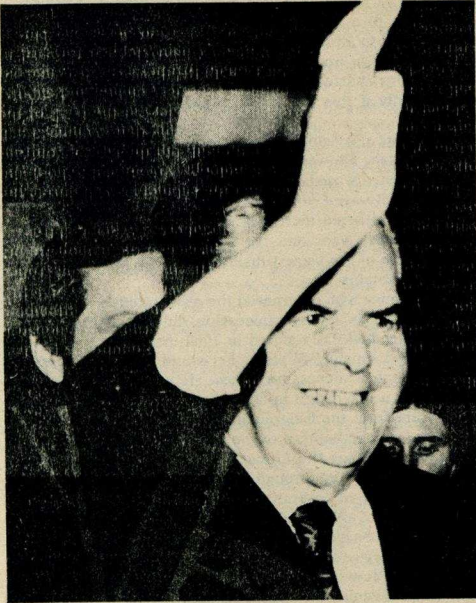
But the Kelowna visit was more than a political watering hole for the Premier. It was also an emotional watering hole. As a standard part of the provincial tour Wesley Black presented the city with a scroll commemorating Kelowna's status as the home of B.C.'s twenty-fourth Premier. Black compared Bennett to Sir Richard McBride and Duff Patullo as one of the three best premiers in B.C. history. W.A.C. Bennett wept with gratitude at the words of his Provincial Secretary and Highways Minister.

In Penticton, still in the fruit-farming Okanagan, the lachrymose Premier wept again when Gaglardi informed the local Chamber of Commerce that the province had reached a plateau under its current leader. And when, in Vernon — the third centre of the solidly Socred Okanagan farming belt — Minister Without Portfolio Patricia Jordan praised his record before a civic reception, Bennett was again deeply moved. Once more Weeping William shed tears of sweet humility.

It was a fine day for Social Credit. So much nicer than Kamloops.

The principal subject of political conversation in B.C. was "the succession". The word was pronounced quietly in Socred circles but with the opposition — particularly the Liberals and Conservatives — there was a certain edge of eagerness in the voice. The contenders were legion: Phil Gaglardi, Attorney-General Leslie Peterson, Dan Campbell of Municipal Affairs, backbencher Herb Capozzi, Health Minister Ralph Loffmark, Labour Minister James Chabot, Ray Williston of Lands and Forests, backbencher Robert Wenman.

There was no doubt that all three opposition parties wanted Gaglardi as the successor for he was the most vulnerable. His personal antics, rhetorical buffoonery and reactionary politics would alienate large segments of the Socred coalition. The forestry corporations, insurance companies and hotel lobby that had bankrolled the Socreds would almost certainly defect to the Conservatives.



In defeat, W.A.C. keeps on smiling.

Leslie Peterson and Dan Campbell were more substantial candidates for the Premiership. They both represented a more liberal position within the government and neither stressed the traditional Socreds elements of religious fundamentalism and economic alchemy favoured by Gagliardi, although each had a sufficient repertoire of homilies to be an apt successor to W.A.C. Bennett.

As the election became less a likelihood and more a certainty an increasing nervousness was evident among the electorate, a concern that one of the ministerial shop assistants would be the real Premier-elect and the voters were not in the mood to vote for a pig-in-the-poke Premier.

The partisan pilgrims rolled onward and placards met them at every bend in the road: Grand Forks (B.C. Development Corporation loans for farm produce processing, Bennett promised the farmers — if re-elected), Greenwood, Trail, Nelson ("Stop the Socreds now — 20 years of arrogance is enough," read one of the signs), Creston, Kimberley ("We love our children — don't let Phil drive"), Cranbrook ("Bye, bye, Social Credit"), Revelstoke, Merritt, Lillooet ("B.C. Government Employees want collective bargaining rights"), Hope and Chilliwack.

The dénouement of the tour, however, still awaited the Socred wayfarers. It came in New Westminster. The gallivanting government's grab bag of financial gimcracks and gew-gaws had begun to bore the citizenry and the mounting series of demonstrations had long since assumed top notice in the press coverage. It was a fatigued and enervated cabinet that arrived in the Royal City.

The deadline on Chabot's ultimatum to the building trades unions had passed and everyone expected the government

to invoke binding arbitration. New Westminster, buried amid the working-class suburbs of Vancouver and itself an NDP riding, was a poor site for using compulsion on unionists or for applying anti-labour legislation when seven of the 18 unions involved had already settled and negotiations were still progressing in the rest.

When the cabinet arrived at the Royal Towers Hotel in the late afternoon of June 7 five hundred shouting, chanting, jeering demonstrators had already assembled. The Premier's limousine dropped him at the door and he quickly dodged inside unscathed. The other cabinet cars were engulfed by demonstrators, however, and as ministers made their way from the parking lot they were jostled, poked and pummeled by the angry crowd. Several of the three dozen police and RCMP were shoved and punched as they hustled their unpopular wards to the hotel doors and at least one cabinet minister required subsequent hospital treatment for a broken bone.

Safely refuted at last within the sybaritic surroundings of their besieged hotel the shaken cabinet quickly passed the order for binding arbitration as their street opponents circled the pavement below. The chants of "Sieg Heil," however, had faded away.

Going into the election other weaknesses of the Socreds became apparent in addition to the poverty of adequate potential successors and there were several reasons to believe that the Socreds were weakening. For one thing, only a small percentage of the electorate now remembered the John Hart and Byron (Boss) Johnson Liberal-Conservative coalitions or the aura of corruption, bankruptcy and incompetence associated with them. Derril Warren and David Anderson were only toddlers, for example, when Hart took office and had scarcely begun their teenage when Bennett came to power.

As a result, few voters were likely to visit the sins of their predecessors on the new Conservative and Liberal leaders. It was becoming increasingly difficult to convince the electoral right wing that only the Socreds had the competence and honesty to run B.C.'s free enterprise economy.

Second, the emotional anti-socialist crusades that the more sophisticated conservative voters considered a mere idiosyncrasy of a basically commendable administrator had begun to lose their patina of quaint eccentricity and were increasingly considered nothing more than hysterical appeals to ignorant prejudice by most of the electorate. But without these appeals to electoral intolerance the Socreds were faced with losing their vital support among the least sophisticated elements of the working class and farmers as a politics of issues replaced the politics of fear.

The third weakness of the Socreds was a product of their very success in completing the transportation and energy grid necessary for tourism and for foreign exploitation of B.C.'s resources. The bridges were now built, the highways constructed, the rail lines pushed through, the ferry system developed, the skyscrapers erected, the dams completed. Even those voters who approved the resource rip-off economy were beginning to look elsewhere for government priorities — the protection of the environment, urban improvement, housing, the expansion of social services, increased employment, the control of foreign monopolies. And they had never associated Social Credit with any of these policies.

Thus, any policy move from public works to social reform would only legitimize the opposition's criticisms in the minds of the electorate but if Bennett kept the Socreds on the same track he would inevitably face an increasing erosion of voter support as a politics of real decisions emerged.

It appeared that increasing numbers of nominal Socreds were recognizing these difficulties. In addition to the two Socreds who bolted to the Conservatives, one "old guard" Socred was defeated for renomination by an erstwhile Liberal, and six MLAs (including cabinet ministers William Chant and Kenneth Kiernan) announced their retirement before the calling of the election.

Much of the reason lay in the age and deteriorating health of Bennett's followers but there also appeared to be mounting disaffection in the Socred ranks and a fear of opposition, particularly Conservative, gains in the coming election. Such gains were likely to be more in the area of popular vote than in the election of MLAs, but every vote subtracted from the Socred tally brought the NDP closer to victory.

Even Premier Bennett was showing an apprehensive concern for his future position. He increasingly yielded to an edifice fixation, naming the Portage Mountain Dam after himself and the lake behind it after his Minister of Lands, Forests and Water Resources, proposing the construction of a 55-storey B.C. Building in downtown Vancouver, naming other Socred constructions after cabinet ministers and backbench MLAs. He exhibited the preoccupation of a man who knew his time was coming to an end and who wanted to render his name into the history books and atlases while there was still time.

The announcement was made. An election was scheduled in the province of British Columbia for August 30. Like all Bennett elections it was styled as a choice between wisdom and folly, between grand designs and petty proposals, between the eternally right and the infinitely wrong. What would actually be settled by the election remained somewhat more obscure.

*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

The campaign must go down as the strangest of the past two decades in B.C. The Premier refused all interviews, would not release his itinerary to the press and turned his provincial tour into a province-wide game of hide-and-seek with the media. Until the very end of the campaign he avoided both the Lower Mainland and all mention of the threat of "godless socialism".

Bennett seemed to feel that invisibility was the best way to reduce awareness of the "age issue" that both the Liberals and Conservatives were milking for all they could (Barrett never mentioned it except to say that he did not consider it important). And the Premier, aside from a late announcement that "the socialist hordes are at the gates of B.C." — a relatively mild observation for him — did not really exploit the red scare tactic. He did accuse Barrett of being a Waffle supporter but this clearly did not go over: the Opposition Leader smiled too much and had none of the lean and hungry look that the gullible associated with leftist ideologues.

Barrett's reply was typically jocular: "If he calls me a waffle, I'll call him a pancake. If he calls me a double waffle, I'll call him a stack of pancakes. (Presumably a reference to the fact that both are overweight). And if he keeps on calling me a waffle, knowing his attitude toward Quebec, I'll call him a crêpe suzette."

Getting nowhere with that accusation the Premier seemed



"If he calls me a waffle, I'll call him a pancake. If he calls me a double waffle, I'll call him a stack of pancakes."

to lapse into a petulant silence — until Gaglardi pulled his Pearl Harbor. In a widely-reported interview with the *Toronto Star's* western bureau chief on August 22 Gaglardi reportedly called Bennett an old man who no longer understood young people, predicted that the Premier would retire after the election, stated that Bennett would have retired after the 1969 election but stayed on to prevent Gaglardi from getting the job, and called the other cabinet members a bunch of "square pegs in round holes." The Rehabilitation Minister also resolved the succession question: "I'm the only real choice for the job."

Gaglardi more or less denied the quotes in subsequent interviews but virtually no one believed him and Bennett, who had always excused Gaglardi his gaffes in the past for the sake of Sacred unity, made it clear that Gaglardi would have to prove his innocence in court. He "must — m-u-s-t" win the case, the Premier clearly stated, intimating that his minister would be out of the cabinet if he did not.

All the while the Sacred carnage was proceeding, the NDP was building its campaign around the issues of easing unemployment with more secondary industry, more equitable taxes, government auto insurance, environmental protection and old age security. Barrett quietly performed last rites on the "godless" label by advancing a Bill of Rights for religious groups (Barrett, incidentally, is Jewish). An organizational memo was circulated — and promptly leaked to the press — which advised against attacks on the Sacreds and instructed that Barrett should not be introduced as "the next Premier of B.C." at campaign rallies. The campaigners were to stress only issues, not personalities.

*One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.*

For those who haven't heard, the Jabberwock is no more. The New Democrats trounced the Sacreds capturing 38 seats to Social Credit's 10. Five Liberals and two Conservatives were elected to keep the old-line parties at precisely the same level as going into the election.

And for those interested in the fate of the ridings and candidates mentioned:

Cowichan-Malahat: NDP plurality of 304 increased to 5,805. The NDP portion of the vote rose from 48 per cent to 58 per cent.

Prince Rupert: Sacred Speaker of the House William Murray defeated by ex-broadcaster Graham Lea of the NDP.

North Vancouver-Seymour: Derril Warren got more votes than the incumbent Liberal, but was in turn outdistanced by the New Democrats' Colin Gabelmann.

West Vancouver-Howe Sound: Peter Hyndman narrowly defeated by the Liberals.

Oak Bay: Dr. Scott Wallace returned with the same percentage he garnered as a Sacred in 1969.

Peace River South: Donald Marshall apparently defeated by less than two dozen votes by Social Credit. This loss was balanced by the election of Saanich Mayor Hugh Curtis in Saanich-The Islands (suburban Victoria), giving the Conservatives two seats.

Kamloops: This riding was rehabilitated and socially improved as Phil Gaglardi was defeated by political unknown Gerry Anderson of the NDP.

Victoria: David Anderson squeaked to victory in this two-

seat riding but his running mate was defeated by a Sacred newcomer. Incumbent cabinet minister Waldo Skillings placed a close third but announced his political retirement.

Okanagan South: W.A.C. Bennett was re-elected with a reduced plurality.

The "Succession" possibilities: Gaglardi, Peterson, Campbell, Capozzi, Loffmark, Williston and Wenman all defeated. Labour Minister James Chabot's 33 per cent victory margin of 1969 melted to six per cent and he became the new heir apparent.

New Westminster: NDP plurality increased from a razor-thin 119 to 4,865.

The NDP increased its representation from eight to 20 among the 24 seats in Metropolitan Vancouver — the Liberals took four and the Sacreds were wiped out. On Vancouver Island, where the New Democrats had only one incumbent, they took five of nine seats at stake. Five of the seven northern seats also went NDP, giving them a gain of four. Even in the Sacred stronghold of the southern interior the NDP boosted its members from two to seven of the 12 seats, leaving only the farming ridings in Sacred hands.

Interestingly, fully eight of the ten ridings retained by Social Credit are predominantly farming constituencies and the remaining two — Victoria's second seat and Columbia River (Chabot's riding) — are held by slender margins. A strong NDP agricultural program might well break the last few threads saving the Sacreds from extinction in B.C.

*"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.*

While the Sacreds were mainly a government of merchants — the main commodities being automobiles, real estate, and salvation — as political pragmatists they learned the barter value of raw resources. And those in the market for natural resources learned the barter value of political contributions. This is not to suggest that B.C. was controlled by liars and scoundrels for 20 years. Just by men of their most recent word.

Even with the Jabberwock gone, it remains to be seen whether British Columbians have much to "chortle" about. But among the policies likely to be adopted by Barrett's government there is much to be admired: a return to the ward system in Vancouver, government auto insurance, \$200-a-month minimum income for pensioners, a strong tenants' rights program, urban rapid transit, nationalization of the B.C. telephone company, probable cancellation of the 55-story B.C. Centre in downtown Vancouver (a project that would have destroyed the view of the North Shore mountains), a Hansard for the legislature, more substantial revenue from the resource-based industries, etc.

Fundamental social change, however, does not come from pencil strokes on a piece of paper. But maybe, just maybe, other voices will now be heard in the old antique shop. And maybe, once again, the clocks will record the passing of time.

Dennis Forkin writes for the Last Post from British Columbia.

Stratford: look back in dismay

by CAROLE ORR

The Stratford Shakespearean Festival has for some years been accepted as Canada's 'National Theatre'. A national theatre as cultural shrine is a desirable commodity, has been since the Greeks trod about on platform soles in Aeschylus' enduring catastrophes. It is a place for development of a cultural tradition.

The Japanese, for their part, developed the highly stylized Noh drama, and the Chinese, much earlier, created their own equally stylized, austere form of theatre. In France, the Comédie-Française has reigned since the 1680's. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw an original and influential comic tradition grow in Italy's Commedia dell'arte, while in England David Garrick plottted away for his friends; the final result there is the present National Theatre under Sir Laurence Olivier.

Each of these represents a "tradition" because each is substantially unique. Within the bits of business common to all drama (actors, talk, universal truths, etc., etc.) each has refined qualities that can generally be connected with the culture which spawned them. This is reasonable.

Bertolt Brecht would not have written *Pygmalion*. George Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, did. *Die Mütter* would not describe anything as "absolutely ripping" any more than K. Marx would advise the people to ask not what their country can do for them but what they can do for their country or whatever it was.

Russia unearthed Mayakovsky; America, Thornton Wilder; Canada, hedging, chose Shakespeare. Being impatient children of the New World, we have elected instant tradition, available through years of laboratory testing.

Well, but it's the Mother Country isn't it? Shakespeare is indisputable, as they say, and we did do a Molière a while back for the others. Quibbling over vocabularies and genealogical trivia is not the business of the theatre, certainly not as practised by the Festival, dedicated as it is to the preservation of the classics and the entertainment of the multitudes.

In a country whose only classics are debates on pipelines, flags, conscription, Confederation and whatnot, the result is understandable: since its founding in 1953, much, much Shakespeare, some pre-Shakespearean British drama, a few Greeks, Molière, Feydeau, Rostand, Strindberg, Chekhov and

the odd Canadian such as James Reaney. Stratford is less a festival than a museum, with carnival overtones.

As such, it is the subject of an important debate on the relative merits of contemporary theatre and museum theatre. In Canada, the debate is similar to the ongoing rows in Europe, Russia and Asia over the modernists. As with modernist movements in any age, these writers derive from a tradition and a present culture, but they *evolve* a tradition, they do not *belong* to it.

The modernist movement in our own time is epitomized by writers such as Kafka, Beckett, Joyce, Faulkner, Pinter, Robbe-Grillet, Mayakovsky — it goes on. It is described by Brecht as a "campaign against the formalism of decaying bourgeois art". In the Soviet Union, a concerted counter-campaign has been waged in the interest of 'socialist realism', with a brief, tantalizing let-up during the Khrushchev era. The Soviet experience illustrates well the ironies of the Canadian instance.

If it seems odd that the inheritors of the Bolshevik revolution are concerned with the preservation of "decaying bourgeois art", it is because they are at the moment primarily interested in the preservation of the status quo and decaying bourgeois art happens to be the vehicle of the time.

It operates as a kind of subdued Stalin.

From the statute of the Soviet Union of Writers: "Socialist realism, the basic method of Soviet belles-lettres and literary criticism, demands of the artist truthful, historically concrete representation of reality in its revolutionary development".

The Russian modernists — Zamyatin, Essenin, Mayakovsky, and recently Sinyavsky and Daniel — are disgraced, destroyed. These are only a few. Solzhenitsyn is the most familiar to Western readers and perhaps illustrates best the reasons behind the policy. Modernism is dynamic, socially and politically. To those in power, this reads subversive.

In Canada, the situation is more of a disappointment to romantic revolutionaries who long for Czar Nicholas or Stalin and must make do with Pierre Trudeau and The Queen.

Still, we have problems.

The Soviet Union at least has got as far as socialist realism, while we remain marooned in someone else's sixteenth century.

These two issues — contemporaneity and nationality —

When Irish eyes are smiling...

then surely they are not reading the newspapers. There seems little left to smile about as the death toll mounts daily in Northern Ireland. Once again the monster of sectarian violence is out of its cage. How can romantic Ireland, the Ireland of saints and sages, of poets, drinkers and dreamers, give rise to a past so turbulent and a present so bloody?

Here are four new Penguins to answer the riddle of this paradoxical nation:

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Wherever good
books are sold



are key to any discussion of theatre and particularly to the leading national theatre. The question of nationality in the arts is a rude one, especially in these days of resurgent patriotism and paranoia. It is rarely explored further than the primary elements.

But the idea of an indigenous culture goes beyond the issue of support for native artists, to that of quality of performance. In theatre, quality is impossible without a profound understanding of the subject, that is the people of the drama.

Picture if you will a season of George Bernard Shaw by the Japanese Noh Theatre. It can be done, no doubt, but it remains a hybrid, slightly bizarre. Shaw did not write haikus because he was not particularly inclined to do so. James Reaney does not write oh that this too too solid flesh would thaw melt and resolve itself into a dew and suchlike because it is unnatural to him. He is not recognizable in that and it is available to him only on restricted levels of the mind, in need of some translation in language and convention. Shakespeare is for us an indirect, defused experience.

It is equally indirect for the audience, the actors, the director. But because it is enshrined in the inner sanctum of "tradition" and is therefore unquestionably holy, it is accepted as the one true religion. And this at a time when the churches are emptying.

Since there is no Canadian tradition with which to compare it all, and no credible Elizabethan available for comment, it goes. A twentieth century Canadian can scarcely be expected to know a legitimate old Brit from a bastard, nor to care which is which. So the interloper passes for a member of the family.

Take this season at Stratford for instance: in the main Festival Theatre, *Lorenzaccio* by Alfred de Musset (1834), *She Stoops to Conquer* by Oliver Goldsmith (1773), *As You Like It* and *King Lear*.

Here a great number of actors and actresses don elaborate costumes, equally elaborate British accents (even for *Lorenzaccio*, which concerns the Medicis of Florence) and project admirably to the rear of the balconies. Theoretically, we are to be entertained and at the same time instructed, as there are universal truths lurking everywhere in the brocade. It is a traditional theory.

Lorenzaccio, for example, is billed as a "complex drama which explores personal and political themes which are essentially timeless ... the play deals with the validity and above all the usefulness of revolutionary acts and in particular political assassination. Such a theme can hardly fail to strike a haunting chord with North American audiences all too familiar with the trauma of assassination and well acquainted with the 'direct action' creeds of several of today's revolutionary groups."

But the production itself prohibits even this ambiguous connection. Since *Lorenzaccio* itself is not a highly commercial piece, it has instead been cleverly disguised as one, with the aid of period costumes by Michael Annas in the grand Florentine style. This is legitimate until the production overwhelms the play, as it does in this case. (In the same vein, last year's *Duchess of Malfi* appeared incognito in costumes by Cecil B. de Heeley).

The florid style of production puts already foreign characters almost totally out of reach. Roland Hewgill as Cardinal Cibo of sixteenth century Florence sweeping about in yards of Vatican red (he loves to sweep), bellowing and spitting in Eton English, simply does not bring Mayor Drapeau to mind. It scarcely brings Cardinal Cibo to mind.

The audience is thoroughly protected, in spite of the gory carryings-on. In the lobby, the air is blue with dialectics: to Filippo's gorgeous coat, on the decolletage sprinkled about, and that awful, well, you know, *thing* the Duke has on his



"The florid style of production puts already foreign characters almost totally out of reach . . . The audience is thoroughly protected, in spite of the gory carryings-on. In the lobby, the air is blue with dialectics: on Filippo's gorgeous coat, on the decolletage sprinkled about, and that awful, well, you know, thing the Duke has on his costume right where his, well, you know, thing is. Underneath."

costume right where his, well, you know, *thing* is. Underneath.

One of the offerings at the secondary Avon stage is *La Guerre, Yes Sir*, English adaptation of the French stage version of the Quebec novel by Roch Carrier. *La Guerre* poses some of the same problems as *Lorenzaccio*, the barrier being the more obvious one of language. For the English audience, the stage adaptation has not simply been translated, it has been transformed, though performed by the original Théâtre du Nouveau Monde company. It does not speak well for the tastes of the *maudits Anglais*.

La Guerre is a story of war, World War II, of one Quebec village during the war, and what happens there when a native son, Corriveau, is killed in the war and his body brought home by English Canadian soldiers. Carrier's style is strong and clean, unadorned writing that demonstrates control verging on detachment. This was retained in the French stage version. For the English, someone felt it was necessary to add the strains of an accordion weeping *Un Canadien Errant* during the odd soliloquy, and generally to make the whole thing zipper.

Even without this, the English version is not a total success, simply because so much depends on the Québécois viewpoint and the French idiom. The problem is not so much English-Canadian tastes as culture shock. For this, *La Guerre* is a convenient illustration of the difficulties of cross-cultural transfer. If Canadians are unable even to successfully interpret Quebec drama into Canada, how then do they accept transfers from sixteenth century England and France without the slightest doubt?

La Guerre, though, even in its unfortunate English form, offers more to its audience than any of the museum pieces. First, it offers an immediate experience, the possible making of history rather than the study of history. It is generally forgotten that one of the elements that made the standards classic was their initial impact. A premiere is a unique event.

When a Victorian audience saw Shaw's *Misalliance* for the first time, it reacted as a people who were coping with the then New Woman. Heretical in her time, the rebellious heroine Hypatia now seems about as revolutionary as Betty Kennedy.

Shaw is safe now because he is historical. *Waiting for Godot* is safe now because the critical ground has been broken (which

is not to say that Beckett is safe). If a play satisfies either of these two conditions, it is acceptable to the bulk of the contemporary North American theatre audience: generally middle to upper class, some education but more money, who believe that the theatre must be grand and/or amusing, an after-dinner mint. They believe so to a large extent because Stratford has set that standard. This audience does not want to think past *Lorenzaccio* as *Lorenzaccio*; nor is it forced to do so, and it likes that.

In a brief, wild moment in 1968, Stratford went modernist and staged a brilliant production of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, directed by William Hutt. It was a fine day, full of the promise of a new era at the national shrine. It could be done.

This summer, another foray, with Brecht's *Threepenny Opera*, on the Avon stage. Not so fine. Instead of verging on vaudeville, as Brecht tends to do, the Stratford company plunged right in. Admittedly the balance in Brecht is a difficult one, but here there was none. The dialectic was blurry at best, obscured by carnival make-up and excessive clowning.

With the Canadian works chosen this year for the Third Stage, dialectics were not a problem. First, *Orpheus*, a chamber opera by Gabriel Charpentier; second *Patria II, Requiem for a party girl*, a chamber opera by Murray Schaffer, followed by *Mark*, by Betty Jane Wylie. While the first two are self-explanatory, the third needs a few words.

Mrs. Wylie, who was previously given to writing Icelandic epics, has written a play on the last days of a man who is dying of cancer, how he and his family cope. (It is autobiographical, the main character modelled on her father.) In effect, it is a bad imitation of Victorian parlour drama, consisting mainly of precious chatter and quotes from Shakespeare. (There is no truth to the rumour that the decision to produce it had anything to do with Mrs. Wylie's status as wife of Stratford General Manager Bill Wylie.)

If Stratford is our national theatre, *Mark* is what Canadian modernism must be: a non-controversial, non-innovative, non-dramatic colonial whimper. If leadership of our theatrical tradition is left to Stratford and its ilk, that is exactly what Canadian modernism will be.

The influence by veneration of a continuing institution such as the Festival can be almost as effective in blocking a moder-

nist movement as the politburo has been. Its primary function is to perpetuate a system of artistic values against which the modernist work is seen to be incoherent, indulgent, and probably insane. Decadent in the manner of the twenties flapper or the sixties hippy.

It is the modernists who pose the greatest threat to the audience nurtured by Stratford. But they are only a threat if they are established as the central leading force. In Canada, John Palmer is perhaps the leading proponent of the style, but at the moment he and his colleagues can only perform light harassing tactics at the rear.

As long as theatre is in the hands of the artistically and socially inert, it will remain itself inert, faithful retainer to the status quo.

A movie studio is the best toy a boy ever had

by GWEN MATHESON

The psychopath as Superman replaces the astronaut in that role and, according to reports, will shortly be followed by Superman as the dictator Napoleon in the fantasy film world of Stanley Kubrick. "A Clockwork Orange", that pseudo-Nietzschian combination of *Brave New World* and *1984* based on the 1962 novel of Anthony Burgess, reveals Kubrick's continuing skill as master manipulator of the mass psyche and interpreter of the ailing *Zeitgeist*.

Explorations into Kubrick's grisly conception of the human "Id" accompanied by the music of Beethoven have proved as successful as deep space pioneering and Strauss in drawing crowds of people, mainly in the under-25 category, in half-mile queues to receive gratefully their latest visions in the popcorn-strewn and smelly temples of contemporary Cinema. And the perversion practised by Burgess and Kubrick upon Beethoven in associating his music with fantasies of orgiastic sadism are reported to have boosted the sales of Ninth Symphony records up to, if not beyond the popularity of the rock music that is obviously more suited to such themes.

Although the line-ups gradually have become shorter, the fact that this film now has been playing in various Canadian cities for months gives evidence of its continuing popular appeal. To those who still manage to do a little thinking in an increasingly McLuhanesque age of noise and irrational distraction such a phenomenon must have its ominous moments. For this latest triumph of Kubrick's, despite its undisputed technical brilliance and quota of disturbing truth, is from the point of view of audience reception a profoundly sinister phenomenon as well as a basically dishonest production both in theme and presentation.

Perhaps even more sinister is the fact that it has won the New York Film Critics' award and that most American reviewers, including those in *Newsweek* and *Saturday Review* have, either through fascination with the film's technique or

subjection to its mindless spell, failed to perceive its essential deceptions. It is reassuring to see that reviews in Canadian magazines such as *Saturday Night* and *Maclean's* have been able to treat the film with a more balanced perspective.

But reviews such as Paul Zimmerman's particularly fateful one in *Newsweek* have either missed or refused to comment on the primary fact that Kubrick's "A Clockwork Orange" is what might be called an "anti" film: anti-erotic (despite the profusion of pornography and homosexual overtones), anti-love, anti-intelligence, anti-female, anti-human, and in spite of its fallacious "message" (if any) also anti-freedom.

The dishonesty of the film lies in the emotional manipulation and intellectual trickery by which it conveys false options and associations: anarchism is seen as the only alternative to fascism; and sexuality is presented as being inseparably connected with brutality and sadism.

But perhaps the most subtle form of trickery appears in what Kubrick boasts of as the "stylized" portrayal of violence, assisted by the use of music and various entertainment and mob-appeal devices. Too much blood-and-guts realism in the presentation would disturb the carefully induced euphoria of the movie audience. It would also interfere with the build-up of Alex as a pop hero. There are indications that this anti-hero, in his white jogging suit with authoritarian derby hat, unisexual false eyelash, and superjock medieval codpiece, has become a kind of teenage idol and consequently a magnetic idol for the film industry.

The many people who will read Burgess's book as a result of having seen the film will find it to be a more unsettling and honest piece work of art, in spite of the fact that like the film it is a product of a brilliant but diseased imagination and in the more juvenile school of the "literature of rebellion."

Even a small amount of reading of utopian or anti-utopian literature, particularly in the British tradition, will reveal Burgess's *A Clockwork Orange* as neither unique nor very profound. Reviewers have commented on his lack of an intellectual point of view along with any emotional involvement in this as well as other works. The novel's chief claim to originality lies in the use of "Nadsat", the teen-age lingo with a strong Slavic base employed by Alex and his gang, although James Joyce who has been called one of Burgess's masters, along with Sterne and Waugh, had already achieved a far more complex type of synthetic language in *Finnegan's Wake*.

In a 1967 study of H. G. Wells and the anti-utopians entitled *The Future as Nightmare* M. R. Hillegas places *A Clockwork Orange* in a category with Ayn Rand's *Anthem*, Gore Vidal's *Messiah*, Evelyn Waugh's *Love Among the Ruins*, and L. P. Harley's *Facial Justice* as one of those novels written in the fifties and sixties that are at the tag-end of a tradition which once included Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, G. C. Lewis, E. M. Forster, and the Russian rebel Zamyatin (*We*).

This tradition shows the influence chiefly of H. G. Wells, as well as reflecting an increase in technology, the rise of totalitarian states, and a distrust, particularly in the U.S.A. and Britain, of the various forms of planning and socialist control. It is this latter feeling that sometimes reaches the height of paranoia in the U.S. which perhaps makes expatriate American producer Kubrick find a particular affinity with the British anti-utopia of Anthony Burgess. Burgess's sharp dichotomy between rigid totalitarian law enforcement on the one hand and insane rebellion on the other is made even more pronounced in the film, recalling Norman Mailer's description of the split in American life in *Miami* and the *Seige of Chicago* or in a more extreme form American films such as *Easy Rider*. Aldous Huxley described a similar conflict in his *Brave New World* between the regimentation of the technological society and the intensely romantic but wretched squalor of the Indian

reservation, but he had the perception to see that there could be an intelligent solution to the problem of human freedom somewhere between these two extremes, a third alternative between "the horns of a dilemma" which he finally outlined in his last novel, the utopian *Island*. Works, such as Burgess's and Kubrick's, that are pervaded with the implication that there is no way between the two extremes are essentially dishonest.

Extreme liberalism leads to anarchist individualism which often in turn produces the fascist Superman or the psychopathic type, the latter reportedly described by Norman Mailer as being the new man of the future. Whether or not the psychopathic state is to be praised as the ideal human condition or deplored as a sickness and an aberration, Kubrick's white-suited hero based on Burgess's creation has all the classic symptoms.

The well-known opening of Kubrick's last film, "2001" could also serve as prologue to "A Clockwork Orange". In it a man-ape under the effects of the evolution-boosting monolith discovers the supposedly true function of an old bone in smashing in the head of a rival for the water hole — all to the blaring accompaniment of Strauss's music inspired by Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra". The bone is then transformed to a space ship speeding to colonize the universe and eventually becoming in a sense the sperm that will produce the super star-embryo. If the young Cockney thug of Kubrick's latest spell-binder is the fully developed version of the astrofoetus of his earlier film he is at the same time the weapon-wielding anthropoid.

Alex's view of life as illustrated both in the book and the film bears somewhat the same relation to the philosophy of Nietzsche as does fascism, especially in its Nazi form — distorted and vulgarized, yet recognizably similar; and the brief treatment of Nazism in both media clearly implies this relationship. In fact, the one other film that "A Clockwork Orange" recalls most to my mind is the famous but once censored (in Canada, at any rate) Nazi film of the Nuremberg rallies, "Triumph des Willens".

At the same time, what might be called the "zoological approach" to man as promoted by such recently fashionable theorists as Desmond Morris, Konrad Lorenz, Lionel Tiger and others reinforces and often accentuates the neo-Nietzschianism beloved of the whole impotent crew of second-rate sociologists, academics, and assorted literary types, not to mention the teen-ager who is mentally undernourished on a diet of unintelligent and violent films. Kubrick himself seems to gain considerable satisfaction from his reported statement that "on the subconscious level we are very little different from our primitive ancestors." (*Newsweek*, Zimmerman)

It is in keeping with the neo-Nietzschian and zoological atmosphere of Kubrick's film that it should be profoundly anti-female... even more so, if possible, than the book. Under the sociological jargon of Lionel Tiger's arguments used in *Men in Groups* there is manifested a thinly veiled back-to-the-apes approach attempting to keep women in their place.

Nietzsche himself revealed his contempt and hatred for women throughout his writings, and his whole attitude on the "woman question" is best summed up when he writes that the man of spirit "must conceive of woman as a possession, as property that can be locked, as something predestined for service and achieving her perfection in that." (*Beyond Good and Evil*) Throughout the film women are depicted as property to be desecrated, as helpless objects and victims. Nowhere is there shown any normal sexual relationship.

The penis-as-weapon motif symbolizes the association of "masculinity" and virility with sadism and brutality that pervades the film. This amounts to what might be called sexual fascism, a phenomenon recognized by Kate Millet, for instance, in her analysis of the later novels of D. H. Lawrence, such as *Aaron's Rod* and *The Plumed Serpent*, where there is a growing association between phallus worship, a certain type of male homo-erotism, and fascist interests somewhat in the tradition of neo-Nazi cultism.

The whole Super-Male school of writing, from the inanities of "Bonanza" to the comparative inspiration of our own Irving Layton, manifests with varying degrees of modification the

QUEBEC - ONLY THE BEGINNING

Daniel Drache, editor

Some may believe that the partial disbanding of the F.L.O. and the prosecution of separatists who have acted violently means an end to the Quebec problem. Far from it. The Common Front recently put together by three major Quebec unions, the Confederation of National Trade Unions, the Quebec Federation of Labour, and the Quebec Teachers' Corporation, has demonstrated its power and solidarity with the largest general strike ever held in Canada.

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White Niggers of America caused a sensation when it was eventually translated into English. **Choose!** is now available, and far more contentious. For Vallières was not broken by his various confrontations with the federal government, and his purpose remains the same, to demonstrate intellectually, and through the example of his own life, the validity of an independent Quebec.

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144 pages, \$5.95 cloth

Translated by Penelope Williams

Pierre Vallières CHOOSE!

male supremacist and anti-female attitudes at the very core of the art of Burgess and Kubrick. Glorification of the phallus is usually a reaction against unconscious fears of impotence or castration — just as the cod-piece is for purposes of protection as well as display.

The male homosexuality appearing in both subtle and overt form in the film is the sadistic master-slave variety of the criminal gang. It is, in fact, as sick as the heterosexuality portrayed and based in the same way on a fear and an abhorrence of what is regarded as "feminine". This is brought out even more explicitly in Burgess's book when Alex delivers the final death blow to a homosexual fellow prisoner for no other apparent reason than that the latter had offered him the supreme insult of approaching him as he would a woman. Burgess who seems to have been somewhat obsessed with the topic of homosexuality in his writings had the perception to detect in its passive manifestations the degradation of the female image.

Kubrick's main aim is to plunge his audience into a mindless state of captivity rather than to convey anything to them; but if there is any "message" at all in his production it is the obvious attempt to imply that it is better to be a monster than a robot ... to be a real organic orange, no matter how rotten, than a "clockwork orange". But there is a clever sleight-of-hand deception being practised here too. For Alex is really an automaton, no more "free" before the Ludovico treatment than immediately after it. Press the buttons marked "lust" or "sadism" and he becomes a clockwork monkey mechanically responding to his own psychopathic compulsions.

The film, of course is based on a recognition of some of the main defects and disturbances of Western society that youth is in rebellion against — that it is soft and decadent; that there is a danger of too much regimentation and bureaucracy possibly leading to totalitarianism; that religion and old systems of values are in decay; that males are developing fears of impotence and loss of identity; and that relations between the sexes are generally diseased.

But both Kubrick and Burgess either overlook the true causes of this state of affairs or else imply false ones; and

to suggest constructive remedies rather than mere senseless and violent rebellion is beyond the irresponsible philosophy of art expressed by both. This type of philosophy, however, is ideally suited to the Hollywood film industry which for the most part does not see theatre as a vital part of the cultural life of the community but as a nihilistic distraction calculated to bring in profits.

Film makers who had some sense of commitment to their audiences might fall into what the technique-for-technique's sake and profit-oriented school would regard as the unforgivable sin of having something to say. They might suggest remedies for some of the sicknesses of our society as well as merely portraying them. True satire always either implies or states a positive norm from which the various objects of its attack are the deviations.

To sum up, in authentic art there is some sense of purpose and of a directing mind. There is some truth in the statement that art is play but it is also something more when at its best. Kubrick's whole attitude seems to be contained in his comment that "A movie studio is the best toy a boy ever had."

The main tendencies in present Western society give indication of three alternatives for the future: an anarchist criminal society; a repressive fascist state; or a true "Age of Aquarius" where there is freedom without licence, equality of all presently oppressed groups, and universal brotherhood (as well as sisterhood).

It is the spirit of this latter option that is expressed in Beethoven's "Hymn to Joy". The fact that thousands of people will now be going around humming it with scenes from Kubrick's film in their heads is an effect far more fiendish than anything that the "Ludovico" treatment could ever produce. In a small attempt to assist in a "cure", I will quote another excerpt from Schiller's poem to which Beethoven set the music. In spite of the rather poor English translation it conveys the essence of the poem which is the exact opposite of everything in Kubrick's film:

Thine the spells that reunite'd
Those estranged by custom dread,
Every man a brother plighted
Where thy gentle wings are spread.

First read Swift, Calvin, Bunyan...

by DONALD LIVINGSTONE

Read Canadian: A Book about Canadian Books, edited by Robert Fulford, David Godfrey, and Abraham Rotstein. James Lewis & Samuel, xii, 275 pp. \$1.95 paper, \$7.00 cloth.

Everyone should own a copy of *Read Canadian* for the same sort of reason as everyone should own a cookbook or a phone book or a first aid manual. You are never going to read it from cover to cover but it might come in very handy in an emergency. The emergency in this case is the disappearance of Canada. Other nationalities learn about their society and its past simply by growing up in it. But in a country where 95 per cent of all books sold are foreign books that

is not possible. Our economy is an American economy, and our government is a colonial government, but we may still be able to keep alive the *idea* of Canada if we adopt for our own use the strategies and tactics that have been successfully employed by other minorities and subcultures. One such tactic is the underground reading list, of which *Read Canadian* is a very sophisticated version.

The book contains short essays discussing the Canadian books that are available in twenty-nine different areas of Canadian history, society, and literature. Each essay is followed by a one, two, or three page bibliography. There is also a chapter by David Godfrey and James Lorimer describing the plight of small

Canadian publishing companies. Since the book's thirty authors are almost all academics who share the same radical chic bias and write the same computerlike prose it seems to have been all written by one person. Two persons. Dennis Lee's delightfully exciting chapter on poetry is a contrast, in every possible way, to the dull competence of the rest of the book.

The editors have made the stupid blunder of omitting an index. Also absent are chapters on Ontario history and on Canadian magazines. French-language books are not included, but perhaps that would call for a separate companion volume. But what is missing in this book is insignificant compared to the great amount of

information that has been packed into it. *Read Canadian* is a very useful and much needed reference work.

It is also something else. It is a depressingly accurate glimpse into the state of Canadian intellectual life. The smell of rot lingers over this book. Its authors give no reason why anyone *should* read Canadian books. There seems no basis for their nationalism except that nationalism is presently a fad among radical liberals. In his introduction, Robert Fulford laments that it is "not at all uncommon for a course on women's rights to pass over Canada without a mention, for a course on drug use to be developed entirely from American sources" One expects him to demand 51 per cent Canadian content in courses on Buddhism and weep crocodile tears because courses on astrology (in Canadian universities!) ignore the important contribution made by Canadian astrologists.

But so what? Who cares? What has

any of that got to do with Canada? If you want to know what this country is all about you should first read Swift, and then St. Augustine and Calvin, and Weber on Calvinism, and Hooker and Milton and Bunyan. None of these men were Canadians but they can tell us a lot about our roots. Few of the books mentioned in *Read Canadian* can even hint at as much.

What is so disheartening about this book, and about the academic community that its authors typify, is that these people are not serious. They are bubble-gumming the nationalist issue by making it appear as if nothing important were at stake. Mankind needed an alternative to America. Canada was that alternative. What we have lost, what everyone has lost, cannot be found in any of the hundreds of books listed in *Read Canadian*. The books that record that loss have not been written, and if we must depend on these little liberal professors to write them, they never will be.

READ CANADIAN
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Nowlan: the need for a framework

by DONALD LIVINGSTONE

Between Tears and Laughter, by Alden Nowlan. Clarke, Irwin, 119 pp. \$4.50.

Alden Nowlan writes poems about the most ordinary of incidents and relationships. His subjects are jealousy, the waiter's smile, a Canadian January night, the "quietness/ between/ the condemned and his gaoler", "a man helping a small child fasten its coat", and "the etiquette governing the relations/ between the men digging/ a sewer and their foreman." In each case he starts with something remarkably simple and ends with something profoundly complex. This probing into the essence of things is best accomplished in his longer poems where he has room enough to move from description to contemplation, but even in his shortest poems his verbal music can make the reader see with a new emotional intensity. Whatever their length, each of Nowlan's poems is an intricately constructed and unified whole. Stray lines quoted out of context would in no way do justice to the architectonic perfection of his craftsmanship.

But still, there is some fundamental flaw in Nowlan's latest collection. His previous books were full of poems that you just had to read out loud to your friends or copy out on pieces of paper and stick on bulletin boards. *Between*

Tears and Laughter is not like that. There is an indefinable flabbiness in the book that leaves you with a sense of boredom, of déjà vu. By trying to understand what is wrong with this book we may, however, be better able to understand what is so very right about the bulk of Nowlan's work.

While he was learning to be a poet Nowlan was, among many other things, a newspaperman. As a result, in his occasional magazine articles, or in his monthly column in the *Atlantic Advocate*, he writes a crisp, masculine prose. The following is part of his description of young Maritimers going off to seek their fortunes in Toronto:

They stop along the road to buy beer, opening the bottles in ways peculiar to them: the tough one uses his teeth, the cool one his belt buckle, the mouth organ player takes a bottle in each hand, hooks the caps together and pulls so that only one comes off. They tell strangers where they're from and where they're going and how much their second cousins make in Sudbury. They say, "I'm from the island," or "I'm from the bay," as if there were only one of each in the world. They wear white socks and copper bracelets. They light matches on their thumbnails. They spit.

THE MACKENZIE— PAPINEAU BATTALION

by Victor Hoar

"... a very moving book. The Canadians in these pages were brave men. Heroes. They deserve to be remembered as such."
—Peter Martin, *Canadian Reader* Vol.

13 No. 4 1972

A Readers' Club of Canada selection, this is the first account in book form of a battalion whose battle honors are unrecorded in our official military histories — because members of the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion had the foresight and courage to volunteer in one of the curtain-raiser battles of World War 2. This is the story of 1250 "undesirables" who broke through the "non-intervention" mockery of the big powers when the Spanish Civil War began in 1936 and served as anti-fascist volunteers in the famed International Brigades that came to the aid of the Republican cause against the fascist armies of Franco, Hitler and Mussolini. Among volunteers in that struggle was Dr. Norman Bethune who pioneered blood transfusion work on the battle field. An entire chapter is devoted to his activity.

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It is inspired journalism. But in *Between Tears and Laughter* it straggles down the page in short paragraphs and lines of uneven length. It is as if Nowlan did not know that poetry is more than just a matter of lining. "That Year on Salisbury Street" may be the best short story he has ever written; it's magnificent; but it's not poetry. "The Night Editor's Poem" about the death of Martin Luther King could have been written by a newspaperman; it should not have been written by a poet.

The problem is that Nowlan is trying to do things that poetry, by itself, cannot do, and he has not found a more suitable genre in which to work. Since at least the middle of the nineteenth century the aesthetic idea of the poet has been dominant. He is seen as a sensitive person outside of society who performs no social function and whose poetry possesses no social content. Nowlan, at his best, takes a different tack. Like Petrarch or Spenser or Milton or Pope, he is trying to create a poetry of recognition rather than of discovery. He does not want to *express himself*; he wants to *teach wisdom*.

He teaches by means of aphorism: "Without God we have no rights, only such privileges as may be granted us by the state." He contrasts the mundane

present with the magical past:

I'd rather beggars made me happy,
I'd like to think of them
as the Greeks did, or my Irish ancestors
I'd like to wonder
if this little lad blowing
a tin whistle could be Pan, testing me,
or the Christ child
offering himself

He hints at unknown truths behind childish fantasies:

when I was seven
I outgrew all that,
now
thirty years later
I know almost as much
as when I was six.
Watch out for orange trees:
the ogre Toe Jam is out to eat you.

He teaches us that "elsewhere in history" a pregnant woman could be greeted with more simplicity and less embarrassment

...as though we
were still little children
and you were about to be
mother of all the world,
funny Marilee, holy Marilee.

Elsewhere in history is a motif in all of his work. The fantasies, the poems of childhood, the sketches of Maritime life are all an imaginative creation of a golden age which stands in contrast to the present. What is interesting about this golden age is that it is so thoroughly and so truly conservative. Indeed, Nowlan's writings must be understood as a concerted attack on twentieth century liberalism. Unfortunately, his dream utopia gives the appearance of being only a mishmash of nostalgia and wishful thinking, for he fails to articulate an explicit alternative to liberal values. Modern society does not provide any intellectual framework within which his poems can be understood. They very much need such a framework and it can only be provided by Nowlan himself. It could take the form of:

- (a) prefaces to his books in the manner of Irving Layton or Bernard Shaw;
- (b) discursive essays explicating his aphorisms;
- (c) a science-fiction novel based on his non-poem, "Plot for a Science Fiction Novel";
- (d) the autobiography for which many of his poems seem to be the rough notes; or
- (e) satire.

All Tory humanists from Swift and Gay to Haliburton and Leacock have used satire to attack liberalism. Nowlan's attempted satires; such as "The Three

Philosophers" and "Algernon Squint Converses with his Fellows", are unsuccessful because, though the reader knows that he is supposed to laugh at the professors, he is not sure *why*. Satire is only effective when there is a generally accepted standard of good against which the values satirized can be judged, and found lacking. It was easy to satirize liberalism at a time when earlier humanistic values still existed, but today, in North America, liberalism has excluded all other systems of belief. An alternative standard of good can no longer be taken for granted; it must be clearly spelled out within the body of the satire. That cannot be done in a short poem; there is only room to do so in a larger and more diffuse genre such as the short story or the novel.

Satire without the standard of good is black humour, an expression of nihilism, and Alden Nowlan is anything but a nihilist. What is special about him, and what makes him potentially such a great writer, is that he attempts to make us recognize an order and meaning immanent in the world. But those attempts would be far more successful if he would acknowledge that that is his task, make his method match his message, and stop writing the boring, aesthetic poems that are so unworthy of him.

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