

# THE LAST POST

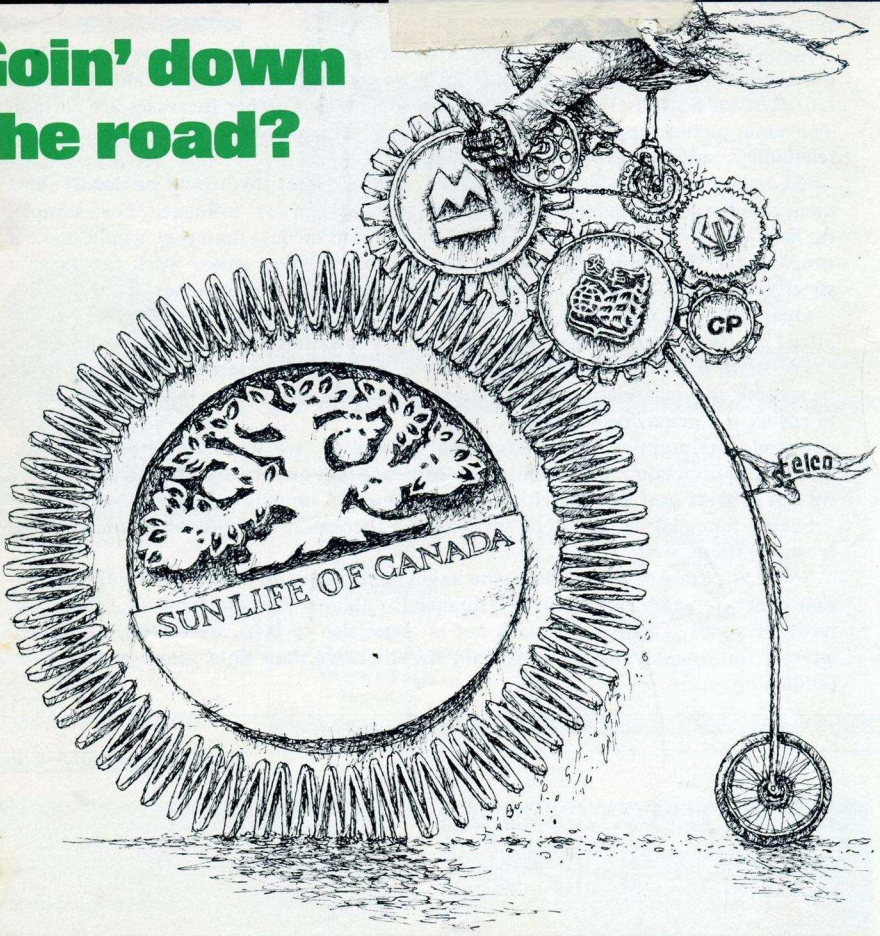
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APRIL 1978/

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CAN  
THE NDP  
HOLD SASK.??

**Goin' down  
the road?**



**WHAT DO THE INUIT WANT?**

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## TO OUR READERS

For the first time in several years we are making an appeal for funds and asking our readers to give us their support.

We make this appeal not because of doubts about *Last Post's* ability to continue, but to help us to meet steadily rising costs without having to make drastic cutbacks, and without having to raise our own prices more than is absolutely necessary.

With this issue we have been forced to increase our news stand price from 75 cents to \$1.00, the first such increase since 1973. We are one of the last magazines in Canada (or the United States) to raise our price to a dollar. We are holding the line for now on the price of a subscription, but our own costs may force us to increase this, also, in a few months time.

Some idea of what inflation has done to Canadian magazines can be gained from our typesetting and printing costs. In 1973 we could typeset and print an issue of the *Last Post* for \$2,100. Today this has risen to \$3,600. Further increases are certain. The same picture appears across a wide range of expenses — mailing costs, rent, telephones, shipping expenses, office supplies.

We have always avoided extravagance, knowing that this would be deadly for a magazine based on reader support rather than advertisers' influence. For example, we have only two people on staff and they are paid far less than they would make if working for the commercial press. As well, our writers either work for us on a strictly voluntary basis or, at most, for little more than "beer money".

Operating on a tight budget ourselves, we have been able for the past few years to offer *Last Post* to our readers at a bargain, pre-inflationary price.

We hope both to avoid having to cut a tight budget even more, and to avoid increasing our own news stand and subscription prices any more than is unavoidable to ensure the magazine's survival.

Beyond maintaining the "status quo", however, we want to increase our frequency of publication, and to improve the range and quality of our coverage, so that we can provide our readers with a better magazine, on a more regular basis.

Severe financial cutbacks, or severe price increases, could hamper and perhaps frustrate these goals.

So we ask those of our readers who have found us an important source of information over the years, and who are financially able to help, to send us a donation, however small. To those who are not in a position to help, we extend our thanks anyway for your loyalty as readers during the more than eight years we have been publishing.

I support Last Post's current fund-raising campaign:

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# THE LAST POST

April 1978, Vol. 6, No. 7

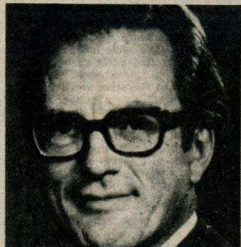
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*John Haldane*  
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# Letters

## Mid-east letter showed colonialist outlook

### Dear Last Post:

May I comment briefly on a letter by C.H. Katz, on the Middle East question, which appeared in your issue of January, 1978?

The basic argument presented in this letter is that, in contrast to Jews and the very special Jewish attachment to land and nation, Palestinians are merely Arabs. There are several Arab countries in the immediate vicinity, in any one of which Palestinians might well settle, feel at home, and conveniently disappear, to the relief of everyone, particularly the Zionists. Far from having any genuine claims to home or land within Palestine, these particular Arabs, since 1948, have hastily constructed a Palestinian identity out of a perverse desire to annoy those who have been able to seize control of the area, establish a state, and eventually extend its boundaries to include the whole of the country.

One needs no great amount of insight to identify the colonialist outlook which gives rise to such an ingenious, if laboured, explanation. The best that can be said of the Zionists in this connection is that it is not original with them. In fact, it has been used for centuries by European colonial powers to cloak what might otherwise appear as naked aggression. This type of 'logic' can also be very useful in such a country as South Africa to 'prove' that Africans have no legitimate claims to land or citizenship in that country. They are, after all, only Africans. And there are many bits and pieces of barren wasteland, unwanted by whites, within South Africa's borders, as well as any number of African countries in the remainder of a vast continent where they might settle, establish homes and rights to land and citizenship.

The capacity of the human mind for rationalizing in self-interest is well known. The Katz letter provides a classic example of the long, detailed, tortuous explanation designed to 'prove', to the writer himself, and to everyone else, the

validity of what he is determined to believe anyway.

D.E. Mahood  
Saskatoon

## Domestic workers need protection

### Dear Last Post:

Three cheers for Edie Farkas' story on the exploitation of female domestics (*Last Post*, Vol. 6, No. 6).

This, by the way, is not something new. Back in the 1950s, when my family first came to Montreal, my mother was hired as a babysitter by a family living in the Town of Mount Royal.

"You'll have a few extra things to do besides taking care of my children," the wife of a chartered accountant told my mother. The extra things included scrubbing this wealthy family's floors, washing the dishes, vacuuming their many carpets, and cleaning the oven.

But there was a consolation prize! While doing all these tasks at 50 cents an hour, my mother heard the father of the house tell his eldest son, "Canada is the freest country in the world." Political philosophy while you work!

Canada will take a big step towards freedom when this mistreatment of women ends.

My mother went back to that house quite a few times and then never returned. I hope Quebec's new government will do something for these forgotten immigrant women. For unlike my mother they have no choice but to stay on at the lousy job of doing someone else's housework for a pittance.

David Jaffe  
Vancouver

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Mondale, Rockefeller, Stanfield sound off...

# The 'neighbourhood' act rolls on

by JOHN HALDANE

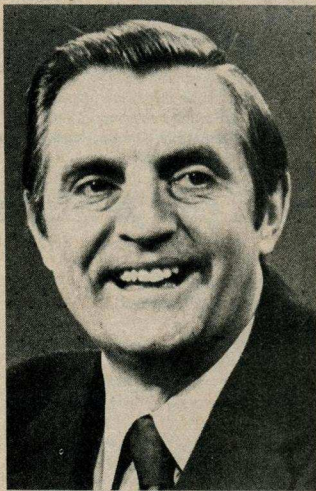
**OTTAWA** — With Canada weakened by high unemployment, industrial decline, Quebec nationalism and a 'power to the provinces' movement, pressure is increasing on the country to enter into a closer association with the United States. The term 'continentalism', having become politically taboo a few years back, is never actually used. But the substance is there.

Since this subject was dealt with at length in the January issue of *Last Post* there have been these developments:

• In mid-January, U.S. Vice-President Walter Mondale visited Ottawa and Edmonton to urge a future of togetherness. Mr. Mondale gushed about his "special love for this country," proclaimed there was "a new commitment to work together as equal partners to solve the problems which challenge a shared future on this continent," said that "old irritants and petty frictions have been replaced by the spirit of compromise and accommodation," and seemed to practically abolish the Canada-U.S. boundary as he talked of "the task of managing our neighbourhood together."

The vice-president had some ideas for the neighbourhood. Pointing to the St. Lawrence seaway, the International Joint Commission, joint defence of the continent and the Auto Pact, all of which he seemed to think had worked out as well for Canada as the States, he threw out some new ideas — reciprocal electricity arrangements, oil and gas swaps, the gas pipeline agreement, joint oil storage facilities and joint arrangements for the production and distribution of existing resources.

He pressed especially hard for freer trade: "That is the spirit which our nations must take to the latest round of Multilateral Trade Negotiations in Geneva. Canada and the U.S. are leaders in both the non-tariff and tariff-cutting sessions, and we should stand together in pursuit of freer trade throughout the



Vice-President Mondale: managing the neighbourhood

world. We can set the standard for that effort with serious bilateral discussions about our own trading relationship."

• Finance Minister Jean Chretien responded favourably to some of Mondale's suggestions, in particular to the idea of a gas swap. "This kind of arrangement, I think, makes a lot of sense," said Chretien. He went on to say that although he was opposed to a common market between Canada and the U.S., there were many fields where individual agreements could be reached.

He cited the case of the continental Auto Pact as an example of the kind of arrangement that could give the Canadian economy a boost. He did not mention that Canada has been getting the short end of the stick with the Auto Pact, especially in the field of parts manufacturing. It was interesting that Chretien raised the subject of a common market, since American public figures urging closer interdependence have not publicly



Former Tory chief Robert Stanfield: thinking about a common market



used that term; perhaps, though, it is being used in private discussions.

• Mondale had barely time to get back to his part of the "neighbourhood" before an even bigger gun arrived in Canada to urge many of the same things — David Rockefeller, head of the Chase Manhattan Bank. Addressing the Canadian Club in Toronto, Rockefeller reminded that when he had last spoken to the club, ten years before, he had had to warn against the bad consequences of growing Canadian nationalism, of a protectionist spirit and a negative attitude to foreign investment.

But now, he said, there was instead a relationship that was "closer, more comfortable and more mutually beneficial." A clear sign, he said, of the "renewed spirit of co-operation and trust" that now exists is the area of trade and investment. On many fronts, trade, energy, public and private sector co-operation "I see a renewed vitality in Canadian-American relations."

The nationalism of ten years ago to which Rockefeller referred was always a frail and timid plant. If even that has been abandoned, to Rockefeller's satisfaction and approval, it's no wonder he and others sense the way is clear for a new U.S. initiative in the direction of continentalism.

It was under Rockefeller's direction that the influential Trilateral Commission (see *Last Post*, April 1977) was set up. Vice-President Mondale was a member, as was President Jimmy Carter and many of the most senior officials of the Carter administration. One goal of the commission is to find new ways to encourage and to manage the interdependence of the industrialized world symbolized by multi-national corporations. It's not surprising both men should be urging Canada away from even the mildest nationalism. It's more surprising that Canadians are not more critically scrutinizing the U.S. offensive.

• A couple of weeks after Rockefeller's visit, a major Canadian voice joined the parade when Robert Stanfield, former Conservative Party

leader, delivered the Josiah Wood lecture at Mount Allison University in New Brunswick.

Expressing concern over the anti-American component in Canadian nationalism, Stanfield called for serious study of the possibility of a common market for the Western Hemisphere. Admitting that "economic union or rapprochement with the United States is an awesome undertaking for Canadians to consider," he felt that if much of the Western Hemisphere was included, American dominance of the union would be lessened. But even if only a Canada-U.S. deal were possible "should we not try to increase the scope of tariff-free trading between Canada and the United States, stopping short of

complete free trade and a complete common market, but extending the scope of our common market. . . ."

Stanfield worried that "a knee-jerk reaction of Canadian nationalism might prevent a frank discussion of our economic difficulties and of the solutions available to us," such as a common market with a number of countries or an almost-common market with just the U.S.

With the current decline of the nationalist movement in Canada, Stanfield's worry about a knee-jerk reaction seemed ironic. These days, the knee jerks all seem to be going the other way, as the federal government, beset by many problems and bereft of ideas, looks ready to clutch at just about any straw.

## Aid project down the drain?

by LEWIS SIMPSON  
in "Caribbean Contact"

**BELIZE CITY** — The Governments of Canada and Belize are commencing work on a project that may end up as another aid scandal. It is the Belize City sewer works program.

Canada, through the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), has approved a total of \$5.6 million (Canadian) for the project, with \$4 million of that being an interest-free loan.

The project was originally turned down by CIDA but it was approved shortly after Premier George Price paid a visit to his old friend, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau.

Sewage disposal constitutes a very serious health hazard in Belize City since it is only 18 inches above sea level and natural drainage is inadequate to flush the many canals and ditches of open water and sewage which criss-cross the city.

However, CIDA's engineers have called for a conventional gravity flow sewer system from six to eight feet deep which will almost certainly cost far more than \$5.6 million to install and will burden Belizean taxpayers with high maintenance costs for the life of the system.

The problem is mainly technical. Being only 18 inches above sea level, each sewer trench will have to be drained before the pipe can be laid. Dewatering

requires shoring and pumping and costs far more than ordinary dry condition trenching.

In addition, Belize City is built on a river estuary and the soils are primarily fine silt. This silt, when dewatered, often tends to settle considerably, thus creating the possibility of the collapse of at least some of the houses along the dewatered trenches if precautions are not taken or exact soil reactions are not known.

Since dewatering is so expensive, contractors will endeavour to reduce the depth of trenches as much as possible. Since specifications call for 6 to 8 foot depths only, the slope of the pipes will require frequent manholes which will either be full of raw sewage most of the time, or will have to be pumped out constantly or at least frequently. Such a system will require steady and costly maintenance.

CIDA staff cringe when you inquire about the project. One officer told this writer that if he were a contractor, he wouldn't touch the project with a barge pole.

There is a real possibility that the system will not be able to function properly or even at all due to the geological conditions and the probably stringent maintenance requirements.

Is this to be another case where huge sums of money are spent on a prestige aid project with the people forced to pay the real costs later? Or are these questions still to be effectively answered by the Governments of Belize and Canada?

### FRANKLY, WE'D EXPECTED BUTTER

... but these are not the questions being asked at Royal Military College in Kingston, where the cream of Canada's soldiery is churned out.

—Joanne Kates, *Toronto Globe & Mail*, Jan. 24, 1978



Can Dick Collver take the last NDP stronghold?

# Fortress Sask. hunkers down

by ANGUS RICKER

REGINA — "A week is a long time in politics," former Labour Prime Minister Harold Wilson once said in the early 1970s as he tacked and trimmed his way back to power despite continual low standings in the public opinion polls.

These days Premier Allan Blakeney of Saskatchewan would privately agree with his Socialist International colleague as his NDP government shows its collective white knuckles in its determined attempts to hang on as the last social democratic provincial government in Canada.

A small example tells a great deal. When the Dave Barrett government went under in B.C. on December 11, 1975 there was considerable levity on the floor of the Saskatchewan Legislature the next day as members settled up their side bets and then Liberal Opposition leader Dave Steuart asked tart questions about the impending arrival of "hordes of socialist planners."

Blakeney was giving far better than he was getting. First he rejoined that the triumph of Bill Bennett's Social Credit coalition only meant the demise of the B.C. Liberal Party, not the NDP. To underline the point, he had a page deliver across the floor three volumes of Social Credit theory by Major C.H. Douglas to inform the opposition "what their next election platform would look like."

As for the socialist planners, he was certain good and qualified people from B.C. would be considered and that both Ed Schreyer in Manitoba and Stephen Lewis in Ontario would be interested too.

Two years later, following an NDP setback in Ontario and then the defeat of the Schreyer government last October 11, there were no jokes and no jobs either for displaced Manitoba civil servants. The word went out quickly in Regina that there would be no hiring.

The Saskatchewan government has quickly come to realize that the shifts in public opinion that threw out the party in



Still the champ: Former B.C. Premier Dave Barrett salutes Sask. Premier Blakeney's success at an NDP convention

Manitoba are also present here. And while the Saskatchewan party is far bigger, better organized and more entrenched than the Manitoba NDP, there is deep concern about the next provincial election which will be held no later than June, 1979.

It is time now for a pre-election run-up that will emphasize no controversy or mistakes and a distinct trimming to a public mood of less taxation and less government.

Finance Minister Walter Smishek, a trade unionist who suffered many indignities from his brethren when Saskatchewan took part in federal wage controls, now gives speeches promising tax cuts just as the Tories did in Manitoba.

Attorney-General Roy Romanov, the nearest approximation of John Turner that the NDP has ever produced, takes a hard line on a number of social issues including abortion, legalization of mari-



juana and the defence of the RCMP.

Municipal Affairs Minister Gordon MacMurchy, one of the rural power-houses in the cabinet, has been going to bat for his friends (and enemies) in local government by pushing through a sophisticated revenue sharing scheme that will increase municipal funding by partly tying it to the province's high tax levels on resources.

It is money with a message but revenue sharing is the antithesis of what the "power-hungry socialist planner" of myth wants and besides that the idea of revenue sharing was latterly popularized by none other than Richard Nixon.

These are only a few straws in a big political wind. And it represents a significant task for a government that was elected on a comprehensive reformist platform of 140 promises in 1971 and re-elected in 1975 with 150 more.

This change in direction has not been prompted by the NDP's gut antagonists of 40 years, the Liberal Party. The Liberals are provincially in disarray with a soured relationship with their federal boss, the albatross Otto Lang. They have a new leader in Ted Malone who has taken a painfully long time to find his feet in the House and on the hustings.

The NDP has always been ready to slug it out ideologically with the right-wing Liberals but they have had difficulty catching hold of the revived provincial Conservative Party lead by its businessman cum crusader, Dick Collver.

Collver's successful selling of sweetness and light in several election campaigns makes him an odd kind of politician even by Saskatchewan standards.



**Tory leader Dick Collver: the fuzz and froth of a successful salesman**

He likes to come through the middle between the Liberals and the NDP and does so with the kind of fuzz and froth of a successful salesman, which he is.

Collver professes to be an accountant but is far from the sober suited, penny pinching variety employed by such firms as Price, Waterhouse where he once worked.

Instead, he put together a string of companies in partnership with the Baltzan brothers, three Saskatoon physicians who are now locked in a million dollar suit and countersuit with Collver over the ownership of the companies.

His business background paved Collver's way into politics, first through a free-spending campaign for the mayoralty of Saskatoon that backfired and resulted in a poor third place finish.

Undaunted, Collver took over the leadership of the moribund provincial Progressive Conservative Party and raised its share of the vote and seats from 2.1 and none in 1971 to 27.7 and seven in 1975.

Since then the party won two further byelections and gained two defectors from the fast-sinking Liberals to increase its standing to 11 seats, tied with the Grits.

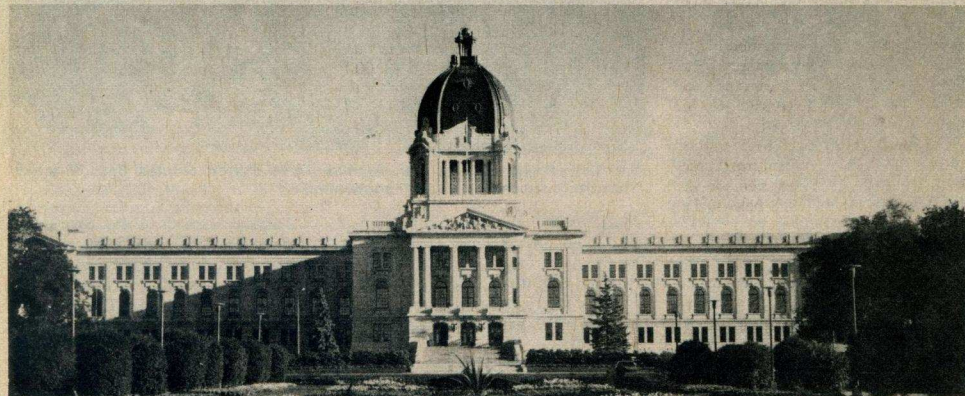
He didn't stop there. Recently three MLAs went on television to say that they were among five from both the NDP and Liberal caucuses who had received promises of cabinet positions and "other incentives" (money in five figures) from the Conservatives if they would defect.

The Liberals, Jack Wiebe and Sonny Anderson from conservative southwestern ridings, said they were both promised the same job, minister of agriculture. The New Democrat, David Lange, a bright and affluent backbencher, told later of a two hour pitch from Collver that included everything from the realization of Lange's personal goals to the happy-times-with-the-Tory-caucus set as they gather around the piano and sing along with Dick.

Collver promptly denied the accounts but bemused Collver watchers had another strange incident to account for in the rather short 30 months he has been in electoral politics. There have several others.

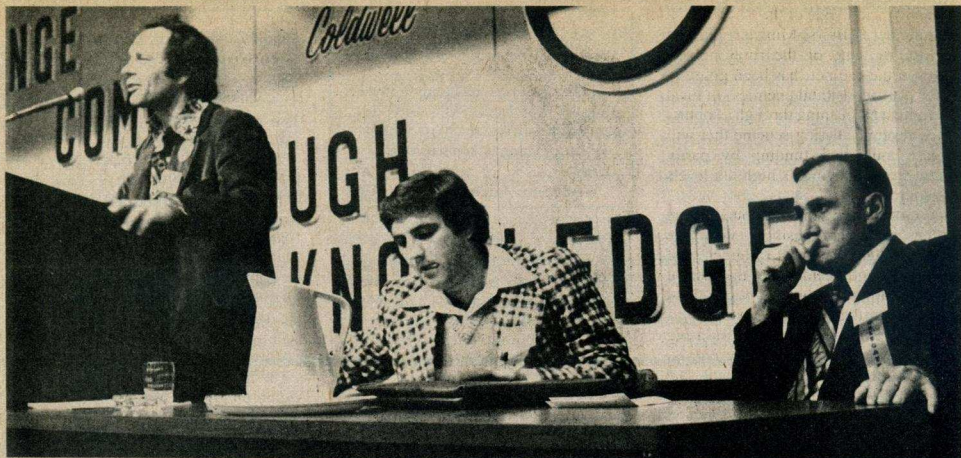
Consider:

- Three Conservative MLAs were suspended from the Fall Session of the Legislature for five days each for breach of privilege despite Collver's repeated



**The Saskatchewan legislative building**





Some NDP heirs apparent: Mineral Resources Minister Jack Messer, Attorney-General Roy Romanow and Municipal Affairs Minister Gordon MacMurchy

assertions that his party stands for better decorum in the House;

- Collover's own erratic performances in the House (from which he is frequently absent because of campaigning) including one occasion in 1976 where he stood silent for a minute before mumbling about his lack of performance;

- His sometimes bizarre remarks and jokes at public meetings including this riposte to a student heckler at the University of Saskatchewan: "Your ideas are as smelly as my shorts, and that is pretty smelly."

But overhanging any electoral verdict on Collover and the Conservatives will be the outcome of his law suit with the Baltzan brothers. The suits grew out of a 10-year partnership with the doctors that went on the rocks in September, 1976 when Collover sued for damages in an effort to lift legal caveats the brothers had filed on property Collover said was his own.

The brothers filed a \$1.5 million countersuit claiming on oral trust agreement meant that 75 per cent of the properties Collover claimed belonged to them.

The complex trial surrounding the ownership claims has proved long and difficult with considerable ill-feeling amongst the parties. At one point the brothers' counsel, the well-known Regina lawyer Morris Shumiatcher, had to request the court to order Collover to return from Europe to testify in the private examination for discovery.

Because Dr. Shumiatcher launched

two side actions for the brothers to prevent Collover from dealing in his properties while the suit was outstanding, chunks of 24 volumes of testimony became public knowledge.

Included were hotly disputed items such as a numbered Swiss bank account which Collover said contained \$8,000 for his daughter's French lessons and which Dr. Shumiatcher rejoined by stating "there is only one reason and that is for secrecy."

Also Dr. Shumiatcher contended Collover and his wife were siphoning off the assets of the parent company, Management Associates, and that they had received dividends of \$160,000 in January, 1976 and a further \$165,000 in September, 1977.

The defence pointed to evidence that showed \$80,000 of the first \$160,000 was repaid following discussions with income tax officials and that the second \$165,000 was cancelled by cheques issued to Management Associates by Collover to repay shareholders' loans. (Shumiatcher called this "an attempt to put cookies back into the cookie jar.")

As the controversy around Collover's financial dealings has grown, so have the political repercussions.

First, the NDP handed out xeroxed press clippings of the Baltzans' counterclaim in two by-elections in Prince Albert and Saskatoon last March and Collover said it did him no harm as the Conservatives took two Liberal seats handily.

But since then testimony has become far more explicit and there have been

rumbblings in the Tory party that Collover will resign or be forced out by some of the high-powered candidates he has been recruiting for the next election.

There was a newspaper leak from a party executive meeting in December that Collover had offered to resign, but he quickly denied it. There has also been considerable speculation as to why an out of court settlement has not been reached, particularly since Collover's lawyers have stated he can afford it.

With court costs running at an estimated \$2,000 a day, the honour and reputation of the two parties is proving costly but some NDP sources believe big money will settle it before a judgment is given.

At the NDP convention in November, Blakeney spoke of the "the money-brokers, the speculators, the large corporations, the financiers, insurance houses, the resource multinationals" that were out to get the NDP through "a new mouthpiece, the Saskatchewan Conservative Party, the best party money can buy."

There was more than campaign rhetoric in the statement: Saskatchewan is now being intensively studied by polling companies working for political parties, oil companies, mining companies and the potash companies.

All the resource companies have a vested interest in getting rid of the NDP and its policies of higher resource taxation, voluntary and forced joint mining ventures and a high degree of outright public ownership.



A number of court actions have been launched against this resources policy and the most spectacularly successful result was the Canadian Supreme Court judgment in favour of Canadian Industrial Gas and Oil (CIGOL, now part of Norcen Energy Resources) in November which put some \$450 million in provincial oil revenues at risk.

Similar challenges are pending in several potash company suits that were launched before the government decided to take over 50 per cent of the industry in November of 1975. The government has countered with retroactive legislation to protect its revenues and control and has

#### SHATTERED TRANQUILITY DEPT.

The most serious incident investigated by Rockcliffe OPP last month was when the high commissioner of Bangladesh was bitten by a dog.

—Ottawa Journal, Jan. 8, 1978

hinted at a snap election on the issue.

The government has been quick to turn these court challenges into an East versus West issue with both the large multinational companies and the courts being part of the eastern establishment.

The challenges also strengthen

Blakeney's position with the other provinces in their continuing duel with Ottawa for an effective control over resources. But how the government will fare in the next provincial election with this issue is another matter.

The NDP needs a strong issue to win, something Schreyer lacked in his bid for a third term in Manitoba. Then it will take a considerable amount of skill and luck for the NDP to hold on, even in fortress Saskatchewan.

The NDP is fervently hoping to get some help from the courts at some stage. Judging by the record to date, they are past due.

## Sold as 'civilian', but used as military...

# Now it's 'civilian' arms sales

by ERNIE REGEHR

OTTAWA — Canadian-built aircraft engines are being sold to military forces of some of the world's most repressive regimes. Chile, Brazil and Iran are among at least 24 non-Nato countries that are now receiving or have received since 1973 engines manufactured by Pratt and Whitney Aircraft of Canada Ltd. (P&WC) of Longueuil, Quebec through indirect sales which the Canadian government makes no effort to control.

In the case of Chile, despite an external affairs department embargo on military sales there, P&WC turbo-prop engines of the PT6A series are supplied to the Brazilian aircraft industry and in turn are sold to the Chilean military. At least three Brazilian EMB-110 Bandeirante light transport aircraft, powered by P&WC PT6A-27 engines, have been delivered to the Chilean navy and others are on order.

A more recent version of the EMB-110, a shore-based sea-patrol aircraft designated the EMB-111, is powered by PT6A-34 engines from Canada and features a large nose radom which houses a U.S.-made search radar unit. According to the Washington-based Institute for Policy Studies at least three EMB-111s have also been delivered to the Chilean Navy.

Officials of the Canadian department of industry, trade and commerce responsible for the administration of the Export and Import Permits Act say that the Canadian policy is to ensure that Canadian products with a military application do not reach the more notorious military dictatorships. The external affairs department says specifically that Chile is out of bounds for military sales, but in the case of the PT6A engines no export permit is required and the sales are not prohibited.

The Export and Import Permits Act requires export permits for all military commodities, but these particular engines are classified as civilian and the department of industry, trade and commerce considers the EMB-110 series and the EMB-111 aircraft to be non-military despite the fact that the majority of the planes produced to date are used by military forces.

The Chilean sales represent only a small fraction of the P&WC engines that have been shipped to Brazil since production began in 1973 at the state-controlled Empresa Brasileira De Aeronautica (EMBRAER). By March 1976, 135 Bandeirantes had been sold — 88 to the Brazilian Air Force, five to the Uruguayan Air Force and the three to the Chilean Navy. An unknown number had been ordered by Bolivia for delivery later in 1976 and at least six more had been

ordered by Chile.

Brazil has become a major customer for Canadian-built aircraft engines and parts, second only to the United States during the first 10 months of 1977. Sales have risen from \$1,071,000 in 1972, when the EMB-110s were being developed, to more than \$11 million in 1976 and more than \$9 million during the first 10 months of 1977. The department of external affairs, which along with the department of national defence has the power to veto any export permit granted by the department of industry, trade and commerce, says the current policy is not opposed to the sale of military commodities to Brazil.

Another important route by which P&WC engines go to military dictatorships is the Israeli Aircraft Industries Ltd. (IAI). The IAI Arava (the civil transport version has the additional designation of 101 and the military version is designated 201) uses the PT6A-34 engine and is a light STOL transport aircraft with roughfield landing capabilities. The IAI-201 Arava carries 17 fully-equipped troops or paratroops plus two dispatchers. Possible armaments include a .5 inch Browning machine-gun pack on each side of the fuselage, above a pylon for a pod containing seven 68 mm rockets, plus provision for an aft-firing machine-gun.

The Arava saw its first military action



when the Israeli Air Force enlisted three during the 1973 "Yom Kippur" war and by early 1976, 50 had been sold, including an unknown number to the Guatemalan Air Force, the Bolivian Air Force, the Ecuadorean Army, the Honduran Air Force, the Mexican Air Force, the Nicaraguan Air Force and the Air Force of El Salvador. Many more were on order.

Israel too has become a significant importer of the P&WC engines. While 1973 sales were less than \$1 million, 1976 sales were \$5,782,000 and reached \$4,166,000 in the first 10 months of 1977.

A prominent feature of these and the Brazilian aircraft is that in their military roles they are more appropriate for counter-insurgency than national defence. The recipient countries are among those most frequently cited by Amnesty International and the UN Commission on Human Rights for human rights violations. Accordingly, their military needs tend to be more along the lines of internal population control, to deter, for example, popular uprisings. The short take-off and landing capabilities, the rough-field landing capabilities and the types of weapons mounted on them are all features that lend themselves to counter-insurgency roles rather than defence against foreign powers.

Another aircraft that fits specifically into the counter-insurgency, or repression role is the Bell Helicopter Model 209 Huey Cobra. Known in its military capacity as the AH-1J Sea Cobra, it is

powered by the P&WC T400-CP-400 engine. Iran purchased 202 of the AH-1J, for delivery during 1974 to 1977, and in 1976 began producing them in Iran under license from Bell. Israel has ordered an unknown number of the U.S.-built AH-1J and this year deliveries begin on an order of 440 AH-1J Sea Cobras to Saudi Arabia.

The Bell Model 212 Helicopter is powered by the P&WC PT6T-3 Turbo Twin Pac (two engines mounted side-by-side and driving into a combining gearbox to provide a single output drive) and now sees service in Iran, Peru, Bangladesh, Morocco, Oman, Uganda (a single helicopter ordered from the U.S. in 1975 and delivered in 1976), Venezuela, Jamaica, Panama, Malaysia, Lebanon and Brunei.

Canadian-manufactured and designed P&WC engines now fly in over 40 aircraft types and with military forces throughout the Third World, including the following examples:

- The U.S. Beechcraft Turbo Mentor (T-34C) is a trainer aircraft powered by the PT6A-25 and has been supplied in large numbers to the American Navy as well as to the Morocco Air Force and to Ecuador. Delivery of 14 T-34Cs to Ecuador begins this year.

- The Beechcraft King Air 100 is powered by the PT6A-28 engine and has been supplied since 1975 to Chile, Jamaica, Saudi Arabia, Indonesia and Thailand.

- The Beechcraft Super King Air 200 is used by the U.S. military forces and in

1975 two were sold to the Argentine Navy. The aircraft is powered by the PT6A-41 engine.

- The Swiss-made Pilatus PC-6 Turbo-Porter is powered by the PT6A-27 engine and since 1975 two have been sold to Angola, two to Chad, two to Oman, five to Thailand and six to Peru. Though the aircraft is considered to be civilian and the Canadian engines that power it are classified as civilian, its capabilities make it useful as a counter-insurgency military or police aircraft. It is described as a single-engined, multi-purpose utility aircraft with STOL characteristics permitting operation from unprepared strips and harsh environmental and terrain conditions. Its missions include passenger service, supply dropping, ambulance, aerial survey, photography, parachuting, crop spraying and water bombing.

Pratt and Whitney Aircraft of Canada Ltd., formerly United Aircraft, began design and production of aircraft in 1957 and currently earns about \$200 million annually in export sales. It is 90 per cent owned by United Technologies Corporation of the U.S., with 95 per cent of production being for export. About 18 per cent of sales are said to be related to military requirements, but, given the restricted definition of military application, that figure must be considered conservative.

In the nine years from fiscal year 1968/69 to 1976/77 the company was the second highest recipient of Canadian government grants under the Defence



A Brazilian EMB-110 Bandeirante similar to the ones sold to the Chilean military



### NUNNO, THE ONE ON THE FAR LEFT IS THE TUNING FORK

On Friday and Saturday nights, as you finish your dessert, a trio is playing soft jazz. They play for Sunday brunch too; musical omelettes and syncopated hollandaise sauce dancing to the rhythm of perfectly poached eggs.

—Joanne Kates, *Toronto Globe & Mail*, Dec. 21, 1977

Industry Productivity Program (DIPP), a federal industrial incentives program designed to "develop and sustain the technological capability of Canadian defence industry for the purpose of defence export sales or civil export sales arising from that capability". P&WC received \$80,240,000 in the nine years; just under 20 per cent of all DIPP payments to

Canadian industry during that period.

The company, with the complicity of the federal government, is obviously deeply involved in enhancing the repressive capabilities of various military regimes, but the company's sales also violate the government's declared policy of refusing to sell military commodities to areas of conflict. Besides the sales to

the Middle East — notably Israel and Saudi Arabia — there is a clear pattern, even preference, of sales to countries experiencing intense internal conflicts, as this list of known recipient countries shows:

Angola	Guatemala
Bangladesh	Honduras
Bolivia	Indonesia
Brazil	Iran
Chad	Israel
Chile	Jamaica
Ecuador	Mexico
El Salvador	Morocco
Nicaragua	Thailand
Oman	Uganda
Peru	Uruguay
Saudi Arabia	Venezuela

## Dave Barrett sure doesn't like the press

# Barrett hits 'jellyfish journalism'

by PETER McNELLY

VICTORIA — There he was, up on the platform, attacking the press, with the partisan crowd loving every arm waving minute.

Opposition leader Dave Barrett was at it again, this time lashing out at "jellyfish journalism." His target? The notorious *Vancouver Sun*.

It seemed that the former premier was having a problem getting *Sun* publisher

statesman. Barrett, apparently, is not.

Insult and injury! Why, one hundred years ago words like that would have led to a duel, or at least a slap across the face with white gloves.

Barrett had a point. Calling Wacky Bennett a statesman is about the same thing as passing off a Mississippi riverboat gambler as an Anglican bishop. And the NDP leader hammered his point home in typical hyperbolic style:

"We have jellyfish journalism on the

He loves to call them the "Vancouver Fun and the Vancouver Pravda." Most reporters here are so used to hearing these things that they don't bother to report them, but jellyfish journalism made news.

Two days later, Liberal leader Gordon Gibson picked up the ball in a speech before his supporters in Oak Bay:

"I noticed the leader of the opposition's speech a few nights ago when he discovered jellyfish journalism. Now, everybody in and around the parliament buildings knows that we usually refer to the House as a zoo, but the leader of the opposition has done something new. He's managed to turn it into an aquarium. Well, if that's the case, I say that what we have in this province is an octopus opposition.

"The NDP grabs any issue, chews it up, spits it out, then confuses the whole thing with a cloud of ink."

If this continues any longer, political writers on the coast are going to have to swap their Roberts Rules of Order for Zoology texts. One wonders. Have these people, particularly Mr. Barrett, taken leave of their senses? Is this all we get, a quilt of cute phrases and quixotic runs at the latest insulting windmill?

It is becoming apparent that Barrett

## The Vancouver Sun

Stuart Keate to reprint the text of his submission to a Royal Commission investigating the financial woes of the provincially-owned B.C. Railway.

The *Sun* had found space to reprint a similar submission by another former premier, W.A.C. Bennett, and Barrett wanted equal treatment.

The NDP leader told the audience he had talked things over with Keate and had been told that the elder Bennett's brief had been printed because W.A.C. was not only a former premier but also a

editorial pages of the daily newspapers of this province. The *Vancouver Sun* hasn't got the guts to be fair on its news pages and is, in effect, censoring the news.

"Let them do what they want. I say the media is biased in what it prints in British Columbia. Let Stuart Keate answer these charges publicly."

Barrett has been attacking Pacific Press — the company which publishes both the afternoon *Sun* and the morning *Province* whose combined circulation approaches 400,000 — for years.





**B.C. NDP leader Dave Barrett: on the warpath against an unfair press**

has an obsession about the print media that borders on irrationality. He will, of course, deny this, citing detail after detail of biased reporting, twisted headline writing and little malicious subtleties such as the tendency of the Vancouver papers to capitalize the word "socialist" in editorials.

One particularly brazen *Province* editorial comes to mind, a piece in which the NDP was described as having "seized power" in 1972. Over the years, the lines between the press and the NDP have been hardening, and if the NDP doesn't watch itself, it runs a real danger of fighting the wrong opponent at election time.

The left always will be suspicious about a capitalist press, a big business press, an industry which has a return on invested capital in Canada second only to the oil industry. It is not too difficult to show that newspapering in Canada, like banking, has come under the proprietary control of a handful of institutions.

Of Canada's 114 dailies, 77 per cent are owned by four companies: FP Publications Ltd., Southam Press Ltd., Thomson Newspapers Ltd. and K.C. Irving Ltd.

In Vancouver, the *Sun* and *Province* are controlled by FP and Southam respectively. On the board of directors of

Pacific Press are corporate luminaries such as Gerald Hobbs, president of Cominco Ltd., a little mining company owned by the CPR.

The chairman is one J. Norman Hyland, president of Granduc Mines and a director of the province's largest forest industry Macmillan Bloedel Ltd. not to mention other directorships for North American Life Assurance and Woodwards Stores.

Southam's numbers among its directors one Adam Zimmerman, an executive vice president of Noranda Mines, the company which has not been unfriendly to the Pinochet dictatorship in Chile.

And so it goes. There's no secret about it, one need only consult the *Financial Post Directory of Directors* to flesh out the list.

But after one establishes in detail what everybody knows about the newspaper business as a business, and after one outlines the crude editorial distortions that any competent graduate student could find for a master's thesis, and after one waves one's arms and titillates the blood lust of the already converted, what then?

The problem is particularly galling for socialist politicians, because there isn't much they can do about it. Once in office, a government can use its power to buy out, expropriate or regulate industries to suit its perception of how the public good is to be achieved.

But it is unthinkable in our society for a government to take over a major newspaper. The outcry would be immense, and what journalist would risk his career working for such a paper?

So, the question NDP supporters might well be asking here is why all the shouting?

Is there a serious alternative that readers can turn to? No. Does the NDP possess the political will to establish a mass audience alternative? No. Does it possess the technical knowhow to do so? No. Are the sources of left wing money in British Columbia interested in risking some of it to establish a commercial alternative? No.

Then why, one wonders, doesn't the leader of the opposition simply drop the subject and get on with the job of defeating the government?

The answer is embedded somewhere in Barrett heart and soul where the accumulated frustrations of his party and his career have merged into a tight kernel of anger and cynicism.

But it is not that simple. Nothing about Dave Barrett is simple. At one level, the



reality he describes is appalling. At its worst, the B.C. press is biased; and when chips are down, it has functioned as a de facto propaganda machine for the business ideology that fuels the accounts receivable columns in the advertising departments.

And yet, there is a natural two fisted rhythm to B.C. journalism, a writing style perfectly matched to the frontier spirit of the province, a spirit more truly western than all the boardroom stetsons

in Calgary.

Most British Columbians don't mince words. In that sense, Barrett's attacks on the press are true to a form that is intuitively familiar here.

But he's playing a difficult and dangerous game. His persistence is slowly turning off journalists who might otherwise be inclined to give him and his party a fair break, to fight for that reaction quote in a hard news story, to dig into that feature that would have to

involve the opposition's point of view, or simply to pay more attention to the routine flood of news releases that come from the opposition's research staff.

One doesn't look for virgins in a whorehouse. The clever politician will accept reality. Most people do not expect former and possibly future premiers to spend so much of their time bleeding in public.

## Bell's telecommunications empire keeps expanding

# Bell Canada tolls for thee

by KEN RUBIN

OTTAWA — Consider:

- When Prime Minister Trudeau and CLC President Joe Morris sat down for

those tripartite discussions, it was Bell Canada that headed the management effort at dealing a new order for Canadians.

- When the new government in Que-

bec targets on its corporate bad boys like Sun Life, it continues to exempt one corporation — Bell Canada — even adding new territory to Bell's telephone network.

- When Ontario Premier Bill Davis was scolded about Canadian economic practices by Japanese conglomerate leaders on his recent visit there, it was Bell Canada that was the first to agree that Canada needs tough and large multi-national corporations.

- When the federal cabinet, as the largest shareholder in Telesat, overrules the CRTC's objections to the Telesat-Trans Canada Telephone System merger, it is Bell Canada, as the next largest shareholder in Telesat, that comes out the winner.

- When Bell admits to cutting back telephone services deliberately in 1976 to get its now nearly annual rate increase, it gets away with it, and keeps up its record as the most frequent and well-rewarded rate increase winner in Canada.

- When Microsystems, one of Bell's more than 70 subsidiaries, falls apart leaving nearly \$50 million in government grants and loans unpaid, the government goes further out of its way to endorse Bell as the future beneficiary in computer and data transmission, allowing Northern Telecom to continue to buy up or establish computer related companies.

- With over \$719 million in 1976 in deferred taxes, top executives on average earning \$102,000, over 22,000 free phones for employees, and its own jet service, Bell Canada, with 93 per cent of



Bell Canada President James Thackray: asking for more



its operation non-competitive, likes to make a lot of noise about overtaxation, over-regulation and beats the drums for free enterprise, big business style.

With the position of being the number one Canadian corporation in assets, number five in sales (over \$3.2 billion in 1976, with a near \$290 profit) and the dominant position in the Canadian telecommunications industry, Bell encourages politicians and Canadian generally to think that it is a good corporate citizen, dedicated to telephone service, owned by many Canadian shareholders, and bent on technological improvements and higher productivity.

Canadian government officials are attracted by the home-grown image, the power wielded and high technology success stories of the Bell system. Madame Sauve, the minister of communications and a supporter of Canadian-based communications industries, likes to talk of the system dominated by Bell as "the nervous system of an entire economic order." The government, in its desire for a high-powered telecommunications system complete with satellites, advanced digital transmission centres and instant data transactions, views Bell as the most appropriate central force.

That fairly widespread image of Bell Canada is not borne out by the facts. Bell's telephone rates have for years not been the lowest in Canada (the publicly owned Prairie phone systems are). In rural and northern areas, and in some urban low-income areas, Bell has one of the worst records of service. Its customer practices are no longer acceptable in many business circles. Its labour relations have long been poor. Its community relations are self-interested and its political lobbying excessive. Its financial accounting is weak, its management privileged and fairly unaccountable and its continental spirit unsurpassed.

Its aggressive marketing program, overselling required services whenever possible, is reminiscent of the tactics of vacuum cleaner and encyclopedia sales personnel. Even telephone installers are instructed to use lines like "I'm going outside to establish your service. While I'm working outside I would like you to see a Contempora."

A former Bell president says, "Bell thought women would want a smaller, more delicate telephone for the bedroom, so we marketed the Princess telephone." Still another former Bell president boasted to a Senate committee over a year ago, "In a year or so, we are coming



**Pay phones for Bell roll off a Northern Telecom assembly line**

out with the latest, slickest, hottest, newest electronic telephone."

Buying one's own equipment instead of renting will only apply, if at all, to extra equipment for the better off. Woe to those trying to fight inflation by free telephone services — Bell has recently obtained an amendment to the Criminal Code making a five-year sentence and fines possible for such fraudulent, antisocial behaviour.

Its credit practices, listing subscribers from Class A to M, is the basis of arbitrarily deciding which subscribers get disconnected. Its wiretap policy is that surveillance responsibility lies only with the RCMP and that it never cooperates in illegal situations. Subscribers are not given strong contractual guarantees, or opting out "cooling off" periods if extra service is found unnecessary or automatic rebates for problem telephone services.

Bell Canada's interest in telecommunications services is mainly profit-oriented and this means not enough emphasis on basic telephone service. Targets include long distance revenue expansion, extra and fancier

phones and, above all, exotic telecommunications services for large corporate customers.

The future costly home computer hookup system, to be available only on a lease basis, will be for wealthier Canadians and will make basic telephone service harder to get. The use of new communications satellite technology will also not be primarily used for the benefit of residential telephone subscribers, or result in lower rates. Rather the result will be the development of more expensive equipment for government and off-shore telecommunications networks. Canadian taxpayers and Bell subscribers are helping finance a Bell-dominated non-voice telecommunications data and communications satellite system with limited benefit in return and no effective government regulation of this trend.

The not-so-funny part of this is that as Bell moves further away from basic telephone service, it demands more rate increases, like its 1978 request for a 20 per cent raise. Many of the recent increases are not in the few areas of competitive telecommunications service.



Many of the new services are not subject to effective regulation as Bell performs cross-subsidization manoeuvres in such marketing developments with its subsidiaries.

A case in point is the way Bell buys services from Northern Telecom, overpaying for the gadgetry and inflating its rate base. Northern Telecom in 1976 had sales of over one billion dollars and a profit of over \$77 million. The same firm is currently on a spending spree buying up American data processing firms, teaming up with Bell to avoid divestiture efforts while continuing to lay off thousands of its Canadian workers.

When opportunities to siphon off profitable areas through subsidiaries like Tele-Direct arise, thus avoiding regulation, Bell is equal to this and other forms of financial juggling from stock "watering" to unusually favourable (to itself) debt-equity ratios.

Bell's PR about the many Canadian shareholders who benefit fails to point out the real winners — larger shareholders from Power Corporation to Eaton Commonwealth Investment Fund and on American money markets and sales markets. Not much thought is given by Canadian officials to whether Bell's publicized technology achievements are a necessity, durable, detrimental to its labour force or excessively costly.

Bell says that it is heavily regulated, even harassed, and has to spend some \$15 million a year because of government controls. Actually, with a wide array of lobbying techniques from political advertising to continual meetings with politicians, that amount is quite an underestimate. It is true that there are several points of government involvement — set up with Bell's help or wishes in mind — but they are peripheral to strong regulation of the monopoly.

The federal cabinet has long been friendly to Bell. Its proposed telecommunications legislation, support for the Telesat-TCTS merger and policy on common carrier data transmission are some of the current presents to Bell as the company nears its 100th anniversary. Madame Sauve, when questioned about a \$4 million subsidy to Bell for northern service, puts the opposite interpretation on her ministry and government's treatment of Bell: The subsidy is "rather a gift to the people than to the company."

It is perturbing that recent telecommunications policy proposals are announced first by Bell, and that public interest group appeals to cabinet about Bell have to date not even been given the



Communications Minister Sauve sees Bell as "the nerve centre of an entire economic order"

usual courteous letter turning them down before cabinet decisions are made.

There has been little real change from the Canadian Transport Commission (CTC) to the CRTC in the area of rate regulation, normally the accepted focal point of "government controls". The CRTC continues to be secretive and supportive of corporate concentration. Its saving grace is a progressive, liberal stubbornness in not accepting, as the CTC used to do, the more ludicrous Bell proposals like an automatic rate increase formula and a system of 10 cent — 20 cent pay phones. Complete with a move to the same building with Bell lobbyists, the CRTC's next few years, even under proposed federal legislation, can only enhance the current system of weak regulation.

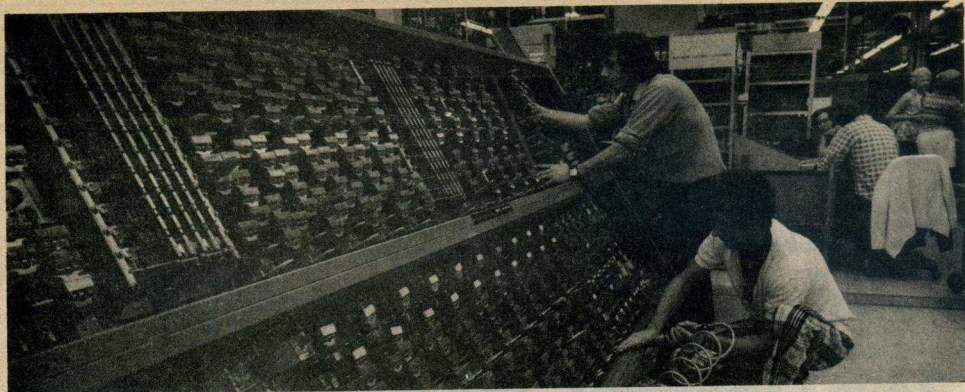
One of Bell's chief lobbyists spoke highly to a Commons committee of the

telecommunications part of the CRTC: "It just happens that the staff of the CRTC has been successful in recruiting quite a number of former Bell employees who, indeed, do have some of this expert knowledge which they are bringing to the staff of the CRTC."

No doubt the CRTC will liberalize peripheral matters such as interconnection competition for Bell, but if their economic philosophy leads them again to an action like rejecting the Telesat-TCTS merger, the federal cabinet will again step in to set them right.

Another development that Bell can accommodate is growing provincial power. Provincial power has in the past been the only check on the cosy federal-Bell relationship. The outcome of the current cat-and-mouse game that federal and provincial authorities are playing over communications will have





Workers assemble a telephone switching system

little effect on government catering to telecommunications industry interests. Even Quebec regulation of Bell would not change Bell's domination of telecommunications policy in Canada.

Two temporary bright spots that Bell calls a "deterioration of the legislative process" are the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission hearings into the Bell-Northern relationship, and the NDP-Social Credit opposition to the immense new powers sought by Bell through a private bill before parliament.

The investigation of anti-competition charges in the Bell-Northern relationship has dragged on since 1966. The consumer and corporate affairs department finally released a report critical of Bell's restrictive trade practices which Bell calls "harassment". However, the department indicated early in the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission hearings that divestiture of Northern from Bell may not now be necessary (In the U.S., several attempts at breaking up A.T.&T. have been largely unsuccessful.

Some of the interconnecting companies and potential competitors have been complaining of unfair or impossible competition conditions. They are not giving up as they see some limited liberalization of Bell's domination of certain fields eventually taking place. While a decision by the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission and government action on its recommendations is a while away, Bell is already being accused of putting pressure on some of the witnesses at the public hearings.

The 13th amendment to the Bell Canada Act of 1880 is meant to increase greatly Bell's powers and to decrease an

already weak system of regulation. Among its more brazen proposals is the right to acquire companies like an ordinary corporation and the right to amend its own legislation in the future through what is called a negative resolution procedure. This means that the only check in future on Bell's amendments to the Act would be if some sharp-eyed parliamentarian spotted it and fought for parliamentary introduction of a negative resolution within 30 days of the amendment.

Bell's hopes for quick parliamentary passage were met in the Senate where the private bill was introduced, but the NDP organized a filibuster in the Commons which is still running its course. Bell is being fairly patient and has tried lobbying the NDP and others, as well as issuing its usual warning that increased telephone service costs will result if the legislation is not passed.

One other front that will likely prove a challenge to Bell is an awakening labour force. In the past Bell has been a paternalistic employer but, with the advent of unions that are more than company unions, changes are expected. Bell is already trying to alter this by tying job ceiling cutbacks to rate increases and by using other tactics.

Public participation by various con-

sumer, native and handicapped groups has conveyed to the public the unresponsive and unaccountable nature of Bell. However, official Ottawa remains unmoved, attempting to co-opt public participation, and Bell's response is to ignore placing the highest priority on residential telephone services and to continue to raise rates.

No serious consideration is being given to nationalizing Bell Canada. Labour leaders endorsing the idea have done only that, and little to promote workers' control, consumer interests or a detailed nationalization plan. Quebec has backed away from making such an attempt part of its independence program. Prairie province telephone systems have not been as active as they could in opposing federal telecommunications policies and Bell's dominance of the field.

Any further government involvement with Bell will likely come on Bell's terms as Bell ventures further into the high technology field and into international trade, and downplays its less profitable telephone operation.

Bell's recent entry into the big league internationally — most notably in its recent contract, first for half a billion and then for a billion, with Saudi Arabia — will likely lead to closer government-corporate ties where Canadian foreign

#### FIRST THE GOOD NEWS

Canada and its culture will be the centre of attraction at the fourth biennial film festival held by the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Texas's Health Science Centre in San Antonio.

—Ottawa Journal, Oct. 3, 1977



policy is basically supportive of a Canadian presence in international cartel-like arrangements. In such a world order, future consideration of options to Bell's wired network will be further removed from public determination.

The power of Bell is deeply ingrained and no government wishes to tackle Bell's grasp of one of our scarce resources. The downfall of this private utility is unlikely if Bell maintains its

strong ties to the financial community, learns the proper formulas for world dealings and does not allow any effective challenge to develop from government, labour or consumer interests.

The last frontal attack on Bell Canada was in a 1905 federal parliamentary inquiry. And that effort fizzled as a result of key committee members selling out and insufficient advancement of plans for an alternate telephone system.

FitzRandolph as members of a "highly skilled and well respected craft, who took pride in running the linotypes and in the way the paper looked," whose jobs became obsolete.

With the old process, edited copy was sent to production staff to be typeset, literally put into a "line o' type." In computer typesetting, copy can be punched into a video display terminal (VDT) by reporters, edited on the same terminal, and set in type by giving the computer the appropriate command.

Ottawa was then one of the few remaining Canadian cities with three competing dailies. In the English language market, the *Ottawa Citizen*, owned by Southam Press, already had a slight edge in circulation over the *Journal*, owned by F.P. Publications, when the *Citizen* moved to a new building and installed computer typesetting, in the early 1970s.

When the *Journal* moved a couple of years earlier, McCarthy said, its new plant operated with linotype, with the potential to convert to cold type.

"The *Citizen* was very successful," said McCarthy, a *Citizen* reporter, "and the *Journal* had to face the fact that their cautious approach had been wrong. The *Citizen* started to gain even more in circulation and the *Journal* had to move fast to install the VDT."

Computer typesetting was brought in during 1974 contract negotiations. The OTU was given jurisdiction over the process and guaranteed job security for the life of the contract, but the union was looking for long-term security in the form of severance and retaining.

"For unions," McCarthy said, "the issue is the right to convert a system, even for the survival of the company, without acknowledging any responsibility to employees."

"When the *Journal* moved they threw out some of their old linotypes and wrote them off... they never proposed to write off severance or retraining as part of the cost of conversion."

Two days before the lockout, the *Journal* offered job security, with no guarantee there'd be work to do. Last Oct. 28, a year and four days after the offer, McCarthy said that looking back he'd accept it, but at the time the union wanted retraining or severance for 84 employees who'd have nothing to do under the new system.

FitzRandolph saw it differently. Not only would lack of a saleable skill make it difficult for typographers to negotiate their next contract from a position of

## Fighting decertification

# The 'Journal' strike

by MITCHELL BEER

OTTAWA — As the lockout at the *Ottawa Journal* moved into its sixteenth month, the Ottawa Newspaper Guild (ONG) local in the *Journal's* circulation and advertising departments faced a decertification hearing.

No word on the hearings was in as Last Post went to Press, but Guild President Katie FitzRandolph said the local had "buckled under to blackmail" accepting management's last offer, "which in essence is a rape of our previous agreement."

FitzRandolph said the Guild accepted the offer "because our lawyers felt it may give us a tiny edge at the decertification hearings. The only hope at the hearings is to agree to sign a wretched contract that violates every union principle there is."

Last September, three smaller *Journal* unions signed contracts and returned to work, leaving only the Guild supporting locked-out members of the Ottawa Typographical Union (OTU). Now the Guild has agreed to cross the picket line, FitzRandolph said, and "whether the company lets us do it or not, we've given up our principles under threat of losing the whole bargaining unit, which we may still do."

On Jan. 30, the Guild filed an unfair bargaining charge at the Ontario Labour Relations Board, charging the company with failing to sign its own agreement. Although the offer is essentially a management proposition, FitzRandolph said, *Journal* Publisher Lou Lalonde

hadn't indicated whether he'd agree to sign.

The Guild hand-delivered a letter Jan. 24 telling Lalonde it would accept the offer, and followed it with a telegram Jan. 27. FitzRandolph said she'd expected Lalonde to refuse to sign, but suggested he was now stalling pending the outcome of the Jan. 31 hearing. A signed contract would count in the Guild's favour, she said, and a refusal on the company's part to sign its own offer would indicate bad-faith bargaining.

The move for decertification came from strikebreakers hired since the lockout began, Oct. 26, 1976, who now outnumber original Guild members, so "after we tried to handle the dispute with dignity, going the legal route... scabs have not only taken our jobs, but our right to join together and bargain collectively as well."

OTU President Dick Weatherdon said the typographers understand the Guild's position and don't see acceptance of the contract as selling them out.

"The Guild has supported our problem for 15 months and we realize it must now do what appears to be in the best interests of its members," Weatherdon told reporters Jan. 23.

Jim McCarthy, past Guild president, said the lockout resulted from the *Journal's* move to switch its production process from the old "hot type" to a computer typesetting, or "cold type" system.

The new process improves the appearance of a paper, while requiring less staff. It's the typographers, described by



strength, but "to say you'll pay people to sit around and play cards for a year, that isn't the kind of thing proud people accept.

"You can't ask people to accept something like that, when they've been fully part of the production process, to ask them to take a back seat and wait it out."

Retraining would have made more sense, she said, and would have saved both sides a long and costly dispute.

"It would have been so logical and easy to move people to existing jobs in the plant," FitzRandolph said Jan. 24, just after the Guild agreed to go back. With jobs available in the paper's advertising department, and only 18 typographers remaining who could still go back, "the thing would have been not to take jobs away from people . . . but to move them to where the jobs are.

"If the work is being done in the advertising department instead of the composing room it's the same department. Jobs in the editorial department (editorial in this sense means all non-advertising copy) taking dictated rewrites could be done by former ITU members."

FitzRandolph said the *Journal* refused the suggestion "because it's cheaper to give the job to someone called a junior reporter. But there should be some responsibility to people who've been there 25-30 years."

The first dispute in a 90-history of bargaining between the *Journal* and the ITU was caused by "sheer petty-minded ruthlessness," she said, "which isn't a good basis for labour relations."

Asked in writing Nov. 1 whether there was "any possibility of letting ITU people whose jobs no longer exist enter the *Journal's* circulation department, following retaining, as Guild members," Lalonde said only the matter was "under negotiation." A series of detailed questions aimed at getting his side of the story received brief answers that were often vague and incomplete.

Lalonde wasn't available when attempts were made to reach him by telephone. John Grace, *Journal* vice-president, said he couldn't comment because he wasn't close to the dispute, and didn't want to "second-guess" Lalonde. The most substantive thing Grace would say was he was concerned about the *Journal's* case being misrepresented by journalists.

He didn't say how reporters can misquote a refusal to comment.

FitzRandolph said Ontario labour

legislation "blackmailed us badly." The union "ran this dispute with a great deal of dignity, in the sense there were just a few minor flair-ups on the picket line that were blown 'way out of proportion by reports in the *Journal*," but in general the union "relied every step of the way on the ministry of labour."

The powers that be "react to violence, but if you follow the laws and the advice of the minister and take that route, you wind up 15 months later faced with decertification at the hands of the people who took away your jobs."

Fairness in labour laws is an illusion, she said, and "strength is the only way — if you can take it, it's yours. That's

fine for a big union, or one operating in a crucial sector . . . but it doesn't work for a small union in a situation like this."

If the union had gone in knowing it was in a jungle it would have been bad enough, but "where you expect justice and it's not there, that's where the bitterness and disillusionment come in," FitzRandolph said. "If that's the way the law is administered who in my union will listen the next time to calls to abstain from violence because there's justice before the law? No Guild or OTU person, or anyone with any knowledge of the dispute, will believe it.

"And I don't think I could advocate it with a straight face."

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*Last Post* has not been able to submit an official brief to the Pepin-Roberts Commission on National Unity. The following, from the Quebec English-language *Aylmer Reporter*, is an artefact we feel should not be overlooked. Original scansion and rhyme scheme have been preserved.

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT

### I'll remember Quebec Poem submitted by Marion Dwyer

No matter what happens I'll remember Quebec  
With the Laport murder, and Rene Levesque  
The Cross kidnapping, the FLQ  
And who will forget — Bill 22

Quebec and I were always true  
Till she found out I cannot "Parlez vous"  
And so she said to me "Mon chum"  
Your days in Quebec are almost done.

I overlooked bombings as everyday strife  
and the Army in Montreal, well, just part of life  
And the licence plates sported "La Belle Province"  
Not once did I call Quebec "Little France".

Look back in history, time hasn't changed  
Hitler and Levesque — both mentally deranged  
Quebec is like Germany in World War II  
About as healthy to be English as it was to be Jew.

So I will leave Quebec to those who will stay  
And my blessings to them for a happier day  
But you'll need more than blessings when you have to sing  
"All hail Levesque — God save our King".

One last remark I cannot refrain  
Bourassa gets credit for part of the blame  
We could have stopped him — so never forget  
Where was the help from our Prime Minister Pet.

Now to Vancouver I must go  
To see my Canadian friends and say "Hello"  
And if at the border they won't let me pass  
I'll tell them to kiss "MY ROYAL CANADIAN ASS!"



# the Last Pssst



by Claudette Balloune

**Travels with Bryce:** All this talk about Russian activity in Canada reminds me of an unlikely innocent in the Soviet Union. **Bryce Mackasey**, former federal cabinet minister, was spied ambling through the GUM department store in Moscow. A little investigation has revealed that Bryce has been brought in as a consultant for the Soviet Olympic coin program. Canada's Olympic coin program was a great success, if you forget about the deficit. Anyway, for Bryce it means free travel to exotic places, just like the old days when he was a cabinet minister.

**Still poised:** And speaking about the old days, Mr. Mackasey is still poised, waiting for the call, any call, to lead the party, almost any party. He's seen his doctor, who's given him a clean bill of health and he reminds just about anyone who'll listen that he's younger than **Pierre Trudeau** and raring to go. Trouble is, no one's asked yet.

**Elections:** Amid the humming election machinery, the Tories aren't taking any chances in Quebec. Rather than let the ordinary folk choose who they want for candidates, **Joe Clark** is putting the kiss of death on them. . . . Seriously though, in many cases the Tories have given up the idea of nominating meetings and the leader's office is doing the selecting.



The closed circuit TV worked splendidly



Has Der Preem an offer Stephen can't refuse?

**Meanwhile . . .** the NDP is just hanging in there. It seems they won't have a chance this time round to bring another **Lewis** into the House, though **Stephen** is a prime candidate to fill father **David's** old shoes. However, Stephen has other plans, it seems. He and **Premier Bill Davis** (known as 'Der Preem' by my colleagues in his bailiwick) have formed a mutual admiration society. A lot of nice things started being said as soon as Stephen announced he was retiring. Now what does an ex-school teacher, almost premier, do at 40? How about the Workmen's Compensation Board? Everyone in Ontario knows it's one of Stephen's pet concerns. Der Preem is mulling over the idea of throwing it at him so he can shut up one of the most effective critics of the WCB.

**The Big Ottawa Meet:** The premiers have come and gone. Once again these displays to convince the rest of us out in the hinterland that democracy is working. The only thing that was working splendidly for this spectacle was the line for the closed circuit TV. Just across the road from the conference centre, in the **Chateau Laurier**, was assembled a fair selection of the country's businessmen and lobbyists. They were invited to watch the conference from a special room in the Chateau. It seems the **Prime Minister's Office** was most concerned that these influential people be given the impression that PET has everything under control.

**Oh yes,** what well-known political figure became a father on **New Year's Eve** and then, instead of celebrating, spent all his time making sure the local media didn't make the kid first baby of the year?



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# Goin' down the road?

The men and companies behind  
the Sun Life decision

by Drummond Burgess



Sun Life's president and chief executive officer, Thomas Maunsell Galt, is also a director of the Bank of Montreal

Shortly after Sun Life announced it was moving its head office to Toronto, an editorial in the Montreal daily newspaper *Le Devoir* reached this conclusion: "Fortunately, far from dragging along the financial community of the metropolis, Sun Life appears today to be rather isolated, dissident and incoherent . . . One must question whether the company directors are representative of the company, or even if they are capable of directing their considerable economic interests in Canada and elsewhere."

This was a frequent reaction to Sun Life's decision; it was seen as an isolated action, taken by one particular company, an action unconnected with the business community as a whole.

But, in fact, the connections abounded. Sun Life's board of 21 directors is nothing if it is not representative of the highest levels of the English business community, not only in Quebec, but in Canada as a whole.

On Sun Life's board there sit five men who are also directors of the Bank of Montreal, including the bank's chairman, G. Arnold Hart; there are five directors of the Toronto-based Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, including its deputy chairman, Jock Finlayson; there are four directors of the Royal Bank; there are an impressive six directors of the Canadian Pacific complex, which includes CP Investments and Cominco, and that contingent is led by CP's chairman, Ian Sinclair.

Among the minor galaxies are three directors of Canadian Industries Ltd., two of Consolidated Bathurst; two of Domtar Ltd. (effectively controlled by Argus Corp.); two each of Gulf Oil, Inco Ltd., Noranda Mines, Royal Trust, St. Lawrence Cement, Simpsons Ltd., and the Steel Company of Canada (Stelco).

Top executives not already named who appear at Sun Life's board meetings include Chairman Peter Gordon of Stelco, Chairman Eric Hamilton of Canadian Industries Ltd., Chairman H. Roy Crabtree of Wabasso, Chairman Alfred Powis of Noranda Mines, Chairman James Sinclair of Lafarge Canada (Prime Minister Trudeau's father-in-law), Chairman J. Herbert Smith of de Havilland Aircraft, Presi-



dent A.L. Fairley of Hollinger Mines, and Chairman Howard Lang of Canron.

Even this does not give the full flavour of the inter-connections. For example, Alastair Campbell, Sun Life's chairman, is also on the board of Canadian Industries Ltd., Canadian Pacific, Royal Trust and Stelco. Significantly, he is a director and member of the executive committee of Asbestos Corp., which Premier Levesque's government has announced it intends to nationalize. G. Arnold Hart, the Bank of Montreal's chairman, is also on the boards of Canadian Pacific, Consolidated Bathurst, Inco, and Pratt & Whitney. To take a less well-known name, Canron's chairman, Howard Lang, is also on the boards of Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, Canadian Marconi, Canadian Pacific, and CP-controlled Cominco.

When these gentlemen are not bumping into each other at one inter-locking board meeting after another, they are bumping into each other at lunch, not to mention other, purely social occasions, for they belong to the same clubs — in the case of Montreal, the prestigious and exclusive Mount Royal and St. James' clubs.

Far from being an isolated group, hidden behind the granite walls of Sun Life's head office and out of touch with the business community, these men are a large slice of the Anglo business community of Canada. It could scarcely be otherwise, for Sun Life is not only the largest Canadian life insurance company, it is also the country's largest financial institution after the top five chartered banks.

If these men are really prepared to move Sun Life, they are prepared to move everything else. That is the threat implicit in Sun Life's announcement, a threat well-understood by

Premier Levesque and Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau of the Parti Quebecois, and by Prime Minister Trudeau and Finance Minister Jean Chretien of the federal Liberals.

It is not a new threat, but rather the screwing-up of an existing tension and pressure. In recent years, both the Bank of Montreal and the Royal Bank have built huge office complexes in Toronto's financial district. The Bank of Montreal, in particular, has a Montreal head office that is a pigmy compared to its new Toronto skyscraper called First Bank Tower at First Canadian Place (there has long been speculation the bank intends to change its name to either First Bank of Canada or First Canadian Bank). Both banks continue to deny that they will move their head offices out of Montreal — all the while moving key division after division out of the city. Retaining a head office can be meaningless if enough departments move elsewhere — the Bank of Nova Scotia still has its head office in Halifax, but all the action takes place in its Bay Street building in Toronto. The Royal, incidentally, now thought of as a venerable Montreal institution, once also had its head office in Halifax, but followed the economic drift to central Canada shortly before the First World War. Most speculation about new major institutions moving to Toronto centres on two historically related companies, the Bank of Montreal and Canadian Pacific.

This could result in a kind of de facto separatism, because the large financial institutions are keeping distinct Quebec regional offices in that province. Kenneth White, the President of Royal Trust Company, a firm with historic ties to the Bank of Montreal, says, "It's only common sense to recognize that there is a malaise developing in Quebec and it didn't just start with this government. Ten years ago, 47 per cent of

# THIS MAGAZINE TAKES A STAND

- Canadian Theatre- Who's Out There?  
by Martin Kinch
- Since Beating Bourassa  
an Interview with Gerald Godin
- Two-Headed Poems  
by Margaret Atwood
- The Berger Report  
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our business was done in Quebec. As of the end of 1976, it was 27 per cent." The company has set up a new federally incorporated firm, Royal Trust Corporation of Canada with headquarters in Calgary, to handle all operations outside Quebec; the original Royal Trust Co. is to be limited to Quebec.

Royal Trust, incidentally, was the company selected on the eve of the crucial 1970 Quebec election to play the role that Sun Life is playing today. A few nights before the election, with the Parti Quebecois showing well in the polls, a convoy of eight armoured Brinks trucks supposedly loaded with Royal Trust securities left Montreal for the "safety" of Ontario. The press was tipped off and was present at both the point of departure and at the Ontario border. The headlines and photographs helped produce an atmosphere of panic that contributed to Liberal leader Robert Bourassa's victory.

Sun Life seems to have been chosen for two reasons to undertake the current effort to destabilize the political and economic scene in Quebec.

First, except for the banks, Canadian Pacific and perhaps Bell Canada, it is the senior symbol of the English business community in Montreal. It was founded before Confederation. And its neo-Grecian skyscraper on Dominion Square, once known as "the largest office building in the British Empire," is still the city's most impressive large structure, its majestic granite facade seen by many thousands every day. The mental image of that building heading down the 401 to Toronto is enough to make any Montrealeur nervous — a major objective of the whole exercise.

But beyond that lies the intention of the Levesque government to restrict the investment activities of financial institutions based in Quebec. Sun Life has claimed French language requirements as the main reason for its move. However, the regulations for the head offices of multinationals have not even been announced; all indications are they will be lenient.

This leniency may not extend to investment regulations. Finance Minister Parizeau responded to Sun Life's announcement with an angry denunciation of the company for having, over the years, taken \$400 million out of Quebec that should have been invested in the province to balance the premiums Sun Life has collected from Quebec policyholders. Sun Life has denied the charge, but this is a point on which Parti Quebecois members and other Quebec nationalists have insisted for years.

Statistics released a year ago by Canadian life insurance companies themselves showed that those companies collected 28 per cent of their premiums in Quebec but only made 19 per cent of their investments in that province. It was the only province to receive a lower percentage of investments than premiums paid. Those statistics received wide publicity in Quebec — for example, the story was the front page headline in the influential *Le Devoir*, then controlled by Claude Ryan who has since resigned to seek the leadership of the Quebec Liberal party.

Both the insurance companies and the banks have known for some time that the Quebec government is working on an investment policy to stop capital from leaving the province. Even the previous, Bourassa Liberal government worried about the problem. In 1974 it amended Article 420 of the Insurance Act to require that a "reasonable" proportion of revenue be invested in the province, though it never got around to spelling out the details. Further, Quebec's right as a provincial government to make these requirements was upheld last year when the Supreme Court, ruling on a British



Sun Life Chairman Alastair Matheson Campbell is also a director and executive committee member of Asbestos Corp., which the Quebec government intends to nationalize

Columbia case, said that provincial jurisdiction over insurance companies outweighs federal powers.

Prime Minister Trudeau has more or less admitted the same thing. Questioned at a press conference after he and Finance Minister Chretien had mounted their last minute effort to make Sun Life change its mind, he said he could not offer any constitutional or legal guarantee to protect the company's assets if it remained in Quebec. He confirmed that Sun Life executives had told him they feared Quebec control of their assets.

The Royal Bank and the Bank of Montreal have been thinking about the same problem. At the Royal's recent annual meeting, at which it said it would not move its head office, the bank's chairman, Earle McLaughlin, stressed, "Let me remind you we are a bank under federal juris-





Quebec Finance Minister Jacques Parizeau is looking into ways to stop companies from draining capital out of the province

diction." Bank President Rowland Frazee added that the exclusive right of the federal government to oversee banking even exempted the bank from many parts of the Quebec language legislation, Bill 101.

The concern of the Montreal Anglo business community over Quebec nationalism did not begin with the November 1976 election of the Parti Quebecois. It has been evident for years, in particular since the 1962 decision by the Liberal Lesage government to nationalize the province's privately owned hydro-electric companies, a decision bitterly resented by the business establishment. The nationalization was spearheaded by Rene Levesque, then a prominent member of the Liberal cabinet, and not yet committed to a new party.

The Parti Quebecois does not remotely resemble a group of rampaging bolsheviks; its recent Liberal and Union Nationale predecessors even less so. But all these governments have been committed in some degree to the nationalistic upsurge in Quebec, and all have been committed to breaking down the doors of the big business boardrooms and executive suites to put French Canadians in top managerial posts. Their relative failure can be seen in the fact that only two of Sun Life's 21 directors are French. But failure has not slowed the pounding on the doors.

In its confrontation with Quebec nationalism the business world has oscillated between trying to smash it and trying to live with it. Sun Life's decision to move — a decision postponed under federal pressure, but not yet retracted — has elements of both.

The blunt nature of Sun Life's announcement had about it the flavour of the multinationals' undermining of the Allende government in Chile, or, closer to home, the consolidation of

## The meeting that was... or wasn't?

by LARRY BLACK

One year ago, on January 4, 1977, two agents of the Central Intelligence Agency attended a meeting at a Toronto hotel, organized by an employee of a major multinational operating in Canada. The meeting of representatives of multinationals was set up to study ways of disparaging the newly-elected Parti Quebecois government.

According to reports in both *Le Devoir* of Montreal and *Le Soleil* of Quebec City, those attending discussed ways of "destabilizing the economy of the province, possible methods of halting the referendum, and the possibility of eliminating Premier Rene Levesque and other members of the cabinet."

Lavon Strong, public relations spokesperson for the CIA denied any knowledge of the meeting: "We did not participate in the meeting and know nothing of it. The rumours are without foundation."

But the Quebec ministry of justice thought rumours of a planned economic destabilization were serious enough to call an investigation. The minister, Marc-Andre Bedard, reported that the investigation ended March 23 and found the meeting never occurred and the affair was "without serious foundation."

But *Le Soleil* says the investigation was called in mid-December after an earlier meeting of the multinationals in Ottawa. Two officers of the Quebec Provincial Police, Claude Menard and Maurice Dalpe, went to the Toronto meeting, the Quebec newspaper said. Its sources were highly-placed officials in "the government, the police, and elsewhere."

The suspicions about the meeting seem confirmed by the statements of Parti Quebecois ministers. Levesque is quoted as saying "certain people could be interested in an economic destabilization operation," but he would not say if the CIA would be involved.

Cabinet minister Claude Charron said such an affair would "only be the tip of an iceberg. There are many people who are ready by any means, including illegal and criminal acts, to overthrow the government."

Jean-Pierre Charbonneau, another Pequist deputy, said that many of his colleagues "are aware of the possibility of violent acts to destabilize the regime."

And Bedard himself hinted there was more to the case than he was telling.

But the story ended there. Four days after the story broke, *Le Soleil* was closed by labour conflict, and *Le Devoir* did not follow the issue.



business hostility that helped defeat the Barrett government in British Columbia. Sun Life had been moving some employees to Toronto anyway. It could merely have speeded up the process, while protesting its intention to keep its head office in Montreal. The "head office" could, if it were ever formally necessary, have been moved later on. The decision had the effect of stirring fear as a foretaste of what would happen if Quebecers dared vote for sovereignty-association in the upcoming referendum. It was also a clear warning to the Levesque government to drop its plans to legislate controls over the investment policies of Quebec-based financial institutions, a warning that if the government went ahead capital might get out *en masse*.

However, to the extent that these corporations really shift out of Quebec, a de facto form of sovereignty-association comes into existence, since they leave behind Quebec regional head offices to handle specifically Quebec business. Royal Trust is an example with its two companies — one for Quebec and one for English Canada.

Ideally, the financial and industrial community would like to have the best of both worlds: to be free to move out of Montreal whenever it wishes and follow the economic drift to Toronto or Calgary, while at the same time destroying the nationalist movement in Quebec so that the province could be treated like a much larger version of the Maritimes. That is not in the cards, since the threat comes from all the Quebec parties, not just the Parti Quebecois. Even the previous Liberal government of Premier Bourassa, who was hand-picked to do a federalist job, turned out to be too nationalistic, particularly with its language bill, Bill 22.

It has been speculated that Sun Life's decision was coordinated before-hand with the Trudeau Liberals. But it is just as reasonable to speculate that Sun Life acted because of the helplessness of the federal government, on its own, to get at the Levesque government and its action may have been just as much a warning to Trudeau as to Levesque.

- The federal Liberals have done nothing to combat the PQ's language legislation, Bill 101, arguing that disallowance or a court challenge would be bad tactics.

- Ottawa has been embarrassed by Quebec's Keable in this has resulted in panic attempts to muzzle the inquiry through court action.

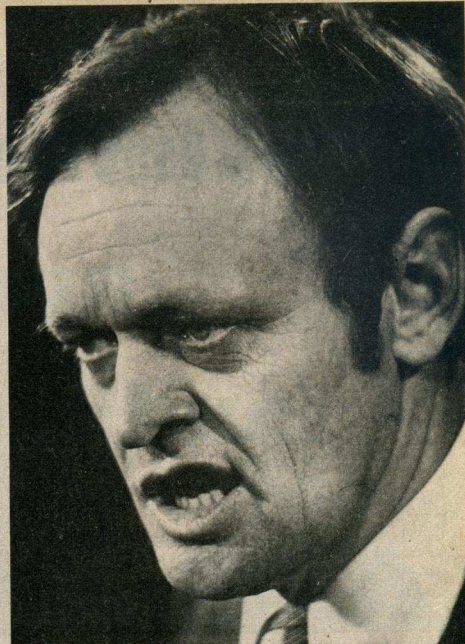
that inquiry did not work.

- The national unity campaign that built up hysteria last year has long since dissipated and achieved only a short term effect, mostly in English Canada, not Quebec.

- Ottawa has failed to convince Quebecers that the province's dreadful unemployment rate (11.4 per cent, seasonally adjusted, in January) is the fault of the Parti Quebecois; nor can it hope to do so as long as more or less similar conditions exist across the country.

- The prime minister's announced intention to push for a constitutional guarantee of minority language rights as his solution to the country's nationalities problems has had no impact so far and seems to be just more of a "bilingualism" solution that both Quebec and English Canada have, for now at least, rejected.

If the business leaders conclude that the situation cannot be controlled by normal political manipulation, it is not surprising they should be stepping from behind the curtain on to the stage. With the Quebec referendum due in about a year, and the next Quebec election due a year or two after that, Sun Life's announcement may be only the first in a series of more or less orchestrated shocks.



Federal Finance Minister Jean Chretien launched a campaign to change Sun Life's decision

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# Ottawa, Quebec and the land of the Inuit

by Malcolm Reid

We were standing on a streetcorner in a rather stuffy part of Paris, trying to get a taxi. Turning around in my impatience, I saw that we were in front of a fur store, and looking up above the white fox coats, I saw that it was Revillon Frères.

Now that brought back memories. A few years earlier, I had been a reporter with the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, and had gone to Northern Quebec to do a series on the Eskimos there. (We didn't quite say Inuit then.) There was conflict between English and French Canada over who would have jurisdiction over them, and the Inuit mostly seemed to lean to the side of the English. This was 1970.

Various reasons suggested themselves. The Hudson's Bay Company, the Anglican Church, almost all the white institutions which shaped Quebec Inuit life were English. And above all, there was the fact that up until then English Canada had had jurisdiction over them. It was the approach of a transfer of power to the Quebec government that had raised the whole issue. But in one meeting, I heard a new reason, and it surprised me.

"We are Four who can speak of the old days," said Mark Argntuk, an aged Inuk, all powerful fat frame under gray hair and a checkered shirt. "I remember very well when Revillon Frères first came here. There was a time when the only sort of help we had from the white man was the ammunition he sold us. . . . It is true that prices went up when Revillon Frères first came to the country. But just after the company left, for two winters the Inuit starved. When they came, they seemed good, they gave us food, but later they did things that ought not to have been done. Those that starved to death were almost twenty."

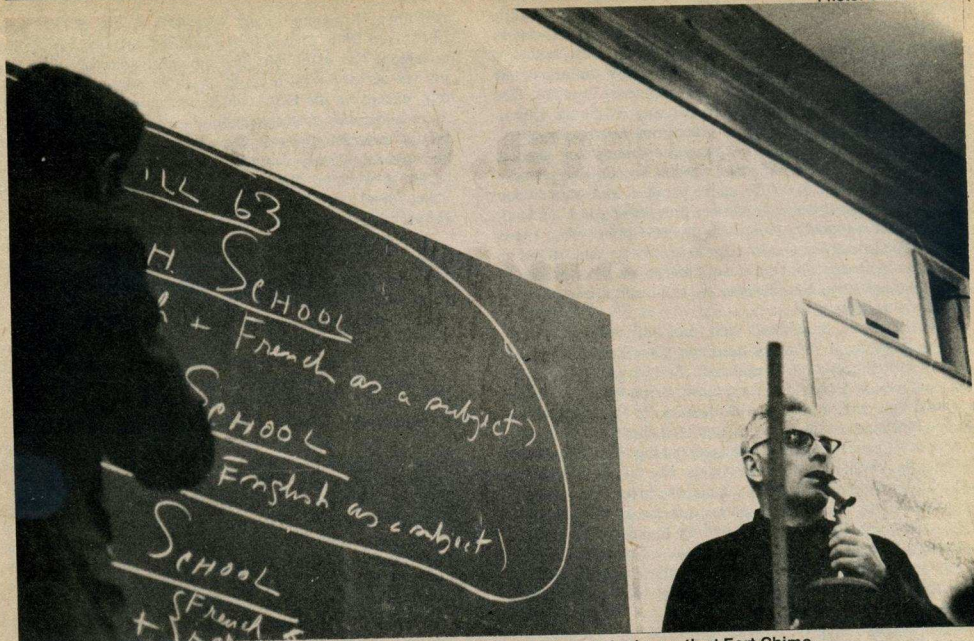
Revillon had been driven out of the Quebec north by competition from the Hudson's Bay Company. It had not by any means, as we saw in that tall window in Paris, gone bankrupt. It still got its white fox from *somewhere*. But in the north, profit-and-loss decisions can be life-and-death decisions, in an immediate sense.

That was back in the 20s, and not many people remember it. But the vivacity of the yarn is a sign of the uphill fight Quebec has on its hands in finding an area of agreement with its Inuit.

When I did my trip in 1970, Ottawa and Quebec had just agreed to turn over the administration of the Quebec North to Quebec. At the top level there was no disagreement on this, and the specific event I was covering was a tour by a federal-provincial team explaining this to the Inuit in the villages. Civil servants from both sides took the same line: Northern Quebec was part of a province, and that province was going to govern it like any other part of its territory, even though it had until then left Ottawa to govern it as if it were part of the Northwest Territories. Things would be changed gently, but they would be changed.

Quebec had been pressing for this since early in the Quiet Revolution. The minister who did the pressing then was René Lévesque, as Liberal minister of natural resources. Under him, and under the Union Nationale government which followed, a General Directorate for New Quebec (that is what Quebec calls its arctic) was slowly taking shape within the resources department. Quebec was hiring northern experts, training teachers and administrators. Under Pearson and Trudeau, Ottawa acquiesced, and agreements were signed toward the end of the sixties for the changeover.





An Oblate priest translates as a Quebec official explains Quebec's new role in the north at Fort Chimo, 1970

Duplessis, in earlier times, had not seemed to give a damn about his north. Jealous of his hold on other frontiers, he had left this one to Ottawa, even going to some trouble to establish that Eskimos were Indians and therefore a federal worry. But to get a true perspective on this, you have to remember that even Ottawa hadn't been active in the Quebec north very long before all this. In the days of Revillon Frères, one of the reasons starvation followed if the fur companies walked out on the Inuit who trapped for them was that the fur companies were about the only white power in the arctic. The fur companies and the missionaries.

Since doing my trip to the North, I've read a British boys' novel of my father's time, called *Ungava*. Storyteller R. M. Ballantyne, like G. H. Henty, ranged about the Empire looking for British doings worthy of cooking up into yarns, and the arrival of the Hudson's Bay Company at Ungava Bay so inspired him. In *Ungava*, Inuit were strange, Indians were ferocious, though generally on our side, and French-Canadians — in this as in much of the other English-speaking exploration of the North American continent since the Plains of Abraham, French-Canadians were the proletariat of exploration, the scouts and guides — excitable but good. There was a little English girl who almost got eaten by the bears, but not quite, and there was the building of a stockade, in Victorian days, on the site, roughly, that is now Fort Chimo, on the Bay. This fort did not last — at the time Ballantyne wrote, there was no Fort Chimo, and this pained his imperial heart. But the name was kept. When later a permanent white

implantation was made there, at about the beginning of the century, it too was called Fort Chimo.

The Inuit around Chimo, like most regional groupings of the not-numerous Inuit, were something of a nation unto themselves. They spoke Inuit — we should correctly say Inuktitut — with a special accent (mukluks were not mukluks but kammiks) and lived by their own combination of land and sea resources, hunting and fishing. The arctic char that swam in the rivers flowing into Ungava was one of their foods.

The Hudson's Bay Company (HBC) took them into its orbit, as it did most all of Canada's native peoples. When we visited, the HBC store was the kind of wilderness Woolworth's from which you could imagine being able to buy everything you needed to live, in a sort of way. Iron knives made in Sweden or recent releases by Jethro Tull. And Inuit families trotted through, buying soft drinks and packaged meats, they of the crossbow and the spear. Booze was harder to come by, but come by it most Chimo residents, white and Inuit, did, at least every now and then. Beer by plane, or if none was available, wood alcohol which gives a good kick if you venture to hold a feast on it, along with a bit of raw caribou dipped in sauce. It can also blind or kill you, and that happened every now and then in Chimo.

The more remarkable and profound white cultural change worked upon the Inuit of Chimo and the other northern Quebec villages, however, was their near-unanimous conversion to Anglicanism. The Anglicans had missionaries there



from early in the century. These men had to learn Inuktitut, and translate the Bible into it. Their churches were little white wooden things, and in them the services were in Inuktitut; no English, even if the prestige of the priest, who was known to be English, enhanced the English culture in the eyes of the Inuit adherent of the Church of England. The Anglican priests were good paternalist guys of the old school. They spoke Inuktitut with an accent that never went away, the Inuit told me, and expressed perhaps an average English-Canadian view for their time of French-English relations and democracy for the native peoples, and so on. Their pride, and indeed their solidest achievement for their God, was the creation of a native clergy. In Chimo when I was there, the priest was an Ontarian in his sixties, but he had an elderly Inuit deacon who read the lesson in a parka. In Povungnituk now, I'm told, the priest himself is an Inuit, and he's a young man.

The Catholic church had tried, too, but it hadn't worked. They were in an odd position, the Catholic missionaries. Most all of them were Frenchmen. Frenchmen, not French-Canadians, and operating on a direct Paris-Arctic communication line, with hardly any involvement in French-Canadian life. In Chimo, they were Oblates, and they had an impressive establishment, dining halls, everything. But nobody was Catholic, and no Inuit spoke French. The fathers had learned Inuktitut rather well, and in general the French priests in the Quebec arctic busied themselves with marginal social roles — they were linguists, published an Inuktitut-French dictionary, a small newspaper in Inuktitut. They ran the Saturday-night movie (generally something like James Bond in the Woody Allen burlesque version). They were neither loved nor hated.

Photo: Claude Fortin.



Yves Michaud, one of the rare Quebecois who speaks Inuktitut, lights up during a northern meeting

You may be beginning to get the feel of Chimo as a colonial town. I imagine inland Algeria or Ghana to have been like this in 1948, give or take a hundred degrees of heat. The difference was essentially that the white colonial power had not yet decided what it could or would take out of this colony, except for the HBC, which was in it for the furs. And, more and more as the acculturation of Inuit to the mass-production economy took place, consumer trade. There were no vineyards, cacao plantations for the colonized people to be put to work in. No mines. During the forties the United States found a colonial industry for Chimo: war. But the U.S. airbase is gone now, and not often recalled.

And there was the problem of conflicts among the colonialists. What was the mother country of this outpost? England, English Canada, French Quebec? Things were not as clear as when Ballantyne wrote *Ungava*.

The conflict expressed itself then essentially as a grumbling dislike between the English-federal and the French-Quebec camps within the white minority of the town. It could not express itself more officially, because officially, as we have seen, the problem was settled, and the two establishments were agreed on the changeover, on one gradually pulling out, the other gradually moving in. (It is worth noting that irony had placed the only such territory in Canada that is in any province — in *Quebec*. I think we can assume that if there were an isolated arctic part of Alberta, with Inuit in it, the story would not have been the same. Indeed, when I was a kid, I had a friend in Aklavik, in the non-self-governing Territories, whose letters informed me that in school he was studying the Alberta curriculum. Ottawa had called on Alberta for help.)

The Ottawa establishment was the usual departments:







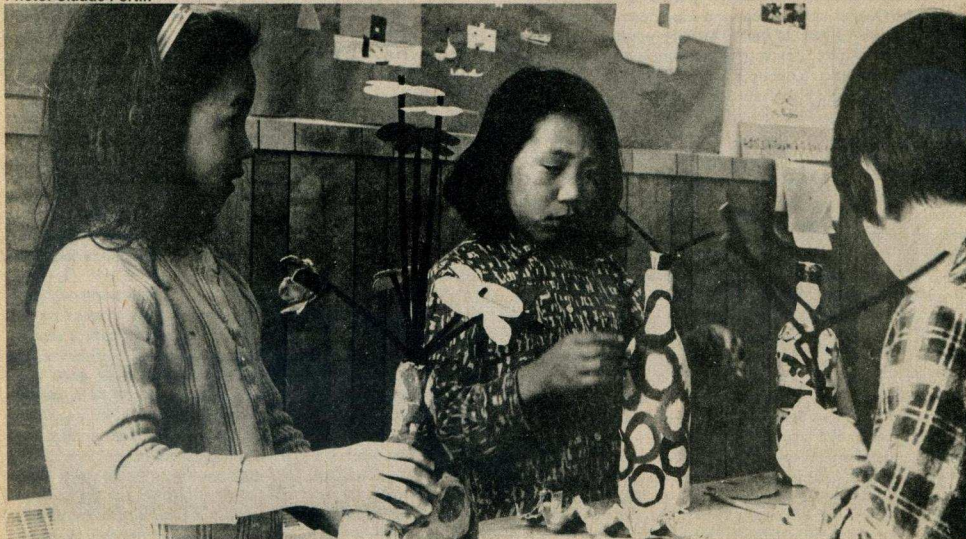
custody. But the back wall of his house was alive with the prancings of animals and men of the north, in white as we imagine them, and in the brown and green colors we do not imagine but that are part of the landscape of Ungava too. This was his special gift, this bringing of things alive with his pen, but he'd never been able to sell much of his work in north or south.

Lise Nadeau taught kindergarten, and her libertarianism was with her as she did, but the limits of the Nadeau's ability to be exceptions to the colonial rule were clear too. Neither spoke Inuktituut. (I'll get into how they taught later.) And last news we had from them was that after a skirmish with their bosses over the unionization of the Northern Quebec teachers, they were back in Outremont.

They were the bronze. The leaden Québécois were the school principal and his wife, who under their Quiet Revolution progressivism were as colonial as any Algiers schoolmaster. My clearest memory is of Mrs. Aubin (we'll say) not batting an eyelid as she explained to me how she taught French. Her kids trooped in. Even when their family names were in *-uk* and *-ak*, and not Snowball or Partridge, their first names were all English as you could want. These were young Anglicans, and their parents had gone for names like Jimmie and Jessie. The book Mrs. Aubin taught from was made in France for teaching French in the United States and elsewhere, and said something like: "Why don't you give each child a French name, just for purposes of the class?" So in this class Jimmie and Jessie became André and Nicole. Well, it's quicker than getting at their souls through the *Book of Genesis*.

Still, Quebec had some good ideas at work in its school system. On the language, for instance. The federal school didn't teach any Inuktituut and never had. Its teachers didn't speak it, and it had accustomed the parents to thinking thusly (the Anglican curate who told me this, half-nonplussed and

Photo: Claude Fortin



Northern Quebec school children. Flowers. . . . .

half-pleased): "we don't need school to learn Inuktituut. We already know Inuktituut. What we want from school is that it teach our children English." Thus Quebec's offering Inuktituut instruction in its school, a respect of the majority language modelled on Quebec's own demands for respect for its language, was not the strong attraction you'd think it would be. The federal school, which continued to operate, in those huts, continued, too, to draw more children.

The Quebec school had some pupils, though, and here is how things worked. The Quebec teacher, who had to be bilingual — French and English — but didn't know Inuktituut, was in charge of the class. He or she had a teenaged Inuit assistant, who was a future Inuit teacher in training. These assistants were studying French, but since the only pool of schooled Inuit youth the Quebec people could draw on was the ones who had been through the federal school, it was English they mainly spoke. Francophone teacher and Inuit assistant communicated with each other in English. This worked, *malgré tout*. The teacher taught some things in English and asked the assistant to teach others in Inuktituut. Meanwhile the kids had a French class where they were getting ready to learn other things in French some day.

They had to learn *ritin'*, *ritin'*, *ritin'*, and *ritin'*, these young scholars. Because they were learning French and English, and they were also learning to write their own language; but there are *two* ways of writing their own language. One was invented by the Anglican missionaries and is one of the neater things in the arctic. It is the triangles-and-curves syllabic script the Bible was put into around 1900. This was long before schools, and made the Inuit a universally literate people. Even the old folks read syllabic. But it's not so easy to read, syllabic, because it is very concise, too concise to keep out doubt. Each character is a syllable: *Last Post* would be written with two letters. So the Ottawa northern affairs people set linguists to work on a clearer system about 15





The federal school in Fort Chimo, 1970. Quebec's school experimented with Inuit assistant teachers and so did Ottawa's. But only Quebec taught Inuktituut, the Inuit language

years ago, and came up with *normalisé*, the roman-alphabet writing system where the *qs* render the *k* sounds (that means a lot of *qs* to be written, in Inuktituut). *Normalisé* has been reworked and polished several times, and is what the new Inuit literature is coming out in. But the syllabics were taught in the Quebec school, too, mostly for the old folks' sake. ("For them, it's the *real* Eskimo writing," said the curate.)

So: four writings to be learned. A heavy load. "Those among my colleagues who say the Inuit kids are slow to learn," says my friend who's teaching up there now, "I tell them this: what if *your* kids had to learn three languages and two writing systems?"

It is the price of teaching Inuktituut in school. (For the Québécois; for Ottawa, of course, could simply have skipped the French.) But rationality says, syllabics may have to go. And one of the southern languages has got to be scaled down. Which one? Here we come to the reason why this subject has emerged from the belly of history again, and here is where this background paper ties in with the trouble in Chimo.

When the Inuit closed down the town of Fort Chimo last summer in their strike against the Parti Québécois language bill, and everyone in Canada, discovering the Chimo problem suddenly and for a brief instant, rushed in to back its team, it was for me as if all the issues, and a good part of the cast of characters, were coming back from '70. (The English backed the anti-PQ Inuit; the Péquiste Québécois packed their fair-minded minister and his *British-born* emissary northward.) Some of the personal things and some of the nuances have

changed since then. Several of the couples we knew have split up — isn't it the same with you? — and the transfer of powers to Quebec is no doubt somewhat further along. But the issues haven't. Nor the basic lineup of forces.

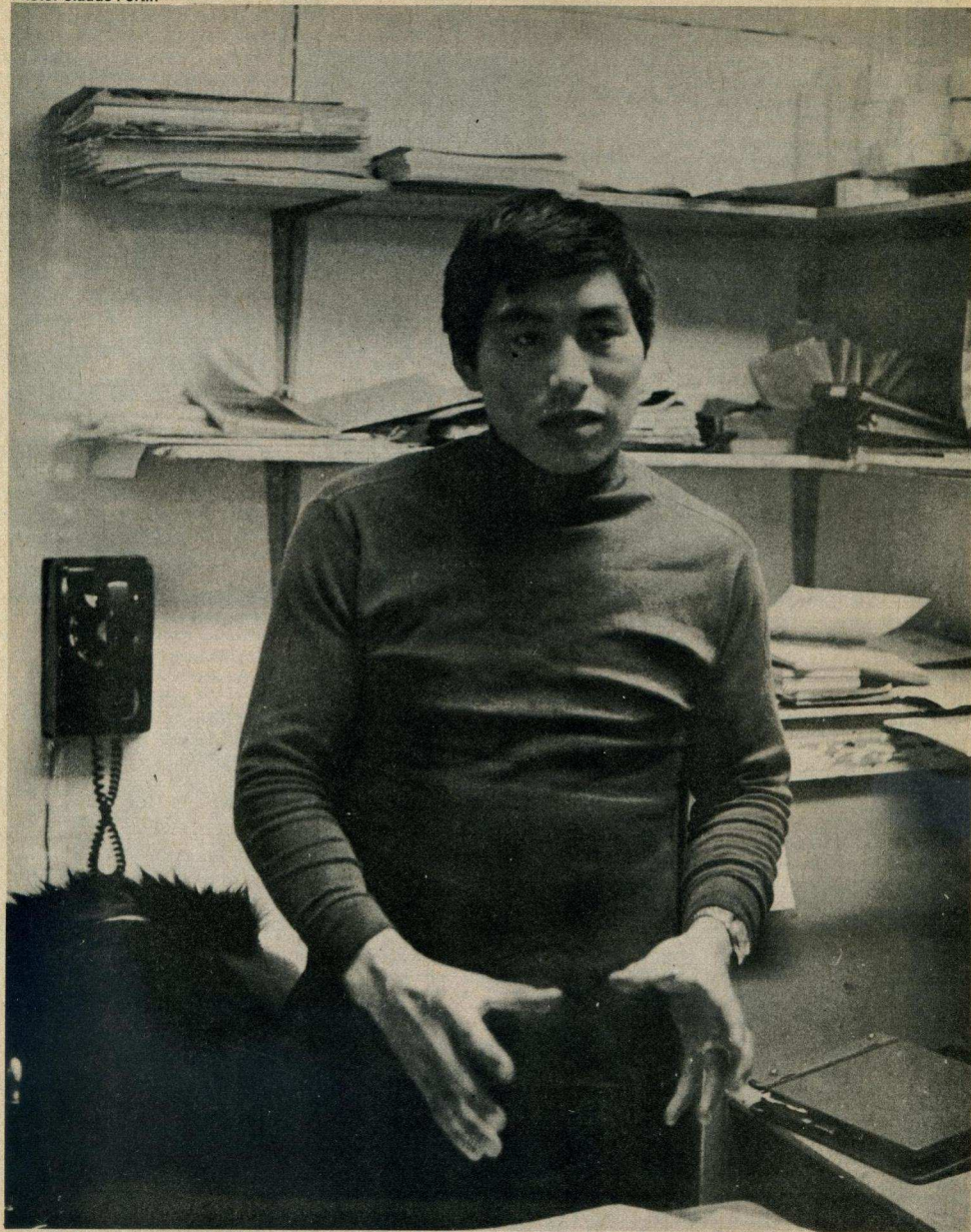
Independence is now a possibility. It was talked of a little back when we were there, but mostly the talk was about Bill 63, which was two ostensibly pro-French language legislations ago. It was the Union Nationale's. It said some immigrants would go to French schools, but everybody else had a choice. The Quebec delegate on the tour I covered managed to persuade the Inuit that this bill didn't pose an immediate threat to their access to English, but even they, and even then, sensed that the last word on this problem had not been heard. The Inuit know that the speakers of Ojivuituut, the French (-*tituut* is the suffix for a language), are on the march.

When Charlie Watt emerged as the leader of the strike, for example, I remembered Charlie from a long talk with him, and a little bit with his wife and kids, in their neat-as-a-pin house, seven years before. I knew him from friendly chats in Quebec City — one taking place at a streetcorner while he was stopped for a red light in his car — when he'd come down to meet the Indian movements or to lobby.

Charlie's hair, to judge by the television shots, has changed a bit since then. He's like most of us, he's wearing it more bushy now; back then he had a brushed-back look like any young Canadian workman of the fifties. This made him look more southern, more *white*, than most of his compatriots. Everything about him had this whitened quality: the house, the furnishings, the smooth English.



Photo: Claude Fortin



Bobby Snowball, co-op manager in the Quebec north. His mother is the Chimo woman who invented "Ookpik"



Charlie came out of the federal school system, learned mechanics, and worked in Montreal for a while. He has chosen his side in the English-French thing. He is for the English. But his manner is warm and timid, and he comes across as an authentic, if moderate, leader in the decolonization of his people. Circumstances, however, have conspired to make an Anglicized Inuit leader in the Quebec North a marvellous pawn in the present match between English Canada and French, between federalism and independence, a pawn of the English status quo. Charlie doesn't seem to me irked enough at being this pawn.

Quebec, Péquiste Quebec, naturally wants the first southern language of the Inuit eventually to be French. But it knows the firm hold of English up there, and has put two clauses into its law especially to assure the Inuit that the change won't be immediate, that the right to English is for the time being maintained. Teaching in native languages is also provided for. So this left the pro-English Chimo faction with not much to work on in its protests against the bill. They had to pitch an outside curve: the bill did not assure them that their cousins from over in Newfoundland territory in northern Labrador would be able to move back to Quebec and get their kids into the English school like the Ungavans. Rather, they would be like those Toronto executives moved to Montreal by their firms: condemned to life in French.

The issue seems at once legitimate and not quite proportionate to the drums beaten over it. Especially the white drums, especially the Toronto and Vancouver drums. (I know it's dangerous to find anything legitimate but not major. Later it might be major.)

But what this mostly brings us to is the fact that the pro-English Chimo faction is now not the *only* faction among the Quebec Inuit. Here some figures would help. And here the light begins to pull a little away from quarreling whites over to awakening Inuit.

The Inuit of course know that both English and French are essentially alien to them, and that the balance of things in the south may, whatever they do, shift so that the French group is stronger than it is now. They have contemplated learning French, and they have pondered how their own culture could grow as modernism moves in. There are about 4,000 of them. In all of Canada, there are some 20,000 Inuit. There are more in Alaska than Canada, and the Alaska Inuit bring it to 50,000. There are a few thousand in the Soviet Union, which has other minority-rights problems on its mind, and the largest block of all is in Greenland — 50,000 who have grown under what many of the people I talk to in Quebec northern circles — and I note Farley Mowat too — consider a splendid social-democratic piece of enlightened colonial development.

Details are scarce. A Danish friend was able to come up with a small supporting item: she'd met an Inuit nurse in a hospital in Quebec who had spoken to her in Danish and said she'd studied in Copenhagen. Alongside Inuit Greenland, however, stands the U.S. Air Force on a base the Danes have rented them, and one wonders how enlightenment gets around that imperialist influence so close. One also wonders how Denmark staves off the idea of Greenland independence, which would seem to flow from such a growth of pride on such a big and separate island.

So the Quebec Inuit know they're a small part of a small people. It is easy to see that Quebec independence would bother them, by separating them from their brothers. "No," says Bernard Saladin d'Anglure, a Laval anthropologist who

comes out of Lévi-Strauss' school in France, "the world's political frontiers can't always correspond to its cultural frontiers. Only tragedy awaits us if we attempt that." He is a friend of the Inuit and is now at work on pre-Christian religious beliefs in the Northwest Territories. Still, it's easier for him to say that than them.

Their survival, however, on the harshest lands on the planet, is a strength. The world *knows* them because of that, as it knows few Indian groups. It knows this tenth of a million people better than it knows many a national group of millions.

But the pipelines are going to be built. Capitalism *will* find a use for this land, if it hasn't found one yet. The James Bay agreements presage that.

The James Bay agreements. They are what has so far most clearly brought out the political divisions within the Inuit.

In Chimo, the counter-politics is represented by the co-operative movement. This grew up around the Ookpik, the furry cartoon of an owl in the souvenir shops, and around the Snowball family, which had talent both for the fun of dolls and for the hard realities of organizing. When I was in Chimo in '70, the co-op was a poorer-looking store than the HBC, and was competing with it on only a few products. But it was the outlet to the south for Chimo's handicrafts, for Ookpik, and it was training young Inuit to run an institution that counts in the money world. This has a southern and Quebec tie-in, for while the whites who have worked as animators of the Northern Quebec Co-ops have been English-speaking, the movement for a long time had its southern base in Levis, where French Canada's Desjardins movement (caisses populaires, co-op insurance, etc.) lent a hand. The whites in its offices are moderately pro-Quebec, and have encouraged the Inuit to shift their thinking from exclusively federal-Anglican-HBC channels.

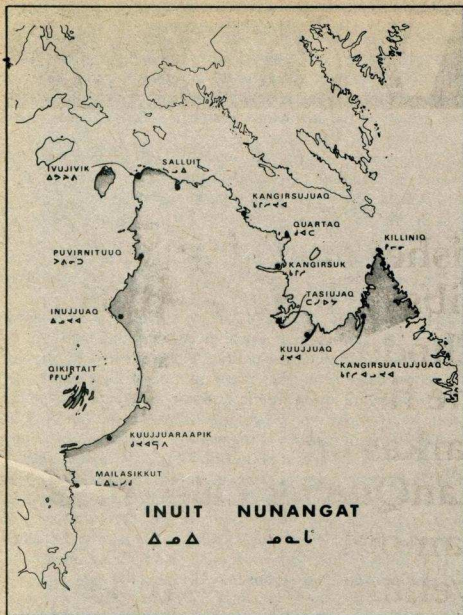
The struggle has been an uphill one, though, for Chimo lived largely on federal welfare cheques, as people move into town from the traditional life, from the hunt and the igloo, without there being anything in town for them to do. And when the time came to sign the James Bay agreement, which lifted away most future Inuit control of the land for immediate dollars, Chimo, like the Crees further south, signed. (There used to be Montagnais Indians at Chimo, but the federals moved them down towards Labrador, to ease traditional clashes, and maybe to stave off eventual alliances.)

Only Povungnituk didn't sign. Povungnituk and a few other villages over on Hudson's Bay. For two years now, the word from POV is (*Pioovie* — that's what they call it) that you can't live in the town without your daily talk being filled with "The Agreement, The Agreement, The Agreement." The POV leadership regards Charlie Watt and the Chimo tendency as poor leaders not because they are pawns of the English against the French, but because they raised such a stink over the language law only a year after they raised almost none over The Agreement.

Povungnituk is the real cradle of crafts and culture in the Quebec North. The annual calendar of Inuit lithographs that the Fédération des Coopératives du Nouveau-Québec publishes is from Povungnituk; the breath-singing tradition of Inuit women is preserved in Povungnituk. Co-operatives are stronger in Povungnituk, and sympathy for Quebec seems to have made its first breakthroughs in Povungnituk. Parental choice of the Quebec school and French as a second language is higher there.

For Quebec is in the funny (but probably not unpre-





Land of the Inuit in northern Quebec

cedented) position of being one of the rival colonial powers in presence in the North while still an oppressed society trying to decolonize itself in the south. It's hard not to see the parallel between the demands of Quebec on the Canadian and capitalist systems, and the demands of the Inuit on the white world. And indeed the Povungnituk leadership sees it.

"We understand completely your desire to look out for the future of your language," said a Povungnituk militant when the PQ's peacemaker toured the village after the Chimo blowup. "What we do not understand is your trying to look out for the future of *our* language. Only we can do that."

He asked that the Inuit provisions of the law be removed, simply. (Which of course left many issues up in the air, like those cousins over in Labrador, and what language rights the Inuit would have. Surely they don't want to lose any, especially as regards Inuktitut.)

In bull sessions afterwards, specific problems were tossed around: how to develop an old language to talk about new things. How to say Commissioner? How to say Agreement? It is interesting to note that the way you say Parti Québécois in Inuktitut, at the moment, is *Pee-Cue*, as in English.

PQ Cultural Development Minister Camille Laurin's man in the north (René Lévesque, like many a challenged power before him, said he might talk to the protesters, but only once the protesters had ceased to defy the law) was an odd choice. A Briton named Payne. A dry man, it seems, in it simply as a troubleshooting civil servant. Why a Briton? Well, what English-Canadian would have taken the job? What French Québécois *could* have done it? So there was Mr. Payne, explaining this bill to protect the French language, to Inuit, in English. "Eventually, you will speak French," he told them

in POV, and the prospect seemed to be accepted there. In Chimo it was not, and he permitted himself to observe that these non-English leaders seemed very zealous in defence of the English language.

And yet English is the key to economic advancement in Canadian capitalism, and it should not be surprising that the Inuit want it, as long as it is Canadian capitalism they have to deal with. (Though contrary to what we think in the south, most do not speak English. Most live their lives entirely in Inuktitut. Or thus it was in '70 when I visited.) They still figure it is Canadian capitalism they are dealing with; presumably they would have to get a much clearer message before they would feel a change was coming, either in the capitalism, or in the Canada.

I learn now that the two Inuit tendencies in the Quebec North each have their organization, and that a Hudson's Bay Coast Inuk ran in the last Quebec election. He drew a lot of Inuit votes in the riding of Duplessis. (Being mostly a riding of the industrial St. Lawrence North Shore, it went Péquiste.)

Yet there is a meeting between these two peoples hidden somewhere in the potentialities of Quebec in the eighties. There are those six Inuit who speak French. I know one. Jimmy Innaarulik Mark. He is from the village of Iuvjivik, near Povungnituk. I met him in the hip quarter of Quebec City a few years ago, and he struck me as a young man who had been bitten by the bug of the city, of bohemia, of cosmopolitanism, and who wouldn't be going back to his home territory.

I was wrong. Now his time is split between the south and the north. He married a Quebec woman and they have a child — the first Inuit-Québécois marriage in that direction, it is said. I hear from the Marks every now and then. At the International Women's Day in lowtown Quebec. In a phone call. In a bit of news from someone else. Now Jimmy is working with Saladin d'Angleure collecting folklore. Now he's an editor of a Laval-subsidized Inuit magazine, containing the serialization of a pioneering Inuit novel, or photos taken in the Quebec north by a missionary in 1896, showing Inuit patriarchs of that time, or patterns for parkas. Now he's working for the Quebec northern authorities, travelling half the time, deskbound half the time. He now appears to me to be the kind of young man who changed the Third World in the fifties and sixties: partly rooted in the traditional culture of his land, partly marked by the contestatory culture of the dominating country. So I'm anxious to see Jimmy Mark again soon, to hear him talk French when Québécois are around, to ask him the questions I have to ask. What's with Charlie Watt? Do they give you any leeway in the department? How are things going to go?

The meeting between the Québécois and the Inuit is coming, yes. Québécois, even anti-colonial Québécois, often don't make the right moves to permit it to happen. A cartoon of Charlie Watt appeared in the mildly critical PQ paper *Le Jour* that shouldn't have: it made a pun on Charlie's name, which in French means cotton batting (it was shown as being in the man's ears). Not quite the right comment, is what I would have told this Québécois disciple of Aislín. But the meeting is coming, and as I finish writing, a truly funny coincidence: below my window on St. Jean Street passes a Québécois-Inuit couple with their little kid. I don't know this family — in this couple the man is Québécois and the woman Inuit — but I know they're from up there, because they're all three of them wearing the zigzag-decorated tuques which are characteristic of the Quebec north.



# Rear View

REGINALD WHITAKER

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# The Libs did it, the Tories blew it

by DOUGLAS FISHER

**The Governing Party: Organizing and Financing the Liberal Party of Canada, 1930-58**, by Reginald Whitaker. University of Toronto Press/Toronto.

**The Decline of Politics: The Conservatives and the Party System, 1901-20**, by John English. University of Toronto Press/Toronto.

These are items "20" and "19" in the "Canadian Government Series" of the University of Toronto Press and, scholarly and stiff though each may be, I have to rate them as entertaining. Though I felt responsible and sound as a political journalist as I read them for detail and interpretation which I had not known, before the end of each book the excellent re-creation of men and period were intriguing me.

A comparison between the books gives an advantage in readable style and persuasion in argument to Whitaker.

As one educated much more in history than political science, I'd always tended to mock the political scientists as writers, holding historians up as better models — say Lower

over Dawson or Cook or Ward. In this case, although historian English seems more dispassionate or detached than Whitaker, he is not so excited, or exciting, with his material.

Both authors share a quality or aspect which may bother the ordinary reader (what a librarian would call "a good reader") but is very useful to one who must hack through a lot of books and articles. Their footnotes are rich in "pocket" reviews and assessments of much publishing that one rarely has a chance to read. That is, each book provides a book review digest for its period.

If Whitaker had managed to get his book (originally his doctoral thesis) out five or six years ago it would have created a sensation with its revelations of who raised money where for the Liberals in these years of the party's ascendancy and its acquisition of the mantle of federalism and efficiency which still keep it flying. The new methods of financing parties largely out of the public purse, have largely ended that combination of doubt, awe, hypocrisy and scandal which hung over "the two old parties".

Whitaker demonstrates the 'abracadabra' of political science in his introduction and conclusion — all the stuff about methodology, models, quantitative analysis — but he rests his book on historical evidence or a "historical-descriptive basis" and gets on with it, a marvellously readable choice in contrast to so much stuff that the university presses publish. This book seems even more satisfying about King as a party politician than any of the volumes of the King biography, including Neatby's.

We get a taut account of the rebuilding of the party after Bennett's big win in 1930 and some understanding of the effects on Liberal fortunes, of advertising. We see how shabbily King treated Norman Lambert, the able, chief organizer of the party in the '30s and early '40s. The roles of Vincent Massey and C. D. Howe within the party are redefined; King pervades the book, both as the ultimate party figure and a man obsessed with the need for funds and the sleaziness of such funds in the popular mind.

John English tells a less exciting story with fewer materials such as diaries of participants at his hand than served Whitaker. His conclusion is straightforward and comes as reasonable to the reader:

"... when Borden was fashioning the Unionist coalition, he believed he was fathering a party which would transcend the variety of Canadian political cultures, a party which would define and indeed represent a definable national interest. ... But between this idea and the reality fell far too many shadows — the bitterness of the disenfranchised, the outrage of the French Canadians, the promises unfulfilled — and these shadows fell darkly along the path that future Conservative politicians would have to tread."

The "national government" Borden fashioned seemed nothing more than arrogant or bullying to the French Canadians and remarkably out of touch with the burgeoning radicalism on the prairies.

It's my fashion as reader of political writing to seek to detect the politics of the author, whether he is for or against a specific party or what Labor Zink would call a "lib-lab" or a social democrat or a Marxist. Aside from guessing that Whitaker is not a capital "L" Liberal, I couldn't distinguish a bias in either book.

## The Canadian State

LEO PANITCH, editor

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# The strike was about respect

by ROBERT CHODOS

photo: Jim Haggarty

**The Education of Everett Richardson: The Nova Scotia Fishermen's Strike 1970-71**, by Silver Donald Cameron. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 239 pp. photos. \$4.95 paper.

In 1970 fishermen in the small Nova Scotia villages of Canso, Mulgrave and Petit de Grat went on strike to back up their demand for recognition of the union of their choice, the United Fishermen and Allied Workers' Union. The strike lasted seven months and ended inconclusively: the fishermen had a collective agreement, but it was signed with an ad hoc committee, not the UFAWU. Soon afterward, the UFAWU locals were raided by a union that found greater favour in the eyes of the fish companies, the Canadian Food and Allied Workers, but the fishermen fought back. For another eight months the struggle continued, and when it was over the CFAW, backed by the Canadian Labour Congress, the companies and the legal system, had won.

These are the bare bones of the story that is the subject of *The Education of Everett Richardson*. While it was going on, the struggle involved virtually every major institution in Nova Scotia — business and labour, government and courts, churches, the press and others — on one side or the other. It evoked the sympathy and captured the imagination of people thousands of miles from the Canso Straits. And as Silver Donald Cameron demonstrates, it had an importance that extended far beyond the three communities, the specific demands of the struggle, and even the labour movement itself.

When the book lapses into tedium, as it occasionally does, it is largely because the struggle itself was a contest of endurance and as a result had long tedious stretches. When it comes alive, it is because of the drama inherent in the fishermen's struggle against the fish companies that had held almost feudal sway over them and, perhaps even more, because of its uncommonly rich cast of characters. The book is peopled with the likes of Homer Stevens, the UFAWU's compelling and resourceful president, Ron Parsons and Tom Morley, priests



Everett Richardson at the time of the 1970 fishermen's strike

whose interpretation of the Bible led them to become involved in the fishermen's struggle, Donnie Cadegan, the intransigent company man, R.A. Donahoe, the province's antediluvian Attorney-General, and a wide spectrum of others.

Most of all, there are the fishermen themselves. Cameron writes of sitting in a bait shed in Canso with Everett Richardson and some other fishermen nearly seven years after the strike, and says that "if a fellow spent the winter in that bait shed, by spring, he'd be able to write the funniest, most poignant novel

in Canadian history." I met many of these people when I covered the fishermen's struggle for the *Last Post*, and so to see them again in the pages of Cameron's book is in a sense to renew old acquaintances. I hope they are as vivid to people who will be meeting them there for the first time.

At the time of the struggle, Donald Cameron was an English professor at the University of New Brunswick and one of the guiding spirits of a Fredericton-based magazine called *The Mysterious East* (now, unfortunately, defunct) which, like the *Last Post*, gave the fishermen





Fr. Morley, Fr. Lauder and Rev. Parsons marched in support of the fishermen

substantial and sympathetic coverage. Since then he has added 'Silver' to his name (to distinguish himself from all the other Donald Camerons) and taken up residence in D'Escousse, N.S., a village ten miles or so from Petit de Grat. He attributes his decision to live in the Canso Straits area to meeting people such as Everett Richardson and his family. That he was touched by the fishermen's struggle comes through in the book; to some extent, it chronicles not only the education of Everett Richardson but also the education of Silver Donald Cameron. Cameron's injections of himself into the narrative, however, are sparing, generally honest and only occasionally awkward. On the whole, he tells the fishermen's story in a straightforward manner, and often in the fishermen's own words.

"It's easy to spin fancy theories about

what the strike meant," Cameron writes. "It's all the easier because the strike was a classic strike, the kind of strike which almost seemed *designed* to substantiate a theory. But if we're going to have theories about it, they'd better be complex and sophisticated theories, because the way of life in which the strike had its roots is a great deal more complex and sophisticated than it appears to the casual eye."

Cameron does not consider himself the person to spin such theories, and so for a book published seven years after the event *The Education of Everett Richardson* is a bit thin on analysis of what the strike was about, of the changes it helped bring about in Nova Scotia or the labour movement or the fishing industry or the lives of the fishermen themselves. There is a bit of analysis in the book, but not much. If that is a weakness, however, it

is a minor one, for the strike had a meaning so simple and so fundamental that it penetrates almost every page of the narrative.

"This struggle," said Homer Stevens at the time, "strikes at the root of what the labour movement is all about. It's not just about how much wages you get, or bettering working conditions. It's about man's right to stand up and be a man and woman's right to stand up and be a woman, and about whether you're going to go out and help your fellow-man and fellow-woman, your brother and sister."

Cameron expresses it a different way at the close of his book. "The strike," he writes, "was about respect." *The Education of Everett Richardson* has a variety of merits, but its chief one is that Cameron treats the fishermen with the respect they so richly deserve.



# After Can Lit... it's CanQuebec Lit!

by EDIE FARKAS

**The New Hero: Essays in Comparative Quebec/Canadian Literature**, by Ronald Sutherland. Macmillan/Toronto. 118 pp. \$5.95 paper.

Ronald Sutherland's collection of literary/cultural essays, *The New Hero*, is dedicated to the sentiment that English and French Canadians should live together, since their literature, more specifically their novels, demonstrate similarities of outlook and value that Sutherland deems of "far greater significance than the normal and expected differences."

Extrapolating similarities, however, does not mean denying differences; indeed, Sutherland shows a keen academic enthusiasm for contrast, the foundation of his theory being the psychological differences between both the English and the French in Canada, and the Americans. There seems to be something distinctly *Canadian* about Canadians, something very... un-American. As testimony, Sutherland brandishes the observations of Québécois actress Micheline Lanctôt, who having spent several years in Los Angeles should know: "Quand on rencontre un Canadien, ça clique tout de suite. Il y a une personnalité de base qui est canadienne...."

Sutherland is the best-intentioned of critics, a true bibliophile trying to do his bit for national unity. And in his little discussions of plot and theme in various novels he is not uninteresting. The problem is his theorizing, the ideological bent of his essays.

He is conservative with the dull bourgeois rectitude, the prudent plodding determination to consolidate their securities of the upper middle class threatened in a way which is new to them: materially. Leave histrionic outrage to the immigrants, the bourgeois English Quebeckers, and certain strata of the socially ascendent younger professionals, are more quiet, more stubborn, when protecting their own.

Many who were previously only nominal Liberals are now becoming politically *involved*. Evening self-development courses that used to offer Creative Wok Cookery or Communication Skills in Marriage for Beginners now teach histories of Quebec or French conversation. Aside from the myriad of unity groups there are discussion parties on the theme "We are Quebeckers too, what is our role?" Everyone remarks on the irony of it all — the election of a PQ government has actually made English people more aware of their political position than ever; isn't it wonderful that anglophones are talking to francophones for the first time!

The public arena is glutted with moral principles. A new principle is suggested to ward off each new danger as it appears; the principle is taken up by the media; the danger becomes a full-blown menace and does its evil: the bourgeoisie hire more real-estate agents and the lonely principle dies. This is what happened during the Sun Life Event. The principle in this case was "good corporate citizenship."

A day after the fateful announcement, a member of the Positive Action Committee, one of the largest of the unity groups, dubbed Sun Life a "bad corporate citizen" for pulling out before consummating its commitment to Quebec.

For a week thereafter English radio hot-line shows buzzed with corporate citizenship, newspaper editorials and letters-to-the-editor embroidered upon the corporate motif, wondering if large corporations should have no more social responsibility than the making of the almighty buck. How crass big companies were, concentrating only on their profits, when the future of Canada was at Stake! When it looked as if Sun Life would really leave, the principle vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and the stern citizenry got up from the floor, shook itself off, and took a breather between rounds.

Now Ronald Sutherland is no mere vulgar apologist for Quebec anglophones. He believes he knows what the Québécois really want: cultural nationalist freedoms (of an unspecified nature) rather than political sovereignty. As his book is an offering to humanist liberal-pluralism, in whose undergrowth slithers a profound distaste for politics and politicians, a snapping resentment of trade unions, seen as a hot-bed of nationalism, one must seriously consider Sutherland's concept of nationalism and its part in his theory of Canadian literature.

The pivotal discussion occurs in an essay portentously entitled "Tabernacles A Douze Etages" alluding to an Acadian poem. By the time this essay appears, the reader is accustomed to Professor Sutherland's *penchant* for generalization, his way of presenting outrageous truisms as if he had just this moment, and singlehandedly, seen the light in them. "Nationalism is a loaded term," we are told. "To different people it has come to mean different things, some of them pleasant, but many of them unpleasant." One page later, he achieves a climax of sorts. "The nature of nationalism obviously depends on what one understands by the word 'nation.' It is possible, nevertheless, to discuss two distinct kinds of nationalism. The first I call *political* nationalism, and the second *cultural* nationalism." Even the italics are his.

Sutherland says that cultural nationalism is the expression of an ethnic group's desire to survive, but political nationalism is "at once the father and the child of the propaganda machine." Mixed metaphors give even a reactionary viewpoint the nimbus of erudite respectability. If cultural nationalism is restrained, stifled, it becomes political, a matter of defining territory, seizing powers. The Solution: a looser, decentralized federation of Canadian geographical regions. The Way: "Canada does not need strong, single-minded leaders in the traditional sense: it needs great compromisers."

Aside from the overall arrogance of Sutherland's categorization, there is a withdrawal from the social and political facts that would glare at him, if in his polite acknowledgement of only that which he wishes to see, he would admit them within the range of his tidy, proper, upright, determined schema. Is it a form of academic perversion that makes him feed on his own definitions, ostensively forgetting that the subject, declared intention, and tone of most of Québécois drama, music, and literature during the past decade has been political nationalism?

There is something elitist in Sutherland's understanding of "cultural" as "ethnic" and devoid of ideas or ideology which could generate political nationalism, as if the rational



faculty was a property solely of political manipulators and of pedants like himself. And it is this elitism, this maintaining of the façade of power that makes upper-middle-class Quebec anglophones such unlikely spokesmen for minority rights.

An academic with Sutherland's political views has much more in common with the well-educated, would-be social-democrats of the PQ cabinet than with the francophone and anglophone lower classes of Quebec. The condescending acquiescence, then, to cultural but not to political nationalism is all the more insufferable because it comes from social equals of PQ deputies who are talking down to them. This is a mistake many anglophone-rights groups are making, not having learned how to ask politely without seeming to command.

Troubled by parochialism in Canadian literary criticism, George Woodcock wrote ten years ago that it was possible to divide Canadian critics into roughly two categories: the sophisticated critics who treated their Canadian subjects as do schoolmasters who are afraid to show favour to their own sons, and so give them more than their share of critical abuse; and those less sophisticated ones who overrated Canadian writing ostensibly to encourage through praise, but really not knowing how else to handle what in their hearts they felt was an anomaly — *great literature? in Canada?*

For years Woodcock has been calling for a Canadian criticism that could deal with the native writer not as a special case, an exception to the rules of great art, but as an independent literary craftsman, treating a new way of seeing and doing.

As Woodcock says today, Canadian criticism has come a long way from the time in the early sixties when he could scarcely entice contributors to his journal *Canadian Literature*. But we find that scholarly-critical spadework is still going on by those formulating a "definition" of Canadian writing. Sutherland devotes his last essay to this pressing problem. Was Malcolm Lowry a Canadian writer? Is Brian Moore? No, to both (and to many, many, more) pronounces Sutherland. To be considered as *Canadian*, a novel must be judged by its characters, and not by its atmosphere. As for poor Brian Moore, Governor-General's award notwithstanding, "it makes no sense to call him a Canadian author" since his main character in *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* is an Irish

immigrant who cannot assimilate, while *I Am Mary Dunne* is concerned with the problems of being a woman, not a *Canadian*.

Within the mainstream of real Canadian writing, a new trend in protagonists is emerging. The hero of the new novel, the "new hero" is no longer gullible, conformist, and neurotic as was the old; he is independent in thought and deed, but must sustain this ripened world-view at the expense of his old faith in institutionalized salvation: the establishment's promise of care on earth, guidance to heaven.

*Just who is this new hero and why is he here?* He was conceived in one of Sutherland's generalizations and nurtured by his pretence to scholarly acumen. Only a ferreting Ph.D. candidate in CanLit heroes would bother trying to refute the "thesis" that CanQuebec Lit is beyond its colonial babyhood and into the real world of individualistic, apolitical heroes bent on doing their own thing — demagogues and trade unionists be damned.

*Sutherland's theory looks like this:* As far back as the American Revolution, one could discern contrasting personality structures in Canadians and Americans by the attitudes of soldiers to authority: Americans with their boffo-bango truculent insubordination, Canadians with their yellow-gut discipline. This proved a difference in *national temper*, which was in turn the result of the different evolution of the Puritan ethic in both countries. American puritanism, developing as the ideology of a persecuted sect, stressed the self-reliance of the individual. In Canada, the clerical establishment was all-powerful, for both Protestants and Catholics, and there was no need for an evangelical movement calling for personal salvation. Canadians could count on their church to hand down values, detailed codes of behavior.

Until almost this day (till 1974, to be exact) the Canadian protagonist has been a gutless loser, almost a grateful, beautiful loser. If ever he confronted the System, he seldom challenged it; there was little conflict. This Calvinist-Jansenist hero, when he found that his life moved contrary to the System, instead of fighting back, blamed himself, searched his soul for deficiencies. The Canadian hero was not disappointed by his country as was the American since he never expected much from it, having no positive *national myths* to promise him wealth and happiness. The Canadian hero was not let down by myth; he was just guilty-as-hell, the System being bigger than he was.

But this new hero, this new breed of Canadian, though still not defiant, becomes an individualist; he rejects the system not because he is against it morally (having no morality to speak of) but because it blocks his instincts, to which he aches to submit. He no longer expects paradise after death, so earth is not purgatory. He is a non-conformist who "seems to operate," says Sutherland, "outside the scope of respectability."

As one can see from this paraphrase, Sutherland writes in a pop-philosophical newspeak. His ideas are as much influenced by the commercial media as by his academic studies, his language as bare of nuance, as attenuated as an editorial in a daily newspaper.

It gives the impression of intellectual clarity by juxtaposing flash-cards presented to our assumptions by the media every day. *Challenge:* "Opposition leader Joe Clark challenged the prime minister to bring down a new budget or to call an election." *Conflict:* "President Carter hopes for an end to the conflict in the Middle East soon." *Instincts:* "Dr. Pietropinto proves that men do not trust their instincts."

## THE LAND OF CAIN Class and Nationalism in English Canada 1945-1975

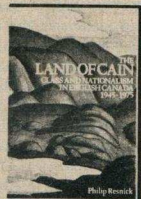
by Philip Resnick

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*Self-reliance*: "The new assertiveness-training course teaches women self-reliance." Moral shorthand that counts on its appearance to get by: cocktail-blatch diction, trendy, upwardly-mobile concepts.

Canadian scholars are particularly attracted by spacious pigeon-holes like hero-type and thematic pattern, having been dazzled by the system of that most passionate taxonomist, Northrop Frye, of the myth 'n' archetype school of criticism. Sutherland is not big on archetype but he does go in for a respectable share of mythic patterning, with emphasis on the lack of a positive national myth.

This same concern is voiced by many Canadian writers and is usually expressed as a variation on the following theme: Americans are patriotic and self-confident because they have a national identity as transmitted in their myths. If Canadians had national myths glorifying self and country they might think better of themselves and be less prone to mere survival, the victim mentality.

The great national quest for identity through a myth we can call our own, this desire for meaning through analogy — as though symbolic meaning were somehow more refined, more cosmopolitan, more *big time* than our mythless past could be — has unfortunately taken first place in what Woodcock calls the Canadian literary infrastructure — the scholarly and critical publications.

The primacy afforded myth criticism is a sign of the parochial snobbishness of Canadian criticism, its insecurity, and thus, its conservatism. Myth criticism is inherently reactionary because of its uncritical use of patterns of allusion separated from historical situation. It finds patterns of heroic action and attitude, symbolic cross-references among works of various periods, motifs of tone, and imagery — all of which adds greatly to the appreciation of literature but tells us little about how it transforms reality.

Consider the case of the novella *Bear* by Marian Engel, which last year won the Governor-General's award for best English fiction. The occurrence bears *mythopoetic allusion* to the fairy-tale "The Emperor's New Clothes."

Our critics were presented with a naked book, unhampered by original ideas, compelling characters, or even interesting experimentation with form. Engel writes like an ironic Hemingway, with the same spare, muscular prose, the same tough, macho rhythms. The book paraded about as a Canadian Fable; it resounded with myth 'n' archetype, this slight novel that begged to be read on *at least* two levels.

On the literal level: a daring story about a woman who is liberated in *many ways* by her romance with an orally-adroit bear ("Bear, I love you.") On the figurative: the hackneyed (Canadian) problem of *roots*, of finding (Canadian) identity by digging up sources through ecstatic - erotic - mystical communion with the wild, the primitive, the *true*, with... Nature!

So *Bear* was not about what it seemed to be about: namely, spiritual isolation and bestiality. To reinforce their position as purveyors of the public's taste, to show everybody that the T.O. literary people are sensitive to hidden meanings, especially to myth 'n' archetype, where other Canadian critics (philistines) see... *very little*, they awarded Engel the Can-Crit Establishment award for best performance in a great *Canadian* novel.

Sutherland does not hunt for national myths as he has found regional ones to match his regional-federate politics. He tries to systematize a spectrum of values which could locate a hero somewhere on a scale from old to new, but ends up with a thesis on national character that is either pop-psychology in lieu of the Jungian collective unconscious, or fundamentalist rascism, depending upon one's perspective.

The three novels he analyses to show how the hero has

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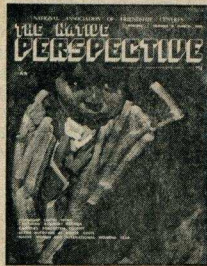
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broken away from the old religious ideology — Sinclair Ross's *Sawbones Memorial*, Adele Wiseman's *Crackpot*, and André Langevin's *Une Chaîne dans le parc* — are placed under the rubric "Discovery of Vital Truth" Novels. Each of the three heroes is "new" because he acts against the norms of his community, he follows his instincts, and does not need a personal ideology with which to replace the given one; in short, he does his thing and lets the *status quo* do its.

Of Ross's and Wiseman's heroes — a country doctor with an illegitimate child and a Jewish prostitute who unknowingly does it with her own son — Sutherland remarks that they do not feel guilt: they are tough, they have "been too busy with day-to-day working and living to become pre-occupied with the philosophical issues of life."

The hero of Langevin's novel, a delinquent boy orphan who is seen in and out of institutions, is similarly praised for his refusal of guilt, his toughness, and his ability to love. What Sutherland seems to admire in the new heroes is that they are amoral, hedonistic, and don't give much of a damn about anything. Their inability to make rational judgments is also seen as a virtue, though perhaps one Sutherland would rather leave to them. If he is made happy by the end of these heroes' irrational subservience to religious dogma, he does not mind that this happens through their equally irrational submission to their desires.

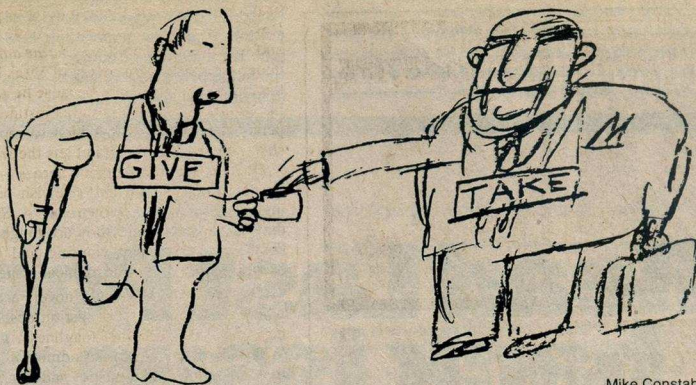
If the Canadian/Quebec novel of the seventies does indeed show a trend in which the protagonist turns away from society — a trend not at all demonstrated by Sutherland's analysis of a few novels — the important problem must be why the new hero is forced to assert his individual freedom in this way. Seeing non-conformism as a mark of personal strength is to see only the form, the show of individual action, ignoring its content, its motivation, just as Sutherland is incapable (unwilling?) of seeing the political roots of Quebec nationalism as he dwells on its cultural assertion of ethnic independence. The new hero Sutherland describes seems to have no motivation at all, though this is surely not the way his creators intended him to be understood.

Sutherland does not see morality as a social phenomenon at all, because to him individuality means freedom from society, not action within it. This is why he is comfortable in regional myth, myth being a good critical way to interpret morality as though it were pure, separated from everything which composed it. In Sutherland's theory, pseudo-psychological claptrap is substituted for moral action as the determinant of moral choice, thereby emptying even a basic non-conformism of its political force.

### EDITORIAL NOTE

The 'gremlins' were at work on our last issue and in Marc Zwelling's review of Walter Stewart's book *Strike*, Zwelling ended up not only as the author of the review, but as the author of the book as well! Our apologies to all concerned.





Mike Constable

## Guess who has the cheque?

by MARGO LAMONT

**Chiclet Gomez**, by Dorothy O'Connell. Deneau & Greenberg/Ottawa. 150 pp. \$4.95 paper.

*Chiclet Gomez* is a dangerous book. It is a collection of sad and funny stories about a group of poor people — pensioners, welfare recipients, people on mothers' allowances and disability pensions — who live in public housing projects in a city which sounds remarkably like Toronto, but could probably be any city in the country or any rural area for that matter.

Overall, the stories deal with author Dorothy O'Connell and her friend Chiclet Gomez and their friends, the group's failures and successes at organizing themselves to make money, improve their living conditions, give self-help courses, help each other, and to educate and/or outfox the various officials who meddle in their lives — the Housing Authority who runs the housing projects, psychiatrists, social workers, politicians and busybodies.

I bought *Chiclet Gomez* on the recommendation of a friend who had heard segments from it on CBC Radio and who also knew that I had been working closely with a welfare rights group over the last 15 months, and I was curious to see if Gomez & Co's experiences paralleled ours or what.

Of course they do, which is why it's a dangerous book.

We had a discussion in our group the other day about oppression. We were trying to decide why people resent people on welfare but not those on the old age pension. The majority of people we know (and government studies show) on welfare are deserted mothers who before desertion had husbands who paid into the system, and disabled wage-earners who before disablement paid into the system themselves for many, many years. Pension, welfare — same thing: money you collect from a system you've paid into. So why the resentment?

We think we've figured it out. Everyone knows they're going to get old, but no one expects they're going to have to

go on welfare. But outsiders always seem to think people choose to go on welfare.

Gomez & Co. evidently came to a similar conclusion. O'Connell says, "Let the City realize that we are just the same as everybody else, except that we have no money, and they'll have to examine the way they treat us. But as long as they can tell themselves that we're poor because we deserve to be, then they don't have to worry about how they treat us, short of outright extermination. Actually, a couple of red-necks had proposed that we all be sterilized, but it had never got to a vote."

At first, our group had a respect for politicians that bordered on reverence. This came from unfamiliarity. At one point, in an exchange of letters-to-the-editor with the minister of social services in our province, the minister more or less suggested that we should not think him heartless because he, too, had been poor once, and he went on to describe the deprivation of his childhood. (Heart-rending, and we felt for him — but not enough to stop our campaign against a local welfare policy which argues that false teeth for people on welfare is a "luxury".) So it was with a great belly-laugh that I read O'Connell describing her group's encounters with their M.P. "He gave us the line which we were to discover was a common one among politicians. He could understand our needs, he told us, because he had been poor once. In fact, he used to have to go to school barefoot. After we had been around for a while politically, we were forced to assume that there had been no shoe leather industry in the country until after the 1940's."

What's both funny and lethal about *Chiclet Gomez* is the way the group learns *not* to use the appropriate channels, that for people on welfare the proper channels are inevitably dead-ends, and that you can only get somewhere by turning the system on itself. The Housing Authority informs Edna she has to move into a smaller place now that her eldest son has moved out. "Aha! Of course!" cried O'Connell, "Why would Edna possibly need a four bedroom house any more, with only four children left in the house?" The group works



on this problem and decides on a strategy of reverse-psychology on the Public Health Nurse; they subtly convince her that Edna's five-year-old, Mary, is hyperactive and needs a room to herself, away from the other children. "The poor woman was a perfectly decent person, but we knew that we had to play it this way. If we had merely told her that Edna didn't want to leave because this was her home, and that

[Edna's oldest daughter] was at the age where she needed a room of her own, [the nurse] would have agreed that it was too bad, but she would not have been able to bring herself to protest. Under the impression, however, that Mary had a problem that none of the rest of us were able to recognize, she felt impelled to take action." And Edna was left in peace in her home of years.

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You can see by the quotations that this is not the turgid book of analysis by some hoary young marxist on the class struggles of low-income groups. O'Connell's style is casual, but her assessments are astute: "Welfare has a little game it plays with its recipients. It's called Guess Who Has the Cheque. What they do is, they mail it out once or twice, so you get used to the idea that it comes by mail, and then one

month it doesn't come. You figure it's in the mail, so you just borrow for a couple of days. Then you figure maybe they didn't mail it. You phone, and they tell you you have to go down and pick it up. A neat little twist here is that, no matter what end of town you live in, the cheque is in an office at the other end. They get extra points if you just got out of the hospital. The next month, you figure you'll outsmart them,

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and you go down to get it, and they tell you it's in the mail."

O'Connell makes it sound light-hearted, even flip when she talks about scoring extra points if the person has just gotten out of hospital, but the game is real enough. I know a man who was 200 miles away in hospital having and recovering from a serious heart operation. Welfare said that since he was going to be in hospital two months, he wouldn't be needing rent money. Either the landlord was going to forego his rent for a couple of months, or the man in hospital was going to have to deal with an eviction from his convalescent bed. Things like that happen to welfare recipients all the time, part of an overall strategy called wear-'em-down, and the officials have all the patience in the world, and the money, to play the game.

O'Connell's theory is that while "welfare is supposed to be as unpleasant as possible" that also, "when the minister in charge of Mothers' Allowance makes a big public speech about how these lazy mothers should get off their behinds and work, *HE DOESN'T MEAN IT.*"

I agree. When members of our group applied for a Canada Works grant to open a used clothing depot which was also to provide them with jobs, we found out that the group was welcome to do all the work of making application and super-

vising the project, but none of them could be employed on the project because, as Manpower put it, "this is a program for people on *unemployment.*"

O'Connell explains: "See, we're not listed officially as unemployed, so when we go to work, the unemployment rolls don't go down. Officially, they're always telling us to go to work, but unofficially, they make it far too uncomfortable and costly to do it. . . . Really, what they're doing is paying you not to work, like paying farmers not to grow corn, only it's not popular politically, so they never pay you enough, and they make sure you don't enjoy it."

*Chiclet Gomez* is a dangerous book because the well-off middle-class WASPs who read it will get a chuckle or two and disbelieve half of it. But the welfare (and other social "benefits") recipients who read this are going to know that what they've been going through isn't isolated and unique — that the stalling by the social workers, the pussyfooting by the politicians, and the runaround they get from the rest of the officials, is a country-wide common strategy of the powerful against the powerless. And one day, the powerless are going to stop laughing at it and then people like Dorothy O'Connell will be writing history.

## Vallières seeks an anti-PQ left

by MARC RABOY

**Un Québec Impossible**, by Pierre Vallières. Editions Québec/Amerique/Montreal. 171 pp. \$6.95.

Pierre Vallières' book is intended to knock some sense into those true believers in Quebec independence who are still expecting René Lévesque to lead them to the promised land. But it should also be read in English Canada, especially by those who Pierre Trudeau would probably call bleeding-heart reformists and weak-kneed social democrats. For either

audience, it is a brilliant and steely-cold polemic which represents yet another 180-degree turn in Vallières' incredible career.

In 1971, after several years of activism in and around the Front de Libération du Québec, Vallières became the first prominent figure on the extreme left to roundly and publicly repudiate terrorism. Instead, he argued, socialists and radical nationalists in Quebec should work within the Parti Québécois, which Vallières portrayed as a movement containing the germs of revolutionary social change.

The disavowal, and particularly the form it took (an article on the op-ed page of *Le Devoir*) created confusion in left-wing circles, where Vallières' guru status was unequalled at the time. The RCMP considered the turnabout important enough that they mobilized a team of scribes to fire off fake FLQ communiqués denouncing it in no uncertain terms.

Vallières returned to journalism, his original *métier*, and Claude Ryan rewarded him for having come out in the pages of his newspaper by making him art and culture critic. Later, Vallières jumped to *Le Jour*, the pro-independence daily, where he disting-

uished himself particularly with a long series of investigative articles raising serious questions about the official version of the October Crisis (published in book form as "The Execution of Pierre Laporte").

Politically, Vallières' behaviour throughout this period was that of an orthodox left péquiste. He was among those who cheered when the election results were announced on November 15, 1976. But now he has turned about again, authoring the first comprehensive critique of the PQ project written from an independent left-wing perspective.

Vallières' main criticism of the PQ is that it refuses to tell the people the truth. Instead of trying to politicize its following by coming clean on the nature of the control of Quebec society by foreign-based, largely U.S., multinationals, the PQ persists in pushing an idealistic and dangerously naive cowboys and indians view of the national question. Instead of admitting that a lower standard of living may be the short-term price of real independence, the PQ promises that after the referendum, everyone will eat strawberries and cream.

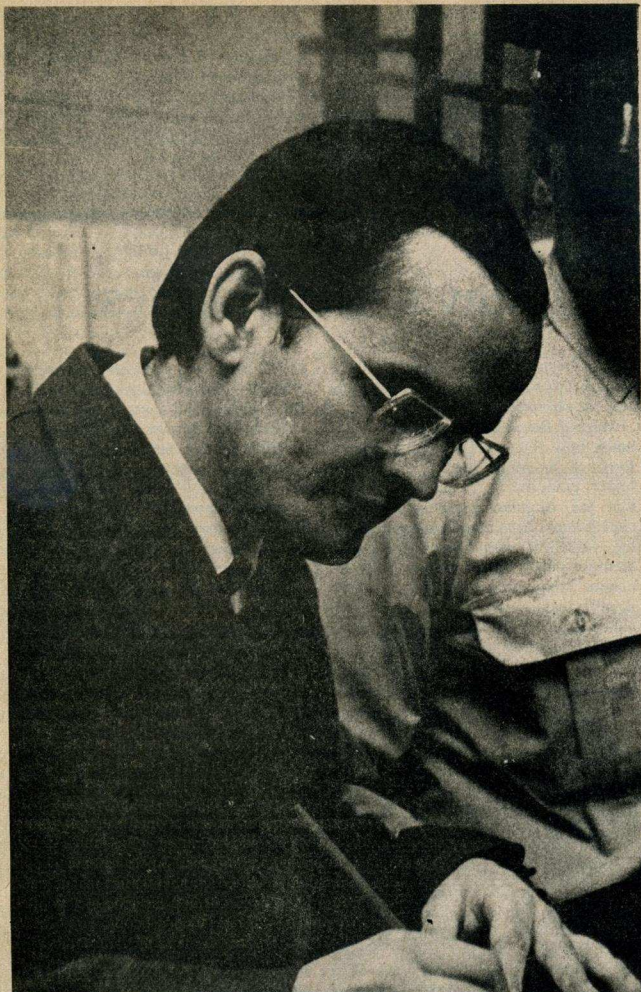
To Vallières, the Quebec question cannot be resolved without upsetting the worldwide strategy of U.S. imperialism

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Vallières in 1970: since then he's embraced and, now, rejected the PQ

which aims to achieve the total and irreversible integration of *all* aspects of human existence: production, consumption, social behavior, values, information, communications. . . . Any movement for national liberation must attack this trend, and the only possible opposing strategy is a socialist one. The PQ, as petty and insignificant as it may seem in the global context, is nevertheless a threat to U.S. strategy. It is the expression of a popular sentiment for *independence*, not so much from the

Canadian state, but indeed from this ever-increasing integration. The PQ's treason, says Vallières, is to mask this, to represent it as something other than what it is, and to objectively serve the enemy. With the exception of Bill 101, every one of its measures reflects this: René Lévesque's humiliating pilgrimage to New York, the half-baked auto insurance scheme, the not-so-anti-scab legislation, and so on.

Like so many other national movements swept into power (see for exam-

ple, Frantz Fanon's "Sociology of a Revolution", on Algeria), the PQ failed to take advantage of the *historic moment* of its arrival in power to inspire its followers, channel their potential energy, and begin to carry out a program of social change. It chose instead to slam on the brakes and make a deal with the monopoly capitalists, offering the services of its moral authority with the working class (who, after all, elected the PQ, even though it pretends that social classes do not exist) in exchange for economic stability. It is no coincidence that it was only *after* Sun Life pulled its coitus interruptus number that Jacques Parizeau, like the maid who kissed and told, revealed that the company *had always been* one of Quebec's worst corporate citizens. And what if Sun Life had stayed?

Vallières' polemic does not stop at the PQ. He goes on to mercilessly and bitterly roast business unionism, the apathy of Quebec's youth and the mass media (incidentally predicting that his old boss, Claude Ryan would run for the provincial Liberal leadership).

On Unions, for example (author's free translation) "There is a basic difference between earning more and living better. The unions have neither understood this nor expressed it as yet. They have not yet seen that capitalism overflows beyond the workplace, that it in fact monopolizes (directly or through the intermediary of the state) transport, housing, the environment, information, culture, education, health, recreation, politics. In short, that it rules the organization of daily life as much as the work environment."

The problem with Vallières' analysis, however, is that it makes no attempt whatever to suggest a concrete plan to construct an opposition. At times he comes on a bit like an aging hippie, leaving the reader who actually wants to *do* something wondering where he or she is supposed to turn. I am afraid that many unaffiliated, socialist-minded potential militants might put down Vallières' book feeling that they may as well move to the country (as, indeed, Vallières himself has done).

Fortunately, there are other signs that nihilism is not a universal feeling among people in Quebec who share Vallières' critique. As the limits of the PQ approach become increasingly clear, the space between the sects of the authoritarian left and the so-called "social democrats" in the government is beginning to fill up. Serious consideration of the hows and



wherefores of building a new socialist movement is beginning to take place among activists working on many fronts, in the trade unions, in urban political groups like the Montreal Citizens' Movement and the Rassemblement Populaire de Québec (which deal precisely with the sort of issues Vallières says the unions ignore), and even in the disgruntled left wing of the PQ itself.

And there is no question that a base is forming. Consider this: a poll of delegates to the Quebec Federation of Labour's annual congress in December showed that 84% had voted for the PQ. Of these, only 51% consider that the government is doing a good job.

Will the PQ in power finally serve to generate its own nemesis? Let's not forget that the PQ was born from a split in

the Liberal party over the national question. What will happen, say, after the referendum, if there is a split in the PQ over the social question?

As usual, there are more questions than answers, but anything is possible in a land where the police are the vanguard of the working class.

## Flawed study of today's mercenaries

by ELIOT HOLMES

**The Whores of War: Mercenaries Today**, by Wilfred Burchett and Derek Roebuck. Penguin/ Harmondsworth. 240 pp. \$2.50 paper.

Many Western commentators expressed outrage at the execution of four mercenaries in the Angolan capital of Luanda in July 1976 and the long jail sentences given to nine others. It was suggested that Angola's new Marxist government should have spared their lives to curry sympathy in Western countries. Less was said about how the United States and Britain might have curried sympathy by not allowing their

soil to be used for the recruitment of hired killers sent overseas to intervene in Angola's bloody civil war.

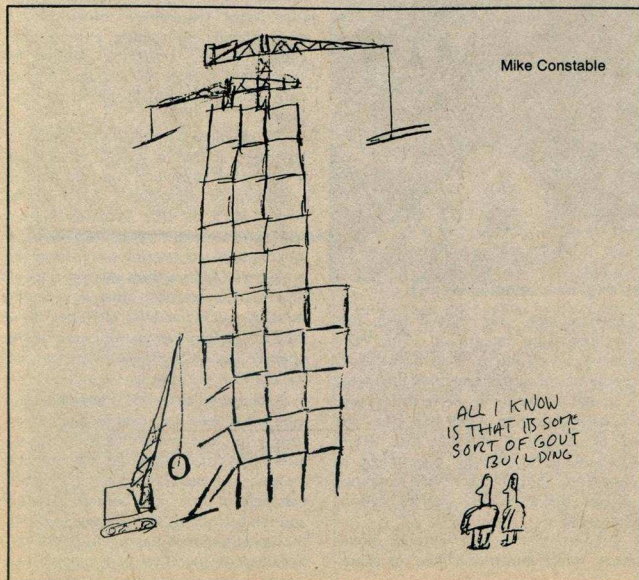
Wilfred Burchett, an Australian journalist now living in Paris, and Derek Roebuck, an Anglo-Australian law professor, point out in *The Whores of War* that the Angolan government forces could simply have shot their captives on the battlefield rather than preserving them for public trial. That way recriminations could have been avoided. But Angola wanted to give the subject of mercenaries, a sordid feature of international conflict for centuries, a full public airing. Through their interpretations of trial transcripts and other

source materials, Burchett and Roebuck attempt to cast some light on the subject. But their approach is somewhat narrow.

Their book focuses almost entirely on the mercenaries, never very numerous, conscripted to fight in Angola to back up the pathetically weak forces of the Western-supported FNLA led by Holden Roberto, whose frequent contacts with the mercenary leaders must have been humiliating to the FNLA's small band of sympathizers. The most prominent of the mercenary leaders was Costas Georgiou, alias "Colonel" Callan, who achieved a certain notoriety by shooting six of his own men to punish them for insubordination. It appears, in fact, that he was a good deal more dangerous to those under his command than to those against whom he was fighting.

"From the trial accounts and from diaries and letters found with bodies on the battlefield, it is clear that 'Operation Mercenaries' was a shambles, a textbook example of military bungling and inefficiency which no ruthlessness of method could offset," Burchett and Roebuck write. "The fact that the end of 'Colonel' Callan came when Callan fired a shell at short range into an ammunition-laden truck which he had mistaken for a tank symbolizes the whole enterprise. Some may be tempted to remark that it could not be otherwise when privates become captains, majors and colonels at the whim of another private who hired them, with their stripes and pips bought in a London military supplies shop!"

Of course, the comic-opera nature of the whole enterprise cannot mask the fact that people got hurt by gangs of foreign marauders. Who was behind them? Who was paying the bills? The authors describe in some detail how mercenaries were recruited openly through





advertisements in the United States and Britain without interference from the authorities despite the clear illegality of the operation. They describe the unhappy backgrounds that led some of the recruits to take the bait, and the wretched treatment they fell victim to after enlisting.

But they fail to make a convincing case for their hypothesis that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency was the paymaster. Granted, the CIA's sordid history makes it a natural target for suspicion and it is not difficult in the Angolan context to build a plausible case. But the book does not tell us what conduit was used for the funds, which were not especially lavish, nor why the CIA would want to support such a gang of bumbling.

In the Congo, when foreign mercenaries streamed in to aid the Katanga secessionists in 1961, a clear link could be drawn with Belgium's Union Minière

and their vast copper profits. The use of mercenaries in that conflict was far more extensive and far more professional than in Angola. But *The Whores of War* makes only passing reference to that and other mercenary undertakings, nor does it say very much about where mercenaries have been operating since the end of the Angolan conflict. In that respect the subtitle *Mercenaries Today* is something of a **misnomer**.

The authors' tone is one of contempt, and justifiably so. "What happens next on the mercenary front is crucially important for tens of millions of people in southern Africa and for hundreds of millions of people elsewhere in non-independent countries, and those living under repressive régimes," they write. "Traders in human flesh have been despised throughout history. If the authors have adopted the title of *Whores of War* for this book this is not for any lack

of understanding for the economic and social realities behind prostitution. But the analogy is apt because mercenaries hire themselves out indiscriminately for money, outside the law, to clients who want the advantage of the services offered without the responsibility of close, permanent, or open association."

Some readers may be put off by Burchett's and Roebuck's sycophancy in their praise of the Angolan government's revolutionary purity. They also think highly of their own notion of the truth, saying in their preface they were asked to write the truth about mercenaries and "this book is the result." The book is also the result of an apparent rush to get to press and of a less than distinguished organization of material. The subject is an important one and deserved better, especially from writers of their calibre.

## Canada's artists portrayed two wars

by SANDY GAGE

**A Terrible Beauty: The Art of Canada at War**, by Heather Robertson. James Lorimer/Toronto. 240 pp. \$29.95 cloth.

For most of us our image of war in this country has been created by photography. The hard, lined faces under tin hats; the buildings turned to rubble by bombs and artillery — these are the lasting impressions we owe to photo-journalists such as Eugene Smith and Frank Capra. Heather Robertson's *A Terrible Beauty* adds another dimension to that visual memory.

Robertson provides us with samples of Canadian war art, paintings and drawings, commissioned by government during the two world wars. She has selected an impressive group of pictures from over 5,000 canvases stored at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

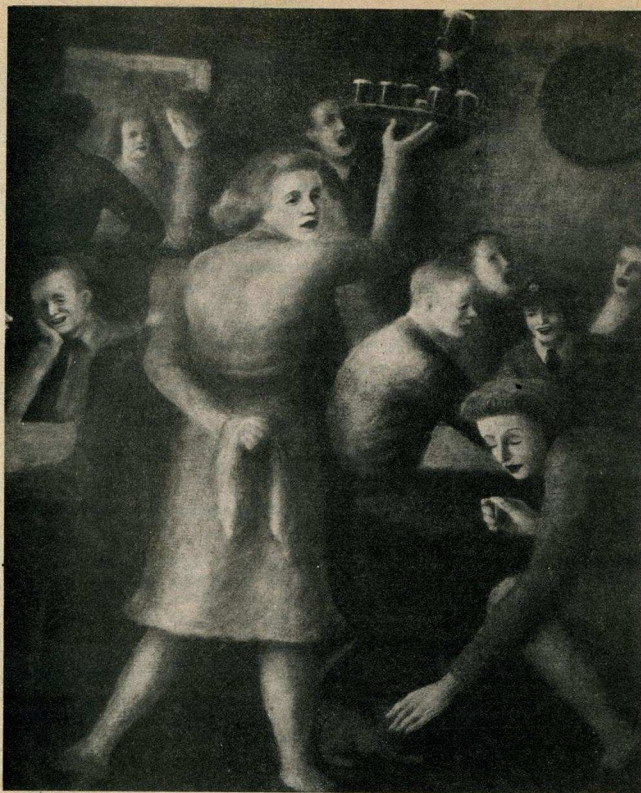
The pictures are gripping in their realism and their sincerity. At the same time the artists provide a certain distance from their topics through a close consideration of detail. Moods are created which the immediacy of photography can seldom equal.

I especially liked the pictures which were rich in design and perspective, elements which the "grab-shooting"



*Infantry near Nijmegen, Holland, by Alex Colville*





**Airmen in a village pub, by Miller Brittain**

photographer is hard pressed to achieve under fire. Two examples are Franz Johnston's aerial composition *Beamsville* (1918) and Lawren Harris' *Tank Convoy* (1944).

There is very little phony patriotism expressed in this collection; very few jut-jawed super soldiers "going over the top". There are no winged Victories leading the troops into battle and no pictures of "ravished Belgium" in rags and tattered hair.

In her introduction Robertson emphasizes the objectivity of this art which distinguishes it from the more jingoistic war collections of Britain and the United States. "... Canadian painting creates an entirely different effect," she says. "It is strong, precise, and compassionate, mirroring the tone of the soldier's letters. It is amazing and exciting to realize the uniqueness of the Canadian attitudes, and what they reveal about us as a people."

One is inclined to agree that the pictures in *A Terrible Beauty* are unique and create a special mood. The written material is a different matter.

Compiled with the paintings in Robertson's book are excerpts from letters, diaries and journals written by Canadian participants in the two wars. The writing is of the same high standard as the art work. But what gives the writing value is not any special quality that can be attributed to the country from which the authors came. The strength of the writing is in its universality and its strong parallels with the best war writing from any country whose soldiers have experienced mechanized death.

The selections are reminiscent of books written from the common soldier's point of view, books such as Alvah Bessie's *Men in Battle* or Vaino Linna's *The Unknown Soldier*.

Many of the excerpts closely resemble passages from Remarque's *All Quiet on*

*the Western Front*. George G. Blackburn's quandary over pulling a much desired pair of jack boots off a dead soldier's feet is very close to the feelings described by Remarque when the highly prized flight boots of the dead Kemmerich must be assigned to a new owner. Charles Harrison and Remarque have almost identical impressions of how quickly soldiers lose their tough, fighting image when they strip down for a bath in a pond behind the lines.

A segment entitled "Going Home" by Will Bird echoes the Hemingway short story *Soldier's Home*. Both writers face the realization that loved ones who didn't experience the Great War at first hand will never understand what it did to those who went and came back.

The only writing in *A Terrible Beauty* which has a distinctly Canadian flavour is that which deals with the war on the home front. Herbert Rae describes West Coasters swarming out of the forests and mountains to enlist in 1914. Some of these volunteers were not accepted because they lacked limbs or hands or fingers which had been lost in industrial accidents in the mines and lumber camps.

Nellie McClung relates how news of World War I's beginning reached her family at their summer cottage on Lake Winnipeg. Jean Margaret Crowe depicts the secret marriages of nursing trainees which were squeezed into 72 hour leaves before the new husbands went overseas.

The best pieces on the first war are impressionistic. They deal with the unchanging scene of trench warfare and the cruel realization that mass firepower kills without impunity. This first half of the book is perhaps best typified by the letters of Talbot Papineau to his mother.

The World War II writing tends to be more adventurous. There are stories about bailing out over Belgium and sinking a U-boat. Life for the common serviceman seems to be a bit better in this war.

This book, following upon *Salt of the Earth*, marks Heather Robertson as Canada's leader in the field of scissors and paste publishing. This fact does not detract from the excellent topics she has chosen, nor from the vast amounts of reading and research which must go into volumes of this type. She has personally written only a seven page introduction to *A Terrible Beauty*. With this in mind perhaps the bold by-line on the cover might at least parenthetically mention the word "editor".



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