

the mysterious east

an independent atlantic magazine

the mysterious east



Dead Laws and Tying Rivers
The Police and The People
Interview: Oscar Grusin O'Brien

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The Maritimes Press
Your Landlord and You
Portfolios and People

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Landscape and Towns

THIS MONTH'S BONUS INSIDE BOOK SUPPLEMENT

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Doing Hard Time
Follows & Follows Water
On Mystic Tripping

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Wherever Day Is
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Isnt Alaska Close To You?

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Non-Traditional Resources
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Start Your Own School
The Education Machine

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Armament For Sale
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A Rather Unobtrusive Affair

to even better things

ABOUT the mysterious east

We're a year old!

Remember the prophets of doom? *Nobody* ever started a monthly magazine without any money and made a go of it. Hardly anybody ever started one with *lots* of money and made a go of it. You'll be dead in a month.

They had solid evidence, true enough. The last ten years are littered with the corpses of Canadian magazines: *Star Weekly*, *Family Herald*, *Exchange*, *Parade*, *Edge*, *Five Cent Review*, most recently *The Montrealer*. We conceded at the beginning that we might well be putting

But the gloomy calculations left out two things. First, nobody had ever tried something like *The Mysterious East* before -- a low-budget, controversial, punchy and honest magazine organized on a regional base. And nobody, but *nobody*, ever had a more loyal and enthusiastic readership than we've had. Readers send us information, good wishes, suggestions for increasing circulation, reactions to what we publish. Sometimes they send us yelps of pain when we gore their sacred cows -- but nobody has ever cancelled a subscription.

Partly, we're convinced, we've survived because we started in the Maritimes, and Maritimers support Maritime enterprises. We'll take the credit for insisting that *The Mysterious East* has to be as intelligent, stimulating and honest as the human heart and mind and muscle can possibly make it. But we *still* would have died without the wonderful response we've had from the people of the Maritimes.

So where are we now?

Just last month we were at last able to hire a secretary to help us deal with the increasing floods of mail. We have an office at last. We're printing 8000 copies of this issue, and we'll print 10,000 next month. *The Mysterious East* has subscribers in Tanzania, Toronto, Tokyo -- and Irving, Texas; over a thousand altogether, the vast majority in the Maritimes. You can buy *The Mysterious East* on newsstands all over the Atlantic Provinces, and you'll find copies in every room in several leading Maritime hotels. Our subscribers include members of all the Atlantic Provincial Legislatures, and five members of the Federal Cabinet. We've been written up in *Time*, *MacLean's*, the *Montreal Star*; our briefs to two Senate Committees made front page news across the country. A lot of people are saying *The Mysterious East* is the best monthly in the country.

It all happened in the Maritimes -- and our readers made it happen.

The only way we know to thank you is to keep on putting out the best damn magazine we can. Which we will.

Voluntary enterprises rely on spare-time work, and for a couple of months this fall we ran late. To get ourselves back on time, we've missed dating an issue November. This is the issue that was slated for November, but holding it another week let us put the Fall Book Supplement in it, and re-date it December. *Subscribers can rest assured that they will get twelve consecutive issues, regardless of the dating system.* And we'll be back on schedule with the January issue.

INSIDE



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Ulli Dina
8/2/77



the mysterious east meets the senate committee on poverty

“somebody must be right”

ON OCTOBER 28, 1969, the Senate of Canada constituted a Special Committee. The Committee, formed by a special motion of Senator David A. Croll (who, of course, became its chairman) was set up to investigate and report upon all aspects of poverty in Canada, whether urban, rural, regional or otherwise, to define and elucidate the problem of poverty in Canada, and to recommend appropriate action to ensure the establishment of a more effective structure of remedial measures.

That committee has been in existence for over a year now, and its final report is about due to be published. What can the public of Canada expect from the expenditure of money involved in sending the Committee's sixteen member Senators and their entourage -- secretaries, stenographers, staff, equipment -- back and forth across Canada in this a series of safaris? Aside from its literary qualities, what can we expect in the way of new insights into the problems of poor people of Shippegan or Fogo expect from this newest expedition into the uncharted wilds of social investigation?

Probably not a hell of a lot.

There is little doubt that after appropriate deliberation the Committee will solemnly deliver itself of the old chestnut: the only solution to poverty in Canada is a guaranteed annual income. So what else is new.

The point is that however well intentioned the Senators may be they are not prepared by birth or circumstance to take any meaningful look at the plight of poor. Think about it this way. If you wanted to set up a committee but guarantee that it would learn nothing new, contact no impoverished citizens on any meaningful level, and produce at best obvious commonplaces as its report, what would you do?

Probably you would staff it with people who are as far from poor as it's possible to get -- half of them would be genuine aristocracy (people whose grandparents made the money and acquired the social status) and half "self-made men" (people who have made it themselves from the status of immigrant or lower class to a comfortable affluence, and who can't understand why the poor, too, can't make it if they'd just go out and get a job). You would make sure the committee was as old as possible -- past retirement age, if at all possible. This would assure both that they would not have the energy necessary to attend all of the Committee meetings much less get out and talk to people, and that they would be less receptive to new ideas.

You would also try to staff it with people very aware of their own dignity, and very defensive about "affronts" to it. Very conscious of order and respect, easily offended by breaches of either, and very articulate in expressing such umbrage.

You would then move the committee back and forth across the country as fast and erratically as possible, on the grounds that most poor people are less aware of current events than the rest of society and thus would probably never know of the committee's presence in their area. You would try and hold meetings in the cities in areas where most poverty is rural, and outside the cities where urban poverty dominates. You would attempt to place the meetings in affluent and/or inaccessible areas of the city.

You would assure that no one illiterate or nearly so could get to the committee (even if he happened to hear about it) by insisting that written briefs be submitted. You would assure that no one who didn't belong to some upward striving

group or community organization could get to the committee by insisting that the briefs be duplicated and distributed two weeks in advance (long before the papers begin printing stories about the committee's imminent arrival).

Finally, whenever the hearings were held, you would try to arrange the most intimidating physical arrangement possible. Ideally, you would have a raised dais (three feet at least) with a long, cloth-covered table like an altar on it, with the committee stationed behind it like ikons - so that

the committee measures up to this ideal of uselessness and waste is to lock at the way they conduct their hearings. *THE MYSTERIOUS EAST* was in a good position to do so last summer, when, by invitation of the committee staff, we agreed to present a brief to the committee. This is a record of what happened.

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST HAD NO INTENTION of presenting a brief to the Senate Poverty Committee -- did not, in fact, know that they were holding hearings in Moncton in August. But when a staff member of the Committee called the magazine a week before the hearings and explained that they were getting a little response from central New Brunswick and asked us to prepare a brief -- though on short notice -- we agreed to try.

The committee's hearings were held, appropriately enough, in the Moncton Lion's Club Senior Citizens Home. As we had of course not had time to distribute copies of our brief to either the committee members or to the press, our arrival in the hearing room was greeted with a number of requests for copies both of the brief and recent issues of the magazine. We became aware of the nature of the committee hearings first when a voice from behind the long table said, "Come on, now, you didn't come here to peddle papers. We haven't got all day," or words to that effect. We proceeded to the table and were informed that since *The Mysterious East* brief was not on Senator Croll's agenda, we were not going to be allowed to present our brief.

It turned out later that what has happened was that the committee staff had ignored an indication by the Senators that they didn't want to hear from the media in order to invite us, and had smuggled us into the agenda under the Civil Liberties Association. Ignorant of this, we felt a little indignant at having been asked to present a brief and travelling from Fredericton to do so when we were not on the agenda; after some discussion of this, Senator Croll finally allowed the hearing to go ahead, over the objections of Senator Fournier, who accused us of "disrupting" the hearings by "peddling our papers" and insisting on reading our brief.

The brief was read, finally (for extracts from it see boxes) and we were asked to return that afternoon for a question period. After some hesitation, we agreed.

It became apparent almost immediately, that afternoon, that the central issue in the brief, in the minds of the committee -- and especially Senator Edgar Fournier -- was our attack on the preconceptions embraced by typical senators -- especially Senator Fournier. The brief had quoted from some remarks made by Senator Fournier, not untypical of the Senator, in previous hearings to the effect that thousands of "so-called poor" are defrauding a welfare system which is "the curse of the country" and that "It will be

wasted effort to throw more money to people who cannot control their expenses".

Senator Fournier, then, began the afternoon session with a "speech" which says more than we could say in volume about the Senate Poverty Committee,

Senator Fournier



He began by attacking the members of our delegation personally; ascertaining that some of us were university teachers, he charged:

You are university professors; not lacking in education. You saw fit this morning to walk in and disturb this meeting that had an agenda. You took an hour of our time. You presented a brief which we had not seen. We asked you not to read the brief. You were asked not to distribute your pamphlet and you did. So you cannot blame this type of conduct on a lack of education or ignorance. It is just the attitude you people have.

We, the ignorant group as you may call me or the rest of us, have to worry about what is going on in our universities. God bless the universities when you have professors of your calibre teaching our young people. No wonder we have revolutions, terrorists and rebel movements. You may laugh, but we do not laugh. We find this very serious.

What can you expect from our university people or our young generation with the type of leadership that you are giving them, sometimes?

Getting down to business, he attacked the brief more specifically. We had pointed out that poor people find it difficult to travel in the Maritimes; Senator Fournier made it clear what he thinks of people who can't afford to travel to Halifax from Fredericton.

You have made a great contribution to transportation because you have brought all the problems of transportation in. You end by saying that the only way you can go from Halifax to Fredericton is by hitch-hiking and by begging. I will tell you gentlemen that there are thousands of people that are trying to go between Fredericton and Halifax not by hitch-hiking and not by begging. Maybe it is the only type of transportation that you people can afford. I feel sorry for you.

Charging ahead, he called on his vast resources of economic wisdom to defend the heavy water plant on the grounds that if the money hadn't been wasted in Nova Scotia, it would have been wasted somewhere else:

You have mentioned some dissatisfaction about the heavy-water plant in Nova Scotia as if you were experts in the matter. Let me tell you also that you have a lot to learn. There are two sides to the coin on this story. Maybe your side is right up to a point

EXCERPTS FROM THE BRIEF

For example, consider the man who wants to travel from Fredericton to Halifax. If he goes by Canadian National, he must take a bus leaving at 10:10 a.m. for Newcastle, over a hundred miles away. Arriving in Newcastle at 2:30, he catches the train, which arrives in Halifax at 9:30. For a trip of less than 300 miles, he has spent nearly 12 hours. The cost is \$10.50 to \$12.20 depending on the day of the week on which he travels. To transact a day's business - looking, let us say, for employment - he must spend two nights in a hotel and two days on the road. A round trip is going to cost the best part of \$60 - for one way

On the topic of housing, for instance, we would cheerfully argue that private ownership of land and uncontrolled speculation in it are probably no longer defensible. In the City of Fredericton, for example, a developed lot costs something in the neighborhood of \$8,000 to \$10,000; with a \$15,000 house the payments on a 90 percent mortgage at prevailing rates of interest would be over \$200 per month - a price few working men can pay. It is time we recognized that urban land, at least, is a public resource. Public ownership of urban land would also have implications for the provision of parks and other recreational facilities, which in turn would have an obviously beneficial effect on the quality of life of the urban poor.

We wish to ask, however, whether the disadvantaged do wish, or should wish, to be integrated into a society whose chief flowers seem to be the ticky-tacky boxes and chrome-plated monsters which cover the continent from Halifax to Los Angeles; whose goals can apparently only be formulated in economic terms; whose idea of entertainment is "I Love Lucy", and whose idea of art is a K-Mart reproduction of Norman Rockwell. How many of us are really happy with a society whose gross national product is one-third garbage, a society which views as human necessities such products as electric shoe polishers, floral-patterned toilet paper and vaginal deodorants, a society whose economic system apparently depends for its health on war and waste? What have the poor ever done to us that we should wish to inflict such things on them?

In our view, it is a gross irony that governments continue to try to convert the Maritimes into another extension of the North American neon jungle at just the point in time at which that jungle is under attack from a wide variety of its citizens who have come to recognize that it serves only the needs of power-hungry politicians and corporate bondholders. The affluent society, it seems clear, does not speak to human needs; and the young it produces are often inclined to enter a kind of voluntary poverty as hippies and drop-outs. Refugees from central Canada and the United States are moving into the Maritimes in considerable numbers not because they believe it will become another New Jersey or Ontario, but because they hope it won't; they hope it will remain a decentralized region in which individual people relate to one another as individuals.

but in the meantime all this money has been spent in the Maritimes and it would not have been spent in the Maritimes; it would have been spent somewhere else in Canada. It has produced employment for thousands of people and it will give Canada, when it is completed, even with all the problems there have been to build it, one of the best heavy-water plants in the world.

Moved, perhaps by the word "ridicule", and glancing down at a copy of *The Mysterious East* - a publication he had clearly never seen before - he noticed the caricature of Premier Robichaud which graced our July issues' cover, and let us know what he thinks about ridicule of public officials - us practice, presumably, by every editorial cartoonist in North America. He also made it clear that he holds no brief for the democratic right to dissent, that he couldn't be more loyal to the Premier of the Province if he were a dictator:

I may not agree with Premier Robichaud in many things but today he is my premier and I respect him as the Honourable Louis Robichaud, premier of my province, as a Canadian citizen. Many dictators have the respect I give my premier.

It is the same thing with the Prime Minister of Canada; he is the Prime Minister of Canada and I have no right to ridicule him. Nothing is going to destroy our society faster than people like you ridiculing the leaders of our country.

Finally, Senator Fournier said,

I will cherish this brief because it is the cheapest and meaningless brief that we have seen since we started across the country. We have received hundreds of briefs. Some of them were rather really rough but there was always two sides to the coin. There is always the constructive side.

It is nice to criticize. It is the easiest thing in the world, but when you do criticize you want to learn at your young age, you must offer some constructive criticism, if you want to do what you think you are doing.

I said I will cherish this brief. I will frame it and keep it as a souvenir. As I said, in my opinion, it is the most meaningless brief that this committee has received. It is just a series of platitudes, a perfect image of the sponsoring group. There is nothing constructive in this brief. All the world is wrong. The only useful thing is the Mysterious East, which is ready to disappear like the rest of literature of this nature. You will not survive very long. You have made a great contribution, as I said a while ago, by putting back into the record of the statements I made.

This morning - you are an educated man - you were asked not to read the brief in its full length but just to comment on it. Of all the hundreds of briefs we have received in Canada by people from all levels of society, educated and uneducated, you as university professors, felt you were not able to comment on your brief but you wanted to read it word for word, which showed a weakness - that you are not sure of yourselves because you have to depend upon something you have written behind dark walls.

Now, Mr. Chairman, having made my comments, I

MORE EXCERPTS

We are not convinced, however, that we have any business at all appearing before this committee. You ought to be hearing from people in poverty, not from middle-class academics, however concerned the academics may be. But no unemployed man who has been systematically made to feel worthless and incompetent - which is what the spiritual aspect of poverty consists in - is going to come here before so august a body as a Senate Committee and tell you what he thinks why no one will hire him, how his family is suffering and how inadequate he feels.

Finally, since it is our impression that the chief criticism of this committee has been, from the start, that it was not getting out and meeting the people about whom it was ostensibly concerned, we have one final recommendation. It is that each member of the committee put on a set of old clothes, take a five dollar bill, and disappear for a week into a city with which he is not particularly familiar and if possible a city in which the majority language is not his own; or, alternatively, that he travel six or eight hundred miles on the Boards of Trade, the Home and School Associations, the well-intentioned middle-class academics. After living poor for a week you may know - as they don't - which parts of their presentations should be taken with a grain of salt.

Senator Quart

am here to listen. I have nothing against these boys. They are trying to do good. I feel sometimes they are doing the wrong thing. I feel sorry that people with that ability, that capacity, that education, would not be working on the right track and changing their attitude so as to be constructive for the young generation.

They are in the field; they have the opportunity. They are within the walls of the universities and they should try to do something constructive with the young generation, instead of something destructive. That is all I will say now, Mr. Chairman, and I thank you.

Much of the next hour or so was spent discussing the implications of our "attack" on Senator Fournier, along with some matters that had actually been brought up in our brief. But it was the speech of Senator Josie Quart from Quebec that was the highlight of the afternoon. She began with a defense of Fournier that was a masterpiece of ironic character assassination, and went on to line up with

him on the side of purity and virtue in education. The speech demands quotation:

Senator Quart: *Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the Mysterious East, I find it rather funny to think of the word "mysterious" when it comes to the Maritimes. However, it is with a feeling of sadness that I venture a few remarks in this debate, not in any way to defend Senator Fournier, because he does not need me or anybody else to defend him, nor his remarks. For those of us who know him, we know he is well known for his justice and fair play and very frank attitude about things. He does not hedge in dealing with people, and especially with under-privileged and unemployed.*

Now for your information, gentlemen, maybe you would not have made the sacrifice he made this week, and I am sure I am going to shock him because he is bashful. There was a family reunion for his family which I believe was organized quite a while ago. Senator Fournier: Once a year.

Senator Quart: *Once a year they have this reunion, and he gave it up in order to be here with us for these meetings for the poor, for the young, for the old, and for the middle-aged, and what-have-you.*

He gave up all these days and is going home for just two days to be with his family. Now that is pretty noble.

I want to go just one step further. This is my reaction. I have grandsons maybe just your age. I feel sorry that you have this attitude, and I sat through the Committee on Mass Media where they had these underground radical newspapers, left, right, pink, blue, what-have-you, come before us, but I do not think have ever had quite the feeling. It was not brought home to me nearly so much as in listening to some of your remarks.

I have always believed in freedom of the press. I hope I do not become disillusioned in my old age. Sometimes freedom of the press can be abused of freedom and when you tear down respect for all authority and ridicule the leaders of our political parties, no matter who they are, I think in spite of all your PhD's or whatever it is, what you are doing to our young people is dreadful. What are they going to become? They will not have respect for anybody, and please think it over each time you take up your pen, or whenever you take up your sword, and cut down and ridicule everybody. Somebody must be right.

It turned out later that in fact the committee had at the last minute and to the intense discomfiture of the people who had arranged it, cancelled its visit to New Brunswick's North Shore - and rumour had it that part of the reason was Senator Fournier's family reunion.

It would be possible to go on at length to analyze the composition of the committee, the people they actually heard from in their travels, the degree of flexibility their discussions betray. But all of that is easily done by reading the transcripts of their hearings which are widely available; the remarks of Senators Fournier and Quart indicate pretty clearly what you can expect when the committee weighs in with its final report.

GOING TO SCHOOL

1 arrivals and departures

ON HIS ARRIVAL IN DIGBY, Nova Scotia, in the fall of last year, Henry Rucker must have been one of the most enthusiastic immigrants Canada has ever had. He had always been interested in coming to Canada, he says, though he had not often thought of the Maritimes. He accepted a job teaching high school in Digby as a way of getting to Canada, which to him seems to have resembled the Promised Land. He arrived in Digby with enthusiasm for his new job - teaching social studies at Digby Regional High School - and for his new home. He soon learned, he says, to love the Fundy Coast and the Maritime style of life he found in Digby, especially that of the fishermen he met and talked with there.

By December, however, Rucker had been fired from his

new job and was locked in a struggle with the tight educational oligarchy which rules Digby's schools - and much

And by the time the Digby schools closed down for the summer holiday, Rucker had been reinstated by an appeal board. The superintendent of schools, the supervisor, and the principal at DRHS had resigned from their posts. Two of Rucker's supporters on the faculty had not been rehired, the Nova Scotia government had conducted an investigation of the Digby schools and the whole affair had received national publicity. The community of Digby was torn into bitter factions.

By summer, Rucker was in Ottawa, happy in a new job and in his new home, and Digby's reputation as the eastern center for repressive establishmentarianism, oligarchical control and educational Neanderthalism was secure.

But as one long-time observer of the Digby situation commented, "Henry was only a small part of this. What's wrong here was wrong long before he ever came and is still wrong now that he's gone. His case just made it a little more obvious for a while."

What *did* happen in Digby? And what is wrong there? And why should the rest of us care?

What's wrong in Digby is the characteristic thing that tends to go wrong in small, relatively isolated, pleasant

IN

DIGBY

and personal communities -- and it tends most frequently to go wrong in the schools.

What happened was that Henry Rucker, a perhaps somewhat abrasive individual with a limited ability to perceive the complexities of interpersonal relationships in a relatively small and ingrown town, arrived at a moment of crisis in the history of the dynasty of F. Courtney Purdy, Superintendent of Schools and president of the Digby General Hospital Board.

2 the stationary

PURDY WAS BORN NEARBY, IN DEEP BROOK. He was educated at Bear River, at Mount Allison University, the University of Michigan, Columbia, and the University of Toronto. When he returned to Nova Scotia he moved up rapidly through the educational hierarchy -- a common enough experience for competent men who are willing to stay in the teaching profession -- and later he added the office of president of the Digby General Hospital Board, which he has held for twenty years.

Even -- or perhaps especially -- Purdy's enemies concede that he has been admirably effective in both offices. An ingenious and aggressive administrator, he is almost solely responsible for the existence of the Digby General Hospital and for the new, modern wing at the Digby Regional High School. In fact, up until a couple of years ago, Purdy's career was like one of the models educational administrators peddle in their advertising.

Unfortunately, the testimonial dinner to honor him on his retirement, which was held at The Pines in Digby last August 22, was not the unmarked crown of a successful career that it perhaps ought to have been -- and that it probably would have been had the dinner been held August 22, 1968. For one thing, in point of fact Purdy had not retired. For another, hostility toward him in the community had grown to the point where the grumbling about the testimonial dinner must have been nearly audible out at The Pines. Vicious rumours about him were circulating through Digby. Thirteen hundred residents of Digby had signed a petition requesting he be fired.

What had happened to this storybook career? To quote one young resident of Digby, "Well, if Purdy had quit years ago, no one would have ever thought anything much bad about him. But he just waited too long to get out. It's been years since he understood anything about what's really happening in Digby."

3 a private fiefdom

What is really happening in Digby, then? Put sociologically, what's happening is a change in the power structure. The old establishment -- largely an educational establishment, since that seems to be Digby's main industry -- is being challenged by a newer, more broadly-based one. But the old establishment, dominated by F.C. Purdy, has become accustomed to thinking of the hospital

and the high school as essentially its private fiefdom. So that long before Henry Rucker arrived in Digby, there was widespread dissatisfaction with the arbitrariness with which decisions seemed to be made by the school board -- which held its meetings in private and seemed to be accountable to no one.

If you were a citizen of Digby in the middle sixties, you would effectively have had no voice in educational decisions whatever. There was no way of applying pressure to the school board -- no way, in fact, of knowing precisely what they were doing, except by the effect of their decisions -- and no Home and School Association.

And -- perhaps this is most important -- everyone connected with the schools thought, or was encouraged to think, that school business was an internal matter in which citizens were not to be interested.

Teachers were encouraged to live outside Digby, or at least to leave town on weekends if at all possible. (This feeling seems rather common, at least in Nova Scotia; at the Nova Scotia Summer School it is recommended that teachers live in another community than that in which they teach.)

And this passage occurs in the teacher's handbook (page 46, just below the notice that "Smoking by women teachers is accepted but may provoke comment when practiced in public"):

GOSSIP

Digby is a typical small town and people enjoy gossip. Be on your guard for you'll be catechized for the latest "school dirt". You will also be on the receiving end and your past will be pried into and found out. What cannot be ascertained may be supplied through over-active imaginations. Be courteous but it is suggested that, for your own peace of mind, you keep your own counsel. Make your own judgements and don't be overly anxious to jump to conclusions. All too frequently we find those most maligned turn out to be our loyal friends. Please consider all matters pertaining to school organization, staff and routine as taboo topics outside the four walls of the school. Parents' interest in school does not extend to internal management and routine problems.

One wonders to what it does legitimately extend. Or what the school administration is likely to consider "routine" or "internal".

Clearly, if you are a good administrator and one interested in neatness and efficiency, and if you are yourself almost entirely responsible for the existence of the institution you administer, you're likely to think of it as your private property and of interested citizens as meddling outsiders. And that's essentially what had happened in Digby.

It's easy to see, too, why it might happen. F.C. Purdy was accepted as a sort of benevolent dictator. The school's reputation was creditable, and if its rate of teacher turnover was extraordinarily high, that was all right; teachers who stayed too long might find themselves becoming involved in the community.

4 a complex drama

HENRY RUCKER, THEN, ARRIVING FROM Glenville, West Virginia, was taking up a rôle in a drama far more complex and explosive than he had any way of knowing. To him, the issues seemed simple, as they often do to newcomers who aren't aware of the complex play of personalities involved. This is clear from his letter to the *Digby Courier* on November 13, in which Rucker called for regular, open school board meetings, which would welcome the attendance of teachers and parents; active Home and School Associations at every school; representatives of Teachers' Unions on school boards, and other such reforms.

But Rucker did not know that the oligarchical structure of the schools and of the Digby community as a whole was already defending itself against attack from people like Dr. and Mrs. R.A. Armstrong (the Armstrongs, Digby residents of eleven years standing, had already made their position known -- to the extent that Superintendent Purdy regularly warned newcomers to the school or hospital not to associate with the Armstrongs). Nor was Rucker aware of the extent to which the strike against extended school-bus duty on the part of Nova Scotia Teachers' Union members had exacerbated hostility toward teachers and their union in conservative Western Nova Scotia.

What Henry Rucker *did* know by November was that the ready hospitality of at least part of the Digby community was cooling rapidly. Frequent visitors and inspectors in his classroom seemed unhappy with his teaching (this was of course his first attempt at teaching and he readily admits that at first he had some difficulty, which was complicated by the frequency of inspections and the persistent rumours, which began, he says, as early as September, that he was to be fired). His sometimes casual dress (he always wore a tie, he says, but he twice wore a sleeveless, multi-coloured jacket which earned him an unflattering reprimand) and beard (neatly trimmed though it was, and is) seemed to him to be making him the center of more attention than was devoted to most new teachers.

And his fairly outspoken and perhaps somewhat naive hostility toward the educational system probably earned him some enemies -- this too is a common situation when "outsiders" come into a situation where people have become accustomed to traditional ways of doing things. At any rate, Rucker later said "Digby Regional High School was run like some of the prisons I've visited, humiliating students continuously, shaming them as much as possible, disallowing any creative activity or free discussion. In some respects it was much like a mental institution." He objected also to what he considered the pro-American -- and often racist -- bias of the textbooks, and to the lack of Canadian content in the courses.

Presumably, also, his involvement in the bus strike dispute did not serve to endear him to the educational establishment in Digby; he was among those who accused the admin-

istration -- especially Superintendent Purdy -- of intimidating elementary school teachers (among them Henry Rucker's wife Nancy) into signing a petition stating that they had no objections to the extra outside duties which were being demanded of teachers.

5 firings and reasons

AND THE REPORTS ON THE QUALITY OF HIS teaching from the inspectors were not very encouraging. Rucker says that he was ill during one inspection and in general handicapped by bad textbooks, cramped quarters -- in some of his classes there were not enough desks to go around -- and by the prescription that new teachers should "adhere closely to the prescribed courses and delay request for deviation" until more familiar with the "philosophy of our school" (as outlined in a letter from the Supervisor of Schools, C.C. MacInnes). But in any case the reports were replete with phrases like "In my opinion the teacher was not well prepared," "Students bored and so on I," "No usable lesson plan," "Teacher's mannerisms which have a tendency to detract." (These -- his abrupt movements and his tendency "to feel his beard and chin whiskers" -- were to become important subsequently.) According to the inspectors, Rucker lectured from the textbook and had poor control of his class. It seems clear, in fact, that at this point of his career he was not a very good teacher. It is possible that some of his unhappiness with the system was due to this. But it is also clear that there are many worse teachers -- everyone who has gone to high school or university has known some of them -- who are in fact not fired. And certainly they are not fired after less than three months of teaching.

But F.C. Purdy mailed a registered letter to Rucker on the 21st of November which said in part:

I have been instructed by the Digby Regional School Board to advise you that the Board by unanimous resolution decided to terminate your contract to become effective November 30, 1969. The reason for this action by the Board is unsatisfactory performance of your probationary contract.

Exit Henry Rucker.

Or so it seems to have been planned -- and so, in fact, it seemed in Digby for a while. The *Digby Courier* did not publish any report of the firing -- the first mention, in fact, was on December 4, when the agenda for an upcoming Teachers' Union meeting, printed in the *Courier*, included

a consideration of the dismissal of Rucker.

Another dark hint that something was in the wind occurred in a letter in the *Courier* by Mrs. Armstrong, calling for open school board meetings and referring to the practice of hiring and firing teachers "with such gay abandon ... Who is it that hires teachers and has such poor judgement that some have to be fired again in five minutes, year after year?"

In fact, Rucker had decided not to make a quiet exit -- unlike, it appears, all those teachers whose quiet departures over the years had contributed to the reputation Digby had acquired for rapid turnover in personnel. He had gone immediately to the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union, who had informed him that he had a right to appeal such a decision. A school board meeting was held on 8 December, at which the board decided to grant Rucker twenty days to appeal the decision and therefore to extend his salary for that period.

Ultimately a full-dress hearing was held on January 19-21. The charges against Rucker were divided into a seven-item list, but they boiled down to three: (1) the administration and the inspectors thought he wasn't a very good teacher; (2) there was what was described as an "unfortunate altercation in staff room with a fellow teacher that spilled over into the corridor and was witnessed by student groups, an incident which required intervention of the principal -- a most unprofessional conduct that has provoked a good deal of unfavorable public comment"; and (3) those unfortunate "mannerisms" of Rucker's. In testimony, some other elements came out. The principal, J.E. Ritcey, for instance, commented, according to the Digby *Courier*, that "an untidy appearance of Mr. Rucker accounted for much of the disciplinary problems."

6 the evidence factory

Subsequently, the appeal board found that Rucker had been dismissed for reasons not readily comprehensible to an outsider -- nor indeed those stated in the original charges. One member of the appeal board commented that "initially, attention was directed to Mr. Rucker for considerations that were completely extraneous to his performance as a teacher." Mr. Nicholson, another member, observed that the School Board might have been expected to know that Rucker had no teaching experience and to be prepared to help him to find his way; they would also, he suggested, have known about the "mannerisms" from the interview. Moreover, Rucker was observed almost immediately after the beginning of the fall term when he could hardly be expected to have learned much about teaching.

The conclusion that Rucker was fired for other reasons becomes unavoidable when the charge involving the "unfortunate altercation" is considered; Judge C. Roger Rand, the appeal board chairman, made that point in indicating the exaggerations -- if not plain lies -- involved in the original charge.

"The manner in which this incident is written up as No. 5 of the reasons why the School Board suspended Rucker," he says, "is such as to lead those who did not hear the sworn evidence to believe that a small riot was in progress

with students viewing this unprofessional conduct on the part of Rucker. Nothing could be further from the sworn evidence that we heard." What in fact happened was an argument about NSTU rules, complicated by the fact that Rucker was distressed by the pressures he said were being applied to his wife during the bus dispute. The argument ended amicably, with Rucker and his disputant, Lawrence Banks, another teacher, reconciled. No students saw the event, nor was violence involved.

But what is most interesting is the conclusion the appeal board came to about the manufactured "incident" -- that the only time you have to manufacture such evidence is when you don't have enough real evidence, or can't use what you have. Clearly, whatever the real reasons for Rucker's firing had been -- and they can only be known by inference, since probably the people responsible were not fully aware of their own motives -- they had nothing to do with education. And that's the tragedy of the affair.

7 petitions and purges

THE APPEAL BOARD CLEARLY SAW THE problem as other than an educational one; they ordered that Rucker be reinstated and suggested that "there is a situation amongst the personnel employed by the Digby Regional School Board that is not a happy one and some effective action should be taken to eliminate that situation."

If in fact the motives of the School Board in dismissing Rucker had been pedagogical, what could they have been expected to do? What were the alternatives?

One obvious alternative would be to reinstate Rucker and try to find ways to help him become a better teacher. One could also begin making some attempt to find out why the situation among the personnel was an unhappy one and find ways to rectify it, beginning by holding staff meetings, open board meetings, and public forums about the schools, their curricula and methods.

But if, on the other hand, the motives were essentially political, if the dismissal of Rucker and the harassment of those who defended him (harassment which was testified to at the hearing and which was to culminate later) were directed at the preservation of a social and political *status quo* where real power was held by a very limited group who were unaccountable to the community at large, what action would you expect? Clearly, a tightening of ranks and an attempt to gather the respectable forces of the community behind the School Board and its decision.

And that was, in fact, the case. Purdy, Ritcey (the high school principal), and MacInnes (the Supervisor of Schools) resigned.

The results of this – some of them, anyway – were predictable. On February 12, the *Courier* reported that by an agreement made between Rucker's representative and the representative of the School Board, Rucker was not remaining in Digby. "The resignation of Mrs. Henry Rucker from the St. Patrick's School staff has also been accepted. It is understood that Mr. and Mrs. Rucker and daughter will be leaving Digby to take up residence elsewhere." A week later, the *Courier* said that four hundred people (it turned out later to be 378) had signed a petition asking Purdy, Ritecy and MacInnes to withdraw their resignations. A heavily-attended meeting of the Teachers' Union local voted to support the three administrators and forced the resignation of their own executive. A more administratively-oriented executive was later installed. Among those forced out was Roger Matheson, an industrial arts teacher and President of the local, who had testified for Rucker at his hearing. On February 26, the *Courier* published notice of a public meeting to "restore order" in the public schools; the meeting was held on the 28th and attracted over 600 people, who voted to ask the three administrators, again, to reconsider their resignations. Purdy responded by making his a retirement but announced that it was still final. Ultimately Ritecy and MacInnes did withdraw their resignations.

8 holding the schools for ransom

THUS THE SITUATION was converted into an attack on the whole school system. The report was, as the Digby and Annapolis *Mirror* pointed out, interpreted not as a comment on a specific situation, but as an attack on the overall quality of education in Digby under the existing administration. By resigning, the three administrators served notice that any attempt to modify the structure of the schools would result in chaos – not because the reformers intended it to, but because the administrators would hold the system for ransom. No one had envisioned, and few desired, the resignations; when they came they threatened the system with anarchy. And to the minds of most Digbyites the threat came not from Purdy, Ritecy and MacInnes but from outsiders like Rucker and the appeal board. The clear result of this threat whenever it is used is to keep people from rocking the boat. If I lean out over the gunwale, and you rock the boat – who's responsible for the capsizing?

In any case, the Digby educational boat was all but awash by the beginning of March and things got no better during that month. Further public meetings were held, at the urging of a committee of concerned Digbyites headed by Fred Harris; one organized a Home and School and another, on the 26th, received a petition containing 1350 signatures calling for the firing of Purdy. Harris charged there would have been more, but that many citizens were afraid to speak out for fear of losing their jobs.

This seemed to be a fairly justified fear, since Purdy effectively controlled two of Digby's biggest employers,

the school and the hospital. And in fact both of the teachers who had testified for Rucker at the appeal board hearings were quietly fired (i.e. their contracts were not renewed) during the month. They were Roger Matheson, President of the Digby NSTU local – who was later to receive an award for teaching at a convention of the American Industrial Arts Association – and Neil Cullens, vice-principal of the High School. On March 17 and 18, students held a protest march and momentary sit-in to protest the firings, but of course to no avail.

9 provincial survey

At the end of March, however, the vessel began to wallow in earnest when it was announced that a three member commission had been appointed by the Minister of Education to undertake a quiet, two-week long study of the Digby school situation. The survey team, composed of Halifax School Superintendent Dr. Maurice Keating, chartered accountant G.M. Murray and Digby area school inspector Clifford Edwards, released its report at the end of March.

The report of the survey team was – in the eyes of everyone except the eternally optimistic Digby *Courier* (see box) – a disaster for the Digby school system's administration. Its indictment of the administration, which attained wide currency, found seven basic and major defects in Digby's school system: the public, it charged, was kept in ignorance of all school matters; the administration was rigid and inflexible; statements of policy and responsibility were vague or unavailable or nonexistent; there was an authoritarian tendency to decide things for other people "without any reference to their expressed wishes"; the administration was almost fanatically preoccupied with finances, to the detriment of education and humanity; teachers were hired without reference to provincial regulations; and finances were concealed. The survey team offered fifteen recommendations for improving the situation, most of which were directed at opening up the closed circle in which decisions were made and making the school system more responsive to the Digby community; and many of the recommendations were precisely what many people in Digby had been calling for from the beginning. Both local papers had been carrying, for months, occasional letters calling for some information about the financial status and policy of the schools.

Interestingly, Superintendent Purdy did not seem to understand the thrust of the report. In a response to it directed to the School Board on April 14, he was both perplexed that the report didn't seem to consider the excellence of the education provided by the Digby system, and

unconvinced that he had ever exceeded his authority. As for specific recommendations, he said that some of them seemed "obviously designed to placate the advocates of the 'new thinking' and the 'mischief makers'" (emphasis his), and asserted that "I could not possibly subscribe to the idea that a school administrator should not be concerned intimately with 'dollars and cents.'" He went on in a rather petulant tone, "The role of the superintendent as advocated by the 'new thinkers' in education is completely unacceptable to me and for this reason my retirement from education in Nova Scotia should probably have occurred several years past."

He argued that of the fifteen recommendations, most were already in effect and the rest were unworkable. He seemed unable to interpret the recommendations in any but the most literal and concrete sense, or to see that it was the spirit of his administration which was being attacked.

10 the King of Education

THE RELEASE OF THE REPORT brought wide publicity to the case, including a national report on the CBC. All those in favour of educational reform in Digby were encouraged by the survey team's forthright agreement with the reformist position. Optimism reigned. If, as Nick Fillmore of *The Fourth Estate* suggested in his article on Digby, wholesale changes at the higher levels might be needed, surely now was the time. If, as the *Valley Outlook* had said (in an editorial reprinted in the *Mirror* on April 1 which is probably the best single statement on the situation made by any newspaper), the problem was that "too many people in administration of schools in Digby county have been in their positions too

THE COURIER TELLS IT LIKE IT OUGHT TO BE

One of the hard lessons to be learned from a situation like Digby's is how much difference the responsibility – or irresponsibility – of the local paper can make. The Digby *Courier* consistently took positions of blind local patriotism and manic optimism throughout the crisis, and did not hesitate to distort the news in order to maintain Digby's "good image". Examples:

✳ When Digby High students protested the firings of Matheson and Cullens in March, the *Courier* headlined its story "Sunny Skies Aid Protest March" and began "Sunny skies added greatly to the pleasure of some three hundred students ... when they staged a march through the streets of Digby." Later in the story: "It was taken for granted by many of the citizens that a number of the marchers did not know why they were marching but liked the day out of school. Among them were students whose parents made no secret of the fact that they were fully behind the administration at DRHS." The article went on to report interviews with students who didn't understand the situation fully or who had been in Digby only a short time.

✳ Every paper that reported on the Survey Team report called it an indictment of the Digby school system (including the *Chronicle Herald*, the Digby and Annapolis *Mirror*, and *The Fourth Estate*) – but the *Courier* ran a long rebuttal of the report, titled "Rivalries in Community Cloud Real School Issues" and almost totally obscured the thrust of the report. The article observed that "Problems ... began in the fall of 1969 after the dismissal of a probationary teacher" (an example of a fairly high level of naïveté, to say the least) and protested in an editorial the following week that "we saw nothing (in the report) which might come under the category of a 'scaring indictment' ... which a wanting-to-be-popular little tabloid in another part of the province would make out it is."

✳ In its April 16 issue, the *Courier* reported that Roger Matheson, "Industrial Arts Teacher at Digby Regional High School ... received an Outstanding Industrial Arts Teacher Award" at a convention of the American Industrial Arts Association at Louisville, Kentucky – but neglects to mention that Matheson had been fired by the Digby School Board.

✳ Perhaps the most amusing example of editorial myopia though, is the *Courier's* response to the CBC *Weekend* show on Digby. In the news columns of its issue for 14 May the *Courier* presents an account of who was on the program as though it were social news, referring only vaguely and in passing to the subject and not at all to the slant of the show; the *Courier* was clearly gratified at the fact that "The name of Digby was given prominence throughout entire Canada." The headline is "Digby Gets National T.V. Recognition." In an editorial the paper complains vaguely about a waste of the taxpayer's money – not because the CBC did the show in the first place, which one might understand; but because the staff taped interviews which weren't shown and wasted the tape. Apparently some Digbyites had their feelings hurt when they were edited out of the program – especially, one suspects, because the star of the program was a cleaning lady at a local motel.

In the same issue appear two statements which will bear thought: "Nobody else but Digbyites in spirit can keep Digby free from ills which plague other areas," and "no medium ... reflects the community in its true spirit better than its newspaper." The *Courier's* practice, however, reverses the process: if the bad news doesn't appear in the paper, then it never happened in the community.

long," surely something could be done now that the whole nation knew of Digby's plight.

But it was not to be. A visit to Digby in the fall of 1970 shows appallingly little change. And much of what has changed hardly resembles improvement: Matheson, Cullens and Rucker are gone. So are many other teachers (including, ironically, Rucker's replacement -- see box). The vacancy rate is as high as ever; only slightly more than 60 per cent of the High School's teachers stayed on for 1970-71.

Most things, though, remain the same. Ritecy and MacInnes occupy pretty much the same positions they had a year ago. The petition demanding the firing of Purdy has had the result that a luncheon in his honour in June crowned Purdy "King of Education" in Digby County. His name still appeared as Superintendent of Schools in an advertisement for teachers published in the *Chronicle-Herald* in July -- though his retirement was supposed to have taken effect in June. His retirement dinner in August saw him still unreplaced as superintendent and, according to many Digby residents, still firmly in charge. Rumours were afloat that the School Board was going to follow Purdy's advice and phase out the office of superintendent and retain Purdy as some sort of special consultant -- in effect back to position one.

Perhaps most significant is the attempt on the part of the school board to rename the High School "F. Courtney Purdy High School" in his honour -- at the request of no more than 30 people. As Mrs. R.A. Armstrong, one of the most articulate participants in the Digby struggle, says, "The utter lack of sensitivity shown here is remarkable... the kids themselves are very annoyed at the idea of changing the name of their school and I can see a provocative act such as this name change is an incitement to disaster -- coming, as it does, at the beginning of a new school year."

11 the permanent file

BUT THE MOST CONVINCING evidence that the more things change the more they remain the same is contained in an incident which happened at the beginning of summer. The Armstrong's son, Peter, graduated from Digby Regional High School this spring. As students do at graduation, he autographed copies of the yearbook for classmates. Being the son of his parents and having some opinions of his own, he wrote (on at least one occasion) under his picture: "Peter Armstrong -- may the system be screwed." Not very original, perhaps, but clearly a not entirely unjustifiable philosophical position for a seventeen-year old boy in Digby in 1970.

What is interesting is that the Armstrong's received, on June 24, in an envelope bearing the return address of the Superintendent of Schools for Digby, a Xerox copy of the offending page. Typed across the top was the following curt and portentous message:

"We are certain that you must be very proud of your son. This will be placed in his permanent record file."

The temerity and naiveté of this is no more astonishing than the conviction of moral authority and political arrogance it conveys. One wonders whether it's possible even to think of modifying a system which can produce as flagrant an attempt at intimidation as this.

The moral of the fable of Digby? Progress in educational reform comes hard. You'd better be prepared to lose your job, to have "rebel" put "on your permanent record card" -- and to lose.

RESIGN OR RESIGN YOURSELF

Ironically, the teacher who replaced Rucker, Christopher Fairbrother, resigned himself near the end of the year. His reasons, as outlined in a letter to the *Mirror*, are revealing; he begins by pointing out that when he came he was not interested in the Rucker dismissal, and goes on:

Soon after I assumed duty at Digby Regional High School, the Rucker hearing ended, and I realised that a perfectly impartial and just decision had been made by Judge Rand. It occurred to me then that Henry Rucker had been dismissed largely for the fact that he was openly critical of the establishment and its narrow, old-fashioned autocratic ways...

I certainly realised that the administration had made a mistake with regard to Henry Rucker. I thought they would learn from this ... (but) to and behold, two more teachers got the same kind of treatment Henry Rucker had received. It was then that I realised where my sympathies lay ... I was for the students, lock, stock and barrel. I teach them, I am reasonably close to them in age, and, I may say, in my view of the future. After all, it is they and not the administration who will inherit tomorrow. That the students liked the two educators who were being phased out was enough for me.

I began to apply for jobs outside of Digby. I could not envisage another year as a teacher under the direction of men whom I did not trust nor yet could understand. I felt that the lack of communication evidenced from the superintendent on down was symptomatic of a rigid and inflexible system. And I know, and teach, that no system is absolute, nor perfect ...

But I wish the students to know that I see their problem and understand their complaints. A number of us who are leaving do also. The tragedy is that we must leave, and there's an end of it.

How many teachers of this calibre are driven out of our educational system every year? How long will it be before we start finding ways of retaining them?

THIS IS CFOO, WHERE THE HEAVYWEIGHTS live and breathe, despite the west side of Saint John."

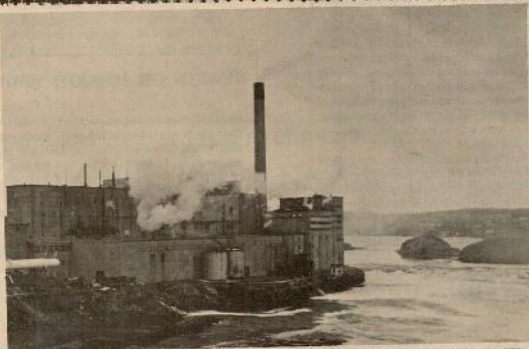
The radio went into Chicago, 25 or six to four, and the car went into the country east of Saint John, New Brunswick.

Route 1 headed straight on to Nova Scotia and I realized that if I hadn't detoured south through Saint John, I wouldn't have known what that D.J. meant. But now I was in on a local, Canadian joke.

As casually as I knew Canada, from the other side of the border, it had unconsciously become a believable place to me. Without my being aware of it, my mind had conceived

of Canada as a land where sanity reigned. It was a country with a culture very much like my own country's. And yet Canada had retained a value system that America had lost. Or perhaps never had. Like Camus, I couldn't see my flag anymore but without really looking, I could see Canada's, it seemed to make sense.

How this image of Canada had formed in my mind I don't really know. I was aware of the fact that a new underground railway was operating there, fighting another kind of slavery. I had heard of people going there to set up communes. Or talking about it. I knew, vaguely, that since the discovery of oil on Alaska's North Slope, Canada had been on her guard to protect her fragile Arctic eco-system from



A POSTCARD FROM CANADA

rick lydecker

irreparable damage by Man, the exploiter. Or perhaps it was only the "grass is always greener syndrome". I couldn't pinpoint the cause but somehow this feeling for Canada had been implanted in my subconscious. And I was acutely aware of it when I crossed the border from Maine into New Brunswick. I anticipated a world, physically very much like my own. But a world having, mentally and spiritually, the substance that my world lacked.

I had entered Canada, the magic land, this very morning and already I was into a local, Canadian joke. But it wasn't very funny.

A couple of hours in Canada's "Loyalist City" isn't enough time to find out much of the facts of the situation there. That's the trouble with being on the move, you never get the whole picture.

But on the west side of Saint John there's one fact you

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can't mist -- it stinks. It stinks, you can't breathe and the river looks like a cesspool.

From Falls View Park we got a good look at an amazing natural phenomenon, the famous Reversing Falls Rapids on the Saint John River. We also got a good look at a disgusting, man-made disgrace -- the Irving Paper Co. pulp mill, surrounded by a sea of its own excrement.

We couldn't believe it. Signs had been advertising the falls for miles as we drove up from Maine and once there we could hardly see them. A foul, yellowish smog covered everything and the rotten stench of hydrogen sulphide was everywhere.

We had driven over the falls bridge to the park because the usual viewing spot, atop the Information Office was covered with this thick cloud.

It seemed impossible, a major tourist attraction in Canada's "Picture Province" was the picture of industrial pollution.

"It's worse than Pittsburgh," said Marianne, who had spent an unhealthy year at Duquesne University there.

"It's awful."

A retired couple from Connecticut pulled up. They had been through Saint John before and they agreed. It was awful. They also told us that the Canadian Government had just given Irving Paper \$10 million to expand operations. Or so they had heard. That was all they knew about it except that Irving was a big name around Saint John. They pointed to a barge across the river that had "Irving" painted on it in big white letters and I recalled seeing Irving gas stations all over since crossing the border.

High over the falls was the bridge we'd come over and on the other side, barely visible through the smoke, was the Information Bureau.

WE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME to spend in Saint John, it was really a detour, but now I was curious. Was this really happening? In Canada?

We drove back over the smog-bound bridge.

At the Information Bureau above the famous Reversing Falls Rapids I bought a post card of this spectacular phenomenon.

"This is mild today," the girl at the cash register told us, "you should have been here last week."

Outside, the thick, foul smog covered everything but the post card showed a beautiful view of the falls. And a beautiful view of the pulp mill, right in the middle. Framed by the walls of the gorge stood the slobbering monster that hid the real view from our eyes.

The caption read something like: "The famous Reversing Falls Rapids, showing the Irving Paper Co. pulp mill in the background." It read as if they were proud of it.

"They say people who live around here get used to it," the girl went on, "but I'm glad I don't live in this part of town; I couldn't."

"Don't people complain about it? I mean, aren't they

doing something about it?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said, "but I do know the government has just given them \$10 million to expand. They must be going to do something about it or the government wouldn't give all that money."

But what were they going to do? No one at the Information Office seemed to have much information about that. In fact they seemed reluctant to talk about it. Or was it just my suspicious nature?

I wish I had more time in Saint John. I wanted to find out more about Irving Paper. That's the trouble with just passing through; your first impressions are sometimes the wrong ones to leave with. Maybe something was being done and I just couldn't see it.

I got more information from a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer outside the Bureau. I asked him what the white scum was that was flowing over the famous Reversing Falls Rapids.

"That's the soap or detergent or whatever it is that they use over at the pulp mill," he told me. "You see that big pipe over there," he said, pointing to the floating mass of muck below the mill, "that brown stuff coming out is a mixture of the detergent and the wood chips and pulp fibres from the pulping process. The solids settle out and the scum floats out to sea with the tide."

"And floats back in with the flood tide?" I ventured.

"Oh, no," he said, "not too much comes back, but of course, it never stops coming out either."

"Doesn't it have some effect on the fish life in the river?" I asked.

"One morning last week they put a cage in the water down there, with 10 trout in it. When they came back later that afternoon they were all dead. That's some effect."

"Aren't they going to do something about it?"

"Well, the federal government just gave them 10 million. I don't know, but I expect they'll have to use some of that money to clean up the place."

I wished I knew just what Irving Paper was going to do with that \$10 million. Perhaps it was all to be used to curb the pollution. But I didn't have time to find out. Nova Scotia was still a long way off and I wanted to get there by nightfall.

We followed route 1 through the city and stopped at a gas-station downtown - an Irving gas station.

"This fellow Irving certainly stinks up the west side of your city," I said to the attendant who was filling the tank, "but I guess you get used to it."

"Well, I been down here ten years from Quebec and I haven't got used to it yet," he replied.

"How does he get away with it?" I asked.

"Well, let's put it this way," he said, "he owns about 90 per cent of this town, him and his three sons. Besides the paper they got a hardware store, restaurant, these gas stations and Irving Towing."

"It's a wonder they don't call this town St. Irving," said Marianne as we drove away.

Back on route 1, I felt sorry that I hadn't been able to get the whole story about Mr. Irving. Under it all he might be a concerned and dedicated man working to clean up the environment. But that's what happens when you just passing through. You don't find out enough about a place. Who knows? Maybe Mr. Irving's first name is John.

OBSCEINITY

john rocca

LAST MAY, SOME SAINT JOHN CITIZENS pressured Common Council into setting up a committee to look into "the filth rampant in our city" and recommend a "course of action". As *The Mysterious East* tried to point out at the time, decisions about obscenity are decisions about aesthetic merit, and there's no incontrovertible way to determine literary merit. But Saint John is trying.

The campaign to "clean up the city" was the work of two church groups - Rev. Crabtree's Calvary Temple and Rev. Stillman's Wesleyan Church. The former is best known for the light entertainment it provides during the summer for the hippies in King Square. Members of the Church play music and give public testaments of how they came back to God after leading a life full of such viciousness as drinking and smoking. Some go so far as to admit having taken the name of the Lord in vain.

The two ministers obtained 853 signatures on identical form letters and presented them to council, urging "positive action against the showing of obscene and offensive films". Councillor Louis Murphy, who was later nominated chairman of the committee, made a motion to set up the committee because he was convinced that parents didn't want their children "exposed to the filth rampant in our city". He called it "pollution of the mind".

Councillor Murphy's motion sparked an hour-long debate. Councillor Gregory told parents to stop asking council to legislate their duties while Councillor Lockhart, who refers to the committee over his radio station CFBC as the "obscene committee" warned against any action which would be "illegal, non-legal or extra-legal". The mayor - appropriately his name is Calvin - reminded councillors that his discussions with church leaders had focussed on "control" rather than "censorship". Unfortunately, the mayor found himself unable to explain the difference.

Councillor Edna MacGowan, chairman of the Beautification Committee and Councillor Tom Higgins, chairman of the Pollution Committee violently disagreed on the artistic merits of girlie shows, *Oliver*, and *Mary Poppins*. MacGowan found girlie shows "disturbing and degrading", while Higgins thought they were "comical ... the funniest thing I've ever seen in my life". Movie critic MacGowan classified *Oliver* and *Mary Poppins* as "good, clean, family movies" while Higgins thought the latter was a lesson in how to be a pick-pocket and the former glorified the life of a gambler.

Councillor Sam Davis found the whole discussion about

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sex in movies boring. His concern was poetry - and particularly Joyce Kilmer's "Trees". He told the Council that every time he reads the poem he blushes "because of the lines:

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

He wondered if this type of poetry was good for children. The comment provoked an uproar: ultimately Davis had to write in to the *Telegraph-Journal* to point out that he had used the poem to illustrate his contention "that whereas a certain degree of censorship may be desirable or even necessary, the limit of actions are difficult to establish".

IF COUNCILLORS WERE AMUSED about the whole issue, citizens of Saint John were not. Pages four and five of the *Telegraph-Journal* for the month of April bear testament to their claim that the "issue touched off vehement and voluminous reactions on a scale unmatched in the city in years". One citizen wrote that it seemed "strange that we should live in the dirtiest, most dilapidated city in North America - the only one with a declining population, and certainly one with the worst streets anywhere, and still have time to appoint frivolous committees. No wonder we are going downhill - Common Council is too busy reading!" Mr. J.B.M. wrote in wondering if the committee was "a sort of delayed April fool stunt, dreamed up on his (Mayor Calvin's) recent trip to England where ministrist are shorter and legal abortions are more easily available". The appointment of the committee even drew complaints from Rodhesay from where a Mr. Hughes wrote in to "protest a small group of people attempting to deprive me of my right to choose what I will or will not read and view".

The issue even attracted attention from Fredericton, where a counter-attack on the church group obtained about 1000 signatures on form letters in an effort to show how meaningless form letters were. One of the letters urged Mayor Calvin and Council to:

"Screw your courage up and drive to the hairy, wriggling base of the problem; uproot it, sir, and you will reap streams of applause from good citizens of Saint John whose peace is disturbed by impulses of sex."

The letter went on to suggest that as the "campaign rises to its climax supporters will pulse forward by the hundreds".

But there were those who were in favour of censorship. Pleas for a return to the Bible were coupled with reminders that "our lives are governed by one big censorship as to what we can and cannot do". If the reaction in favour of censorship was not as great as that against it, it missed the attention of Judge Harold Prince, who found the Saint

John News Company Ltd. guilty of distributing obscene material. In his judgment Prince admitted that "public clamoring (sic) as we have in Saint John, for some action to be taken in the matter of obscenity" did affect him "even though subconsciously".

WHEN THE OBSCENITY COMMITTEE met for its first meeting on May 27th, hopes for it being an aesthetic litmus paper died. The Committee itself was and is hopelessly divided. Councillors Murphy and MacGowan and Dr. Calkin, the ministerial representative, are in favour of censorship. Martin Hunt, former editor of *The Equinox*, the University of New Brunswick in Saint John's student paper; George Little, English teacher at Simonds High School; Ches Yetman, of the National Film Board, and myself are opposed to any kind of censorship. Miss Susan Cochrane, and Ian Wilson, Library representative, have yet to reveal any strong views for or against, while Councillor Gregory, like any good politician, can be carried by a strong wind either way. The platform of the pro-censorship group at the first meeting of the committee included a call for "clean movies", and pleas to "raise the standards" of the Community, and to eradicate the "language of the street". The meeting ended with jokes about the size of the penis on Roman statues, stories of raping, pillaging and killing perpetrated by people stimulated by certain types of movies (i.e. ones with sex) all combined with a melodramatic story of a young Saint John girl who became pregnant because she read *True* magazine.

The anti-censorship group questioned the use of the word "clean" in relation to movies, and found nothing wrong with the language of the street. Furthermore, it knew of no evidence that movies cause people to rape, pillage and kill. The group is still awaiting expert medical opinion on the claim that *True* magazine caused young girls to become pregnant. *True* magazine has agreed to buy the exclusive rights to the story should it ever be verified.

Later meetings of the committee were not as revealing. The committee settled down to the mundane task of interviewing people and listening to briefs.

The first guest was A.Y. Goss, chairman of the New Brunswick Board of Censors. He told the committee what he told *The Mysterious East* in May - that the Board's function should be classification.

The committee also received a brief from Mr. Wendell Huestis. A movie fan, Mr. Huestis lashed out at "critics who think we should return to the Shirley Temple and Andy Hardy type of movie, or perhaps a steady diet of Bugs Bunny and Mary Poppins". Like Mr. Goss, Mr. Huestis was in favour of the classification system. Furthermore, he felt that people on the Board should "undergo a rigid examination to test their qualifications".



READ ABOUT NAKED INDIANS

Don't let your child read books that falsify life - that picture it as being so sweet, without conflict. In all great literature there is a realization that in life there is a tragic tension between good and evil, between disaster and triumph. The first people to know this intuitively are the children themselves.

Mrs. A. J. Travis in a brief to the Saint John Common Council Obscenity Committee.

There are people who disagree with Mrs. Travis, the regional librarian for Saint John. Among them was a Saint John mother who two years ago decided that her twelve year-old son was not old enough to be reading about human conflict. After all, isn't it only right to encourage a grade six student in upper-middle-class West Saint John to believe for as long as possible that life is sweet and without conflict?

This difference of opinion became evident when her son brought home a Canadian history book from the school library. She did not object to her son reading Canadian history. She was as proud of Canada as the next person. However this book was not the kind of book that her son should be reading - at least not until something was done about the section in the book which described Indians dancing naked in the moonlight! She didn't mind her son reading about Indians - but having to read about *naked* Indians was totally unacceptable.

So like any other mother concerned about her son's education, she complained to the principal of the school. The principal, a very reasonable man, immediately ordered the book removed from the library.

The issue seemed settled had it not been for Mrs. Travis. To her, the whole thing smacked of censorship. So she brought the subject up to the School Board and the Home and School Association. Today, the principal is no longer a principal - not necessarily because of this incident - and the Indians are once again dancing naked in the pages of Canadian History.



BLACK MARRIES WHITE

What child can resist the delightful illustrations of
Beatrix Potter, Joan Walsh Anglund, Maurice Sendak,
Robert McClosky, to mention only a few.

Mrs. A.J. Travis in a brief to the
Saint John Common Council
Obscenity Committee.

And children usually can't resist these illustrations as Mrs. Travis will testify. One of these popular illustrated books is Garth Williams' *Rabbits' Wedding*. It's a simple story. Using rabbits instead of people, Williams tells the child the story of falling in love and finally marrying. The purpose of the book is to entertain and educate the child. And considering its popularity among children, the book does exactly that.

But if one mother had had her way, children in Saint John would not be reading *Rabbits' Wedding*. It wasn't that the mother did not want her child entertained or educated - no doubt she did - she just objected to the type of education this specific book provided. She thought that the book would be just that much more entertaining and instructive if one of the rabbits was not black! Black may be beautiful but there is a limit! If you don't teach kids that there is something wrong with white rabbits marrying black rabbits they will probably grow up thinking that there is nothing wrong with white people marrying black people.

It was just too much. So she complained to Mrs. Travis and asked her to have the book removed from the library. The only thing removed from the library was the woman.

The first presentation from a church came from the United Baptist Church. The church recommended that a minimal moral and legal standard be established; that practices that are not accepted by the "norm in society" and include nudity, filthy language, etc. be not publicly shown nor alluded to; that illegal practices (i.e. drug use) should not go unpunished in a script; and, that practices which are both illegal and degrading (e.g. rape) should not be shown publicly. Finally, it recommended that in return for the money taxpayers pay for the CBC, they should get something "that is edifying and uplifting, not demoralizing and destructive to morals and law and order".

The United Baptist Church plea for censorship was preceded by an eloquent plea for individual responsibility in a brief by Mrs. A.J. Travis, the Regional Librarian. In her brief, Mrs. Travis criticized "the so-called ralliers toward censorship of adult books ... who mistrust their neighbors and doubt the validity of freedom of thought. Their activities over the years," she added, "have resulted in the suppression of such dangerous works as *Green Pastures*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *Oliver Twist*, and *Uncle Remus*. If their plans had matured nationally, we might not even have had the 'Peter Rabbit' Library."

She reminded the committee that it was her job as a librarian to see that the library "caters for and fosters a diversity of interests and tastes and a genuine independence of mind." Therefore, she would oppose any censorship of adult books. She was however in favour of censorship of children's books - a censorship of quality. This was because, in her opinion, "children whose tastes have not been spoiled will respond naturally to the best literature". But at the same time she would not deny children access to any book.

And that's really where the committee is at, listening to briefs. As far as recommendations go, there will probably be very few and they will be common sense ones such as more accurate advertisement for movies, and enforcement by theatres of the age limit rules, etc. There will be no surprises except perhaps for those who, in Emmamuel Eller's words, "have tried to prescribe a mould into which to pour the human mind".

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A TREATMENT PLANT AT PURCELL'S COVE?

s. r. kerr

editor' note

Although the issue of where a Halifax sewerage plant should be may well not be important enough in itself to support this third *Mysterious East* article on the subject, we decided to carry this one because of a number of issues it raises which are pertinent to all Maritimers and do deserve some extended consideration.

(1) Dr. Kerr seems to assume that "development" of the Purcell's Cove area is inevitable. He refers to the "inevitable" bridge across the Northwest Arm, and the "probable" choice of Purcell's Cove for a high-rise development. He may be quite right, but all of us would do well to consider why such "development" is so inevitable. If the sewage plant can be stopped - not to mention the Spadina Expressway - then perhaps Purcell's Cove *could* be saved?

(2) He says the sewage plant will, if "the temptation to cut corners on cost can be resisted by the politicians" be "of acceptable aesthetic design". Perhaps: but do readers of *The Mysterious East* have much doubt guessing which way the average politician will jump if presented with a choice between aesthetics and economics?

(3) Dr. Kerr also asserts that "The social implications of a project such as this are not a legitimate part of the engineer's terms of reference". Well, they haven't been up to now. But the whole point of *The Mysterious East's* coverage of such problems has been that they *ought* to be. The nuclear scientists said they weren't responsible, either, until after they produced the atom bomb.

PREVIOUS ISSUES OF *THE MYSTERIOUS EAST* (June and August) have carried discussions of the McLaren Report, particularly with respect to the Report's recommendation of Purcell's Cove as the best site for a proposed sewage treatment plant. The sole conclusion appears to be that Purcell's Cove is the victim of callous indifference to social values.

Issues such as this one are most likely to be resolved fairly if there is sufficient, responsible, public debate prior to the final decision. It seems to me however that readers of *The Mysterious East* who have not had the opportunity to examine the McLaren Report may have acquired a rather unbalanced view of the matter. As with most complex issues, the conclusions to be drawn in this case depend very much on the scale of observation, and Purcell's Cove in isolation is not the only, nor perhaps even the best, frame of reference.

First of all, the problem does have a context. At present, the Halifax area possesses an incredibly primitive system of waste disposal: so inadequate in fact, that I shall accept as beyond debate the premise that corrective measures must be taken as quickly as possible. The McLaren Report sought to translate this premise into concrete proposals, weighing the inevitable compromises between the attainable level of pollution abatement and the taxpayers' abilities to provide it. In principle, I believe the Report is a good one, having struck an effective balance between the ideal and the possible. Although I do retain some reservations, these concern relatively minor technical matters best debated at the detailed planning stage: certainly none are germane to the present discussion.

We are faced then with a pollution abatement program of major proportions and considerable urgency. The McLaren Report has given us the broad outlines of the solution. There must be a treatment site. Why pick on Purcell's Cove?

Economically, a site on Bedford Basin appears preferable. There is enough data available, however, to demonstrate that a site on the Basin would be biologically disastrous. Indeed, were such a site to be seriously considered, as an ecologist I would feel obligated to resist it with all the energy I could muster.

Beyond reasonable doubt, then, a suitable seaward locale must be selected, always remembering that we are now no longer considering the cheapest possible site for what is already an extremely expensive undertaking. If unlimited funds were available the exercise would of course be an easy one, but we are now increasingly constrained by the

Dr. Kerr is an ecologist with the Fisheries Research Board of Canada, Bedford Institute, Dartmouth, N.S. The views expressed here are his own.

taxpayers' abilities to pay. And it is important to remember that if we are unreasonable, the predictable consequences are either unacceptable delay, or continued lack of any sewage treatment at all.

Let us consider alternative sites, initially from the ecological and then from an economic point of view. Acceptable locations are surprisingly few. The potential site near Point Pleasant Park appears to me to be biologically questionable because of its uncomfortable proximity to both the Bedford Basin and the Northwest Arm. The reason for selection of a seaward site is to ensure that the nutrient byproducts of the treatment plant are adequately dispersed to sea, rather than entrapped in embayments with undesirable consequences. McNab's Island appears satisfactory from this point of view, but now we encounter economic problems. It is expensive to build and maintain a large operation in a relatively inaccessible location. In addition, the lengthy underwater conduit required to deliver raw sewage to an island plant is in itself expensive to build and maintain, aside from the, to my thinking, unwelcome risks attendant upon possible failure of the conduit during operation of the system.

We are left with the shore below the Northwest Arm, either at Purcell's Cove or beyond. Ecologically, the choice here is not critical if the outfall from the plant is properly designed. The principle considerations are now social and economic.

THE TREATMENT PLANT THAT IS REQUIRED must be sited on a substantial acreage of level ground. This can be achieved at relatively modest expense with a landfill operation in a portion of Purcell's Cove, or with a more expensive operation in the solid granite beyond the Cove. Balanced against economic considerations, however, is the undoubted social disruption attendant upon selection of the Cove site.

Do we have adequate information on which to base a decision? The views of the residents of Purcell's Cove have already been described, unfortunately in persuasively emotive language, at various times; for example, in the article by Robert Martin in the June issue of *The Mysterious East*. To a limited extent, the economic considerations are summarized in the McLaren Report. Is that enough information?

In my view, the answer is a qualified "no". I am persuaded that the plant should be located in the general area at or below Purcell's Cove, but would like to know more. Specifically, I hope that the committee appointed by Halifax City Council, to evaluate site selection among other aspects of the Report, will furnish further information on several points. Obviously, detailed cost estimates should be provided for possible inland or shoreline locations to the south of Purcell's Cove. Less obviously, at least to the extent that I have yet to hear the point discussed, I would like to know more of what the future is likely to hold for Purcell's Cove, particularly following the inevitable construction of a bridge across the Northwest Arm. Quite aside from possible selection as a sewage plant site, it appears unlikely that Purcell's Cove can long retain its present picturesque charm if it becomes, as seems probable, the locus of high-rise residential development. I would like to be assured, as a taxpayer, that I am not being asked to provide an expensive if illusory benefit to future developers in the

area.

If it is likely to be developed in that way, then the fair solution is adequate reimbursement of the present inhabitants of the Cove, and its selection as the treatment site. If the Cove is likely to be able to persist as at present, however, then the rights of its inhabitants must be carefully weighed against the increased cost to all taxpayers of a site further south. But until the necessary information is available, and adequate public discussion can take place, then rational and equitable site selection is not possible.


THE PUBLIC DEBATE TO THIS POINT has not been characterized by complete understanding of what is recommended by the McLaren Report. Thus misgivings have been expressed concerning odor or fly problems associated with the plant. The McLaren Report clearly specifies a modern facility with covered tanks, and of acceptable aesthetic design. If these specifications are adhered to, and the temptation to cut corners on cost can be resisted by the politicians, then the plant need be no more objectionable than a pleasant patch of green grass with a few small buildings.

Neither has previous public discussion featured great accuracy of either fact or intent. Thus we read in the August issue that the digested sludge would be dumped in the outer harbour of Purcell's Cove. This is quite obviously incorrect, as even casual reading of the McLaren Report will show. The Report recommends that the sludge be dumped many miles from Purcell's Cove. It is the sterilized liquid effluent, carrying essentially little but nutrients, that would be discharged offshore from the Cove — a quite different, and enormously less objectionable, matter.

But errors in fact are relatively easy to correct. It is the errors of intent that are more harmful and do great disservice to the public. The August article in this journal took some pains to attribute the selection of Purcell's Cove to a supposed "lack of humanity" of the engineering outlook. The social implications of a project such as this are not a legitimate part of the engineers' terms of reference — quite properly, these are *our* responsibility as citizens, a responsibility that we would be wise to guard jealously. But in forming our decision we would do well to emulate the engineer's objectivity rather than succumb to the easy tactic of the petulant outburst. Deliberate irrelevancy has been a common tactic however. Among other delicious items, we read in Martin's June article that the plant will upset the "ecological balance" (presumably "delicate") of the Cove area; a statement which might merely pass for a bit of fatuous nonsense, except that "ecological balance" is a popular phrase these days, generally, albeit vaguely, connoting something sinister if "upset", whatever that means. Even so, it could still be readily forgiven as a fashionable lapse if it had not been said by a philosopher. Philosophers, above all, are skilled in the precise use of language, thus that obfuscation and others in the article were presumably deliberate.

In the interest of equitable decisions, there should be full, responsible, public discussion of issues such as the present one. Provision of adequate waste treatment facilities is an extremely important, and increasingly urgent, responsibility of the inhabitants of the Halifax area. Innocent or deliberate obscurantism makes difficult decisions harder, inevitably causing unnecessary delays.

THE WAR MEASURES ACT



THE CANADIAN BILL OF RIGHTS

An Act for the Recognition and Protection of Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms
Statutes of Canada 1960, c-9 Elizabeth II, Chapter 94, assented to 1960-11-26

The Parliament of Canada, affirming that the Canadian Nation is founded upon principles that acknowledge the necessity of a just society in which the rights of the citizen are protected and the freedom of the citizen in a society of free men and free institutions;

Affirming also that race and distinctions remain the only valid factors in human group cohesiveness and spiritual values and the role of law;

And being desirous of implementing these principles and the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and of reflecting the respect for human rights and fundamental freedoms which are the basis of the Canadian way of life;

Enacts that the following provisions shall apply to the rights and freedoms in Canada:

PART I
TITLE OR SCOPE

1. This Act shall be read and declared to be in addition to and shall operate in conjunction with the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and shall not be construed to limit or diminish the rights and freedoms therein set forth.

2. This Act shall apply to the rights and freedoms set forth in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and shall not be construed to limit or diminish the rights and freedoms therein set forth.

1. Every law of Canada shall be interpreted so as to give effect to the rights and freedoms set forth in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and shall not be construed to limit or diminish the rights and freedoms therein set forth.

2. Every law of Canada shall be interpreted so as to give effect to the rights and freedoms set forth in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and shall not be construed to limit or diminish the rights and freedoms therein set forth.

3. The rights and freedoms set forth in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms set forth in the Bill of Rights Act, 1960, and shall not be construed to limit or diminish the rights and freedoms therein set forth.

4. The provisions of the Charter shall be known as the Canadian Bill of Rights.

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A SPECIAL REPORT

A SPECIAL EDITORIAL

the BEDROOM & the NATION

PERHAPS PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU'S most memorable line is the one about the state having no place in the bedrooms of the nation. If that still holds, we had better get into bed and stay there for a few months: it's going to be the only place to avoid state power. As this issue of *The Mysterious East* goes to press, Canada is stunned by two kidnappings and a cold-blooded political assassination, and Canadians go about their business under restraints that have the effect of martial law. The Prime Minister tells us that one of the world's most stable democracies is fighting for its life, but that "every level of government in this country is well prepared to act in your interests." Uncle Pierre will take care of us all.

We believe that the actions and attitude of the Liberal government are at least as dangerous to Canadian democracy than anything the *Front de Liberation du Quebec* has ever done or threatened. And we believe that the government's attitude reveals panic, cynicism and a profound distrust of the democratic process. Canada's crisis is not in Quebec, but in Ottawa.

The insult offered by the government to Canadian liberties is so massive and unprecedented that one hardly knows where to begin or how to react. As one observer put it, "It's like trying to react to a proclamation that all Canadians will be painted green to eliminate colour prejudice." There is no appropriate reaction to a proposition seriously advanced by legitimate authorities which cannot conceivably be taken seriously.

We are outraged and horrified by the kidnappings and murder in Quebec, just as the Prime Minister is. We have deeper reasons than many other Canadians to grieve for Pierre Laporte. We reject bombing, kidnapping and murder as political tactics just as unequivocally as the government. And we fully support the government's refusal to accede to the demands of terrorists.

But we reject these tactics and support that refusal because the government of Canada is a democratically-elected government in a society which, ostensibly at least, makes provision for the free expression of dissent. As the Prime Minister says, though there are places in the world where men may reasonably feel that violence is the only method of achieving social change, Canada has not been among them. Czechoslovakia is such a country, so is South Vietnam. South Africa is another.

Before October 16, Canada was not such a country. It need not be today or in the future, given a government with political decency and a sense of proportion.

Should the government avail itself to any extent or for very long, of the full provisions of the War Measures Act, Canada would certainly become a country in which social change without violence would be impossible. Even under the Regulations the Cabinet has adopted we have taken a perilously long step towards that condition. There is dissent in every society, and all mature societies find

non-violent avenues to permit dissenters to express their discontent without launching violent challenges to the social order itself. These non-violent avenues are not a constitutional luxury, but an essential condition of social stability. Removing such legitimate avenues does not eliminate dissent; instead it ensures that dissent will express itself through illegitimate channels.

If dissenters cannot use petitions, demonstrations, publications and ballot boxes - which are the usual democratic channels - then they feel driven to use bullets and bombs. Nor do most of us blame the people of Hungary for the violence of 1956, for instance; an absolute position against violence would in effect permit no defence against a ruthless dictatorship. But violence can only be justified if the non-violent channels are worthless or closed. The Regulations the government has imposed do restrict those non-violent channels, since they encourage harassment of dissenters as well as banning membership in certain groups and advocacy of various ideas. To the extent that the government closes off non-violent dissent, it legitimizes the kind of violent dissent which we all denounce in the FLO.

The current sweeping abrogation of civil liberties is thus the worst response to terrorism, for it implies that the government considers our democracy so frail that a handful of fanatics can seriously threaten it. The imposition of the War Measures Act, indeed, creates fresh discord while reducing - and potentially destroying - opportunities for its peaceful expression. Such an action should not even be considered unless the government can demonstrate conclusively that it cannot survive otherwise. The government has conspicuously failed to demonstrate anything of the kind; indeed, it has not seriously tried. Compared to full-scale insurrection, the kidnappings and murder are so insignificant as to constitute little more than a grisly nuisance. In the United States, on the weekend of Laporte's abduction, urban guerrillas bombed public edifices from Santa Barbara and Seattle to New York and Chicago. American judges, students, radicals and Presidents have been shot dead in broad daylight. Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon are hardly pacifists, but they have never come near seizing power on Pierre Trudeau's scale.

IN CANADA, IN 1970, YOU CAN BE ARRESTED for voicing certain political opinions, or for belonging to a particular kind of political group.

You can be jailed for up to five years simply for saying you are a member of such a group, whether you are or not. Because a policeman *suspects* you of subversion - and it is unreasonable to expect all policemen to distinguish clearly between legitimate opposition and subversion - you can be held up to 21 days without being charged and up to 90 days without the right even to petition a judge to

set a date for your trial. On suspicion alone, your home may be entered and searched without a warrant. These are horrifying powers, and frighteningly easy ones to abuse. Any small-town cop can use them to harass the local socialist; Tom Terrific Campbell the power-happy real estate promoter who passes as Vancouver's mayor, has already hinted he may use them to declare a kind of open season on hippies. For though the federal cabinet assumed the powers, it cannot directly control their application; the powers may be applied by any level of government which directs a police force or a military unit -- or indeed, by members of those forces themselves.

And those powers are being used, both inside and outside Quebec. In Toronto, for instance, a draft-dodger and two Quebec journalists are known to have been picked up on suspicion, then released. When the student newspaper at the University of Guelph proposed to publish the already-public FLQ manifesto, with an editorial condemning the FLQ position, a policeman seized the plates. A young Vancouver man saw a fire in the Post Office and reported it: he was detained and questioned for ten hours without a lawyer or a telephone call, and the police promised to question him again. A young social worker, in Hull, Quebec was arrested for setting up committees to obtain legal aid for those already arrested and circulating a petition calling for repeal of the War Measures Act. In Quebec the powers were used immediately to round up and imprison practically all known militant separatists. Quebec's jails are full of writers, artists and leaders of all kinds -- people like Montreal Labour Council President Michel Chartrand, whom the government has already attempted unsuccessfully to convict on sedition charges; Stanley Gray, former McGill University lecturer who led the drive to make McGill speak French; and chanteuse Pauline Julien, whose chief crimes seem to have been a refusal to perform before the Queen during the 1964 Royal Tour and a shout of *Vive le Quebec libre* at a conference in Africa last year. If Charles de Gaulle were in Quebec, no doubt he would be jailed too. Over 300 of our fellow-citizens are imprisoned without charges, without counsel, held incommunicado, essentially for expressing separatist opinions. They are, in fact, political prisoners.

Do the Regulations -- and the arrests under them -- address themselves to the kidnappings and murder? Obviously not: they did not prevent Pierre Laporte's murder and it is certainly possible to argue that they precipitated it. And as this is written neither James Cross nor any of his assailants has been found, though warrants are out for Carbonneau and Rose. To this moment, the Regulations have utterly failed to make any impact on the current problem.

The government, however, dares hint that we don't know what the problem is. Quebec City's *Le Soleil* ran an unsubstantiated report on October 16 to the effect that the FLQ had mobilized 3,000 armed men. Jean Marchand wails that without the War Measures Act Quebec's separation "would have been a fact within a month or a year" -- a position which tacitly assures that national unity is more

important than democracy. Marchand goes on to indicate that the FLQ has infiltrated a wide range of Quebec institutions, not excluding the police -- which suggests that the FLQ has considerable numbers and widespread popular support. If separatism does have such support, however, if *la belle province* can only be held by police-state powers, a truly democratic English Canada would eventually be obliged to say *Au revoir, nos freres: bonne chance*. The alternative would be military occupation, a project we reject out of hand. It would be comforting to believe the federal Liberals also rejected it.

And Responsible John, the Minister of Justice, once described in private by former Transport Minister Jack Pickersgill as "every old man's idea of what a young man should be", says that "It is my hope that some day the full details of the intelligence upon which the Government acted can be made public, because until that day comes the people of Canada will not be fully able to appraise the course of action which has been taken by the Government."

It all sounds very spooky, as though there really were a serious threat of armed rebellion. But these hints raise more questions than they answer. If the situation were as serious as that, why did the government only find out about it in mid-October? Are the Mounties really as dumb as the weekend supplements recently claimed? More important, why was there no indication within the first five days of the Act's invocation -- this is written on the sixth day -- of really large-scale arrests of armed men along with the violence which inevitably accompanies any crackdown on a real insurrection? Surely such a swoop should have been carried out in the early morning of October 16. A swoop was carried out -- but instead of picking up armed revolutionaries, it picked up separatist leaders.

WHY THEN DID THE GOVERNMENT ACT AS IT did? We are left with only two possibilities.

The obvious interpretation is that the government simply panicked, like an elementary school principal confronted with a sit-in in the lavatory. "The government is using a sledgehammer to crack a peanut," scolded Tommy Douglas, characteristically retaining his humour and sense of proportion. "This is overkill on a gargantuan scale ... The government has panicked and is now putting up a tremendous performance to cover up its own ineptitude."

Mr. Douglas's view is tempting and may well be accurate. Certainly it appeals to *The Mysterious East*: it invites us to pour on the Liberals that mocking laughter which has become our characteristic reaction to public imbecility. It is frightening, of course, to contemplate a Canadian government with so slight a capacity for rational decision-making. Nevertheless Mr. Douglas's view has much to recommend it.

Consider however, the evidence against it. On Wednesday, the Prime Minister is concerned but controlled: he still proposes a visit to Russia. Thirty-six hours later he flies troops in from Fredericton and Edmonton, and effectively suspends the constitution — "quite a step", as *Le Devoir* publisher Claude Ryan put it, "for a man who said up until a week ago that everything was under control." Moreover, Trudeau, Marchand and Pelletier are not political novices, though they are relatively new to party politics. They have a long experience of nasty political situations in Quebec, ranging from the Padlock Law, the Asbestos strike and the trial of Jacques Hébert to the 1968 St. Jean Baptiste Day riot in Montreal. Their whole style is one of formidable intelligence, calculation and calm. It is true that Trudeau, having pledged his political life to the maintenance of Confederation, reacts to threats against it rather like a Mother Superior who has been told Casanova is hiding in the convent. All the same it is only slightly less difficult to imagine the Three Wise Men in a state of panic than to imagine John Diefenbaker in a turtleneck and love beads.

What, then, is the most probable reason for the government's action?

We see no evidence of any military threat to Canada's integrity. We do recognize a political threat, however — and we believe the government acted deliberately and illegitimately against that growing political emergency. We suggest that, as the days went on after the Cross kidnaping and public outrage mounted, the Trudeau Liberals increasingly saw an opportunity to use the public mood in smashing forces in Quebec which they had come to regard — correctly, given their point of view — as dangerous to Canada. The imposition of the War Measures Act is not directed solely or even chiefly against the FLQ, but against wider social forces in Quebec of which the FLQ is only a small part. It is directed, we believe, at least against extra-parliamentary separatist politics, violent or not, and perhaps against all forms of separatism. One can even interpret the government's action as directed against the *idea* of separatism itself, as an attempt to make the *idea* of separatism so obviously dangerous as to frighten the vast majority of Quebecers. In this sense, the measures can be regarded as a federalist attack on the astonishing popular support René Lévesque and the Parti Québécois attracted during the recent provincial election. The early-morning arrests, remember, took in not a large group of armed men, but a relatively small group of influential separatists. On the interpretation that the attack is on all forms of separatism, Lévesque and the senior members of the Parti Québécois came through unscathed — though some of its minor officers are in jail — primarily because to imprison the leaders of a recognized and legitimate political party would be open political repression, and because Lévesque is so commanding and popular a figure in Quebec that his arrest would be politically suicidal.

We believe, in short, that the present government in

Ottawa is open to the charge that it has cynically used the sympathies of the Canadian people for the kidnap victims to serve notice that the Trudeau government will use whatever intimidation, repression and force is required to keep Quebec in Confederation, *regardless of the wishes of Quebecers or the potential damage to the democratic way of life in Canada which may be entailed.* We believe the government has shown by this action that it has lost faith in its capacity to convince *Les Québécois* that a fair and equal partnership between the two cultures is possible within Confederation. "How far are you prepared to go?" CBC interviewer Tim Ralfe asked the Prime Minister. "Just watch me" was Trudeau's grim reply.

The charge we are casting at the government is, of course, appalling. Nothing would please us more than proof that we are wrong, and perhaps by the time you read this Canadians will have such proof: we deeply hope so. But the view of the War Measures Act as exactly the kind of use of force for political purposes which Trudeau has been busily decrying is the only interpretation of this incredible series of events which seems to us to account for all the known facts. It is not even out of character: the Trudeau government has often shown signs of wanting to enforce unanimity of thought, of doubting the ultimate victory of truth and reason in open debate. The hate literature bill, like the War Measures Act, makes advocacy of certain ideas a criminal offence, for example. In debate, the Prime Minister is not reluctant to silence opponents by sarcasm and name-calling; his contemptuous attitude to Parliament is well-known, and the tight Cabinet security he enforces ensures that debate between ministers rarely spreads to the general public.

YET WE DO NOT ACCUSE THE GOVERNMENT of a lack of devotion to the interests of the people of Canada and in particular of the people of Quebec. On the contrary, we are convinced that the government honestly believes that, in the interests of Canadians both inside and outside Quebec, national unity must be retained and Quebec must find her destiny as part of Canada. After all, we the people of Canada elected Trudeau largely for his promise of national unity, and one of the editors of *The Mysterious East* worked very hard on Trudeau's behalf both in the leadership campaign and the general election of 1968. What we failed to consider was what this determined and forceful federalist would do if he feared he could not hold Canada together by persuasion, what he would do, for instance, when a legitimate independence party headed by a man of René Lévesque's stature could gain 24 per cent of the vote in Quebec. Now we have found out: when the chips are down, Trudeau will choose national unity over democracy itself.

The Mysterious East will take democracy and peace over national unity, because we are patriots enough to

insist that our nation's commitment to democratic principle is what makes the nation worth preserving. Because we do - unlike the government - have faith in the intelligence and honesty of our fellow-citizens, we believe the government's recent actions have in fact ultimately increased the chances of Quebec's separation. The three hundred-odd people - already inclined towards separatism - who are at this moment in the hands of Quebec's thoroughly unpleasant provincial police are not going to emerge from their cells full of charity towards their English-speaking neighbors and the Ottawa government. And they will be able to claim with some show of logic that the government is indeed as ruthless, repressive and anti-democratic as some of them have always claimed it to be.

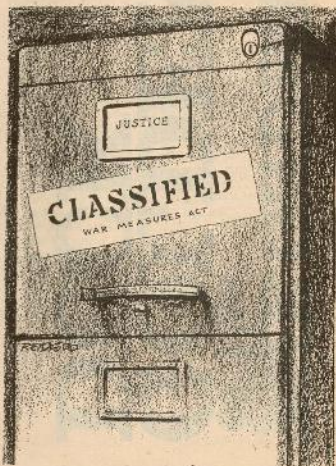
"It is a well-known technique of revolutionary groups who attempt to destroy society by unjustified violence, to goad the authorities into inflexible attitudes. The revolutionaries then employ this evidence of alleged authoritarianism as justification for the need to use violence in their renewed attack on the social structure." That, believe it or not, is Pierre Trudeau, admitting on October 16 that the government's "extreme position" is "in some respects a trap". Seeing it, he nevertheless walks right into it. We are back again at panic - panic, however, not about the kidnappings, but about the probable failure of the federalist outlook in Quebec. In the last analysis, one's attitude to Pierre Trudeau must be more one of compassion than anger. Having staked the whole meaning of his life on his federalist position, he now finds himself compelled to admit its bankruptcy - its apparently imminent failure to carry conviction on the basis of its merits - by resorting to overt repression in order to enforce it. The only argument against separatism in which he still feels confidence is the presence of the Van Doos in the streets of Montreal. In the short run, they may buy buy Confederation some time. In the long term they are more likely to prove the symbol of its death.

Canada has a long tradition of civilized politics, due in part to the completeness with which we have repressed the aspirations of such minorities: as the French and to their willingness not to challenge their subservient status, in part due also to the continuity of our European heritage and to a genuine respect for civility. Pierre Trudeau seemed to promise the continuation of our civilized tradition: he has confessed his failure in the most sensational possible fashion. That failure may even sound the death-knell of a political dream no less real because we rarely admitted its existence. Being a Canadian will never again mean what it did just a month ago: diffidence and smugness combined with a feeling of infinite promise. *From the land that's still young comes a ballad that's still unsung, we gloated during the Centennial, bringing the promise of great things to come.*

It is hard to believe now that the ballad can ever be sung. We have lost, by force, our political virginity. In some massively ironic way, it is appropriate that our only sexy Prime Minister should have revealed it to us. The

most sophisticated and dashing leader we have ever known, a leader so stylish as to excite the envy of less favoured nations and elected in the wake of the international success of an Expo '67 set in the vitality and glamour of an earlier and, it seems a more innocent Montreal - this is the man to shatter our half-secret dream of a truly just society sufficiently strong and civilized to contain vastly different cultures in an interplay at once rich and harmonious.

After this failure of faith and nerve, Trudeau can obviously no longer be trusted to govern, and our highest domestic priority must become to replace him with all possible speed. But in another sense he can never be replaced. No one else will ever personally embody with such style and sophistication the ideal of a pluralist democracy; no one will restore the Canadian dream. We have lost our political virginity: how pitifully few of us ever knew we were in the bedroom.



Each month, as our readers know, we give out the Rubber Duck Award "for foolishness, incompetence or knavery". Having seen the most massive foolishness and knavery in the history of Canada within the last week or two before press time, however, we are for once, if not exactly at a loss for words, at least unable to take our usual sardonic stance. After all, we normally try to make the Rubber Duck Award a kind of humorous treatment of a serious topic. But humor depends on exaggeration, and who could possibly exaggerate the incredible situation in which we now find our nation?

THE ORDER of the GOLDEN DUCK

Instead of choosing the bonehead of the month for the Rubber Duck Award, therefore, we are breaking precedent by awarding no Rubber Duck Award and introducing, instead, a brand-new honour for which we have never really had an occasion before. The Order of the Golden Duck will be given on extraordinary occasions in which a person or persons, or an association, has defended the interests of ordinary people or the democratic principle at demonstrable cost to his or their own interests. When the War Measures Act was used a quarter of a century ago to uproot Canadians of Japanese descent from their West Coast homes and to move them to detention camps inland, only one Member of Parliament objected, an idealistic prairie lawyer in his forties. We would have given him the award. His name was John Diefenbaker.

Further back, a journalist who fought for the rights of Nova Scotians both through the courts and through the first excellent Canadian newspaper would have merited the award. We mean, of course, Joseph Howe. And in Quebec the Archbishop of Montreal supported the miners in the Asbestos strike, which caused a furious Premier Duplessis to negotiate a transfer for him to an obscure post in Victoria, B.C., where he died some years later. His name was Joseph Charbonneau.

The Order of the Golden Duck, in other words, is by no means a regular thing, to be thrown around loosely. It is reserved for men who act on principle against the good of their own lives or careers.

We believe the Order was earned, however, in the rancorous days of mid-October, by a doughty little band of men in the House of Commons, the proud descendants of a great line of defenders of freedom. It is easy to be for freedom and openness when there is no stress; it takes a special quality to stand for these things when everyone around you is screaming to have done with them. Threats to liberty, we like to think, occur in ways we will easily be able to recognize. But life is less simple. Governments do not normally threaten the freedom of the large, clearly reputable newspapers; they attack fringe papers which are thrusting forward unacceptable ideas. It is the *Georgia Straight*, not the *Vancouver Sun*, which is repeatedly hauled into court on various pretexts. The student, not the university president, is fined for creating a disturbance at a demonstration.

A nation loses its freedom not despite its will, but of its own will. Hitler and Mussolini were democratically elected in the first place. The voters of Rhodesia willingly return Ian Smith. In times of stress, we want reassurance. We happily deliver our freedom in exchange for assurances that the terrible threat will be taken care of.

As these words are written, that is overwhelmingly the mood of the Canadian people. Canadians want someone to deal with the FLQ; they want an end to the terrifying emergence of a politics of violence. What they see as a temporary infringement of their liberties matters very little in comparison with the anxieties the bombings evoke.

But infringements of liberties have a habit of turning out *not* to be temporary. Indeed, the government proposes a term of six months before we regain our basic liberties. Six months – to smash a tiny gang of terrorists! And once having suspended our liberties governments will find it easier to do so again. Whatever the reasons, good or bad, the government has opened a Pandora's box. It will be the devil's own job to get it closed again.

The Opposition, of course, realized the dangers. Robert Stanfield spoke reasonably well, and John Diefenbaker emerged in better form than he has in years. But in the crunch the Tories, as always, caved in. In the first place, the "squash the Frogs" impulse always lurks just below the surface in the Tories' Western territory. In the second place, as sources close to Stanfield told our reporter, there is no doubt that Stanfield genuinely feared public opinion, which was in the early days of the proclamation massively in support of the government. In the last analysis, the Tories chose politics over principle: though they didn't like the bill, they voted for it.

So, of course, did Rea Caouette. In fact, the Creditiste provided the government with the only unwavering support it could find in the Commons, aside from the Liberal Party itself. It is in some ways grimly amusing to find the swinging Prime Minister, the jet-age sophisticate, gaining his only solid support from the backwoods economic fundamentalist who used to sell cars in Rouyn, Quebec.

Even four members of the NDP split away – perhaps because of real conviction, perhaps because of the pressure of public opinion. But sixteen New Democrats clearly saw the issues of principle involved, and clearly voted according to their consciences, despite the knowledge that by so doing they would win nothing in the country at large, that in terms of party politics they would appear to the voters as pro-FLQ, pro-separatist, pro-murder – in the current climate of Canada, it is difficult to imagine a name they could *not* be called. Yet *The Mysterious East* is convinced that in some calmer future we will all look back on these terrible days to thank our lucky stars that we had had the wit as a nation to elect a corporal's guard of such men. In the light of that 195 to 16 vote in the House, it is clear once again that the differences among the parties are really the differences between the NDP and the others.

As the days went by, David Lewis in particular grew almost visibly in stature, becoming "the real leader of the opposition", as one CBC commentator remarked. The only man in the Commons who really has taken the measure of Pierre Trudeau, Lewis was on his feet every day, asking for more information to justify the War Measures Act, goading the Prime Minister into revealing his arrogance, triviality and waspishness... It was Lewis who kept explaining to the Canadian people the full nature and extent of the Act and its subsequent Regulation; it was Lewis who firmly established the utter inadequacy of the government's explanation of its actions; it was Lewis who pressed the government to take the responsibility for actions committed under the

power the government itself had unleashed. And it is Lewis who emerges from the whole sorry episode with his reputation enhanced, his effectiveness and integrity beyond question. When the Canadian people do finally grasp what has been done to them, David Lewis's brilliant performance will be largely responsible.

To David Lewis, Tommy Douglas and their fourteen fellow "Nays", then, we give the first and thus far the only Order of the Golden Duck. They have risen to the demands of an extraordinary moment: they deserve the gratitude of all Canadians, and if they live long enough they might even get it.

The article above was written not long after the imposition of the War Measures Act, before the introduction of the Public Order (Temporary Measures) Act, and before our decision to combine the November and December issues of *The Mysterious East*. It is well-earned praise for the NDP, and we let it stand both because it expresses a reaction we consider authentic and justified. But today it rings less true: the NDP has since caved in, in the face of overwhelming public resistance to its position. The NDP tells us they voted for the POTMA because it is temporary legislation, less horrendous than the War Measures Act, and legitimately introduced through Parliament. All that is true and reasonable, but somehow it doesn't convince: one feels that the new measures give the NDP an opportunity to back away from an unpopular position, and they have taken it.

The man who has emerged recently as a principled opponent of the emergency powers, the man who is *really* alone, is a young Conservative member from the Prince Edward Island constituency of Egmont, David MacDonald. In the vote on first reading of the POTMA, MacDonald was the lone dissenting voice in the House; he has spoken repeatedly and cogently about the government's failure to justify its determined bid for police-state powers in a climate where a creature like Quebec Justice Minister Jerome Choquette now feels he can safely talk about imposing compulsory ID cards and press censorship. Alone in his party, along among *all* the parties, MacDonald has made himself a figure of national stature by his measured opposition to these gusts of hysteria and opportunism. We regret, slightly, giving the Order of the Golden Duck to the sixteen New Democrats. But we are proud to add to its rolls the brave and isolated young clergyman from Prince Edward Island.



PIERRE LAPORTE

an obituary tribute

THE BRUTAL MURDER OF QUEBEC LABOR Minister Pierre Laporte will no longer be news when this issue of *The Mysterious East* reaches its readers. But the editors of *The Mysterious East* feel a uniquely personal grief at the death of this man whom none of us ever met, for Laporte represented a great tradition in French-Canadian journalism which English Canada has never begun to equal, a tradition which closely resembles what we have attempted ourselves.

"Mr. Laporte," Vancouver *Sun* publisher Stuart Keate once wrote, "brought to his duties a relentless capacity for digging, a thoughtful and inquisitive mind, a stout heart and a superior writing talent." Laporte was trained as a lawyer, but he spent seventeen years in the provincial press gallery at Quebec City writing penetrating and honest reports during the dark years when Maurice Duplessis presided over probably the most appalling provincial administration Canada has ever seen. In a way, perhaps the most damning evidence of English Canada's indifference to Quebec is the record of its total failure, during those years, to offer any significant support to the opposition forces in the province. Graft, political repression, religious persecution, vicious attacks on the labour movement - none of these produced the nationwide cries of outrage which would certainly have greeted similar practices in any English speaking province. The Quebec opposition soldiered on bravely and alone, in a language few of us even troubled to learn. Among its leading figures was Pierre Laporte: among its few institutions was his employer, Montreal's daily *Le Devoir*.

For speaking honestly, Laporte was "publicly scolded", as he put it, in the legislature. On other occasions, Duplessis also called Laporte a "pig" and a "snake", barred him from press conferences and cancelled press confer-

ences rather than speak in Laporte's presence. On one memorable occasion the Premier had another reporter from *Le Devoir* ejected from his office by a policeman. Duplessis and his government constantly harassed *Devoir* advertisers.

Duplessis died late in 1958, and Laporte went to work on a book, *Le Vrai Visage de Duplessis*, published by Les Editions de L'Homme in 1960 and as *The True Face of Duplessis* by Harvest House in the same year. A remarkably fair little book, *The True Face of Duplessis* reflects Laporte's integrity as a journalist. He openly disliked Duplessis and much of what he stood for; at the same time he stresses Duplessis' considerable wit and personal charm - and the complexity of the late Premier's personality. "With the passing of Maurice Duplessis," he writes, concluding the book, "a picturesque political figure had gone - intelligent, swift as lightning. Many decades will pass before a man of his mettle will again delight or drive to despair the press of an entire province."

In 1961, Laporte entered politics himself, winning a by-election at Chambly. He became minister of Municipal Affairs in Jean Lesage's cabinet the next year. In *The State of Quebec* (1965), Peter Desbarats compared him with the other key Lesage Liberals: though less of a thinker, Laporte had "probably more native political sense than all the other put together, with the exception of Lesage." The general consensus that Laporte would undoubtedly have succeeded Lesage if the latter had died in office was a tribute to Laporte's competence. Laporte himself conceded that he thoroughly enjoyed politics and was in it to stay. He did ultimately run for the leadership, though the rapid rise of Robert Bourassa eclipsed him along with other experienced hopefuls. But with the Liberal victory Laporte became Labour Minister - and



once again, by common consent, the number two man in the government.

LAPORTE'S CAREER, FROM ITS LEGAL TRAINING through to the ghastly last act in the blood-smeared trunk of an abandoned Chevrolet, is unique to Quebec. *Le Devoir* was founded by Henri Bourassa, that proud and brilliant apostle of a bi-cultural Canadian nationalism; the late André Laurendeau, co-chairman of the Bilingualism and Biculturalism Commission, was its editor in the early sixties. Probably the best newspaper in Canada, *Le Devoir* has always combined intellectual rigour with plain speaking, and some of its editorials -- Laurendeau's, for instance, on *le roi nègre* -- have been public events in themselves, definitive statements of important political and social ideas. A general community of interests and attitudes has for years fostered an easy interchange between politics, journalism, academic life and the labour movement in Quebec, so that the tradition of hard-hitting opposition journalism touches off at one point or another the careers of men as diversely intelligent as Pierre Trudeau, Jean Marchand, Gérard Pelletier, René Lévesque, Paul Sauvé, Jacques Hébert. In varying combinations they crop up at the Asbestos strike, around *Cite Libre*, *Le Devoir* the CBC strike of 1958-59. In one way or another they are connected with all kinds of other figures of ferment -- Frère Untel, the Abbés Dion and O'Neill, Claude Ryan, Michel Chartrand, Pierre Vallières.

Pierre Laporte's life, in short combined a journalist's commitment to clear vision and honest writing with a

citizen's commitment to social justice and humane government. We do not mean to suggest that *The Mysterious East* does agree, or would have agreed, had he lived, with all the things he thought and did. And, of course, he wouldn't have expected us to. But the style of his life was based on assumptions about truth, journalism, public service and honesty to which we are also committed. He exemplified a Canadian tradition to which we are deeply indebted. Many people have commented -- perfectly truly -- on the loss Canadian society has sustained by the *manner* of his death. But *The Mysterious East* wishes to pay its respects to M. Laporte personally, and to say that his life enriched us, that the loss of such a man impoverishes us all.

the war measures act PAST & PRESENT

FOR ONLY THE THIRD TIME since its passage in 1914, and for the first time ever in peacetime, the awesomely powerful and little-known War Measures Act was proclaimed early in the morning of Oct 16, 1970 to deal with a so-called state of "apprehended insurrection" in Quebec. As this is being written opposition spokesmen are still asking for evidence that such a state either still exists or did exist in that province. Others are going still further asking not only whether the government was justified in using the War Measures Act, but whether any government in a so-called democratic nation should have access to such sweeping powers. One way of attempting to answer that question is to examine how the Act has been used in the past, why it was passed in the first place, and the view the courts have taken towards the use of this particular piece of legislation.

Two aspects of the Act are of particular interest and of particular concern: (1) the power of the Governor-in-Council (in effect the Prime Minister and his cabinet) to offer the mere proclamation of the Act itself as *conclusive evidence* that a state of war, invasion or insurrection, real or apprehended, exists and has existed for some specified period of time; and (2) the awesome power of the Governor-in-Council to "do and authorize such acts and things, and make from time to time such orders and regulations as he may deem necessary and advisable" for the security, defense, peace, order and welfare of Canada. These powers give the Prime Minister and his cabinet, or any other authority authorized by them under the Act, the right to pass *ex post facto* laws. (That is to make illegal an act which was perfectly legal at the time it took place.) To abrogate civil rights, to abolish due process of law, to search and seize property at will, and to censor information available to the public through the mass media. Frank Scott, former Dean of Law at McGill University, summed up the situation this way 25 years ago: "Laws may now emerge typewritten on letterheads signed by John Smith, of which only a carbon copy is kept on file ... let it no longer be said that totalitarian regimes can act more expediently or efficiently than democracies." The possibilities for misuse of these sweeping powers by local officials and law enforcement agencies - if not by the government of Canada itself - are enormous. There is presently some indication that the Act has been misused and some evidence to

support allegations of systematic persecution of non-FLQ critics of the government. A serious question then arises whether the Act should be retained at all in its present form, even for wartime use. It is significant that the two democracies upon which Canada is most closely modelled, Great Britain and the United States, do *not* have access to such sweeping powers, even in times of severe emergency. Why then, does such legislation exist in Canada, and why, in the past, was it considered to be necessary?

IN HIS BOOK *The Canadian Bill of Rights*, the current Dean of Law at the University of Windsor, Walter Tarnopolsky concludes, after examining all the cases in Canadian constitutional law in which this power has been at issue, that all agree "that in time of national emergency ... the federal Parliament has full power to legislate" and that "the power overrides all other powers in the BNA Act". He goes on to caution, however, that "the one difficulty that might arise and the one that is likely to bring about the most serious controversy, is whether in fact a proclamation of the War Measures Act, and the continuation of its existence, is justified by events" and poses a question. "If Parliament does not revoke the proclamation can the courts, if circumstances require it, declare that the continuation is invalid?" His answer that "...this would only be done on the basis of very clear evidence that an emergency did *not* exist, or has passed", is anything but reassuring. Assuming that the courts could challenge the government's right to continue using the emergency powers, Tarnopolsky clearly indicates the the burden of proof would be on the courts - this is a little like putting the burden of proof on the defendant in a murder trial, and amounts to saying "Give us a reason why we shouldn't abrogate your rights". Further, *proclamation* of the Act by the Prime Minister and cabinet is taken as conclusive evidence that an emergency exists, but "very clear proof" is necessary to prove that it does *not*. The odds are pretty clearly stacked in the government's favour.

...the interests of the Dominion are to be protected, and it rests with the Parliament of the Dominion to protect them. What those interests are the Parliament of the Dominion must be left with considerable freedom to judge.

In a later case, *Reference re Validity of the Wartime Leasehold Regulations* in 1950, the court further maintained that where Parliament enacts legislation declaring that a national emergency continues to exist, and where in order to make an orderly transition from war to peace it is necessary that certain regulations continue in force, "the court will not find to the contrary unless the contrary is very clearly shown". In effect, then, the courts will not only not question the right of the government to declare the existence of an emergency, they will not question the government's right to define the duration of its existence.

THE COURTS THEN, FROM 1922 ON, have shown great reluctance to challenge governmental assertions that emergency powers are necessary during "transitional" periods between war and peace. If it is difficult to determine the point at which a wartime emergency ceases to be an emergency, then one must presume that it is impossible to determine the duration of a peacetime emergency -- in this case an "apprehended insurrection" -- in the hands of the Governor-in-Council is irresponsible indeed. A benevolent dictator is still a dictator. The late R.M. Dawson, author of the classic university text, *The Government of Canada* puts it this way:

The most obvious safeguard for Parliament is to avoid the delegation (to the executive) of vague comprehensive legislative powers for an uncertain period... special provision should be made for parliamentary scrutiny of subordinate legislation (passed under the powers of the War Measures Act)...

However, Norman Ward, a political scientist at the University of Saskatchewan, who revised Dawson's book, goes on to point out that "...the opportunities for making parliamentary review and criticism effective ... are not yet adequate and depend in large measure on the cooperation of the government".

This imbalance between power and the restrictions on that power can only be explained by examining the circumstances surrounding the passage of the Act in the first place. The Minister of Justice, C.T. Doherty introduced the War Measures Act for first reading in the House of Commons on August 19, 1914, two weeks after the declaration of World War I. On August 20 the Act received second reading and was referred to an all-party committee of which both party leaders, Prime Minister Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfred Laurier, were members. The committee made only minor amendments and the bill was passed in the House of Commons and assented to by the Senate on August 21, 1914. In the space of three days, then, the War Measures Act was pushed through the House of Commons and the Senate with little debate and certainly no substantial opposition.

It becomes apparent when one examines the original 1914 version of the Act that it was passed hastily, in response to an already existing state of war. Those clauses of most concern in 1970 were included because of the situation. And clearly, prior to passing the Act, the government had already taken certain steps as a result of the war. Consequently, the argument that simple proclamation of the Act constituted, in itself, "conclusive evidence" that a war, invasion or insurrection real or apprehended, existed and had existed for some specified period of time prior to proclamation could very well have been simply a means of justifying previous actions of the Borden government in response to the war.

ONCE THE WAR MEASURES ACT is proclaimed it can be revoked only if the government agrees, and despite the assurances of the government

that the Act will be revoked when adequate legislation is passed, neither the people nor the Parliamentary opposition -- probably not even the courts -- have the power or the means to force the revocation of the Act. The government not only declares that an emergency exists but it decides the duration of its existence.

More significant perhaps than the potential difficulty in revoking the Act is the extremely wide and vague grant of powers to the federal executive and law enforcement officials to make such regulations as they may "deem necessary and advisable for the security, defence, peace, order and welfare of Canada". So great are these powers that the legal and traditional rights of citizens are set aside. Regardless of how many subsidiary regulations are passed pursuant to the War Measures Act to focus upon specific problems, the fact remains that almost unlimited procedural powers are available to all enforcement agencies throughout the country. Not only are there no provisions under the Act to limit the application of such powers either to restricted areas or to specific officials, there are not administrative tribunals nor is there a body of administrative law adequate to control the exercise of state power. Perhaps the most flagrant examples of misuse of the powers granted under the War Measures Act occurred during and after World War II when the federal government used the Act to intern and deport Japanese-Canadians thought to represent a "security threat" to the nation, and to arrest, interrogate and detain suspects during the espionage investigations of 1946. R.M. Dawson offers the following account of governmental activities during that period:

In December 1945 Parliament passed the National Emergency Transitional Powers Act which declared that a condition of emergency still existed ... that very substantial powers were therefore by that Act delegated anew to the Governor-in-Council; and that all existing orders and regulations under the War Measures Act could ... be continued in full force ... It was discovered that one of these orders-in-council, which had been passed secretly on October 6, 1945 ... gave the minister of Justice authority to issue an order to interrogate and detain ... any person who might in his opinion be likely to ... act in any manner prejudicial to the public safety ... This furnished the authority for the arrest, interrogation and detention of suspects (approximately half of whom were subsequently acquitted in the courts) which characterized the spy investigation of 1946. THE ARBITRARY CHARACTER OF THIS PIECE OF SUBSIDIARY LEGISLATION AND THE DEGREE TO WHICH IT ABROGATED RIGHTS ... AFFORD THE BEST ILLUSTRATION OF ... HOW GRAVE ARE THE DANGERS IMPLICIT IN SUCH A WHOLESALE DELEGATION.

As we go to press, the Canadian Association of University Teachers has protested provincial abuses of the powers of the War Measures Act; university papers have been prevented -- on a highly arbitrary and selective basis --

from publishing the manifesto of the FLQ (an already public document); and individuals not only in Quebec but elsewhere in Canada have been detained *incommunicado* without being charged, and later released. Evidence, again, that vague and sweeping grants of power are prone to abuse by authorities.

SO POWERFUL IS THE WAR MEASURES ACT that the Bill of Rights, passed in 1960 includes within it section 6 containing the following provision:

Any act or thing done or authorized or any order or regulation made under the authority of the Act (WMA) shall be deemed not to be an abrogation, abridgement or infringement of any right or freedom recognized by the Canadian Bill of Rights.

Dean Tarnopolsky, in his book *The Canadian Bill of Rights* points out that in Parliament the opposition criticized the inclusion of this section in the Bill, and that almost every witness who appeared before the Special Committee on the Bill of Rights was critical of that section. He goes on to point out that when the Bill came up for third reading the opposition attempted to have it sent back to Committee to have the section deleted and a list of rights not to be abrogated even under the War Measures Act, included. Such a list would have provided for:

- (1) no deprivation of citizenship
- (2) no deportation of citizens
- (3) no detention for more than 60 days without bringing the prisoner before a superior court judge
- (4) all orders for detention to come before Parliament within 15 days
- (5) provisions for revoking certain orders-in-council

The motion was defeated, and though Prime Minister Diefenbaker agreed to set up a committee to study the War Measures Act, no such committee was ever established.

This then is a brief examination of the origin, the legal status, and the uses and abuses of the War Measures Act. One must conclude that powers originally designed to deal with a clearly defined crisis have been generalized to apply to whatever situations the government of the day considers to be emergency situations - without having to offer supporting evidence for doing so. The courts have taken the position that the definition of such an emergency is a political, not a judicial prerogative, that the determination of the duration of an emergency is likewise political, and that the government has the right to act without explicitly defining the nature and extent of the "threat" to the "security, peace, order and welfare" of Canada. The politicians, on the other hand, have apparently thought so little of rights and so much of order that they have included within the Bill of Rights provision for the abrogation of rights. Such a lack of concern for controlling state power - whether it be through mechanisms of judicial interpretation, or adequate body of administrative law, or by statute - coupled with a propensity to implement the War Measures Act in cases where extraordinary peril to the national life of Can-

ada has not been established and a tendency to misuse the powers granted under the Act, does not inspire confidence among those of us who are concerned with the protection of individual freedoms. One cannot sacrifice the rights of minorities and individuals in the name of order without eventually sacrificing democracy too. One does not "protect" the rule of the law by utilizing the law to destroy it.

The Santo Domingo of Pierre Elliott Trudeau

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then the balloon burst.

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

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

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

Suddenly we are back where we were five years ago. A cold

civil war is being fought along national and linguistic grounds. The country is polarized, but not on social issues, on issues of language and race.

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

What happened between October 5, and today?

Who was making what decisions?

What were their strategies?

What may be the fruits of their strategies?

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

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

The plot

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



who live in Canada's second-largest province.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two previous, abortive attempts (according to the police)

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

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

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

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

Not all FLQ members are terrorists!

Then what are they?

Who is the FLQ?

Or more to the point: Who isn't?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What are these people doing? Where are they?

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

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

facilitate the government's job of destroying them.

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

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

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

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

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

They must be rooted out.

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

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

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

Whom is the Trudeau government after?

The politics

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

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

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

LES GARS DE LAPALME

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kierans announced the job would be divided up by three contractors, chosen by public bids. This left the drivers, some of whom had up to 40 years service, out in the cold. There was no guarantee the men would get their jobs back. In addition, their union was going

to be busted, or at the very least broken in three, since there would be nothing obliging the contractors to accept the struggling union or its members. The 450 Lapalme men struck to save their jobs and their rights.

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

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

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

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

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

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



BOURASSA
A triangular trap

TRUDEAU
A coup d'état

MARCHAND
'A vast organization'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"A backbencher close to Trudeau expressed much the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ganization."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The hardliners numbered four. Led by Choquette, the others in the group were Finance Minister Raymond Gagneau, Tourism Minister Claire Kirkland-Casgrain and Financial Institutions Minister William Tolley. Those who wished to negotiate, in the hope of saving Cross and Laporte, included Bour-

assa, Health Minister Claude Castonguay and Communications Minister Jean-Paul L'Allier. The rest of the ministers were confused and undecided.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Just watch me," he answered.



Dave Clark

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

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

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

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

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

While the meeting did have a certain revolutionary tone, the main thrust of it was an appeal for coolheadedness. Pierre Vallières and Michel Chartrand both said that the presence of troops in the city was a "provocation". But the latter, borrowing from his 25 years experience in trade unionism, said "never strike when the employer wants you to strike." The message was simple: no mass demonstrations, just go

about propagating the goals of the movement, building support in a quiet way. This tenor seems to have gone unnoticed by the press and the governments.

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

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

Anthony Westell confirmed the motivation:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The method

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Newman's story did not name names of people involved in the supposed provisional government plot, but it was clear he was implicating the "influential Quebecers" who had signed the statement of October 14 calling for an exchange with the

FLQ. Claude Ryan and René Lévesque both denied the report Wednesday morning, Ryan in an editorial in *Le Devoir*, Lévesque in his column in *Le Journal de Montréal*.

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

The smear campaign was on.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With the government carefully, almost coyly refusing to

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

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

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

The results

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

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

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

In Le Devoir of November 7, editorial cartoonist Berthio draws a Premier Bourassa sitting in a darkened cell that is his office in the Legislature. The window on his office-cell is covered with metal bars shaped in the letters PET. The cap-

tion has the imprisoned premier saying: "At least they could let me read Le Devoir..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LB3 had his lists of "known Communists" to justify the invasion. But the New York Times found that several of the "known Communists" were in fact dead, others were out of the country, still others were in jail.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But the effects will extend further than Westell predicts:

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

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

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



Point de Mire

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

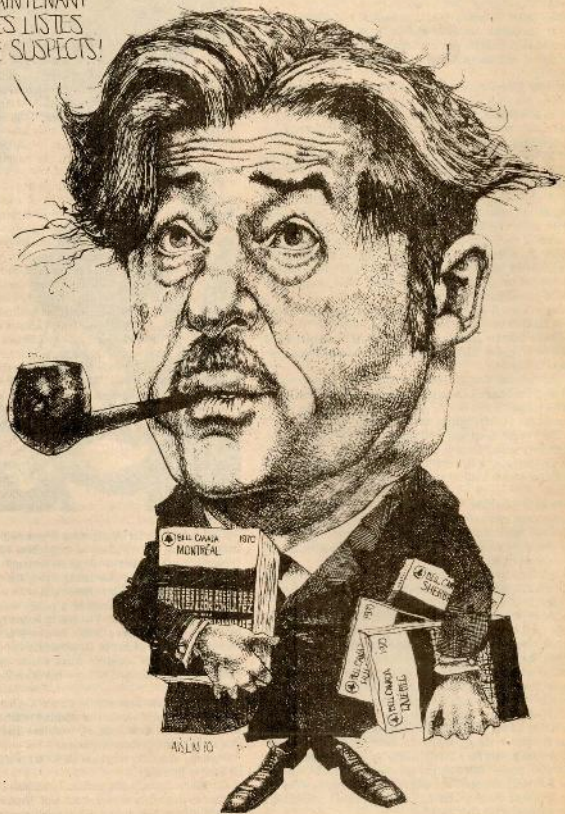
Initially, Trudeau attempted a policy which depended on broad support in Quebec. The policy failed because that support did not exist. The result was a new policy—a policy of making a virtual desert of all opposition in Quebec, radical, liberal, nationalist, even, in some cases, conservative. The instruments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

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

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

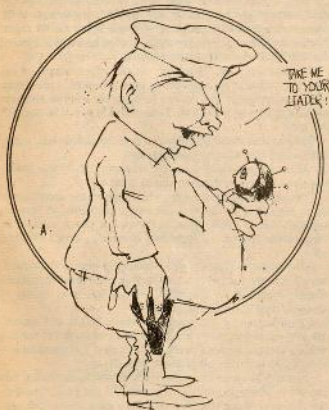
This article was researched and written by Last Post staff, with the assistance of journalists who work for the establishment media in Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec City.

NOUS AVONS
MAINTENANT
DES LISTES
DE SUSPECTS!



ASLM 10

MEMOIRS OF A PRISONER OF WAR



by NICK AUF DER MAUR

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We'll see. We just want to talk to you."
"Can't it wait until after lunch...I've made arrangements..."

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

"You're going to arrest me," I said.
"We just want to talk to you."

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

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

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

We drove a half a block and parked.
"You went to the Lemieux press conferences. Who did you see?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here I was, I thought, I hadn't done anything and didn't know a damn thing about "an apprehended insurrection."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A couple of the prisoners played a game called Battleships, in which each player has a sheet of paper with numbered squares, crossword puzzle fashion. He tries to bomb the ships by guessing the squares where the ships are located. Through-

out my stay we could hear them playing, calling out numbers to one another: Revolution 4 (square B4), Imperialism 7, Capitalism 2, Liberation 5. Evidently none of them was familiar with the army.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In the evening everything changed, at least for me.

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

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

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

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



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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The foreign journalists seemed more worked up about the consequences than the home-grown variety. "If this happened in the States, all hell would break loose," said one. "This could never happen in Britain," added another over a beer. "What about the Bill of Rights?" somebody asked. He was incredulous when I told him we've only had one for five

years of so. I threw in the fact that we've only had a national flag for a few years. For good measure, I said that the elections coming up in Montreal would be the first here with universal suffrage. Previously, only property-owners and water-tax payers could vote. I told them about the Padlock Law under Duplessis, when police could lock up an apartment or a building simply by declaring it was used for "Communist" purposes.

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

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

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

I dozed off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

reaction

reaction

Dear Sirs:

Maybe we can attain some real power by way of consumer boycotts. I suspect, however, that following your list of don'ts (and do's) will result mostly in the boycotter feeling virtuous (other people do the same by going to church to listen to sermons against evil) but will produce little change.

The "Boycotter's Guide" has more than the two limitations it admits. It is in the nature of a catch-all list: there is a failure to make necessary distinctions between simple problems and complex ones, between ecologically reasonable and unreasonable targets for boycott.

Some of the targets for boycott are incorrectly identified. Welch's that makes the grape juice has never been connected with the Welch that made the John Birch Society; Robert Welch got his money from the candy-making Welch's and I've not seen their candy in Canada. Welch's Grape Juice is a farmer-owned co-op based in western New York State. Unlike California most of the farms are small and worked by the families that own them.

Other targets are of marginal relevance to Canadians. It seems more to the point to list corporate backers, if any, of the Edmund Burke Society than of the John Birch Society.

In this day of corporate conglomerates in diverse businesses using a multitude of trade marks each, and acting as each others suppliers, the boycotting of a single named product is unlikely to make much difference to the corporate balance sheet. To attempt an effective boycott we will have to know not only the name of our immediate target, but also the names and products and trade marks of companies that own or are owned by our target.

And without some communication other than a drop in sales of a product our message will not get through (maybe Maritimers just don't like the taste of Coke as well this year?). We need to invent additional means to make our boycott seen. One way might be passing out post-cards at supermarkets for customers to fill out, one copy for the store manager, one for the target. One example might read:

I did not buy ----- bottles of Coca-Cola today. It was available only in non-returnable containers. I am boycotting all beverages sold in one-way glass containers.

Stop littering my world.

(Signature and address)

The California Table Grape strike/boycott owed its success to factors that are not typical of most of the listed targets: most of the growers struck and boycotted were in no other business than grape growing; the product was easy for the consumer to identify; *La Causa* attracted a large number of volunteer propagandizers in the colleges; it had wide-spread support (in principal at least) from organized labor at the end; there was a strike as well as a boycott; there was the highly visible suffering of the migrants to evoke sympathy for the boycott; and the resolution of the problem was really quite simple, even though it was difficult to arrive at settlement.

Even with these plus factors working for it, it took five very difficult years to settle it. Many of the issues we are confronting are far less dramatic, are not subject to simple resolution, and may require two or three times as long to resolve.

I don't mean to imply that a consumer boycott or selective buying campaign is doomed to ineffectiveness. What I am saying is that unless such campaigns are clearly focused and intensively pursued and tenaciously carried out they are likely to be a waste of time and likely to delude many of the well-meaning that something has really been done. The pathway to hell, ecological or theological, is paved with good intentions.

To focus boycotts I offer the following criteria:

- (1) *Local culpability* - Scott Paper should be high on the list for this area, political pollution financed for Californians by Disney, low; (2) *Vulnerability* - the tighter and quicker the economic squeeze a boycott would produce the better (conglomerates and firms selling most of their output outside the area would not be easy targets, nor would firms that sell mostly to bulk users, i.e. pesticides and herbicides mostly sold to farmers and governments);
- (3) *Existence of significant consumer alternatives* - phosphate content of detergents does vary widely, so it is possible to get clothes clean and boycott high-phosphate detergent - it is not so easy to find a non-polluting alternate for the internal-combustion car; (4) *High probability of change in the short run* - winning, or at least making significant progress, is necessary for morale, for taking on bigger or tougher targets, for gaining and maintaining momentum;
- (5) *Liability of target to other forms of pressure* - is the target subject to suit under present laws or can the legislative process be used to change the laws or can an employees strike be supported and expanded to include social and/or ecological issues? (We must consider here alternative as well as complementary means. It would be wasteful of limited resources to both boycott and sue if either one by itself would do the job);
- (6) *Prominence of target* - it's better to win against a highly visible target than an equally guilty obscure target; (7) *Reasonableness and significance of the case* - you have to be able to make sensible case for non-trivial goals (while the clutter of un-needed coat hangers may annoy greatly it is hardly in the same class as mutations caused by 2,4,5-T, either in effect or arguability);
- (8) *Timeliness of the campaign* - the timing of a boycott may be very important, either because you catch your target when he is weakest, or because that which you are trying to save will not wait and will be irrevocably damaged.

If *The Mysterious East* is truly serious about a boycott-er's guide there is a lot of work to do. The list published in August should be examined for plausible targets and

added to or pared as seems reasonable. Then each target should be examined in detail for its suitability for boycott action, rather detailed briefs be drawn up, and the three or four most suitable targets be named, and the entire brief and suggested course of action published by you.

Yours truly
Peter G. Zimmer
Halifax

THE EDITOR'S REPLY:

*Right on.
Do it.*

Dear Sir:

Re: Your Issue August, 1970 and the
Boycotter's Guide Pollution Item 3

We are the Solicitors for Sanitone which is a division of Emery Industries (Canada) Limited of 639 Nelson Street, London, Ontario.

We specifically refer to and wish to comment on the article appearing your August, 1970 edition, page 16, Item 3 under the heading "boycotter's guide POLLUTION" which reads "Support your ecosystem by avoiding these...

3) Cleaners who use sanitone sanex, milo or tripruf as mothproofing agents. All of these substances contain DDT (Sanitone is 100 per cent DDT) which can be absorbed through the skin."

Please be advised that the trademark "Sanitone" covers 250 licenced Sanitone drycleaners of our client across Canada. The trademark "Sanitone" covers many drycleaning processes and products, one of which is Sanitone 8845 which has been not only taken off the market but all inventories of Sanitone 8845 have been recalled against a full credit. Sanitone 8845 did, in fact, contain D.D.T. However, the said Sanitone 8845 was not at any time used by more than 10 per cent of our client's 250 licenced Sanitone drycleaners. It is noted that you have stated "Sanitone is 100 per cent DDT". This is not correct and works a great injustice on the vast majority of our client's 250 licenced Sanitone drycleaners.

For your information, our client is now in the process of obtaining approval for a new mothproofing product which it hopes to market in the near future and which does not contain D.D.T.

As you can well imagine, your magazine's position, if pursued could result in substantial damage to our client's name and all its licenced Sanitone drycleaners.

On behalf of our client, we would request your written confirmation that you have discontinued your derogatory references to the trademark "Sanitone".

Yours truly
Harrison, Elwood, Gregory
Littlejohn & Fleming,
Barristers and Solicitors
London, Ontario

THE EDITOR'S REPLY:

We are of course very pleased to hear that all Sanitone drycleaners have recently discontinued their use of the DDT product Sanitone 8845.

Mr. Littlejohn states that Sanitone 8845 at no time was used by more than 10 per cent of the chain's 250 stores. That offers some slight comfort and we apologize for imp-

lying that all of the stores used this product. But it is difficult to know just which 10 per cent were using Sanitone 8845.

Again, Mr. Littlejohn, we are most pleased to hear that the Sanitone drycleaners chain is no longer using a DDT-based product in their drycleaning process.

Dear Sir:

Of all the ways to comment on Mr. Wilbur's article entitled Education in the Robichaud Era, perhaps no way is better than to let Mr. Wilbur tell it like it is. His attitude on math and his own math experience summarizes the article. Mr. Wilbur says:

"Mathematics has been a boon to a mathematic-inclined but otherwise mediocre student ... I should mention that I received excellent marks in math..."

He also does justice through his article to mediocrity.

Sincerely
Hazen F. Calabrese
Graduate Student
Faculty of Education
University of New Brunswick

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Back of the Book

COLLECTING AGAIN

Several months ago we included a short item in the "Back of the Book" section that began:

When Frank picked up his mail one day last month he found the following letter in a plain envelope, handwritten:

Frank:
I tried to reach you by phone today. Please phone me at 475-0000 as soon as possible as I have an important matter to discuss with you.

Yours sincerely
Mary Elizabeth

We continued by saying that when Frank telephoned this promising letter-writer he discovered to his surprise – and disappointment – that Mary Elizabeth worked for a Fredericton collection agency.

Some weeks after the magazine appeared, we received the following letter in a plain envelope and the same handwriting.

Dear Sirs:

I am still waiting to hear from Frank (?). Since you appear to be quite close to him, could you have him phone me at 475-0000?

Yours sincerely
Mary Elizabeth

ANSWERS FROM IRVING?

It's not too much to expect that within the massive K.C. Irving industrial conglomerate there might be someone who could answer a few queries about pollution control devices at K.C.'s latest playtoy – Canaport, a deep-water terminal for some of the largest oil tankers in the Western Hemisphere.

Noticeably absent from all the publicity about Irving's latest monument to his credo that what's good for Irving is good for New Brunswick, is any information about pollu-

tion control.

While civic and provincial officials were praising the opening of the facility, not one word was forthcoming about what might happen if there was an accidental spill or a leak from such behemoths of the ocean like the 212,000-ton H. J. Haynes or the 228,600-ton Bosford, two of the first vessels to dock at Canaport.

A call in mid-September to the Irving headquarters in Saint John about pollution control devices was met with a reply of "the person you have to speak to is out of town. He won't be back until next week." When a follow-up call was made the following week, *The Mysterious East* was told that there still wasn't anyone around to answer our questions.

A third call finally met with a bit of success. We were told that Ray Connelly would be able to answer our questions. After getting through to Mr. Connelly, he was cordial enough, but unfortunately, he said, he couldn't provide the answers right away. He'd have to do a little checking but, he said, he'd get right back with some answers.

We're still waiting.

A POLICY FOR MEN AND ANOTHER FOR THE REST

It is unlikely that the chain of Zeller's stores throughout the Maritimes would admit to prejudice, and even less likely that they would be picketed by protesting members of a Women's Lib caucus. But then the sign posted high on the wall in the staff washrooms of all Zeller's stores speaks for itself:

Young MEN (emphasis ours) to train for store management. Qualifications: 21 to 28; high school graduation, leadership ability. \$25.00 reward to the person referring a candidate who is hired and remains with us for four months.

35

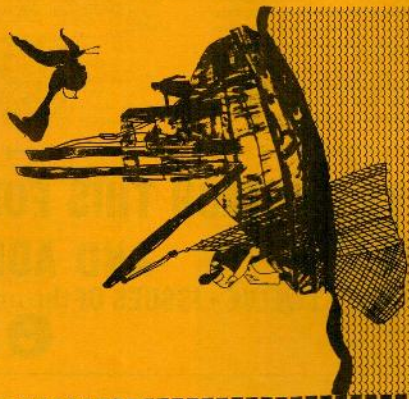
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WHAT POLLUTION COULD DO TO THE
FISHING INDUSTRY... AND THE PEOPLE



WATER POLLUTION
CONTRACTS
WATER TREATMENT
SILVER BULLET SYSTEM