

I...ers, hope is not. revolution, when... weakness of the... blow, their... engenders... indifference to... as characterized... to 1959, extends... who ask themselves... are sometimes... of themselves... seems to justify... of individual... going through its... through the... for a long time the... anxiety and despair, ... totally ignorant of... to be in prison one... in prison again, ... working of the... and forth in a... llison, and meaning... Justice, Law and... est. it was not easy... ating themselves... How could one... crushed and silent... oppressed knew... into revolt... sious silence, a... remain shut up in... as possible and... atmosphere of... in which... ed the responsibility, ... of working for... ity! he of struggle during... cois had become... had no resiliency... through many... becois no longer... air future, to what... the old days. The... fo--and they didn't... in was the american... dentering in front of... y bourgeois; and, ... in front of the... o read him their votes... And yet, a few... e often assembled... of capital and to... oiters. They had... d done significant... gine financiers. They... fend the interests... had in the woods, ... s. They even mobilized... n to nize resistance to... ey men.

red believe

ey...plauding the... and vulgarities of the... yor of Montreal... '50... oming... st circus where if... e a... ng to life, one had... e one's inner self to... as... ks of teh Gaspe, ... Abit... eary as the faces... treal... old as the winter

whered to believe... ie when of this country... me this country in a... and unity. A language... ther in their hearts, in... lay but and fraternity... nd that not have. Yet in... ar... eger.

ven... eemed to be telling... rone... e bent on living, ... Que... as in most of the... who... onging more than... stem... a "kick... hat can you do to... r... exit, the hell of... that... to demolish you... becom... man? And when, ... start... with your back... nuch... t, are you in any... out? ... a man... w much energy it... vers... es", as the saying

goes. How many sacrifices and how much willpower, how many painful years to reach the point where there is nothing left in you of that childhood and adolescence, nothing left of...the nigger, of...the man who was born defeated. And in spite of everything, some part of it always remains, not only in your memory but in your flesh and bones.

In the account that follows, I judge not my parents but society. I describe the life of niggers that we led as I live it. And at first glance it might seem that I am judging men. But that would be a false impression. I have never judged those of my class. But neither have I ever been complaisant toward them. I refuse to pity them, the way one refuses to humiliate someone. I am not the boss of a French-Canadian manufacturing concern!

Pity is a crime against man. Man has a right to the truth, even if it is hard as granite. For a human world can only be built, develop, and endure on a foundation of truth.

Those who died still live

They say that one must love the living and forget the dead. But I love my dead for father who gave me life and with it gave me the visceral need to change our inhuman society. I learned more from this dead man, from his life and the life of his family and friends, than from all the theoreticians of socialism.

Right now I am talking about my father and my class as I see them today. I did not always think of them in this way. If as a child I was unhappy but integrated with my milieu, as an adolescent I was in continual revolt against my class and also against the bourgeoisie, the entire society and its mythology: God, religion, Evil, Good, etc. But as will be seen later, I was struggling in ignorance and more than once came close to being swallowed up by the things I hated, just as my father had been defeated by his wife's insecurity-- an insecurity which nevertheless inspired in him a revolt sympathetic to communism.

His revolt was gradually drained of its force and meaning and buried in the depths of my parents' life together, a life that steadily shrank into a pitiful existence. But my revolt, confused and demanding, full of love for mankind, and rage against injustice, steadily grew.

I think there is no dream of mankind that cannot be realized, providing it is pursued on earth (not on an imaginary planet or in a heaven inhabited by angels). I believe that man possesses the capacity to make an ever more human world and that there are no limits to the progress of humanity. I believe neither in the Apocalypse nor in the eternal domination of the Barbarians. I believe that revolution is possible...and at the present stage of humanity, logically necessary.

Indeed, the historical development (material and human) of the "productive forces" has now reached such a level that it should enable all men to enjoy a very high standard of living. The scientific foundation of this ideal lies in the present technological revolution, in man's utilization of space, air, nuclear energy, etc., and in the development of communication techniques, the world market and so forth on a planetary scale. But there are two principal obstacles to the realization of this ideal.

The first is the concentration of capital, knowledge, technique, and power in the hands of the international bourgeoisie (chiefly American, Soviet, and European).

The second is the absence of a multinational revolutionary organization capable of conducting a struggle for liberation under the conditions of existence in the society of the last third of the twentieth century--not the first half of the nineteenth century!

I often feel uneasy watching the evolution of the international revolutionary movement. Evolution toward what, exactly?

Those who are not sure

We desire, we say, the total liberation of man, and we risk our lives for it every day...in Guatemala, in Vietnam, in the Congo, in Angola, in the United States itself, and in Quebec. But despite what some people call our "heroism", do we really know in detail what society we want to build? Do we know what kind of men we want to create? And the men whom we consider it our duty to "awaken" and organize--do we even know what they are? Do we know what the reality around us is made of? What if, after all, too often we were merely agitators...?

It is not unusual to meet revolutionaries who think only about overthrowing the bourgeois State, as if that act had some magic power and could spontaneously create overnight the practical conditions for the liberation of individuals and collectivities from all their present alienations, and for a new movement toward a greater measure of freedom for each and all.

If our ideal is really to see to it that, by a practical actions called a revolution, every exploited man, every humiliated man, every frustrated man is placed as soon as possible in a position to "assert himself as an individual," we must, as revolutionaries and conscious beings, think now about a great deal more than merely overthrowing a bourgeois state. And we must concern ourselves with more than just problems of military strategy and tactics.

We must propose to the workers, farmers, white-collar workers, students, and young people of today a new model of human society, and we must be going to lay its foundations right now, with them, within the revolutionary movement itself, which must not only put them in power, but at the same time fit them to build this new society for the advent of which they will have (or have already) risked their lives a thousand times.

It is sometimes said that nothing is more difficult than to make people think about what they must do in order to be consistent with their principles and, first of all, with themselves. The truth of that statement can be seen in even the most passionate, generous, and disinterested revolutionaries. That is why it sometimes happens that they have no very clear idea of the kind of society they want in place of the one they are working with all their energy to destroy.

Their "negligence" in this respect entails enormous risks. Among other things, we might mention that for certain persons, without their even realizing it completely, action becomes an absolute, a mystique that is sufficient unto itself. "Possessed" by this mystique, they gradually agree to perform the most gratuitous acts--providing they have the consolation or justification of paying for them with their lives..

I think I demonstrate in this essay that the FLQ is not a terrorist movement whose action is in the service of blind passions. We know rather precisely

what we want. In the following pages I shall describe in detail the content of what we call "our ideal". You will easily see that we have no predilection of adventurism, nihilism, or martyrdom (even if we happen to have made mistakes and even if we should happen to make more).

If some day, like so many revolutionaries before us, we die for this human ideal that has become our reason for living, it will not be as martyrs or heroes but as simple soldiers in the daily and universal struggle of the peasants, workers, students, and young people. We shall die the way one dies in war--the victims of enemy weapons or of a stupid accident. We shall be neither the first nor the last, neither the best nor the worst. Men like you.

Those who are fascists

In the 20th century, fascism has been the permanent temptation of the French-Canadian petty bourgeoisie of Quebec. In the climate of social ferment that is shaking Quebec today, that fact cannot but arouse certain anxieties, even if an important faction of the new petty bourgeoisie calls itself "socialist" and even if the young intellectuals of Quebec, unlike those of Greenwich Village in New York, do not draw swastikas on the walls and write "Bomb Hanoi Now!" all over the place.

In 1965 we saw with what enthusiasm a thousand students of the University of Montreal burned an issue of the "socialist" *Quartier Latin*, and with what alacrity Judge Laganiere congratulated them on this courageous and christian gesture!

The presence of fascist elements within the separatist movement is also very disturbing, for we all know that fascism is the art of transforming, sublimating and then crushing popular discontent in the name of a false "national renaissance" which is only the renaissance of the most frustrated elements of the petty bourgeoisie, that is, of a tiny minority.

Quebecois separatism in itself is an excellent thing, and I support it one hundred percent. But that does not mean that I close my eyes.

And I am not unaware of the fact that the Quebecois separatists do not all pursue the same

objective, that they do not all defend the same interests.

I notice that the advocates of a States-General attack mainly the present political structures and do not really call into question the most fundamental structures, the economic ones. To be sure, their objective seems to be the "economic independence of Quebec," since Monsieur Marchand himself, chairman of the council for economic expansion, affirms that it is "impossible for Quebec to become economically independent without conquering political independence as a preliminary". I underline the word *preliminary* because that is precisely where the fascist temptation lies: first achieve unanimity on this "preliminary", and after that we'll see. See what, after that? The factories turned over to the workers, or the unions turned into corporations?

I believe there is only one way to escape the fascist temptation: to organize the majority--that is, the workers, farmers, white-collar workers, progressive intellectuals, students, young people and clear-thinking petty bourgeois--into a revolutionary force that is openly and radically anti-capitalist, anti-imperialist and anti-colonialist. It is a question of siding with 90 percent of the population against the ten percent who want to seize the opportunity offered them today to increase their domination over the "ignorant" and by so doing augment the profits and privileges associated with that domination.

I admit that the Sart Marchands of Quebec do not appear, at first glance, to be fascists. But it will not take long for them to become fascists if Ottawa persists in its present attitude. And since Quebec is a rich country, Washington might manufacture itself a little Tshombe, a little Ky or a little Balaguer to prevent our country from "toppling" into the enemy camp. The Fascists have a very good press in Washington, notwithstanding the monumental hypocrisy of the kings of the White House.

Those who must escape

Only a long experience of revolutionary struggle, requiring an ever higher level of consciousness and responsibility, can enable the oppressed and humiliated masses to escape fascism, to escape the magic of a fanatical nationalism manufactured to serve the needs of a minority of individuals who are seeking a greater measure of economic and political power.

Those who now speak to the masses, taking care not to tell them the whole truth and, above all, preaching non-violence, electoralism, etc., are imposters who are preparing the way not for revolution but for counter-revolution.."

"Is it possible that fascism will one day sweep Quebec?" you ask. Yes, it is possible, even after the "quiet revolution". For the "quiet revolution" has also awakened that...

If the conscious workers, the clear-thinking petty bourgeois, the students and the young people do not do more to translate their progressive ideas and political convictions into practical action, it is entirely possible--alas!-- that Quebec may become not another Vietnam but another Portugal.

Certain facts already raise very disturbing questions: the lightning popularity of Caouette, Gregoire and Marcoux in 1962; the renaissance of Adrien Arcand's party; the "vogue" of the magazine *Aujourd'hui Quebec* in clerical circles and institutions controlled by the clergy (schools, colleges, convents); the fusion of the separatists of the Regroupement national with the national *credistes* of the extreme Right; the presence of notorious fascists in the very ranks of the RIN; the recent transformation of the order of Jacques-Cartier into two other secret societies with clearly fascist tendencies; the victory of the National Union and the "Duplessist renaissance"; finally, the plea for a one-party system made by the mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau, shortly before the last municipal elections. Jean Drapeau and Daniel Johnson (together with Pierre Laporte) are, in my opinion, the most cunning of the leaders of the Right. Jean Drapeau is perhaps the one who enjoys the broadest financial support at present. Will he someday become our Fuhrer? *****

The present situation is somewhat reminiscent of the one that enabled Houde and Duplessis to become the puppet rulers of Quebec immediately after the second world war.

One thing is certain: agitation on the Right has increased in intensity over the last two years. And this agitation clearly shows that the established Order is now *afraid*. It is not yet in panic, but that is not far off.