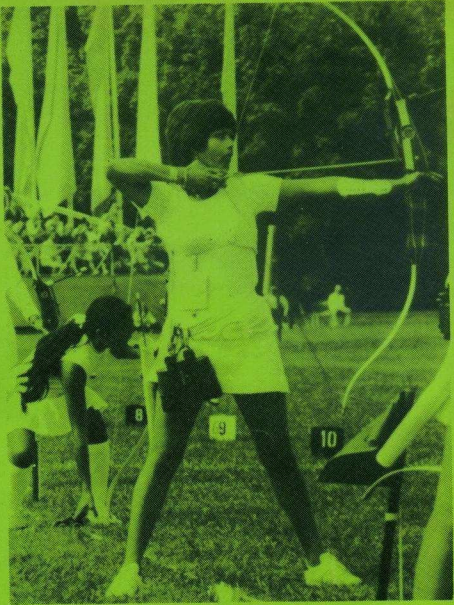
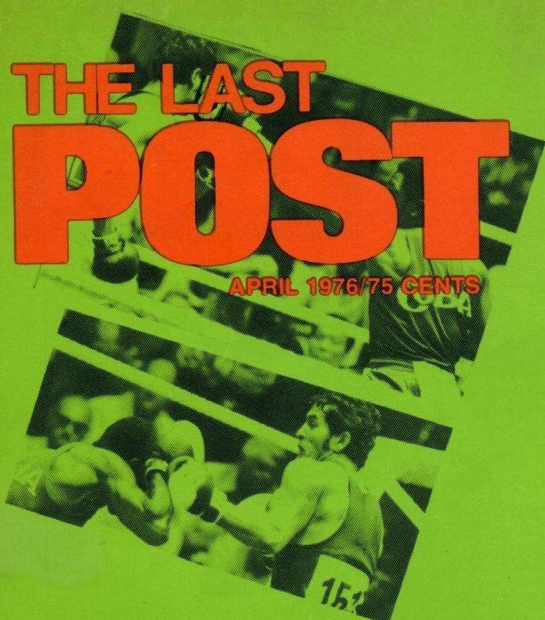


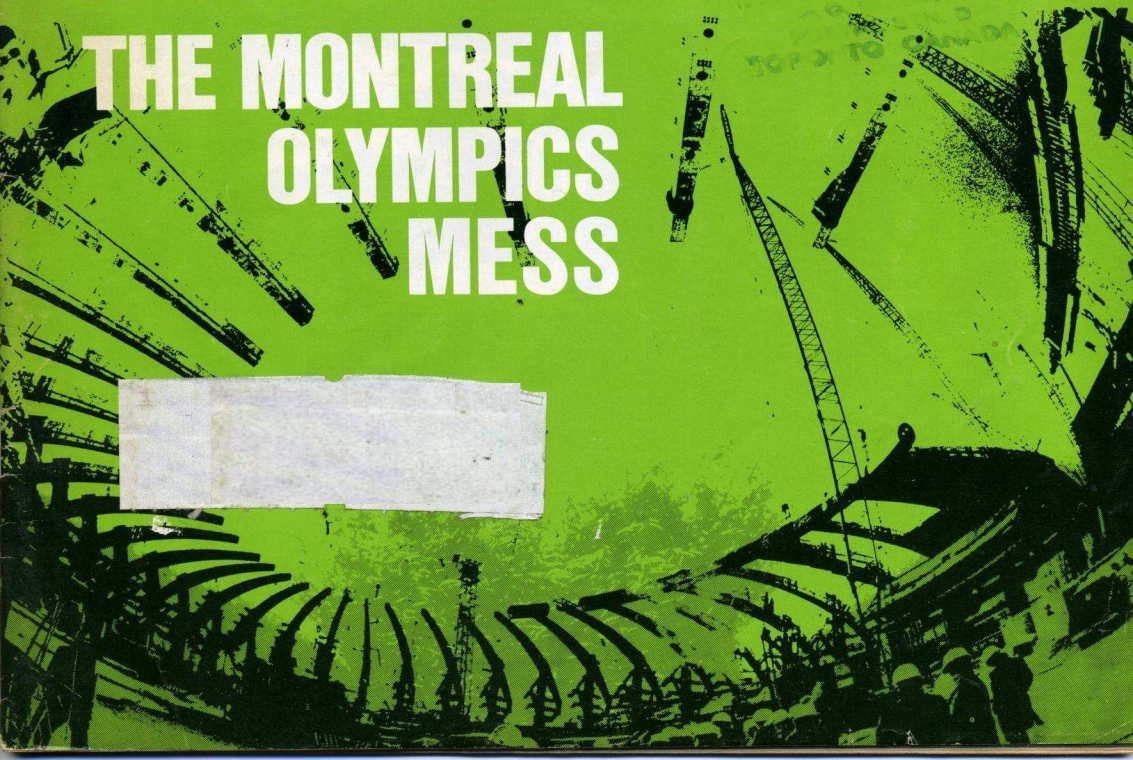
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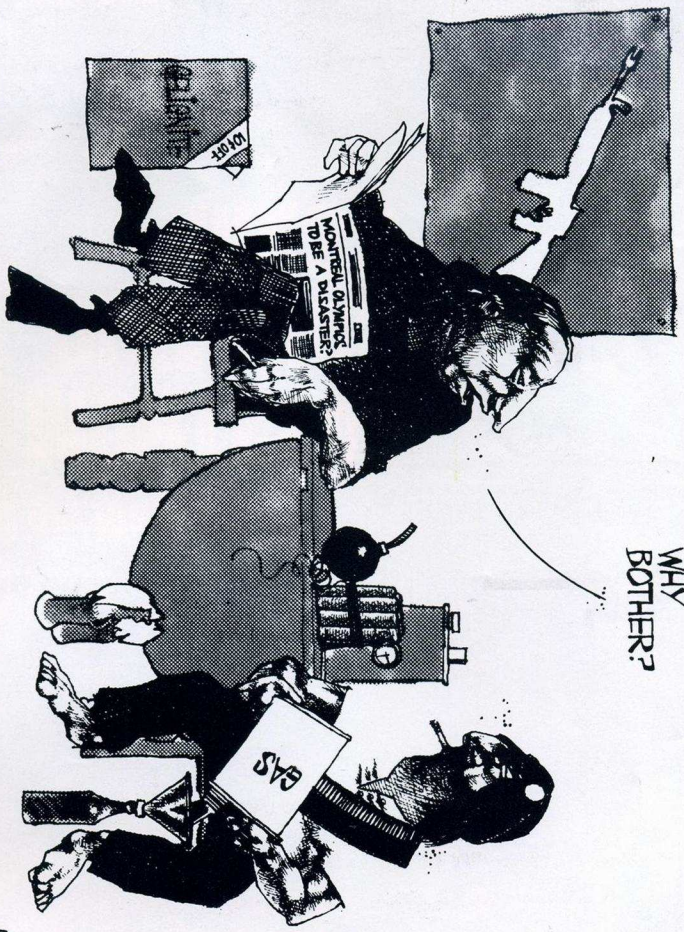
APRIL 1976/75 CENTS



Nick Auf der Maur on...

THE MONTREAL OLYMPICS MESS





WHY
BOTHER?

ALISON F.

THE LAST POST

April 1976, Vol. 5, No. 4

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Letters

Dear Last Post:

José Martí did not need any special prophetic insight to see American designs on Cuba. These were on record for him or anyone else to see.

John Quincy Adams wrote in 1823 that "There are laws of political as well as physical gravitation; and if an apple severed by the tempest from its native tree cannot choose but fall to the ground, Cuba, forcibly disjoined from its own unnatural connection with Spain . . . can gravitate only towards the North American Union, which by the same law of nature cannot cast her off from its bosom".

Thomas Jefferson assumed as early as 1809 that Cuba belonged as if by nature to the United States. . . .

In 1848 the Polk administration attempted to purchase Cuba from Spain for one hundred million dollars.

In 1854 the efforts were renewed. Horatio J. Perry (*chargé d'affaires ad interim* in Madrid) wrote to William L. Marcy: "Cuba will be ours. She may become so as Louisiana became ours, and as I am told the Russian possessions in America may now become ours, and for similar reasons. Because geographically, commercially, and strategically the connection of Cuba is naturally with us and not with any other power. . . ."

More often than not in its nearly 200 years of history the United States has been dominated by an expansionist ideology. The "manifest destiny" of the American Empire included not only Cuba but all of what is now Canada as well. We may have been saved from invasion only by the fact that the American Empire was defined as economic rather than political before the end of the nineteenth century, and that Canadian governments posed no revolutionary threats to the expansion of U.S. economic interests.

From early on the spectre of a black and revolutionary republic in Cuba haunts American policy-makers. It was this kind of threat that forced them to accept the troublesome and unwelcome burdens of political as well as economic imperialism in Cuba.

It might also be noted that in this tradition any move by a foreign power that

threatens the *economic expansion* of the United States is easily defined there as "aggression". I believe that it was the American anthropologist Jules Henry who said that in the United States the free world is defined as that part of it that is open to U.S. investment. By these standards fascist dictatorships are "free" and socialist republics are not.

What is equally disquieting is the general assumption here in Canada that economic expansion is necessary for survival. As in the United States, it is often seen as the only way to keep the poor from revolting without depriving the rich.

**Jordan Bishop
Cape Breton**

Dear Last Post:

In their recent article ("Alberta Inc. The Politics of the New West", *Last Post*, Vol. 5, No. 3), Larry Pratt and John Richards show a lack of appreciation of legislative custom and practice. In their description of the first day of the fall sitting of the eighteenth Alberta Legislature, they state that, following Premier Lougheed's opening address, commonly referred to as his "State of the Province" address:

Lougheed takes his seat, the member for Athabasca comes to life. . . . The Leader of the Opposition has nothing to say, and begs leave to adjourn debate.

The leader of the Opposition was simply following customary practice in Alberta. His reply to the Premier's fall "State of the Province" speech is given the following evening, followed by representatives from the remaining opposition parties, in this case, Grant Notley of the NDP. The procedure is much the same as that employed for Throne Speeches and the Budget Address (the Leader of the Opposition's reply coming on the next Government Day). If Messrs. Pratt and Richards had returned the evening following Premier Lougheed's speech, they would have found the Leader of the Opposition to have had a fair bit to say in reply, as did Mr. Notley.

**Paul F. Wood
Legislative Intern,
Legislative Assembly of Alberta**

Dear Last Post:

Once was forgivable, twice was disillusioning, three times is provocation. A fella can understand why *Books in Canada* has to follow the writings of Arthur Hailey, but does *Last Post* have

some kind of do-or-die contract to review Richard Rohmer? It all began modestly enough with two columns about *Ultimatum* back in March 1974. Just a word from Rae Murphy to say that the novel "could mark an important departure for Canadian literature." Rohmer produced another novel, *Last Post* did another review (January, 1975); this time Rohmer's work was exonerated because *Ultimatum* and *Exoneration* "place key social issues at the centre of the novel." More recently (last issue), *Last Post* seems to have given up on Rohmer altogether. Where does that leave matters? Short-changed three reviews whether Rohmer is ever exonerated or not. Actually, three lousy reviews about three bad books is not unique for *Last Post*: it is symptomatic.

I'm not sure how it happens, but at the end of an excellent string of articles, *Last Post* manages with consistency to present a book review section which is 60/40 silly if not collaborationist. Stress the word *collaborationist*. Why should good left journalists lower their standards when it comes to considering what should be reviewed and what must be said about it? If a reviewer invests one or two thousand words in a book which is admittedly bad, why review it in the first place unless the reviewer really has something to say? I felt that Rae Murphy was on the right track with "All You Never Wanted to Know," but this is neither just a string of short reviews nor a unified full-length article. It is unfortunately somewhere in between. Even with this structural disadvantage, Murphy's review is better stuff than the tedious succession of *Last Post* review notes on "Canadian Economic Culture" — as presented in academic and government studies. . . .

The review section conveys the impression that, well analyzed or not, the popular icon — a Rohmer novel, for instance — should be the focus of our cultural attention. And when we really get down to understanding the world, we must return to that no-nonsense, factual jargon about the economy, politics, history — the one science of this world. With this kind of message, there is nothing to communicate, only something to reinforce. I hope that *Last Post* gives the review section a larger permanent place in the format, there are just too many good books which are not reviewed. But there is a need to rethink the value of the whole enterprise.

**Leslie Mundwiler
Winnipeg**

KEEPING POSTED

OTTAWA NOTEBOOK: DECLINE & FALL OF CAMELOT NORTH

by PATRICK MacFADDEN

Reading of the death of Chou En-lai we at the *Last Post's* Ottawa bureau were irresistibly reminded of the technique of personnel management and administrative responsibility first systematized in the council chambers of Northern China by a ruler of the Shang house during the second millennium B.C. and later carried on by the Chou conquerors. Its last flowering took place in Ottawa during the early part of the reign of P. E. Trudeau. It substituted political order for Pearsonian chaos, professional officials for hereditary retainers and centralized power for centrifugal fiefdoms.

This is easier to do under feudalism than under capitalism. The winter of 1976 may be seen in years to come as the turning point in the fortunes of the Great Mandarin.

* * *

Over the holiday season Canadians spent a lot of money, more than ever before according to an annoyed Public Works Minister C. M. Drury whose own Yuletide expenses his department has not, unhappily, recorded. Thus it was a pie-eyed populace that tuned in to the Prime Minister on De-

ember 28 on the CTV television program W5. All three participants were wearing their expensive threads: concerned populist Bruce Phillips as host, pretty Carol Taylor of Toronto and Vancouver as occasional fire-stoker and the P.M. representing the Divine Logos. My own favourite lines:

B.P.: Miss Taylor, of course, is the well known host of W5 whose time we are occupying tonight to bring you this conversation.

C.T. to P.E.T.: . . . would you agree that perhaps it's bigness, the amount of power that is now consolidated in certain units?

P.E.T. to C.T.: Yes, Carol, it is bigness in part and the complexity that goes with bigness. And I for one don't believe that you can just break it up and go back to a golden time when there was no bigness. . . .

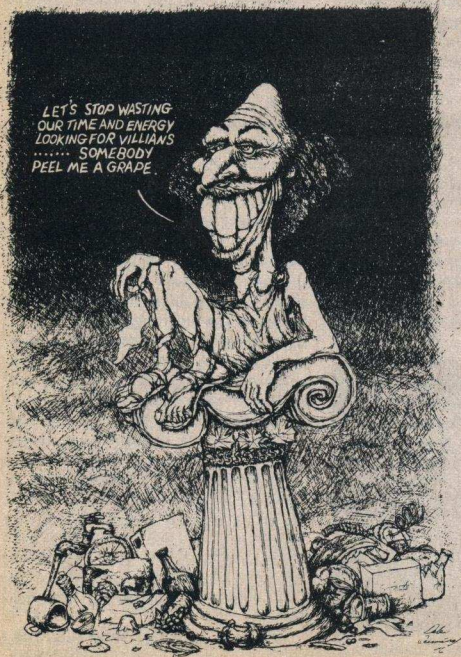
Before you dismiss this as the higher piffle let me remind you that at least it counts towards Canadian Content.

* * *

I am told by people who know that the Anti-Inflation Board's troubles are such that the Prime Minister angled his talk to draw fire away from the terrible duo of Pepin-Plumpre. I am further told that the shambles of the new regulations reflects an obscure quarrel between Finance and Cabinet, that nothing was thought through and that hand-wringing is now universal. I am told on the third, non-wringing hand that media-manipulating is being indulged, partly to blank out the Tories, partly to mask an almost 10 per cent increase in the Consumer Price Index between December 1974 and December 1975 and partly again to set a tough line during the numerous contract negotiations coming up in this Olympic year.

I am sure all of this is quite true. For myself, I'm not up to it. Neither was the Prime Minister. When he returned to the fray on January 19, having been smoked out by a Canadian Press story which led with a phrase about a "new society" — which Canadians would favour, the old one having become extremely boring — he faced, at \$8-a-plate, the Canadian Club of Ottawa. Again CTV was there, Mr. Phillips this time in hushed tones hinting strongly that here, at last, was Runnymede. (The CBC, presumably at the behest of its new activist president, ruled the dinner speech a party political broadcast, the first time in this viewer's memory that the Corporation has been able to distinguish.)

Mostly the P.M. talked of candles: "The classic notion, as you know, was that free choice of the consumer ruled the economy. When pioneer homes in Canada were lighted by candles, for example, it was thought that the choices made by consumers among the products of competing candle-makers would determine the price. . . ." And so on. Adam Smith meets Pocahontas. The Canadian clubbers were mystified and it required the full powers of Messers. A. Westell and W. A. Wilson of the *Toronto* and *Montreal Stars* respec-



tively, on television immediately afterwards and yet again at the crack of dawn, to do the necessary exegesis for a stunned yet grateful nation. In fact, Mr. Westell has informed your correspondent that he is now a cottage industry, doing so well at explication that he can afford several extra candles this year.

The Prime Minister, for his part, escaped to Cuba.

* * *

In which country, the palpitations of Margaret Trudeau's T-shirt caused consternation among our Press. Their coverage of her performance, in the words of the interim report of the LaMarsh commission on violence, would come under "emotive presentational styles." Although why our royalty should dress up while visiting someone like Castro who insists on wearing his silly old battle fatigues remains a mystery.

Perhaps the answer is that the doings or misdoings of the upper orders is good newspaper stuff. "Mrs. John Dean wore a simple red hat," reported the *New York Times* serenely. And yet, a Mr. Iain Hunter of the *Ottawa Journal* who had led the pack in the Margaret stakes, even to her "taking a

swig" of Cuban rum on the press plane, sounded when interviewed on the much-improved CBC's *Capital Report* as if he had been defending the realm. His co-panelist, Mr. George Radwanski, gave the game away by admitting that all of them, yes all, had taken a swig of the self-same bottle. Well, that's how men are in war. In the meantime, rest assured: Mr. Hunter will be travelling alone for some time to come.

* * *

To get back to my original point: if the economy doesn't pick up in a year or so, and if sensible persons like ourselves, who believe that Angola is something made from wool, allow ourselves to be hooked by the ravings of the press, and if traditional Liberal stances — dove abroad, hawk at home — bow (as far as the former is concerned) to State Department pressures, then the age of the Mandarin will be over, the polity will turn to the forum, the town hall, the stage populist. This may even be more "democratic."

The trouble is that any solution is only as good as the political structure inside which it is shaped. The stage populist is fine were it not for the Insurance Man from Ingersoll waiting in the wings.

NUCLEAR ROULETTE / PART 1 'WHAT'S 10 BILLION HERE OR THERE?'

by RALPH SURETTE
and SUSAN HOLTZ

HALIFAX — While on the Halifax leg of his anti-inflation trot last fall, Prime Minister Trudeau was asked whether it made sense for the federal government to plan for the spending of \$100 billion or so in the next 15 years on nuclear energy in view of the increasing doubts surrounding fission technology.

Trudeau mumbled something about not wanting to "de-industrialize Canada" by starving her of energy supplies. It wasn't much of an answer so the questioner pressed again.

"Well," said Trudeau in a reply that should find a place on the short list of famous Canadian quotations, "I suppose you can quibble about ten billion here and ten billion there."

Shades of C. D. Howe aside, the quibble is about considerably more than that. In monetary terms it could be stated as a quibble about the entire \$100 billion. In physical terms it could be called a quibble about the entire 115 nuclear reactors the nuclear establishment wants built by the end of the century at a billion dollars each in 1975 dollars.

More precisely, the heart of the matter is as follows: without the participation of either the public or Parliament, and largely without their knowledge, this

country has made an awesome commitment to an environmentally and economically hazardous energy program, a commitment which, by virtue of the evangelistic zeal of the engineers and bureaucrats behind it, cripples the possibility of more rational energy choices by sucking available research and development funds away from them.

What is perhaps most remarkable — although typically Canadian — is the silence that surrounds this choice even to this day. In most other countries going the nuclear route a furious debate has been unfolding for several years. In Sweden there has been a program of public participation in the nuclear decision which led to the scaling-down of that country's nuclear plans. In most European countries, and particularly in the United States, high level defections from the nuclear research establishments have forced debate out in the open: first on the environmental dangers, then on the wisdom of depending on centralized energy sources which show an increasing tendency to break down, and finally on the wobbly economics as utility after utility in the U.S. has found itself on the brink of bankruptcy largely because of nuclear laments.

What was obvious in Trudeau's answer was that he knows very little about Canada's nuclear program, like most

other elected politicians. The lack of curiosity about the program can be measured by the fact that the first significant questions ever asked about the program, which dates back to the Second World War, were asked last October — and then by a Liberal back-bencher, Lloyd Francis.

The answers he got were even more indicative that Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., which fed the answers through Mitchell Sharp, can take the ignorance of Parliament for granted.

Francis asked, for instance, "Was the nuclear facility at Chalk River closed at any time for repairs and, if so, on what dates, for how long, and what was the nature and extent of repairs?"

In light of unexpected lengthy shutdowns in U.S. reactors which have crippled nuclear economics there, and of six-month shutdowns in 1974 and 1975 of two reactors at the four-reactor Pickering complex, the question was a touchy one. AECL's answer: "The question can only be answered in general terms as there are a number of facilities at Chalk River. All are shut down periodically for repair and maintenance. Since 1974 there have been three major shutdowns of the two large test reactors involving replacement and upgrading of reactor vessels."

The qualifier "since 1974" was a neat

evasion that covered a multitude of sins. In fact, in 1952 there was a disastrous accident in a Chalk River reactor in which the entire calandria — or reactor vessel in which the fission process takes place — had to be buried along with a million gallons of radioactive water. There was also an incident in 1958 when a fuel line broke and a fission product was leaked within the plant, and there have been numerous lesser incidents as well.

All this is actually laid out in *Canada's Nuclear Story*, the "authorized" account by Wilfrid Eggleston published in 1965. Sharp would have been better off reading from that than the present-day version put out by AECL. The book is written with an obliviousness to controversy which is absolutely refreshing, given that controversy hadn't started yet. The only problem is that AECL has let virtually nothing leak out since then.

One of the reasons for the secrecy that has surrounded nuclear programs in most countries, including Canada, is the military origins from which they sprang. Eggleston's obscure publication throws some interesting light on this aspect as well.

When Britain's military position became precarious during the Second World War, Canada was drawn in essentially as a base of operations for British and other European nuclear scientists working in conjunction with the Americans on a heavy water reactor to produce fissile plutonium material for a bomb.

A few Canadians had been added to the team, but relations between the British and Canadians on one side and the Americans on the other became extremely strained because American security prevented U.S. scientists from sharing their information with the others. The Americans then went on to build their own reactor which was the forerunner of their present light water moderated technology, whereas Canada went into the heavy water moderated reactors which became the CANDU. The idea was still to provide plutonium for an Allied atomic bomb.

The nuclear reactor program was not an energy policy decision. It was a military decision made by then-minister of Munitions and Supply, C. D. Howe, and it was a major financial decision. Eggleston writes that "even in an era when wartime expenditures had soared to unprecedented levels, the total came as somewhat of a shock to . . . the minister responsible."

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—Toronto Globe & Mail, January 20, 1976

At the end of the war the Chalk River project was left with no immediate utility. The press release which talked of Chalk River publicly for the first time in August, 1945, mentioned only the production of atomic bomb materials and as late as 1949 Dr. C. J. Mackenzie, head of the National Research Council which

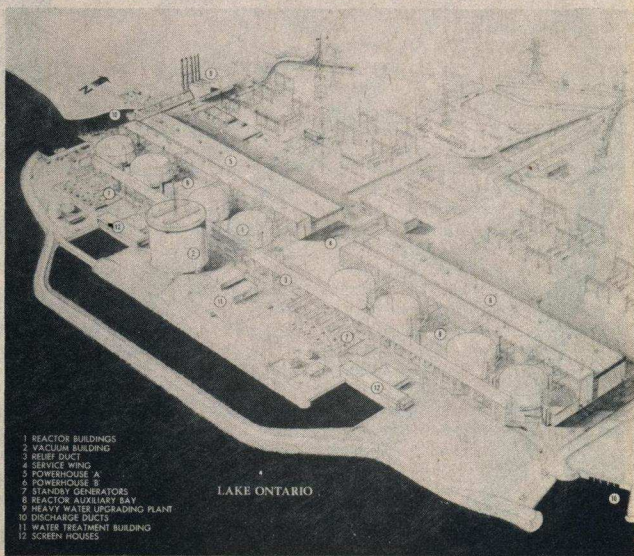
was heading up the project stated in a public address that "there is no indication that atomic power will become generally competitive with ordinary central power plants for many, many years."

But yet the project continued — including the construction of a chemical extraction plant for plutonium. Chalk River at this point had become a supplier of plutonium to the U.S. for weapons, and in fact up to the early 1960's the Chalk River establishment sold the government on a new reactor on grounds that plutonium could be sold to the Americans and some economic benefit thereby obtained.

Ultimately, amid the paranoia of the era, the whole topic of nuclear development for any purpose in Canada was classified SECRET in 1951.

The only significant statement on the matter since then is Eggleston's book. We don't know what accidents, near misses or hair-raisers might have occurred since then in Canada's nuclear facilities. The habits of nuclear establishments elsewhere tell us that whenever they can hide something, they will.

In terms of information and debate, there has been some spillover from the U.S. into Canada. But Canadian nuclear spokesmen inevitably point out that the CANDU is different from the U.S. light water reactor and therefore the problems do not apply. This is true only of the



- 1 REACTOR BUILDINGS
- 2 VACUUM BUILDING
- 3 RISER DUCT
- 4 SERVICE WIND
- 5 POWERHOUSE A
- 6 POWERHOUSE B
- 7 STANBY GENERATORS
- 8 REACTOR AUXILIARY BAY
- 9 HEAVY WATER UPGRADING PLANT
- 10 DISCHARGE DUCTS
- 11 WATER TREATMENT BUILDING
- 12 SCREEN HOUSES

The nuclear power station at Pickering, Ont.

possibility of a core meltdown. The problems of the disposal of deadly plutonium wastes which take thousands of years to break down are the same and the economic problems nearly the same.

The lousy economics, which first got that way in the U.S., are spreading into Canada. Utilities with enormous debt charges to build nuclear plants have had to increase their power rates to pay for them. The consumer has reacted by cutting back power consumption.

Ontario Hydro, which is involved in a massive program of nuclear power expansion, has recently increased its rates 24 per cent amid signs that the consumer is cutting back there as well. Nuclear plants have been built on the absolute faith that energy consumption would continue to double every 10 years, and the economics of them requires that rate of growth. No nuclear pusher has ever stopped to consider the absurdity — indeed the impossibility — of doubling energy output every 10 years.

LIBERAL CONCERN-OF-THE-MONTH

Judy LaMarsh: "Okay, what about sexism in Dracula? Has there ever been a woman Dracula, or a gay Dracula?"

—in conversation with Dracula experts John Hersch, Elwy Yost and Rod Conebeare, CBC Radio, Jan. 9, 1976

For these reasons the bubbling predictions of a nuclear power nirvana of 100 reactors in the country by the turn of the century are apt to fall flat on their own lousy economics, much as there have been mass cutbacks in the number of planned reactors in the U.S.

However, the lousier things get the more tenacious gets the nuclear establishment. For example, with New Brunswick's Point LePreau plant, originally targeted at a cost of \$450 million,

reaching towards a \$1.5 billion price tag, the manager of the project, Dr. Terry Thompson, nevertheless declared in January: "The energy crisis is real; supplies of oil are dwindling; demands for energy are higher; the trend is to electricity; and nuclear power is safe, reliable, and most of all, needed."

The danger is that with people like that at the helm telling the government what they want and getting it without question, this country is apt to be plunged deeper and deeper into nuclear power no matter how lousy the economics get and how attractive alternatives become.

One of the more sinister aspects of nuclear power proliferation across the world is the growing availability of plutonium. Although it isn't being guarded terribly well now, if it ever were to be adequately guarded (a 600-megawatt CANDU reactor, for instance, puts out over 500 pounds of radioactive wastes a year) it would require virtually police state measures. Already this kind of mentality is beginning to manifest itself.

In Japan, according to *Environment Magazine*, a U.S. publication, a Japanese utility cut off power to local opponents of a nuclear plant in Fukushima "to make them feel keenly the necessity of electric power." In the U.S. the Atomic Industrial Forum — the atomic energy lobby — and a consulting firm, Charles Yullish Associates were reported in *Not Man Apart*, another environmental publication, to be building files on groups considered anti-nuclear and supplying utilities with background information on such individuals and groups.

And in Canada, just to end on a me-too note, last April at an environmental assessment meeting in Saint John on the Point LePreau reactor (a meeting wrung out of government by anti-nuclear groups, but which turned out to be only an "information" session) Liberty Pease, manager of the Physics and Analysis Division of AECL at Sheridan Park, Ont., was noted by a journalist to be taking notes and photographs of citizens presenting briefs.

"Only for personal use," he said when challenged.

Last year a Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility was formed. It groups up most of the ecology organizations in the country, and its aim is to get public debate on the nuclear issue. To date its successes have been modest. By the time it cracks the secrecy of the Canadian political system, it may well be too late.



Nuclear fuel bundles are prepared for shipping.

NUCLEAR ROULETTE / PART 2

IT'S THE HOTTEST LITTLE TOWN

by JOHN HALDANE

TORONTO — They're calling Port Hope the hottest little town in Ontario — and with good reason.

Port Hope is a small city of 12,000 people 60 miles east of Toronto whose major employer is the Crown-owned Eldorado Nuclear Ltd., a uranium refining plant. Twenty years ago four old Eldorado buildings were torn down and the rubble was used as landfill in various places about the town; as well, parts of the old buildings, such as thousands of cement blocks, were sold to anyone who was interested for use as building materials.

Now, two decades later, radioactive hot spots have been turning up at numerous locations throughout the community. As of this writing, at least 65 private homes have been found to have radiation levels that are above normal, some with more than 30 times the government standard. Five families have been advised to get out of their homes. Three schools have been found to be radioactive and one of them — St. Mary's Separate School — has been closed and will probably be abandoned.

Investigators are worried about both uranium and radium contamination, but especially about radon gas, a byproduct of radium that has been linked with lung cancer.

The authorities have been as secretive about the situation as they can get away with, so that it's impossible to know the exact extent of the problem. "We have nothing to hide," declared Ontario Health Minister Frank Miller and then immediately refused to disclose the locations of the radioactive homes. Not even neighbours, he said, have the right to know whether the house next door is radioactive.

As hot spot after hot spot turned up, Port Hope Mayor Cyril Hewson energetically defended Eldorado. "Eldorado is good for Port Hope," he said recently. "We've no quarrel with them whatsoever." The press has proved to be a convenient whipping boy and Mayor Hewson has blamed it for publishing such information as it has been able to pry loose from the tight-lipped authorities. "It's just not fair, what they have been saying," says Mayor Hewson. "Nobody



photo: David Lloyd

Kids still toboggan beside closed, radioactive St. Mary's School

should say anything until all the facts are in." Mindful of the fact that Eldorado is Port Hope's largest employer, Mr. Hewson declared that "nobody here wants to give the company a bad name."

Five government agencies are involved in the radiation search, and in the attempt to maintain as total a news blackout as possible — the provincial ministries of health, environment and agriculture and the federal atomic and environment agencies.

In spite of the secrecy, however, there are indications that Eldorado's sloppiness may not be limited to one mistake 20 years ago. It is acknowledged that in 1966 a study done by a chemical engineer was critical of the way Eldorado disposed of its nuclear waste materials. When the engineer revisited the dump in 1975 he found conditions had become worse rather than better. And the Atomic Energy Control Board's licencing officer, Jon Jennecken, has admitted that an Eldorado dump was considered badly fenced and was posted with signs just last August. Until then it was easy to wander

on the site but, protests Jennecken, cattle that died there succumbed to chemical poisoning, not radioactivity.

But these developments, scary though they are, could be relatively minor if claims made by Energy Probe, a University of Toronto environmental group, are accurate. In January Energy Probe claimed that highly dangerous enriched uranium is kept at Eldorado in such a way that a "small, uncontrolled atomic explosion" could take place in a "criticality accident". As well, Energy Probe claims that Eldorado does not adequately shield its containers of processed uranium, and that there are no contingency plans to counter any spill of hydrofluoric acid.

Eldorado officials have, of course, rejected Energy Probe's claims, and said they have contingency plans for any emergency situation. But, with bad news leaking bit by bit through a screen of secrecy, it's hardly surprising if people believe the worst. And even if what's now known is the end of the story, it's evidence enough of the inadequacy of nuclear controls in Canada.

ALBERTA: LOOKING AT A GIFT HORST

by DAVID BERGER

EDMONTON — A popular central Canadian misconception holds that farm-bred Prairie politicians must be pure as the grain they harvested as youths. Albertans, on the other hand, are accustomed to back-woods political swindlers and are currently being conditioned to accept their urban, law school trained counterparts.

In recent months Alberta's courts have been gagging with denials of various charges by bureaucrats, mayors and land speculators. On more than one occasion Premier Peter Lougheed, whose intended image reeks of virginal innocence, has been caught with his pants down. The most lively current scandal centres about the gentleman who served as Lougheed's Minister of Culture during the Conservatives' first term in office.

Horst Schmid, who still performs as Alberta's cultural nursemaid, served as the Tories' liaison with the province's ethnic and cultural groups. As a sort of godfather figure his department blessed a broad spectrum of Albertans with impressive amounts of money. The Don Corleone role was so well acted that Schmid's department issued cheques to several groups for sums considerably in excess of grant requests. In numerous instances grants were awarded to associations that had not even applied for funding. The lavishing of public monies on ethnic dance troupes, writers and choirs was particularly in vogue in the pre-election days of March 1975. Schmid apparently operated with the hope that a little gentle wooing of the ethnic vote could only help his party at the ballot box.

An Edmonton radio newsmen, suspicious of the Culture department's activities, submitted a grant application for the non-existent St. George's Gaelic Society Language School. To his journalistic gratitude the reporter promptly received not only the \$285 he asked for, but also an unsolicited grant of \$2,000. The Gaelic community, however, was not in the Tory bag, as the newsmen revealed the fictitious existence of his organization. It was also learned that the powerful Cabinet minister, Lou Hyndman, was shown a copy of the letter announcing the 'school's' good fortune.

In addition, the name of Hyndman's constituency, wherein the school was supposedly operating, was written on one of the grant's forms. The notation suggested that the Tory patronage system appeared to have a sense of organization with its eye to distributing grants in some unknown ratio across electoral boundaries.

The embarrassing revelations, seized upon by the tiny opposition and the media, resulted in an investigation of the Culture department's operations by the provincial auditor, Douglas Rogers.

After some months of poring over the books of the offending department, the auditor was prepared to make his findings public. The report rolled off the presses of the Queen's Printer as the Alberta Legislature was in session but was only released for general consumption three days after MLA's had concluded their deliberations. The blatant attempt to limit any sustained attacks on the government to a few days of editorials and opposition calls for Schmid's resignation was well-orchestrated. With the Legislature out of the way, press reports soon degenerated into gentle rebukes coupled with personable descriptions of the roly-poly minister. The government's ploy may have worked but it couldn't erase the damning charges of the provincial auditor.

Roger's investigation, aided by the RCMP, revealed that during the pre-election period Schmid had established a special squad of grant-givers who were immune from the normal supervision of senior civil servants. The Office of Special Programs (OSP) singularly pos-

sessed the power to bestow gifts upon ethnic and cultural groups. Its shock troops and their \$6 million budget were the responsibility of one man — Horst Schmid.

The auditor charged that the cause of mismanagement within the Office stemmed "from its independent status, its method of staffing, and its use of ministerial authority." The list of offending practices included payments to a non-existent employee in OSP, donations to defunct organizations, and the allocation of funds to groups that had not requested assistance.

These offences clearly point to Schmid's managerial incompetence but more importantly there is also convincing evidence to suggest that with Cabinet approval the Office of Special Programs used public money to bring the ethnic vote to the Tory fold.

Well-informed sources contend that at election time Schmid convinced his Cabinet colleagues to divert funds from employment programs to the OSP.

Furthermore, messages from ministers have, with well planned regularity, appeared in the Culture department's magazine, *Heritage*, reminding its 20,000 readers that the Tory party is good for the ethnics.

Adding suspicion to incriminating facts, the Office of Special Programs, having performed its questionable deeds, was dissolved shortly after the election.

The provincial auditor may have put an end to the use of grants as ballot bait, but there are still roads in Alberta that are waiting to be paved.

WHY NOT?

OTTAWA — A complaint about the layout of a page in the *Brantford Expositor* of May 15 has been upheld by the Ontario Press Council.

The complaint was that a headline over an Ann Landers column reading "Professional Virgins Sadistic" could be misconstrued as referring to a photograph of four award winners from a class of nursing assistants graduated from St. Joseph's Hospital.

The picture appeared below the column. Explanatory information about the picture ran beside it and included names of all the graduating class.

—Ontario Press Council press release, September 13, 1975

B.C. ELECTION / PART 1

THE CAR DEALERS TAKE OVER

by WARREN CARAGATA

VICTORIA — It's business as usual again in British Columbia. On December 11, the voters of the province rejected the plea from NDP Premier Dave Barrett for a second term in office and gave the Social Credit party, under Bill Bennett, a majority government with 36 seats in the 55 member Legislature.

The election left Dave Barrett's personal fate in question. Results of a judicial recount in his home riding of Coquitlam, a Vancouver suburb, give a 29 vote margin to Social Credit candidate George Kerster, a car dealer making his first entry into politics. Barrett has appealed the recount. At this writing, the result of that appeal is not known. If he fails, he could decide to contest a by-election as a way to get back into the Legislature, but many observers expect he will resign as leader if that is the only option.

It was 39 months earlier that Barrett had led the New Democrats — who had been the official opposition in the province for some 30 years — to victory over the Social Credit party and its B.C. founder, W.A.C. (Wacky) Bennett.

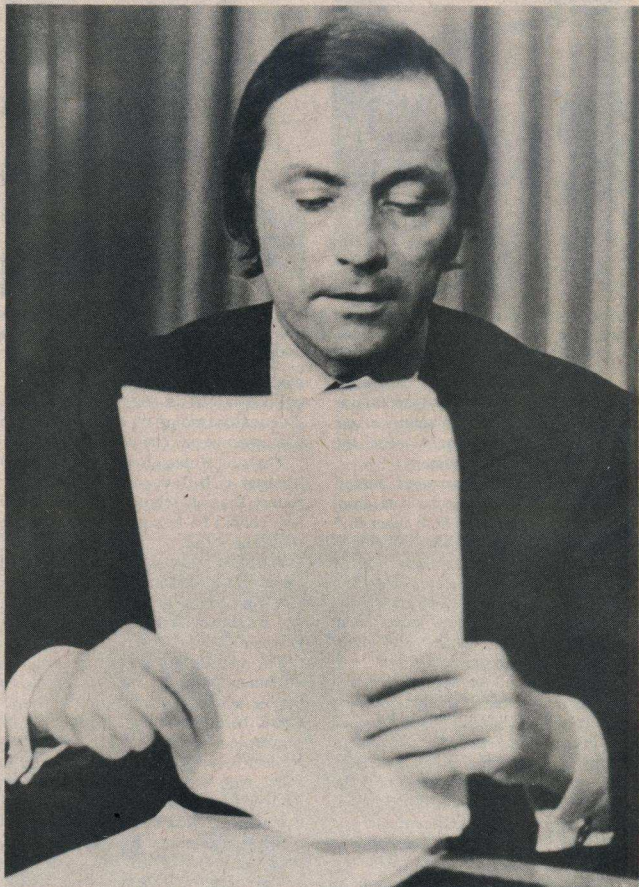
Wacky had moulded the tattered remains of the former Liberal-Conservative coalition into a party that would rule the province under his leadership for 20 years.

Now, Wacky's son Bill, the new premier and a millionaire Kelowna businessman, has followed in his father's footsteps, forging a new free enterprise coalition top-heavy with former Liberals and Conservatives.

The new Education Minister in the Sacred cabinet is Dr. Pat McGee, a former provincial Liberal leader; three other ministers also are former Liberals; there is one former Conservative and the current president of the Social Credit party is another Tory refugee — Peter Hyndman, whose brother is a heavy in Premier Lougheed's Alberta government.

Eleven days after the election, the new government was duly sworn in at opulent Government House by Lieutenant Governor Walter Owen, who allowed that the province was now in "pretty good hands".

The pronouncement was followed by a



New Social Credit Premier Bill Bennett sitting in the premier's chair, formerly occupied for 20 years by his daddy

round of champagne and some hot mince tarts — after all, it was Christmas and the financial community in B.C. had just received an early Christmas present.

The main feature of the election, called by Barrett even though he had another year-and-a-half before his term expired, was a coalescing of the right-wing vote, with the citizens under heavy pressure to dump the feared socialists in favour of a government which could re-

store investor confidence and "get B.C. moving again".

The Liberal and Conservative parties were shut off from financial assistance from the business community and Liberal and Tory candidates were often subject to pressure that their businesses could be forced to close if they continued with their attempts to "split the free enterprise vote".

In addition, there were reports in sev-



Turncoats: Former Liberal Pat McGeer (left) is now Education Minister and also responsible for the car insurance upheaval; former Tory Peter Hyndman (centre) is now president of the Socred Party; former federal Liberal Jack Davis (right) now heads up transport

eral ridings that a whispering campaign, officially repudiated by the Socreds, was telling the elderly that a return of the Barrett government would mean the nationalization of their homes.

The NDP actually increased, marginally, its share of the popular vote, from about 39.5 per cent in 1972 to about 40.5 per cent, but the real story was the Social Credit party's success in taking most of the Liberal and Conservative vote.

While it is still too early to tell the precise direction the new government will take, it appears that British Columbia is in for a sharp turn to the right.

The first act of the new government was to announce that it would double car insurance rates under the Crown-owned auto insurance monopoly, the Insurance Company of British Columbia (ICBC), set up by the NDP government with the object of keeping the rates low. This is raising what some are calling the largest outbreak of political grassroots opposition in the province's history.

As an example of the tone being set by the new government, former Liberal Pat McGeer, now the Socred minister responsible for ICBC, said when the new rates were announced that those unable to afford the new premiums should sell their cars. "If you can afford a car," said McGeer, "you can afford insurance. If you can't afford insurance, sell it."

Nearly all of the Social Credit MLAs are rich or comfortably well-off and, for them, cars are taken for granted and high insurance rates are not a problem.

The storm of protest over the new premiums may force the government to

modify the planned increase but the episode has shown that the Socreds have little understanding of what it means to live from one pay cheque to another.

The new Human Resources (welfare) Minister is Bill Vander Zalm, another former Liberal, who once said that the lash should be brought back to restore social discipline.

His first statement after assuming office was to declare that those on welfare who are able to work "should go out and get shovels, otherwise we'll have to get them some."

The minister of the newly created Environment portfolio, Jim Neilsen, was a hotline host on Vancouver radio station CJOR before winning election in December in a suburban Vancouver riding. Neilsen's executive assistant, Keith Frew, who will earn \$19,500 a year, is another former broadcaster; asked what experience he has had in environmental matters, he admitted he had none. Frew then added: "Who does? It [the environment?] is quite new."

And Rafe Mair, a millionaire Kamloops businessman and lawyer who is the new Consumer Services Minister, said he does not want to throw sand in the gears of commerce. Mair said in a later interview that consumers need to be kicked in the ass several times to become better consumers — that's a pretty harsh caveat emptor coming from a person whose job it is to protect the consumers.

Indeed, one has the impression that the fox has just been elected to guard the chickens.

The government has said that the new

ICBC insurance premiums reflect its concern that the corporation should stand on its own without government subsidies.

That's a fine-sounding sentiment, but the effect of doubling autoplan rates will mean that private insurance companies will find it wasy to compete with ICBC — a Socred promise that will be delivered.

The private insurance companies were active during the campaign, running newspaper and radio ads based on the song "Thanks for the Memories". The memories recalled by the companies were last summer's three-month ICBC strike and the corporation's deficit.

But of more importance to the future of the province will be the Socred attitude toward the mining and forestry industries — the backbone of B.C.'s economy and the province's major employers.

One of the acts of the NDP while in office was to set royalties on mineral and coal production — which the mining companies naturally thought was a bit unfair.

Mines have always been shutting down in the province at one time or another — ore reserves dwindle or the company thinks it can make more money elsewhere. But every mine shutdown during the NDP term in office was blamed on "onerous" royalty rates. In addition, the international price of copper — the main product of the B.C. mining industry — fell to the point where copper producers were losing money all over the world.

But the mining companies blamed all that on the Mineral Royalties Act and Social Credit has promised to repeal that legislation.

In the forest industry the NDP did little, other than to purchase several companies, but in the next few years corporate tenure on Crown land will expire and the companies were fearful that the NDP would change government tenure policy.

Part of the blame for the defeat rests with the NDP.

Workers were not given control of the companies that were acquired by the NDP and, during last summer's forestry dispute, the Crown corporations bargained with their employees through Forest Industrial Relations and the Pulp and Paper Industrial Relations Bureau, the negotiating agents for the large integrated corporations.

Crown corporations even put their names on advertisements complaining that union demands were outrageous.

Then, on October 7, the Barrett government brought in legislation forcing 58,000 workers back to their jobs, breaking strikes in three major industries.

Included under the back-to-work legislation was a contract dispute between B.C. Rail, the government-owned

FREUDIAN SLIP DEPT.

"Don McNeil, our chief Ottawa correspondent, has been covering the Prime Minister's tracks for the past week."

—Lloyd Robertson, *CBC Newsmagazine*, October 27, 1975

railway, and several unions. In that dispute there was no work stoppage, only the threat of one.

The legislation, Bill 146, also had national impact because it ended the strike in the provincial pulp and paper industry while the industry in Eastern Canada was also strike-bound.

Organized labour threatened to defy the legislation, but moderates and union leaders sympathetic to the NDP, aided by a lack of education among the rank and file, forced the abandonment of that plan.

Labour's contribution to the NDP election effort, while still evident, was reduced from its 1972 level, with much of the support going to the three NDP backbenchers who voted against Bill 146. Two of those backbenchers were

defeated on December 11, almost wiping out the left-wing in the caucus.

Colin Gableman, one of the NDP backbenchers defeated in the election, summed up the party's predicament in his speech opposing Bill 146. Gableman said that, regardless of what editorials in the press might say, control over the province still rested in the hands of the business class, not in the hands of the legislators in Victoria.

In the final analysis, people were able to vote for Bill Bennett, not just because they were scared by right-wing hysteria, but because their lives had not really been changed in the 39 months the NDP was in power.

They knew that, under the NDP, their boss was still their boss, their landlord was still their landlord, and their bank managers still had substantial control over their financial decisions. The rough edges of capitalism in British Columbia had been smoothed, but it was still capitalism.

Bill Bennett and his coalition of cowboy capitalists, Liberals and car dealers promised the people that they could administer the system more efficiently than the NDP and the voters bought the argument.



NDP leader Dave Barrett joked his way through the campaign. He fought, not on the issue of socialism versus free enterprise, but on the need for strong leadership. It didn't work and Barrett didn't have the last laugh

THE WAR OF THE ADVERTISEMENTS

One of the features late in the campaign was a well-organized spate of "concerned citizens" advertisements, urging the voters to reject the godless socialists who had wrought destruction and devastation in three short years. These ads were placed in the last week of the election campaign and probably had the desired effect of scaring enough swing voters to give the Secreds their victory.

But while Social Credit and its friends were talking about the issue of free enterprise versus socialism, the NDP was running ads featuring a smiling Dave Barrett. There was so much stress on Barrett's leadership that the party name was either forgotten or buried in the ads.

Thursday the election issue is Freedom of Individual rights or Socialism

The message for the public is sponsored by a group of concerned forestiers.

Fewer jobs for your children

THE PAINFUL TRUTH — Investors have lost confidence in British Columbia's biggest industry — forest products.

There have been no major investments during the past three years. By B.C. pulp and paper companies answerable to their shareholders.

WHY NOT? — The main reason is that investors do not trust the NDP government to treat them fairly.

FOR EXAMPLE — When Resources Minister Robert Williams announced the formation of the new Forest Products Board he told the legislature that the NDP government required a top level of 10 per cent as a fair return on investment after tax.

The minister had been given, weeks before, a report by Price Waterhouse & Co. showing that the forest pulp mills had earned an average return on investment after tax of 3.5 per cent from 1966 to 1974. The minister chose to ignore these many years of low earnings.

He ignored, too, the industry's experienced advice that some years of good earnings must be allowed to offset past and future years of low earnings, or losses in some class.

He also ignored the self-evident fact that a top level of 10 per cent is totally unrealistic for an industry such as pulp and paper. Any investor can do much better by putting his money in non-risk securities that don't depend on the ups and downs of distant world markets.

MORE OF THE SAME — The Hon. Mr. Williams arranged in 1974 for the B.C. Research Council to advise on what might be the economic price for wood chips in the interior.

This study should have taken account of data from each of the nine interior pulp mills. Each mill is different. Varying factors affect them, such as investment, manufacturing costs, selling prices and working capital.

The B.C. Research Council team that made the study ignored the industry by ignoring the variables, the truly amazing feature of the so-called "study" was that

the only company approached to supply information was the one owned by the government itself.

Why would any professional consulting organization make such an arbitrary and restricted pick unless on instruction from the client? Did the client prefer not to get all the facts?

It must be obvious that the government could have obtained the data from its own company without employing the B.C. Research Council.

Yet the Hon. Mr. Williams showed his contempt for the industry and the people of this province by tabling this non-report from the B.C. Research Council in the House. How could the pulp industry retain confidence in such a government?

MORE EVIDENCE — When the Hon. Mr. Williams introduced the legislation to establish the Forest Products Board, his bill provided that:

"The board, upon acquiring shares of a company, may have an appointee of the Government attend any meeting of the company."

Note this mandatory intrusion: "any meeting" of any company, on owning two or more shares! Here is revealed the "Big Brother" mentality of the NDP government in all its stark and awesome power. Not in 1964, as George Orwell foresaw, but in 1974! Here is expressed the inner conviction of the NDP government that the presence of Big Brother can and should be felt at "any meeting." A foreman's meeting? An employee relations meeting? A judges' meeting? A production-planning meeting by a company in competition with the government's own industries?

It is clear how happened to the forest industry, it can and may yet happen to any industry or any company. Fortunately, in this instance, the non-socialist members of the House objected so strongly that the NDP government withdrew the clause. But its hand had been tipped, its intentions and outlook made manifest.

THE QUESTION — Will Big Brother be out in full force and effect as soon as the NDP feels strong enough to get away with it?

This message for the public is sponsored by a group of concerned forestiers.

Thanks for the memories.

Remember the long and painful struggle for the freedom of the individual citizens of British Columbia. The promise that the people of B.C. would have a free and fair election. The promise that the people of B.C. would have a free and fair election. The promise that the people of B.C. would have a free and fair election.

Remember the \$36 million deficit. The year will stand as a lesson to the world. The Liberal government of B.C. was a huge failure. The Minister responsible for the B.C. deficit was Robert Williams. The deficit was \$36 million. The deficit was \$36 million. The deficit was \$36 million.

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This advertisement paid for by private insurance companies operating in B.C.



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This advertisement paid for by private insurance companies operating in B.C.

CAUTION!
DON'T
SPLIT YOUR
VOTE

If you're really serious about B.C.'s future
THINK
A vote for
Liberals or
Conservatives is
a vote for Barrett!



VOTE FOR ONE STRONG PARTY
Vote Social Credit

Published & paid for by a group of concerned citizens.

Dave Barrett



Don't settle for anyone less.

British Columbia has strong leadership.

**Let's
keep it
that way.**

Not only did the NDP break four strikes, but it bragged about it during the campaign. Provincial voters were told by the NDP that the party, despite its ties to the labour movement, could still get tough when the workers didn't toe the line.

**Labour and management
went back to their jobs.**

Because Barrett did his.

British Columbia
has strong leadership.

**Let's
keep it
that way.**



Social Credit will not abolish rent controls.

Bill Bennett



**British Columbia
Social Credit
Party**

These ads were run on almost every page of the major papers in the last several days of the campaign. In his first press conference as Premier, Bill Bennett told reporters that Social Credit would abolish rent controls when the vacancy rate increased. The ceiling on rent increases was also increased by the Socreds from eight to 10.6 per cent.

Social Credit will not abolish rent controls.

Any removal of rent controls at this time would only create a chaotic housing situation.

Social Credit is committed to keeping the present legislation which limits the extent of rent increases.

This is only part of the answer to the high cost of shelter. A Social Credit government will encourage and assist in the construction of more low-cost rental housing, so that more people can live comfortably and decently, within their means.

Putting fear into the minds of British Columbians of all ages by suggesting that our party will abolish rent controls is unfair and a sad commentary on the election campaigning of the present government.

On December 11, vote the way you want to. Vote Social Credit.

Social Credit.
A new way to work together.



THE B.C. PEN: SOLITARY — BY ANOTHER NAME

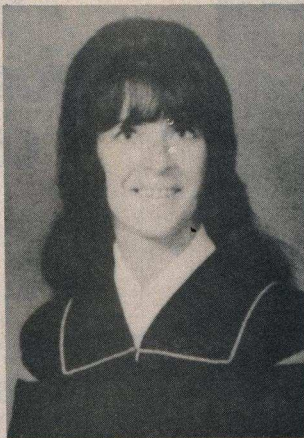
by PAUL KNOX

VANCOUVER — When a fledgling political movement sets out to challenge the state, it often seems as if even the smallest victory is offset by a setback of some kind. So it is with the B.C. prisoners' movement, which is continuing the struggle against the penal system that burst into the public eye with the B.C. Penitentiary hostage drama last June. They've shut down the Penthouse at the B.C. Pen and dropped the murder charges against Andy Bruce, Dwight Lucas and Claire Wilson, but at times the legal and political resources of the authorities seem inexhaustible.

Take, for instance, the decision of the Federal Court of Canada, handed down December 30, which held that solitary confinement as practised in the B.C. Pen's Penthouse unit — so named because of its location atop one of the prison's cell blocks — was cruel and unusual punishment, contrary to the Canadian Bill of Rights. The ruling was a major victory for the prisoners who launched the suit against the federal government — indeed for all those inside and outside the prison system who believe it must be changed. But in practical terms, there is serious doubt that the decision will have any effect.

Mr. Justice Darrel Heald's decision granted only one of the seven declarations the prisoners originally asked for. He held that solitary confinement is cruel and unusual because it "is not in accord with public standards of decency and propriety, since it is unnecessary because of the existence of adequate alternatives." But he made no actual order to the Pen to improve conditions.

Lawyers for the inmates involved say there is a long tradition in British justice of heeding the intent of a court decision whether or not a specific order is made. But the changes in the penitentiary appear to pay only lip service to the judgment. The court was dissatisfied with the size of the cells, the constantly-burning bulbs, the solid doors, the lack of fresh-air exercise or windows. The prisoners in solitary, however, have simply switched places with those in the prison's protective custody unit (PCU), mostly sex-offenders and informers who fear for their lives among the general population. The



Mary Steinhauser

PCU prisoners have been assured that their cells will get barred instead of solid doors, but there is no firm indication as to whether the routine in solitary, or the prisoners' treatment by the guards — two of the most galling aspects — will be changed.

Last Post readers will recall that one of the plaintiffs in the federal court case was Andy Bruce, who along with Lucas and Wilson held 15 hostages in the penitentiary's classification building in a bid for transportation out of Canada. The resulting ordeal ended with the death, at the hands of armed guards, of classification officer Mary Steinhauser. Bruce, Lucas and Wilson were charged with her murder under a little-used section of the Criminal Code.

The legal manoeuvring surrounding the determination of guilt for

Steinhauser's death is another example of small victories and rather larger defeats. First the murder charges were dropped, in December — leading to speculation that the real reason for laying them in the first place was to prevent the holding of an inquest into the death. (Inquests are not generally held when a murder charge is pending.) Victory — but then on December 31, a New Westminster provincial court judge refused to allow Bruce and Lucas to proceed with charges of murder and attempted murder against prison guard Albert Hollinger.

Hollinger was the leader of the prison tactical squad, the man who — according to secret testimony at the Farris inquiry last summer — mixed up the guns used by the squad in a deliberate attempt to conceal the identity of the man who killed Steinhauser and wounded Bruce. The inmates have consistently claimed that it was Hollinger himself who fired the fatal bullets, and indeed that Steinhauser was shot several seconds after Bruce was out of commission and the ordeal clearly over. The inference is that Steinhauser, a liberal social worker who probably had more friends among inmates than among her co-workers, was shot in an act of revenge.

Judge Hugh Ellis, however, ruled that Bruce did not have a "prima facie" case against Hollinger. Because Bruce was "engaged in an unlawful act" and because of the confusion at the scene, he ruled, he was "unable to conclude . . . that Hollinger could be found guilty of culpable homicide." The way is now open for an inquest into the death — as Coroner Doug Jack puts it, "I've still got a body on my hands" — but no date has yet been set.

Now public attention centres around the trial of Bruce, Lucas and Wilson on

WHAT MORE CAN WE SAY?

CALGARY (CP) — The 1976 Calgary Stampede has been declared an official project of the U.S. Bicentennial, a Stampede official said yesterday. Getting approval from Washington means the Stampede will be able to fly the U.S. flag and use all insignia associated with the 200th anniversary of the American Revolution. President Stu Barker of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede said the Stampede is the only event outside the U.S. except for an event in Berlin, to be given the official designation.

— Canadian Press news service, January 29, 1976

charges less serious than murder. They include unlawful confinement, unlawful escape, attempted extortion and possession of offensive weapons. At the opening of their preliminary hearing in mid-January, about 150 members of the Prisoners' Union Committee demonstrated outside in support of the three inmates. For the first time, an attempt is being made to bring the state and its prison system before the bar of public opinion, while the courts deal with the prisoners.

In the hearing itself, lawyers Michael Bolton (for Bruce) and Bob Bellows (for Lucas) tried to establish the right to call evidence dealing with Steinhauser's death. They claim a "dying declaration" from the woman, which the wounded Bruce partially heard before he blacked out, may indicate that she did not believe she was being unlawfully confined. The prosecutor in the case has claimed that the defence lawyers are simply trying to use the trial to "conduct another inquiry into this hostage-taking incident" and accused them of "playing to the gallery . . . as if a press conference was being held." Provincial Judge Philip Govan ruled out a defence request for the names of the tactical squad members, which might have enabled the lawyers to better reconstruct the climax to the drama.

This type of courtroom activity has been nowhere near as common in Canada as in the U.S. during the past few years, and the inmates' lawyers have been feeling their way. It is a most unusual step, for instance, not to seek a ban on publication of evidence heard at a preliminary hearing. If, however, a trial is used as a focal point for public attention, the more publicity the better. And by demanding evidence on the final moments of the drama, even though it may be only tenuously connected to the actual charges the prisoners face, they have helped to raise once again the question of who killed Steinhauser and why the Farris inquiry was a cover-up.

One hesitates to draw parallels too closely with the political trials in recent years south of the border. While Bruce evidently has at least an understanding that the oppression of prisoners is systematic, there is doubt as to how clearly Lucas and Wilson see the political nature of their struggle. The facts of the seizure of hostages are not in dispute, so the lawyers are apparently relying on the defence of justification. While Bruce, Lucas and Wilson undoubtedly received harsh treatment in the B.C. Pen, it would be difficult to show that they were singled out for political reasons. It is not the most

clear-cut issue around which to seek to build public support.

That being the case, the small victories won by the Prisoners' Union Committee and the movement inside the prison walls are all the more significant. Now the fight to expose the prison system has moved

into a new phase. An important by-product will be further experience in using the Canadian courts as a focus for political activity. That will disquiet the legal fraternity but ensure that the B.C. Pen story continues to hold the interest of Canadian leftists in the weeks to come.

CANADA / CHILE: NORANDA GETS THE NOD FROM THE JUNTA

by **TIM DRAIMIN**
of the **Latin America**
Working Group

TORONTO — Noranda Mines of Canada, after months of negotiation, has received the go-ahead from Chile's military junta to exploit the rich and easily accessible copper deposits of Andocollo. Once considered second in the running, Noranda's \$350 million contract was preferred over the higher bid from Amoco Minerals, a Standard Oil of Indiana subsidiary.

The decision is the most recent indication of the carefully nurtured relationship between Noranda and the military junta. Shortly after the overthrow of Allende in September 1973, Noranda was selected by the World Bank to assess the economic viability of the Chilean copper industry for foreign investors. This gave Noranda the inside track in establishing contacts with the junta and facilitated its return to Chile. Its \$600,000 investment in its pre-Allende subsidiary Chile Canada Mines, was one of the first capital infusions in the oppressive regime.

Perhaps this gave Noranda the lead over competitors in its latest bid. According to *Metals Week* (December 22, 1975) the long delays in the Andocollo negotiations were overcome only when top Noranda executives flew to Santiago in the company's private jet to "huddle" with chief negotiator for the junta, Raul Saez, who is in charge of new foreign investments in Chile.

The contract includes a \$250 million expenditure in exploration and development of an open pit mine and a further \$100 million construction of a smelter. It is estimated that the Andocollo contains deposits of 300 million metric tons of ore which guarantees a minimum operation of 25 years.

It has been announced by the Chilean government that the contract is based on

a mixed ownership agreement with Noranda owning 49 per cent. The 51 per cent share will be state-owned and supervised by CODELCO, Chile's state copper corporation. Noranda has a commitment to aid the Chilean government in raising funds to finance the state-owned sector.

Noranda is enthusiastic about its latest venture. Of the four Chilean copper deposits up for foreign bid, Andocollo is considered the easiest to develop. Mr. W. F. James, executive vice-president of Noranda confirmed that his company had acquired the "plum": "Our exploration people have been down there for quite a long time and they say it's good looking ground."

For companies like Noranda, investment in Chile is an attractive proposition. The junta's tax incentives and its guarantee of a cheap source of labour due to high unemployment and a ban on union activity, ensure the foreign investor the maximum profit.

For the military junta, investment from transnational corporations like Noranda is essential to its survival. Not only does it provide the necessary infusion of capital to offset the balance of payments deficit, it also implies support for a regime internationally criticized for its economic, political and social repression.

The expansion of the Canadian presence in Chile coincides with the withdrawal of British ambassador Reginald Seconde from Santiago in protest over the imprisonment and torture of British national Dr. Sheila Cassidy. Though the government of Canada has condemned the violation of human rights in Chile, it is apparent that it will not follow the British lead and take concrete action. The Noranda contract indicates that political repression of the Chilean people will be overlooked to allow for corporate profit.

the Last Pssst



by Claude Balloune

photo: David Lloyd



A word for Flora



Claude the punster

Footnotes to the Tory leadership:

Speak! Speak! According to all the disciples, the authorized version of the Diefenbible is supposed to brand **Flora MacDonald** as a traitor of the lowest order for her role in helping to oust **John Diefenbaker** from the Tory leadership in 1967. Since then, it is said, not a word has passed between them. Well, it's not true. Not long ago Dief accosted Flora in a hallway of the Parliament buildings and congratulated her for conducting her leadership campaign the way he used to campaign back in '57 and '58, by visiting small towns and villages across the country. So now we know Dief spoke to Flora; but our informant won't say whether Flora spoke to Dief. Oh, well....

Tory wit: In taking heavy aim at **Brian Mulroney**, **Claude Wagner** attacked Mulroney for being supported by Power Corporation and its head, **Paul Desmarais** (who also supports Trudeau), as well as for being backed by the apparently ubiquitous **Dalton Camp**. Said Wagner in a hearty, teutonic pun: "In a party that I would have the privilege of leading there would be no room for factions and there would be no room for camps." But that was pale stuff compared to the best line of the campaign which came from bon vivant **Larry Zolf**: "All People to the Power". Zolf also thought **Paul Hellyer** should be given to Argus Corporation; after all, fair is fair. Maybe the boring Bryce Commission on industrial concentration could look into it.

Ruffled feathers: **Flora MacDonald** issued a record during her campaign that included stuff she had said on the **Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's** Judy show. But she forgot to ask permission and furthermore she edited the tape of the interview to suit herself. The CBC thought this was terrible, horrible, unethical and so forth and lathered itself into a fury. A press release was supposed to be issued denouncing nasty Flora but someone finally had the sense to kill the idea. It's difficult to understand what all the fuss was about since the CBC merrily edits tapes of interviews all day long. Or maybe there's a divine right of journalists to edit.

Testimonial of the month: **Brian Mulroney's** campaign leaflet quoted Quebec Premier **Robert Bourassa** as saying Mulroney is an excellent administrator.

Tory Quiz: Although the candidates for the Conservative leadership started out by being tabbed as belonging to one or other of the party's wings (variously labelled moderate versus right, Camp versus Diefenbaker, or Red Tories versus True Conservatives), as they approached the finish line it became harder and harder to tell them apart. The following are quotes from five of the candidates: **Flora MacDonald**, **John Fraser**, **Heward Grafftey**, **Claude Wagner** and **Sinclair Stevens**. The trick is to match the quotations to the candidates (Answers at the end of this article).

(a) "It wasn't just the socialist line we got from Trudeau. It was the extreme socialist line. And he hasn't

changed one iota."

(b) "Language ability, in itself, should not be a criterion of merit in the public service. The heavy-handed bilingualism policies of the present government must be rejected."

(c) "Until we come to terms with the universality of the big programs that are causing inflation, we won't come to grips with it."

(d) "You know, these students of today are not the beatnik rebels of the sixties. They are concerned about their futures, their careers. They don't want to change society. They are so instinctively conservative that they think even I'm left-leaning. Imagine that!"

(e) "I find it disgusting that the Prime Minister is going down to Cuba to bolster Castro's image at a time when Cuban troops are fighting against our friends and allies in another part of the world."

Come hither: Toryologists are still trying to sort out this Classified Ad which appeared in the *Ottawa Journal*:

Box F-54/J Journal
NICE young women interested in Gospel singing, physical fitness, thru sports, homemaking and travel is sought by 32-year-old father of two who is an attractive, athletic, politically aggressive Conservative. Reply Box F-54, Journal.
"OTTAWA DATING SERVICES"
Established 1970

Reading tea leaves: Ottawa civil servants are scurrying around trying to buy copies of John Kenneth Galbraith's 1974 book *Economics and the Public Purpose*. The idea is that the secrets of Prime Minister Trudeau's "New Society" can be found therein. But if the book is where Trudeau is really finding his ideas critics who think the PM is a galloping Bolshevik will be much relieved. Actually, in this Silly Season I'm waiting with bated breath for some columnist to suggest that Pierre's speeches are being written by Margaret; if the PM starts singing we'll know for sure.

Behind the velvet arras: Delegates to an NDP federal council meeting in Ottawa on January 24 were less than unanimous in hoping defeated B.C. Premier Dave Barrett wins his appeal in his home riding of Coquitlam. Feeling is his defeat provides an opportunity to get rid of him. Many in the federal wing of the party blame Barrett for the fact that the NDP dropped from 11 to two seats in B.C. in the 1974 federal election.

Len Shorkey won't you please come home: As predicted here (Last Post, Vol. 4 No. 7) Premier Bourassa's bodyguard **Len Shorkey** quit his job supposedly to become a helicopter jockey at the James Bay power development. His new bodyguard is **Francis Brazeau**. But Bourassa is terribly unhappy with the replacement because, when the Premier was in Paris recently, Brazeau forgot his gun. That's a mistake gunslinger Shorkey never made.

Dental madness: Montreal is the only city in North America that has three dental societies — one mostly

Anglo-Saxon, one French and one Jewish. When dentists refer patients to specialists they refer only to members of their own society. All other cities have only one group.

photo: David Lloyd



Jerome gets taped

Gigglers: Former Quebec Justice Minister **Jerome Choquette**, who quit to form the National Popular Party, adhered recently to the fundamentalist Charismatic Catholic Movement. In doing so, he made a statement of principle before an open religious meeting in Outremont. **Premier Bourassa** got his hands on a tape of the statement and has been amusing his coterie by playing the tape; they all sit around and snicker like schoolboys.

Lougheed under siege: The government really took it seriously when the **National Farmers Union** brought a demonstration to Edmonton to protest low cattle prices. Even though only some 25 farmers showed up at any one time in the frigid weather, the government turned the Legislature into an armed camp. All doors except the front door were locked. Security guards, plain-clothes men, RCMP officers and Edmonton city police swarmed over the grounds and in the building. Premier Lougheed was driven home in a police car, escorted by a second police car. Everyone trying to get in was given a minor third degree. But in the midst of all the precautions to prevent a revolution or whatever the government thought was going to happen one man breezed through when he asked the alert guards: "Have you ever seen a farmer with hair this long?" Farmers got into the visitors' gallery in spite of all the precautions and behaved with complete decorum, even when a typical Conservative yahoo denounced the NFU as a Communist front organization.

The Barr facts: Syncrude's PR flack **John Barr** (Last Post, Vol. 5 No. 2) is branching out. He's brain-trusting a new Edmonton publication called *Business Report*. The paper was sparked by a local oil company executive who thinks big business has taken a savage beating in recent years and feels something has to be done about the drastic situation. In one recent issue, *Business Report* argued that landlord gouging of tenants must continue if free enterprise is going to survive. Now that should really help the image of big business.

MacDonald; (d) Stevens; (e) Fraser.
Answers to candidate quiz: (a) Graftley; (b) Wagner; (c)



**A RUNNING
ACCOUNT
OF
JEAN DRAPEAU**

**AND
THE
GREAT
OLYMPIC
GAME**

by Nick Auf der Maur



Dr. Victor Goldbloom, the Quebec cabinet minister who has taken over responsibility for the Olympics from Mayor Drapeau

Over the past decade-and-a-half, the Olympic Games have become "the greatest show on earth," an unrivalled spectacle. Unfortunately, the circus aspect of the modern Olympiads has come to surpass its original intent, which was to be a paean to amateur sportsmanship and international competition.

On paper, there's nothing to compare to the Olympic ideal in terms of motherhood, apple pie and virtuousness in general. In truth, on paper the Games are virtually unassailable. But in practice, the Games have become a monstrosity.

The road from Mount Olympus to grotesque spectacle started in 1960 in Rome, where the Games culminated in the jailing of the Olympic village builders for using shoddy construction materials. It wended on to Tokyo where it became even more grandiose and lavish, to Mexico City where over 100 students were massacred in an anti-Olympic demonstration, to Munich and further slaughter.

Finally in Montreal, the event has been stretched out over a number of years with a spectacular display of avarice, maladministration and good old-fashioned bungling.

In Montreal, the Olympic games seem to have acquired an accursed quality; everything that could have gone wrong, seems to have gone wrong. The city's grandiose plans lay in ruins as disaster piled on to scandal. Building and planning for the summer games has now assumed the air of a desperate salvage operation.

Far from being a tribute to the noble qualities of international sportsmanship, the Montreal games are marred by petty local politics and qualities far removed from good sportsmanship.

Drapeau discovers the Olympics

To hear Mayor Jean Drapeau tell it, Montreal's Olympic adventure started quite accidentally enough back in the summer of 1963. The Mayor was in Lausanne checking out plans for the forthcoming Swiss National Exposition, Expo '64.

The Mayor got out of a cab clutching a piece of paper with the address where he was to meet the Mayor of Lausanne. He looked at the building plaque, blinked and looked down at the address on the paper. It was the right address, but there must be something wrong. The plaque on the building read "Comité International Olympique."

The Mayor went inside. As it turned out the address was right. The Syndic, or Mayor of Lausanne had an office there, but so did the International Olympic Committee (IOC).

Today, the Mayor confesses he was totally ignorant of the Olympics at the time. But Jean Drapeau is sometimes a curi-

ous and inquisitive man. He took the time to look around the IOC that day, particularly the museum. That was the start. A spark was lit in the Mayor's mind.

While at the same time feverishly preparing for Expo '67, Mayor Drapeau started boning up on the Olympics. It soon became evident to him that the only suitable encore to Expo '67 was the Olympiad.

He discussed the matter with his right-hand man, Lucien Saulnier, the chairman of the executive committee, and Gerry Snyder, another executive committee member who happened to own a small sporting goods store in Montreal's Snowdon district. Snyder and Drapeau flitted back and forth across the Atlantic numerous times and by April 25, 1966 they were ready to make Montreal's pitch at an IOC meeting in Rome.

As the Mayor says, at the time he wasn't terribly familiar with the Olympics nor the IOC, a crusty club with more than a tinge of wealth and aristocracy. At any rate the Mayor's pitch sounded somewhat vulgar to at least some of the members.

Among other things, Mayor Drapeau said Montreal would provide free room and board for all athletes, and possibly free transportation as well. Things like that just are not done and it sounded like he was trying to buy the 1972 Games. Munich was awarded the Games, albeit more because of a secret IOC formula of having the Games twice in Europe, then once 'abroad', on another continent.

The rejection was really only the start of Montreal's Olympic Games pitch. Over the next couple of years, Mayor Drapeau and Gerry Snyder carefully plotted to wean, cajole, influence, impress and win over the IOC members to the Montreal cause. Almost all IOC members were guests of the city at one time or another for visits to Expo '67 and were extensively wined and dined.

The Mayor had by this time become extremely comfortable with the European aristocracy of finance and wealth. With these people, he would easily display his sophisticated charm, graceful humour and that intimacy shared by those who feel above ordinariness.

Expo was of course a smashing success. And it is safe to say it was a decisive factor when it came to choosing the venue of the 1976 summer Olympics. It duly impressed the world, and most particularly the IOC, of Montreal's unique capability to mount a successful Olympiad. Above all, it gave Mayor Drapeau and his coterie a supreme confidence in pursuing their goal. In fact says Paul-Emile Robert, a Civic Party city councillor at the time, who was ousted in 1974 for not toeing the line, the very success of Expo may have proven to be Montreal's ultimate undoing.

"We were on top of the world," he remembers. "Expo was successful beyond imagination. There was nothing we could not do."

Canada and the world fêted the brilliance of Expo. As so often happens, success has a way of going to the head. "It was easy to lose sight of reality," says Robert.

It's often been said that Jean Drapeau is more concerned with bread and circuses than with humdrum needs like housing, sewers and neighborhood planning. Actually, the Mayor's concerns are more directed to what he feels are lofty ideals and nobility of spirit. He feels that a people, a nation, requires spiritual uplift, a collective pride that can only be captured when the imagination is stirred. He feels there are only a few men in a generation capable of stirring that imagination, of lifting a people to great heights. This is the stuff of



Olympic architect Roger Taillibert

greatness, the men who have a rendezvous with destiny, the pyramid-builders. Their legacies are the cathedrals and other monuments to grandeur. History remembers them, the people are grateful to them. Their critics are short-sighted, incapable of understanding that these leaders incarnate the people's yearning for greatness. So long as that leader is successful, his people respond with love and affection. But when he stumbles, the people turns to a mob, their love to wrath. Jean Drapeau fancies himself in this mould, that this is his fate.

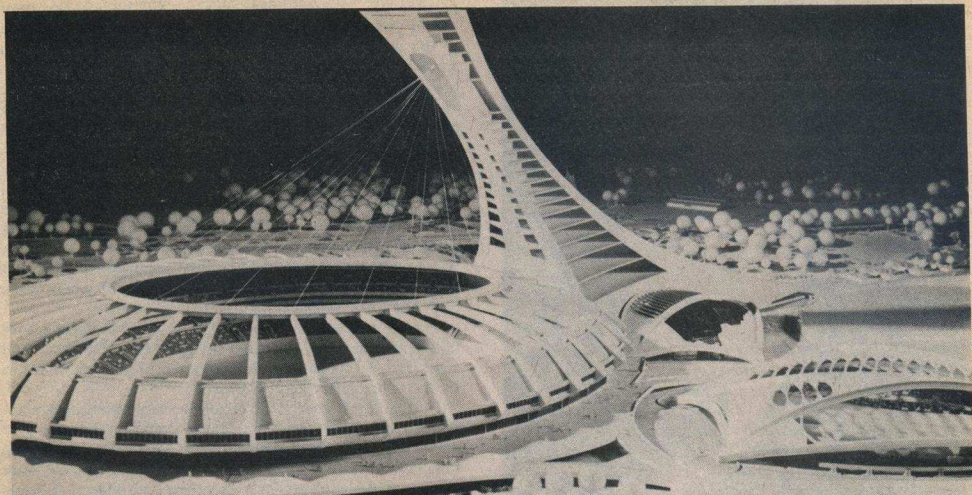
A popular democrat, he is not.

And so a few weeks ago, when Mayor Drapeau trotted out to the Montreal Chamber of Commerce to give a talk entitled "Where is Montreal Going," it turned out to be more of a lecture on historical destiny. He talked of Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain, Montreal as an international metropolis and the need to increase Quebec's birth rate. He spoke of vision — his.

The promise of a modest games

In the fall of 1968, the Canadian Olympic Association met in their spanking new headquarters at Cité du Havre on the Expo site to choose which Canadian cities would bid for the 1976 summer and winter games two years hence in Amsterdam. Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal were in the running for the summer games. It proved to be rather a cursory meeting.

In Amsterdam in 1970, the by now familiar bald-headed Mayor with horn-rim glasses and pin-stripes dazzled the International Olympic Committee with his sales pitch. Dra-



This is what the Olympic grounds were supposed to look like, with the monumental tower dominating all

peau knew the problems and criticisms leveled at the IOC and the turn the modern games were taking.

Hundreds of millions had been spent for the past three Olympiads — Tokyo, Mexico and Rome. More was to be spent at Munich in 1972. Costs were being driven out of sight. Only wealthy nations, or countries with something to prove to the world and able to divert huge sums from much needed social programs could afford the Games. Nationalism and politics were intruding their ugly heads.

Jean Drapeau presented Montreal as the potential saviour of the Games. His approach addressed itself to these problems. The Montreal plan was innovative, bold and revolutionary. The modern games would be saved so that even poor Third World countries could in future afford to host them.

The Olympics, he said, need not be lavish, ostentatious display. They could, and indeed would be modest. And they would, wonder of wonders, be self-financing.

This was no crass chamber of commerce boosterism, of the type that characterized the Los Angeles bid, nor the power politics of the Moscow effort.

On the first vote, Montreal trailed Moscow 28 to 25, with Los Angeles at 17. The Montreal delegation reacted with assured confidence. Their planning and lobbying had been done. They knew which blocs were Montreal's, which Moscow's. Above all, they knew what the second choices were. On the second vote, it was apparent Jean Drapeau's message had got through — Montreal 41, Moscow 28.

"In Montreal," the triumphant winner told the IOC members, "the Games are assured of conserving a human scale, with a nobleness of character and marked by simplicity. . . ."

"The IOC can count on the fact that all required installations will be ready long before the inauguration."

Rivals and politicians from other levels of government looked on with a mixture of envy, admiration and resignation. The voices of those who felt that the needs of Montreal were once again being ignored were once again drowned out by praise for the master.

The Tower that looked familiar

The city administration had plans for the Olympiad, but outsiders, including the citizens of Montreal, were not to be party to them until years later.

The first glimpse Montrealeers were to get of what lay in store came almost exactly two years later. Since the Amsterdam meeting, almost nothing had been said publicly about the Games. But on the evening of April 6, 1972, before 3,000 invited guests, including 100 foreign journalists flown in on an all-expense-paid junket, the Mayor presented an audio-visual extravaganza showing the plans for the Olympic facilities. Again he stated, the Games would not cost the taxpayers a cent; nobility and simplicity were the rules of the game.

There have always been doubting Thomases when it comes to Mayor Drapeau's plans. A few of them thought there was something vaguely familiar about the bold new stadium the city proposed to build. They went to the files. They found that prior to Expo, the Mayor had suffered one of his few public defeats.

He had dreamt of having an Expo symbol, something that would be remembered like the Eiffel tower. He had hired a French architect to design a large looming structure, which would be jointly built by the cities of Paris and Montreal for an estimated cost of \$10 million each. The estimate soon proved to be out of whack and costs rose to an estimated \$35 million. Paris pulled out. The Mayor wanted to go it alone, but Executive Committee Chairman Lucien Saulnier's more practical head prevailed. The tower was scrapped.

However the tower, or mast, looming over the proposed Olympic stadium bore a surprisingly similar design to the



Ambassador Roger Rousseau, head of COJO

scrapped tower. Those who suspected that the Mayor's promise that the Games would be simple was so much rhetoric saw grandeur in the new design.

According to Drapeau's version, the Montreal public works department sent a team around the world looking at new stadium designs to find something appropriate for Montreal. They found it, according to this version of events, in Parc des Princes, the new Paris soccer stadium designed by Roger Taillibert.

Informed by the public works department of this marvel, Drapeau dropped by Taillibert's office in Paris to see his designs and ideas for sports facilities. "Nous avons été séduits," says Drapeau today — "We were advised . . ." by Taillibert's plans. So, secretly, Drapeau hired his own personal pyramid builder.

When the IOC awards the Games it awards them to a city. Then the idea is for the city and the local national Olympic association to set up an organizing committee. In the past, cities have set up two groups: one to organize the Games, the other to undertake construction. Normally, these committees are tripartite, as in Munich for example, involving city, state and federal governments.

In Montreal, Mr. Drapeau and Howard Wright, the Vancouver president of the Canadian Olympic Association, set up COJO — Comité Organisateur des Jeux Olympiques. The COJO board of directors was set up to include people from

three levels of government plus the COA. The city itself would handle all major facilities within Montreal, while COJO would handle facilities outside the city — sailing in Kingston, Ontario, improvements in existing facilities in Ottawa and Toronto where some soccer games were to be held, equestrian facilities in Bromont, Quebec, etc. This was a departure from the norm — one of many.

From the start, Drapeau was determined to have an ambassador head up COJO. It would be good to have a diplomat and it would be good to have somebody from the federal level. Roger Rousseau, ambassador to the Camarons was chosen, partly because of his African experience — thought to be helpful if black countries got worked up over South Africa. Others were added — some regarded as provincial nominees, others, like Gerry Synder, plainly creatures of the city. The COA was also represented.

But the major responsibility of construction was kept totally under the direction of the city and Mayor Drapeau. And right from the beginning things started to go wrong on two fronts — budgetary and construction.

On that April day, 1972, when the city spectacularly unveiled plans for the stadium, Mayor Drapeau refused to give any details regarding budget cost or financing. (It's interesting to note that while all manner of dignitaries and officials were present at the extravaganza, there were no federal Liberals present despite invitations.) Roger Taillibert, however, casually told a reporter at the time his stadium could probably be built for \$60 million.

Mayor Drapeau today maintains that one of the reasons for all the current problems is that the federal government was tardy in putting into effect all the self-financing schemes and therefore everything was delayed by almost a year. A close examination of the record fails to give credence to this.

Ottawa draws up its own estimates

The first word from COJO and the city about costs was late in 1972. In a letter to the federal government, Roger Rousseau said all costs could be covered through three revenue schemes: a national lottery; sales of premium postage stamps; sales of specially minted coins. All required federal approval and legislation, while the lottery scheme required agreement from all 10 provinces.

The total budget, as presented in late 1972, was to be \$310 million — \$250 million for construction, \$60 million for COJO's organization. Revenues would be \$250 million from coins, \$32 million from the lottery, \$10 million from stamps and \$18 million from tickets, concessions, and licensing.

As early as the summer of 1972, the federal government's own experts had prepared cost estimates, since none had been forthcoming from the city; they decided the Games would cost a minimum of a half billion dollars.

It would seem, then, that the very first Olympic budget was completely unrealistic. It was either self-delusion, self-deception or a con job.

On the construction front, work on the first major facility, the Velodrome, had run into trouble early. There were snags in preparing the foundation. The first rock and soil analyses were erroneous. There were numerous delays, costs started to

mount for the structure originally budgeted at \$12 million. It was supposed to be ready for the summer of 1974, for the world cycling championships.

Up until then, COJO and the city had operated according to the style and custom that Jean Drapeau had developed over the years: total secrecy — don't tell the press and public a thing unless it suits your purpose. Now this may work — has worked for the mayor — if everything goes according to the previously announced theory. Unfortunately, by the summer of 1974, the theory was visibly starting to fall apart.

Six weeks before the World Cycling Championships, the city had to announce that the Velodrome wouldn't be ready on time. No matter. COJO and the city, in six short weeks, managed to come up with a temporary cycle track at the University of Montreal. It was a huge success and cost \$400,000. Costs at the actual Velodrome were to shoot up to over \$60 million.

In principle, the city of Montreal's public works department was in charge of construction, according to designs from Taillibert in France. One of the troubles was that the designs, all innovative and revolutionary, were arriving late and in sketchy form. The contractor Charles Duranceau was having enormous technical problems. In addition, great animosity was building up between Taillibert and local engineers.

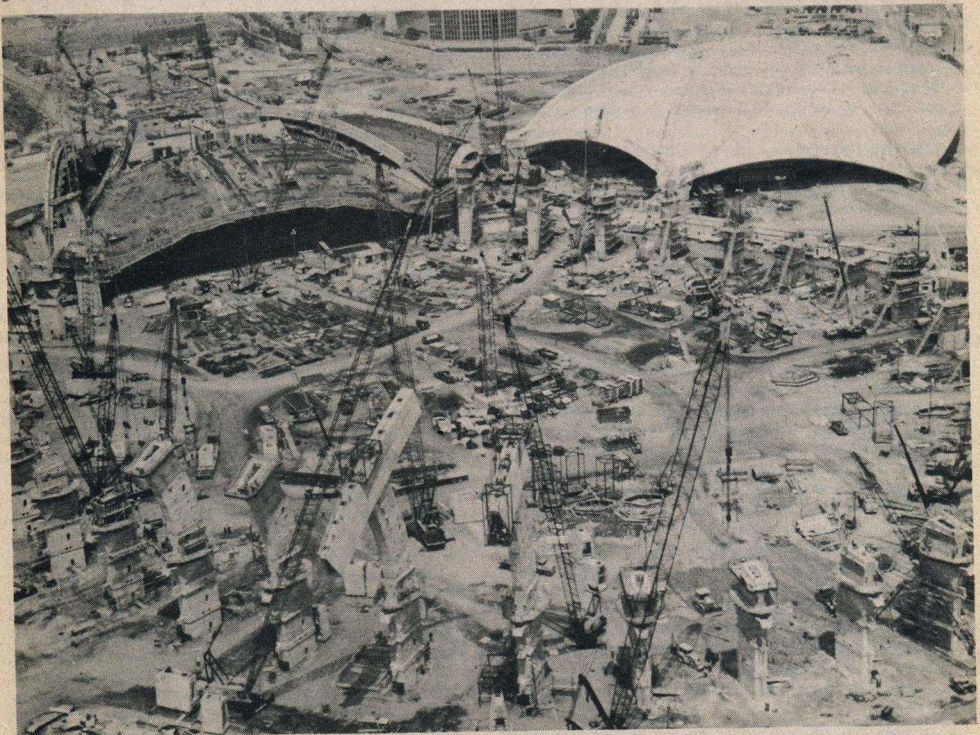
The contractor's vice-president for engineering told them the project couldn't be done on time. Taillibert and Drapeau were enraged.

Soon after, the contractor Duranceau went to see Roger Taillibert at a cocktail party and admitted: "Here in Canada, we don't have the expertise to handle this . . . do you have any suggestions on how we can work this thing out?"

Within a short space of time, the vice-president was fired and replaced by a French associate of Taillibert, Gerard Riout. This started a small migration of French experts into posts of importance in Olympic construction, including Riout's brother-in-law, Roger Robert. Duranceau's relations with Taillibert and the city improved. But costs continued to rise at an even steeper pace accompanied by no noticeable improvement in progress.

Right next to the bungled Velodrome, preliminary work started on the main stadium complex, with Duranceau going into a consortium with Desourdy construction, one of the biggest contractors in Quebec with good connections in Quebec City. The experience at the Velodrome was to repeat itself, with more disastrous consequences.

Meanwhile, with the crisis and the monumental problems that were developing on the Olympic Park site, the stage was being set for a scandalous rip-off across Sherbrooke St. at the Olympic Village site.



The olympic site under construction last summer; in the foreground the stadium, to the rear the swimming pool and the Velodrome

† The Olympic Village: how sweet it is

Originally, Mayor Drapeau's miraculous self-financing scheme called for the Village to be developed as a low-rental housing project to qualify for Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation financing.

Outside experts, including the Quebec government, planners, environmentalists worried about the loss of green spaces; many claimed it would be better to set up a temporary village or a decentralized, scattered village to alleviate the city's housing problems. Mysteriously, the city and COJO opted for private development on the city's municipal golf course.

Ideas were invited. Some were received and rejected out of hand while others never got responses. Time started to run out. The IOC got worried. Finally, under circumstances never fully explained, a plan was hammered out between Mayor Drapeau and COJO officials and a consortium called Les Terrasses Zarolega Inc., late one evening in Vienna prior to an IOC meeting called to approve the deal.

Zarolega stood for a group of Montreal developers — 'Za' for Joseph Zappia, 'Ro' for Gerald Robinson, 'Le' for Rene Lepine, 'Ga' for Andrew Gaty. The deal they signed — approved in part by the city at the last council meeting before the November 1974 municipal elections — may prove to be one of the most stupifyingly profitable in modern Canadian urban history.

Zappia went on to make a name for himself in a perplexing bid for the leadership of the Progressive-Conservative Party. His only other foray into politics occurred in 1970 when he headed up an obscure third party, the Montreal Party, in that year's civic elections. The party ended up just sitting things out after the October FLQ crisis took place. There was conjecture at the time that the Montreal Party was not a serious party, that it was meant to channel opposition votes away from FRAP, the real opposition party, and that the October crisis just did a better job of taking care of FRAP.

The other three in the Zarolega group are fairly big Montreal developers. Lepine, for example, is in partnership with Howard Webster, chairman and president of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, in a luxury apartment building in downtown Montreal, a building which was raided by the police in the Zarolega investigation. Webster also owns the Windsor Hotel on Peel St. which housed Mayor Drapeau's unsuccessful restaurant, and he was the Mayor's major creditor when the ill-starred *Vaisseau d'Or* sank into bankruptcy. Further, Drapeau's chief Olympic adviser, Gerry Snyder, who also is vice-president for revenue of COJO, has been working for Webster's Vulcan Investments, one of the major groups seeking a National League baseball franchise for Toronto.

Briefly, the Zarolega deal called for a \$28 million private development on the city-owned golf course in which the investors only had to put up \$2 million, most of it covered by architectural and management fees. A bank mortgage was arranged for a small part while COJO agreed to mortgage the rest.

In keeping with the Olympic spirit, the cost of the entire project has shot up to nearly \$80 million. It has resulted in a police investigation and scores of raids and seizures of related

documents. Charges are expected to be laid in March.

The history of the Olympic Village project smells from the start. First off, it's nearly an exact copy of a seaside condominium development in Baie des Anges, near Nice in the South of France.

The architect of the French project told a Montreal *Gazette* reporter, Ann Laughlin, he met with a group from Montreal in early 1974, well before the Village contract was granted, who said they were going to build the Montreal Olympic village. It included members of the Zarolega group, plus Yvon Dubois, the Mayor of the Olympic Village, and Simon St. Pierre, the COJO vice-president, along with a Countess from Paris.

They checked his drawings, visited again, and then the architect never heard from them — until he saw the winning village concept unveiled by Mayor Drapeau. In architecture, plagiarism is hard to prove.

However, the French project is on the seaside and Mayor Drapeau originally wanted an artificial lake built beside the Olympic pyramids, but was dissuaded by costs. That cancelled whim saved the taxpayers a bundle.

The Zarolega contract was so blatantly one-sided that a Quebec parliamentary commission in January 1974 asked that it be reworked. The new one hasn't been signed and the village has been built, so we can assume the fantastic benefits and profits have gone through.

Although Zarolega put up very little cash, they were assigned a 12 per cent management fee for costs up to \$30 million, and an eight per cent fee for costs above that amount. Normally, developers can expect five or six per cent with a ceiling on costs. And with their elevated percentage fees, Zarolega was not even responsible for administration or site co-ordination. This was left to COJO. In effect, Zarolega was to be rewarded for any incompetence, boobyism or overpricing that could drive prices up. The Olympic Village contract contained provisions that could only help to drive costs up to the maximum level.

Thus the legal provisions alone warrant an investigation.

On top of that, a consulting firm hired to check out spiraling village costs stated that original cost estimates were manifestly wrong, that at one point when Zarolega put forward a \$45 million estimate it should have read \$74 million.

In addition, silly and dubious bonus clauses gave subcontractors extra millions in profits while the original developers were able to walk off with enormous profits way before completion, leaving COJO holding a debt estimated at over \$60 million. And Zarolega still retains control of the twin pyramid buildings.

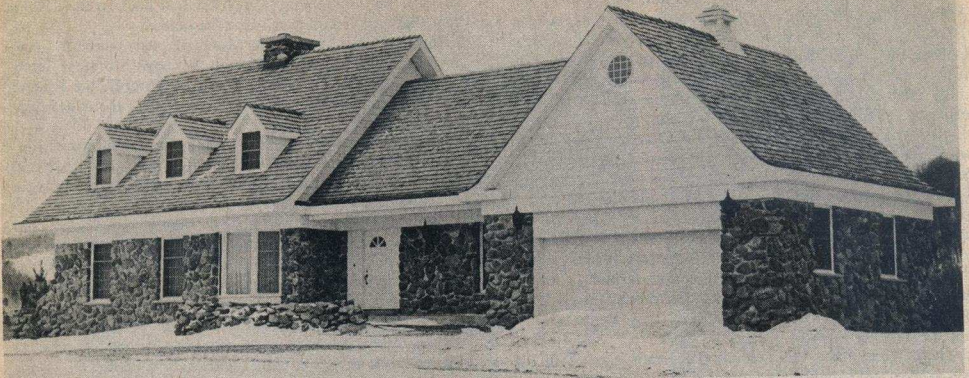
Some COJO people feel the village may not even be adequate to do what it's supposed to do, namely house nearly 10,000 athletes for the Games. There are 900-odd units in the twin pyramid structure, a large part of them bachelor and one-bedroom. That works out to over 10 athletes per unit.

There are not enough toilets, so Johnny-on-the-spots may have to be installed on each floor.

As the other fronts started to deteriorate, work on the main Olympic site began to get hopelessly bungled and confused. Throughout, costs escalated spectacularly.

One of the major factors in the escalation was the design itself, as it was of enormous technical complexity. As the Mayor was, and is fond of proclaiming, the design was like nothing anywhere in the world.

The tower, for example, was to be the height of a 55-story building, but leaning somewhat more crazily than the Lean-



Montreal Executive Committee Chairman Gerard Niding built this 'modest' country home at Bromont, on property bought from the Desourdy's

ing Tower of Pisa, no mean technical feat. Engineers and other experts worked continually with computers to see how, and if it would stand. One computer study indicated it would — just. They were not sure if the safety margin was big enough.

In fact the whole mammoth stadium design is delicately balanced, with cantilevered supports, everything fitting into place with millimetre precision. Except the specification drawings weren't always precise, causing delays, redesign problems and repetition of engineering work.

There were constant changes. For example, at one point Taillibert, presumably after consultation with Drapeau, removed one of the vertical supports for the cantilevered roof structure. One report has it that this change alone cost an extra \$75 million.

Actual construction of the stadium didn't start until the late summer of 1974 and many insiders felt it was already too late to hope for completion. In addition, there was constant confusion as to the chain of authority, resulting in administrative and technical chaos.

The public works department of the city was nominally in charge. Taillibert, who prefers to be called a builder rather than a simple architect, comported himself in a manner which suggested he was most jealous of his artistic creation. There were unkind cuts from local engineers that he was a prima donna.

In addition, at the insistence of Quebec City, the firm of Lalonde, Valois, Lamarre, Valois et Associés, was appointed as project co-ordinators. They were responsible for cost control, what there was of it, and contracts. Another part of the management equation consisted of the general contractors, a new consortium composed of Duranceau and Desourdy construction, of which we will speak later. Suffice to say that there was considerable wrangling and politicking amongst these elements, none of which improved efficiency.

In fact, while under the city's administration, chaos was the order of the day. To be sure, labour problems and strikes did add to costs and necessitated revised schedules, but in the overall scheme of things it was not as great a contributing factor as many of those responsible would like to make of it.

For example, I have spoken to numerous tradesmen on the

site who have described conditions, of which the following is typical. A welder was working seven days a week, an average of ten hours a day. His gross pay averaged \$1,200 a week (of which \$450 was take-home. Since he wasn't a doctor, lawyer or journalist, his tax bracket was very high without any professional deductions.) He estimated that out of all that time on the site, he averaged two hours of work a week. The rest of the time he sat around waiting for the consultants, engineers etc, to sort out the jungle of plans, conflicting authorities, and new work schedules and critical paths that were being churned out by computers. There were forests of cranes sitting around the site, some being rented at \$350 an hour, 24 hours a day, which never moved for weeks. Myriad amounts of other expensive equipment similarly lay unused, but nevertheless was profitable to whoever owned them.

The total management collapse

In short, it was a total collapse of administration. Mismanagement was complete. Dr. Victor Goldbloom, a pediatrician and Quebec government minister now responsible for the Olympics, said after the provincial takeover that the works had become "a treadmill" in the latter months of the city's control. Progress was virtually nil.

One thing is certain, while timetables and plans and budgets lay in ruins, week after week, day after day, costs and private profits continued on an unparalleled course — nobody has ever heard of a contractor going broke or suffering because of failure to stay within a budget, meet deadlines or anything else. The money kept rolling. And almost every single contract signed can be termed scandalous from a moral or ethical point of view.

All norms for healthy public administration of public funds were thrown to the winds. Public tenders were eliminated early in the game. Cost-plus contracts, merely an incentive to push up spending, became the rule of the day. There isn't enough space to enumerate all that went on, or is going on.

We'll settle for the description of one rather unique contract.

Plans called for the stadium to be prefabricated in some 2,000 sections. The city awarded the contract in October 1974 to a pre-cast concrete company called Schokbéton Québec Inc., in St. Eustache, northwest of the city, a company which engaged many of the experts originally brought in by other contractors from France on the recommendation of Agence Taillibert, the architect's group.

First off, the city was to be the exclusive customer of the firm. Therefore, for starters the city agreed to pay a rental of \$50,000 for the plant. Since the plant was not big enough to handle the job, the city also agreed to build the company a second plant for \$465,000 (gone up of course). Then the city agreed to pay all Schokbéton expenses — from telephone and electrical bills, to secretaries to all manpower costs to even their real estate taxes. In addition to honorariums, the city also agreed to pay the company president a bonus of \$50,000 and its vice-president \$35,000, so that "they would consecrate a major part of their time to the work."

There were many other equally aberrant clauses in the contract, all of which were defended in city council (one of the few contracts to be discussed in city council) by the director of public works, Charles Boileau, the city legal advisor Michel Coté, since resigned, and the chairman of the executive committee, Gerard Niding, a former contractor himself. All felt the no-risk, guaranteed profit aspects of the contract, and others like it, were quite compatible with the capitalist ethic. And perhaps they're right.

Another peculiar aspect of the Schokbéton contract was that it was only signed in April 1975. Montreal awarded the work in the fall of 1974 and immediately built the company a new plant. Only afterwards did they bother to enter into negotiations. Since at this point the city had no other choice but to stay with Schokbéton, the company, theoretically, could demand anything. If the city refused the terms it could hardly pick up the plant, which had been producing for months, and look for another firm at that late date. The company seemed to hold an extremely powerful negotiating position. It seemed to have made use of it.

Similarly, even the project co-ordinators, Lalonde, Valois, Lamarre et Valois, although working since the summer of 1974, never got around to signing a contract until this past fall. Taillibert himself still hasn't signed a contract, although he has taken advances of over \$3 million, and a contract worth up to \$36 million sat around unsigned for at least several months.

The Desourdy connection

One of the more interesting aspects of the Olympics is the role of Roland Desourdy, a firm supporter of the current Olympic project. With good reason, it would seem.

He is one of the major construction contractors in the province, having been involved in many major public works. He used to be mayor of Cowansville in the Eastern Townships, while his brother Germain was and still is mayor of neighboring Bromont.

In that area the Desourdy name is king. They own the farms, the hotels, the industrial land, the ski centres ...

virtually everything. They can be compared to those Southern U.S. families one sees in films that back in the 1930's controlled whole counties, were the bosses.

Bromont lies southeast of Montreal, near where the provincial government had wanted the new Montreal International Airport to be built, instead of Mirabel, the Federal choice for the half-billion dollar jetport. It's prime development country.

In September 1973, Gerard Niding, chairman of the Montreal city council executive committee purchased from the Desourdy's a small tract of land in Bromont, overlooking a very attractive valley.

He proceeded to have a modest country home built, containing a heated indoor swimming pool. Total costs are estimated in the area of \$150,000. At least some of the construction work was done by men employed by Desourdy. The general contractor was Lecavelier Construction, which says it was paid by a third party and not by Mr. Niding. Architect was a Charles Charbonneau, a man who had previously constructed a home for Niding, and who coincidentally purchased a piece of land from the Desourdys across from Mr. Niding's home and built himself a beautiful house.

Shortly after this, the city executive committee, of which Mr. Niding is chairman, awarded Desourdy, along with Charles Duranceau, the rather lucrative contract to build the \$650 million Olympic Stadium.

As for architect Charbonneau, his firm received two Olympic contracts, one to work on the \$56 million Claude Robillard Olympic centre and another to supply architectural personnel to the city's Olympic Parks division of the public works dept.

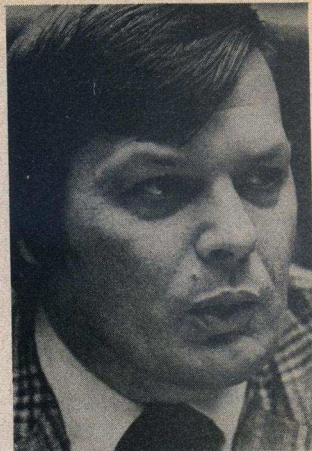
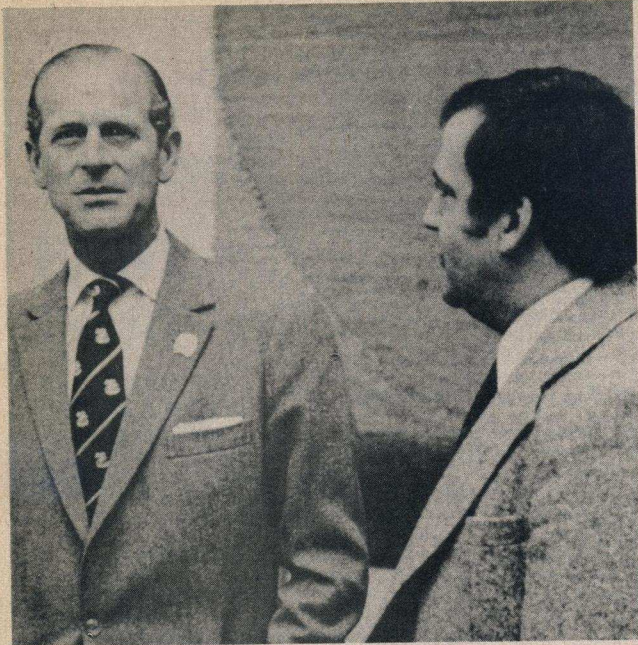
And then COJO, despite all advice from Canadian equestrian federations, decided to hold the Olympic equestrian events in Bromont, on land owned by Desourdy. This occurred not long after Roland Desourdy, a rather impressive gentleman, gave British equestrian enthusiast Prince Philip a tour of Bromont.

Roland Desourdy, amongst his other talents, is quite a horseman in his own right. He introduced Mr. Niding to the sport some years back. Mr. Niding regularly used to enjoy horseback riding at the Hunt Club in Bromont, of which Mr. Desourdy is Hunt Master, until this writer unkindly brought up the coincidence of the aforementioned contracts in city council last spring.

COJO vice-president Simon St. Pierre also spent many weekends in the past two years riding at Mr. Desourdy's private club. It was there that Mr. St. Pierre suffered his fatal accident, one weekend this January, falling off his horse and injuring his head. The horse, incidentally, had been given to Mr. St. Pierre as a birthday present by COJO employees, and was presented to him in the COJO building next to Montreal city hall. The employees brought the horse up in a freight elevator.

The demise of St. Pierre was a grievous blow for COJO, since he was the key man in the organization, perhaps the only man — including president Rousseau — who knew everything that was going on. Well-liked and amiable, he had been in charge of many of the delicate negotiations between COJO and governments and agencies, plus contractors and suppliers as well as groups like Les Terrasses Zarolega. He was one of the first victims of police raids in their village investigation.

His death caused much consternation at COJO, as did the earlier death of Pierre Charbonneau, the vice-president in



COJO vice-president Simon St. Pierre feted Prince Philip at Bromont (left). Above, Michel Guay, St. Pierre's temporary successor

charge of sports, and one of the few men who understood Olympic sports in the COJO hierarchy.

Olympic construction itself claimed yet another victim when Jean-Marie Lesage, a 35 year old worker fell 85 feet to his death in the fall. There have been numerous other work accidents on the site, lending credence to union claims that safety was not a priority in construction. Despite many accidents there has been no apparent improvement in safety conditions, and in late January construction claimed another victim, 42 year old Livio Rizzi.

At any rate, Mr. Desourdy, while busily attempting to build the Olympic stadium, can boast of hosting the only Olympic event on private property, on more than \$3 million worth of facilities paid for by COJO, all of which will revert to his ownership after the Games. "It's like throwing a big party," he said recently, "and not having to pay the bills."

Even the CMHC came through and helped finance some of the Olympic lodgings, facing Bromont ski hill. The lodgings are supposed to be low rental housing after the games, even though they look more like ski resort condominiums. It is said though that it will go for housing for employees of a nearby IBM plant, built largely with federal aid on Desourdy land, acquired from farmers under threat of expropriation from Mayor Desourdy.

By coincidence, Simon St. Pierre used to work for IBM many, many years ago. His temporary successor at COJO is Michel Guay, also director of technology and construction who came to COJO after serving as Eastern Canada director of marketing for IBM.

IBM was also awarded the contract for programming at COJO which is making extensive use of computer planning.

Critics say that the requirements and specifications for computer programming were drawn up in such a way that only IBM was able to fill the order. It is also said that their contract cost over 45 per cent above what would normally be expected. Even so, COJO sources say much of their computer programming is in a hopeless snarl.

Despite all intentions, in fact, it seems most things associated with the Games are in a snarl, almost as if there's a curse put upon those who would tamper with the gods of Mount Olympus.

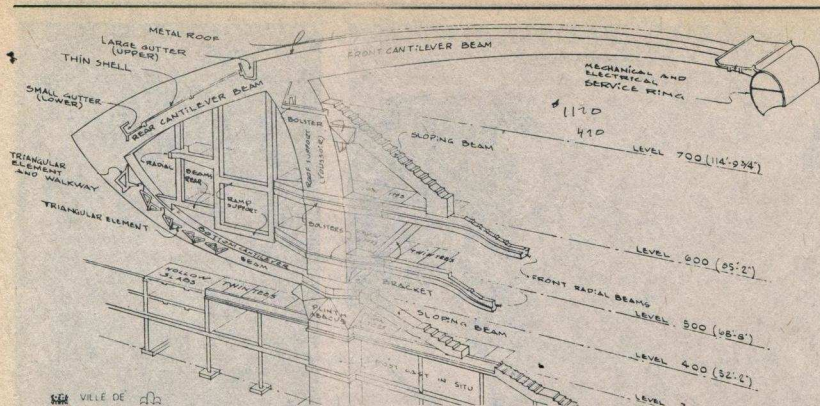
Television rights, for instance, have been one big headache from the beginning.

ABC won the American TV rights for \$25 million after a very mysterious negotiating and contract awarding process.

The two other major U.S. networks, CBS and NBC cried foul, saying that ABC had been given the inside track and allowed to match any bid offered. TV executives charged that one of the requirements for the rights included a \$5 million donation to the Quebec Liberal Party. This was denied.

Paul Desrochers, formerly Robert Bourassa's right-hand man and eminence grise had been in charge of those New York negotiations. Desrochers (see *Last Post* Vol. 4, No. 7) still sits on the COJO board of governors.

CBC, through ORTO, the Olympic Radio and Television Organization and a hefty federal government grant, is charged with furnishing all foreign networks with the video portion of the broadcasts. Broadcasting is a massively complex part of the games and ORTO has been working on plans for two years or so, based upon the single video feed. Recently, ABC decided it wanted to use its small portable cameras, the type used on football sidelines and hanging out



This City of Montreal drawing shows the design for the stadium's cantilevers

of the Goodyear blimp, but it throws ORTO planning completely out of whack and causes great technical problems. ORTO vetoed the idea, but Simon St. Pierre intervened saying whatever ABC wants, ABC gets.

The European and world rights were negotiated in a much more hostile manner and almost ended up with no contract. While ABC's deal was completed well over a year and a half ago, the rest wasn't agreed upon until this past fall, following an at times acrimonious debate and much negative publicity in Europe that COJO was trying to conduct a holdup.

The waltz of the millions

Olympic costs kept spiralling at such a heady rate, and so frequently, that the local press referred to it as the "waltz of millions."

Up until the November 1974 elections, the Mayor had insisted that the Games construction budget of \$250 million was being strictly adhered to. By February 1975 it had more than doubled to \$511 million while COJO's organizing costs were fixed at \$127 million, for a total of \$638 million. Six months later the figure was \$785 million. Four months after that, this past November, estimates had reached \$851 million, and the provincial government stirred lugubriously into action, taking over construction of the Olympic park.

By Christmas, and another expert glance at the books, the figure was set at somewhere over a billion. And somehow, the revised figures a month later put it all at \$1.2 billion. And there's still several months to do. Furthermore, these figures don't include a lot of direct federal spending, such as well over \$100 million for security (involving almost the entire combat strength of the Canadian Armed Forces) plus millions more for immigration (read terrorist) control, a \$50 million federal grant to the CBC, and several millions of Quebec City money for various and sundry projects. A grand total of \$1.5 billion is therefore more realistic.

One of the Game's major problems is that figures for revenues from the various self-financing projects managed to

remain somewhat more stable, settling in at about \$425 million.

That leaves a debt, or a 'gap' as Mayor Drapeau prefers to call it, for the city and province of about \$800 million.

By way of comparison, let's look at how much some other Canadian endeavours cost.

The St. Lawrence Seaway was completed in 1959, creating a 27-foot shipping channel from Montreal to Lake Erie, for a total cost of \$470 million (The United States even paid for about a quarter of that). According to Statistics Canada figures for inflation in non-residential construction, that amounts to \$1.23 billion in 1975 dollars. And that was a great national expense.

Extrapolating the same figures, the 1958 TransCanada pipeline (2,200 miles) cost \$970 million in today's dollars. And that caused one of the most tumultuous debates in Canadian parliamentary history.

In Quebec, the greatest single undertaking until 1970 was the province's nationalization of hydro-electric companies, designed to give Quebec the basis for an industrial backbone — it cost a mere \$600 million.

Montreal, and now Quebec, is spending more than the cost of any of these major projects for a two-week sporting event plus some permanent athletic facilities.

How much should a stadium cost? Well, about five years ago the good people of Foxboro, Mass., home of football's New England Patriots built a 70,000 seat stadium for \$6 million. For the price of one Olympic stadium, Montreal could have had 100 of these 70,000-seat stadiums. Albeit, the Foxboro structure is somewhat functional and spartan.

The Olympics will open in Montreal this summer, but in a rather more modest context than city officials had hoped. Basically it will be held in the unfinished stadium. The landscaping and shrubbery won't be there, so much of the park will be bleak unfinished concrete, testimony to what might have been.

But with any luck, the athletic events — totally ignored by just about everybody until now — will turn out for the best.

Nick Auf der Maur is writing a book on the Olympics that will be published jointly this spring by *Last Post* and *James Lorimer & Co.*

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TRUE CONFESSION!

'I WAS A HACK FOR READER'S DIGEST'

by WALTER J. TRAPROCK

I wasn't a Communist for the FBI. It was worse than that. Only now can the story be told, and even after the years have passed, all the details can't be revealed, for reasons of National Security not unconnected with the Income Tax Act.

Let's just say it began some years ago, and has been over for some years. I had a different name then.

One night I entered a darkened building in the East End of Montreal, slipping silently through the back door. A light snapped on. Contact had been made, with my wife, at the highest levels. She looked, her eyes like gimlets. She was assessing my strength . . . and weaknesses. Then it came. The assignment. The toughest of them all. Get a job or else.

We worked out my cover. I would pose as an out-of-work writer. To make it authentic, I applied to every place in town that might want one. They didn't . . . until one day, the phone rang.

It was one of the top men of an organization dedicated to the economic and cultural domination of Canada. I'd struck gold. Now, at the eleventh hour, perhaps the Canadian publishing industry could be saved through my undercover efforts.

I'd help make this a country where *Maclean's* and *Chatelaine* could grow and prosper together, maybe raise a family.

I went to work for *The Reader's Digest Association (Canada) Ltd.*

* * *

I was given an office and put to work in the Special Book Division. Special books, not the condensed ones, which are all edited at the company headquarters in Pleasantville, New York.

I was one of the writers assigned to *Explore Canada*, a 480-page travel guide, handsomely illustrated with the work of leading Canadian photographers, representing the work of 40 editors, artists, writers, researchers and map-makers over a period of two years. From the rules of the Nanaimo bathtub race across the Georgia Strait to the details of Newfoundland fishermen's festivals, every fact was checked and double-checked through contacts with departments of every provincial and territorial government, federal departments, hundreds of museums and art galleries and officials or knowledgeable private persons in some 1,200 places across Canada. The painstaking effort that created *Explore Canada* was characteris-

tic of the thrust of our book publishing program.

Writing like that is a hard habit to break.

The way the *Digest* — known to insiders as "Readers" — puts together a book is intriguing. First, the *concept* is thrashed out at weekend meetings in such places as the now-defunct Manoir Richelieu. A writer is assigned to write a *Blue Book*, outlining just what the book will contain, working title, size, number of pages and so on.

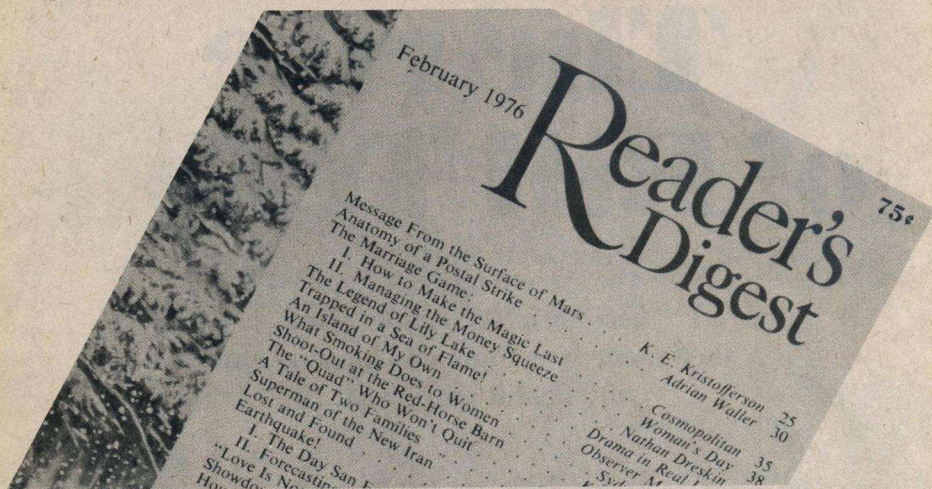
After more pondering, he writes a brochure: "*Macramé Your own Canadian Wildlife* will be a 480-page guide to Canada's living handicrafts, handsomely illustrated by . . ."

This brochure is mailed to a sample of *Digest* customers, who are asked to send a reply coupon telling how interested they'd be if the book were published. Three test mailings are done, with the brochures becoming more lavish and detailed each time. If a book craps out on any of the tests, the concept is dropped . . . or refined and tried again.

They used to send out brochures saying they had published the book, and then publish it only if enough order forms came in. Truth in Advertizing spoilsports put a stop to that one.

What it boils down to is that such ex-

'The Medium is the Mailing List'



haustive market research means that the *Digest* publishes no book which is not guaranteed to be a best-seller. *Explore Canada*, for example, (published in partnership with the Canadian Automobile Association) sold out its first printing of 100,000 copies in a couple of months. An average best-seller in Canada sells about 7,000 copies altogether. The gross revenue for *Explore Canada's* first printing was in the region of two million bucks. At any given moment, there are test mailings going on for perhaps a dozen books, and three or more are in production. And it's not just books. There are Reader's Digest records (the first production of the Canadian record division was *The Sound of Nashville*), clock radios, stereos, and any amount of other paraphernalia.

Consider, then, the magazine, with a circulation of about one-and-a-half million, and a readership of six million. It's not a magazine, it's a mailing list, a vehicle for selling. Consider also the advertising it contains. Take a look, if you can bear it, and you'll see that the vast proportion is for sanitary napkins, pile remedies and laxatives.

At the time of writing, the meanies in Ottawa are about to vote on a bill removing the privileges which advertisers in *Time* and *Reader's Digest* have been

enjoying. The two American magazines will no longer be deemed to be Canadian, and advertisers won't be able to write off the cost of ads, a tax exemption that was supposed to encourage Canadian magazine publishing.

The *Digest* has been raising an incredible Public Relations ballyhoo about it all, saying they'll just have to shut up shop, because their advertisers will flee elsewhere.

Where, one wonders.

Where else can the great Canadian pile and constipation industry find six million people so desperately in need of relief? They'll stay, whatever the cost. And, anyway, since the medium is the mailing list, *Reader's Digest* would still make a good buck if there weren't any ads at all. They could give the festering thing away and still show black. For that matter, they are giving it away: 75 cents for 240 pages, graced with expensive coloured photos. *Last Post*, a non-profit publication, costs 75 cents for 48 pages of newsprint. Even allowing for the cheapness of long print runs, that's quite a disparity.

[Since this was written, the government has announced it will exempt *Digest* from the new law. It would appear the government was conned and the exemption unnecessary. The *Digest* would have stayed in Canada anyway.]

As *Time* goes on, *Reader's Digest* will stay, hiring people like me. Good thing, too. For us, that is.

As I gained their confidence, I was entrusted with more important tasks. The essay for the Annual Report (Dear shareholders, having lovely time...); more books; speeches for President Paul Zimmerman to read to Chambers of Commerce, on the undesirability of any change to Section 12A of the Income Tax Act, the one giving the exemption. The depths of hackery.

Then something snapped.

One afternoon I slunk out of the office, never to return. I went back to Control in that East End building and said that my job was done. I left in mid-book, with reams of priceless research still in my head, becoming one of the *Digest's* most unforgettable characters, or so I imagine. I don't know for sure, because in one of the most craven quittings in the history of hired pens (remember Hemmingway's "Upstick Job Asswards"), I disconnected the yellow wire on my telephone so it wouldn't ring. They sent me a last cheque in the mail.

(Walter J. Traprock, who contributes frequently to *Last Post* from Montreal, has reconnected his yellow wire.)

The rise of Bill Teron

How the system let 'Hot Lips Willy'
become a 'self-made' man;
then made him Canada's housing czar;
and next it's going to . . .

by Ken Rubin and Last Post staff

The private developer

William Teron is not your average civil servant. Not only is he boss at the federal government's Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation, but in addition was recently named to the top civil service post at the Ministry of Urban Affairs.

Teron chalked up an impressive career in business before entering the federal apparatus, and his associates have included some of Ottawa's leading insiders. Now elevated to the position of Canada's housing Czar, he holds a higher profile in official circles than the titular Housing Minister, Barney Danson. At age 43, with his immense ambition only partly satisfied, he is a man to watch.

More than a few eyebrows were raised when his appointment as CMHC president was announced in June 1973. For William Teron, hailed in official releases as an innovative builder and creative designer, was also William Teron the multi-millionaire real estate developer, super-salesman and financier. In the view of many observers, he was a questionable choice to head a federal housing agency which had been attacked in several reports it had itself sponsored as too strongly favouring the business interests involved in the housing field.

Ken Rubin is an Ottawa researcher and consumer advocate.

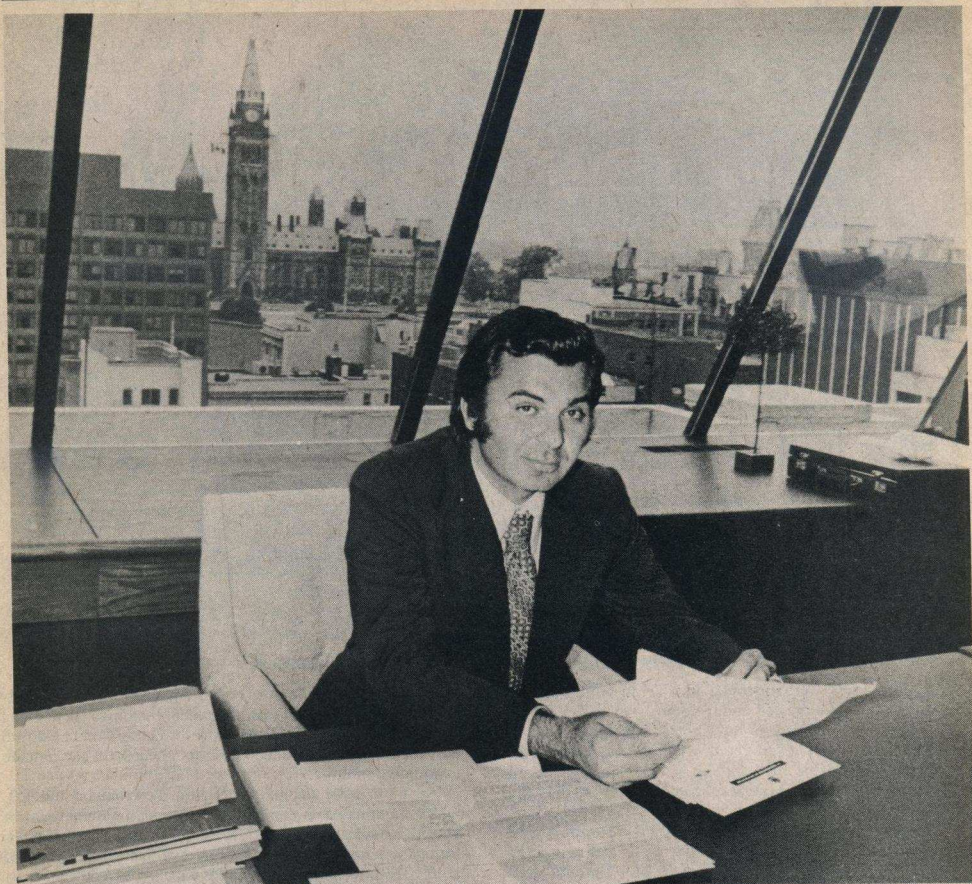
Teron was born in the tiny Manitoba village of Gardenton in 1932. Even in his youth he showed his talents as a hustler in after-school and summer jobs. As trombone player in his high school band, he was nicknamed "Hot Lips Willy".

He quit school early, and at age 17 he was in Ottawa working as a draughtsman and designer, first for the federal government and then for a private home builder. At age 21, with \$414 in initial capital, he began his own home-building business and within two years (with the aid of federal backers who included now Liberal MP Lloyd Francis) he had built Lynwood Village, his first major subdivision. By 1960 his business assets were worth some \$7 million.

The project that made his name was Kanata, a self-contained community built on a 3,200-acre site 11 miles west of central Ottawa. In its early phases, it housed 5,000 people. Winner of design awards, Kanata was considered innovative because of its well-integrated planning, attractive exteriors and open spaces. On the other hand, the interiors of the houses did not always have the most practical layouts, and there were engineering mistakes such as running a sewer line directly beneath the shopping area. Furthermore, Kanata was not exactly a mixed income community: it cost a lot to live there.

Teron's attitude toward citizen involvement came out clearly in a minor squabble which occurred over his imposition of compulsory membership in the Kanata homeowners' association. The *Ottawa Journal* quoted him as saying "I'm a dictator. Some people say I won't have you telling me what I can do. I say, 'Please don't come [to Kanata] then.'"

In 1967, partly because he had overextended his capital resources, he sold Kanata to a then Power Corporation subsidiary, Canadian Interurban Properties Ltd., of which he



William Teron looks down on the Parliament Buildings from this office high up in the Carleton Towers Hotel, which he built

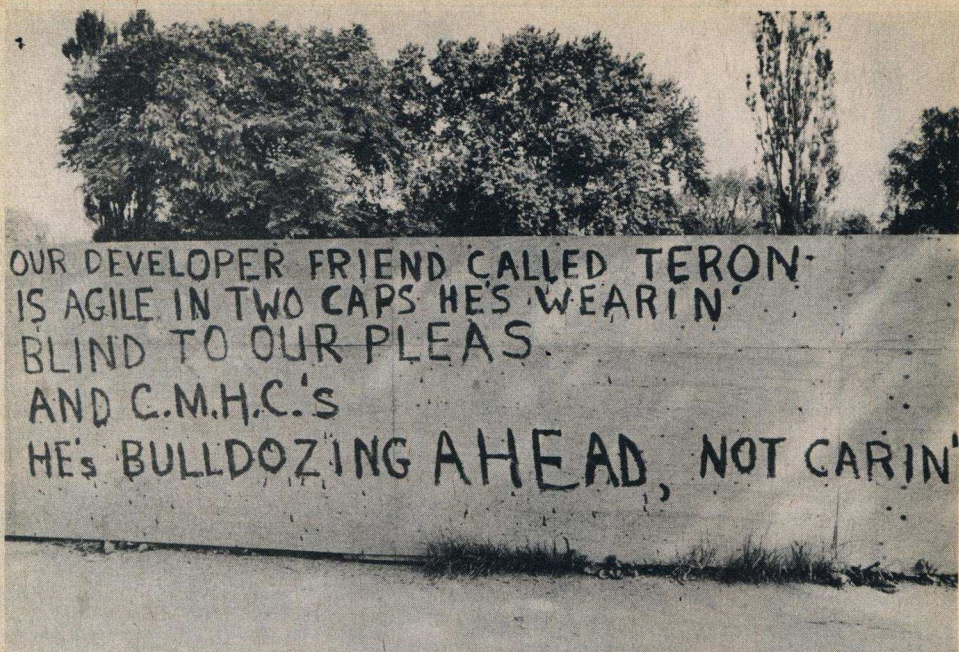
became vice-president for planning and development. It had been his ambition to use Canadian Interurban as a vehicle through which to build developments similar to Kanata right across the country, but things didn't turn out as he had hoped. In December 1969, with the imminent and displeasing prospect of the rival Campeau Corporation entering the Power stable, Teron pulled out.

Several weeks later, in January 1970, Power formally acquired control of Campeau, Ottawa's largest developer. Robert Campeau subsequently underwent a similarly disillusioning experience with Power Corporation, and in 1972 he bought his way out of Power, taking Canadian Interurban with him. Kanata is now a Campeau development; it has been expanded and its density increased in disregard of the original concept. Teron has expressed his unhappiness over this, but Campeau has suggested that Teron would have done much the same.

Meanwhile Teron's other business interests flourished. From the 2,000 middle-to-upper-income housing units he had built in suburban subdivisions besides Kanata, he moved into other areas: hotels, luxury apartments, small office buildings, industrial buildings. He built the luxurious Carleton Towers Hotel, not far from Parliament Hill. Buildings of which he was a major owner were occupied under so-called leaseback arrangements by such tenants as IBM in Ottawa and the Holiday Inn in Kingston.

Teron also became a financier, sitting as chairman of St. Maurice Capital Corporation Ltd. (now called Commerce Capital) and as a director of its subsidiaries Farmers and Merchants Trust Co. Ltd. and General Mortgage Corporation of Canada. He also sat on the board of the Ottawa Rough Riders Football Club.

Teron popped up in October 1972 as a go-between in the purchase of properties needed for a costly Liberal election



Strenuous protest greeted Teron's plans to build a high-rise in the Glebe neighbourhood in Ottawa

goody, Toronto's Harbourfront Park. Teron admits that he himself had been interested in developing part of the 86-acre site, adjacent to a Campeau-built hotel-residential complex, Harbour Square, but covered with warehouses and factories. When he was unable to work out a deal himself, he approached then Urban Affairs minister Robert Andras and proposed the idea of a park.

"He really liked the idea," Teron told the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in a recent interview, "but there was a problem about the government buying it. I told him I would get a commitment for a sale and the government could have an option on my commitment." He successfully drove down the price of a key piece of property by persuading another potential buyer, Y and R Properties Ltd., to withdraw.

Not all his undertakings have evoked as positive a reaction. The Marina City commercial-residential project on the Kingston waterfront which he actively promoted in 1970 was opposed by citizens' groups because of its large scale, its inadequate provision for public access to the waterfront, and the destruction of historical buildings it would entail. Still, many of the local powers supported Teron, who was understood to have remarked to a friend at the time how helpful it was to have activists oppose him to solidify establishment interests behind him and his project. However it eventually fell through, partly because of difficulties in arranging financing.

A more recent project begun by Teron is the Inn of the Provinces-Park Square office-hotel-condominium complex on the western fringe of downtown Ottawa. This project *did*

go ahead, covering a site which had previously been occupied by several low-rental apartment buildings. Few if any among the tenants evicted to allow for demolition can afford the \$60,000 being asked for the cheapest Park Square condominium unit.

We now move on to the "Battle of Patterson Creek", which culminated in June 1973, after the announcement of Teron's appointment to the CMHC presidency but before his formal assumption of duties on July 1 of that year. It revolved around Teron's plans — still in his capacity as a developer — for a 14-storey apartment tower at the confluence of Patterson Creek and the Rideau Canal in the Glebe, a low-scale residential neighbourhood in Ottawa. His plans were opposed by the National Capital Commission ("completely out of scale with the existing landscape") and by the CMHC ("in light of the historical heritage, density, traffic, open space and other considerations").

The Glebe Community Association attacked the project on two fronts. They met with Teron at a promised "consultation" session, but he dismissed their suggested alternatives as "apple-pie stuff", agreeing only to provide underground parking, and he then proceeded to do almost precisely as he had originally planned, having "consulted" with neighbouring residents. The community association also lobbied at City Hall to have the area downzoned so that apartment towers could not be built there: in this they were successful, but the official downzoning came almost immediately *after* the building permit had been issued, and the project was under way. This was Teron's last hurrah as a private developer before embarking on a public career.

The public developer

"I expect that Mr. Teron will bring to the Corporation the same imagination and managerial expertise which earned him a reputation as one of Canada's most innovative and socially conscious businessmen," wrote then Urban Affairs Minister Ron Basford in a letter to CMHC employees on June 5, 1973, the day before Teron's appointment was publicly announced.

Statements made by Teron to newspaper interviewers about the land cost problem during his first few months in office indicated some hope of positive innovation. He pledged in one interview "to make effective every Canadian's right to good housing and at an affordable price ... [by having] a land development process ... that is stable and responsible." "We intend," he stated in another interview, "to moderate the land cost situation in the public interest." "Land speculation ... is a luxury Canadians can't afford," he said in a third.

Despite his encouraging words, he appears to have done nothing substantial toward reversing certain CMHC policies which, according to the still unpublished Peter Spurr report and several earlier CMHC-sponsored studies, are inciting land speculators to gain at public cost. Rather than attack speculation frontally, Teron is trying to modify the problem through public land assembly and the collection of land mapping information in 23 cities, but more on that later.

Nor does he, a former mortgage lender, favour cracking down on high mortgage rates. He has rejected suggestions that the banks be required to make some mortgage money available at low interest. "Our first priority is that housing should be done for the marketplace as much as possible," he told the *Toronto Globe and Mail* in June 1975. "Capital must find its own level on an international marketplace. Money is a free agent and people are free to go out and lend at the highest rate they can obtain ... The Government could bankrupt any industry it wanted to, but there is no way it would be in the public interest to do that."

As for those in the low-income range, he favours selective subsidies to help them enter the marketplace. But until such selective subsidies become more widely available, the public housing sector is often the only place for low-income families to turn. And, according to a report by the Canadian Council on Social Development, the share of the CMHC capital budget going to public housing fell from 37.4 per cent in 1972 to 19.2 per cent in 1974. (A large chunk of the housing budget has gone to the Assisted Home Ownership Plan, which benefits mainly moderate-to-middle-income families.) Nor has the non-profit housing sector fared much better, despite Teron's claim to be helping it. Toronto's Non-Profit Housing Federation has found that non-profit housing groups such as itself are unlikely to receive any preference over private builders.

In his days as a developer, Teron catered mainly to the better-off. "When it comes to social amenities," he told *Canada Month* magazine in 1969, "I'm a socialist. When it comes to people, I'm anti-socialist."

Teron likes to regard himself as a "social scientist" and an "innovator". But according to sources inside the CMHC, he

has taken less than full advantage of Part V of the National Housing Act, which provides for innovative housing research. Nor has he spoken out on the Ministry of Urban Affairs' cancellation of further demonstration funds for "experiments in urban living", which were to have been among the preludes to the United Nations Habitat Conference in Vancouver later this year.

The CMHC under Teron has been greatly preoccupied with the quantity of new housing produced, often at the expense of quality. And it has been unable or unwilling to come up with a consumer-oriented home warranty scheme independent of the home-building industry. Nor has it intervened in the aluminum wiring controversy: a fire hazard is alleged to exist in some newer CMHC-financed housing because of improper wiring terminals.

The latest bureaucratic reorganization of the CMHC conducted by Teron — aimed at achieving "management by objective", in his words — has irritated the usual bureaucratic sensibilities without appearing to achieve any new policy thrusts or increased efficiency. Despite the much vaunted CMHC decentralization, aimed at giving more authority to its regional offices, headquarters staff in Ottawa has continued to grow. And according to insiders the real decision-making power is concentrated more than ever in the hands of Teron and his immediate associates.

Court proceedings are now under way in the case of Walter Rudnicki, a senior CMHC official fired by Teron in October 1973 allegedly for showing native groups a confidential document on native housing. Rudnicki alleges he was wrongfully dismissed, and some insiders suggest Teron wanted him out because of personal disagreements. If so, Rudnicki is not the only senior official with whom Teron has had personal rifts in his desire to run the show in the way he sees fit.

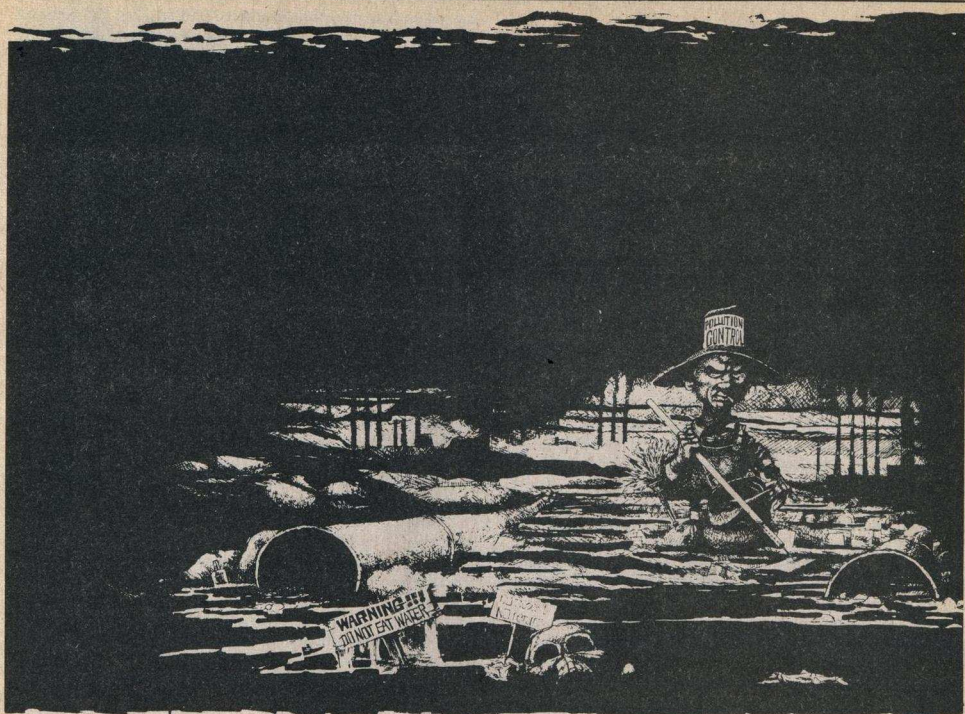
Notwithstanding his autocratic style and his neglect of some areas, Teron has not been a do-nothing — far from it. He has been supervising and promoting a greatly accelerated public land assembly program to enable the construction of new communities. His declared goal is 200,000 acres of urban land by the late 1980s, which would enable him to fulfill his dreams of building new communities from coast to coast, something he was not able to achieve as a private developer without the vast resources of the CMHC behind him.

The CMHC has been undertaking land assembly projects across the country, although it is in the Ottawa area that things are most advanced. The federally owned Le Breton Flats near the downtown core and the Woodroffe-Baseline site in the west end are ready for residential development, and plans are afoot to build a satellite city at Carlsbad Springs, eight miles southeast of Ottawa.

"We need an orderly land marketplace that is well managed, and public land ownership is an important vehicle to cover this," remarked Teron in the *Ottawa Citizen* on November 1, 1975. "Public land ownership is not a panacea in itself," he added.

Indeed not, particularly if speculation, fuelled by a major new market entrant, is allowed to drive up the cost of adjacent lands, and if the actual development of the publicly assembled land is carried out by the same people who would have developed it had it been in private hands. "You can't tell the difference between private and public ownership because the same people do the developing," cautioned noted urbanist Jane Jacobs.

"Direct government involvement," Teron surmised in



Drawing by Aislin

1971 while still a private developer. "could take the form of land assembly, the planning of the land structure, the provision and retention of public spaces and service corridors, and the sale of land for housing clusters and buildings to the private sector."

The government puts up the money and the private sector draws the benefits. Unless Teron's views have changed substantially, it sounds very much like CMHC land assembly may entail the sort of one-sided government-business alliance which has characterized great Canadian undertakings from the CPR to Syncrude. Teron claims to be opposed to profiteering in the land and housing industry, but it is perhaps significant that the announcement of the accelerated land assembly program in October 1973 was made by Teron before an assembled group of builders, developers, bankers and investment dealers.

The "innovative community" programs being developed by the CMHC and the Ministry of Urban Affairs raise some questions of their own. "There is no use dreaming about planning a city unless you own the land," Teron told the 1969 Hellyer Task Force on Housing, and rarely have truer words been spoken. But there is a world of difference between controlling urban growth by building new settlements removed from any existing metropolitan area and building satellite cities, which can be a form of planned urban sprawl.

CMHC-controlled public land assembly projects, with all their inherent risks, do provide their chief co-ordinator with

the possibility of building himself into a sort of urban czar. A few spectacular projects can do wonders for image-building, which may not be the furthest thing from Bill Teron's mind.

Bill Teron and the power elite

In the course of his rise to power, Bill Teron has made friends with many of the right people in Ottawa. He is a member and former director of the exclusive Rideau Club, where some of the most powerful and influential people in Ottawa meet. He has made useful contacts on the boards of Carleton University, the National Arts Centre and innumerable other public or voluntary organizations.

He has also been linked with some well connected people in his business career. In January 1971, St. Maurice Capital Corporation, which he controlled, acquired all outstanding shares of M.N.S. Investments Ltd., and following an exchange of shares his new partners included Maurice Strong, Jack Austin and Nellmart Limited.

Maurice Strong has served as president of Power Corpora-

tion (1964-66), director-general of the Canadian International Development Agency (1966-70) and head of the United Nations Environmental Agency (1970-75). He is now chairman and president of Petro-Canada, the federal government's new oil company.

Jack Austin is a former Vancouver lawyer and mining promoter who ran unsuccessfully as a federal Liberal candidate in 1968. He joined the civil service at the top, serving as Deputy Minister of Energy (1970-74) and then as principal secretary to the Prime Minister for 15 months. Following a minor scandal a few months ago, he was demoted to the Senate.

Nellmart is the family holding company of the Paul Martin family. Martin, a long-time Liberal Cabinet minister, is now Canadian High Commissioner to Britain. The company is administered by his son Paul Jr., former vice-president of Power Corporation and now president of Power-owned Canada Steamship Lines.

Syndicated columnist Douglas Fisher pointed out the link between Teron, Strong, Austin and Martin Jr. back in November 1973. Meanwhile, St. Maurice Capital, renamed Commerce Capital Corporation on June 8, 1973 (immediately after Teron's departure as chairman), has undergone a continued period of phenomenal growth, and at last report controlled assets worth some \$260 million. Its subsidiaries include Farmers and Merchants Trust, General Mortgage Corporation of Canada, Commerce Capital Properties Ltd., Concap Factors Inc. and Commerce Capital Financial Corporation.

Several opposition MPs have raised questions about Teron's business interests and about possible conflicts of interest that may arise. In addition to extensive real estate holdings, Etron Ltd., his personal holding company until the date of his appointment, owned 21.9 per cent of Commerce Capital.

The government's conflict of interest guidelines call for civil servants "to arrange their private affairs in a manner that will prevent conflicts of interest from arising", and one of the avenues allowed for the arrangement of private affairs is the establishment of a "blind trust", which means turning over control of business assets to a trustee who is to administer them without reporting to their owner. One major shortcoming is that the owner may name his own trustee, so that in some cases the "blind trust" may not be so very blind.

Teron chose to put his holdings in a "blind trust" and he was allowed to choose his own trustees. In keeping with a CMHC regulation that the president of the Corporation must divest himself of any interest as a shareholder in a lending institution within three months of being appointed, Teron instructed his trustees to sell his shares in Commerce Capital, a sale which took place very quietly some time in 1974, later than the three-month limit. Etron Ltd., which in January 1974 was renamed Urbanetics Ltd., is precluded on Teron's instructions from dealing with the CMHC as long as he is owner, and has stuck largely to luxury condominium projects. It is not known what other interests are administered in his name.

Teron likes to talk of his personal friendships with Pierre Trudeau and with Michael Pitfield, clerk of the Privy Council. He is rumoured to have been Trudeau's choice for the job of CMHC president, although the selection was formally ratified (for a fee) by Jim Coutts, then president of Canada Consulting Group Limited. Canada Consulting soon afterward was awarded a contract for consulting work in connec-

tion with the reorganization of the CMHC, and now has a study contract for the reorganization of the Ministry of Urban Affairs. Coutts, a former Pearson staff member and 1974 Liberal election strategist, was recently named to replace Jack Austin as principal secretary to the Prime Minister.

Current government plans call for a possible merger between the Ministry of Urban Affairs and the CMHC, and to this end Teron was recently named to Deputy Minister rank at Urban Affairs in addition to his responsibilities at CMHC. One minor obstacle emerged: federal regulations forbid the CMHC president from holding any other civil service post. Not to worry; the House of Commons recently passed a bill (C-77) which, among other things, created the new position of chairman of the board of CMHC, and Teron continues on his way, expanding his influence yet further.

Teron in some respects resembles C.D. Howe, whose former mansion in Rockcliffe Park he purchased in 1970 for \$134,000. A ministerial career may lie not too far off in Bill Teron's future; he has some of the best Liberal Party contacts, although he denies wanting to become involved in the party. He attended a Liberal Party task force discussion at Harrison Hot Springs in 1969, he helped prepare that Toronto waterfront park election goody in 1972, and he acted for the Prime Minister's Office as technical overseer in the installation of the famous swimming pool. But this is small stuff.

The time is too soon for Teron to enter politics, even should his home riding of Ottawa-Carleton open up if John Turner should decide to resign from Parliament. Teron is good-looking, smooth-talking and has impressive credentials. But the memory of Pierre Juneau's electoral débâcle is still fresh; he has a job to do in the housing field, and anyway he probably holds more power now than he would in the cabinet. Unless, that is, he were some day to become Prime Minister, which he dismisses as ridiculous but which lies not outside the realm of possibility.

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Rear View



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Socialist boxer in the ring

by NORMAN PENNER

Tommy Douglas — A Biography, by Doris French Shackleton. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 333 pp.

Tommy Douglas, the one-time amateur featherweight boxing champion of Manitoba, who became the first CCF Premier of Saskatchewan and first federal leader of the New Democratic Party, was a scrapper all the way. Next to J. S. Woodsworth he is the most popular mass figure that Canadian social democracy has produced. He is a fiery agitator who can move large audiences with his oratory, his humour, and above all with his radical fervour. Although his platform personality is quite different from Woodsworth's he has the same ability to personify the fighting qualities that many people associate with socialism.

His charisma obviously rubs off on those closest to him, and one of them, Doris Shackleton, has produced what she

calls "a biography", although it is something less than that. She holds Douglas in awesome reverence, which may well be deserved, but does get in the way of a proper political evaluation. After all, his personal qualities are not what make him important, and we do not have to be told repeatedly how splendid a fellow he is.

Much of the material in the book is drawn from long interviews with Douglas and from letters from his own files, but the study is inadequate because it is insufficiently grounded in critical and independent investigation. In fact, it often takes on the character of an autobiography. Its style and structure — or lack of it — reflect this dichotomy; rambling discourses, violation of chronology, and an abundance of trivia ("the Duke of Norfolk who was in charge of [coronation] arrangements, told some of us that the crown was actually placed on the Queen's head thirty-one seconds ahead of schedule").

Yet the book is important particularly because it does re-

flect Douglas' perceptions of the socialist movement in Canada and of his own role in it. Obviously the two most important periods are the ones in which he occupied leadership positions: from 1941 to 1961, when he was provincial leader of the CCF in Saskatchewan, seventeen years of that as Premier; and from 1961 to 1971, when he was leader of the New Democratic Party.

In the first period he was the unquestioned pace-maker, setting the tone for the policies, activities, organization, and achievements both of the party and the government. While there may be some dispute as to whether what he achieved in Saskatchewan could be called "agrarian socialism", there is no debate over the solid record of much needed reforms that he introduced and carried through as Premier. This record made him a popular national figure and this was the main reason the national leadership of the CCF wanted him as leader of the NDP.

However, in this federal position he did not call the shots as he had done in Saskatchewan. In Doris Shackleton's account his influence was far from decisive in the national councils of the party. Perhaps he did not recognize the full impact of the change that had taken place when the NDP replaced the CCF as the social democratic party in Canada. It was not just a shift to the trade union bureaucracy centred in Ontario, but as part of that, it was a shift away from the "old" socialism to a new pragmatism in which the "movement" aspects would be played down and the party as an electoral machine emphasized. David Lewis was the chief architect of this shift and it is not surprising that he became the main protagonist of Douglas in the NDP leadership.

At first Lewis did not feel it necessary to occupy the position of national leader himself, although that had been considered. He had the support of the trade unions and of an influential group of intellectuals in Toronto and Montreal, and this gave him effective control of the national office. Douglas had no real impact on this group. Typical comments quoted by Shackleton include Frank Scott's description of Douglas as "too much the popular preacher" or Margaret Stewart, Ontario NDP Secretary who regarded him as "an old-fashioned Saskatchewan Socialist". By that she meant that he was not only a believer in "moralistic socialism" but that he tolerated "all kinds of kooks" in the party, and even allowed them to have an input into party policy, whereas Lewis was "tough" enough to impose his will on the party and to get resolutions "thrown out" that he did not agree with. Indeed, Douglas felt that a vibrant left wing was a necessity for the party and that is why he supported the right of the Waffle to exist within the party, even though he did not agree with everything they advocated.

According to the book, the move to replace Douglas as leader with David Lewis began in 1968 when Stephen Lewis flew out to Douglas and urged him "to step down from the leadership in Lewis' favour." Douglas eventually agreed to step down but stalled until he could see somebody other than David Lewis replacing him. This really exacerbated his relations with Lewis, and Shackleton describes how Lewis lost his temper when this attitude of Douglas' became known.

David Lewis, undoubtedly the ideological leader of the NDP and regarded by many as an intellectual "heavy" compared to Douglas, did not capture the public appeal that Douglas had during his leadership. In fact, Lewis' short stay in that post was something less than successful. The passing of the Douglas era has left a void in that position and there is no one on the horizon that seems to have the potential to fill



Tommy Douglas and David Lewis at the NDP's founding convention

that gap. Doris Shackleton attributes this to Douglas' personal qualities and strengths. But perhaps an even bigger factor is that Douglas' "old-fashioned socialism" is more in tune with the popular conceptions of the place that the NDP occupies in Canadian political life, than the image that the "brains trust" is trying to create.

Douglas' fighting qualities stand out on a whole range of issues, but none more clearly than his struggle to bring medicare to Saskatchewan, and his unequivocal opposition to the War Measures Act. In the medicare battle he was not only facing the whole medical establishment of Saskatchewan, but also the vested interests of Canada who saw in the doctors' activities an opportunity to topple the CCF government and to stop this type of legislation in its tracks. But Douglas did not flinch even though it cost the CCF considerable electoral support and led to Douglas' own defeat when he ran federally in Regina. But he was vindicated in the end because that fight led to the adoption of medicare across the nation.

Probably his finest hour was his immediate and ringing denunciation of the War Measures Act, in the face of overwhelming public support for Trudeau on that issue, and in the face of doubts and disagreement within the NDP caucus. But Douglas was unwavering on this question and stated that

even if he was the only NDP M.P. who opposed this Act, he would stand up and register his opinion. Here, too, he was vindicated by the passage of time for many now see that he was right when he called Trudeau's "apprehended insurrection" a hoax designed to crush the separatist movement in Quebec.

Doris Shackleton's descriptions of these two episodes constitute the best parts of the book, but that is because it is easier to praise one's hero than to criticize him. If the opposition to the War Measures Act was Douglas's finest hour, his stand on the nuclear warhead issue was the opposite, but this is entirely glossed over in the book. Why did the NDP vote to bring down the Diefenbaker government when it opposed the orders from the U.S. to accept nuclear warheads for the Bomarc missiles stationed in Canada? They had the same position as Diefenbaker yet they voted against him and with the Liberals who promised to accede to the American pressure. The only explanation that appears in the book is that Diefenbaker had lost his capacity to govern. But even if that were so, could that justify a vote that opened the way for nuclear weapons in Canada?

As one has come to accept the lack of editing in McClelland & Stewart publications, it is not surprising to find a whole number of factual errors, too many in fact to list. They are not major errors, but are sufficient to annoy and sometimes to mislead.

At the age of 71, Douglas is still energetic and vital, although he no longer plays the same important role in the NDP. His place in Canadian history is assured and a more critical evaluation, which is yet to be made, will not detract from his overall contribution to Canadian life.

Bourgeois boxer on the ropes

by EDIE FARKAS

Humboldt's Gift, by Saul Bellow. Viking/New York, 487 pp. \$11.50.

Saul Bellow belongs to a group of American writers whose goal is to make of their writing a superior intellectual act. Their credo is that art must not be treated as a commodity, though *their* art sells well, and must be preserved from the crudities of mass-culture. Since for them both bourgeois philistinism and the vacuity of what Bellow calls the "mass-produced individual" are distasteful, they have taken to writing about themselves as the only subjects meriting their consideration.

Like any elite in the process of self-definition, they have tried to reassure themselves of their power as men-of-letters by clarifying in their novels the details of their own lives. If there is no American aristocracy to act as their appreciative audience, so be it, they will write for each other. And they are writing about writing like Nabokov and John Barth, or about the established literary life like Bellow.

Bellow's *Herzog* was an isolated intellectual up to his ears in *Angst*; but he appealed to a best-seller audience because he could pity and forgive himself with such stylish vigour. He made it look like fun — living in the country, writing letters to famous dead people all day long. Moreover, he was erudite in his alienation. The critics were delighted to understand him when he said that freedom was emptiness if technology gave you a private life but nothing to fill it with. He called for "No new meanings, no solutions: rather a change of heart," and everyone was moved.

Bellow's latest tormented sensibility, one Charlie Citrine, luxuriates in his alienation as though he had suddenly inherited it and found it unexpectedly full of profitable possibility. It is the legacy left to him by his writer friend — Humboldt's "gift" to him.

Charlie is a fabulously successful middle-aged biographer and playwright who has been welcomed by the Kennedys and honoured by the French, like Bellow himself. For Charlie it is too late to live up to youthful ideals and he is currently at work on what he hopes will be the definitive study of boredom.

Bellow has said that the writer in America should be like a statesman or priest, its conscience and educator, concerned with the full development, or, as he likes to call it, the "manhood" of humanity. The "public" must be taught to free itself from the constraints of materialism. The tragedy is that the "public" isn't grateful for this teaching; it treats its poets badly, and they crack up and die like Humboldt in *Humboldt's Gift*.


Von Humboldt Fleisher, a romantically neurotic artist manqué, is styled after the dead American poet Delmore Schwartz who rose to brilliant but brief stardom in the 'thirties. He was praised by T. S. Eliot (the literary world was

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Delmore Schwartz in 1961

dazzled) but very soon fell into disfavour with the critics when he failed to produce the masterpieces they expected of him. The following is the opening passage of the novel, describing how Charlie Citrine meets his idol and future friend:

The book of ballads published by Von Humboldt in the Thirties was an immediate hit. Humboldt was just what everyone had been waiting for. Out in the Midwest I had certainly been waiting eagerly, I can tell you that. An avant-garde writer, the first of a new generation, he was handsome, fair, large, serious, witty, he was learned. The guy had it all. All the papers reviewed his book. His picture appeared in *Time* without insult and in *Newsweek* with praise. I read *Harlequin Ballads* enthusiastically. I was a student at the University of Wisconsin and thought about nothing but literature day and night. Humboldt revealed to me new ways of doing things. I was ecstatic. I envied his luck, his talent, and his fame, and I went east in May to have a look at him — perhaps to get next to him. The Greyhound bus, taking the Scranton route, made the trip in about fifty hours. That didn't matter. The bus windows were open. I had never seen real mountains before. Trees were budding. It was like Beethoven's *Pastorale*.

The book is interspersed with passionate meditations on Humboldt — Humboldt who could talk about Einstein and Zsa Zsa Gabor in the same breath, who washed down his morning bennies with a shot of Scotch, who took a motel room next to a critic in order to harass him; Humboldt with his alternating delusions of grandeur and fits of paranoia, his flamboyancy and final lunacy. A portrait of the artist as a young dog.

The time of the novel is the early 'seventies, five years after Humboldt's death in a seedy Manhattan hotel. Charlie is in the midst of divorce proceedings and an invigorating affair

with a new young girlfriend. A shady character, a two-bit underworld type named Rinaldo Cantabile, bullies his way into Charlie's life. He becomes his partner; he has a scheme for making big money out of the film scripts Charlie has inherited from Humboldt. He goads him into thinking about Humboldt and so remembering the 15 years they spent together as blood-buddies. The money is made, the girlfriend runs off with a mortician, and Charlie, left all alone, resolves to spend some time at a theosophical retreat in Switzerland.

Bellow has specialized in describing relations between men, drawing on the patriarchal Jewish family tradition he grew up in. His heroes are often burdened by paternal disapproval; they are motivated by rivalry in love and work. Charlie and Humboldt were like legendary companions-in-arms, medieval knights fighting for honour in a jaded literary world — admiring themselves because they admired each other. Bellow's secondary characters are usually caricatures, spoozy freaks like Cantabile, the eighteenth-century low-life scoundrel disguised as a Chicago gangster. Bellow's women are projections of his fantasies: from one novel to the next they are either frosty, decidedly WASP ex-wives or lascivious but expensively-educated nymphs attracted to the hero's virile mind.

Bellow's main literary skill is his ability to control all perception by filtering it through one privileged consciousness. With his moral earnestness, he will not trust our judgment; he fills his book with the smug voice of his ever-present narrator, that vastly-cultured mind he seems to feel is expansive enough to contain any reactions his readers may have. His prose takes off on graceful flights, digressions on favourite subjects, amusing stories, complaints, criticisms.

But Charlie's mind is boring. Experiencing everything with his aloof, esthetic intensity, he is too spiritually stingy to commit himself to anything. Even in his shiny youthful days, Humboldt had to say to him: "Why don't you have any indignation, Charlie — Ah! You're not a real American. You're grateful. You're a foreigner. You have that Jewish

*Of Dust and Time
And Dreams
And Agonies:
A Short History
Of Canadian People*

by Pat Bird

Illustrated by Yvonne Slipka
\$3.50

What Leandre Bergeron did for Quebec's history, Pat Bird has done for all of Canada ... from "The First Canadians" to "Life in the American Empire".

NC Press, Box 4010, Station A, Toronto

immigrant kiss-the-ground-at-Ellis-Island gratitude. You're also a child of the Depression. You never thought you'd have a job, with an office, and a desk, and private drawers all for yourself. It's still so hilarious to you that you can't stop laughing."

In his middle-aged desperation, feeling sullied by money, fame, and power, Charlie turns to theosophy for some meaning. He reflects on metempsychosis and is particularly attracted by the German spiritualist Rudolf Steiner's ideas on the immortality of the self. Though he frequently mocks his spiritual concerns, he lets us know that transcendence is serious business: "Ordinary spiritualism I dismissed. My postulate was that there was a core of the eternal in every human being."

So while he transcends with Steiner, he goes slumming with his gangster-manager — he needs money, after all, the divorce settlement has cleaned him out. Visiting the elegant apartments belonging to Cantabile's friends, Charlie admits, with his delicate cop-out irony, that he is excited "by these currents of criminality." Urbane, debonair, the artist-as-middle-aged-hero confronts the Chigao mafia underworld as a metaphor for Evil, as a literary allusion to the infernos of Dante, Goethe, and Joyce and so as homage to the poet-

heroes who are his real forefathers. If Cantabile totes a Magnum, Charlie can always see it as a symbol of dark metaphysical forces.

As apologist for the artist, Charlie resents the fact that Humboldt has not been anthologized; yet he says "As a poet or thinker his record wasn't all that impressive." He wants it both ways. He wants to blame the bourgeois philistines for not appreciating Humboldt, and he faults Humboldt for not competing with the new knowledge of machines: of "Boeing or Sperry Rand or IBM or RCA." It grieves him that Humboldt could not find, could not even look for, "the new thing, the necessary thing for poets to do." Humboldt just didn't have what it takes to survive his early success as F. Scott Fitzgerald did, because, as Bellow implies, he wasn't "strong" enough. Bellow figures he may be middle-aged but he's still pretty wiry, just the way Charlie prides himself on his firm body and sexual prowess in the novel.

Humboldt's Gift ends with Charlie treating Humboldt to a new and classy funeral with the money he has made from the film scripts. As in an earlier novel, *Seize the Day*, he hopes that redemption will begin once he has, so to speak, buried the past. Bellow's message is that trite.

In the end, it's a peep show

by R. T. NAYLOR

The Canadian Establishment, Volume I, by Peter C. Newman. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 480 pp. \$14.95.

Apart from such activities as editing the *Toronto Daily Star* and currently *Maclean's Magazine*, Peter Newman's journalistic and writing career has produced a number of monographs on the Canadian political and business scene. His books on the Pearson and Diefenbaker regimes are undoubtedly his most controversial to date, drawing a variety of reactions from fulsome praise to wholesale damnation, including, reportedly, the comment from one reviewer that "Peter Newman never let a fact stand between him and a good story." Those early books were justifiably criticized for their penchant for often substituting titillating chatter for hard-nosed analysis, but nonetheless contained a good deal of useful information about the backroom activities of the Ottawa political scene. In his latest book Newman turns from political journalism back to business history, a subject dealt with in his first book *Flame of Power* many years ago.

In appearance *Flame of Power* and *The Canadian Establishment* have little enough in common. *Flame* was an adula-



Head office of Bud McDougald's Argus Corp.

tory character sketch of eminent tycoons of Canadian business history, by and large drawn from the standard type of written historical source. *Establishment* is touted as an exposé of the activities not of a handful of individual tycoons, but of the business, social and political activities of the 1,000. It is not based on written sources but on a prodigious series of 600 interviews conducted over the past several years. *Flame* was exceed-

ingly irritating because of its eulogistic tone; *Establishment* is a lively, fast-paced and well-written book. In appearance then, the two have little in common — but appearances can be deceiving.

Instead of analysis of economic power, Newman's book often degenerates into little more than a high class gossip column. It is divided into five parts. The first consists of portraits of Bud McDougald and Paul Desmarais.

These are excellent portraits containing lively and clear accounts of many facets of corporate intrigue, as well as nuggets of political insight. (Like confirmation that Pierre Trudeau is Paul Desmarais's man in Ottawa, which is helpful to put an end to all the idle rumours that the Bryce Commission has anything serious to do with Power Corporation.) But on balance the reader concludes with a vehement "so what?" The fundamental flaw, of presenting tidbits of information detached from an analysis of the broad context in which the individuals dealt with function, pervades the entire book. Part II is given over as much to a discussion of the after dinner antics of bankers as to their earnest pursuit of their daily bread, and here the same flaw is overwhelmingly in evidence.

Parts III and IV represent the low points of the book. In III, among other matters, an attempt to define an ideology of big business degenerates into a series of often aimless quotations and it is followed up by a list of names that is a virtual who's who of the business elite. But the information presented is disjointed and undigested. Part IV deals nominally with money and power but seems frequently to have more to do with homes, gardens, parties and more names.

Part V dealing with power networks is the best section by far of the book. In fact, if Newman had shown the same concern in the other part of the work with fitting the characters into a context, the project would have been well worth while after all. In Part V much light is shed upon the links of government and business, especially via C. D. Howe's recruiting drives. Here the chatter about social clubs and business lunches ceases to be the raison d'être of the exposition and becomes a tool, albeit overdrawn, for illuminating the antics of the elite at work and at play, if there is a distinction between the two activities.

On balance the "expose" tends to grade into a peep show; but then it could hardly have been otherwise. Collecting information through interviews of this sort involves an inevitable Catch-22. If the question (and indeed the questioner) are likely to reveal the kind of information that really provides insight into the operations of the business elite, the power plays, the power brokerage, the back stabbing, lobbying and manipulation of politicians that are the heart and soul of the process of accumulation of wealth, then the questions will go unanswered. To the extent that the "Estab-

lishment" is likely to open up to a journalist, the information conveyed will be largely inconsequential cocktail party gossip. Newman, for all his good intentions, and evident hard work, was defeated before he started.

Perhaps the most revealing insight into the rules of behaviour of Canadian big business comes not from the contents, but the structure of the book itself. Mass-

ively thick paper and large type produce a grandiose opus which gives the impression of much more content than it truly possesses and thus makes the price tag of \$14.95 appear at first glance a real bargain. But, as Romeo Leblanc recently declared when mercury polluted Canadian fish were put up for sale on world markets, "Let the buyer beware!"

Was their labour our labour?

by A. BURGHER

The Politics of Labour, by T. Phillips Thompson. *Social History of Canada Series 28*. University of Toronto Press/Toronto. 212 pp. \$5.95

The Canada Council has done it again; it has provided financial assistance for reprinting a book by a 'Canadian' author.

The book, which was first published in 1887 when working class discontent in the United States was at one of its crests, is an assessment of some of the problems confronting labour in the States.

Why should such a book be reprinted in the *Social History of Canada* series under the general editorship of Professor Michael Bliss? Jay Atherton, Chief Archivist of the Public Records Division of the Public Archives at Ottawa who wrote the introduction, admits that Thompson's study is "A constructive minor critique of the American political-economic system" (ix). It is implied that the study is in the same category as Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, Laurence Gronlund's *The Co-operative Commonwealth* or Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, but the implication is tempered by the admission that the book generated little interest or had little impact. Well, Thompson was a Canadian, a labour journalist, a supporter of the working man, and a theosophist who developed "an evolving socialism" (xii). What's more, we are told pontifically, "the mechanisms of industrial life in the United States extended into Canada" (xvii) and the "industrial system was (and still is) *North American*" (xviii). To support this assertion an American historian, Michael Katz, is cited.

Liberal continentalists take heart, and

Canadian nationalists be damned as the uniqueness of Canadian labour problems is ignored or denied.

Canada may not have experienced the rash of strikes that broke out in the United States in 1877 or 1886 or a Hay-market riot but there were uprisings by the Canadian working class that were defeated by the use of the police and the militia with the assistance of the government and the upper classes. Was it the same as the American scene? Not likely. However, we do not know enough about Canadian working class problems and discontent in the nineteenth century and Thompson, in this book, did not tackle this question.

This is not to deny that the reprint is of some value. Most of the significance for Canadians is the information on Thompson. One would like to know more, however, about Thompson's career, particularly in the twentieth century when Canadian industrialism took off and exploitation of the working class was accelerated. How and why did he become a collaborationist? What were his views on the struggle that killed an independent Canadian labour movement? Why is no comment made of the incongruity of his belief in education to improve the labourers' plight and the recognition that the educational system perpetuated the class divisions and the status quo? It is unfortunate that more of the introduction is not devoted to Thompson and his career.

As the Canada Council has the Canadian taxpayers' money to distribute, it is sad that it cannot be more discriminating in handing out money. Many other studies by Canadians about Canada merit assistance rather than wasting money on a book in the *Social History of Canada* series about the United States.

ELEMENTS

SCIENCE REPORT BY DEMOCRITUS

Bytown can scan

If all of C. P. Snow's books were laid end to end, **Democritus** and his researchers would be happy to ride bicycles over them. But, for all his fatuous noodling, the tedious **Lord Snow** has discussed one topic of interest to us: the increasing separation of the arts and the sciences into two mutually incomprehensible cultures. We welcome the opportunity to reveal — and applaud — an effort which took place in Ottawa in this very decade, an effort that joined art and science for the purpose of expanding the sum of human knowledge.

Patrons of the arts in the nation's capital, one might suppose, should be exempt from the vulgar prying of mere scientists. One would be wrong, both in fact and in principle, for the search for truth must go forward in spite of objections from those who reject this new flowering of Renaissance ideals.

Here comes the point. If you or your loved ones visited the **National Arts Centre** during 1973 or 1974, it's quite likely you — or they — were unwitting guinea-pigs in an experiment conducted by the **National Research Council**. During those years a team of NRC scientists took turns hanging around in the Centre's lavatories, slaking their thirst for knowledge.

Here's what they learnt. Almost 75 per cent of those who go to the toilet do so to relieve themselves. Men, who rarely line up when the clientele outnumber the facilities, find relief in an average 41 seconds. Women, who do form line-ups, spend between 59 and 155 seconds, depending on the nature of their needs.

In case you're wondering about the other 25 per cent . . . they go for hand-washing and hair-combing . . . in the **National Arts Centre**, at least.

The findings will be used to formulate new building codes.

Democritus' researchers believe that the NRC scientists probably know more than they're telling. For more detailed information there's no better place to turn than the book *The Bathroom*, by **Alexander Kira** (*Viking*). There's a whole chapter called *Design Criteria for Defecation* . . . need we say more? Well, yes.

Buttock loads from sitting? Up to 4,218 grams per square centimetre. **Englishmen's underpants?** Nine per cent don't wear any, 44 per cent reveal faecal contamination varying from "wasp-coloured staining" to "frank massive faeces". **Turds?** Four to eight inches long, half to 1½ inches in diameter. **Flushing?** Thirty-four per cent while seated, 66 per cent after standing up. **Astronauts?** It was considered "diplomatically unacceptable" to jettison solid body wastes into space.

It goes on for 272 pages, an exhaustive study of excretion from the dawn of time to AD 2000.

For advanced students, **I. L. McClelland's** *Ergonomics of W.C. Pans* is recommended — nay, required — reading. **Democritus** is indebted to those fine

magazines *Quebec Science* and *New Times* for drawing his attention to much of the foregoing.

The Times They Are A'Changing. . . .

Alert readers may have considered the use of the word *decade* in the above item remarkably imprecise for an up to the minute science review. A new spirit of caution is in the wind, brought about by a blunder in our last column (*Last Post Vol. 5, No. 2*). Forgetting about **lead time**, which means that most magazine pieces are written some weeks before they appear, we wrote next year when we meant this year, this year when we meant last year, and last year when we meant 1974. We mean that most sincerely.

Don't kill the ozone layer — it's the only one we've got!

Aerosols and **supersonic jets**, they say, are doing in the **ozone layer** — mankind's stratospheric protection against the devastating **ultraviolet radiation** that's trying to kill us from deep space. The respected British magazine, *New Scientist* recently ran a Concorde-Probe that concluded that supersonic passenger planes won't do anything nasty to our ozone protection because there aren't — and won't be — enough of them.

That's as may be. But **Aer Lingus** — and no Irish jokes if you don't mind — has come up with a new form of flying double jeopardy. It appears that there has been a large number of fires in aircraft toilets of late. **Aer Lingus** is leading the industry by installing automatic fire extinguishers in every airborne john.

The Catch? The active ingredient in the extinguishers is **Freon** — **Du Pont's** trade name for the **Fluorocarbons** used as propellants in aerosols.

Don't Eat the Red Snow

The **U.S. Food and Drug Administration** is not known for swift and dramatic action to protect the consumer against the depredations of the food and drug industry. Nevertheless, after a number of years of foot-dragging, the FDA has banned a food-colouring substance known as **Red Dye No. 2**, on the basis that there is conclusive evidence that the stuff causes cancer.

Red Dye No. 2 is in everything from candy to cough medicine to cat food, so it will be a bit of a burden to the food, drug and cosmetic (remember lipstick?) industries to do without it. An example of the kind of burden is given by a statement from the **U.S. General Accounting Office** — itself not an agency renowned for its condemnation of **Big Business**. The GAO says the food and drug administration postponed a decision on the dye's safety 14 times between 1963 and 1976 at the request of food and cosmetic companies.

The ban met with immediate reaction from a spokesman

... Science report continued

for a major producer. **Jerome A. Kinnison**, Colour Products Manager for **Warner-Jenkinson** of St. Louis says: "There's absolutely no hazard in using Red Dye No. 2".

Mr. Kinnison has some powerful support from north of the border, where **Red Dye No. 2** is known as **Amaranth**. A spokesman for the Federal Health Department in Ottawa says **Amaranth** has always been monitored for its toxicity ... "but everything we've seen didn't indicate anything wrong with it."

Eat up!

A Nip in the Air...

The first pig in space is likely to be Japanese.

The **U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration**, (NASA) has asked breeders of the smallest pigs in the world for a few samples, for use as the first passengers in the **space shuttle**.

Despite problems with the shuttle budget, NASA has ordered a few **Ohmini** pigs for experimental purposes.

They'd rather use them than dogs or monkeys because porcine physiology and organ configuration is closer to human. **Ohmini** pigs, bred in Japan, are about as big as a medium-sized dog.

... And a Chink in the armour

Democritus' staff of China watchers believes that the **People's Republic** is getting ready for its first manned space flight.

Although the Chinese people are unaware that America has established the first lunar wrecking yard — since the Moon walks and drives were not reported in the Chinese press — there was an article recently in the *Peking Daily Guangming Ribao* (Clarity) headlined "The Launching and Bringing Back of Artificial Satellites From Earth."

The article concluded: "The recovery of a satellite constitutes an important aspect in space technique. It has a positive significance for ... developing space technology and sending men into space."

Revisionist cliques of Hegemonists and their lackeys take note — you read it here first.

Report from inside 'the monster'

by ROBERT CHODOS

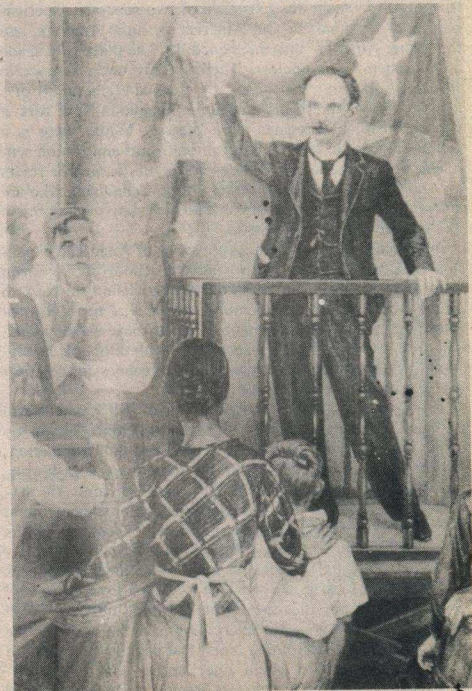
Inside the Monster: Writings on the United States and American Imperialism, by José Martí, edited by Philip S. Foner. Monthly Review Press/New York. 386 pp. \$16.50.

For 15 of the most productive years of his life, from 1880 until he went to fight and die in his native country in 1895, the great Cuban writer and revolutionary José Martí lived in the United States. In that time he acted as a correspondent for a number of newspapers in both New York and Latin America, and in the articles he wrote for those newspapers he left a record of his American experience that is remarkable in its variety, eloquence and perception.

Until now, however, Martí has been almost totally inaccessible to the English-speaking reader. Although two collections of his descriptions of American life and politics have been published in the United States, they are difficult to find. *Martí Anti-imperialist*, written by the distinguished Cuban historian Emilio Roig de Leuchsenring and published in English in Havana in 1967, contains extensive quotations from Martí's prophetic warnings of the coming domination of Latin America by the United States, but it is not generally available in North America.

Inside the Monster, just published by Monthly Review Press, will go at least part way toward filling this gap. Monthly Review books are generally not as widely distributed as they should be, especially in Canada. The cover price will scare off some people, and the title (which comes from a remark of Martí's in a letter written in Cuba just before his death: "I lived inside the monster and I know its entrails") will scare off others. But interested readers who make their way past those obstacles will find the journey well worth the effort.

This volume, the first in a projected three-volume selection



Jose Martí during the war of 1895

of Martí's works, brings together, for the first time in English, his descriptive pieces about the United States with his anti-imperialist critiques. In so doing the book shows clearly the progression of Martí's thought: his initial belief in American ideals of freedom and democracy and his growing recognition of the failure of the late nineteenth-century United States to live up to those ideals. He warned his fellow Cubans and other Latin Americans not to be dazzled by American achievements, and told them of "the crude, uneven, and decadent character of the United States, and the continuous existence there of all the violence, discord, immorality, and disorder blamed upon the peoples of Spanish America."

In particular, he tried to alert Latin Americans to the danger American expansionism posed to their own independence. Writing about the Pan-American Congress held in Washington in 1889, an early manifestation of the spirit that later produced the Organization of American States and the Alliance for Progress, Martí said with characteristic uncompromising sarcasm that "this powerful neighbour has never desired to incite [the Latin American republics], nor has it exerted control over them except to prevent their expansion, as in Panama; or to take possession of their territory, as in Mexico, Nicaragua, Santo Domingo, Haiti, and Cuba; or to cut off their trade with the rest of the world, as in Colombia; or to oblige them to buy what it cannot sell, as it is now doing, and to form a confederacy for purposes of controlling them."

Martí believed this antagonism to be fundamental, and it led him to postulate the existence of two separate Americas perpetually in conflict: "Our America" or Latin America, and the "Other America" that threatened it. (The place of Canada in his scheme was unclear. There is only one reference in *Inside the Monster* that gives any clues at all, a report of a meeting of the American Annexation League in New York at which Canadian delegates were present. While there is a certain fatalism in Martí's description of pro-annexation sentiment in Canada he clearly does not favour it, and he refers to "the Canadians at the meeting — the Canadians, who are known by number instead of name so their native government will not accuse them of treason.")

Influenced by present-day expressions of American expansion such as Vietnam, the revisionist school of American historians has traced the roots of that expansionism back to events of the nineteenth century. Martí was no revisionist historian but a contemporary observer of those same events, who often foresaw their consequences with telling accuracy, and his view of them has a passion and freshness of perspective that no later writer can recapture.

The appeal of Martí's observations of American life is different, perhaps, but no less enduring. Martí began by being fascinated by the United States, and that fascination, mixed sometimes with admiration, sometimes with horror, and often with elements of both, never left him. He saw America in a period of considerable accomplishment, rapid growth, carefree optimism, and unbridled excess, and all its contradictory elements come through in his descriptions.

"What a bustle!" was his response to the amusement park at Coney Island, then newly opened. "What flow of money! What facilities for pleasure! What absolute absence of all sadness or visible poverty! Everything is in the open air; the noisy groups, the vast dining halls, that peculiar courtship of North Americans into which enter almost none of the elements which make up the modest, tender, exalted love found in our lands. The theatre, the photographic studio, the ba-

thing booths; everything in the open. Some get weighed, for to North Americans to weigh a pound more or less is a matter of positive joy or real grief. . . . Others laugh uproariously when one fellow succeeds in hitting a Negro on the nose with a ball, a poor Negro who, for a miserable wage, sticks his head out of a hole in a cloth and is busied day and night eluding with grotesque movements the balls pitched at him."

Recent years have seen a renaissance of this kind of highly personal and subjective journalism, but even the best of this "New Journalism", which is of course really not new at all, lacks the commitment and willingness to make moral and political judgments that mark Martí's writing.

Inside the Monster introduces the reader to only part of Martí's astonishing range, but the planned future volumes in the series will give a fuller idea of the variety of his areas of interest and knowledge. Volume II will cover Martí's writings on the Cuban revolution — of which he was the main organizer, skillfully regrouping the forces left in disarray after the defeat of the first Cuban uprising in 1878 — and Latin America; while Volume III will include selections of his writing on the arts, his poetry and stories for children.

Not all of Martí is easy to read. His Spanish is considered idiosyncratic and difficult although beautiful, and it has generally been thought almost impossible to translate. There are places in *Inside the Monster* where one understands why. But more frequently, the clarity of Martí's perception transcends all these difficulties, and the translations, some of them older collections and some newly done by Elinor Randall, allow that quality to come through. Martí's references are sometimes obscure but Philip S. Foner's notes help the reader over the rough spots and put many of Martí's judgments in historical perspective.

In North America, his "Other America", José Martí is unlikely ever to win the hero-worship that has been lavished on him in his native Cuba, nor perhaps should he, or anybody. But Americans have unjustly neglected Martí while raising figures of far lesser importance to that kind of near-cult status, and they could do worse than rediscover this self-admitted stranger in their midst who understood them so well.

REVISIONIST OF THE MONTH

PRAGUE (AFP) — Are extra-terrestrial civilizations — if they exist — unaware of class struggle? According to remarks made several days ago in Prague during the first Czechoslovak seminar on life and extra-terrestrial civilizations by Mr. Vladimír Ruml, director of the Marxism-Leninism Institute, attached to the Central Committee of the Communist Party, this hypothesis may be plausible.

Mr. Ruml, whose statements were quoted Tuesday by "Mlada Fronta", organ of the Czech Youth, came out strongly opposed to any assertion which would tend to provoke cosmophobia or the fear of harmful consequences to humanity in the event of contact with an extra-terrestrial civilization.

Spatial society, which will be able to enter into contact with other civilizations, will "very probably be a society without classes, all of whose members will have concerted interests," added Mr. Ruml.

— *Le Devoir*, January 28, 1976

Cannon fodder for 'the monster'

by MEL WATKINS

Falconbridge: Portrait of a Canadian Mining Multinational, by John Deverell and the Latin American Working Group. James Lorimer & Co./Toronto. 184 pp.

The doyen of Canadian historians, Harold Innis, taught us that each of the great staple trades left its peculiar mark on Canada. To study the behaviour of the mining industry, and read the rantings of its leaders, is to suspect that mining as a staple produces a particularly reprehensible capitalist. The industry mouthpiece, *The Northern Miner*, not only sees socialists under every bed, but seems almost to derive a perverse satisfaction from reporting how the greatest of the companies thrive in the face of apartheid in South Africa, torture in Brazil and Chile, and so on.

A muckraker's dream

A "successful" mining company is a sitting duck for the muckraker, and Falconbridge has spewed, and continues to spew, specially rancid muck. We should all feel indebted to John Deverell and LAWG for holding their noses, resisting the easy and shrill polemic, and producing this well-researched, analytical and highly readable book.

Relative to such great staple trades as cod, fur and wheat, the history of mining has been relatively neglected. An important exception, however, has been the nickel industry where we have both Warren Main's solid 1955 work, *The Canadian Nickel Industry*, and the recent (1974) and excellent *The Politics of Development* by H. V. Nelles. Deverell and LAWG have built on these classics, retelling the history of the industry in more accessible form and then moving on to their main purpose — the emergence of Falconbridge as a Canadian-owned company, its increasing absorption into the American empire culminating in its formal take-over by U.S.-controlled Superior Oil, and its nefarious activities and defiance of minimum standards of human decency in the Dominican Republic, South Africa, Namibia, Rhodesia and now Chile.

In the process, the book casts some light on matters of more than passing

concern in this country. How come Canada is so rich in resources, yet so much of them are owned by Americans? To be specific: What could be richer than the nickel-copper ores of Sudbury? And more American than the House of Morgan in the last century and Texas oil money in this?

It was Canadians who discovered the Sudbury ores and Canadian capitalists were to fight a protracted, but losing, battle to bring some of them under their control. The U.S. Navy, J.P. Morgan and U.S. Steel were formidable opponents, but a neglected theme in Canadian history that emerges clearly from the study of the nickel industry is the repeated necessity for foreign capital to suppress domestic capital and the active role of the Canadian state as the agent of suppression.

Falconbridge emerged in 1928 out of the ashes of Canadian challenges to International Nickel Co. (Inco) and was allowed to survive — just as Ludwig Mond of Wales long had, prior to its take-over by Inco in the same year — under Inco's price umbrella. World War II brought home to U.S. military strategists their extreme dependence on Inco. A threat of anti-trust against Inco in 1946 was followed by an active policy of stockpiling strategic materials, including nickel, that accelerated during the Korean War and extended down through the '50s. Falconbridge benefitted greatly from the largesse of the U.S. state. Indeed, its very success — while control remained in the hands of founder Thayer Lindsley with an uncorporate propensity to take real risks — set the stage for a wave of reorganizations and mergers that culminated in the take-over of Falconbridge by Howard Keck's Superior Oil in 1967.

Low world of high finance

Deverell and LAWG give us the fascinating and highly informative details of this epic chapter in the low world of high finance. The cast of characters is impressive: Robert Anderson, former U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense shortly to become Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury; the estates of Canadian mining magnate J.P. Bickell, auto magnate R.S. McLaughlin and others, administered by the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and National Trust; Power

Corporation and its then vice-president Maurice Strong; the huge Oppenheimer Anglo-American empire; C. D. Howe's protégé, J. D. Barrington; and Superior Oil, the largest of the independent oil producers in the U.S. All were in on the wake — and presumably on the take — but at the end a key role was played by Neil McKinnon, President of the CIBC, when he chose to deal with Keck; it is consistent with McGill economist Tom Naylor's thesis that it takes a Canadian banker to undo Canadian control of the productive sectors of the Canadian economy.

The Sudbury story

Separate chapters tell us about Sudbury — the blighted environment and the tenacious survival of Mine Mill and Smelter Workers Local 598 — about Falconbridge Dominicana (Falcondo), and about the Blanket Mine in Rhodesia (Zimbabwe), Western Platinum in South Africa, and Oamites Mining Co. in Namibia.

More information could have been given about Falconbridge/Superior Oil involvement in Canada's internal Third World North of 60. Falconbridge, and hence Superior Oil, controls Giant Yellowknife Mines, a company well known to those of us in the Yellowknife area for producing both gold and arsenic. Superior Oil also owns and controls Canadian Superior Oil which is active in exploration in the North and is a member of the Arctic Gas consortium that wants to push a gas pipeline down the Mackenzie Valley through Indian land. The combination adds up to a kind of modern version of the old smallpox-in-the-blankets routine.

Falconbridge is a good book about a bad company. It is a company that is perhaps archetypically Canadian. From Canadian resources and off the backs of Canadian workers it grows, is taken over by U.S. capital, and uses Canada as the base to rip off the Third World. But there should be no inference that if Falconbridge had remained Canadian-owned the nature of the beast would have been morally altered. Consider Brascan, Cominco and Noranda who play the same game as Falconbridge here and abroad. They await biographers as perceptively as Deverell and LAWG.

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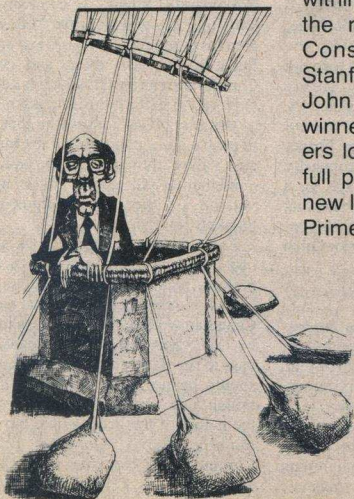
the convention and the events that led up to it. Written by a team of Last Post political reporters, this book will describe the convention from opening speeches to closing ballot, discuss the bitter divisions within the Tory party, examine the role of such prominent Conservatives as Robert Stanfield, Dalton Camp and John Diefenbaker, tell how the winner won and why the losers lost, and include the first full political biography of the new leader and potential next Prime Minister.

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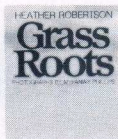
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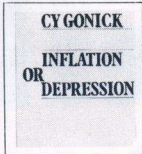
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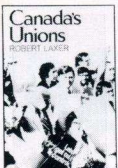


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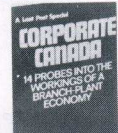
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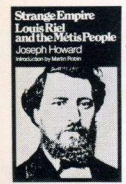
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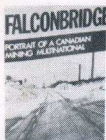
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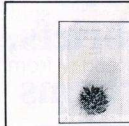
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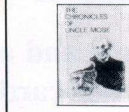


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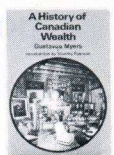
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