

Eyewitness report: battle of Phnom Penh

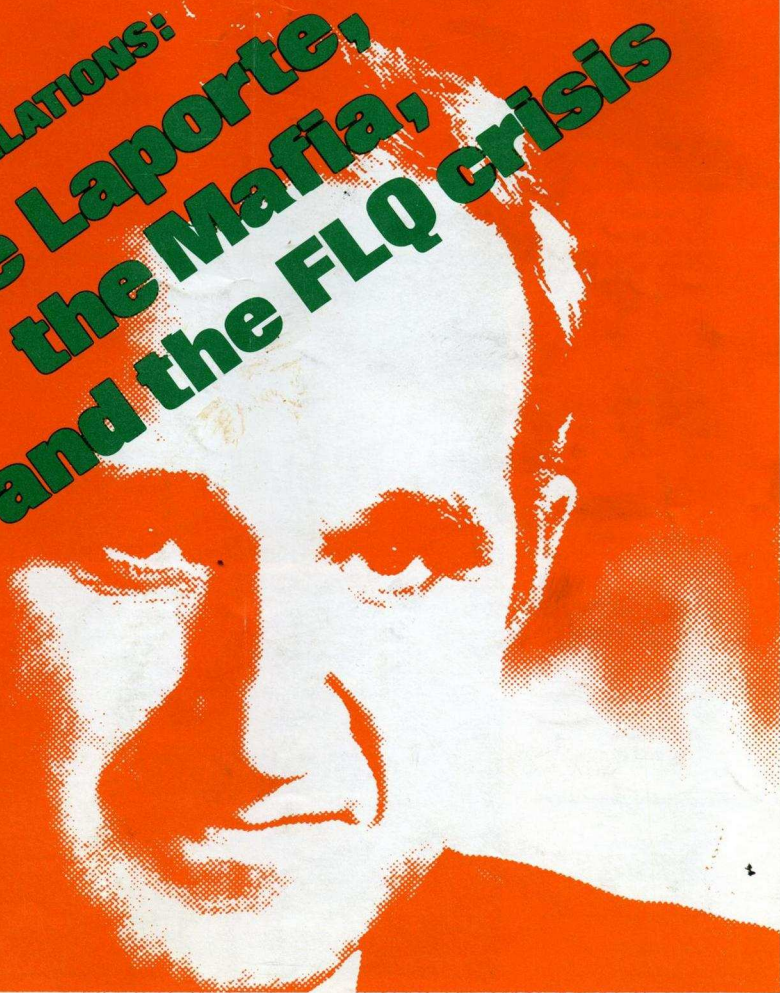
**LAPD
POST**

THE LAST POST
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**LAPD
POST**

**NEW REVELATIONS:
Pierre Laporte,
the Mafia,
and the FLQ crisis**





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THE LAST POST VOL. 3 NO. 5

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Alberta coal
p. 4

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Typographical Union

TROUBLE IN AN ERSATZ UTOPIA

Stories of resource 'rapes' generally bring to mind the girl in Norfolk, Virginia, who had brought a charge of rape against her boyfriend. The judge asked her when the alleged rape had occurred. "When did it occur?" she said. "When did it occur? Why, it was rape, rape, rape all summer long."

The rape of the Smoky River coalfields in northern Alberta by the American-controlled resource conglomerate McIntyre Porcupine Mines Ltd. is in much the same category. But — again as with the girl in Norfolk — the dubious nature of the rape doesn't mean the consequences are any less serious. Just what those consequences are has begun to come out in a remarkable public inquiry in the new town of Grande Cache, built by the Alberta government at a cost of \$7 million to accommodate McIntyre, where 150 miners were laid off without notice in February.

The commission of inquiry, headed by Norris R. (Buck) Crump, the retired chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., will resume its hearings in September. Before the summer recess, the hearings had succeeded in highlighting, according to the United Steelworkers of America who represent McIntyre's 636 remaining miners and production workers, "what's wrong with Canadian natural resource and energy policy."

The union's testimony to the inquiry urged the Alberta government to take over from McIntyre, arguing that it could produce more jobs and greater benefits to the province if it sold the coal itself through marketing boards.

Although Canada produces more coal than it consumes, most of the coal used here is imported. The big Ontario steel makers, Dofasco, Stelco and Algoma, all have captive mines in the Appala-

chian coal region of the United States: it's cheaper for them to import American coal than to transport Alberta coal across half the country. Meanwhile, almost half of Alberta's coal goes to Japan.

The Steelworkers argued that, like much of the country's energy and minerals, Alberta coal is selling too cheap. The innumerable projections that have come out of the recent energy crisis all show coal meeting an increasing proportion of the world's energy needs, and as a result its value will go up. The union suggested that Canada may be at the dawn of a new "coal age," and that Alberta should move ahead on oil-and-coal slurries in east-west pipelines that will make Alberta coal competitive with American coal for the Ontario steel companies. It also urged more research on turning coal into pollution-free gas.

McIntyre, although a novice to coal (it is involved primarily in metal mining), is the largest producer in Alberta, thanks to the former Social Credit government's big-hearted ways with giant corporations. Canadians put up nearly \$3 to every \$1 of McIntyre's to finance the takeover of some 69,000 acres that are literally mountains of coal, some of the richest lodes known anywhere. Proven reserves are half a billion tons, and potential reserves 1.5 billion tons, in the Smoky River coalfields.

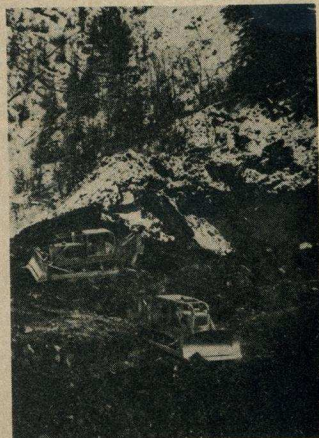
Aside from building the town of Grande Cache, Socred Premier Ernest Manning also initiated the construction of the Alberta Resources Railway to carry Smoky River coal from the Rocky Mountain foothills to CNR tracks in the south.

The Alberta Resources Railway is a candidate for the world's longest white elephant, and its cost to taxpayers has now reached \$133 million. Alberta NDP

leader Grant Notley predicts the railway will lose money "forever and a day." Alberta gets 50 cents a ton from McIntyre for the coal hauled on two trains a week, perhaps the lowest freight rates anywhere.

The federal manpower department handed the company more than \$300,000 in training grants, mostly for Grande Cache, in the past three years. Alberta gave training money too. The company's royalty to the Alberta government is a mere ten cents a ton, which Notley call "pretty ridiculous."

McIntyre matched Premier Manning's enthusiasm (and named him to the company's board of directors when he stepped down in 1969 for the dreary Harry Strom, whose government fell to Peter Lougheed's Tories in 1971). The company recruited extensively in Cape Breton and England for a well-trained,



Strip-mining in Grande Cache



'A lovely town, snuggled in the foothills'

experienced and stable work force, promising miners an ersatz utopia with modern houses, beautiful countryside and long-term job and financial security.

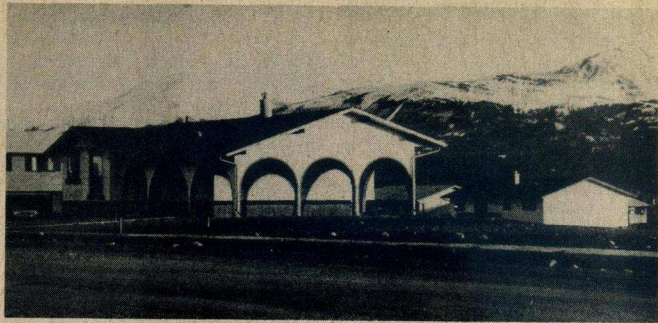
Canadian manpower and immigration officials assisted with travel loans and grants of \$1,000. Some recruiters promised fifteen years of work, based on a long-term contract with the Japanese steel industry signed in 1968.

In Glace Bay, N.S., Al Neary listened. "This fifteen years' work," he recalled at the Crump commission's hearings in June, "this seemed the drawing card to me."

The company's pitch was the same wherever it went. Neil Royal, a neighbour of Neary's in Cape Breton, said "a lot of guys *had* work at home — they came to Grande Cache for job security," and Phil Oakes, who saw McIntyre recruiting movies in Derbyshire, England, agreed that "what most guys were after was job security."

Illusions of job security came to an end with the company's layoffs in February. It was only one of what the Steelworkers called a "catalogue of broken promises." It had taken Al Neary and his wife a month to decide after McIntyre's recruiter saw him. "I never did want to leave," said Neary, the father of five, "but he made it sound so rosy.

"They said it's a lovely town, snuggled in the foothills of the Rockies. I'll never forget those words." Nor will the new settlers ever forget what they found when they came to Grande Cache in 1969. "It was just a bloody pig-pen," recalls Ged Farmer, a past president of



'He made it sound so rosy'

the Steelworkers' local 7621 and a member of the town's council.

University of Alberta anthropologist Bruce Morrison conducted a study of the new residents and their troubles. He found that "most people expressed considerable resentment about the disparities between what they had found and what they had been told to expect.

"Many of the women said they would have left the first day if they could have gotten transportation home."

There were modern houses, but hardly enough for all the migrants who came to Grande Cache. McIntyre put them up in trailers.

In England, where Ged Farmer lived, McIntyre recruiters said the highest-priced house in Grande Cache cost \$18,000. "When we got here, \$21,000 was the *lowest* price," he says.

Even the company's generous homeownership plan had a loophole. No down payments were required, so that a permanent work force with families would be attracted.

There were \$100-a-month housing subsidies too. But the miners who leave Grande Cache before ten years are up have to sell to the company. "Ironically," says Notley, "you can't even make a capital gain on 'your' own home in a free-enterprise paradise like Alberta."

McIntyre boasted of its "good relations" with the union in its recruitment drive, but safety has turned out to be a problem in the open pits and underground operations. Six men were killed in the first three years, and the union was forced into a number of work stoppages over safety, including one lasting ten days in October of 1972.

The company attributed its sudden decision to trim its work force by almost 20 per cent from 789 to two years of

losses totalling \$15 million. It described the layoffs as a "realignment" designed to make its coal operations profitable.

However, its motives are somewhat suspect, especially since at a turnover rate amounting to almost 100 per cent a year, attrition would have taken care of 150 men within three months. Some union members suspect that the layoffs were an attempt by management to look tough in order to cover up its own inefficiency and lack of expertise. The company was still hiring the day the men were laid off. In one department, orders were sent out to lay off five men where only four were employed.

The high turnover reaches into the upper echelons. The company has recently installed its third mine manager in three years, Phil Johnson, an experienced Utah and eastern-U.S. coal boss.

While the company was losing \$15 million, its top executives were enjoying the benefits of the closest thing within the law to a license to print money: stock options.

Buying their company's shares when they want, usually at static prices, Canadian executives such as McIntyre vice-president for exploration, William P.

THE NAUGHTY LADIES OF ROBERVAL

C.A. Gauthier, Social Credit member for Roberval in the Commons, has maintained that not only men but also women who cause a death during a rape or attempted rape should be hanged.

"Do you know that there are, tigress women who eat men?" he shouted during the Commons debate"

—Canadian Press, July 1973

Hammond, made large and immediate capital gains.

Hammond bought 2,800 shares of McIntyre stock in July, 1970, at a little over \$100 a share and sold them all in September and October of the same year at \$155 to \$160 a share, for a profit of at least \$112,000.

Board Chairman Marsh A. Cooper did even better. Cooper bought 30,000 shares in January 1970 for \$83.25 a share and sold 15,000 of them eight months later for \$160 a share, probably to Superior Oil, the Texas-based company that controls McIntyre.

His profit was about \$1.2 million, or nearly 100 per cent on his investment — tax-free, since these were the days before the capital-gains tax.

The Crump commission has not yet called McIntyre representatives to testify, and the layoff of 150 men while as rich an energy source as the Smoky

River coalfield remains untapped will require some explaining. Under Alberta's Public Inquiries Act, the commission has the power to probe deeply into the deal that brought McIntyre to Grande Cache.

If they do, they may disclose more about the nature of Canada's 'energy crisis' than any number of government policy puffs or academic apologies.

Marc David

PETROLEUM: 'AMITY AND COMITY'

As might be expected from a government document entitled *An Energy Policy for Canada*, but which disavows any intention to state policy, continental energy policies are not the subject of direct comment. According to the paper, released in June, the central issue in Canada's energy relations with the United States is one of price: what is to be done about increases in domestic gas and oil prices that result solely from increases in export prices? The paper lets the question slide, but not before indulging in a little staged agonizing over the constitutional problems raised by a two-price system.

While the price of energy is obviously an important issue (which is not to say that the cheapest possible price for domestic consumption is always the most desirable), it is hardly the central issue when our resources are regulated by an agency that consistently sees itself as the defender of the interests of the U.S. consumer.

The National Energy Board's terms of reference make it the chief guardian of Canadian interests in matters of energy development and use, and require it to recommend measures that "it considers necessary or advisable in the public interest." In case after case, the Board has demonstrated that it views that "public interest" in a continental rather than Canadian context.

The most recent examples are two decisions to expand substantially the capacities of pipelines carrying crude oil and natural gas to the United States.

In concurring with the NEB recommendations, the federal cabinet has vigorously denied that the \$66-million expansion of the Interprovincial Pipe

Line Ltd. facility which carries Alberta crude to Ontario and the U.S. is to be undertaken for the purpose of increasing exports. "The facilities approved today," it said, "are required to re-establish a reasonable and prudent spare capacity in Interprovincial's system and to provide greater assurance of deliveries of crude oil needed by Ontario refineries." And in what must rank as the least reassuring of reassurances, the Board's recommendation avowed: "The applicant repeatedly stated that the additional facilities applied for are not for the purpose of serving new markets."

What neither the cabinet statement nor the Board decision mentioned, of course, was that the present "reasonable and prudent spare capacity" of the Interprovincial pipeline system is being overburdened by a dramatic increase in exports — reaching an average of about 1.2 million barrels daily during the first six months of this year, close to a 50 per cent increase over a year ago. By increasing the capacity of the line to Ontario and the U.S. market, not only can the current high level of exports be maintained, but considerable pressure will develop to extend that level of exports in order to use the excess capacity.

The NEB, in a comment on another such application in 1970, said that "once a large-diameter pipeline is in place, the 'cheap expansibility' available in it gives its owners a very powerful lever in seeking supply contracts and authorizations to develop the system to optimum capacity."

While the Board's 1971 decisions to deny several applications to increase exports of natural gas, and the more recent decision to control crude oil exports, appear to place the Canadian interest above the continental interest, the overall record of the NEB suggests that these are only temporary adjustments. When long-term supply capacity is concerned — as it is in pipeline expansions — the Board has consistently opted for a continentalist approach.

The other company involved in the recent NEB decision, Westcoast Trans-



GED FARMER (TOP)
AND AL NEARY
End of an illusion

WAR IS HELL DEPT.

The United States has supplied pink bidets to Cambodia while refusing to provide Federal funds for sewer and water projects at home, Senator J.W. Fulbright said this week

—Reuter, February 10, 1973

mission Co. Ltd., has repeatedly sold gas at prices well below what was acknowledged to be in the Canadian interest, with NEB approval granted on the grounds that the gas was urgently needed on the U.S. west coast. The \$35-million expansion of the natural gas pipeline system in British Columbia which the NEB has just given it permission to undertake is for the express purpose of increasing exports.

In 1954 Westcoast made a deal to supply gas to a U.S. company, Pacific Northwest Pipeline Corporation, a 25 per cent shareholder in Westcoast, for a price at which Canadians were in effect subsidizing the U.S. purchases. The Borden Commission on Energy said in its 1958 report that Westcoast's operating profits "were coming solely from the Canadian consumer and no profit was being made by Westcoast in carrying out the terms of its contract with Pacific Northwest."

Westcoast soon ran into financial difficulties which, together with Canadian criticism, led to renegotiation of the agreement well before its 20-year lifetime was up. The U.S. Federal Power Commission rejected the new agreement, but proposed an alternative which in turn was rejected by the NEB as being outside the Canadian public interest.

However, in what Professor Ian McDougall of Dalhousie University, in his detailed analysis of the National Energy Board, describes as a "bewildering move," the NEB overruled its own objections and issued a temporary certificate to allow an export increase under the terms it had rejected. As if that were not enough, the Board went on to apologize for the temporary nature of the certificate: "The furthest thing from the Board's mind in reaching this decision is to cause any hardship to users of gas in the Pacific Northwest."

In February 1969 a compromise agreement was reached. The Canadian

regulators, says McDougall, still maintained doubts about the equity of the final price but were once more prepared to give the benefit of that doubt in favour of an increased export.

And as recently as 1970 the NEB commented on a Westcoast Transmission export application that the company was again prepared to enter a service commitment which would not allow it adequately to recover even its basic costs.

But once more the Board's conception of energy policy in a continental setting won out. The NEB gave priority to U.S. energy needs rather than hold out for a more equitable arrangement and risk a time-consuming disruption of the agreement.

For the National Energy Board a continental energy policy is not a future

threat or possibility but a happy reality. The Board's general approach is best described by one of its own statements. In a 1970 application by Alberta and Southern Gas Co. Ltd., a U.S.-owned company which in turn owns the U.S. system that purchases its gas, the NEB noted that gas supplied on a "cost-of-service" basis to a U.S. sister corporation "represents a subsidy by Canada to the United States consumers of the gas." Yet the Board approved an increase in Alberta and Southern's export line on the grounds that to do otherwise "would be inconsistent with the amity and comity which has come to characterize relations between the United States and Canada in respect of trade in natural gas."

Ernie Regehr

PARLIAMENT:

A PAT ON THE BACK

"For this Timex torture test we are fastening a watch to the jowls of the Rt. Hon. John Diefenbaker."

—Dr. Bondolo's Pandemonium Medicine Show, CBC Radio

Ottawa is perhaps the only place in Canada where bilingualism really stirs up passions. In any company town, when the employer makes major decisions affecting conditions of employment, the townspeople look with interest to see how their futures will be affected. Ottawa is the largest company town in the country. In this case, the company is the federal government; it directly employs more than forty per cent of the work force and the better part of the remainder are employed in service industries or in jobs connected with the federal presence.

An increasingly popular notion among the unilingual Anglophones who make up the core of the federal civil service is that to get ahead you have to be French-speaking. Many posts now call for bilingual applicants, and those who are proficient in English only will receive less consideration than those who are bilingual (in Ottawa, an overwhelming majority of those who are proficiently bilingual speak French as a mother tongue). As well, a number of English-speaking civil servants have been deprived of otherwise deserved promotions because of an inability or an unwillingness to learn French.

All this is not without its partisan political implications. Language policies are closely identified in voters' minds with the Liberal party. So closely, in fact, that in the English-speaking, civil-service riding of Ottawa West, voters who thought the government was going too far too fast elected Conservative Peter Reilly last October, even though Reilly was far less critical of bilingualism than the Liberal incumbent he defeated.

On the other hand, this same identification may also help explain why the Conservatives succeeded in electing only one French-speaking member from Quebec. It is an image which Robert Stanfield would dearly love to repair. Thus, the headlines in the French-

A TIME FOR EVERY PURPOSE UNDER HEAVEN

Mr. Lethbridge [deputy grand master of the Loyal Orange Association in Newfoundland] expressed the view that the fighting in Ulster is not a religious war, "but mostly trouble stirred up by Communists."

Mr. Lethbridge said he had been told by two people who visited Northern Ireland recently, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant, that "there might be a little bit of trouble over religion, but it's mostly communism."

The people involved in the terrorist activity, he said, "are up all night fighting, sleeping all day and living on welfare. That's what I've been told."

—St. John's Evening Telegram, May 12, 1973

language newspapers the day after the June bilingualism vote could hardly have been very gratifying to the Tory leader.

Sixteen Conservatives vote against bilingualism resolution, the headlines stressed. The fact that a large majority of Conservative members had voted for the resolution received less attention.

In similar vein, John Diefenbaker's long, biting and highly theatrical tirade against bilingualism, in which he claimed, among other things, still to be wildly popular in Quebec, attracted at least as much notice as Stanfield's reasoned pleas in favour of the bilingualism resolution.

The government resolution, purporting to "reaffirm" the foundations of bilingualism already approved in the Official Languages Act of 1969, contained nine principles for the protection

of the careers of unilingual (i.e. English-speaking) civil servants and the promotion of the use of French in the civil service.

While the government's sincerity with respect to bilingualism is not really open to doubt, its motives in bringing forth the resolution were, to say the least, questionable.

One of the explanations the Liberals had come up with for their poor showing in last year's election was that opposition candidates had exploited the language question to gain votes.

"I know there are members sitting in the Conservative ranks who, during the election, tried to divide Canada," said Prime Minister Trudeau in a January speech which must surely mark the low point of his political career. The bilingualism vote partly proved his contention, although not everybody parallels

PETAWAWA HAPPY-TIME COMMUNE

"We are looking at our advertising procedures to see whether they tend to be too Establishment-oriented," Mr. Hutchins [a recruiting officer for the Canadian Forces] said. "Do we have enough bright colours and snappy headlines?"

—*Toronto Globe and Mail*,
June 13, 1973

bilingualism and national unity quite so closely as does the prime minister.

It was asserted in defence of the resolution that it was necessary to reaffirm parliament's faith in official bilingualism. But the support repeatedly pledged by all party leaders left little doubt as to the outcome. If the government really wanted so badly to be patted

THE ANGLICIZATION OF HULL

National unity does not revolve solely around the language question, and still less around the federal bureaucracy's ability to operate in both of the country's official languages. It remains more important for the average French-speaking Quebecer to be able to speak French at his work in Quebec than hypothetically to be able to speak French at a civil-service post in Ottawa.

Working toward one goal does not necessarily help the other, as residents of Hull are beginning to find out. Hull is a predominantly French-speaking industrial city on the Quebec side of the Ottawa River, directly across from the capital. Up to now it has maintained a separate identity from Ottawa.

Hull is older and shabbier than its neighbour, and unlike Ottawa it is not free from industrial grime. If it has a disproportionate number of bars for a city of its size, it is due not to any alcoholic propensity on the part of the Hullois, but to the restrictive nature of the liquor laws in adjacent Ontario.

One day it was decided that Hull should house some of Ottawa's bureaucratic overflow. This was prompted by suggestions that the Quebec side should enjoy some of the direct economic benefit of the government presence. Before long construction had begun on several concrete-glass-and-steel structures of the type that blemish the Ottawa skyline, and Hull was on its way to becoming an extension of the federal-government company town.

The process would not be complete without destroying Hull's industrial base. For generations the largest employer in Hull has been the E.B. Eddy Paper Co. Within sight of the parliament buildings are an ugly Eddy pulp mill, a smelly Eddy sulphite mill and numerous other Eddy installations, and these provided

Ottawa's only daily contact with some of the harsh realities of modern industrialism.

This pollution-creating pulp-and-paper complex was felt to be a disgrace to the national capital area, and plans were drawn up to phase out and relocate Eddy's factories and mills. This shift in Hull's economic base will have wide repercussions upon the community. *City Report*, an Ottawa civic affairs publication, put it this way:

"Hull will take on an increasingly English character. Rather than relocating those departments with at least some pretensions to bilingualism, the federal presence, characterized by highly anglophone departments, will make it even more difficult for the residents to Hull to live in French.

"Eddy's is another case in point. It offered employment to unilingual Francophones with high school education. Maybe not great jobs, but jobs. And the civil service doesn't — it offers employment to Francophones if they are bilingual and relatively well educated. For many present residents, employment opportunities will have been reduced."

The department of consumer and corporate affairs and the department of the environment, both characterized by higher than average proportions of unilingual English-speaking employees, have recently taken up new quarters in Hull, and this should help speed up the city's Anglicization.

However well-intentioned the federal presence in Hull may be, it demonstrates the folly of the notion that bilingualism necessarily promotes the use of French. Hull is becoming more bilingual, but the use of French is declining.

E.H.

on the back, it could have called for votes to reaffirm any of hundreds of Acts of Parliament.

Stanfield's ploy of amending the resolution to enact the nine points into law rather than mere principle may have gained favour both from those who want their unilingual careers protected and from those who want the use of French advanced, but it gained none from the Liberals, who professed to be concerned about flexibility in administering the Official Languages Act, or from the New Democrats, who either agreed with the Liberals or were unwilling to run the risk of toppling them on this issue. Still, Stanfield's overall support of bilingualism showed him to be very much aware that his party's long-term interests require a little patching up in Quebec.

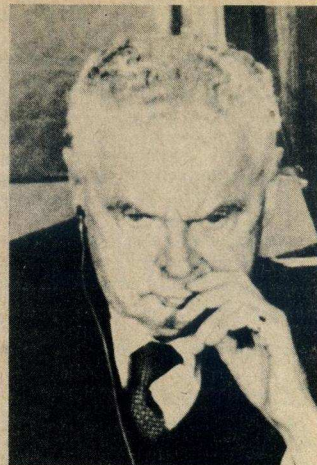
So, for that matter, do everybody's. For the injustices to English-speaking civil servants that have received so much attention are infinitesimal compared to what Francophones in the civil service have been subject to for more than a century, and are still putting up with. The use of French has not exactly gotten out of hand. A large majority of positions in the civil service remain open to unilingual Anglophones, but only a tiny number are open to unilingual Francophones.

According to a report prepared for the Treasury Board, those in French-language units in 1971 constituted less than five per cent of the central bureaucracy. If you take away those services directly connected with the French language — the language bureau, the translation bureau and others — this figure drops to 1.1 per cent. Of the federal civil servants in Quebec, whose population is more than 80 per cent French-speaking, only 55 per cent are in French-language units.

Of the 610 people holding senior civil-service posts in 1971, only 88 were French-speaking. The number of posts has since increased to 777 (774 men and three women), but no linguistic breakdown is yet available.

Recruitment has continued to favour English-speaking applicants: 71.3 per cent of new recruits between 1966 and 1971 were unilingual Anglophones. Quebec City has an enormous pool of experienced and qualified French-speaking civil servants, but the Public Service Commission closed its recruiting office there in 1969.

Tens of millions of dollars have been spent offering language training to civil servants, but only 8.1 per cent of those



REILLY (L) AND DIEFENBAKER
A diversity of opinion

taking the courses went far enough to attain the desired level of proficiency, bringing the cost to \$29,000 per bilingual civil servant. Since these courses mostly benefit English-speaking civil servants, one might expect that there would be other courses in professional improvement available to French-speaking civil servants, but at the time of the study, of 137 courses for occupational training offered by the Bureau of Staff Development and Training of the Public Service Commission, only eleven were available in French.

The bilingualism program has not been a complete success.

One would never know it, however, from the evils attributed to it by the 16 recalcitrant Tories. Geoffrey Stevens, the new *Ottawa* columnist for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, was clearly stretching a point when he wrote that Stanfield "has turned the divided, dispirited collection of has-beens, reactionaries and mindless populists that he inherited from John Diefenbaker into a respectable and in many ways progressive political force," but it was Diefenbaker and his ilk who effectively blocked the modest progress Stanfield had hoped to make in the eyes of Quebec voters.

The factionalism in the Conservative party provided the only excitement during the debate and — one might suspect — the impetus for the resolution. Not all members were as vocal, however, as Peter Reilly, who called for the

expulsion of the 16 from the caucus. Claude Wagner, the messiah who failed, declared not wholly convincingly that the internal split showed there was a healthy diversity of opinion within the party. It may take the party a while to recover from its healthy diversity.

The *Ottawa Citizen* also showed a healthy diversity of opinion. "A large majority of the House of Commons clearly supports the principle of government bilingualism, and wants to see it put into practice," ran the lead editorial on June 4, two days before the vote. "Some among the Conservatives and one or two New Democrats will likely be opposed. But the result is a foregone conclusion.

"Nevertheless, the debate will have been a useful exercise. A majority for the bilingualism policy, coupled with unequivocal statements by all the party leaders, can have a unifying effect."

Five days later the *Citizen* had

FINE DISTINCTION OF THE MONTH

"People will put us back with the greatest majority we've ever had," [former British Columbia Premier W.A.C. Bennett] told 496 delegates. "These fearful little socialists have a majority in only one place in B.C. — in the legislature."

—*Canadian Press*, March 26, 1973

changed its mind. Editor Christopher Young wrote in his column:

"What happened in Parliament on Wednesday afternoon was a tragedy for Robert Stanfield, a disaster for the Conservative Party, and a grave misfortune for the country. The overwhelming Commons vote in favour of the principles of bilingualism in the public service cannot mask the significance and nature of the event."

No attempt was made to explain this diversity. But if the *Citizen* did not know quite what to make of the whole episode, it was not alone.

Eric Hamovitch

CONSERVATIVES: JIM FINDS HIS NICHE

One of the crosses the Conservative party had to bear in the dark period that preceded the 1972 election was its finance critic, Marcel Lambert, an Edmonton lawyer in his mid-fifties whose considerable girth and general demeanor had earned him the nickname of 'Porky.'

Lambert's chief claim to attention was to have served unmemorably as Speaker of the House in 1962-63 when Prime Minister John Diefenbaker had to go as far west as Alberta to find a Speaker who could pass for a French Canadian, and then to have done a two-month stint as Minister of Veterans' Affairs during the last gasp of the Conservative government.

As finance critic he even succeeded in the not inconsiderable achievement of making John Turner look good by comparison. As long as the Conservatives were hopelessly mired in opposition, Lambert couldn't do anybody much harm. But in 1972, the Tories were looking to be taken seriously, by the country at large and especially by big business, as a potential government. A potential government doesn't have a 'Porky' as its finance critic. Lambert had to go.

In James Midford Gillies, the Tories found the replacement they were looking for. Here was an academic, with a Ph.D. in economics, the Dean of Administrative Studies at York University, and the author of such works as *Metropolis: Values in Conflict and Management in the Light Construction*

Industry. But this was no mere stary-eyed professor. No, sir. A man with experience in the practical side of economic life as well. He was, after all, a member of the boards of directors of such corporations as Zellers Ltd., Zenith Ltd., Eddy Match Co., Markborough Properties, and Fidinam (Ontario) Ltd.

Nor was he entirely without political experience. In the almost 20 years he had spent in the United States he had gravitated to the fringes of the Republican Party; a biographical sketch in the *Toronto Telegram* once described him as having "worked for . . . Richard M. Nixon in 1962 when Mr. Nixon was campaigning unsuccessfully against Governor Edmund (Pat) Brown in California" but, in a glib, self-effacing denial of the sort that is characteristic of him, Gillies says he was approached to write speeches by members of the Nixon entourage but "never did anything about it." Always the realist, Gillies voted for LBJ against Barry Goldwater in 1964.

He spent 14 years teaching at the University of California at Los Angeles, during which he, like other successful academics, also engaged in the lucrative profession of consulting; the city of Los Angeles, the states of California and Hawaii, various U.S. government agencies, the Organization of American States and many private corporations found his services useful. He accumulated a few directorships in the U.S. too, presaging his future Canadian career.

In 1965 York University, hunting for prestige, dipped down to Los Angeles and brought Gillies back to the land of his birth to head its new Faculty of Administrative Studies. As Dean, he brought high-powered American professors and a juicy Ford Foundation grant to the suburban Toronto university.

In 1969 York's founding president, Murray Ross, retired, and a committee searching for a successor came up with

three names for the consideration of university governing bodies: John Saywell, York's Dean of Arts, Albert Allen of the University of Toronto and David Slater of Queen's University. The board of governors, representing business interests, insisted on a fourth name: Jim Gillies. This caused a crisis in the university that was resolved to no one's real satisfaction with the appointment of Slater in 1970.

"Gillies," reported the *Pro Tem*, the student newspaper at York's Glendon College, "was too closely allied to the board and therefore unacceptable to faculty. Saywell had publicly criticized the board and was unacceptable to them. Slater said nothing and got the job." Two years later, Slater was forced to resign in the midst of another crisis.

Gillies left his own university position early in 1972, having meanwhile picked up the chairmanship of the Ontario Economic Council, the Ontario Tories' imitation of the Economic Council of Canada, as well as his scattering of directorships. Curiously, the only directorship he saw any need to abandon at the time of his appointment to the Council was Fidinam (Ontario).

Fidinam (Ontario)'s parent, Fidinam S.A. of Lugano, Switzerland, acts as a conduit for the investment of anonymous European clients' money in Canadian real estate. Fidinam is the owner of record of millions of dollars worth of land in downtown Toronto, Canada's richest real-estate market. According to a report by Philip Mathias in the *Financial Post* in 1972, it is widely suspected in Lugano that much of Fidinam's money comes across the nearby Italian border in suitcases, fleeing Italy's taxes, inflation and political instability.

Gillies' presence on Fidinam (Ontario)'s board gave the company the Tory connection essential to success in the province. Gillies says he took a leave of absence from the board on June

YVON CHARBONNEAU SUPERSTAR

QUEBEC — The largest teachers' union in Quebec, the Corporation des enseignants du Quebec, told its own version of the Easter story over the weekend, casting its president, Yvon Charbonneau, in the role of Jesus Christ.

The 70,000-member union spent several thousand dollars to run ads in five French-language newspapers (a sixth refused) on two publishing days, drawing a cartoon parallel between the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and the jailing of Charbonneau.

The advertisements have created a minor controversy within the CEQ. The incident serves as an indication of the continued decline of religious sensitivity across the province. . . .

—Richard Cleroux, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, April 25, 1973



Photo: David Lloyd

GILLIES
Glib and a bit too modest

28, 1971, and formally resigned on February 1, 1972. Between those two dates Fidinam donated \$50,000 to the Ontario Conservative party, a month after the provincial cabinet had approved a property deal between Fidinam and the Workmen's Compensation Board.

In September 1972 Fidinam was still using Gillies' name as a member of its board ("My resignation had not been formally acted upon," is Gillies' explanation). Not long afterward, in one of the series of scandals that has peppered the government of Premier William Davis, the story of Fidinam's deal with the Ontario cabinet hit the Toronto papers, and Fidinam, like Darcy McKeough a couple of months earlier, became a dirty word (Gillies: "I almost wish I hadn't resigned from the board before so that I could have resigned then").

By this time, Gillies was off running hard against free-spending Liberal Bob Kaplan in the Toronto riding of Don Valley (Kaplan had spent \$68,000 to defeat Dalton Camp in 1968), with the hope of becoming finance minister in a new Tory government. He not only outpolled Kaplan but, more remarkably, also outspent him, and here Gillies' modest denial was a bit *too* modest. "I honestly don't know the exact figure, but it was under \$50,000," he told the *Toronto Star* in November; the figure for his campaign expenditures was later officially placed at \$64,000.

For reasons best known to the Tories, Gillies was not appointed the party's sole financial critic, being made instead part of a trinity with Lambert and Opposition Leader Robert Stanfield. But he quickly emerged as *primus inter pares*, and has been regularly quoted with favour in the business papers and the newly Conservative *Toronto Star*.

Soon after his election he adopted the Science Council of Canada's suggestion that Canadian industry needs fewer and larger companies as a result of the limited size of the Canadian market, but with an enthusiasm the Council perhaps never intended: "We need more mergers," he said flatly. At the same time he said the government should move to break up what he called "monopoly unions." Since then he has emerged as the chief spokesman for a sophisticated version of the latest Conservative hobby-horse, wage and price controls, which he maintains have been successful in the United States (many American economists dispute that); the *Financial Post* characterized Gillies' proposal as being "similar to President Nixon's Phase One and Two."

It's a long way from old Porky.

One tantalizing thought remains. If Gillies had stayed in the United States, considering the level he had reached in the business-academic profession, the circles in which he moved and his Republican Party connections, he might conceivably have been offered a post in the Nixon Administration after 1968. In 1972, instead of running on a ticket with Robert Stanfield, he might have found himself working in one of the tentacles of the Committee to Re-elect the President.

Despite the at least temporary frustration of his desire to become finance minister, Jim Gillies is no doubt glad he returned to Canada when he did. There are probably others who wish they had followed him.

Robert Chodos

THE NDP: NO SURPRISE, NO SHIFT

Not many surprises emerged from the NDP's biennial convention at Vancouver in July.

Not surprisingly, there was no serious challenge to the leadership. Not surprisingly, most of the policy resolutions which reached the convention floor passed without much wrangling. Least surprisingly of all, the left caucus, that pale shadow of the Waffle, had little influence on either.

David Lewis spoke of how the balance of power held by his caucus in the federal parliament was helping to better

LEFT LITHP LOUDETHT

"If ever there was any doubt about it before, there certainly should be none now — the mining industry is into a battle for its very existence. Not surprisingly, the ideas promulgated in a report to the Manitoba government on natural resources policy by Mr. Eric Kierans, the socialistic professor of economics at McGill University, have been espoused by the *Toronto Star*, which has the distinction of being a fellow traveller with Mr. Kierans from a long way back

" . . . The schizophrenic *Star*, which supported the Progressive Conservatives in the last federal election, might try talking out of both sides of its mouth at once, but if it does, it is now painfully evident that the loudest voice will be the one advocating policies that spell the demise of the mining industry. As an ally it is one that the Conservatives can well afford to do without."

—*Northern Miner*, 22 March 1973

LET MY PEOPLE GO

TEL AVIV — District court here yesterday rejected an application by Meir Kahane, the leader of the militant Jewish Defence League, to go to the United States for one month during the time Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev will be there.

—Reuter, June 5, 1973

the lot of the average Canadian. Premiers Barrett, Blakeney and Schreyer spoke of their records of solid accomplishment. And with the mood of relative euphoria that all this produced in many delegates, little was the surprise that when the ballots for party executive and federal council were counted, the names that came up on top were without exception the names recommended by the party hierarchy.

Little was the surprise, either, that many of the policy resolutions received a less than thorough discussion on the convention floor. In large part this was due to the work of the resolutions committee, which in the days preceding the convention went through a myriad of resolutions submitted by riding associations, provincial councils, affiliated union locals and the federal caucus, and produced a more or less coherent set of resolutions, moderately progressive but not radical, dealing with matters of substance but not questioning basics. The committee did as it was supposed to, and most of the resolutions which reached the convention floor were sufficiently predigested to eliminate much of the desire for detailed discussion there.

There were, for example, at least a dozen resolutions dealing with energy policy, with approaches varying from vague controls over the petroleum industry to complete nationalization. What the committee produced was a resolution calling for the establishment of controls in the form of national energy planning and marketing boards, nationalization of interprovincial and in-

ternational pipelines, and the creation of a crown corporation to compete with the private sector in oil exploration, processing and distribution. A motion on the floor calling for complete nationalization met with little support. Plainly the NDP is a social democratic rather than a socialist party, and that should have come as no surprise either.

There was little rejoicing among the different representatives of the left. What few cards they held were not skillfully played. In his opening remarks, Lewis said that he was not certain whether he could tolerate the Liberals very much longer. Obviously he recognized that not everyone in the party was altogether happy with the results of the parliamentary session. But neither was everyone altogether happy with the virulence of the attacks upon the parliamentary arrangement with the Liberals.

The ideological purity of the attackers failed to impress most of the delegates. Their humourless and self-righteous approach failed to sway the crowd. Their highly antagonistic attitude failed to gain them much sympathy, and served if anything to strengthen rather than weaken the moral authority of the "Liberal collaborationists".

Things did not go much better for the left during the policy debates. Some of those who took part stuck to the issues at hand and avoided unnecessary rhetoric and antagonism. They made little headway. Others who were less tactful made no headway at all. One speaker insisted that the most important issue facing the country was something called "the recycling of workers". Her cheering squad in the bleachers boomed and applauded at the appropriate times like extras in a grade-B movie, providing what was undoubtedly the best comic-opera performance of the convention.

The women's caucus showed that with sufficient preparation and without too much disagreement from the party hierarchy it was possible to gain higher priority for resolutions of particular in-

terest to them and to get these resolutions through.

But if the left was, to put it mildly, ineffectual, it did not mean that the party was necessarily moving to the right. Even when the Waffle was at its height it did not exert a strong influence on party policy, however much organization, preparation and stamina it was able to muster. When a resolution comes to a vote, a large minority is still a minority.

With the Waffle gone the party may have fewer leftists in its ranks, but that does not necessarily mean it stands further to the right. All it means is that the party hierarchy has to fight less hard to make its point of view prevail.

Anthony Westell, Ottawa bureau chief of the *Toronto Star*, called it "guided democracy". He asserted that there was little in any of the resolutions that could not be accepted by reform-minded Liberals, and he wittily referred to the New Democrats as the "New Liberals". Of course, reform-minded Liberals have not yet managed to adopt official party policies on energy or other important matters, but that is beside the point. No doubt Westell would have been happier if dissension had been rife and if radical policies had been adopted, so that he could write that the NDP was a divided party and that it had adopted unrealistic policies.

But Westell was not alone in detecting a drift toward liberalism. Paul Lachance, editorial writer for the Quebec City daily *Le Soleil*, asserted approvingly that the NDP's shift to a more moderate stance would help it gain the votes it had never had east of the Ontario border. What shift? When has the NDP been less "moderate"?

"More pragmatic than doctrinaire," wrote the *Ottawa Citizen*, "as indicated by the stand taken against nationalizing all resource industries, the party has reiterated that it rejects theory and rhetoric in favour of reality."

The *Calgary Herald* was even more emphatic:

"In calling for control rather than ownership the NDP appears to recognize that a government can regulate an industry without owning it. This willingness to abandon time-honoured but obsolete goals is a welcome sign that the NDP is accepting the values of the nation it seeks to govern."

Or else maybe accepting the values of the *Calgary Herald*.

Eliot Holmes

SOUL FOOD

From time to time, during the past few years, I have received letters and even urgent long distance telephone calls from readers beseeching me to repeat here just one more time my justly famed recipe for soupe aux pois, the magic and nourishing dish which, in some quarters, has been given credit for large French-Canadian families and by others has been blamed for the spread of separatism in La Belle Province. (It is believed that after a couple of bowls of real habitant pea soup French-Canadians feel so self-satisfied and full of restless energy that they no longer want to have any truck or trade with the undernourished and listless Wasps in other parts of the country.)

—Bruce West, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, February 27, 1973

THE EMPIRE: HOW TO MAKE BUCKS OUT OF CANUCKS

According to James Eays, that doyen of liberal chic, those whom imperialists would colonize they first submit to study. It's an astute point, but in the case of Canada one is tempted to revise the formula to "... they eventually submit to study." For, as all us sensitive Canucks have been saying for years, our masters have tended to take us for granted. An anxious Yankus thinking about unloading Up North and looking for some real good advice had almost nothing to fall back on except Edmund Wilson's *O Canada* and the latest issue of *Field and Stream*. It's a wonder they got by.

But times have changed, and so, some say, have we. Did you see that article in *Atlantic*; or how about that put-on in *National Lampoon*? And if you're still not convinced, then you should see what your friendly neighbourhood American corporation has on its Canadiana reading list these days.

If it invests in this country — and who doesn't? — chances are that a best-seller in the boardroom is an innocuous-looking booklet of ninety pages called *Canada in Transition*, published by Business International Corporation of New York, a publishing and consulting firm which works exclusively on behalf of multinational corporations. At just sixty bucks a copy, the price may sound a trifle inflated, but there's enough in those ninety pages — from incentives maps to analyses of our tax laws to the address of the head office of every Canadian bank — to save any U.S. executive with northern fever a lot of digging.

Appropriately enough, *Canada in Transition* sports a handsome red maple leaf on its cover and kicks off with P. Trudeau's gripping declaration that "we are building a new society in Canada." Parts of it, for instance the chapter on our "political options," have that odour of vacuous rhetoric (we are "undergoing a phase of intensive self-examination") that makes one suspect Mitchell Sharp of moonlighting.

However, *Canada in Transition* is mostly about how to make bucks out of Canucks, so the ninety concise pages cover a lot of ground: our attitudes and "policies" toward foreign investment; our "new industrial strategy," better known as the incentives system; our new tax laws; the Canadian labour situation; how to finance operations in Canada; and an extended profile of the Canadian market.

All this is interspersed with fascinating tidbits of practical advice for the well-meaning but ignorant gringo. We learn to play "linguistic diplomacy" in French Canada: "Learn the 200 French and 200 English [?] words and expressions needed to ask simple questions and to read signs." You know, like "Où est la banque?"

The executive is given a fast course on the major theses of Canada's economic nationalists. If he is itchy and "on the acquisition path," he is urged to discuss his plans "with the Canadian Ministry of Trade and Commerce to avoid unnecessary ruffling of local feathers." And as additional assurance against feather-ruffling, affiliates are en-

couraged to sell us a little equity: "Giving Canadians an opportunity to buy shares in foreign-owned subsidiaries helps diffuse the strong nationalistic currents that pervade the country." The result, says BI quoting one of our petroleum captains, is "confident Canadianism," not "negative nationalism."

We have BI's word that a Good Corporate Citizen can really get ahead up here. "Firms operating in Canada see this prosperous country as a highly rewarding and desirable market The high standard of living, the growth potential of the country, and the willingness of the Canadian consumer to try and buy new products all contribute to making Canada a most attractive market for both consumer and industrial goods." Indeed, the central theme throughout the report is that the multinational which is flexible enough to adapt to the "wants and needs" of the new Canada can still make a killing.

The only bleak paragraphs of this otherwise cheery survey have to do with Quebec. BI undoubtedly has a contingency plan for making profits out of separatism, but at the moment it professes to be uncomfortable with the whole notion. English-Canadian nationalism may be an inoffensive WASP whose stinger can be drawn with a lot of tact and a little equity, but "for international companies planning an investment or expansion in Canada, Quebec separatism poses a distinct threat to their long-term growth in the country."

A PAGE FROM 'CANADA IN TRANSITION' For the executive with northern fever

Using Linguistic Diplomacy in Canada

The following are some easy steps that may help foreign businessmen avoid unnecessary involvement in the current linguistic quarrels and still maintain good relations with all Canadian consumer and labor groups:

- Use bilingual labeling of products, services and even advertising, with emphasis on French in the Quebec market.

recently, top management positions. Many French-speaking Quebecers believe that their small role in business has in turn held back their political and cultural position.

Quebec awareness became recognizable in the early '60s with the Quiet Revolution and with the spread of French-language television. Political change in the early '60s led to a modernization of education, which had been dominated by the Roman Catholic clergy, and a shift in emphasis to

IT'S ALL SO NEW AND EXCITING

Back in April 1972, a brief tempest was stirred up in Ottawa when our watch-dog press got hold of a memo inviting a large group of U.S. executives to attend a three-day roundtable session with Pierre Trudeau, his cabinet and the rest of the cream of Canada's political elite. Those receiving the memo were offered a confidential briefing report and promised "an unparalleled opportunity to suggest modifications" to the as-yet-unpublished legislation on foreign ownership.

The authors of the memo were the Business International Corporation, and the briefing report — which thanked Canadian government officials for assistance "in facilitating the preparation of this memorandum and checking it for factual accuracy" — was evidently an early, secret edition of *Canada in Transition*. Before coupling could occur, however, the Prime Minister's Office pronounced the memos, not to mention their leakage, "unfortunate" and reluctantly cancelled the event.

BI told one journalist that such roundtable sessions are part of the package deals it offers executives: many governments have participated in them, and in fact, an earlier one had been arranged with Lester Pearson's cabinet in September 1963 at a moment when Finance Minister Walter Gordon was under suspicion for nationalistic budgeting. Asked if that meeting had had anything to do with the famous Pearson Retreat, BI Vice-President Elliot Haynes replied, "Sure."

The world at your fingertips

While Business International has long had an interest in Canada, this country represents only one of its many areas of attention. BI's catalogue of published research reports — some of which cost \$150 and up — suggests that it is into just about everything new and exciting that corporations are doing around the world.

Want to know all you need to know about *Doing Business in the New Indonesia*; or *Japan: Meeting the Challenge of Asia's Richest Market*; or what about *Nationalism in Latin America: the Challenge and Corporate Response*? Or perhaps you'd like a hot poop on *Planning for Profits: How to Organize and Implement a Global Corporate Plan* or *Winning the Markets of the 1970s*. For you futurists BI is offering *1985: Corporate Planning for Tomorrow's Market*, and just a year off target. BI is very big on computers, thinking ahead scientifically, strategic planning and global perspectives — the things only the largest multinationals can at present do.

It also thinks U.S. corporations "have a direct stake in finding profitable ways to attack the social, ecological, racial, and economic ills that beset the American

nation," though it forbears from adding that the quickest, admittedly unprofitable, way to do this would be for its clients to commit collective suicide.

In one end, out the other

BI gets upset by things like class and racial divisions, poverty ("best described as lack of productivity"), pollution, urban decay and all that, but it cheers up at the notion that they also represent potential profit: "Corporations clearly can do something — for profit — to fight this dangerous trend towards polarization of American society. Many of them, such as ITT, have long since enhanced their profits by contracting with governmental agencies to train and to educate.

"One of the most ingenious efforts in this direction was undertaken several years ago by CPC International in undertaking to develop and market a taped course that brings a total illiterate up to the seventh grade level in reading in 120 hours — without the need of an instructor. CPC's chairman sold this new departure to his board by suggesting that the company's business is to take raw materials, process them, and turn them into marketable commodities, and if CPC could do this for corn it could also do it for human beings."

BI thinks a lot more of this neat processing should go on, and so it favours giving a larger share of corporate resources to the social sciences and hiring more cultural anthropologists, sociologists etc., because they "can do much to improve the human condition, not to mention corporate security and profitability."

A quick look at BI's other regional reports suggests that it feels pretty secure about Canada. Compared, for instance, to the unruly countries of Latin America where BI is pressing for "a massive educational campaign" by U.S. corporations "to counter the emotionalism and ignorance that characterizes the intellectuals, students, and professional rabble-rousers of the region." Or, even worse, China, where ideology rules economics and a potentially vast market is virtually inaccessible.

For China BI prescribes a Great Leap Backward, "a shift in internal Chinese and international alignments so radical that the world community, communist and noncommunist, will be prepared to pour in massive resources of foreign aid for Chinese economic development and that the Chinese will be prepared to accept such aid and apply it in rational priorities under guidance of the UN Development Programme and/or the World Bank. In a better world, this would be one of the really great challenges for mankind in this century."

Wouldn't it though? O Henry Kissinger, now we know what you read on all those plane trips.

Larry Pratt

BI thinks that the public service general strike of 1972 underlines that serious tensions persist in French Canada. The worst of it is that Quebec workers, unlike their decent, bread-and-butter English-speaking brethren, have become infected with Dangerous Thoughts, even Marxism. BI favours a cautious, wait-and-see policy for Quebec, but in line with its general strategy of defusing polarization at a profit it also encourages its clients to manipulate French Canadians in the language of their choice. "It is very important for a firm to develop a French-speaking marketing organization, and to advertise and promote its products in the French idiom, rather than merely trying to translate its English advertising campaigns into French."

Although Canada is described as a land of many immigrants, BI urges its clients to lump these into the "fairly homogeneous" English market. Moreover, it notes that this market is steadily encroaching on the French-speaking market. Even better, "U.S. culture and marketing techniques overflow into English-speaking Canada through U.S. television carried across the border by cable into Canadian homes, as well as through U.S. magazines that are widely sold in Canada. Many of the consumer products sold in Canada are identical to those sold in the U.S. and each year hundreds of thousands of Canadians vacation in the U.S. But like U.S. consumers, Canadians have adopted German and Japanese cars, Taiwan radios, and Singapore shirts."

Business International's social scientists thus appear very conscious of one of the primary dynamics of modern imperialism — the crucial link it is able to establish between cultural assimilation and economic penetration. Further, its analysis suggests that the homogenizing process has been greatly accelerated by rapid urbanization, and hence *Canada in Transition* concentrates on that vast consumer market in central Canada which is closely "linked to major U.S. urban centres such as Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit in the Great Lakes system."

Ontario is defined as the primary base in the Canadian market: "With an Americanized English-speaking population concentrated in 15-20 urban centers, it is a not-too-difficult extension of the U.S. market — with a mix of middle-class families, singles in high-rise apartments, and a relatively well-paid industrial work force." *Canada in*

MIXED METAPHOR OF THE MONTH

Debate continues after break

Boiling noose issue left on side-burner

—Ottawa Journal, July 28, 1973

Transition is a profile of what it terms "high-consumption, economically-active" Canadians. If ever there existed a formula designed to ensure that certain classes and regions of Canada shall develop at the expense of the others, BI has it.

Other sections of BI's report on Canada have to do with the problem of how outside businessmen can get their hands on our bread to make bread for themselves. Canada is "ranked a well-developed financial center in relation to local needs"; we don't allow foreign banks to operate here, but never mind, "there is no discrimination against local borrowing by foreign-affiliated firms."

Toronto and Montreal are both lauded as well-heeled financial centres, having in their midst the head offices of the major chartered banks — addresses and assets supplied by BI — as well as active stock exchanges.

The banks are the chief source of short-term funds, and foreign-owned subsidiaries "have no difficulties" obtaining such funds. Nor do they then find much difficulty in using said funds to Do a Takeover on poor little Johnny Canuck Ltd. of Guelph, Ont. Is this what the Royal Bank ad in the *Wall Street Journal* was promising when it said "We Deliver Canada?"

Long-term money is apparently a bit tougher to come by in the private sector, but this is where our government's "new industrial strategy" enters the picture. BI informs its clients that a large number of international firms have "benefited handsomely" from federal and provincial incentive programs: in particular, high-technology corporations can receive "lush grants" from DREE and related agencies.

BI breaks down the various federal and provincial programs in some detail and provides its readers with "Canada's Incentive Map," which illustrates the current designated areas qualifying for

grants. It concludes that the most attractive "incentive packages" are to be found in Quebec where federal grants can be combined with lucrative tax concessions from the province. Provided, that is, you can read the signs.

Incidentally, *Canada in Transition* is able to bring some hard evidence to bear on that ancient question which has long tantalized the best minds in Canadian advertising: our conservative consuming habits.

BI notes how the Kleenex folks, Kimberley-Clark, managed to turn this apparent liability into profit: "Canadians, at least several years ago, had a standard of living a good bit lower than that of the U.S., and there seemed to be a certain reluctance on the part of the Canadian consumer to throw away a tissue after just one use. So the idea was developed to have a very large Kleenex tissue which would serve much the same function as a handkerchief and could be carried in the pocket and used several times before disposal."

And thus was conceived in Canada the "Man-size" Kleenex tissue, and not a moment too soon either. Also, "the ethnic split in Canada is not a particular problem for a company like Kimberley-Clark," presumably because whatever you call it, snot is snot.

Larry Pratt

READERS' SUBMISSIONS

Readers are invited to submit absurd, fatuous, overwritten or otherwise noteworthy items culled from the daily and periodical press (three paragraphs or shorter) for boxes in the *Last Post*. Submissions should be addressed to Claude Balloune, c/o Last Post, 430 King St. W., Suite 101, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1L5. We will pay \$2 for those that we use.



by Claude Balloune

Porn in high places

Word comes to me from a parliamentarian that the largest collection of pornography in Ottawa is to be found in the *Parliamentary Library*. It appears that one of the library bigwigs has a deep-throated interest in porn and over the years has built up a sizable collection which is stored in the library. Numerous people, including several of our lawmaking MPs, have access to the collection for their casual perusal during boring Commons debates. Apparently, according to my informant, the porn collection is updated constantly through an arrangement with the Post Office. It seems that some undeliverable plain brown wrapper packages are forwarded to the library.

Speaking about obscenity, the 433rd ETAC (*Esquade Tactique*) Squadron of the Canadian Armed Forces, based at Bagotville, considers the word napalm to be a no-no. Officers decline to admit the squadron is equipped with napalm bombs, preferring to admit only to carrying "incendiary bombs". Their CF-5 planes can carry four 500-pound incendiary bombs composed of Incendigel, a euphemism for a new improved napalm which is extremely difficult if not impossible to extinguish when it comes in contact with skin. The 433rd, Canada's only French-speaking squadron, is a NATO brigade slated for posting to northern Norway should the need arise.

Apropos of our NATO and other allied commitments, an Ottawa civil servant tells me the following anecdote to illustrate the leanings of the *Hon. Mitchell Sharp*, our distinguished External Affairs Minister. During a Cabinet discussion on energy policy, one minister spoke frankly, making remarks interpreted as being nationalistic. "But I don't understand you," exclaimed Mr. Sharp, or in words to that effect, "you want to charge the Americans as much as the traffic will bear . . . they're the defenders of the Free World." Judging from our current energy policy vis-à-vis the U.S., it appears the tough-talking Mr. Sharp has won his point. For public consumption Mr. Sharp said "We've only begun to fight" not long ago, in reference to Canadian objections to the Alaskan pipeline route. Perhaps he'll call in the fighting 433rd?

Hairline cracks

Paranoid and suspicious colleagues of mine tell me that *Premier Robert Bourassa's* personal hairdresser is a French spy (or, say some, an Ottawa and/or Washington spy). His name is *Bernard Marty* and he used to be *Daniel Johnson's* part-time hairdresser (he changed Danny Boy's part-near-the-middle-of-the-head style to something more alluring). Anyway, my hysterical friends point to the fact that Mr. Marty, an ex-French paratrooper who packs a

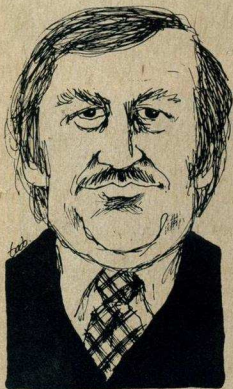
pistol in a shoulder holster, has managed to turn his full-time hairdressing job into an interesting position. Tall, handsome and flashy, he is apparently intelligent and articulate and follows Bourassa everywhere. Callers report that sometimes he even answers the Premier's phone. During the recent federal-provincial meet in Ottawa, he had full government credentials, and was seen entering closed-door negotiations with a briefcase. It's rather odd for people to come up with such conspiratorial suspicions based on such flimsy evidence, isn't it?

The Royal voice

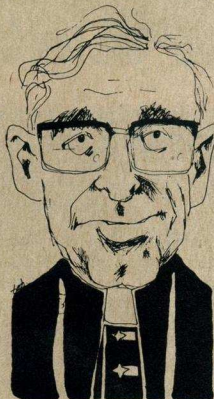
While we're on the subject of foolish talk, I must say something about *Elizabeth R's* recent touristic foray. In her speeches, she (should that be a capital 'S'?) put forward one of the strongest positions for the monarchy since Queen Victoria's time. She also came out with such stupidities as the argument that the monarchy remains a symbol of national unity. All this seriously cut into my estimate of her (Her?) until I was informed that the speeches were written by *Kildare Dobbs*, an Anglo-Irishman close enough to the ruling Liberals to know their current mood. Dobbs, who is thought to be a Toronto literary critic, and the Liberals seem to think that Rule Britannia is the new theme song of the seventies. In the sixties, they tried to downplay it by sending the Governor General trotting around the world masquerading as the Canadian head of state, enjoying 21-gun salutes in foreign countries. This reversal of policy seems to have been worked out by the *Privy Council Office* (PCO), which handles the monarchy's affairs in this country. PCO negotiations with and about the monarchy are carried on in secret and are not open to Parliament.

Robert Vesco, the Watergate-connected financier now hiding out in Costa Rica, lost a tidy bundle in Montreal this summer. His fortune is based in *Investors Overseas Services*, the Canadian-registered mutual funds company which is badly off because Vesco and company allegedly looted its funds of something like \$240 million. Mr. Vesco transferred \$8 million from Nassau to Montreal in some business deal. The \$8 million was seized by Canadian authorities, although the seizure has not been made public.

There's an unsung Watergate victim in California's Folsom state prison. *Mr. Elmer Davis*, a Black man, was picked up and convicted of the burglary of the office of *Ellsberg's psychiatrist*. He claimed he was innocent. Now, presumably, he can watch television and see all sorts of White House types talk about how they actually committed Davis's alleged crimes. Some comfort.



Yves Michaud



Archbishop Grégoire

In our last issue, in an article dealing with *ITT*, that other Nixon-linked scandal corporation, we neglected to mention that the new president of *Quebec-Rayonier*, the *ITT* company which received a Quebec timber concession the size of New Brunswick, is *Lucien Saulnier*, former right-hand man of Montreal Mayor *Jean Drapeau*, and brother of disgraced ex-Montreal police chief *Jacques Saulnier*. The former Mr. Saulnier is in ill health, a state his friends believe is derived from too long an association with Drapeau.

Among other aberrations, the Montreal Mayor has managed to convince the *Montreal Star* to be solidly pro-Olympics. So much so that the fat and rich paper is even censoring its sports writers. Columnist *John Robertson* saw one of his pieces killed when he had the temerity to suggest, with supporting evidence, that the American TV network ABC paid the Liberal Party a kickback for the rights to exclusive U.S. TV coverage. The TV deal was negotiated for *COJO* (*Comité d'Organisation pour les Jeux Olympiques*) by *Paul Desrochers*, Premier Bourassa's eminence grise. Another column, by pro-Olympics sportswriter *George Hanson*, was killed because he had the temerity to criticize COJO people.

The COJO people deserve to be criticized judging by a letter they sent to a PR firm outlining some of their problems that required solution. These included: (1) no mechanism for relaying COJO executive decisions to COJO staff; (2) no mechanism to co-ordinate the Montreal and Kingston, Ont. Olympic sites; (3) lack of co-ordination between federal and municipal governments and COJO; and (4) inability to handle the requests by foreign delegations, seven a week on the average, to visit the Olympic sites. COJO it seems had a terrible propensity for attracting to its staff deadwood from various private and government agencies.

Ah well, sometimes newspapers have to put up with a lot of pressure. Take *Le Devoir*, for example. It seems that *Yves Michaud*, Quebec's High Commissioner for External Co-ordination (which earns him the title of "Ex-

cellency") is angling for the Parti Québécois nomination in Mille Isles riding. It is reported that at the same time his wife, who took over his lucrative North American distributorship of Astérix comic books, is harassing *Le Devoir* editor *Claude Ryan* to hire Yves as a columnist so that they can live in the style they're accustomed to should he have to quit his post to accept the nomination.

The political police

A few issues back, I reported that a Latin American journalist friend working in a Spanish bookstore in Montreal was being harassed by the *RCMP* because he had been seen entering the Cuban consulate (he writes articles about Latin America). Well, the *RCMP* visited the bookstore operator on several occasions and advised him to fire my friend. Fearful of getting involved with the police he fired the man, who, incidentally, has never been involved in or even suspected of illegal activity.

It comes to my attention that the *Montreal police* practise the same game. Their agents have been pressuring Man and His World managers to fire a young transport driver employed there. It seems that he's a Maoist and has been arrested a few times and charged with assaulting the police. The transport manager was shown a photograph of the young man beaten to a pulp. He was told that the man had been beaten several times in clashes with the police but he still refuses to quit the Maoist group. Obviously, said the policeman, he should be fired.

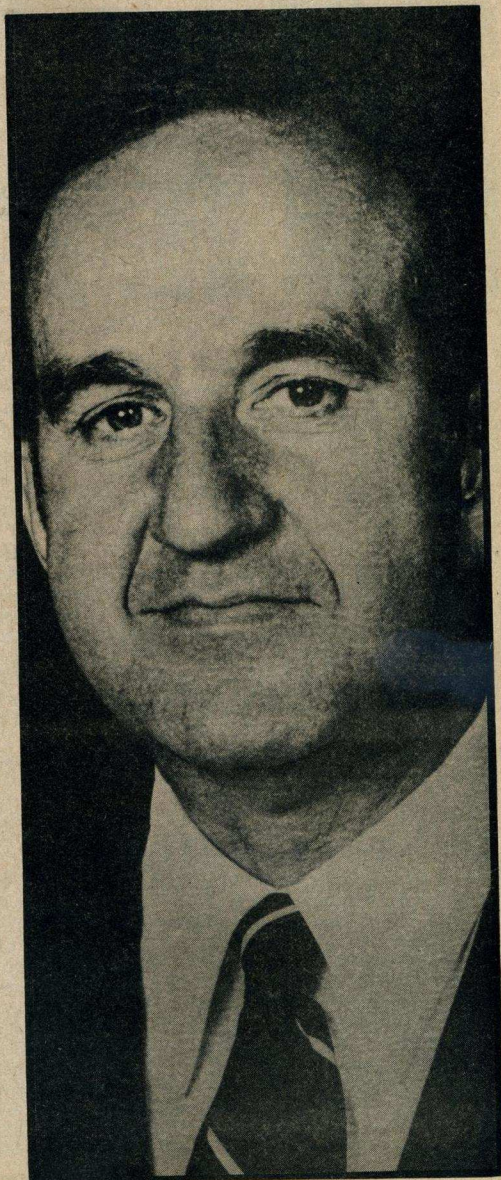
In another incident, a sales representative for *James Lewis and Samuel*, publishers of the successful *Unauthorized History of the RCMP*, received a visit from the federal police force. They wanted to talk to him informally about that particular book. This was done after business hours and at the salesman's home.

Turning to a religious matter, it has come to my attention that when *Pierre Laporte* was killed during the FLQ crisis, original plans called for the funeral to be held at Mary Queen of the World Basilica, the head office, so to speak, of the *Montreal Catholic Archdiocese*. However, *Archbishop Paul Grégoire*, fearful of possible disturbances and even bombs in his church, arranged to have it at Notre Dame Church. Nevertheless, he still wanted to officiate at what was a prestige funeral. But Quebec City's *Cardinal Roy* got wind of the changed plans and insisted that he officiate on the grounds he was Pastor to the Canadian Armed Forces (he's a Brigadier) and Army was somehow vaguely involved because of the War Measures Act. The Cardinal won out and the Archbishop boycotted the funeral.

I'AFFAIRE

**new
revelations
of
scandal
and
corruption
reopen
the
Laporte
and other
files**

by Nick Auf der Maur



LAPORTE

INTRODUCTION

English Canada has heard little of "l'Affaire Saulnier-Laporte". But in Quebec, where coverage in the French press has outdone Watergate, it is a major scandal that the Quebec government is trying, with difficulty, to contain.

The scandal involves extensive links between organized crime on the one hand, and high officials in the Quebec government, the Montreal police and the Montreal civic administration, on the other.

These have been among the major developments so far:

- The scandal raises serious questions about the 1970 kidnapping and death of Quebec Labour and Immigration Minister Pierre Laporte;
- It has been established that Laporte had close ties with members of the underworld, as did former Montreal Police Chief Jacques Saulnier;
- The government, acutely embarrassed, suppressed evidence of these ties at a Police Commission Inquiry;
- People outside the FLQ (Front de Libération du Québec) knew before Laporte's death who was responsible for his kidnapping and where he was being held, and these included underworld figures and probably police and government officials;
- The Quebec Liberals were desperate enough about the revelations to send the National Assembly to a sudden, early recess after Justice Minister Jérôme Choquette, cracking under the strain, burst into tears in the Assembly.
- Attempts are now under way to muffle the inquiry into organized crime, and to silence over-zealous police investigators and officials;
- Frustrated investigators are leaking a torrent of charges and revelations to the press.

The following story is based on police leaks to the Montreal newspapers *Le Devoir* and *La Presse*, on information from the *Toronto Star's* Ronald Lebel and Robert McKenzie, and on the *Last Post's* own sources.

A TV set and a political balloon

L'Affaire Saulnier-Laporte had a rather humble beginning. In January 1972, *Le Devoir* broke a story saying that Montreal police chief Jacques Saulnier had, while head of the Morality Squad, accepted a gift of a colour TV set from a downtown hotel owner suspected of being involved in prostitution.

Saulnier is the brother of Mayor Drapeau's old right-hand man, former Montreal Executive Committee Chairman Lucien Saulnier. He had been appointed police chief the previous April. The choice was not a popular one, since Saulnier stood 23rd in line of rank and succession at the department.

Officers above and below him grumbled because he was not known as a particularly able or intelligent law enforcer. Indeed, members of the Morality Squad were already investigating him.

Nevertheless, Mayor Drapeau stoutly defended his choice and it was duly approved by his rubber-stamp city council with a vote of 51 to one. Significantly, the lone dissenter was a long-time Drapeau supporter, Roger Sigouin, who knew both Saulniers well.

Shortly after the colour TV set and other allegations had come to light, an inquiry was begun into Saulnier's conduct by the Quebec Police Commission, an appointive body with responsibility over all Quebec municipal police forces. Part of the evidence against him included an affidavit by Martha Adams, Quebec's well-known Joyeuse Madame, in which she said that Saulnier, while head of the Morality Squad, used to warn her bordello of police raids. She later repudiated

the affidavit. The chief witnesses against Saulnier were some of his former Morality Squad officers. He was eventually cleared of all wrong-doing, but was found incompetent as police chief and suspended. Mayor Drapeau is still trying to get him reinstated and maintains him on his full \$30,000-a-year salary.

Less than a year later, in February 1973, Quebec's long-promised inquiry into organized crime got underway — fully five months after it was supposed to begin. It was beset with problems from the start. The Commission heard a parade of witnesses, many of whom have been described by Canadian, Quebec and American police agencies as being Mafia chieftains, including Vic Cotroni, Nicolas Di Iorio, Angelo Lanzo and William Obront (the latter shook things up when he told of his political contributions to the Liberals and the Union Nationale, including \$5,000 to Premier Bourassa's leadership bid in 1970).

However, soon after the inquiry began, there were rumours of dissension and complaints by the police investigators. At one point, most of the 55 Montreal and Quebec police force investigators threatened to quit. They complained that lawyers and politicians were hindering their work. They said there were unexplained delays in subpoenas to examine bank and financial records of various underworld figures, including Obront, a meat dealer and friend of underworld bigwig Myer Lansky. Some were transferred out of the squad with no explanation.

One squad member complained: "The inquiry has turned into one great political balloon and all it'll take will be one little needle and it'll burst."

High-powered teams of lawyers went to court to halt the crime probe. One of these was Antoine Geoffrion, of Geoffrion and Prud'homme, the most influential Liberal law firm in the province, who represented several witnesses. Geoffrion is also ex-treasurer of the Quebec Liberal Party and counsel for the James Bay Development Corporation.

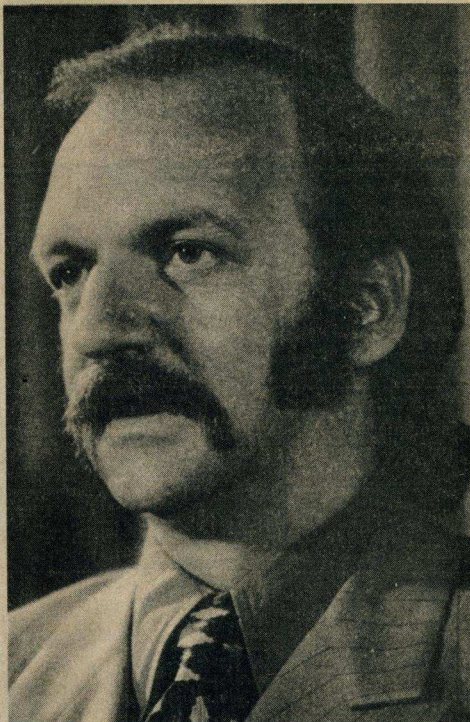
The inquiry ultimately got bogged down in testimony from a variety of small-time bookmakers and shylock money lenders. It was then recessed for the summer and there is some doubt whether it will resume on time this fall. There was a feeling often expressed by those involved, and by outside observers, that the justice department had lost control of the inquiry.

Soon after, secret police dossiers and reports began popping up in the newspapers.

A desperate, Nixon-like attempt was begun to stop the leaks.

During the summer, major changes were made in the direction of the Quebec police establishment. Quebec Police Force Director Maurice St-Pierre was suddenly retired and replaced by Paul A. Benoit, a man whose reputation is based on his loyalty in carrying out former Premier Maurice Duplessis' more retrograde acts, such as crushing strikes and enforcing the infamous Padlock Law, later declared unconstitutional.

The head of the organized crime squad (known as l'Unité Spéciale d'enquête sur le crime organisé, or USECO), a former seven-year man with the RCMP, Charles Cliche, was named to a judgeship and replaced by Paul-Emile l'Ecuyer, a lawyer with former Premier Jean Lesage's law firm. Known as a Liberal organizer on Montreal's South Shore, he specialized in insurance law. His appointment was short-lived, however, since he recommended that USECO be placed directly under the orders of the Quebec Police Commission,



Burns asked about an "important Liberal Minister" and "two big men in the underworld"

a body appointed by Justice Minister Choquette. USECO's working staff was also pared down. Finally USECO as such was dismantled.

In a revealing incident, *La Presse* reports that in May 1971, at the Quebec Police Force headquarters on Parthenais Street in Montreal, police authorities evacuated all members of the special organized crime unit from their offices for a few hours. They were told this was necessary for "security reasons". Members of the unit later learned that this "evacuation" was carried out so that Paul Desrochers could read secret reports and listen to compromising conversations between Saulnier, Laporte organizers and members of the underworld.

The crime squad was not going to bother the politicians.

Burns and Choquette

While the USECO shuffle was going on, the Parti Québécois House leader, Robert Burns, pressed Justice Minister Choquette with a series of questions in the National Assembly. For about two weeks in June and July, Burns raised questions concerning secret police tapes regarding former police chief Saulnier. Choquette answered each day's



Choquette told Burns "the minister you referred to is dead" and the crisis exploded

sally with evasions, saying this was a matter of no importance. On one occasion, he said the justice department had "rooms full of tapped conversations" and it was impossible to listen to them all. Burns pressed on, each day presenting a new tidbit of information about the tapes and why they weren't being used as evidence in the inquiry into Saulnier's conduct.

Finally, on July 5, Burns asked if Choquette knew of a police report of a meeting between "an important Liberal minister" and "two big men in the underworld, Frank D'Asti and Nicolas Di Orio," two weeks before the 1970 election.

Choquette tried to ward off the thrust, replying that "the

minister you referred to is deceased." The only minister to die since that time is Pierre Laporte.

Choquette's disclosure proved to be the little needle that would burst the balloon. L'Affaire Saulnier-Laporte emerged full-blown despite the Liberals' attempt to cut it off.

The following day Choquette, the man the papers like to call "the tough, jut-jawed Justice Minister", burst into tears while delivering a turgid speech on a totally unrelated matter.

He was led out of the chamber and later to vacation.

The same afternoon, down the hall in his National Assembly private apartments, Premier Bourassa stared nervously at his strawberries as Quebec press gallery reporters crowded round his lunch table, demanding to know if he had been aware of Laporte's underworld contacts before he put him in his Cabinet. Laporte, as number two man in the party, had been widely expected to be named Justice Minister.

That was the key question and Bourassa was having trouble ducking it.

He tried hard though. Although his most trusted adviser, Paul Desrochers, had been charged with gathering information about Cabinet candidates from police and other sources, Bourassa claimed he had never been told of any police files on Laporte's possible Mafia contacts. He had received what he termed "rumours, gossip and information" about Laporte's activities but none of this, he declared triumphantly, was "incriminating proof".

What constituted "incriminating proof"?

"Accepting bribes, gifts of money, or evidence that government decisions had been influenced," replied Quebec's Premier.

Those then were the high standards set for the men who wished to serve in the Liberal cabinet. Laporte had only accepted a loan, so he was home free. He became Vice-Premier and Labour Minister — not Justice Minister. Why not?

"No comment," Bourassa shot back, glaring at his strawberries.

This would never do. So Bourassa decided the best way to fight back was to lay the blame on Robert Burns, the man who had revealed the existence of the police report linking Laporte to Mafia figures.

That was an "ignoble act," designed only to smear the reputation of a dead man, Bourassa informed the press. He explained that because Burns and the Mafia had the same goal, "the head of the Justice Minister and the head of the government," the PQ member was "making himself an accomplice of the underworld."

With that peculiar line of logic, Bourassa brought the National Assembly session to an abrupt halt and took his message across the province on the hot-line show circuit.

Burns, too, took to the hot-line circuit, demanding a Watergate-type inquiry.

But, like Watergate, it was up to the press and not any official agency to dig into the affair. (Oddly enough, Radio-Canada and the local English press, particularly the insipid *Montreal Star*, have been scrupulously avoiding anything but the odd detail.)

The portrait painted of Pierre Laporte in the following weeks was nothing like the image he gained as a Canadian martyr during the FLQ crisis, the man for whom bridges and schools were named and a postage stamp issued.

Police investigators listed Laporte in at least 18 different

reports as having contact with members of the underworld, particularly with Frank D'Asti and Nicolas Di Iorio, operators of the Victoria Sporting Club in Laporte's riding, a suspected centre for a vast gambling operation. These men were in regular contact with Jean-Jacques Côté, Laporte's financial organizer during his leadership bid, and Rene Gagnon, today the Quebec Deputy Minister of Immigration.

Police discovered Laporte meetings with these men during an investigation into international heroin trafficking called *Operation Vegas*. D'Asti, who also operates bars in Montreal, was arrested in New York on charges of heroin smuggling and is now out on bail.

The police report, for example, that on April 16, 1970, Côté, Laporte and Gagnon met with D'Asti and Di Iorio in Gagnon's apartment. A few days later, a politician believed to be Laporte got a loan from Vic Cotroni after he had a visit from Di Iorio.

On Sept. 9, 1969 there was a meeting at 10:10 p.m. at Frank D'Asti's place with Di Iorio and Joe Horvath to discuss drug trafficking, and "possibly" a meeting later that night with Laporte.

According to an RCMP report of Sept. 17, 1970, written by Agent J.O.C. Vachon and Corporal R.G. Lagimodière, Laporte received financial help before the last provincial election from Di Iorio, D'Asti, Angelo Lanzo and Romeo Bucci. This report in the *Operation Vegas* file reads as follows:

"Before the last provincial election, Di Iorio, through D'Asti, gave money to help Pierre Laporte's election campaign. The money was given to Jean Côté (F.P.S. no. 594610) who was acting as assistant to Gagnon at the time. They felt that they could obtain favours from Laporte if the Liberals won. They were hoping a lot that Laporte could become Minister of Justice. At the time, with the aim of obtaining financial contributions for the campaign, Gagnon and especially Côté worked hard to assure them that there was a good chance that would happen.

"After the victory, they were very upset when Laporte became Minister of Labour and Immigration instead of Justice. In any case they were assured, particularly by Côté, that they wouldn't have any trouble with the new Justice Minister, Jérôme Choquette."

They complained, however, that their operations were being harassed by police. They asked Gagnon to intercede with Laporte and get him to do something to discontinue police raids on various cabarets in Montreal.

That report came less than a month before the October crisis, during which Laporte died.

In a later report, on Feb. 11, 1971, the RCMP states that the same underworld figures met to talk about the problems they were having with the Blue Stripes Mountain Riders, another gambling club.

According to this report, Romeo Bucci told his companions that "if someone went to see Mme Laporte [the widow] to offer her \$300 a week, she could try to get the Quebec Prime Minister to stop the raids."

The same report quotes D'Asti as saying that "Mme Laporte was convinced that the government killed her husband."

There are numerous other reports about meetings concerning Pierre Laporte's political financing. One dated Jan. 29, 1970 says that Di Iorio and D'Asti were particularly interested in establishing political contacts that would ensure them and "the organization" an inside track on future casino operations in the province.

Another report, written on August 12, 1971, says that Di Iorio and another individual, believed to be Côté, met to transmit the organization's grievances. The report says that the individual was acting now as intermediary for Paul Desrochers, Premier Bourassa's special counsellor, right-hand man and éminence grise, all rolled up in one.

A further RCMP report, on April 4 of this year, says that D'Asti's wife met with various members of the underworld and with Jean-Jacques Côté, who still works for the Liberals, to raise bail for her husband who was being held on heroin charges in New York.

This is only the tip of the iceberg, according to many sources. Laporte had long been known as "Monsieur dix pour cent" (Mr. ten per cent), a reference to the well-known charges against him in 1962 that he gained ten per cent in a deal involving government purchase of tractors. While he was Labour Minister, certain Montreal bar owners had to go through him to get bar licences and other favours. (Today, it is understood that the best way to get a liquor licence in Montreal is to hire the law firm of Geoffrion and Prud'homme.)

Even with the facts now available, it is difficult to get a complete picture of Laporte's relationship with the underworld, but it is known that Premier Bourassa had ample proof such a relationship existed before he appointed him



Jacques Saulnier: the underworld expressed delight when he was made police chief

to the Cabinet.

Quebec Police Force sources say that they several times informed Premier Bourassa and his special counsellor Paul Desrochers that there was evidence linking at least two cabinet ministers, including Laporte, two Liberal MNAs, three of the party's principal organizers and at least two judges with the underworld. In addition, CBC reporter Frank Roach has said he brought an informer to Premier Bourassa's home two weeks before the election to tell a similar story.

Laporte's motives for getting involved with such disreputable figures are not clear. But in one bizarre attempt to clear his name, the provincial Liberals claimed he died leaving \$150,000 in unpaid debts, mostly as a result of his unsuccessful leadership bid. The party says it assumed these debts after his death. To whom he owed the money is not explained.

One *Last Post* source, who has proved reliable in other matters concerning the affair, contends that the police were building a case against Laporte which could conceivably have led to his arrest.

The police chief and the ex-cop

The web of suspicion and intrigue surrounding the affair is complicated by the fact that much of the evidence seems unrelated. There are inevitably wide gaps in the story. Any attempt to view the whole picture requires a look at a peculiar aspect of L'Affaire Saulnier-Laporte involving Roland Lamothe, an ex-Montreal policeman who has been identified as being close to the underworld.

According to a confidential 971-page report prepared for Justice Minister Choquette by a six-man Montreal police investigating team headed by Deputy Director André Guay, Lamothe plays a key role as a go-between for the Mafia and the police.

He first came to public attention in 1962, when he was sent to trial, along with fellow policeman Gérard Craft, for assault and theft of documents from a political opponent of Mayor Drapeau. During the same election campaign, Jacques Saulnier, Craft and another cop, Lionel Lawrence, also ended up in court for illegal wiretapping of one of the Mayor's opponents. Nothing came of these cases (Craft and Lawrence still work for the police in electronic espionage).

In 1966 Lamothe got into more trouble, was kicked out of the Morality Squad, then resigned. (He was also implicated in the Martha Adams affidavit involving Saulnier mentioned earlier.)

Afterwards, the police report connects him with various underworld figures including Di Iorio, Angelo Lanzo, Cotroni and William Obront.

One Quebec Police Force report mentions a meeting on April 26, 1972 in which Lamothe and André J. Cobetto met in a Ste-Catherine Street barbershop to ask Di Iorio permission to operate a bar at Man and His World, on the site of Expo 67.

On May 15, 1972 QPF agent Carmel Patty wrote that Lamothe "is known for his contacts that he has with the city of Montreal and different levels of the provincial government."

One of his best contacts, it would appear, was his old friend, Jacques Saulnier, then the Montreal Police Chief.

It is interesting to note that while Choquette asked for a report on Lamothe, the six-man investigating team was not allowed to hear the tapes and other evidence involved in the *Operation Vegas* case, implicating Pierre Laporte, even though Lamothe figures prominently in many of the tapes. The new Montreal Police Director, René Daigneault, later said he told the investigators they were considered "security risks".

At any rate, Deputy Director Guay and his men delivered their 971-page report with the recommendation that the Saulnier Inquiry be reopened before the Quebec Police Commission to force "the highest political and police authorities" to explain why they hid important information during the original Saulnier probe. In early August, Choquette refused to reopen the inquiry but did suggest to the Police Commission that Roland Lamothe be called before the crime probe when it started again.

Shortly after this was leaked to the newspaper *La Presse*, Deputy Director Guay was relieved of his duties and "forced" to go on vacation. There is some fear the same fate awaits him as befell Pacifique Plante, the crime buster of the fifties, who helped then-reformer Jean Drapeau into power. Plante ended up living in Mexico, a man who took on the Mafia and lost.

Shortly after Guay was sent on vacation in early August, the tapes he wasn't allowed to hear were leaked to *Le Devoir's* Jean-Pierre Charbonneau (victim of an assassination attempt, he is now back at his muckraking work).

The tapes contain telephone conversations between Lamothe, nicknamed 'the Frenchman', and Saulnier a few weeks after the latter was named police chief. In the tapes Saulnier relates to Lamothe how he is going to take care of the Morality Squad raids against underworld-operated cabarets and bars.

At one point, Saulnier told Lamothe that "that big fool, my neighbour next door, he's going to calm down," referring to Deputy Director Guay. A few days after that conversation, the organized squad raids ceased and the divisional morality squads were dismantled.

The *Vegas* tapes show that Lamothe called Saulnier every second Sunday morning. Each call ended with them fixing a rendez-vous.

Before calling Saulnier, 'the Frenchman' would talk to people like Di Iorio, Angelo Lanzo and Romeo Bucci asking if they wanted any particular information. Many of Lamothe's calls were made from a restaurant owned by Jean-Louis "Blackie" Bisson, who used to work for Lucien Rivard of scandal fame, and who was suspected of being involved with the narcotics trade.

In one of Lamothe's calls, he asked Saulnier how the "pony" was, referring to Captain Robert Blanchette, a police officer who used to be in charge of the Montreal police mounted squad on St. Helen's Island, and was appointed by Saulnier to be the new head of the Morality Squad.

Saulnier responded: "The new guy isn't bothersome. He asks the time and he understands fast."

The "pony" had previously served a stint as Premier Bourassa's garde-du-corps at the request of Paul Desrochers, the power behind the throne. Blanchette's wife had worked as a secretary at the central committee of the Liberal Party during the last election.

Earlier *Vegas* tapes include conversations among various members of the Mafia expressing delight on hearing that Saulnier was to be the new police chief.

The members of the squad — from the RCMP, Quebec Police Force and the Montreal Police — used up miles of tapes and filled thousands of dossiers in their various investigations. Their targets included Liberal Civil Service Minister Oswald Parent, in an effort to gather information on government contracts involving Italian-made municipal garbage incinerators; Gerry Snyder, member of the Montreal Executive Committee, to gather information involving bars and other concessions at Man and His World and at Expo 67; and Mayor Jean Drapeau. Drapeau has been bitterly opposed to the Crime Commission Inquiry, claiming it would accomplish nothing.

The Liberals, the police, the Mafia and the FLQ

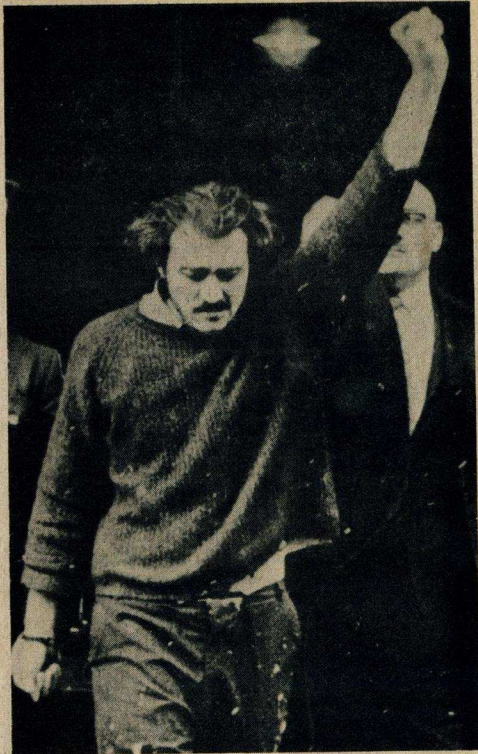
If L'Affaire Saulnier-Laporte seems curious, it gets even curiuser when used as the backdrop to the 1970 October crisis. If the story leaves a lot of ends untied, it also unties a lot of ends that seemed secure a short time ago. Suspicions aroused at the time of the October crisis lay dormant until recently; leads and obvious inconsistencies were left ignored in the seemingly logical, straightforward "official" version of who did what to whom.

Recent investigations, particularly that carried out by the *Toronto Star's* Ronald Lebel and Robert McKenzie, have poked a lot of holes in the "official" version. The *Last Post* and others have gained new information, raising new questions.

In Quebec today, theories and hypotheses about the October crisis — especially the Laporte kidnapping and death — are being discussed in much the same way that half the world spent analysing the Kennedy assassination. Like any other public discussion of mysteries and alleged conspiracies, much of the theorizing remains highly imaginative and improbable. Nevertheless, there is enough information to cast serious doubt on the "official" version.

James Cross, the British Trade Commissioner, was kidnapped by the FLQ Libération cell on Oct. 5, 1970. Pierre Laporte was kidnapped by the FLQ's Chenier-Financement cell on Oct. 10 at 6:18 p.m., minutes after Justice Minister Choquette announced he was refusing all Libération cell ransom demands. The War Measures Act was invoked at 4:00 in the morning, Friday the 16th. The next evening, Saturday the 17th, Pierre Laporte's body was found in the trunk of the car in which he was kidnapped.

Prior to the October crisis, in February 1970, police had uncovered a plot to kidnap the Israeli consul in Montreal. Pierre Marcil and Jacques Lanctot were arrested in connection with this plot and then released on bail. Then during the summer, police broke up a plot to kidnap the American consul. In a raid on a country house north of Montreal, mimeographed copies were found of what eventually was read on TV as the FLQ manifesto. Also found were guns, some dynamite and \$28,000 in cash from a credit union robbery. Three men, Francis Lanctot (brother of Jacques), André Roy and Claude Morency, were arraigned on a total of 44 charges.



Paul Rose: senior police officials say the Quebec Cabinet blocked his arrest

During this investigation several other people were detained, one of whom was asked if he knew the "house on Armstrong Street" in St-Hubert on Montreal's South Shore — the house where Pierre Laporte was eventually held prisoner. Another suspect had been followed to Armstrong Street, to a house rented by Paul Rose, not far from where Pierre Laporte lived.

Paul Rose, who had appeared in court 17 times in the two previous years, the latest being in September 1970, was known to the police. They knew also that he was connected with Jacques Lanctot, and on the run. Prior to the Laporte kidnapping, Mrs. Cross had picked out Jacques Lanctot as one of her husband's kidnapers.

Within 48 hours of Laporte's kidnapping Montreal police say — and this has been confirmed by Montreal's official legal adviser, Michel Côté — they had linked Paul Rose with it. A check of the kidnap car's licence plate revealed that Rose, a known political activist, had once been stopped in that car for a traffic violation. An early FLQ communiqué carried one of his fingerprints.

The Wednesday preceding the Laporte kidnapping, numerous people connected with the Maison des Pêcheurs, a youth hostel in the Gaspé directed by Paul Rose, were questioned on the whereabouts of Rose.

Police admit they had been tailing Rose in the time between Laporte's kidnapping and his death. They say they picked up his trail in downtown Montreal but lost it on October 13 when he went in a house and never came out (he went out the back door). Senior police officials told the *Toronto Star* they wanted to arrest Rose, but were blocked by a political decision of the Quebec Cabinet.

Close friends of Pierre Laporte have said they figured out a code from his letter to Premier Bourassa, indicating the general location where he was being held, east of Charles Le Moyne hospital on the South Shore. They were rebuffed when they tried to get action taken on it. The RCMP evidently also cracked the code, since they searched the hospital from top to bottom. Contrary to general belief, the three police forces didn't work well together. Montreal police were told by the Quebec government to concentrate on the Cross kidnapping and to leave the Laporte affair to the provincial police.

Police raided and searched homes all over the city, but nobody looked on Armstrong Street. Liberal Party Whip Louis-Philippe Lacroix, a very close associate of Laporte, says that one Laporte letter, never published, refers to Laporte as being Bourassa's "bras fort". But the correct expression in French is "bras droit"; bras fort means "strong arm" — as in Armstrong Street.

In one of his letters, Laporte referred to the Commission des Accidents du Travail, using the abbreviation CAT. Curiously, Laporte's entourage took this to be a reference to a bar called The Cat's Den in west end Montreal, a gathering place for small-time hoods and underworld figures. It's revealing that they would think in those terms.

Meanwhile, various groups, agencies and cabinets were settling into hard-line and soft-line positions, those who would brook no truck with the kidnapers and those who wanted to save the lives of the kidnapped men.

Justice Minister Choquette took a hard line. Trois-Rivières National Assembly Member Guy Bacon reports the following agitated exclamation by Choquette to Bourassa on coming out of a meeting: "C'est lui ou c'est moi, de toute façon Laporte est un homme fini" — It's me or it's him, in any case, Laporte is finished.

Laporte associates are convinced that, had the government been willing, the Labour Minister could have been saved.

Other sections of society were more concerned for Laporte's safety. Various members of the underworld held at least two long meetings the evening of Laporte's kidnapping. They were reported as being highly agitated, presumably since he was an important contact.

Two or three days after the kidnapping, a man identified with the FLQ received a house call from another man he knew, a man who had been detained briefly by the police in connection with the summer plot to kidnap the American consul. The caller said that some people in a cabaret wanted to talk to him. He was brought to the cabaret and introduced to a member of "the organization".

The "organization man" was perturbed and said he didn't like the reference to Cotroni in the FLQ manifesto (the manifesto spoke of the Simard-Cotroni election-riggers), adding that rumour had it the FLQ wanted to kidnap "Mafia" leaders. He said there were FLQ people in prison and that they "could easily be taken care of." The response was that nothing would be easier than to plant bombs in certain bars, and this would be far worse than police raids.

The "organization man" suggested a compromise, that



Premier Bourassa: Choquette told him "it's me or it's him, in any case, Laporte is finished"

the man invited to the meeting would endeavour to prevent underworld names from being mentioned in communiqués and manifestos. The meeting ended on the agreement that should the compromise be accepted by FLQ leaders, there would be no further contact.

Ever since the middle of the October crisis, there had been rumours that the underworld had been thinking of an attempt to rescue Laporte. Some reports state that a certain amount of money was raised as a ransom bid. Another report, naturally unconfirmed, says that an approach by one of these figures was made either to the police or the provincial government offering to rescue Laporte. These offers, according to various versions, were rebuffed.

Oddly enough, during Martha Adams' 1972 trial on charges of running a bawdy house, her lawyer, Auguste Choquette, complained that police had raided her apartment five times in the week following the kidnapping. Ms. Adams, known to have many underworld friends, was quoted as saying on leaving court that day: "I knew where he was being held in St-Hubert, but I couldn't tell. I'm not involved in politics. I couldn't say anything because I would have been killed instantly. You saw what happened to my brother." Her brother had been found dead two weeks before under an elevated expressway.

One *Last Post* source says that at least three high-ranking police officers, with the initials R.B., H.P., and A.L., knew where Laporte was being held.

An unidentified municipal councillor in Longueuil, in La-

porte's South Shore riding, told the *Toronto Star* that Rose and his accomplices could have been arrested at any time. "The police on the South Shore knew those guys well," he said. "We knew where they lived, who their friends were, where they hung around and what their political activities were."

At the same time that the intensive search for Cross and Laporte was going on, reports the Lebel-McKenzie team, Laporte's kidnappers were trying to extract a confession from Laporte, a sort of "magna carta of corruption" in Quebec.

Paul Rose was in a good position to interrogate Laporte since he grew up in Chambly county, the Labour Minister's constituency. He knew of patronage charges concerning the construction of Charles Le Moynes hospital, the names of local Liberal contractors and liquor permit holders, and which Liberal organizers were reputed to have engaged in dubious activities.

According to sources who are able to piece some of the details together, Pierre Laporte finally resigned himself to the fact that the government was not prepared to negotiate his release, and apparently agreed to dictate a confession.

What happened afterwards has never been made clear. However, it is known that Laporte attempted to escape through a window, suffering severe cuts. Paul Rose was convicted of his murder on the basis of an unsigned statement, saying Laporte was strangled with a small chain holding a religious medal. Rose and his defence adviser Robert Lemieux deny the statement and maintain that Rose left Armstrong Street on the 13th (to be followed by police) and never returned. Rose was tried and convicted in absentia, having been expelled from the court for insulting the judge while conducting his own defence. His brother Jacques was acquitted on a similar charge. Francis Simard was also convicted of murder and Bernard Lortie was convicted of kidnapping.

On Saturday, October 17, the FLQ sent out a communiqué written by Paul Rose announcing that Pierre Laporte had been "executed" at 6:18 p.m., exactly one week after he was kidnapped. Strangely, the communiqué was signed by the "Dieppe Royal 22e" cell of the FLQ, a group which has never been explained. (The Royal 22nd never served at Dieppe.)

"To understand the significance of Dieppe-Royal 22nd," Robert Lemieux said recently, "one has to go back to the last war. Montgomery described it [Dieppe] not as an ordinary raid or landing, but as a ruse, to show the occupied French we were the valiant defenders of liberty. The Dieppe landing was a sacrifice, a bloodbath, a propaganda enterprise."

He and Jacques Rose, out on bail, decline to elaborate, saying Paul Rose will explain if and when he gets a new trial.

The *Toronto Star* has reported that the first police search group to enter the Armstrong Street house was accompanied by a man described as being neither a police nor military official. Laporte's friends claim he was a political adviser of Premier Bourassa. At the time police said that, among other things, unfinished FLQ communiqués were found in the house. No one knows what happened to these.

There are many perplexing questions surrounding the Laporte case, and none so perplexing as the events surrounding his death. There has never been a clear-cut explanation of it, and it is this that has given rise to the greatest amount of speculation in Quebec.

The fact that Laporte's body was found with a pillow under his head has prompted some to say he was alive when placed in the car trunk. *Québec-Presse*, the left-wing weekly, speculates that his death was accidental, and he was perhaps killed in another escape attempt.

One of the persistent theories is that another group, other than the Rose cell, had a hand in his death. There is some indication, for example, that the Liberation cell, in close contact with the Chenier cell, knew in advance of his death. These theories are usually based on the fact that it seems certain that three of the four people named in the Chenier cell — the two Roses and Bernard Lortie — were not present during the last days on Armstrong Street. Thus, it is possible that another group or individual gained control of Laporte.

One of these theories, for example, is based on information — known to be in police files — about a rather dubious character of Belgian origin known as 'G', who was obsessed with the Dieppe raid. In fact, he was once arrested in Dieppe for buying a wreath with an N.S.F. cheque — a criminal offense in France. He used to carry a garotte in his pocket which he played with in the manner of Greek worry beads. One of his former associates from the South Shore suspected him of being an underworld "contract" man.

Other theories concern suspicions that the FLQ was infiltrated by agents, if not agents provocateurs.

Dr. Jacques Ferron, who negotiated the Rose brothers' surrender to the police, has in *Le Devoir* virtually accused Jacques Lanctot of being an agent provocateur. Investigations of this are now being carried out.

But one of the most disturbing theories, shared by many of Laporte's former associates, is that the Quebec government wrote off Pierre Laporte. It is felt that Laporte, alive, represented a potentially great source of embarrassment to the provincial Liberals. Dead, he was a martyr for Confederation and a distinct political asset. Laporte's friends point out with bitterness that no reward was offered in the Cross-Laporte kidnappings until late in October.

Whether any of these theories are correct is still a matter for conjecture. But the fact remains that the "official" version of the affair has the air of a whitewash.

In the mire of uncertainties and rumours, there are still a few statements that can be made with assurance:

- The whole truth about the Laporte kidnapping is not known, and is only beginning to surface.
- One reason for this is a cover-up attempt to prevent the exposure of high-level corruption and links with organized crime.
- High political and police authorities have done everything they could to make this cover-up work.
- Premier Bourassa's disastrous weakness as a leader and inability to control his party have led to the Quebec Liberal government's becoming a nest of corruption and seamy relationships, probably unparalleled since the worst days of the Duplessis and Taschereau regimes.

The same government that through men like Paul Desrochers and former Premier Jean Lesage arranges huge subsidies for multinational corporations maintains close ties with the most corrupt elements in the province. Taking both together, the Bourassa government is emerging as one of the sorriest chapters in recent Quebec history.

Nick Auf der Maur is Quebec editor of the Last Post.



Dr. Stanley Haidasz is from Toronto, has a hiatus hernia, and is Minister of State for Multiculturalism. He entertains higher ambitions. Since the spring, a number of curious accidents have befallen him.

LORNE NYSTROM (NDP, YORKTON-MELVILLE):

Mr. Speaker, in view of the absence of the secretary of state I should like to address my question to the acting Prime Minister. In view of the reported putdown of the Minister of State in charge of multiculturalism by the Assistant Undersecretary of State, Bernard Ostry, over the advertising budget for multiculturalism, can the acting Prime Minister indicate whether or not it is now the policy of his government for a bureaucrat to make a policy decision rather than the decision being made by the minister in charge?

ACTING PRIME MINISTER CHARLES DRURY:

Mr. Speaker, I do not think there is any evidence of a policy decision being made by the bureaucracy rather than by the minister.

SOME HON. MEMBERS:

Oh, oh.

—Hansard, Monday, June 18, 1973

The unmaking of the Minister of Culture

by Rae Murphy

"Nobody," said our Ottawa informant as he dolefully contemplated his shrinking carafe of red wine, "screws around with Bernie Ostry and evades punishment."

Bernard Ostry is a mandarin — assistant undersecretary of state. His wife, Dr. Sylvia Ostry, is head of Statistics Canada and therefore a mandarinette.

An admiring profile in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* described Ostry as "straight Renaissance stuff . . . Florentine. Since he let his hair grow curly and grew the little beard and moustache, he even looks the part."

Ostry goes about saying things like: "There are those among the disadvantaged who feel that the first step to improvement is becoming articulate." The *Globe and Mail*

writes things like: "The Ostry style is cool, calm, charming and above all rational. It is also fastidious."

Ostry lives in a big house in Aylmer, which every insider knows is the closest thing we have to Florence.

Of late, Mr. Ostry has been hassled by Dr. Stanley Haidasz, the Member of Parliament for Parkdale in Toronto. Haidasz is Minister of State for Multiculturalism. This gets him into the cabinet but he has no department of his own and must fly under the wing of the citizenship branch of the Secretary of State — Ostry's baby.

Dr. Haidasz also suffers from a hiatus hernia and would like to become Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. He may have other ambitions. Dealing with Stanley Haidasz would be a real bumner for any Renaissance man.

The war between Haidasz and Ostry went public in mid-June with the publication of a confidential memo from Ostry to Haidasz complaining about the latter's financial requests. There then appeared Dr. Haidasz's reply which ticked off Mr. Ostry for his cheek and reminded him of his relatively humble station in life. The reply had never been sent.

All this correspondence took place back in February, but between winter and summer everything seemed cool and correct, except for some rumblings in a section of the "ethnic press" about sabotage of the multiculturalism program.

However, since the war broke out into the open and became one of the political flapjacks of summer, now known in legend as "the Ostry Leak," a number of curious accidents have befallen the hapless Dr. Haidasz and the man who until recently was his executive assistant, Mel McInnis. These included the release of the intelligence that Marie Haidasz, the minister's 18-year-old daughter, was a co-signer of an application for an Opportunities for Youth grant to publicize the government's multiculturalism program in the old man's Toronto constituency. Marie, it transpires, did not actually stay with the project but dropped out after it was approved to take a summer job with a printing firm. The printing firm turned out to be a sub-contractor to the advertising company that was picked by Haidasz to do much of the publicity for his programs.

Bernard Ostry also oversees the OFY projects for the Secretary of State.

These mishaps merely prove the wisdom of the old poet who wrote: "Let me have access to the dossiers of the land and I care not who writes the laws."

Yet there is more to the story than the usual boy-meets-civil-servant, because what is written in the memos casts a glimmer of light on one of English-speaking Canada's more serious social and structural questions and the efforts by the federal government to meet it, or rather to evade it, in a most pleasant and high-sounding manner.

In a word, the policy is multiculturalism.

The fourth volume of the Bilingualism and Biculturalism report dealt specifically with that section of the Canadian population beyond the pale of what is known in Canadian mythology as "The Two Founding Races".

The government's response to this report was tabled in the House on October 8, 1971 — almost a full year before the last election. The next day, Pierre Trudeau ventured into the hostile territory of the Congress of Ukrainian Canadians. He apologized again for having likened the Ukrainian nationalists in the Ukraine to French separatists in Quebec, and elaborated his program. Which went something like:

1. The government of Canada will support all of Canada's



Bernie Ostry is Assistant Undersecretary of State and has been described as a Renaissance man. He has recently added a beard and moustache. He oversees the government's multiculturalism program. Dealing with Stanley Haidasz can be a bumner for a Renaissance man.

cultures and will seek to assist, resources permitting, the development of those cultural groups which have demonstrated a desire and effort to continue to develop a capacity to grow and contribute to Canada, as well as a clear need for assistance.

2. The government will assist members of all cultural groups to overcome cultural barriers to full participation in Canadian society.

3. The government will promote creative encounters and interchange among all Canadian cultural groups in the interest of national unity.

4. The government will continue to assist immigrants to acquire at least one of Canada's official languages in order to become full participants in Canadian society.

A number of programs were announced, but in the Liberal pre-election euphoria, not much was done. The budget was set at \$3 million and nobody was placed directly and exclusively in charge.

That was before the election.

After the deluge, the Liberals found Dr. Stanley Haidasz, a rather dull backbencher from Toronto, and tabbed him to become minister of state in charge of multiculturalism; the budget was upped to more than \$10 million and Haidasz went to work. He also began to get some big ideas.

Calling the day that the multiculturalism program was announced a "day in the history of Canada that will be recorded as one of the most significant announcements of any federal administration," Dr. Haidasz began spending the money. The Cape Breton Irish Benevolent Society got \$3,000 to teach needlework and Irish dancing; the Bhangra Punjabi

folk dancers of Saskatchewan got \$500 to set up a permanent dance company; the Dante Alighieri Society of Edmonton received \$620 to simultaneously translate an Italian professor's lecture on the social and economic history of Naples; and down in Montreal, Kard Rostworowski had his play produced by the Lycee A Mickiewicz. That well known ethnic group, the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, bagged \$200,000 "to examine the relationship between cultural development and the retention of the ancestral language."

However, aside from underwriting the publication of books on Latvian ornaments and providing funds for choirs and dance groups, the big money is heading in another direction: to subsidize a section of the ethnic press in Canada — the contretemps with Ostry occurred when Haidasz ordered up an advertising budget of \$230,745 for one of his multicultural programs that was worth, according to Ostry, about \$1 million.

There were 155 publications in Canada classified by the government as ethnic in 1965 and there are no doubt more now. They range from dailies to tiny monthlies. For example, in 1965 there were 33 publications beamed to the Ukrainian community in Canada, sharing a circulation of 140,000, while five Greek publications divided a readership of 18,000. These papers also cover the whole range of political philosophies and while some are mainly entrepreneurial projects, others are highly ideological. Many of both kinds are literally kept alive by government advertising.

Government advertising in the ethnic press has had one distinguishing feature — no ethnic paper considered part of the left has ever received any, and as Dr. Haidasz has gone around rewarding his friends with his advertising budget, the political colour bar still holds.

Haidasz appears also to be building a power base among certain ethnic organizations in Canada. The total program, aside from a \$500,000 advertising budget, includes \$50,000 for groups running a "multicultural centre" and enough money to finance a 100-man advisory council with members spread across the country.

In a rather tantalizing understatement one ethnic magazine reported:

"The announcement of the new council was greeted somewhat sceptically by all opposition parties. Members criticized the minister for not making copies of the policy statement available in advance. And one member expressed the view that while the council is a positive step, he was afraid that its role will be reduced to implementing the policies of Mr. Haidasz rather than helping to formulate it."

In spite of his limitations, Stanley Haidasz is not a man without friends or a political constituency. He is a member of several Polish organizations in Toronto and is also closely connected with the Ukrainian nationalist movement which, particularly on the prairies, represents one of the most powerful and politically active ethnic groups — not counting the omnipotent WASPs. One leader of a left-wing Ukrainian organization describes Haidasz as both minister of the Crown and ambassador to the government from the Ukrainian Canadian Committee. More on the Ukrainian Canadian Committee later.

Since becoming minister Haidasz has been pounding around the country making speeches and opening clubs. On many of these occasions he has other members of the cabinet in tow as well as, on at least one trip, Martin O'Connell, the defeated former cabinet minister who is now the Prime Minister's principal secretary.

In these forays, as well as in his receptions for delegations of invited visitors to Ottawa, Haidasz has been ringing out the word that Canada is indeed a "pluralistic" society, that ethnicity is in, that the money now available is only a down payment on what is to come, that maybe next time everybody should vote Liberal out west.

Dr. Haidasz's enthusiasm for the multicultural program appears to be shared by a number of ethnic groups. A brief submitted to the federal government from the Ukrainian Professional and Businessmen's Federation described the government's policy on multiculturalism as courageous and a "great historical step for all ethnic groups in Canada . . ."

How a program which will dole out \$10 million for "third language teaching-aids", folk festivals, and cute stuff like a program to increase "awareness on the part of all Canadians of the different lifestyles and cultural traditions" gets to be called a "historical step" is, on the surface, somewhat puzzling; the Opportunities for Youth program gives out \$34 million and has been described as being merely hysterical. How a government which launches this program gets to be called courageous is something else which helps to illustrate that nothing in this country is really as simple as it appears. For example, the brief of the Professional and Businessmen's Federation suggested a number of recommendations, including one which went like:

"To facilitate federal-provincial co-ordination, it was further recommended that the portfolio of the Minister of State become the Minister of Culture and that an Office of Multiculturalism in charge of a director responsible to the Minister of Culture be established . . ."

Another recommendation not only tied closely with the notion that the Minister of State become cultural boss, but also indicating what this Minister of Culture will do is reflected in another recommendation:

"That ethnic groups be consulted to avoid parodies like 'Another Smith in Paradise' and Mr. Ryga's recent play for CBC television . . . Both films had Ukrainian Canadian themes, but to our knowledge neither had personnel of Ukrainian descent in an advisory capacity."

Regardless of the merits of George Ryga's play, he is a Canadian of Ukrainian descent who doesn't perhaps agree with the Ukrainian Professional and Businessmen's Federation.

All of which brings one to the fundamental flaw in Dr. Haidasz's approach to multiculturalism — if it doesn't assume, it tends to enforce, the idea that there is such a thing as ethnic power; that within a class-structured and politically divided society, one cultural or political group or association of groups can speak for every Canadian of Ukrainian, Polish or other descent. In essence, beneath the façade of grants to the Bangladesh Association of Saskatchewan, Dr. Haidasz and friends, by giving financial support to certain — but by no means all — ethnic publications and organizations, are building a new political base.

Canada's "ethnic" communities have always been highly political, both in terms of their relationship to affairs in the "mother country" and in terms of political attitudes in Canada. Different immigrant groups have, of course, functioned at different levels of political activity, and the nature of their political role has changed through the generations in Canada. But although there never has been any thought of political homogeneity among the immigrants to Canada,

organizations have sprung up which have claimed to speak for all Poles, all Ukrainians, all Jews.

Often, these organizations in effect receive a government franchise; most of them are of a rightist political nature and have derived their strength from both the anti-communism that has characterized the most recent immigration from Eastern Europe and from the official attitudes of the Canadian government during the Cold War.

A case in point is the Ukrainian Canadian Committee, which is about the most active and politically influential ethnic body in Canada. An old book by Raymond Arthur Davies, *This is Our Land*, described the split in the Ukrainian immigrant community in Canada that took place in the wake of the Russian revolution, the civil war and the emergence of the Ukraine as part of the Soviet Union. The situation, of course, became much more complex with the Second World War, and Davies' book, written in the early 1940s, pictured the amalgam of Ukrainian organizations — some openly pro-fascist, others highly religious and intensely nationalist — which got together in Winnipeg in 1940 to form a United Ukrainian Committee. The central purpose of the Committee was to establish its leadership among Ukrainian immigrants in Canada, but its spokesmen also saw, according to a Winnipeg newspaper of the day, its future potential as an incipient "provisional government of the post-war Ukraine." The Ukrainian Canadian Committee is a descendant of this body.

However, everything changes. Reality indicates that whatever happened in the Ukraine in the 1920s is unlikely to be reversed, at least by any external force. True enough, the passions of the Cold War made a number of things seem possible in the first decades after the war, but time and succeeding generations have made the father's and grandfather's dreams of a re-conquest both impossible and irrelevant.

If time and events have eroded the Ukrainian Canadian Committee's anti-Bolshevism and dreams of a "liberated" Ukraine, it has not changed the right-wing orientation of its policy or of its pretensions to speak for all Ukrainians.

An example of where the Ukrainian Canadian Committee is at politically can be gleaned from the following excerpt from the previously-quoted brief of the Ukrainian businessmen, an affiliate of the Ukrainian Canadian Committee:

"... in our struggle to retain a Ukrainian Canadian identity we are not motivated by self-interest alone. The nascent linguistic and cultural rights which are presently being allowed to lie dormant (atrophy and die) could serve Canada well in external affairs and business. We are convinced that measures to keep the truce and eventually to establish peace in Vietnam would be much enhanced in circumstances where most of the Canadians chosen to serve alongside the Poles, Hungarians, and Indonesians were themselves of Polish, Hungarian, and Indonesian descent, knowing either English or French and Polish, Hungarian, or Indonesian and familiar with the cultural aspects of the latter, which helps so much to break down communication barriers. In business, Canada's rich cultural diversity is a treasury of linguistic and cultural talent for the multi-national corporations which are such a feature of contemporary life."

Perhaps more to the point than Ukrainian branch-plants, and the search for Indonesians for the Army, is the group's lack of recognition of French Canada and its attitude to French Canadians:

"For the Ukrainian Canadians, like the French Canadians, are also 'not a people like the others.' Moreover, both groups share their uniqueness with the native peoples, and the Estonians, Latvians and Lithuanians. All have one thing in common: their numbers cannot be replenished by immigration from ancestral lands across the seas. As a result, with Quebec and New Brunswick under siege in the Anglo-American environment, and Ukraine, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania beleaguered by a relentless campaign of Russification behind the high walls of the Soviet border, and the native peoples without an ancestral home altogether, the potential extinction of each group's culture was a distinct possibility."

This notion of the connection between French Canadians and "other minority groups" is closely akin to the late "Third Force Theory". And as every good Liberal reads on, it is no wonder he gets the heebie-jeebies: after all, Trudeau still needs some votes in Quebec.

In political terms, multiculturalism appears as a direct descendant of that unfortunate and divisive term advanced during the first days of the Bi-Bi world of the early sixties — The Third Force.

Aside from assuming the homogeneity, in a national and cultural sense, of the non-French or non-British element of the Canadian population — which alone made the theory untenable — the fiction of "the third force" was seen in French Canada as simply a manoeuvre to obscure its own existence.

However, in English-speaking Canada, the "third force" theory did pose some rather pertinent questions concerning the rights of minority groups within Canada. Theories of a cultural mosaic which seemed to freeze succeeding generations into a cultural and social hierarchy with a mythical puritan WASP culture on top were clearly unacceptable. English-speaking Canada's so-called ethnic communities were demanding their own rights in a more vigorous manner.

Perhaps the "melting-pot" theory would have worked if immigration stopped in the 1930s; more likely, it wouldn't have. In any case, immigration didn't stop and Canada became more ethnically diverse than ever.

The fourth volume of the Bi-Bi Commission established the distinctive pattern of immigration to Canada:

"The arrival in Canada of people drawn from a wide variety of ethnic origins can be followed through four distinct phases. The first of these lasted until approximately 1901. In that year the immigration policy of Sir Clifford Sifton (who became Minister of the Interior in 1896 and was determined to see the Canadian West settled) showed its results in the sharply rising census figures. This second phase, which lasted from 1901 until the outbreak of World War I, saw the greatest flow of people into Canada that the country has ever experienced. This influx was halted abruptly by the war, and the level of immigration only began to rise again in the early 1920's. This third phase was in turn halted by the Depression; immigration lapsed until a fourth phase began after World War II and has continued since then. Each of these four phases attracted different types of immigrants to the country. Thus, over the years the ethnic background, class, and educational levels of the newcomers have differed widely, as have the geographic areas in which they chose to settle."

Substantial immigration to Canada resumed soon after the



The "one third neithers" put on those smashing festivals with the colourful costumes.

end of World War II. A wider variety of ethnic origin categories, social classes, and occupations were included in this final phase, which has also continued longer than either of the earlier phases before and after World War I. The ethnic origins most strongly represented among the new arrivals since 1945 — other than British — are Italian, German, Dutch, Polish and Jewish; those of British origin constituted one-third of the total.

As of 1973, Canada's immigration rate was the world's highest.

Now all this is very nice, and as our Prime Minister noted in one of his forays into deepest Manitoba, "linguistically, our origins are one-third English, one-third French and one-third neither." A cosy situation. Ethnically, the Brits and their descendants run the country, the French are kept in their place, and the "one-third neithers" put on those smashing festivals with the colourful costumes. But this picture less and less conforms to the political and social reality of Canada.

The past few years have made it abundantly clear that French Canada will no longer continue to live within the framework, or rather straitjacket of current Canada. In English-speaking Canada, the natives are also stirring.

Thus while one can put down the federal policy of multiculturalism as a bit of political expediency — do something nice for the boys on the steppes of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, not to mention downtown Toronto, in return for some votes — it is also useful to remember that that which is politically expedient becomes so only to the degree that it reflects a reality.

That reality was pinpointed by one prominent Ukrainian-Canadian writer as follows:

"The expanding presence of viable ethno-cultural communities, in the basic patterns of Canadian life, not only rejected the American melting pot but asserted distinct values in opposition to those of Canadian society that differentiate this country from its neighbour to the south. Here again that difference is summed up in an official policy of multiculturalism ... the new interest and resurgence in ethnic

cultures reflects the need for a stronger sense of peoplehood, for basic and enduring cultural values by generations of Canadians, in a climate of uncertainty, alienation and nihilism."

English-speaking Canada, it appears, is a much more complex entity than the days, not so long ago, when John Diefenbaker could keep things cool by praising the Queen and passing the ammunition to "free the Ukraine" or wherever.

The policy of multiculturalism of the federal government — various provincial governments are also into the act — is thus partly a concession to the huge section of the Canadian population whose heritage and culture have been demeaned by generations of forced assimilation into an imposed Anglo-Saxon culture and whose rights as Canadians have been shunted aside. It is also partly a tricky political manoeuvre.

Concessions have to be given, but the status must also remain quo. Pierre Trudeau, who according to the *Toronto Star's* Anthony Westell lost Alberta because of his alleged plot to remove the R from the RCMP, adopts a position on the monarchy somewhere to the right of Charles I and left of Charles Lynch and still attempts to pacify a large section of the population who see the British symbols as both anachronistic and alien.

One of his problems is being saddled with a bungler whose political philosophy and coterie of friends is as limited as it is narrow.

A teenage boy confronted Prime Minister Trudeau at a banquet in Toronto. Wasn't it time, asked the boy, for his daddy to have a ministry for his very own? Trudeau at first pretended not to hear the question, but the boy, son of Stanley Haidasz, persisted.

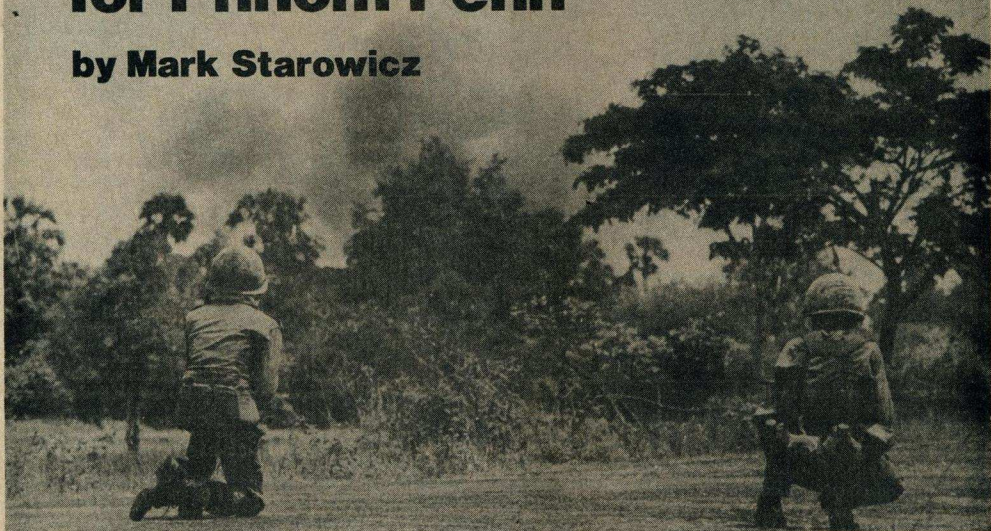
Never, said the Prime Minister.

Perhaps Bernie Ostry was just passing the word around this summer in his Florentine manner.

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

Twenty days in the battle for Phnom Penh

by Mark Starowicz



Government Battalion encounters heavy enemy firepower off Route 4, 15 miles from Phnom Penh.

Crossroads

INTRODUCTION

With the end of the American bombing of Cambodia on August 15, the last underpinning has been removed from the government of President Lon Nol and world attention has again been focussed on the future of that country. Mark Starowicz, one of the founders of the Last Post, spent three weeks in Cambodia in June preparing a radio documentary for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The following is his report:



Government troops approach tree line off Route 4 in clearing operation.

of the sun

Within a few days of my arrival in Phnom Penh, an informal group of four of us had developed. We "went out" together almost every day, usually on Route 4, the main road to the crucial seaport of Kompong Som — formerly Sihanoukville.

Phemm Chang was our interpreter. He was 28, wore a cowboy shirt sometimes, purple jeans, and carried a cassette machine with American pop music everywhere. Ali Nun was a freelance photographer who made his living selling the odd photo for fifty dollars to the *New York Times*. He was Turkish, spoke perfect English and French, and had been in Cambodia three months before I came. The third member of the group was CP; nobody ever remembered his Cambodian name, which was complicated, but his initials were CP. He was also 28, like Ali and Chang, always friendly, and the bravest one of the bunch. He worked for the Ministry

of Information, technically, but made some money selling the odd photo to UPI. He was saving up for a telephoto lens, so he wouldn't have to get so close to actual fighting to get a good shot.

I was the fourth member. I met Chang within two minutes of getting off the plane at Pochentong airport. As soon as my entry visa was stamped he grabbed my bag and asked if I wanted a taxi. The next thing I knew I was in a car, handing out dollar bills to Chang as he exchanged money at half the rate I could get downtown, asked if I wanted a girl for the night, what I was doing, would I need a guide, would I like to see Lon Nol's home, would I like an interview with Lon Nol, did I want to see Sihanouk's mother . . .

My key at the hotel had "Le Phnom" taped over the former name "Le Royale"; the building was a French officers' residence in colonial times. I woke up at midnight



'The Front' — on Route 5.

when the front door of my room started heaving in its hinges; a second later the shutters in the windows started rattling as if someone were pounding them from outside. I had heard my first B-52 attack, thirty miles away.

At nine o'clock I followed the route the hotel clerk drew on my newspaper and went to the "briefing".

The "briefing" was a twice-daily event; nine in the morning and six in the evening. There was no briefing, in the sense of a colonel standing with a map and a pointer. There was just a small blackboard, on which a sheet of paper was posted with a list of major encounters and casualties within the last few hours. Reporters used it as an occasionally dependable guide to where there was some fighting going on. Nobody believed the casualty figures.

It was at the briefing, a couple of days after I arrived, that I met Ali. It began as a friendship of convenience; he didn't have the money to rent a car and I did, I didn't know where to go and he did.

A few days later, on the morning of June 6, Tuesday, Ali and I left the briefing, and went with Chang and CP to the fork of Routes 3 and 4 near Pochentong airport. No particular action had been listed anywhere on the briefing sheet, just some "harassment" on Route 3.

Since Ali knew a captain in a command post on Route 3, we started down the two-lane asphalt highway, and travelled for about 12 miles.

The roads in Cambodia are lively and colourful: ox-carts moving along the shoulders, motor-taxis pulling little carts full of passengers, a line of Buddhist monks in orange robes. The land is flat paddy field, with built-up ridges to contain

the water along the fields. About a thousand yards from the highway on either side, the treeline starts.

For about seven miles along Route 3, you pass a village every two or three miles; then the number of people along the road begins to thin out. The treeline edges closer to the highway, and the clumps of lounging soldiers grow more frequent.

After crossing a narrow wooden bridge, heavily guarded by machine-gun emplacements along the banks of the river, we came to a Wat — a temple area: a concentration of about a dozen statues and a low, concrete building. Spent cartridges and mortar shells littered the shoulders of the road as we pulled up before a barbed-wire perimeter at the guardpost, where we told a 15-year-old soldier we had come to see the captain. He waved us in.

In the distance, we could hear dull thuds, mortar fire being exchanged. Occasionally one would sound a lot closer, but it would still be several hundred yards away.

The encampment was full of women and children, who follow the soldiers wherever they go. There was a mountain of ammunition crates obviously left as they were after being dumped from the truck; a few machine-gun emplacements dug in the ground, some hollow trenches, and lean-tos made of palm ferns and plastic sheets that looked like split garbage bags. There were about 100 men in the camp, and about 200 out on various patrols in a one-mile radius around the camp.

I was carrying a tape recorder, and Ali warned me that the captain was not likely to be too frank in conversation if I brought it in. But since I was working on a radio docu-

mentary I preferred to be recording platitudes rather than nothing, and we lowered our heads under the thatched roof of the command post — which consisted of two tables, five chairs, a large map of the area, and a teapot.

The captain was about five feet five, 30, gaunt with a wisp of a goatee; he spoke French well enough to indicate a good education. Starched fatigues hung loosely from his small frame. He offered us tea, and agreed to explain the military situation to us.

The Khmers Rouges have advanced five miles in three days, he said, knocking out twenty little outposts of three to five men each. Now they are a mile away, and within easy mortar range. Route 3 has been cut off a mile further up from where we are.

He said he had only enough men to harass the enemy advance, and that he didn't have sufficient re-inforcements from Phnom Penh, 15 miles away, even to attempt to push them back.

Could the camp sustain an attack?

No.

How good are his troops?

The men he has, actually, are pretty good. They get paid on time, he sees to that.

Does he think the major offensive will come on Route 3?

No, he said, probably Route 4, twenty miles higher up on the map.

Well, do you have any intelligence from the commander on Route 4 that might aid you, since you seem to be at the rear flank of an advance on Route 4?

No, he hadn't heard from anybody at Route 4 in several days.

Is this kind of bad communication normal?

Sure.

Ali's fears had been groundless; all this time my tape recorder had, quite visibly, been on, and the captain was obviously prepared to speak freely. So Ali started asking him questions, trying to draw out statements he had made the first time the two had met.

What's the desertion rate?

In my unit, very low; I take care of my men.

In other units, then.

Oh ... anywhere up to sixty per cent.

Sixty per cent!

Yes. Of course, there are no real figures.

Why this desertion rate?

Lots of reasons. First, the troops are not trained at all. They get a month's training. What's that? Second, they're very young. Third, they have no spiritual commitment.

What do you mean by that?

They're not fools, you know. They listen to the radio, they hear the news.

Whom do the majority of the people support?

In Phnom Penh, clearly the Lon Nol government.

Outside Phnom Penh?

Here the captain dragged on his cigarette, and made a mock show of thinking hard, then smiled and said: "Oh ... about 100 per cent support Sihanouk."

I glanced at the meter on my machine to make sure it was recording.

One hundred per cent support Sihanouk?

Yes, but that's not in Phnom Penh. That's only (and here he smiled again) the peasants, the workers, the ... how shall I put it ... the people.

We talked for a few moments more, and then the colonel walked in and he shot to attention. A few minutes later, we walked out with him, heading for the car.

So why are you fighting on this side, I asked.

I don't know, he shrugged, wished us luck, and invited us back anytime.

Battle of the crossroads of the sun

Ten days later we tried to return but the position had been overrun. We were unable to find out what had happened to the people who had been in the encampment.

We turned the car around and headed back to the fork with Route 4 where, it seemed from what the captain had said, things might start brewing. In half an hour, we had retraced our path about eight miles, and then gone ten miles along Route 4. We passed the villages of Bekchan, Ang Snoul and Thnal Totung. I'd remember those names very vividly over the next three weeks.

At Thnal Totung we turned off Route 4 along a dirt road about a mile, to where we were told there was a government emplacement.

A mile from Route 4, we stopped because we saw another car parked, and a couple of soldiers on motorcycles. We were told we'd better abandon our car here and go the rest of the way on foot; the Khmers Rouges were mortaring the road, and the car would provide too convenient a target.

We walked for about fifteen or twenty minutes without saying a word, each of us surveying the treeline on his side of the road for any sign of motion. Even CP acted tense, not liking the way we were exposed, and the lack of any place to run to but back to the car across the wide open terrain.

We approached a clump of trees and a couple of shacks. About twenty men were milling about in the shade. In the back of one of the shacks two women were boiling a chicken; in front, NBC cameraman Denis Cameron, whose car we had seen back on the road, was interviewing a soldier on camera.

This, then, was the government "emplacement" we had been told about.

We learned that it was the remnant of a larger force that had gone ahead into the bush three days earlier, and had been encircled. The men we were with now were a rear guard. They had just received orders, a lieutenant told us, to go and relieve the trapped column. Eighty men were trapped a mile ahead; twenty were going to try to relieve them.

"We might get some good wounded shots if we hang around," Cameron was saying to Ali. The news agencies aren't interested in shots of dead soldiers, or wounds that are too gory. And, as I'd hear Ali tirelessly tell CP, there's no use risking your neck for combat shots because they all look alike and the agencies don't rate them that highly.

"Shake a lot of hands," Ali whispered to me. That was important, he told me later, because people are honoured if a white man shakes hands with them. "It's an awful thing to say, but you want as many people as possible liking you if you get hit and it's up to some guy to drag you back

to shelter or leave you there."

The next hour and a half we sat, bored, in whatever shade we could find, and talked with some soldiers, or just watched them clean their guns. One boy caught my eye, and I found out he was sixteen years old. He had joined the army three years ago, when the war started, when he was 13. He said he liked the army, but couldn't tell me why when I asked him.

Denis Cameron left at four o'clock, after persuading himself nothing would happen after all. We decided to wait till five and then go back to Phnom Penh.

The Khmer Rouge forces, we were told, were in the tree-line, 100 yards away across a clearing. No estimate of their strength.

About fifteen minutes after Cameron left, two U.S. Phantom fighter-bombers appeared overhead, and the encampment established radio contact with them, requesting an air strike into the tree-line.

Ten minutes later the jets obliged, and two deafening thumps knocked us back on our heels, as three-storey columns of smoke climbed from the tree-line in front of us. I had to admit their aim was pretty good, and was momentarily grateful for that.

The jets circled overhead, then dived from the direction of the sun, thus making it impossible for the target to see them. Occasionally we could spot a dot slashing across a cloud, ahead of where the jet's sound was coming from. Then a double puff of smoke from the delta wing and the rocket was loosed; wait five seconds, columns erupt from the trees, a second later the shock wave hits you.

The two rocket attacks were ten minutes apart. We awaited a third.

As we waited I sat beside a tree with Chang. Suddenly, I saw three soldiers standing in the middle of the road twenty feet from us, yelling and pointing.

A dozen or so men ran to the centre of the road where the soldiers were pointing, and the air erupted into a hundred pieces.

Chang and I pushed ourselves into the dirt, and we could see a line of about a hundred men running across the clearing towards us. Some kept running, others fell on their stomachs and formed a line of machine-gun fire.

The government soldiers around us started running toward the field, and after a hundred feet they too fell on their stomachs and started firing rifles and machine guns.

A mortar behind Chang and me started firing, and almost blew our eardrums off with every shot.

The air was crackling. It sounded like an avalanche of pebbles falling on concrete. I remember being a bit disappointed that rifles sounded so pop-like, and machine-guns lacked the throaty rumble of the war movies. It sounded like a war movie on a TV set with a tinny speaker.

The rest comes in flashes.

The captain stands in the middle of the road and yells at his men to attack, then crumples on the spot.

I can't tell who's dead and who's lying on his stomach firing in the field ahead of me.

Chang just sits there and says "Wow, lotsa them" over and over.

We see another line of attackers emerge from the trees and run across the road to our right. Momentary relief when we see they're not headed for us, then a sense of panic as we realize they are cutting around to our rear.

I look around for Ali and I can't see him. CP is off by

the shack. There's a distance of twenty feet between the shack and the tree where Chang and I are lying prostrate.

One soldier comes streaking by us, yelling, heading away from the battle, and on my tape I can hear myself innocently saying to Chang: "If the soldiers are retreating don't you think we ought to?" Chang's answer isn't recorded, nor do I remember it.

We stayed ten minutes more — not that I remember, because I couldn't tell a minute from a second at that point, but ten minutes of tape elapsed on my machine.

A brief stillness, about two minutes, broken only by sporadic machine gun fire. I can't see anything on the field in front, not even bodies, but it's a ridged field, and I only glance for a second, as Chang and I dash across the 20 feet to the side of the shack, the side away from the fighting.

Down the road, we see our white Mercedes speeding toward us; apparently the driver had heard the firing and deduced we might need him. He veers with a loud screech into the field beside the shack where we're crouching and jumps out to crouch behind the car.

The air is alive again with the crackle of the guns, and the periodic sinking thud of the mortar. Overhead, the two Phantoms are lining up for another pass, and in a few seconds we're tossed back by two more shock waves, louder than the first two rounds.

It became apparent what had happened. Several hundred Khmers Rouges were in the tree-line, and faced with direct American rocket attack had two alternatives: retreat farther into the bush or attack. Attack had two advantages. The government commander would be reluctant to call down air strikes so close to his own men (erroneous assumption), and the small government detachment could easily be wiped out (correct assumption).

As the Phantoms circled for a fourth round, two more soldiers ran past us away from the battle. One was without a gun. That, with the thought that a man flying at 35,000 feet was going to try to drop a rocket only four hundred feet away from us, was enough. Chang and I ran around to the rear of the car, and climbed onto the floor in the back of the car, between the seats. CP, seeing us, made a dash for the floor of the front seat.

Ali was nowhere though, and as the driver started the motor, we stuck our heads out of the door screaming "Ali!" In a few seconds a crouched figure in a black shirt, three Nikons and two canteens flopping, scuttled across the road and dived headfirst into the rear of the car as it pulled out. The driver was slumped below the level of the windshield, and drove by looking out the open door at the ditch to make sure he was still on the road.

After five minutes of veering crazily along the dirt road to avoid stray bullets we came back to Highway 4, and the town of Thnal Totung, which means "The Crossroads of the Sun".

Route 4 was a scene of panic. Jeeps and army transports rushed by, the drivers leaning on the horns which mingled in the air with confused chattering and yelling.

In the fields surrounding Thnal Totung, dots began appearing: farmers coming out of the outlying areas, driving cattle before them, heading for Route 4. Down the dirt road we had just come off, where the battle had begun, two jeeps plied their way through the crowd of fleeing people. They were loaded with dead and wounded, stacked in a jumble of arms and legs.

We learned from the men in the jeeps that the outpost



Remains of two people killed in their shack when a Khmer Rouge mortar attack on Pochentong airport overshot target. This refugee colony is less than 3 miles from city centre.

we had fled minutes before was largely wiped out. The Khmers Rouges were advancing swiftly on Thnal Totung and they didn't stop to talk long.

The arrival of the jeeps with dead and wounded accelerated the abandonment of Thnal Totung. Fifteen minutes later we joined the ragged stream of carts and bicycles heading for Phnom Penh.

Thnal Totung fell that evening.

The government threw up a front line the next day at Ang Snoul, a village three miles closer to Phnom Penh. There the fighting teeter-tottered for the next three weeks. In the middle of that period we hitched a ride with a government APC (armoured personnel carrier) through the wildly shifting front line and got a glimpse of the outskirts of Ang Snoul, levelled into a mess of twisted tin and charred wood.

Route 4 was completely cut off — presumably the Khmers Rouges' aim — and they pressed no further. Phnom Penh had no communications with the sea. What parts of the highway were open were choked with streams of refugees in ox-carts, and temporary camps along the road.

All this was ten miles from the airport at Pochentong, thirteen miles from the presidential palace in the centre of Phnom Penh.

The last Hemingway war

A *Le Monde* reporter called the Cambodian civil war the last Hemingway war. He didn't like Hemingway.

You could get into a car, even a taxi, with a case of beer in the trunk, drive 25 minutes, and park near a mortar emplacement, watching the bodies being pulled out. It was easy to play war correspondent, and drive back to a glass of wine under the stars at the hotel, although more officers did that than journalists.

I remember asking Malcolm Browne of the *New York Times*, a gentleman in the old sense of the word and a Vietnam and Laos veteran, whether this is what the Vietnam War was like, in day to day detail.

"This isn't just like the Vietnam war," he said, "it is



Soldiers hitch a ride to the front in village of Bekchan. Note soldier holding a sword, which he will actually use.

the Vietnam war. Everybody just agreed to fight it in somebody else's country."

In a radio interview after I got back to Canada, I tried to describe a typical hot afternoon when fighting stopped till things cooled down, and the tacky picture of the ragtag battalions. The interviewer said "You make it sound like a joke, like it wasn't a serious war."

Sylvana Foa of UPI, a veteran of the war who was expelled at the behest of the U.S. embassy, also said when I met her in Hong Kong that "it isn't a serious war." She proceeded to recount the worst horror stories I have ever heard.

But it's true in a way. When reporters start advising a colonel on how to conduct an operation — and they did, out of sheer frustration at what they were seeing — it just stops looking like what you read in the papers.

The banality of it, the pointlessness, made it all the more horrible. Too many soldiers were dying from errors in strategy, from the elementary ignorance of the officers.

"I don't care so much if I get shot by a Khmer Rouge," Haney Howell of CBS, a former Phantom pilot, would say, "I just don't want to get shot by some kid who dropped his gun. It's this Pepsi Cola army that gives me the creeps."

The "Pepsi Cola Army", if you ask the Information Ministry, has 200,000 soldiers. If you ask the U.S. embassy, they'll say 180,000. The Army payroll lists 300,000 names.

The difference lines the pockets of a lot of colonels and officials, who profit from collecting wages for phantom battalions that just don't exist.

A first-class private with combat experience makes 4,000 riels a month, less than \$10. At least a third of the soldiers

I spoke to had missed a month or two of salary. The colonel just shrugged his shoulders.

The soldier must pay for his own rice, and scrounge his own food. Consequently, his wife and children follow him into the field, because they'll never be fed back in Phnom Penh, and no one will convey the soldier's salary to them. Truckloads of women and children follow a battalion to the front lines. Some of the women accompany their husbands into the battle.

It's a shock the first time to watch a manoeuvre in the distance and watch the soldiers' children playing marbles on the asphalt of the highway.

The women rush to the jeeps that haul the wounded out, and look to see if their husbands are among them. If one is, a wail will tear through the bustle, and a phalanx of photographers will rush toward her.

The Cambodians, reserved and peaceful in the Buddhist manner, are among the most vicious fighters in the world. In Thailand, they have a reputation as savages. In Vietnam, the Special-Forces-trained "Mike Force" had a lot of Cambodians in it as spearhead troops.

I haven't seen the things I'm describing below; but I trust the people who told me they had seen them and haven't a shred of doubt that they happened.

In three and a half years of war, there have been 200 prisoners taken by the government side. All of these are Vietnamese, kept alive for propaganda purposes to support the government position that the enemy is all "VC", not Cambodian insurgents.

In any encounter where Khmer Rouge wounded are on

the field, the procedure is the following:

The throat is slit in such a way as not to sever the jugular, just the vocal cords. The man thus bleeds profusely, losing any remaining energy, and cannot scream, but will live for some time.

Then an incision is made between the navel and the chest cavity, releasing the intestines, which burst out. The bodies, still barely alive, are laid out on the field in a pattern, in the enemy's view. Since in the Buddhist religion no man enters the afterlife until he has been cremated, this is the deepest contempt that can be shown to an enemy.

Frequently the liver is excised, since it is considered to contain the virility and essence of the man. The penis is frequently severed and placed in the mouth.

"I remember in a village once," Sylvana Foa said, "seeing about twenty bodies laid out in a sun pattern, with wire driven through the hands joining one body to another. The distended intestines' gases swell in the heat, making it seem as if balloons are erupting from a man's stomach. You could see little schoolchildren holding a schoolbag in one hand and their nose in the other, as they walked around the bodies giggling."

I was warned early to pretend I'd never seen anything if I encountered a prisoner being killed.

The troops are now extremely sensitive about being seen. "You would just disappear if you tried to take a picture."

Several reporters have. Seven journalists are known dead and eighteen are missing in three years. Some, presumably, are in Khmer Rouge hands. Others are known to have gone into areas where there were no Khmer Rouge concentrations, and to have disappeared at the hands of government troops. Nobody knows for certain what they did or saw, but everybody has a pretty good idea.

There is little doubt that these things are done by both sides, though less by the Khmers Rouges since they are better disciplined troops.

It's estimated that a good proportion of the deserters from the government forces join the Khmers Rouges. This is often simply because there is little else for a deserter to do, since he will be recognized and caught if he returns to his home village, and in Phnom Penh people are stopped for their papers all the time.

But another reason is even simpler. The soldiers are told incessantly they are fighting the Vietnamese invader; the Vietnamese are hated passionately in Cambodia (as in Laos), since they are regarded as an expansionist, militaristic race, and since they have established successful commercial communities in both countries.

The government soldier who is captured by the Khmers Rouges sees that his captors aren't Vietnamese. They are Khmer brothers; in Cambodia, brotherhood between fellow Khmers is very strong in the national ethic, which makes the civil war all the more ironic. These aren't the Viet Cong. The Khmers Rouges tell him why they are fighting, that the government is corrupt, that Lon Nol is a puppet, that his brother Lon Non goes around assassinating people, and that the colonels are thieves. And the soldier hasn't been paid for two months. Political education doesn't have to go very deep in a war like this.

One of the first times I went out, I had been misinformed that the soldier's basic salary was 6,000 riels, about \$13. So when we were lounging around with soldiers of the elite 7th battalion around Ang Snoul, I asked a man, "Is your salary 6,000 riels? For the next hour I had soldiers coming

at me from all around the emplacement saying "When is this new raise supposed to come?" or "Is it true that every one else has gotten 6,000 riels and we have been left at 4,000?" For an hour I explained that I had made a mistake, that somebody had misinformed me, but they insisted when will this raise come through?

As I am writing, a substantial fuss is being made in the papers about B-52s hitting hospitals and government positions, in their haste to get under the August 15 deadline. It's not new.

Fighter-bombers and B-52s cruised the skies over Cambodia all the time, in effect on call (their base was in Thailand). A Cambodian ground commander would try to communicate with any aircraft available on the airwaves, and request bombing of a specific sector. The U.S. embassy's Air Attache Office in Phnom Penh monitored the wavelengths and would give cursory approval to targets requested by the Cambodian military post in the field.

The Cambodian ground commander would have a grid map of his area, and would request, say, an attack on Sector 5 on the map. Each sector is about an acre in size.

We would monitor the calls every night on a cheap VHF radio in the hotel, and quite frequently heard that a government position had been bombed. After all, the Cambodian soldier on the ground speaks virtually no English, frequently can't figure out his sector map, and indiscriminately requests a drop on what may only be a platoon of Khmer Rouge troops; better the Americans bomb it than the government risk any of its troops, no matter how trivial the target.

One fiasco I remember most clearly is a SPECTRE being misdirected to the wrong sector and destroying a company of government troops on June 14. A SPECTRE is a converted C-130 transport with rows of Gatling guns along its sides and belly. If it were, say, to fly over a soccer field, every square foot of the field would have a bullet in it within fifteen seconds.

The Prince

The Khmers Rouges are the most unknown element of the war, which says a lot for the world press, considering they control 80 per cent of the country.

The term "Khmers Rouges" technically refers to the remnant of the hard-core Indochina Communist Party of the old colonial days, the Ho Chi Minh School, the Cambodian equivalent of the early Viet Minh. In Sihanouk's time, about 3,000 survived, leading a precarious existence fighting Sihanouk, and being persecuted by his police.

Today the term covers anywhere from 70,000 to 120,000 insurgents of various political stripes, and comprises about six different groups. Some are liberal nationalists, some pro-Sihanouk loyalists, some bandits, some violently anti-Sihanouk but fighting for the moment under a flag of convenience. The name Sihanouk, beloved and revered in the countryside as a god, is clearly the main recruiting factor for the modern coalition that borrowed the name Khmers Rouges.

Cohesion is given to the alliance of groups by a general staff rooted in the old Communist Khmers Rouges, and reinforced by a technical and logistical force of anywhere from

5,000 to 20,000 North Vietnamese and South Vietnamese National Liberation Front forces. The North Vietnamese and NLF are believed to be largely interested in the operation of the Ho Chi Minh trail that runs through Cambodia, and NLF regroupment bases on the border zone with South Vietnam. The Vietnamese are conceded to man all the Khmer Rouge sapper units, and run the heavy equipment. The Khmers Rouges have no air power, and little anti-aircraft equipment. They have some heavy artillery captured from government troops, and these are believed to be operated by the more skilled and experienced Vietnamese troops.

Apart from the Vietnamese, as Sylvania Foa put it, "the Khmers Rouges are just as young, just as badly trained as the government forces. Besides they're Khmers too, and the Khmers, to their great credit, are the most undisciplined lot of people on the face of the earth, and take their place with the Italians and the Mexicans."

Which is not to say that the Khmers Rouges are not a better army. They clearly are, just looking at results.

What are the differences?

The wife of a Khmer Rouge soldier, or the husband of a woman soldier, is called a "Hero of the Revolution" in the Khmer Rouge areas. Enough rice to feed the family is delivered every day by the Khmer Rouge support structure.

All medical care is free, and drugs are provided free.

All schooling is free, and girls go to school along with boys, unheard of before in Cambodia.

The price of rice is kept stable.

The troops are paid on time.

The people are taught to build bomb shelters.

And that is all.

But with that the soldier is not accompanied to the field by his family, because he knows they will be fed, even if he is killed. And he's a that much better soldier for that.

Little is known of the local government structure, except that it is relatively complex and sophisticated, and largely decentralized.

Another question is the relation between Sihanouk and the Khmers Rouges. And added to this is the question of how large a hand the Chinese have in maintaining a balance between Sihanouk and his former enemies.

Sihanouk clearly has the support of Peking, and it is equally clear that he has little or nothing to do with the running of the war. That is organized by the Khmer Rouge general staff.

It is difficult to say whether Sihanouk will return as a figurehead, with the Khmers Rouges in control, after the current government is driven out, or whether Peking will back Sihanouk to the hilt and force the Khmers Rouges back into the shadows.

Despite denials, Sihanouk has had direct dealings with the Americans in the last few months, and it seems the current U.S. intention is to spirit Lon Nol out and bring Sihanouk back if he will neutralize Cambodia. Peking seems willing to go along with the American position, and seems less interested in having a Communist Cambodia than in neutralizing the country. Hanoi, which has also been negotiating Cambodia's future at the Paris table, appears more committed to the option of a Communist Cambodia, and glimpses of friction between Hanoi and Peking have been visible through the press reports at times.

The Soviet Union, which still retains an embassy in Phnom Penh, considers Sihanouk an opportunist and a puppet of Peking.

Sihanouk, himself not the most stable of personalities, has been saying in recent interviews that he doesn't like the Khmers Rouges and they don't like him and he doesn't give a damn if he's ever put back in power or not, he just wants to retire to the Angkor Wat and write poetry.

Irony now places the Americans in a position of secretly supporting him, as a face-saving way out of a debacle worse than Vietnam in terms of their foreign prestige. In Vietnam, they can at least claim, accurately or not, that they fought things to a standstill. In Cambodia, they presided over a disaster, and supported a paraplegic general whom the *New York Times* called "certifiably insane."

Lon Nol is of peasant stock, deeply religious, and not very intelligent. He was, in old days, Sihanouk's chief flunky, and many recall him physically grovelling at Sihanouk's feet during the prince's public reprimand-the-officials sessions.

Last year he commandeered an hour of radio time to warn the population, in his garbled voice hampered by a half-paralysed face, against the danger of rabbit bombs. It seems the Communists had devised a new plot to destroy government encampments at night by tying plastiques to the backs of rabbits, which he said were attracted by light. Naturally, they scampered into the government emplacements and blew them up. Persons seeking to purchase a rabbit at unduly high prices, he said, should be turned over to the military authorities.

Surrounded by fortunetellers and necromancers, he devised a plan to save Phnom Penh from enemy attack, on advice from his priests. He used his private plane to sprinkle the perimeter of the capital with sand, which, he told the population on the radio, would keep the enemy away through magical powers.

Henry Kissinger, emerging from his first meeting with Lon Nol, told a correspondent: "Oh my God."

As Malcolm Browne of the *Times* said, "Lon Nol is not the sort of man the Americans are used to dealing with."

A man they prefer is Sirik Matak, a relative of Sihanouk's and a member of the royal family. Sirik Matak, in the Forsythe Saga of the Cambodian court, hated the prince and aligned with the American-supported military coalition to overthrow him.

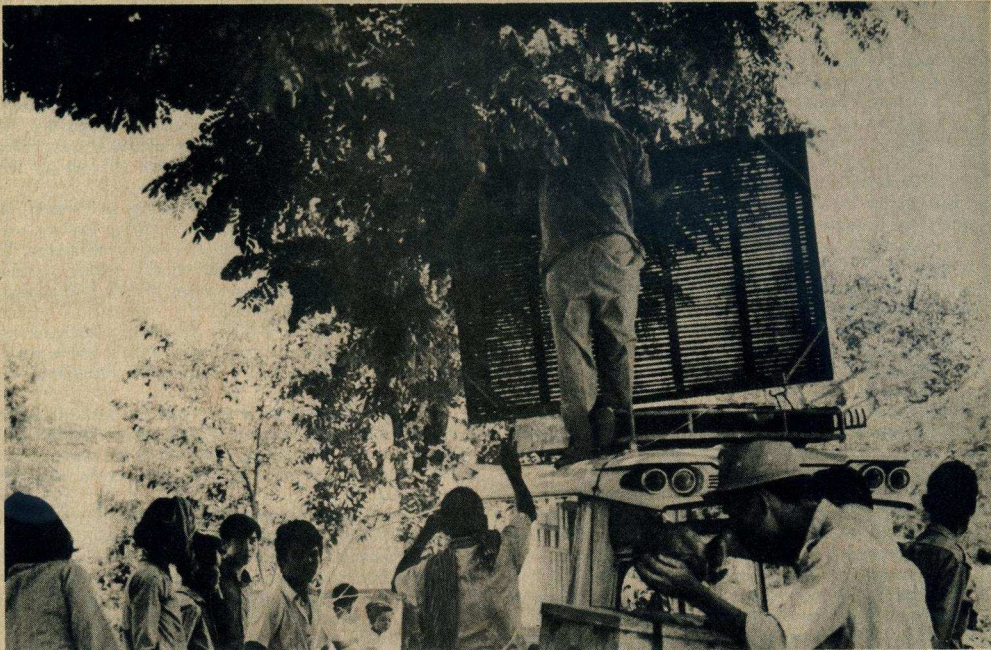
Sirik Matak, however, has no popular support, is a cold, efficient and thus very un-Cambodian man, and doesn't even speak colloquial Khmer well.

The hopeless confusion of the Cambodian political situation is seen most starkly when even the political military officer of the American Embassy, Paul Miller, says in a private briefing that he thinks the war may be lost in 1974, that Lon Nol is crumbling, that Sirik Matak is not popular enough.

Perhaps his eyes, in mid-June, were turning to Norodom Sihanouk too. The prince is at least adept at wearing many colours at once.

Phnom Penh

The population of Phnom Penh is anyone's guess. The atlases say anywhere from 500,000 to a million. The refugee count is anywhere from 800,000 to two million. A reasonable estimate would be between two and a half and three million, including refugees.



Storekeeper clears out of Thnal Totung as Khmers Rouges advance.

The city is usually supplied by road, but Route 4 is as often as not cut off by the Khmers Rouges. The river is an even more unstable source of supply. Khmer Rouge batteries along the Mekong eliminate half to two thirds of the ships that try to navigate it. Fuel is extremely scarce in Phnom Penh, which to a city that moves on Hondas can be crippling. Line-ups of 300 people at gas stations are common.

Fuel isn't the only thing the city is short of.

The army has no stocks of morphine. You can't get a tetanus serum in Phnom Penh to save your life. Hospitals work with no anesthetic in most cases. Yet Cambodia is Asia's largest importer of pharmaceuticals, which it gets cheaply through an arrangement with France, its one time mother country.

Phnom Penh is the pharmaceutical entry and supply point for the North Vietnamese, for the National Liberation Front in South Vietnam, for the Khmers Rouges, even for the Chinese. How do pharmaceutical supplies reach Communist hands when the Cambodian government is at war with Communist forces?

The answer lies in the ring of marble villas dotting the perimeter of the city, all of which have sprung up in the last three years, as one newspaper wrote, "like mushrooms in the rainy season."

As even the American embassy people will tell you, in Cambodia war is war, business is business.

Cambodia is Asia's biggest exporter of rubber. All the Cambodian rubber plantations, without exception, are in Khmer Rouge hands. A quiet arrangement gives the govern-

ment the revenues it needs, and the Khmers Rouges the money they need to buy food.

There are several cases of colonels being reprimanded, not imprisoned, for selling fuel to the Khmers Rouges.

Until six months ago, when reporters started embarrassing the government by pointing to it too much, you could buy grenades, rifles, jeeps, mortars and claymore mines on the black market. Today, you can still buy any of these on the sly by going up to any captain or lieutenant.

The buildings in Phnom Penh are mostly yellowing, blotched concrete structures, some up to 15 storeys tall. No building is much less than five years old. Roofs are of orange tile, or corrugated tin.

Every main intersection has a sandbagged machine-gun emplacement; streets with ministries or regimental headquarters on them are completely blocked off, and the sidewalks lined with barbed wire. The defence ministry is a relatively modern six-storey structure, completely caged in wire fencing. It's impossible to throw a grenade at it, or to drop one on it from a plane.

There are nine bridges leading out of the city, straddling the four rivers that meet at the city's edge. Only one of those bridges is still standing, and it is guarded as heavily as the defence ministry.

The ministry of information is a small, duplex-like building; its gravel-and-mud yard, with chickens wandering about in it, was the scene of the twice-daily briefing. †

In the centre of the yard is a shack, with auditorium chairs and a couple of cafeteria tables. It seats about twenty and is called the "Groaning Table Bar"; here reporters while

away the evenings until curfew drinking beer or rye, slapping mosquitoes, smoking dope (\$10 a kilo in the central market), discussing where they will get laid, and whether Cronkite used their footage last week or whether it got "Watergated", a new verb to emerge from the Asian war.

The Japanese reporters were always good for a laugh because they moved in phalanxes of six. The younger ones would get up from the table at the briefing, walk the ten feet to the posted sheet, and copy it all down for the senior men, who would never get up to read it themselves.

Next in line for funnies were two Brazilians who showed up in blue jumpsuits, went out on Route 4, ran up to us by the side of the road and asked breathlessly, "Where are the Viet Cong?" We made a lazy gesture toward the treeline surrounding us. They ducked behind their car, bobbed their heads over the hood long enough to snap a dozen shots, and drove back to Phnom Penh. They were from Brazil's leading picture magazine; I'm dying to see their photo spread on the war.

The German film crew was noted for cursing the incompetence of the military operations, and one of them always went on about what twenty new German tanks could do if they were here today. That was pretty good for amusement too.

Most of the press corps consisted of stringers or freelancers, not staff correspondents. That meant a lot of the news from Cambodia was determined by competitive market values; it depended on who could cook up the juiciest story — not necessarily the most accurate one — and sell it to a big paper first. It makes for a lot of fun, but questionable foreign copy in the morning paper. Few of the big papers took Cambodia all that seriously, and a great bunch of young boozers had the franchise on the war.

With only 200 Americans in Cambodia as embassy personnel or military advisers, the press corps of about 30 constituted the real American presence.

Most of the journalists there supported the "other side", mostly for negative reasons, after spending enough time with government sources. "Support" is probably too strong a word. Indifference was more the state of mind.

The most striking thing about the Americans in the press corps was that about half of the males were Vietnam War veterans who couldn't hack the States and after a few months had to get back to Asia. That is a strong reality among the journalists of all nationalities in Asia — the overpowering urge to return.

For most, returning to Asia was enough, especially to this part of Asia, which is said to be like China before the revolution, and indeed fits every hackneyed late-movie image and has that weedy look of a foreign correspondent's cliché assignment.

But the Vietnam veterans — and they would admit it — felt a need not only to return to Asia but to return to the Asian war.

Why was best explained by one of the most pleasant and most perverse men I have ever met, Jim Morris.

Morris showed up in mid-June, red hair down to his wide shoulders, about six feet tall. He was an ex-Special Forces man.

One night at the briefing after enough dope had passed around the table to make everyone talk too much, he waxed on for an hour about his great days in the Special Forces in Vietnam. It had, in short, been fun, he had been with men, with "remarkable men"; the camaraderie on an attack

mission, or shooting snipers off roofs during Tet, "was like no bond between men you would ever feel again." Haney Howell from CBS and another Vietnam veteran joined in the conversation in the same tone.

But it became clear after a while that Morris didn't particularly care which side won, that the war was "an event", a "stage" for fine men. I had somehow thought that if he was going to enjoy it so much he should at least believe he was fighting for the right side, but this did not seem to be a factor in this thought.

It was apparent he wished he could be in Vietnam, that Cambodia was a sort of second honeymoon for him, since he was discharged from the Special Forces for injuries. The next best thing to enjoying yourself as a soldier, I learned from people like Morris, was to run around with a camera and call yourself a journalist.

Morris' story was much like the others'. Returned from "Nam" to the States, "freaked out after a few months," came to Cambodia (or Laos or Northern Thailand) as a stringer.

I asked Morris whom he supported in Cambodia and he said he really believed that only dope, sex and booze would save the world. The only group he liked anywhere was the Black Panthers. He was a stringer in Cambodia for *Rolling Stone* magazine.

I saw him last as he came over to shake my hand in the restaurant by the pool, wearing a wide-brimmed camouflage hat, camouflage battle dress, a knapsack. He was heading for Northern Thailand where, he said, things were "freaky."

Three days before I left Justin Adams showed up. The cleanest-cut American I had ever seen, he was about 27, with chiselled features. He stopped me on the street one evening, saying he had just arrived from Battambang and wanted to know where to meet other Americans. I took him to meet Morris and the others at the briefing.

He showed up on Route 4 the next day, having borrowed a rifle from one of the soldiers, and asked if he could accompany a patrol. He started using the rifle, and instructing soldiers on where to shoot and how.

At that time, the Khmers Rouges had set up a command post in a pagoda about a kilometer away from the road. Adams was urging the other soldiers to fire, and opened up himself on the pagoda, which brought reactions of horror from the soldiers. You don't shoot at a pagoda, they told him.

Adams, it turned out, had been a ROTC officer, and ended up in Vietnam a few weeks before the final pull-out. He said he came to Cambodia after leaving the army to find out "how I would have hacked Vietnam".

That night he stayed with the troops on Route 4 at Ang Snoul, offering to call down air strikes for them, since he had been trained in this.

We listened to the radio that night, but it was raining, and there was no air activity.

He said he was planning to go to law school in the fall; he came from a well-off family in Virginia. Even Al Rakof, the big dope freak in the group, started calling him "Captain America".

I left Phnom Penh on June 23, on an Air France flight to Bangkok, then to Vientiane, Laos. Sitting in a bar in Vientiane, watching a nude dancer smoke cigarettes in her vagina, I read a newspaper again and digested the first story about Watergate I had seen in more than three weeks.

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Mehitabel in the land of Nod

by ROBERT CHODOS

*my youth i shall never forget
but there s nothing i really regret
wotthehell wotthehell
there s a dance in the old dame yet
—Don Marquis, archy and mehitabel*

There is a myth about music festivals in general, and the annual Mariposa Folk Festival on the Toronto Islands in particular, that they foster a rapport between performer and audience. No matter the tens of thousands marooned miles from the microphone at Woodstock or Watkins Glen; no matter either that the audience at Mariposa is made up of urban youth from Toronto or Rochester while many of the performers are in their sixties and live in rural Mississippi or the Saguenay valley. The myth survives.

Closeness is what you pay for at Mariposa, so you're not supposed to care about being squeezed in a sea of people for an hour waiting for the ferry that's the only way of getting to and from the mainland. A lot of the people standing near you on the ferry dock in Toronto harbour may be eastern Europeans, but they're not going to hear the eastern European workshop at Mariposa, and Mariposa will be the poorer for it; they're going to lie in the sun, because the main function of the Toronto Islands, even on Mariposa weekend, is to be a green retreat for city-bound Torontonians in the summertime. Someone waves his Mariposa tickets in the air, trying to hawk them, and a West Indian woman wonders what the tickets are for. There will be two worlds on the Toronto Islands this weekend, and they will not meet.

What you get is entertainment; often it's very good entertainment since at any given time some of the best folk performers in North America will be singing and playing at Mariposa, and perhaps that's all you can ask for; still, if what you wanted to do was hear John Prine you could hear



Rosalie Sorrels, alone, captured the mood at Mariposa.

him better in more comfortable circumstances indoors. That entertainment was all that could be attained was partly implicit in how the festival was set up, but mostly it was a result of who came to hear it. It was a strangely passive audience; people who Boycott Kraft and Don't Dare and Support their Ecosystems but react to sea chanties and topical songs with

the same polite approval. There was a mood to the audience and no one, except for one person, captured it.

Rosalie Sorrels was not one of the featured attractions of Mariposa, not one of the bright lights of the star system that persists despite all the protestations of the organizers of the festival and, in fairness, somewhat out of their control. I saw her mentioned in none of the publicity stories that preceded the festival, nor in any of the reviews afterward. The biographical information is scanty: comes from the western United States which, as a region, she considers her home; was in San Francisco at that city's high point in 1967; sings Mormon songs and other traditional songs of the west as well as her own material; a failed marriage; a housewife with five children whom she supports by her singing.

On the first night of the festival she took hold of a workshop on "The Changing Role of Women" or some such which up until then had been a procession of 'movement'-type songs, many of them recycled from the 1960s with only the context changed and most of them, on this occasion, rather dreary. She said she wanted to sing about the woman she admired most, and that was mehitabel; "mehitabel," she said, "was an alley cat . . . a cockroach named archy wrote a book about her." She quoted some of Don Marquis's wisdom and then began to sing one of his songs of mehitabel, the cat for whom "the world is full of ups/and downs but toujours gai is my motto," for whom "life s too dam funny/it s one day sunny/the next day rain/life s too dam funny/for me to explain." She sang it in a clear but hard-edged voice somewhere between that of a blues singer and a Brechtian heroine; she was mehitabel, trodden on by life but never tired of it.

Two evenings later, close to the end of the festival, a session of songs of social action had just ended; most of the crowd cleared away and went to see what was happening at other locations on the site; those who were left were covered in the air of pleasant lassitude that comes after a long afternoon spent lying in the sun. Malvina Reynolds, the magnificent old protest singer from California, got a chair and sat down near the stage. Next on the schedule was a half-hour solo concert by Rosalie Sorrels.

The mood was struck immediately. She was feeling nostalgic for the west; it was the end of the festival and she wanted to sing about it, especially about San Francisco as she had known it. Not that she thought it could have gone on forever, not that she even really regretted that it was over, but it had existed, and she had been there. She talked as much as she sang, about bars and hangouts in San Francisco; about a friend of hers who had succeeded in getting himself elected mayor of a small town near San Francisco, and then had decided that that wasn't the place to be and had gone off to live in Nepal before finally ending up on a farm in Washington State (which led to a song she had made out of an incomprehensible postcard of his from Nepal); about sitting in Boise, Idaho, listening to a Julie Andrews record when a letter arrived from San Francisco explaining how that was where all the right people were and how anyone in Boise, Idaho, must be one of the wrong people (which led to her own version of "My favourite things").

When she asked people to sing along they did, in more than a perfunctory way; many in the audience seemed to know her songs. The applause was more than polite. At the end, there occurred that rare phenomenon, a genuine demand for an encore: no one would even think of leaving until she sang another song.

Her success at Mariposa on a level where others, including the finest folk singers and most accomplished entertainers, failed, had much to do with the nature of the audience. It was not, despite its pretensions, a very political crowd. Nor was it a crowd that could take to heart the Irish fiddle music or Quebec folk dancing or Mississippi blues that were there in abundance; it could listen, and learn perhaps, but it remained an intellectual exercise. Changing that was beyond the performers' power; Cape Breton's John Allan Cameron could fleetingly fire up a crowd with a step dance, as could Quebec's Jean Carignan with a fiddle tune, but even those responses were only an appreciation of something done well.

If much of the music at Mariposa sounded forced, it was because of that missing quality in the audience. Les danseurs du Saint-Laurent, the Quebec folk-dance troupe, more or less ignored the audience, and went on as if they were back in Montreal or Grand Mère; under the circumstances, it was probably the most effective approach.

No matter how good the music, the audience was never able to perceive it except as someone else's music. Rosalie Sorrels, alone, sang their music, or at least what — without too severe a strain on credibility — they imagined to be their music, or wished had been their music. And perhaps even more important, she did it with considerable talent, with humour and perspective, and without cant. That, at least, was not beyond the capability of the audience to recognize.

*send a message to my public
in america please archy give them
love and kittens from mehitabel*

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WRITE FOR OUR NEW FREE CATALOGUE

The city is where the people are

by HANS BLUMENFELD

The Future of Canadian Cities, by Boyce Richardson. New Press. 259 pp. \$7.95.

Boyce Richardson, a Montreal journalist, has for several years been involved in the problems of Canadian cities. In this book he puts together his observations and attempts to draw from them conclusions. He calls his book "a layman's report for laymen". As a good journalist, he is a good listener and an observer with a sharp eye and ear for detail and in particular for the "human interest side". Occasionally this seduces him to overload his case studies with an excessive mass of detail.

Richardson is aware that what are usually called "problems of the city" are really problems of society. They are in the city because the people are there. Right at the beginning of his book he states: "the basic decisions are political ones" and defines as the key decision: "redistribute wealth." But he seems to overlook the interdependence of political and economic power. He sums up the argument of his book as "to restrain the powers of the big corporations by injecting a public-interest dimension into the decisions they make." Corporate capitalism is accepted, but the leopard is expected to change its spots. But the mode of production determines the mode of distribution; attempts to redistribute income, let alone wealth, after the event can have only a marginal effect, as a century of experience with progressive income and estate taxes has shown.

Richardson seems to swallow the slogan of the "consumer society". He says: "the consumer-oriented economic system ... whose primary purpose seems to maximize profits made by the capital-owning class". It does not just seem, dear friend, it is.

Of course, it makes good sense to assume that corporate capital will continue to own the Canadian economy for quite a while and to explore the possibilities of improving the human condition in cities under this assumption. Richardson is quite right to refer to Sweden and other European countries, and also to our own Canadian experience to

show that much can be done to guide urban developments in other ways than those followed in the U.S.

But his awareness that profit is the only objective of capitalist production leads him to assume that it is its only product. This leads him to such strange statements as that the new Montreal airport is being built "for no very good reason"; or to overlook the fact that the James Bay Project, whatever its damage to the ecology of 60,000 square miles of Northern Quebec, would reduce the greatest danger to the ecology of the globe, the burning of fossil fuels; or to decry "the economic pressures that are forcing people out of their homes to make way for concrete, stone and asphalt". They do that, and often ruthlessly; but basically they make way for other people, who are not yet there, but also have a right to "a dwelling of their choice". These people are not yet there and consequently have no vote and no voice. In the perverse way in which our economy works the developer speaks for them. While Richardson in these statements echoes the "no growth" apostles, he shows his good sense in rejecting their pet peeve, their hostility to city growth. He even exclaims: "Mankind hating cities! Could anything be more unnatural and terrible?" Well, it may be unnatural, but condemnation of big cities and its counterpart, the romantic idealization of country life, have been with us for over 2000 years.

This has not kept cities from growing, and Richardson is excellent in explaining the reason. "The development of human talent," he says, "[is] a task that can be best performed in cities. Inherent in this task is specialization, and inherent in specialization is urbanization." It could hardly be said better. It only remains to add that not only the development of talent but also its productive use is maximized in and by cities.

Richardson's love for cities does not blind him to their dangers. He has much to say about the evil effects of the tension and pressure characteristic of our present cities. But to hold "reaction to urban pressure" responsible for warfare in Biafra or Bangladesh, two of the least urbanized countries of the world, is rather far-fetched — and very charac-

teristic of the man. He certainly has his heart in the right place. But every once in a while it flows over into the wrong place, the brain, and prevents this acute observer from seeing the facts.

Richardson quite soberly recognizes that the urban "demand for space is a fact that has to be accommodated by anyone planning for the future". But then he joins the chorus of those who condemn the cities for "gobbling up agricultural land". All cities are surrounded by agricultural land. How can they accommodate the demand for space without "gobbling it up"? If the two million inhabitants of Metropolitan Toronto lived in 1000 villages of 2000 population, they would "gobble up" three times as much agricultural land.

Richardson makes the now-betwixt-familiar plea for transit versus the private automobile. Different from most Canadian critics, he recognizes that we have in this respect done better than the American cities. But then again

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he falls for the fashionable notion of treating the urban freeway as the cause of automobile movement rather than as a response to it which, at high monetary and social cost, effectively reduces its evil effects, especially the killing and crippling of both pedestrians and motorists. Rightly praising Stockholm's rapid transit development, he talks of "the sort of railway psychology that operates in Stockholm". He overlooks the fact that Stockholm at the same time has also built many miles of freeways — far

more per head of population than have either Toronto or Montreal.

Perhaps the most interesting sections of the book are the detailed descriptions of the struggles of FRAP and of the controversy over the proposed "Concordia" development in Montreal. Here, where he has been close to the scene, Richardson clearly sees both sides and honestly expresses his puzzlement in finding the right answer.

I have emphasized the weaknesses of

the book. This should not deter readers. It is not only unusually well written and has much that is pertinent to say about all important aspects of our "urban problem"; but, most important, tries always to identify the underlying class struggle, "the people against the big boys," as Richardson puts it. "We cannot simply retreat", he says, "each Canadian into his own little community. The battle for change has to be carried on at all levels at the same time." Amen.

Short Takes

by Tallulah Bee

The Cannibal Ladies:

They eat men! Operation Headstart? Not quite, but Canada's own Ivan Reitman should expect a call from shapely Beryl Plumptre of the notorious Food Prices Review Board. A timely intervention in the boring debate between Loblaw's Bill Shatner and the angry consumer.

Walking Tall:

Described by the appalling liberal critics as the first *really* Fascist movie, this one's not to be missed. Sheriff wants to clean out the Mob from a nice chintzy little town in Tennessee, has to kick ass to do it as well as trampling on several heavy-lidded amendments to the U.S. constitution. Hence the tizzy. Easily the most sophisticated piece of political action since Medea.

Payday:

Ex-CBC man Darryl Duke put together this devastating fiction-documentary on the last wild weeks in the life of country music star Maury Dane. Cringe as you may at the disc-jockey payoffs, retch if you will at the wacky world of Maury's groupies, ponder if you must the booze and the pills, the tinsel behind the Nashville glitter, but observe well the splendid performance of Rip Torn and the big close-up tv-style direction of Duke. *Payday* was a winner during director's week at Cannes this year. Look for it at a drive-in, the studios having decided it wasn't worth backing.

Sluth:

Anthony Shaffer and Joe Mankiewicz collaborate on the year's most violent attack on Wasps: *the* political film of

the season, *Sluth* takes its ultimate revenge on the savage caste system of contemporary capitalism. If you're a sadistic psychopathic member of any of the lesser breeds without the law, let *Sluth* be your very own revenge of the Maccabees; if you're Wasp, give your masochism an airing.

Last Tango in Paris:

The first film to have given *New Yorker's* Pauline Kael a genuine, self-confessed sexual *frisson*, it deserves to be seen on other grounds also. A powerful and intelligent film about the uses of the past, the mind's fight with false consciousness, the growing irrationality of the late bourgeois world. As Heidegger said: The dreadful has already happened.

Jesus Christ Superstar:

If you liked the book, you'll love this one. Not what St. Mark had in mind but the popsicle set freaks on it and anyway copyright on the original has expired.

Lost Horizon:

A lot of studio execs. moved to smaller quarters after this one. On the other hand, we hear the Dalai Lama's having talks with the Chinese.

Paper-Moon:

Somebody called Vernon Scott of UPI says this is one of the five best of the year. We demur. Nostalgia is the anti-historicism of the movie-boppers and trendy Bogdanovich can recognize mass vacuousness when he sees it. This has all the moral weight of a Che poster in Hugh Hefner's pad.

The memoirs of Arnold Heeney

by LARRY ZOLF

The Things that are Caesar's, the memoirs of a Canadian public servant,
by Arnold Heeney.

I have tried and tried to review this book. But there is a seemingly impossible cultural barrier between the departed Mr. Heeney and the departing Mr. Zolf.*

I, Larry Zolf, a desperation-ridden insomniac, can only testify that this is the first book that put me to sleep.

I, Larry Zolf, can also testify that the description of Mr. Heeney in *Who's Who in Canada* was more interesting than *The Things that are Caesar's*. What *The Things that are Caesar's* seems to need is a Brutus, not a Mark Antony; for one can neither praise nor bury this bizarre publishing enterprise.

*Oh, by the way, I turned 39 on July 19, 1973.

Macpherson: a bearer of bad news

by PAUL KNOX

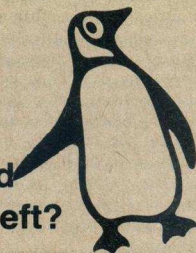
Democratic Theory: essays in retrieval, by C. B. Macpherson. Oxford University Press.

Like most of us, C. B. Macpherson appears in several stories at the same time. In the historical narrative of the people of Canada, he plays a minor part — a courier, perhaps, a bearer of bad news. In the drama of the attempt to preserve modern liberal democratic theory, surely a bathetic comedy, he plays a strong, though critical, supporting role.

In his role as courier, Macpherson has reached a turning point. He has brought the bad news: capitalism is in sorry shape, democracy in tatters; obviously the two are incompatible. At the same time the acceptance of his (and others') initial analysis of Canadian society as class-divided and grossly unequal, as warranting a wholesale transformation, becomes more widespread both in the universities and outside. His choice is this: does he expand his role in the narrative, join the intellectual activists, become an exponent of the class struggle, or does he join the diminishing band of liberal philosophers in their gandy-dance to oblivion? In *Democratic Theory: essays in retrieval*, he chooses the latter.

Macpherson begins with the dubious proposition that the end of material scarcity is in sight. According to him, we have reached the point where it is no longer necessary to increase the rate of production to satisfy the needs and wants of the human race, and the level of technology we have attained is such that soon we won't even have to work to maintain the level of production. Since all of this is eminently sensible and reasonable, there ought to be no trouble in forcing the politicians and the captains of industry to submit to its logic, although the impetus is going to have to come from below. In the con-

What is black and white and leans left?



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LEAN ON A PENGUIN



sumer organizations, the anti-pollution groups, the movements for student power and the agitation for workers' control (so far confined mostly to Europe) Macpherson sees a "partial breakthrough of consciousness" among citizens which will provide this impetus. There will also be "partial breakdowns of the political order" (one assumes in the form of government-rocking scandal and such like). Reciprocally, these breakthroughs and breakdowns are expected to force the leaders of the bourgeois order to capitulate.

"The seriousness of the obstacles should not be underestimated," Macpherson says. "But nor should the possibility of their being overcome: not by goodwill, nor by any improbable conversion of ruling elites to a new morality; nor necessarily by traumatic revolutionary action; but by a conjuncture . . . of partial breakdowns of the political order and partial breakthroughs of public consciousness.

"The former . . . may well come through failures of the system to respond adequately to growing demands for access to the means of labour, that is, by failure to put such limitations on exclusive property rights as are needed

to meet those demands. The latter might come naturally enough as a growing, even a fairly sudden, realization that a new property in the quality of life and liberty is now within reach. And each of these changes would reinforce the other."

So what Macpherson does is ignore the relationship between ideas and social classes. The ascendancy of the bourgeoisie both necessitated and made possible the liberal ideology of production and consumption, unknown until its introduction on behalf of the commercial class. Since it was the rise of the working class which spawned the re-introduction of the more humanist concept of man's essence, surely the attempt to make it part of the dominant ideology of our society must be accompanied by a commitment to the class struggle.

Otherwise we get lost in the middle-class morass of anti-poverty, anti-pollution and other "consciousness-raising" exercises, epitomized by the executive director of the Committee for an Independent Canada, who once wrote to *Last Post*: ". . . this country, and the world at large, is in the midst of a 'human' revolution. This revolution

goes far beyond the narrow (sic) categories of the class struggle and begins to embrace all members of the human race as victims of alienation from their own humanity . . ."

Macpherson showed (and this was a valuable contribution) how the dialectic of John Stuart Mill's class struggle resulted in the reintroduction of the concept of human essence which he likes so much. Why wrest it from its historical context? It would seem much more to the point to begin with a dialectical view of human interaction, one which implies creation through the position and opposition of people and ideas. Such an approach would also imply the creation of real new needs and wants (as opposed to those artificially manufactured by capitalism), and in this too it would be more realistic than Macpherson's approach, with its assumption of the impending elimination of scarcity.

It is thus that Macpherson fades out. No matter. We have little need any more for the character-less couriers, the bearers of bad news who have helped us only to interpret our world. The point now, as the oft-quoted phrase says, is to change it.

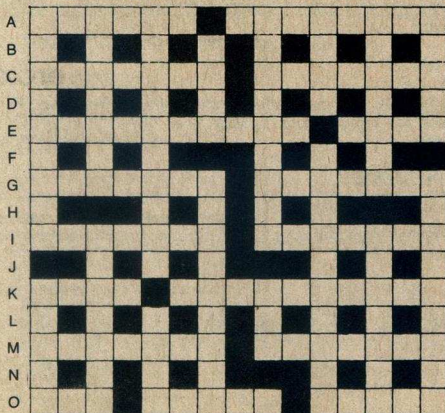
LAST POST PUZZLE

Clues are cryptic, consisting of at least two elements, one of which is a direct reference to the answer, the other a rebus, anagram, hidden word, play on words or a pun. Any proposed solution to a clue may therefore be checked against the whole clue to see that it fits in with all the elements. Anagrams are usually flagged by the inclusion in the clue of a word such as "confused", or "upset"; puns are flagged by words such as "we hear". Letters in the answer may be indicated in the clue. Thus S may be indicated by "south", P by "soft" (music), M by "thousand" (Latin), IE by "that is", EG by "for example", MD by "doctor" and so on.

Specimen clue: "Preserve a District Attorney in the country"

CAN A D.A. CANADA

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15



PRIZES

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CLUES — ACROSS

A1. New Democrats can have their cake and eat it. (6)

A8. More level with Christian association, but get nowhere. (8)

C1. Blow your horn about Basford inside the city. (7)

C9. Communist leader also in Africa we hear. (3,4)

E1. Ideal American has socialism in his veins. (3-7)

E12. Toronto Star columnist has degree in addition. (4)

G1. A colonel's mixed-up provincial representative gives a Liberal performance. (7)

G9. A ma, true, confused but eligible for the Olympics. (7)

H. Extra ice, not one Trudeau diet suggestion. (7)

I9. Stalin's resort in South Spain? (7)

K1. What's in a National Assembly initially? Me. (4)

K6. Transparent southern dish for early Liberals. (5,5)

M1. What can give uplift? Canadian imperialists. (7)

M9. Communist back, about to hold his breath and argue. (7)

O1. Plenty of salty stories about his wife! (3)

O5. Alkalis in the ball park. (5)

O11. Call them Lambton's weaknesses. (5)

CLUES — DOWN

A1. A sea of troubles, or that which holds it back? (9)

A3. Dora, fay and ephemeral. (3,1,3)

A5. Go bend mill and show plenty of leg. (4, 6)

A9. Protestants enthral us. (9)

A11. Subsidized illiterate propaganda, gentlemen please. (4)

A13. Strive to equal a dead bird? (7)

A15. You're not in favour, we hear, in the territory. (5)

B7. Look to Quebec gambling. (4)

F11. Réal Caouette's green plastic briefcase? (7,3)

G7. They get it straight with heavy party doctrine. (4,5)

G15. Restores confidence about butt, confused trick. (9)

I3. All in the family, a small car. (7)

I13. Give a second funeral pyre, interference conceals. (6)

K1. Dynamite achievement, Lester! (5)

K9. Allmand does cover up also. (3)

L5. Contemptible worker takes taxis about. (4)

WAD POD

LETTERS

Dear Last Post:

I can add something to the ITT story in your last issue. I happened to fly to Vancouver next to an International Paper executive from the New York office. He told me that the Quebec government's subsidy to the Rayonier mill at Port Cartier was the deciding factor behind the decision to close the Temiscaming mill. There was no way that they could compete with a subsidized new mill on the sea coast (cheaper transport, no expenditure needed to bring mill up to pollution control standards etc.) i.e. the loss of 50 jobs was the *direct* consequence of the subsidy. This C.I.P. guy was a consistent enough capitalist to oppose government intervention — even in the form of subsidies!

Murray Jorgensen
Kitchener

Dear Last Post:

In finding items for "The Month", you might wander up to the Colonnade to admire the large, full-colour portrait of the Hon. William Davis, displayed in the window of Cavouk, the photographer.

In addition to admiring how beautifully the Karsh of kitsch has captured our Premier's glowing cheeks and impeccable pinstripes, you will doubtless be pleased by the tightly rolled copy of TIME magazine, clutched firmly as a symbol of the necessary knowledge for a thoroughly modern statesman.

Desmond Morton
Toronto

Dear Last Post:

We are, of course, delighted to have our Survey of Business Opinion quoted by other publications. But it hurts a bit when you identify the survey as having been prepared by *The Financial Post*. It's as if we had quoted one of your articles but labelled it as coming from *Ramparts*, if you see what I mean.

Joan Fraser
News Editor
The Financial Times

Dear Last Post:

In your Vol. 3, No. 1, Claude Baloune claims that Gerry Steinberg has "been located in Ottawa's Place Vanier." You are wrong. Gerry Steinberg has been located in Vanier's Place Vanier.

Completely surrounded by Ottawa, Vanier is a city within a city. This small municipality is the last crumbling bastion of les Franco-Ontariens in the Regional Municipality of Ottawa-Carleton.

Due to extensive urban renewal in the region, no more do we find large concentrations of francophones in one area as we did in the past.

To me Vanier is not and never will be Ottawa, and to claim any part of Vanier no matter how insignificant is repugnant.

Pierre Armand Crete
Vanier

Dear Last Post:

The Working Women's Association made a collective decision at our last meeting not to renew our subscription to your magazine. We feel an explanation for this decision is necessary.

We have, in reading *Last Post*, become accustomed to finding relatively little about the Women's Movement and not too many articles by women writers. However, we did feel that *Last Post's* value lay in its being one of the few radical Canadian journals being published at this time. Nevertheless, after reading Stuart Adam's article "Children in a Peter Pan Culture" (Vol. 3 No. 2), we decided that we could not continue to give you our support.

Like Judy Stoffman, who wrote an excellent reply to Adams in the last issue, we also did not expect to meet with such an old conservative argument against Women's Liberation in a radical magazine. The absence of any kind of editorial comment on the article or the reply to it must necessarily lead us to the conclusion that either you agree with Adams or that you think it is too unimportant an issue to bother with.

Margaret Brady
Vancouver

Dear Last Post:

Your last issue (Vol. 3, No. 4) was exceptional, although I was rather struck by the irony in Carole Orr's movie review. As far as I can see, the audience that the *Last Post* appeals to is the same that likes Bunuel and Godard, while the masses that are supposedly the object of any expansion (magazine subscriptions) spend their time watching hockey and football on the box, while the limit of their reading appears to be the *Toronto Sun*. (I live in a "Working class" apartment where the *Toronto Sun* is the newspaper. I would think that the only way to reach this audience would be through a left wing magazine similar to the *National Enquirer*, if such a medium could be created without excessive philosophical contradictions.

Returning to movies: (Do the working class really go to movies?) I would expect Ms. Orr to have liked the Clint Eastwood epic, "High Plains Drifter", as it appears to be a variation on the High Noon theme with a style similar to that of the underground cartoonist, S. Clay Wilson.

J.P. Lucas
Guelph

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THE LAST PAGE

SEE YOU
IN BONGO BONGO

TRADE versus AID

Among the activities the Canadian Manufacturers' Association operates to help out its members and friends is the Ontario Export Forum, one of a series of regional export forums all across the country. The businessmen and customs brokers who make up the Forum's membership come together each month and listen to foreign trade commissioners or Canadian government officials or other people who can give them advice on how to sell their products abroad. A question-and-answer period follows.

An enterprising Torontonian who is interested in Latin America, one Peter Dorfman, got wind of last April's meeting, entitled "Following the Development Dollar Abroad," and went down to hear what was being said. Fascinated by what he heard, and particularly by the remarks of James Whiteside, an employee of the International Financing Branch of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, he raced home, got his tape recorder, came back and recorded part of the question-and-answer session. The most revealing information came out when Mr. Whiteside was asked: "What is the relationship and modus co-operandi between CIDA [the Canadian International Development Agency] and the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce?" His reply follows:

* * *

That is a loaded question. Well, I'd like to take a minute to answer this one because I think it's important for you people to realize where we fit in and where CIDA fits in and so on. We at Trade and Commerce probably have been critical, I know a lot of people in the business community have been critical of CIDA. They say well hell, you guys at CIDA you aren't financing exports, you are looking after the developing countries' needs all the time. This is true, what CIDA is doing is wearing the hat of the developing countries, they regard the developing countries be it Botswana, Algeria or Indonesia as their client and they are basically working 100 per cent on his behalf. You have in CIDA, I hope there is no members of the press, I'd like to ask you to take this one off the record, you have in CIDA a lot of people of what we call do-gooders, bleeding hearts, you know the kind of guy who wants to do good. I see nothing wrong with that except that when I also see Canadian funds or a project coming up and the Japanese are there with their soft money, the Brits are there, the Yanks are there and old Canada isn't there, you get pretty upset. So what we at Trade and Commerce have been trying to do is to move CIDA into certain areas where they are more commercially-oriented. We were saying to CIDA basically, look you take so much money and go out into the world and do good, but we would like some for export. And I think we are getting some headway, I think the people at

CIDA are starting to see the need to create jobs in Canada and so on. You see aid money is often a device, a tool, to get into a market, it is a toehold.

Now where you people can benefit is by coming to us at Trade and Commerce especially in the financing branch because we are the official contact with CIDA and say look I've got this project in Bongo Bongo and we would like to do such and such and we hear the French are going to use aid money to finance a similar project and our competition is the French and they are going to use zero per cent or three per cent or four per cent. We'll look at the project and say now look what have you got in there now, if it's just cold hard exports CIDA will probably have a nightmare over that one. But what we can do is turn it around — we can appeal to their sentiment in the sense that we say look if you put in there a technical assistance package to help these people identify what they want, or if you throw in a management contract so that we actually help them run the thing till we get it off the ground, I think we could sell it to CIDA. And that is why we at Trade and Commerce would like to see what you are going to present to CIDA before you actually present it. We can often get the hangups out of the way. And this sounds incredible for one government department to be speaking about another one like that. But I tried to set the framework why this exists, and I think any of you who have had experience presenting opportunities to CIDA realize what role we can play.

From that point of view, in summary our relations with CIDA are excellent, they are at the officer level on a continual daily basis. There is not a day gone by when we don't call CIDA and talk to them, but we don't talk cold hard businessman's language, we talk the soft, development stuff, you know, and they like it, they see it, and we know what their problems are, and they know what our problems are. And sometimes we can work things out.

* * *

Mr. Dorfman sent the transcript of his recording to federal members of parliament of all parties, as well as the *Last Post*; Industry, Trade and Commerce Minister Alastair Gillespie replied in some detail. He did not deny that Mr. Whiteside's remarks represented government policy, but said that since Mr. Whiteside is an employee of Industry, Trade and Commerce and since he was speaking to an audience of businessmen, he would naturally tend to emphasize one aspect of Canada's aid policy.

The government would no doubt prefer to be represented by less candid spokesmen than Mr. Whiteside.

UNFOUNDED RUMOUR OF THE MONTH

Lewis ready to quit Grits

—*Calgary Herald*, July 20, 1973

LAST POST

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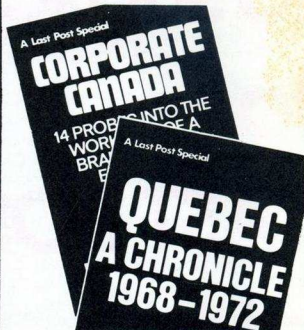
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Further, no increase is being made at this time in the price of back issues.

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