

The CLC: labour's old guard keeps the lid on

**LABOUR
POST**

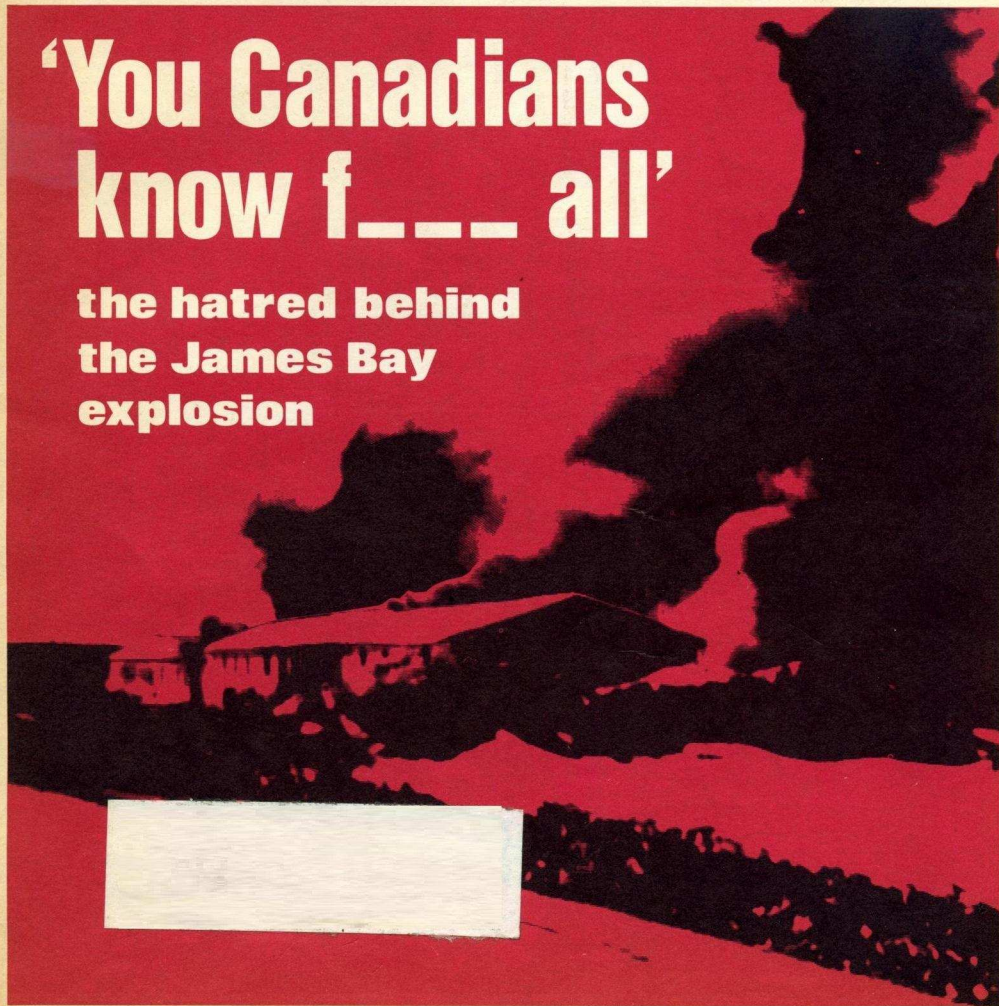
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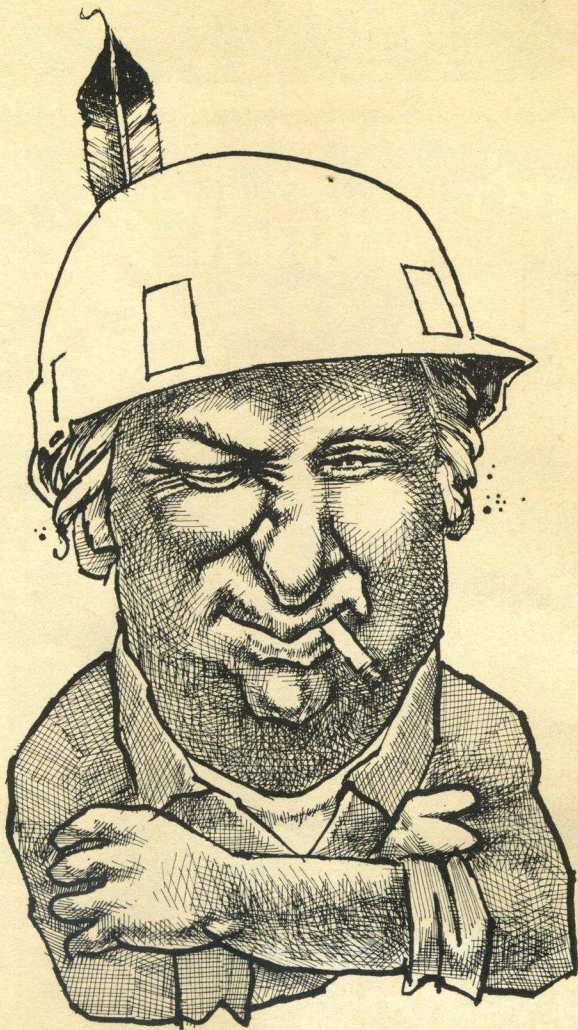
**LABOUR
POST**

'You Canadians know f___ all'

**the hatred behind
the James Bay
explosion**



NEWS ITEM: JAMES BAY PROJECT DELAYED FOR ONE YEAR.



AISLIN 74.



THE LAST POST Vol. 4 No. 1

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The Last Post is produced by an editorial board.

Production this issue: Nick Auf der Maur, Drummond Burgess, Robert Chodos, David Crandall, John Dufort, Eric Hamovitch, Randy Jones, Richard Liskeard, Patrick MacFadden, Brian McKenna, Terry Mosher, Rae Murphy, Carole Orr, Larry Pratt, Ralph Surette.

Address all editorial and business enquiries to the Last Post, 430 King St. W., Rm. 101, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1L5. Phone (416-) 366-1134. In Montreal: 4233, av. de l'Esplanade, Montreal, Quebec. Phone (514) 288-6060. The Last Post is published by the Canadian Journalism Foundation, Inc., a non-profit corporation, 430 King St. W., Rm. 101, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1L5. Secretary-Treasurer: John Dufort.

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A NOTE TO OUR READERS

We wish to thank those of our readers who were able to respond to our appeal for financial assistance in the last issue of the magazine. It might seem to be stressing the obvious to state that these are not easy times for Canadian publishers. But, believe it or not, things actually are getting worse, due to a gimmick the paper companies have come up with and called a "paper shortage". The hollow nature of this crisis is reported in a story in this issue on page 6. But regardless of what's behind the shortage, the concrete result for publishers is considerably higher printing costs.

These higher costs had already forced us to raise the price of *Last Post* a few issues ago, and are continuing to create a financial squeeze. But contributions from readers have been most helpful. We know that our readers are feeling the pinch from inflation, and are limited in the extent to which they can help us. But we ask those who can afford it to send us a donation, however small.

A number of readers have written us to tell us they did not get their subscription copies of the last issue. This was due to a faulty labelling machine; some labels were not securely pasted on and as a result peeled off and were lost. Would other readers who did not get their copies please write us; we will send replacement copies in the mail.

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PLAYING THE GAME, BUT BY WHICH RULES?

There is mounting evidence to suggest that the uneasy coalition which governs Canada exists not in the Commons between the Liberals and New Democrats but within Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau's divided cabinet.

This coalition is made more unstable by the fact that Trudeau, instead of being an impartial chairman of the board, conciliating the factions and casting tie-breaking votes, is a consistent member of one faction.

The factions could, perhaps overly simply, be described as "left" and "right".

The issues have ranged from energy to social welfare policies to tax reform (sensing his lukewarm cabinet support, John Turner has repeatedly threatened his resignation if there is any waffle on the business tax write-off) to penal reform to transportation policy (including wages and conditions for railway workers — remember when the CPR and Bud Drury told Labour Minister John Munro to keep out of the strike) to foreign affairs (the differences between Trudeau and Mitchell Sharp on the Chilean coup were obvious and subtle) and now to some basic questions of Canadian-American relations.

At this stage the individual personalities involved seem of secondary importance, except that most members of the cabinet have been fairly if not totally consistent in their stance. To the "right" are always Mitchell Sharp, John Turner, Bud Drury and to the "left" Alastair Gillespie, Marc Lalonde, Gérard Pelletier, usually Jean Marchand and the Prime Minister himself.

The cabinet split assumes much more importance as an election looms. If the Liberals do badly, retribution against

Trudeau will be swift and merciless. If the same minority position results a coalition government (formal that is) is not ruled out and everybody will be taking to the lifeboats from starboard and port.

The cabinet division on basic policy is well illustrated by the recent Cuban locomotives deal. The outline plot of this affair speaks volumes about the current situation within the Canadian government, and, for that matter, about Canadian-American relations.

In February, an intriguing story appeared in Geoffrey Stevens's Ottawa column in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*. The story concerned a deal between the Cuban government and MLW-Worthington, a Canadian subsidiary of Studebaker-Worthington Inc. of Harrison, New Jersey, for 25 new diesel locomotives to be manufactured in Canada and the refurbishing of a number of old Cuban locomotives manufactured in the United States before the trade embargo.

The sale was to be worth about \$18 million. It was important to Canada in terms of employment and trade. The company employs about 1,300 workers and the Cuban contract was estimated to involve 1,800 "man-years" of employment. The contract was also important to the company, which has been moving vigorously of late — \$62 million in back orders since the beginning of the year.

But the Cuban sale was stalled. As an American subsidiary MLW-Worthington was subject to American law — the old Trading With The Enemy Act.

Now, all right-thinking Canadian politicians deplore the application of American law in Canada: it impinges on our sovereignty, which isn't nice. But

all right-thinking Canadian politicians have always deplored the application of American law in Canada rather quietly. We learned to live with the Taft-Hartley Act as it was applied to international unions in Canada, and we have lived with the Trading With The Enemy Act since the 1950s and the aborted truck deal with China.

But the way Canada dealt with the MLW-Worthington case differed remarkably from the way it had learned to



TURNER
Something to sulk about

live with American law up until now.

To begin with, it has been clearly established by sources within the government that the leak of the story was ordered directly by the Minister of Industry, Trade and Commerce, Mr. Gillespie. It soon turned up in Stevens's column.

Until now, whenever a trade feeler from one of the enemies of the United States would shiver the spine of our government, the American government would be informed and asked to waive the rules. Sometimes it did and sometimes it didn't. One Canadian trade department official has claimed to be aware of "half a dozen cases" when the rules have not been waived. He was even less specific over the number of cases, if any, when the law *has* been waived.

The Worthington matter seemed to be taking the same route. Rufus Smith, the American state department official in charge of Canada, was quoted in the *Toronto Star* as saying, "the Canadian government has brought to our attention its interest in the matter." Then came the leak of the story and the government went public.

Not all members of the cabinet were



TRUDEAU
Consistently on one side

RAMPANT PARANOIA IN SOUTH AFRICA

CAPE TOWN—An 11-year-old South African black child, who was "roasted" by three white railway workers, is to receive psychiatric treatment to try to cure him of his fear of whites.

The boy, Godfrey Lambert, was caught picking up coal at a railway yard. Three white men, aged 18, 20 and 24, beat him, undressed him, smeared his body with grease, and then held him in front of a blazing locomotive fire. The boy received third degree burns. . . .

His mother wanted him to receive psychiatric treatment "because I do not want him to grow up with this fear of white people. It might turn into hatred of white people and this would surely destroy my child's whole life."

—*Vancouver Sun, January 29, 1974*

happy about this. The public positions of both Mitchell Sharp and John Turner indicated a strong desire to play the game by the old rules. And we can surmise that their public positions were somewhat politer than the ones they took when the Worthington leak was discussed in cabinet.

Turner had already raised the matter with American Treasury Secretary George Shultz. Shultz did not answer but forwarded the appeal to Henry Kissinger, who sat on the application, reportedly hoping that the question would go away. Aside from planning his wedding to Nelson Rockefeller's foreign relations adviser (a novel survival procedure for a man in his position), the American Secretary of State had other fish to fry.

Not the least of which was his own plan for Cuban-American relations, which could have been gummed up by a domestic flap over the Canadian-Cuban deal. Anyway, for whatever reason, Kissinger said and did nothing. Our own dynamic foreign minister gamely promised to take the whole matter up with the Man when the latter visited Ottawa.

Meanwhile, the big news was coming from Trudeau. After a dignified period of silence, the prime minister announced that there was no crisis, that the "difficulty can be solved by the Government in the interests of the people." The government had the means to make sure the sale went through, he said, and "we'll exercise them."

Presumably the means to ignore American laws in Canada have always existed. And in fact, the mechanism used was almost absurdly straightforward. The Canadian directors of MLW-Worthington (a majority of the board) simply voted for the contract, the American directors voted against and the deal went through. The crisis appeared to have gone away solely by virtue of the prime minister's saying it

would go away.

The essential thing was that the contract was signed without the prior agreement of the United States, without Canada's asking for special dispensation. A new precedent, it would seem, has been set in international trade matters.

And out there on a limb are John Turner, who has one more thing to sulk about now, and old Mitchell Sharp, who Geoffrey Stevens has suggested would make a fine American Ambassador to Canada.

Except that they already have one.

Allan Mackenzie

CANADA'S CREAKY GATES

When General Pinochet and his fellow thugs-in-uniform overthrew the Allende government in Chile last September, the reaction of the Canadian government was ambivalent at best. On the one hand, Ottawa expressed formal regret at the blood flowing in the gutters; on the other hand, Ottawa's ambassador in Santiago, Andrew Ross, could hardly contain his enthusiasm for the junta.

Any putsch on this scale has an international aftermath — a refugee problem. And here Canada's record has remained ambivalent. The gates that had once opened to thousands of Hungarians, Czechs and Ugandan Asians suddenly seemed to have developed rusty hinges.

As of the middle of March, Ottawa said it had received 2,040 applications under its special refugee program, and that 662 of these had so far been approved, hardly an impressive figure for six months of work. Admittedly, General Pinochet had lowered the number of

likely refugees considerably by the convenient method of murdering thousands of political opponents and despatching thousands more to concentration camps. As well, the most militant supporters of President Allende do not want to leave, preferring to go underground and fight.

Still, the total number of applications, as well as acceptances, seemed surprisingly low. But, it developed, Ottawa had not one but two immigration programs for Chileans — one for those the government chose to classify as refugees and the ordinary, standard immigration rules for the rest. Interestingly, the number of applications classified as 'ordinary' totalled 10,455 at the end of February; of these only 440 had been accepted.

This state of affairs brought a protest from the Canadian Council of Churches, which noted that "of more than 10,000 applications to Canada from the Chilean situation to date, almost 85 per cent have been classified by the Canadian government as ordinary immigrants subject to normal immigration procedures. The rejection rate for these 'normal' immigrants has so far been approximately 91 per cent.

"To further complicate the picture, the government has recently tightened the immigration restrictions, so that applicants must show that their skills are needed in Canada. If these restrictive criteria are applied to applicants from Chile, the rate of rejection will rise even higher."

Even those Chileans who have managed to get on the list of Ottawa's special refugee program have not found the path to Canada an easy one. Stringent and lengthy security checks have been carried out — and the criteria for judg-

ing what constitutes a 'security risk' have remained a government secret. Complicating the security picture has been the fact that the RCMP relies on foreign agencies for most of its information — on the military junta itself, on the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, and on British and French agencies.

The government's program has been so reluctant that it has caused heated disagreement within the cabinet. Some ministers from Quebec, in particular, have at times found their English Canadian colleagues insensitive and intransigent.

Quebec's attitude to the Chilean situation has been quite different from that of the rest of the country. In English Canada, after an early flurry of interest, Chile became virtually a non-topic. In Quebec, however, concern and pressure has never stopped. Returning Quebec priests have kept the public aware of the continuing persecution and oppression; television, radio and newspapers have kept reporting; labour unions and committees have been active.

Against this background, it is not surprising that Communications Minister Gérard Pelletier is reported to have insisted that, on the question of Chile, English Canada does not speak for Quebec; rumour has it that at one point he called External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp a fascist.

By March, it was clear that at least a few hundred Chileans would make it into Canada; but it seemed equally clear that many thousands would not, and that the ones who did would have been pretty well laundered. The rest would have to take their chances with General Pinochet.

Drummond Burgess

**GETTING THERE IS
HALF THE FUN**

* * *

COUPLE SAIL ON SEAFOOD

ATHENS (Reuter) — The Mediterranean will become a dead sea within 30 years if measures against pollution are not taken, experts from 13 Mediterranean countries

—Vancouver Sun, March 13, 1974

creases on some grades of fine paper have been as high as 60, 80 and even 100 per cent. And in March, the United States government announced the lifting of price controls on pulp and paper, setting the stage for a further round of increases on both sides of the border.

Now a shortage of paper in Canada, a country where one can hardly turn around without seeing a forest, may seem somewhat absurd, something like, say, a shortage of sugar in the West Indies (see page 35). So along comes the Independent Publishers' Association, the trade organization of Canadian-owned (and mostly small) English-language publishing houses, and puts its finger on the reason for the situation: exports.

"The cause of the shortage faced by publishers," said the IPA in a brief to the government in January, "is that paper exports have been allowed to increase dramatically in 1973 over 1972. Exports of book paper to the end of 1973 were up [emphasis in original] by 51 per cent over 1972. That increase in exports would have been more than enough to meet Canadian needs in 1973."

The brief gave examples of the hardships suffered by IPA members: Clarke-Irwin was forced to delay the printing of art books that had been scheduled to coincide with specific exhibitions, New Press had to delay reprinting its bestselling biography of Norman Bethune, Sono Nis Press could print only 500 copies of books for which its initial orders were 2,000.

"Canadian publishers," the IPA concluded, "are facing a paper shortage only because Canadian paper is being exported, mainly to the U.S., instead of being available in Canada. The Canadian paper industry is sacrificing the interests of Canadian readers, writers and

BUSINESS: PAPER TURNS TO GOLD

A public that has been bombarded with conflicting claims and figures about the oil situation has begun to learn to be suspicious of shortages. As Ralph Nader has pointed out, an industry that wants to raise its prices can simply decide that there is a shortage and declare it; who is going to prove it wrong? And even people who have not quite attained that level of skepticism have realized that shortages, like accidents and military coups, do not just happen: they are

caused.

Oil is not the only industry to declare a shortage in the past year. Users of paper have found that commodity difficult to obtain, and prices for it going up. Canada's two largest roto magazines, *Weekend* and *The Canadian*, were forced to cancel a September issue because of a lack of paper. The increased cost of paper has forced the *Last Post's* printing bills up by more than 20 per cent since last July. The in-

publishers to sell paper to the U.S." It called for export controls and government action to meet rising prices.

Canadian Forum editor Michael Cross chimed in with an editorial charging that "by massive imports, the United States is exporting its paper shortage to Canada."

All of which is true enough. Canada does supply the United States with much of its paper; many of the large American newspapers are supplied from Canadian mills. Although Industry Minister Alastair Gillespie, in his reply to the IPA, said that his officials were stressing to the paper companies the importance of giving priority to domestic needs, it seems a good bet that when it comes down to a choice between *The New York Times* and Sono Nis Press, Sono Nis is going to lose out.

But the Canadian paper industry has always been export-oriented. Why shouldn't there be enough paper for *The New York Times* and Sono Nis? And besides, exports are supposed to be good for Canada, aren't they? Don't they create jobs, gain us valuable foreign currency and help our balance-of-payments position? Surely there is more to the paper shortage than increased exports.

There is. A few years ago, the pulp and paper companies were in a bad way. Return on investment, which had been in the neighbourhood of ten per cent in the mid-sixties, was down to three or four per cent in the first years of the seventies. One large paper company, Consolidated-Bathurst, went into the red in 1971.

The reason for the difficulty was an unanticipated decrease in world demand for paper. The mills were overproducing. Now capitalism has a way of dealing with such situations. With profits in the paper industry at a low level, investment falls off. The amount of paper produced decreases, or at least does not increase as fast as before. The supply-demand equation rights itself, and then the paper companies can raise prices and everybody's happy again.

Which is more or less what happened. In fact, the supply-demand equation more than righted itself. By early 1973, predictions of a shortage were already widespread in the industry. "I wouldn't be surprised," said Don Munro, manager of Abitibi Paper's mill at Pine Falls, Man., in May, "if, before the end of this year, mills are supplying customers with less paper than they ask for."

This should be a cause for concern in

I DON'T SEE ANY DRILLING

One of the more surprising noises to come out of Imperial Oil recently was its March 13 announcement that it had discovered oil as well as gas from drillings in the Beaufort Sea.

Only a week earlier, Northern Affairs Minister Jean Chretien had announced that offshore drilling in the Beaufort Sea would not be allowed to start until the spring of 1976, in order to allow time for the necessary environmental studies to be carried out.

Asked by MP Wally Firth (NDP — Northwest Territories) to explain the apparent contradiction, Chretien replied that the drillings were not offshore because they took place from artificial islands. But nothing so far indicates that drilling from artificial islands is very much safer than the type of offshore drilling the government says is forbidden until 1976.

Oil and gas spills in arctic waters are rather difficult to control, particularly when the sea is frozen over, as it is much of the year. The trouble with drilling from artificial islands is that if a "blowout" occurs, it is difficult to drill a relief well to control the pressure. This can take from four to eight months, depending on the time of year — a long time for gas or oil to be burning off or spilling into the sea.

Exploration work continues, and, reports the trade publication *Oilweek*, "geopressures will continue to cause moments of excitement as drillers attempt to harness tertiary high-pressure zones." This is not acceptable to everyone. "I hate the thought," said Wally Firth in a House of Commons speech on March 21,

the industry, should it not? In fact, any industry concern over the shortage has been well hidden. After all, capitalism has a way of dealing with shortages too. A shortage causes prices to rise, as a result of which the profit picture improves and investment picks up. The supply-demand equation rights itself once more.



CHRETIEN
No contradiction?

"that at every 'moment of excitement' serious damage may be threatened to the environment and to the native peoples of whose heritage it forms such an important part."

Chretien replied with a total non-sequitur, saying that he welcomed the discovery by Imperial Oil and that "the people of the north can be assured of a great future because we [sic] have found the way to drill efficiently and to protect the ecology at the same time."

Meanwhile, residents of Resolute Bay, a small settlement in the far northern islands, are now petitioning Chretien not to allow Panarctic Oils to carry out seismic operations in the southern part of Bathurst Island. They have seen what such operations can do to the migration patterns of the animals they depend on for their livelihood.

The minister is thought likely to say yes to Panarctic.

It is here that the neat little system begins to break down.

A survey of pulp and paper executives conducted by the trade publication *Canadian Pulp and Paper Industry* in December found little hurry to undertake new capital investment. "We're just comforting ourselves that in no time there's going to be an equilibrium,"

said J.A. Kraemer, president of Kruger Pulp and Paper. "You're just looking for a rationalization — we're going to be in a reasonable shortage position for quite a while. Unless we as an industry can instill in the buyer the feeling that we have got to have a fairer return, there is going to be a shortage."

It might have been an oilman talking. Kraemer said that prices would have to go up by another 20 to 30 per cent for new capacity to be warranted, and predicted that no new capacity would be started up until 1976.

Robert W. Billingsley, president of Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Mills, allowed that "a major shortage of newsprint will continue through 1977." He said prices would have to go up by \$25 a ton (about twelve and a half per cent) before they expanded. Abitibi Paper's president, C. Harry Rosier, said that "the tight supply is good in that it has made publishers learn how to economize, and has forced producers to speed up their machines." He warned that "the industry is going to be very meticulous in demanding that we'll have a reasonable rate of return over a long period this time" and threatened to "invest in other areas if the return is not good enough in pulp."

Only W.I.M. Turner, Jr., of Consolidated-Bathurst sounded a discordant note, saying that "I don't see a tremendous amount of pressure for much greater prices — and maybe that's not so bad. You've got to act somewhat responsible."

In this situation, almost anything can be turned to the advantage of the companies, even that old bugbear, labour troubles. In recommending the purchase of pulp and paper stocks in January, investment analyst Murray Savage said that the "unprecedented" level of strikes

SORRY FOR THE TROUBLE

As a result of public protest against the exportation of Canadian goods on Pentagon contract to Vietnam, the Canadian government has halted its practice of issuing export permits to the Indochina war zone.

However, confidential letters leaked from the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce indicate that the practical effect of this decision will be severely mitigated. Essentially, the letters, written to private industry, apologize for the "difficulties" that the decision causes for firms bidding on Pentagon contracts to be delivered in Indochina. They then go on to say that "this problem has been recognized," and advises these firms whom to contact in Ottawa for alternate shipping routes — the United States Defense Contract Administrative Services Office.

A final paragraph offers the aid of the Department in having consignment points changed.

last fall should not have a "serious or lasting effect on the recovery or future prospects of the industry." The strikes, after all, had "precipitated temporarily a condition of shortage which we had not expected in North America until late 1974," and as a result had facilitated "increase of newsprint prices and thus a start toward recovery of a normal profit potential for newsprint mills."

It was about this time that companies' 1973 profit figures began to come out. Abitibi Paper, to take one example, announced that its profit was a record \$29.9 million, up from \$8.5 million in 1972. On the average, paper companies' 1973 profits were 300 per cent higher than a year before. And Crown Zellerbach reported a profit that was up by almost 650 per cent.

If shortages are such good things and make pulp and paper executives so happy, then why aren't there shortages all the time? Is it only some companies' dogged insistence on acting "somewhat responsible" that prevents the supply-demand disequilibrium from getting totally out of hand?

According to the theory, the great

regulator is competition. If you won't supply enough paper to your customers, at prices they can afford, then someone else will. And then, like as not, your customers will become his customers.

But competition in the pulp and paper industry is at best imperfect. In 1970, the *Financial Post* ran a rather dizzying chart showing the interconnections, in the form of ownership ties and joint investments, among the different companies in the industry. These ties are not only Canadian but international in scope. In an accompanying article, reporter Philip Mathias noted that "some observers believe the closeness of the industry in Canada, the U.S. and Scandinavia may be partly responsible for a tendency towards oligopolistic pricing of newsprint and pulp in major markets."

Mathias predicted that "during the 1970s, the world pulp and paper industry is likely to become more closely knit together by new links between companies in the industry. The links will be mostly through subsidiaries created to own the giant mills that must now be built to produce pulp and paper economically and competitively."

Significantly, pulp and paper executives are now saying much the same thing. The same jolly fellows who told us that prices aren't yet high enough to justify expansion also say that what expansion does take place will be of a co-operative nature. Kruger's J.A. Kraemer, for instance, considers it unlikely that many companies will undertake unilateral expansion. "It is more likely that two or three companies will get together and create a new mill."

The result of all this will be that the paper companies' pricing, supply and expansion policies will be removed still further from the realm of market control. Still, demands for government reg-

NOW YOU SEE HIM,
NOW YOU STILL SEE HIM

* * *

**Fast Motion
Promised By
Stanfield**

—Moncton Times, February 28, 1974

OLIVER CROMWELL, WHERE ARE YOU NOW THAT WE NEED YOU?

Prince Charles has apparently won the affection of the crew since having joined the Jupiter in Singapore two months ago.

"The crew calls him the With-It Prince," said Toni Marie Sousa, the U.S. girlfriend of a seaman aboard the Jupiter. "They feel he's going to make changes for England once he becomes king."

—*Toronto Globe and Mail, March 19, 1974*

ulation or takeover have so far been few.

IPA president James Lorimer denounced the companies for their "terrorism" and said that "if ever there was a case for government intervention in

the economy, this it it," while Michael Cross of the *Forum* concluded that "in the long run, perhaps the public will come to accept that corporations which have behaved with such greedy irresponsibility have forfeited the privilege

of exploiting Canadian natural resources for private gain." Theirs, however, remained lonely voices.

For the inconvenience (such as it is) of not having *Weekend* to read one Saturday hardly compares with not being able to buy gasoline for one's car. But it is reported from Japan that toilet paper there now costs \$2.50 a roll, and Canadians should not be so smug as to believe that it can't happen here. If a threat to Canadian culture through higher-priced and less accessible books, magazines and newspapers won't rouse them to action, then perhaps a threat as fundamental as that one will.

Robert Chodos

QUEBEC:

CURBING MONTREAL'S CRIME-BUSTERS

"Contributions to the election campaigns of political parties allow organized crime to obtain certain favours from politicians."

—*Montreal Police Director René Daigneault, February 1, 1973*

It is only a little over a year ago that Quebec's officially public but often private inquiry into organized crime got underway, with those words from René Daigneault setting the tone on opening day. It seems like a lot longer.

The inquiry is still plodding on, running into obstacles, backtracking, splut-

tering to a stop at times. It has offered a fascinating peek at the machinations of small-time underworld figures, people with "connections" and other interesting tidbits. The public has been saturated with hundreds of thousands of words of testimony, about big-time Mafia names, narcotics dealers, bookies, a host of Liberal organizers, a couple of members of the National Assembly and, of course, Pierre Laporte.

But all in all the inquiry has done little to bring anybody closer to the courts, and the most interesting story to emerge has been the machinations behind the

scenes at the inquiry and in the Montreal police department.

The crime investigation is being hampered by a bitter feud within the police in which the crime-busting, reform element is pitted against allies of the ousted police director, Jean-Jacques Saulnier. And the crime-busters seem to be losing.

Headed by Deputy Director André Guay, this is the group that launched the crime inquiry in the first place and also helped set up the Quebec Police Commission Inquiry that removed Jean-Jacques Saulnier from the police de-

OBRONT: LAYOFF MAN AND FRIEND OF GERDA'S

Who is William Obront?

The first mention of Obront in police files comes in 1954 when he interceded with a Montreal policeman and an RCMP officer in favour of four American gamblers. The policeman indicated that a bribe was offered for co-operation.

In December of the following year, U.S. agents spotted him at the Hotel Nationale in Havana, Cuba, at the time owned by gambling chief Meyer Lansky. The agents reported Obront delivered a large sum of Quebec money to Lansky.

In January 1956, Obront and Moïse Darabaner, a Quebec City mobster, met in Miami Beach with Eugenio Steffano Campo, a Mafioso, to arrange for Campo's entry into Canada. A few months later, Obront and Darabaner met with then Immigration Minister Jack Pickersgill in Ottawa to arrange a visa. The RCMP objected to the visa application because of Campo's gambling interests and it was rejected, although Campo continued to visit Canada regularly.

In April of 1963, Obront filed a \$31,000 income-tax statement. In that year police report he wrote personal cheques totalling more than \$1 million.

Police were now describing Obront as a "layoff" man for Canada-wide betting interests, and a leading "money-cleaner" and money-lender.

He often boasted of his political connections. In 1963 the RCMP reported that "Pierre Sévigny [Associate Defence Minister in the Diefenbaker government] has been observed in a car chauffeured by Léo Robideau, Obront's chauffeur." By this time, Obront's meat companies — Obie's Meat Market, Salason Alouette — were doing a roaring business. Customers reportedly included the Canadian Armed Forces.

But perhaps Obront's most significant contribution to history was to introduce Sévigny to a German prostitute who would profoundly affect his political career. Her name was Gerda Munsinger.

N. A. d. M. †

partment. The Commission declared Saulnier incompetent to be police chief. He is now under suspension, but Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau maintains his full \$30,000-a-year salary, and he still has friends in the police department.

The crime-busters attached to the organized crime inquiry have found their power sharply curbed. Specialists in underworld matters such as Det. Sgt. Alphonse Gélinau found themselves transferred to routine duties at neighbourhood station houses. Slowly, the staff was whittled down. Deputy Director Guay and his men found themselves under attack. The new police director, René Daigneault, appeared to be openly hostile to the Guay faction.

It is widely believed that some members of the Guay faction were responsible for massive leaks to the press last year. The leaks concerned ties between Pierre Laporte and the Mafia and other matters, and forced the crime inquiry to take a public look at an embarrassing aspect of Quebec politics.

Other embarrassing revelations may be in the cards. Recently, the crime inquiry asked the Montreal police to reopen their investigation into Mafia involvement at Expo 67. Detective Sergeants Jacques Cardinal and Roland Gendron were assigned to the case. They soon discovered links between William Obront, described by police as a leading underworld figure, and what the papers called "a prominent Montreal municipal politician."

Shortly after that, Director Daigneault transferred Cardinal and Gendron back to routine duties. They were forbidden to leave their office during working hours and denied use of police cars.

Coincidentally, the policemen named to replace them were old friends of Jean-Jacques Saulnier. The name of one of them, Det. Sgt. Normand Ostiguy, was found immediately after that of Saulnier on an alleged payoff list found in a police raid on the home of cabaret operator Orlando De Francesco in 1966. Another, Gérard Craft, an electronic espionage expert, was arrested with Saulnier back in 1962 and charged with assault and theft of documents from a political opponent of Mayor Drapeau.

When asked by *Le Devoir's* Jean-Pierre Charbonneau if he was aware of the suspicion surrounding Ostiguy, Director Daigneault said he had vaguely heard of it but didn't have time to check it out.

There was another coincidence. Back

in the spring of 1971 Det. Sgt. Gélinau, the crime-buster, sought roughly 300 warrants to examine financial and bank records of suspected underworld figures, notably William Obront. However, a series of court manoeuvres which went through 19 judges managed to stay execution of the warrants for two years. The court manoeuvres were handled by the late Antoine Geoffrion, onetime treasurer of the Quebec Liberal Party whose legal clients included the James Bay Development Corporation, Alcan, and William Obront.

For a year afterwards, the warrants sat unused in Director Daigneault's safe. Meanwhile Gélinau, who had spent the better part of a dozen years fighting the underworld and had closed more than 200 underworld-controlled bars, was taken off the case and trans-

ferred to obscurity.

(At one session of the inquiry, after a nod from Geoffrion, Obront testified he had donated \$5,000 to Robert Bourassa's successful 1970 leadership campaign. He was excused and has had few problems with the police since.)

Then in early 1974, three years after they had first been sought, the warrants were served.

Obront also provides a link with Expo 67. In the spring of 1967, he met in a New York State motel with Milton Bromfman, an associate of international Mafia gambling czar Meyer Lansky and a suspected courier between Lansky and Montreal's Cotroni group.

The meeting, whose purpose was to arrange political influence to monopolize food distribution at Expo (Obront is in the meat business), was bugged:

MAN AND HIS ELECTRO-TAXIS

As the police pursue their investigation of Expo 67, they might also do well to look into what went on at the successor Man and His World exhibition in 1968, the year after Expo.

In the summer of 1968, Lucien Saulnier, then chairman of Montreal's executive committee and number-two man to Mayor Drapeau in the civic administration, told an inquirer: "Confidentially, I can tell you that I have personally received complaints to the effect that municipal councillors have received concessions through connections. I'm looking into this."

The next year, a police report on Man and His World was submitted to the executive committee, but it was never made public and no action was ever taken on it. The report, which has come into the hands of the *Last Post*, says that "... the inquiry also reveals that certain concessions were clearly accorded without any calling of tenders to former directors of Expo 67 and other persons."

According to the report, among the people who received concessions at Man and His World were two members of the Montreal executive committee, Gerry Synder and Maurice Landes. Landes is an old associate of Pierre Laporte's; it was he, in fact, who identified Laporte's body during the October Crisis.

The police report says that Snyder, who is still a city councillor as well as the city's representative on the Olympic organizing committee and in charge of revenue for that committee, held a concession for Manny's Restaurant through a front by the name of M. Gitnik, and a concession for Electro-Taxis. He was also involved with Les Entreprises Brousseau which operated La Balade, the Man and His World trailer trains, says the report. Hockey player Bobby Rousseau was listed as president of the latter company. Landes held the boat transport concession, according to the police report.

At the same time, the report goes on, an associate of Snyder's, Conrad Leber, held the Beer Garden concession at Ile Notre Dame at Man and His World. Leber was co-owner of a Montreal restaurant, the Stagecoach, with Snyder at the time.

N. A. d. M.

Bromfman: "We'll have to cut what's his name in Quebec City into the deal, because he's the biggest."

Obront: "I know a lawyer, a very influential lawyer who's a very close friend of Drapeau and Philippe de Gaspé Beaubien. . . ."

Bromfman: "That's very good. . . . that's what we need."

That summer, as Expo was unfolding, Claude Wagner, then the provincial Liberal opposition's justice critic, caused a stir when he stood up and named one of Obront's companies supplying food to Expo as a Mafia outfit. Expo officials said there was no indication of Mafia infiltration at their exhibition. Justice Minister (and later Premier) Jean-Jacques Bertrand let the matter drop, as did Wagner.

The police are now again looking into Mafia links with Expo 67, although the policemen who originally discovered the connection have been taken off the case.

The information that has come out so far is still fragmentary and it is as yet impossible to put together a coherent picture of criminal involvement in Quebec's political life. The only sure thing about the chain of revelations that has been set in motion is that there will be more to come.

Nick Auf der Mair

RENDER UNTO CAESAR

Montreal is in the midst of a boom. Boom go the old Victorian mansions on Sherbrooke Street. Up goes another homogenized Holiday Inn. Boom go the apartments of a thousand low-income people. Up goes a tower to technology, the Maison de Radio-Canada, with its recycled air, its imported plants indigenous to central Africa, and its elevator system which works as well as its computerized communications apparatus, which doesn't. The boom goes on.

And with the next municipal election scheduled for November 10, the irrep-ressible Mayor Jean Drapeau is clearly off and running again, waving the Olympic torch high and declaring he intends to make Montreal "the first city of the world."

With Man and His World rotting away on the Expo islands and the Olympic structures carving deep holes in the city's financial and geographical

landscape, the opposition trembles at the thought of what new grandiosity the Mayor's promise augurs.

The morning tabloid *Montréal-Matin* hollered recently that the Mayor was on the verge of bringing the United Nations headquarters from New York to Montreal. Consternation abounded as thick as the denials, including a reluctant one from the Mayor. "Well," said *Montréal-Matin* the next day, in high good humour, "if it's not the U.N., then it must be the Vatican."

Some might argue that an exercise of power not unlike a medieval papacy already rests in Montreal, embodied in a man who believes obsessively that arbitration of the people's moral, spiritual and civic life is vested in his anointed hands. He runs Montreal as if it were a Vatican city, a city-state connected to the surrounding country only through an accident of geography. The heads of state who made their visitations to Montreal for Expo 67 were received by Jean Drapeau as equals.

As election after election demonstrates, of course, many of Montreal's citizens share Drapeau's scheme of things. They venerate Drapeau as if he headed a mystical body, his picture sharing an equal place on the peeling wallpaper with the Little Father.

But there have been few popes who have been able to control the Curia as completely as Jean Drapeau does his Civic Party, which won all 52 City Council seats in the last election, held in the midst of the October Crisis hysteria in 1970. Each candidate is handpicked by the Mayor. Incipient boatrockers are warned, as Drapeau once put it to a journalist, that "the door into the Civic Party is very narrow and the exit very wide indeed."

As a result, the regular City Council meetings resemble an elegant echo chamber — with the Mayor's will-be-done resonating through every resolution. Perhaps egged on by the press that is occasionally ferocious in its opposi-

ALARMISTS OF THE MONTH

"Since this so-called Conservative government came to power, the province of Alberta has moved left to a dangerous degree."

—Werner Schmidt, leader, *Alberta Social Credit Party*, March 1974

* * *

"How many people lie awake at night worrying about a massive locomotive attack from Cuba?"

—letter to the editor, *Montreal Gazette*, March 19, 1974

tion, a group of councillors recently got up their courage and asked the Mayor for a question period.

After a few weeks of contemplation, he agreed. But he rewrote their proposal. He decreed that the question period could last a maximum of 45 minutes, but could be terminated earlier if the speaker so decided. Any and all questions could be asked — but the Speaker would decide if and how a question should be answered. The speaker is, of course, Himself.

The next day all the papers reported this blow for democracy. But the ludicrousness of the rules was apparent in even the most straightforward report.

The Mayor does his best to ignore the written press. He cherishes the electronic media because radio and television, either through pat weekly interviews or through phone-in shows, give him direct access to the people — which he can control. But the written press, which is getting more and more rambunctious with every passing year of his administration, is beyond his immediate control.

Not that he doesn't try — through intimate lunches with editorialists and magnificent dinners for publishers. But even that doesn't work as well as it used

SCHLOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA

* * *

19 Movie

★★★ *Through A Glass Darkly* (1961, drama) Harriet Anderson, Max Von Sydow. Director Ingmar Bergman's study of 24 hours in the life of a family on an isolated island. The film is followed by a discussion, hosted by Elwy Yost, with a Toronto church congregation on man's search for meaning in a troubled world. To 11:00 p.m.

—Toronto Star, TV Listings,
March 30, 1974

to. So occasionally Montrealers see a Mayoral rage hot enough to melt the uncleared snow on the streets.

The morning after the question period incident was such a day. He blew the ear off the publisher of the Montreal *Gazette*, harangued an associate editor of the *Montreal Star*, but the bitterest bile was saved for Florian Bernard, city hall reporter for *La Presse*.

The mayor telephoned him at home. Then, in language more suitable to the thing being excoriated than the excoriated, Drapeau screamed that Bernard was deeply involved in a sinister conspiracy that involved all journalists to get the Mayor. "And do you know on what day you have done all this?" he shouted.

"No, Mr. Mayor, I don't," replied Bernard, somewhat timorously.

"On my birthday! You did it deliberately to ruin my birthday." And with that the Mayor slammed the phone down.

Weeks later, the first question period was conducted more decorously. But the Mayor cut it off after 20 minutes, suggesting that the councillors "shouldn't use all their issues up at once. Save some for the next time."

There is opposition to the exercise of Draponian power. It ranges from working-class anti-poverty coalitions and labour unions to middle-class ecology and anti-development committees. But with no structured access to Council and even less money to put on a sustained battle, the groups are born in anger, receive a flurry of press coverage, and then slowly die in anguish, largely ignored by the Mayor.

The crucial platform of a Council seat, which in Toronto and Vancouver allowed the development of opposition groups and the eventual taking of power by mildly liberal civic governments, is denied to opposition Montrealers. And division along class lines and language lines adds to the incoherence of the opposition forces.

Still, there is no shortage of issues. The 1976 Olympics provided one gilt-edged opportunity to take on the Mayor, but he was able to obfuscate the issue and mesmerize much of the opposition; once the digging for Olympic installations began and the lottery took off, he was home free.

The residue from that is still around, and there are many other possible battlegrounds as well. The police and firemen are murmuring about strike action because the city owes their pension fund more than \$23 million. The underpaid blue-collar workers are issuing

similar noises. Taxes are high enough to be worthy of a Caesar, yet services as basic as snow removal are the worst in a decade.

There is also still a chance that the organized crime inquiry currently underway in Montreal will explode around Drapeau's administration like a bag of nightsoil. He fought the establishment of the inquiry, protesting that there was no organized crime in His city — but he may have had other reasons as well. Investigators have evidence in hand reaching deep into his administration, but not (or at least not yet) directly into the Mayor's office.

That the inquiry was established over his objections is one sign that some of his power — including control over the

police force — has been lost to the technocratic Liberal centralists who govern Quebec. And the latest challenge to the Mayor comes from another provincial grouping. At a recent convention, Parti Québécois leader René Lévesque committed the party to leading a coalition of urban groups in the autumn municipal election.

But even if the powerful and resourceful organizational apparatus of the PQ is thrown fully into the fray, which is doubtful, it will take more than six months to dethrone a man like Jean Drapeau. The most they can hope for is to get a foot into the Council chamber by winning a handful of seats.

Jimmy Whelan

NOVA SCOTIA: TRADITION AND TRICKERY

Nova Scotia is becoming alarmingly sophisticated. When a balding premier is seen to have actually grown more hair since the last election, when he announces an election via canned videotape delivered to television stations, when he carries on his campaign with a computer-precise schedule that excludes facing the press — well then, only the most resolute nay-sayer would deny that progress has left its indelible mark.

Since this type of sophistication usually comes to Canadians by way to the Liberal Party, it is no surprise that Premier Gerald Regan, himself a Liberal, borrowed his little tricks from Robert Bourassa's 1973 campaign. And since Liberals are generally plugged into the United States, it is equally unsurprising that Bourassa in turn picked up his tricks from Richard Nixon's Committee to Re-elect the President.

Toronto-imported radio voice, breathlessly coming on with the scoop over clicking teletypes: "Premier Gerald Regan announced his Liberal government's electoral platform last night to the resounding cheers of hundreds of supporters ... progress ... economic development ... jobs ... grants to municipalities ... blah blah blah. This is a paid political announcement."

So much for the style of the Nova Scotia election, 1974. What about the issues?

Well ... er ... that's just it. The style was the issue.

Regan, by keeping the press guessing and grumbling (a little bit) deftly kept the spotlight on himself — much more than he would have had he talked about the "issues".

Even the few almost-issues somehow got funnelled through the style machine.

For instance, there was the oil question. Some people described Regan's timing as ingenious, pointing out that the date of the election — April 2 — was only two days after the federal subsidy on eastern oil prices expired, and that the premier thereby avoided what might become a monumental hassle.

But the timing also suggested that Regan had something to hide, for a winter sitting of the legislature was abruptly cancelled by the election call.

All eyes gathered around Nova Scotia Power Corporation, of which Regan is chairman of the board. The financial situation of the corporation, which has been the subject of much speculation in the province, remained undisclosed because the legislative session had been cancelled.

Since 80 per cent of electricity in Nova Scotia comes from oil-fired generators, there were accusations that increases in Venezuelan oil prices had plunged the corporation into an increasing deficit which would be followed by an increase in electricity rates after the election.

Regan, however, played it so cool that alternative speculation arose that it might be a trap: the power corporation's

finances might be in terrific shape, and Regan might be letting the opposition waste all its ammunition on an illusion. He would, the speculation went, simply divulge the corporation's finances just before the election, destroying the opposition.

The opposition shrank back, and the question of what Regan was really up to became the central problem. The spotlight remained firm, and Regan took advantage of it to announce munificent grants of money to municipalities to help them keep their tax rates down — money the federal government had given the province for specifically that purpose last fall, and which Regan put off dispensing until the election.

Regan's little gimmicks add up to a new twist to an old game of personality politics which goes back a long way in Nova Scotia. In 1966, to mention a recent example, Robert Stanfield's campaign posters carried no party affiliation. You were either a Stanfield man or you were not. That was the issue.

A glance at the record, in fact, shows that the last time there was an issue in a Nova Scotia election was in 1925 as a historic five-month coal strike wracked the coal fields, as the alarm was sounded over the depopulation of the province by emigration to the U.S. and as the last whoop of the anti-Confederates was heard.

It was the death throes of a society that had once been full of political spit and fury. By the time the Depression was over, Angus L. Macdonald, who ruled for 20 years, was in with the slogan "all's well with Angus L." and a program of paving the province's trunk highways. Political consciousness was on its way down to the level of jobs on the road.

But what Regan had going for him in this election was more than a tradition of one-man shows. He had a tradition of

Liberal one-man shows.

The Liberals, the original anti-Confederate party, have ruled Nova Scotia for 81 of the 107 years since Confederation. Three Liberal premiers — W.S. Fielding, George Murray and Macdonald — ruled a total of 58 years between them.

The Tories, who had the original misfortune to take Nova Scotia into Confederation without consulting the people, never recovered. By 1956 they had been in power a grand total of 12 years. Robert Stanfield's reversal of the trend and his 14-year reign were in fact a monumental exception in Nova Scotia politics.

Before this election, the historical bias was in force stronger than ever.

The Tories, rent by leadership problems, went into the election completely disorganized and with few funds. The Liberals, whose century-old grassroots patronage machine was never broken — not even by Stanfield — were flying high. There was plenty of dough in the slush pot, their campaign posters were twice as big as the opposition's, and, as Angus L. used to say, all was well.

There was a wild card in this election — the NDP. Backed by the party's national organization, which apparently sees Nova Scotia as a key eastern base for future battles, the local NDP spruced up its fortunes by bringing in organizers from the Prairies. Notably, Ted Chudyk, president of the Manitoba NDP party apparatus, co-ordinated the campaign, having raised about \$40,000 — more than the Nova Scotia NDP has ever had.

The NDP's aim was to supplant the weakened Tories as the official opposition.

That, too, has a historical precedent. A Farmer-Labour formation took 11 seats in 1923 to become the official opposition (only to be wiped out in 1925 by the Tories). Again in 1945 two CCF



N.S. Photo Co-op

REGAN CAMPAIGNING The style was the issue

members formed the official opposition in a legislature otherwise completely occupied by Angus L.'s Liberals.

Party leader Jeremy Akerman said before the election that "if we had done then what we're doing now we'd have come to power a long time ago."

On election day, Akerman's rosy predictions were not quite borne out. The NDP gained one seat (for a total of three) and a lot of votes, mostly at the expense of the fumbling Tories, who managed to hang on to twelve seats. Neither of them came anywhere near the Liberals, who took advantage of the divided opposition and with 31 seats maintained a healthy lead.

More specifically, however, the results were a victory for a traditional and all-pervasive Liberal machine and modern-day Liberal trickery and fakery.

Ralph Surette

OTTAWA NOTEBOOK/PATRICK MacFADDEN

MICHAEL, DON AND THE MEN IN BLAZERS

Attendance at Tory Party conventions, to paraphrase M. Python, is like sodomy: it may be all right once in a while but should never be made compulsory.

And yet there is little harm and much good in such events. Delegates, wives, husbands, daughters seem happy. They greet one another cordially, small hoots of recognition echoing along the latrine-gloom corridors of the Chateau Laurier;

they compare souvenirs; the ladies wear nice floral dresses, the men good brown blazers and sensible shoes. They are not as rich as the Liberal Party delegates who were here two years ago, fewer sideburns — indeed one delegate sports *one* sideburn — and not at all *groovy*. Everybody here says Mr. Stanfield will be the next Prime Minister of Canada. Only a callow lout will question such stoutly-held beliefs.

I question Dolores, a tall young stenographer-delegate from Nova Scotia with strong legs and a blue construction hat on her head, about those stoutly-held beliefs. "Why do you think Mr. Stanfield will be our next Prime Minister?" I ask. "Dolores shrugs her magnificent shoulders and says, "'Cos he will, that's why.'"

* * *

The blue construction hats are provided by Mr. Donald Matthews ("Don"), who wants to be re-elected to the Presidency of the Party. It's a key post, they say, and Don has a good chance because he's worked very hard during his first term and he has spent a lot of money in his re-election bid.

Don is President of the Matthews Group, eight contracting and development companies based in London, Ontario. "I've always been a worker," Don says.

Don has five daughters and a son. His wife is called Joyce and they all live together in "a pre-Confederation farmhouse" in London. His gaily-coloured brochure says Don may be clad in immaculate pin-stripe suit, or jeans and a bush jacket but whatever the outfit, it always seems to be accompanied by an abundance of endless enthusiasm, a ready grin, boundless energy and infectious good humour.

When I talk to Don he seems like a pretty nice guy. He tells me we must all do more to establish green belts in our country.

Later Don is beaten quite badly for the Presidency; people who know tell me it was all decided six months ago.

* * *

Don is defeated by Mr. Michael Meighen, who comes from Meighen stock and is an enormously wealthy young man from Westmount, Quebec. Prime Minister Meighen didn't have all that much money but Michael's dad made a lot from being a big lawyer. Michael is favoured by Mr. Stanfield and by Mr. Davis and by the Big Blue Machine and by his dad.

Michael Meighen is definitely groovy and very serious. He wears thick-rimmed spectacles, his hair is wavy; in the subdued lighting of his hospitality suite he could pass for a less emaciated Robert Bourassa. He's quite small in stature and as delegates approach him, they have to bend down as he turns his head to give them his ear. I am reminded of Rossellini's portrait of the Sun King in *La Prise de la Pouvoir par Louis Quatorze*.

His suite is chock-a-block with attendant lords, brash young lawyer fellows from Montreal and pace-setting folk from Crescent Street — I recognize two notorious pushers — and as I pass close to him he is saying to a delegate: "You see, the fact is I can operate in all *ten* provinces and Mr. Matthews cannot. It's not his fault, I'm not saying that, just that he . . . can't . . . speak . . . French."

Mr. Meighen's hospitality suite features a fountain with six nozzles permanently squirting Pernod. I see Dolores here, still with her Matthews blue hat, drinking lots of Pernod. I approach Mr. Meighen who mistakes me for a delegate and he moves his head sideways to give me his ear like a priest in the confessional and I bend down to speak to this little man.

"You know it's a fag drink, Pernod, Michael, eh?" I whisper in his ear.

He looks at me earnestly.

"It's not his fault he can't speak French, that's not . . . what . . . I'm . . . saying," says Mr. Michael Meighen.

* * *

In the dramatic clash between these two estimable men, we may see an example of M. Weber's two forms of authority, the traditional and the charismatic, vying for control over the

future direction of what is essentially an amiable version of corporatist politics. Management through interest groups, to use Weber's phrase, is management of politics through parties. Individual aims are collected and moulded into blocks of opinions, then delivered to governments for perusal. It may be called participatory democracy, like owning one share in IBM.

Neither of the two senior Canadian parties knows how to practise any other kind of politics, hence the glazed myopia of the language used to describe "policy": . . . "reflect Canadian identity and the diversity of Canadian cultural and social values . . ." and so on.

Occasionally an impish anachronism slips through the polysyllabic screed, memories of an earlier time when ideology, however gnomish, was the stuff of politics, signs of a human mind at work. As in the following, from a background paper on Communications: "A Progressive Conservative government would . . . review the operation of Radio Canada International in the light of technological change, and changing international relationships. The Maple Leaf should fly in the sun of many lands and not just in the shadow of the Iron Curtain."

Why, it's almost poetry.

* * *

Sunday night is television time and you understand the reasons for this get-together. First, it's a nice way for people to get together and, second, it's a way to get Mr. Stanfield onto the tee-vee for 45 minutes for free.

While we wait under the hot bright lights for the next Prime Minister of Canada to take his place "in the bear pit," a Quebec delegate tells funny stories, one about how "a big buck nigger" keeps passing him out on the 401, to warm us up. Not much applause for this and Mr. Stanfield appears and waves to everybody. He wears a terrifically neat grey suit, a big long man with elegant legs. He says he's going to be in the bear pit and he'll answer questions, any questions.

The bear pit actually is an ordinary old chair and the questions don't seem very spontaneous to me. Old Dolores is right up there at the mike looking real demure. She asks as the next Prime Minister of Canada would Mr. Stanfield agree with her, Dolores, that our cities *can* be places of freedom and mobility, of dynamism and diversity and that wasn't it a fact that a Progressive Conservative government, in co-operation, of course, with the provinces, *could* help cities to achieve this potential by providing incentives to develop their cultural and social resources, eh?

Mr. Stanfield says hell, you better believe it and he's glad Dolores brought that up but the only thing is he'd like to remind her that until the inflation brought on by the "Trudeau government" was beaten, not all that much can be done.

* * *

Later that night there's a lot of singing and good feeling, some great fiddlers sawing away. A fisherman delegate from PEI is doing a mysterious little clogdance with himself in a corner of the room and I ask him who he supported for the Presidency. He has to shout to make himself heard above the music and laughing. He says he can't remember but who gives a shit.

* * *

M. Weber says the "basis of every system of authority, and correspondingly of every kind of willingness to obey, is a belief . . . by virtue of which persons exercising authority are lent prestige."

Sounds about right, eh?



by Claude Balloune

LABOUR
PSSD

There has been much speculation about the contents of a mysterious underworld "document" deposited with the Quebec Inquiry into Organized Crime. The Inquiry commissioners don't seem to know what to do with it and have kept the contents secret. It has come to my attention that part of the so-called "document" includes photographs of the wife of a prominent Quebec Liberal Cabinet minister and underworld figure *Vic Cotroni* at cocktail parties together.

Economists, financial analysts and the like are becoming increasingly pessimistic about the future of Western capitalism. The gloomers and doomers are forecasting a really rampant inflation, economic collapse and even food riots in the U.S. this summer. I hear that *Arthur Cordell*, chief economist for the Science Council of Canada, took part in an *MIT* study on the future of Western economies. He came away so filled with pessimism that he's now planning to go live on a commune.

Election rumour mill grinds

All political parties in Ottawa are gearing up for a federal election, setting the party machines in motion. But there will probably be a few weeks to wait before anything happens. Those MPs who were elected for the first time in the 1968 election (most of whom are Liberals) will become eligible for parliamentary pensions if they can hang in there until June 25; there's a general feeling among all parties that they should get their "just" rewards, and if an election were held before the magic date those who lost out wouldn't get the bonanza. Also the new election expenses act comes into force on July 1, providing financial assistance to parties based on the number of votes received. The party that has least to gain from the measure is the Tories, who have most of the corporate manna coming their way this time. The party that has most to gain from it is the NDP, which could use the money, and so it won't throw out the government before that date.

I hear that *Duff Roblin*, former Manitoba Tory Premier now with *CP Investments* in Montreal, will try a comeback in the next federal election. . . Former Toronto mayoralty candidate *David Rotenberg* will try to take on *Mitchell Sharp* . . . and, quite possibly, *Pierre Trudeau* will be looking for a job outside politics.

The Quebec government is near finalizing plans for the purchase of *Anticosti Island* for \$23 million from *Consolidated-Bathurst*. The catch, I'm told, is that the government will give Consolidated private hunting and fishing rights over large tracts of the island, which con-



Levesque: "on a world scale I'm a federalist"

tains some of the best hunting and salmon fishing in the world. The island is supposedly the biggest piece of privately-owned real estate in the world—it's the size of other well-known islands such as PEI, Jamaica, Corsica, etc.

Security forces haven't heard

Security forces probably haven't heard about it yet, but a new group is being set up called the LLL — *Ligue pour la libération de Labrador* — which wants to publicize Quebec's claim on Labrador, which has belonged to Newfoundland since a *British Privy Council* decision in the twenties. Quebec has never officially accepted the boundary and even today no Quebec government maps show the Labrador border.

The new Montreal daily paper *Le Jour* is selling 65,000 copies, considerably more than the 20,000 to 30,000 it expected. But it's getting very few ads and also has a number of internal personnel problems. *Le Devoir*, with which it is competing, has been improving its coverage but its circulation has dipped. I understand *Parti Québécois* leader *René Lévesque*, a journalist before he entered politics, will go to work for *Le Jour* in June as the paper's foreign editor. It's almost certain he's going to leave the PQ leadership. He has



Marc Lalonde gets a Draponian 'no'

become increasingly interested in international affairs and says that "this may seem funny to you, but on a world scale I'm a federalist."

Readers may recall last year's *Last Post* article on ITT's operations in Canada. The article stated that ITT seemed to have found friends in provincial and federal governments. Recently, while thumbing through the book, *America, Inc.*, I came across a bit that shows ITT has long had influential friends in Ottawa. The book quotes an *American Justice Department* study as saying that as long ago as 1954, *Lester Pearson* provided ITT with "information of a confidential nature," during a period when ITT was seeking the rights to lay a new cable from the U.S., through Canada and Greenland, to the U.K. The U.S. Air Force was to use part of the cable. The Justice Department, citing company correspondence, said that Pearson kept ITT representatives abreast of "the status of the Canadian government position, the possible participation by NATO and the impact of NATO participation," as well as contents of the *Canadian High Commission's* messages from London to Ottawa. Why Pearson was so helpful was not explained, but it's clear that Pearson's contribution to the multinational went below and beyond the call of duty.

Lalonde gets Draponian No

Health Minister *Marc Lalonde* went to see Montreal Mayor *Jean Drapeau* to get assurances that the Olympic stadium would not later be used by a *National Football League* team. The Mayor told the Health Minister it was none of his business.

Eric Kierans is mooted to be next rector of *Loyola College* in Montreal, the Jesuit-run school that is due to amalgamate with *Sir George Williams University* and become *Concordia University*.

Power Corporation, the Montreal-based conglomerate, is quietly acquiring a significant number of *Bell Telephone* shares. From what I understand, Power now controls about three per cent of Bell's shares. Up until now, *AT&T* of the U.S. held the largest single block of Bell shares, about two per cent. If my report is correct, then conceivably Power could gain control of Bell, the biggest company in Canada.

COJO is the official name for the group running the Montreal Olympic games. *COJO* stands for *Comité Organisateur des Jeux Olympiques*. *ORTO* is the outfit running Olympic broadcasting in Montreal, and stands for *Olympic Radio and Television Organization*. All this is providing our Latin American friends with a

great laugh. It seems that *COJO* sounds just like the Spanish, 'I screw.' *ORTO*, on the other hand, is Spanish for 'asshole.'

Marcel Masse, the youthful former *Union Nationale* cabinet minister, is going to give *Claude Wagner* a stiff challenge for leadership of the Quebec Tories. Many of the young and wealthy Westmounters, including new Tory president *Michael Meighen*, who run the Quebec Progressive Conservative organization (or rather what is called an organization) backed *Masse* for the *Union Nationale* leadership against *Gabriel Loubier*.

The MP least favoured by the *House of Commons* simultaneous translation staff is none other than *Finance Minister John Turner*, whose garbled tones and rapid and staccato manner of speaking make him extremely difficult to translate. Runners up are Newfoundland Conservative *John Lundrigan*, who speaks quickly and, to mainland ears, incomprehensibly; PEI Pink *Tory David MacDonald*, who compresses a remarkable number of words into a short breath; and *John Diefenbaker*, who has his own problems of diction.

The *Hilton* people opened their new hotel in Quebec City recently and threw what is now known as the biggest and most lavish party in the old capital's history . . . There were about 2,500 guests, torrents of booze and innumerable buffets from 25 nations. *Hilton* has reason to be lavish in Quebec City. The Quebec government ceded to *Hilton* the exclusive tourism development rights for 20 years to *Place Royal*, a picturesque town square composed of the first stone buildings in North America; they were constructed in 1608 by *Samuel de Champlain* and constitute the birth place of French civilization on this continent. And how much did the American hotel chain pay for these rights? \$13,500. Quebec drives a hard bargain.

International Report

compiled by the staff of the Last Post

Influx of businessmen suggests Mid-East peace

Even as the last round of Middle East fighting was still in full swing, the bases of the subsequent peace were being laid. Chase Manhattan, the World Bank, oil company executives — there was, as one European paper noted at the time, "a remarkable quickening of business" in Cairo.

Nothing suggests future peace more than the fascinating statistics that started to emerge about Suez:

The plans centre on the Suez canal zone, shorn of civilians and blasted since the 1967 war. Suez City is to be rebuilt to ten times its present size and four times its pre-1967 population; its economy will be powered by reconstructed oil refineries, new docks, light and medium industries, and duty-free zones. Also an eight-lane highway is planned to sweep under the Suez canal to emerge in the Sinai, where a major part of the city's development will take place.

That will be merely one of the tunnels — five are planned to integrate the east bank of the canal with the rest of Egypt. Parts of the Sinai are to be developed for industry, farming and commerce. What was once Israel's Bar-Lev line will be the scene of massive tourist developments.

The whole of Port Said is to become a commercial free-zone, extending six miles to the west of the canal and fifteen miles south.

Most dramatic are plans for the Canal itself. Scheduled for reopening in about six months, it will be enlarged up to four times within the next seven years to allow passage of the large 200,000-ton supertankers that are now the basis of international oil movements.

Hilton is negotiating the development of resort hotels along the canal.

The cost of reconstruction is expected to be \$8 billion, of which Egypt will allocate \$50 million. The Japanese have agreed to kick in \$140 million in loans for the canal, and a further \$100 million for other projects. The Chase-Manhattan Bank has offered \$80 million in medium-

term credits, and the World Bank's president, Robert McNamara, was in Cairo recently negotiating other still unrevealed deals.

A big American aid package is reported to be in the offing. Standard Oil has been negotiating large refinery projects.

While Washington is certainly committed to support Israel, at least as long as the lobby in the U.S. remains as powerful as it is, there are reports that the massive American investment spree in Egypt has been viewed with at least a little concern in

Jerusalem. Nevertheless, if the price of war becomes too high in the wake of such investment, this could also be beneficial to Israel. But how much will Washington pressure Israel to concede to Arab demands for territorial withdrawal?

Either way, the influx of commercial dignitaries into Cairo over the past months suggest there will now be peace in the Middle East. The question is: at whose expense? In the light of the rapidly disappearing Arab-USSR entente, perhaps at Moscow's.

General Geisel seeks Pacific outlet

At his presidential swearing-in, Brazil's General Ernesto Geisel, made one of the shortest inauguration speeches in history — two minutes long.

But at his next important diplomatic function, President Geisel practically made Brazil a Pacific trading nation, no mean feat for a nation that is cut off from the Pacific Ocean by the Andes Mountains.

How he did it is the story of the mini-summit recently in Brasilia attended by the South American generals' club, including General Augusto Pinochet of Chile, General Hugo Banzer of Bolivia and General Juan Maria Bordaberry of Uruguay.

The meeting was held in a plain house in Brasilia under a cloak of extreme secrecy. It was preceded by a scare floated in the right-wing Chilean newspaper, *La Tercera de la Hora*, that Peru was becoming "a base for Russian missiles on the continent," giving rise to early speculation that the four generals were about to form an anti-communist axis, and ended with a highly uninformative communiqué.

But what emerged was a diplomatic coup for the policy makers in Brasilia. They got the historically belligerent nations of Chile and Bolivia to sit together for the first time in years and got them thinking again of restoring diplomatic relations.

That is essential if Brazil is to realize its long held ambition of opening a trading corridor to the Pacific, a corridor that will involve Bolivia and Chile. The Geisel government has made it clear that it will be pushing exports even harder than its predecessor and a key element in this plan is a western outlet to the sea. This is also a strategic consideration urged for many years by a key minister in the Geisel government, General Golbery do Couto e Silva.

The first coast-to-coast train, which covered the 2,500 miles between Antofagasta and Santos last December, can be seen as a trial run for even more important developments in the future.

With these steps, General Geisel hopes to continue the "Brazilian miracle" of high, sustained growth, to continue exercising leadership on the South American continent, and to head off the star of Juan Peron, who is using his Buenos Aires power base in a last-ditch attempt to bolster the fortunes of Argentina as a significant continental force and himself as a self-styled leader of the Third World.

Hungary purges key figures

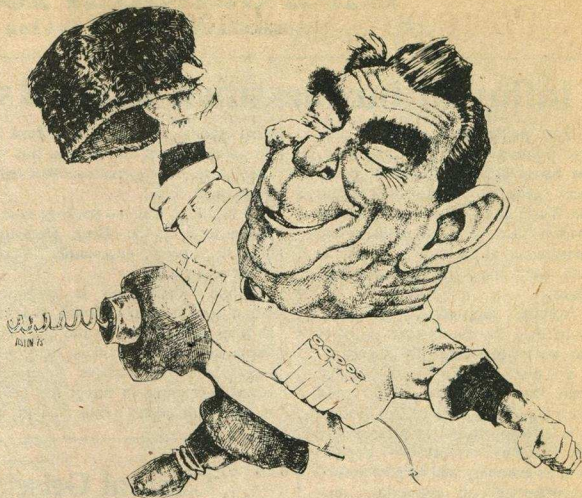
by Paul Neuburg
of the Manchester
Guardian

Hungary has purged key figures in its party leadership, putting the country's lone reformist course in Eastern Europe in doubt. Mr. Rezzo Nyers, 51-year-old architect of the area's most successful economic reforms introduced in 1968, and Mr. Gyorgy Aczel, in charge of Hungary's cultural affairs in the liberal years since 1967, were replaced as secretaries of the party's Central Committee at a two-day meeting of the Central Committee.

Mr. Zoltan Komocsin, a hardline Politburo member and the Central Committee Secretary in charge of foreign affairs, who has been relatively little in evidence since suffering a stroke in late 1972, now reappears as editor-in-chief of the party's

main daily newspaper, *Nepzabadsag*, in addition to his other posts.

Fears for Hungary's pragmatic course under Mr. Kadar, the party leader since the suppression of the 1956 uprising, have been growing in



recent months. Opposition to the economic reforms from hardliners and ill-qualified careerists has combined with working-class resentment of the good life it offers to the enterprising and with pressure on the Hungarian leadership from conservatives in East Berlin, Prague, and Moscow.

A measure of decentralisation in the economy has been accompanied by retrenchment on the cultural front.

But although Mr. Kadar's own future has been a source of anxiety to Hungarians since the middle of 1972, his rule has kept the country economically prosperous and politically manageable, and as such has had the publicly expressed blessing of Mr. Brezhnev. Now his chief economist, Mr. Nyers, who becomes director of the Economic Institute at the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, is replaced by Mr. Karoly Nemeth, head of the Budapest party organisation, who has been feared for some time as the figurehead of hardline attempts to take over from Mr. Kadar.

Mr. Aczel, under persistent attacks since 1969 from hardliners in Hungary and in the other Warsaw Pact countries for his reasonableness towards the intelligentsia, is replaced by Mr. Imre Györi, until now party leader of Csongrad county, a conservative stronghold.

Nobody's hands clean in Burundi

In the summer of 1972, members of the Hutu majority in the African nation of Burundi staged a coup against the Tutsi-led government. The coup failed and the Tutsis retaliated with massive killings.

At least 100,000 Hutus were killed then, but the shock wave quietly subsided and nobody paid attention to the state of affairs in Burundi. But latest reports indicate the wholesale genocide is still being carried on by the Tutsis, that perhaps as many as 250,000 people have been killed to date and the only thing that has slowed down the killings was that the Tutsis ran out of bullets and had to resort, literally, to driving the Hutus to death with hammers and nails.

At the height of the 1972 massacres, Western governments reacted with horror and tried to isolate the Tutsi regime in Burundi. But their diplomatic freeze ended quickly when it was discovered that under the soil of Burundi lay vast quantities of nickel, a vital and strategic metal. In fact, officials of Falconbridge Mines of Canada were surveying mineral deposits in the fall of 1973 during a particularly violent period when an estimated 10,000 Hutus were put to death.

In the case of Burundi, nobody seems clean, as the major backers of the Tutsi minority are the Soviets, followed closely by the Chinese and such 'progressive' regimes as Algeria. Their interest is simple: Burundi is vociferously anti-Israel which is a valuable stance for Soviet, Chinese and African regimes to parade at Third World conferences and solidarity meetings.

Portugal's weakness drawing in South Africa

In itself, the sight of 200 disgruntled junior army officers marching to Lisbon would not have been enough to tick off a crisis in Portugal.

For one thing, the revolt was too brief to be taken seriously. So brief that the marchers, having accidentally bumped into a column of loyalist troops on the way to Lisbon, were quietly persuaded to go back to their barracks even before the Portuguese head of state, Admiral Americo Thomaz, had a chance to get decently settled into the heavily-armed underground national defence headquarters in Lisbon's Monsanto Park region.

But who was the crotchety old admiral planning to fight? The army revolt could have been nipped in the bud with a few arrests and demotions, and it was: the most significant of these was the firing of General Antonio de Spínola from his recently-acquired post of deputy commander of the armed forces.

More to the point was General Spínola's recent manifesto calling for an end to Portuguese empire in Africa and its replacement by a federation of Portugal and what are now its African colonies. For if a minor army revolt is not a matter of serious concern to the government in Lisbon, the prospect of a political solution to the war in Africa is.

So the hysteria and high drama in Lisbon were more likely intended for an African audience, a select group of people in South Africa, Rhodesia, Mozambique and Angola: Rhodesia and South Africa because they are nominal allies of Portugal in the war for the southern part of the continent, Angola because it's the only money-making colony Portugal has in Africa, and Mozambique because it looms larger and larger as the keystone for the ultimate defence of white colonialist power in Africa.

For 10 years, Portugal has been slugging it out with FRELIMO, the well-armed, well-equipped liberation force in Mozambique. But FRELIMO has steadily gained ground, to the point where it now controls the northern one-third of the country and is now poised to strike at the south,

across the Zambezi River. The strategic implications of this will mark a new turning point in the war because the south contains the big commercial centres of Beira and Lourenço Marques, rail links with Rhodesia, and the giant Cabora Bassa dam.

The war in Mozambique is gobbling up vast sums of money, money the Portuguese are now hauling out of Angola, where oil is rapidly replacing coffee as the chief export. Morale of Portugal's 60,000-member contingent in Mozambique is getting worse. The European population is not as confident as it once was over Portugal's ability to wage a war. And the grumblings in Rhodesia and South Africa are growing louder.

The result is that a Rhodesian-style U.D.I. is emerging as an increasingly attractive alternative to the local leadership in both Angola and Mozambique and to their backers in Salisbury and Pretoria.

The winds have already shifted in Angola with the rise of a little known insurgent group, the Angola National Liberation Front (FLNA) led by Holden Roberto, a native Angolan, a Protestant, and a strong anti-Communist. The FLNA, unlike the orthodox-Communist liberation group, Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (MPLA), has selected for targets the American-owned oil fields around Cabinda, a northern enclave of Angola. MPLA has taken a hands-off attitude towards the Cabinda oil fields, which, incidentally, sell the bulk of their oil to Canada, the United States and Japan, in that order. Cabinda Gulf Oil owns the concession which according to some recent sources is much larger than Gulf is letting on.

Not much is known about Roberto's group, other than they are heavily backed by President Mobutu of Zaïre. The FLNA headquarters are in Kinshasa, the capital of Zaïre, just upstream from Cabinda. From Mobutu's point of view, Cabinda would be a natural expansion of Zaïre's outlet to the Atlantic, either in the form of an independent puppet state or directly under the control of

Kinshasa government.

The money stakes in Mozambique aren't as big as in Angola, but in the strategic sense, what happens there is ultimately even more important to the white colonials.

The best natural defence border for Rhodesia and South Africa is the Zambezi River — the river that now separates Rhodesia from Zambia, the river that carries the giant Cabora Bassa Dam, and the river that now effectively divides FRELIMO-ruled northern Mozambique from the Portuguese-controlled southern half.

Rhodesia already has troops in Mozambique while South Africa is content for the time being to spell off the "visiting" Rhodesians in the embattled northeast sector of the land of Rhodes. Any softening on the part of the Portuguese in Mozambique is practically an invitation for Rhodesians and South Africans to step in and take over.

There are still several things lacking for a U.D.I. in Mozambique: there is no solidarity among the white population, nor any initiative as a result of Lisbon's direct rule, and a large part of the European population is tired of war and wouldn't mind some sort of accommodation with FRELIMO.

But any coalition government with FRELIMO must be seen in Pretoria with almost total fear. It would establish, for the first time, a militant, African, nationalist state right on the border with South Africa and it probably wouldn't be long before the old familiar pattern of guerrilla strikes from sanctuaries was taking place in South Africa. It makes sense for the military planners in Pretoria to keep the fighting as far away as possible.

It is no coincidence that open talk of U.D.I. in Mozambique comes from lawyers, doctors and other professionals in the major centres and it should come as no surprise that the idea is being pushed by Rhodesia and South Africa. A possible scenario would be lopping off Mozambique at the Zambezi River and a heavy influx of South African money, Rhodesian guns and Western industry to keep the southern half out of FRELIMO hands.

Sanction-busting a well-organized business

It has now been nine years since U.D.I. and international sanctions in Rhodesia and there is no sign the white minority government is cracking, much less falling apart from an insurgent threat in the northeast. It's business as usual.

At least part of the explanation for the longevity of the Rhodesian regime is to be found in the lucrative business of sanction-busting. One of the best investigative inquiries into this form of international black marketeering has been provided by the Dutch Anti-Apartheid Movement (AABN).

A small cell of the AABN infiltrated the Amsterdam-based Zephyr Network in late 1971 and managed to collect whole files of correspondence that exposed 29 separate transactions initiated in Rhodesia moving hundreds of thousands of pounds of freight worth several million dollars into that country. In most cases, Rhodesia, acting through the Zephyr Network, was hoodwinking firms in many nations through false bills of lading, elaborate screens and the like into shipping goods to Rhodesia.

Zephyr is an offshoot of Joba Chemicals, established in 1948 in the Netherlands, that grew in the 1960s into a medium-sized business trading internationally in light chemicals and pharmaceuticals. Joba Chemicals has a support firm called Sabal, based in Rotterdam, which physically handles all goods emanating from Joba.

A typical transaction would involve an order by Rhodesia placed with Joba Chemicals. On instructions from Zephyr, Joba forwards the goods to the shipping firm of Sabal to another intermediary, in many cases the well-established shipping firm of SCAC in Rouen.

SCAC then tranships the goods to the final intermediary in Beira or Lourenço Marques in Mozambique, which Rhodesia uses as its outlet to the sea.

The key to the operation is that Joba gives its shippers explicit instructions to "neutralize" the goods, to ensure that the supplier under no circumstance becomes aware that they are intended for Rhodesia.

Upon receipt of invoices from

Zephyr, the Rhodesian buyer arranges payment through the Merchant Bank of Central Africa in Salisbury which has connections with van Lanschot, Zephyr's bankers in Amsterdam.

The strategy to expose sanction-busting has been partially successful and it's expected that many of the firms named in the AABN report will

face prosecution under national regulations. But sanction-busting goes on as the AABN report states: "Even though the Zephyr Network in Amsterdam has been eliminated, the network as a whole has demonstrated considerable resilience, even with the evidenced increased complexity, and continues to support the flow of trade to Rhodesia unabated."

Hijackers dropped like hot potatoes

Countries finding themselves with hijackers and terrorists in their possession generally try to drop them as hot potatoes — in case sentencing them might place that country high on a reprisal list by the Palestinians, or sundry allied terrorist wings.

For example, the five terrorists who killed 33 people at Rome airport on December 17, were flown to Cairo, where they await trial by the Palestinian Liberation Organization. So far, there are no indications a trial will take place, although Yaser Arafat has promised one.

In only three of the 12 most recent acts — in Greece, Italy and Norway — have any of the terrorists been tried.

The British magazine *The Economist* has compiled this interesting chart of what has happened to the hijackers we never read about again:

Nov 1972:

Jordanian prime minister murdered in Cairo (1 killed; 1 wounded). 4 members Black September involved. Now believed under house arrest in Cairo.

Mar 1973:

U.S. and Belgian diplomats murdered in Khartoum (3 killed). 8 members Black September involved. Now in custody in Khartoum.

Jul 1973:

Moroccan murdered in Lillehammer, Norway (1 killed). Unknown number of Israeli agents involved. 6 captured and tried. One not guilty. One completed sentence — now free. 4 in prison.

Jul 1973:

Japan Airlines plane hijacked and burned Benghazi, Libya. 3 Arabs, 1 Japanese involved (1 hijacker killed with one grenade). Current location unknown.

Aug 1973:

Athens airport shooting (5 killed; 55 wounded). 2 Arabs involved. Sentenced to death by Greek court. In custody pending appeal.

Sep 1973:

Sam-7s found in Ostia, near Rome. 5 Arabs involved. 2 released and flown to Libya. 3 convicted and released on bail pending appeal.

Sep 1973:

Hostages taken at Saudi Arabian embassy, Paris. 5 Palestinians involved. Believed in custody in Kuwait.

Sep 1973:

Train hijacked and hostages held in Vienna. 2 Arabs involved. Flown to Libya.

Dec 1973:

Shooting at Rome airport, Pan Am jet burned; Lufthansa jet hijacked to Kuwait (33 killed). 5 Palestinians involved. In Cairo for trial by PLO.

Jan 1974:

Shell oil refinery attack, Singapore ferry hijacked. 2 Japanese, 2 Arabs involved. Flown to Kuwait, then to South Yemen; released by South Yemen.

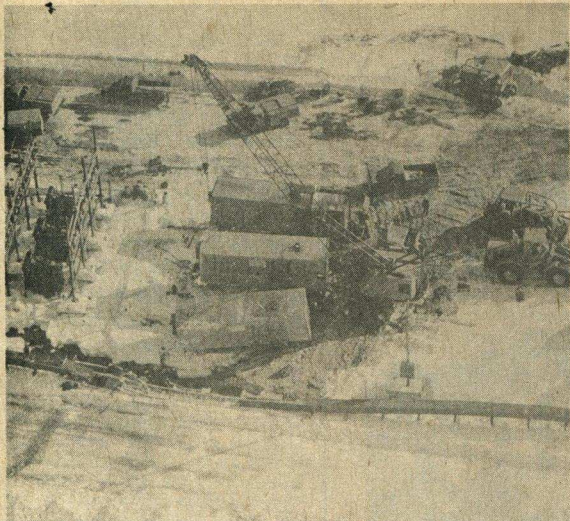
Feb 1974:

Japanese embassy in Kuwait seized. Hostages held to free Singapore hijackers. 5 Japanese and Arabs involved. Flown to South Yemen with Singapore group and released.

Mar 1974:

British Airways VC-10 hijacked to Schiphol airport. 2 Arabs involved. In custody in Holland.

U.S. EXPERTS, WORKING CONDITIONS,



Part of LG-2 destruction site



Bechtel friend Guy St. Pierre

The American official boarded the Nordair aircraft at the James Bay LG-2 landing strip in a highly agitated state.

"I never saw anyone so relieved to get on a plane," commented the Nordair steward, "I mean the guy was shitting bricks . . . it was 20 below and he was sweating. . . ."

The American's name was Dave Alexander and he had just completed a rather unsuccessful stint working in Canada. He was a Bechtel man — from the world's largest engineering firm — and he had been seconded to the James Bay Energy Corporation as chief of administrative services. Now he was part of a group of officials and supervisory personnel who were fleeing the James Bay site in panic, leaving it in the hands of the workers.

A group of workers then proceeded to bulldoze the electric generators, slash the fuel storage tanks and set fire to part of the main campsite at the world's largest hydro-electric project. As a result, a large part of the James Bay project — which the native people had tried unsuccessfully to stop through the courts — has ground to a halt for a year.

Dave Alexander and the Bechtel Corporation of San Francisco bear a large part of the responsibility for this. Bechtel is, in effect, in charge of the entire project.

There were three main reasons that led to the destruction of LG-2 (the largest dam to be built on La Grande Rivière, which flows into James Bay):

- Management-labour relations, exacerbated by the presence and attitude of "bwana" style American experts;
- Working conditions;
- Inter-union conflict between the Quebec Federation of Labour (QFL) and the Confederation of National Trade Unions (CNTU).

* * *

Quebec nationalists and the technocrats of Hydro-Quebec were angry when the government of Premier Bourassa awarded the James Bay contract to Bechtel.

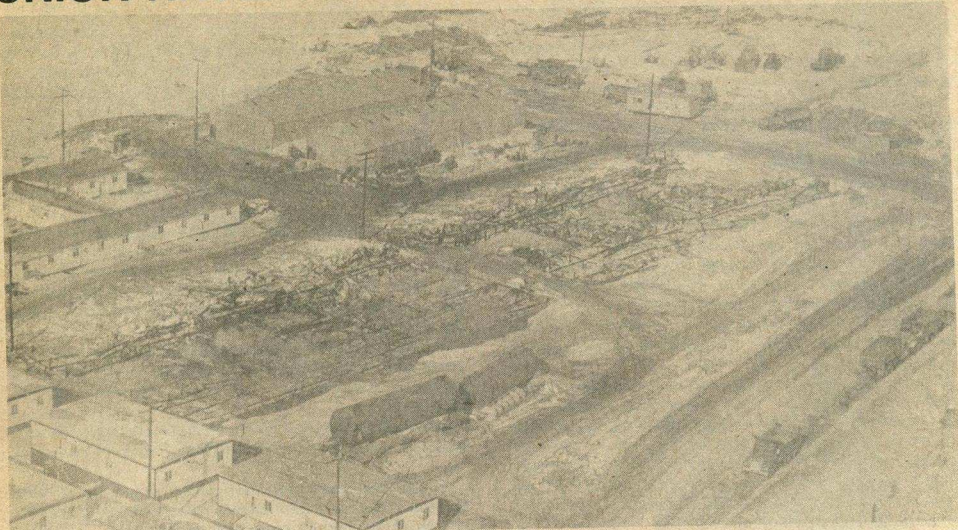
Hydro-Quebec had previously built the Manicouagan hydro project, at the time the largest of its kind in the world. It had been the first major project in Quebec to be carried out entirely in French. It was built smoothly and efficiently, stayed within both schedule and budget, and was free of labour conflict. Hydro engineers understandably felt that Manicouagan proved that the technology and expertise necessary for vast construction projects existed in Quebec, and that henceforth there would be no need to import foreigners and their firms to carry them out.

(For a time, there were complaints and problems at Manicouagan, on which the CNTU had a construction monopoly. The construction workers set a few fires in the mountains surrounding the project and sequestered the labour minister of the day until their demands were granted. They were, and there were no further problems.)

Bechtel got the contract partly, the government explained, to facilitate financing of the \$10-billion project. Bechtel is used to getting big contracts in the Third World, whether it be B-52 bases in Thailand or pipelines in the Mideast (it was recently awarded, without tender, the job of building the Sarnia-Montreal pipeline extension).

With Bechtel it is difficult to tell which came first, the goose or the golden egg. It's the biggest, and so gets the biggest contracts; it gets the biggest contracts, and so is the biggest. At any rate it has highly-placed friends such as Guy St-Pierre, the engineer who is Quebec's minister of trade and commerce and who worked at the Churchill Falls project in Labrador, partly built by Bechtel.

UNION RIVALRY ALL PLAYED PART



Gutted buildings reveal the damage at the LG-2 James Bay project site

Whatever their talents the Americans evidently were lacking in PR and labour relations genius. On March 6, *'Echo Abitibi'*, a northwestern Quebec regional weekly, bannered a headline with a quote from Dave Alexander: "You Canadians know fuck all."

It was his response to complaints from citizens of Matagami, Val d'Or and other communities in the region that they weren't getting the economic benefits they had been promised from James Bay construction. Alexander, for reasons of efficiency, had decided to centralize purchases and fly everything in from the South.

People remarked that when Hydro built Manicouagan it had understood that one of the aims of large-scale development was to spread the economic advantages around, to benefit regional and provincial interests. Bechtel, of course, never had to consider these interests.

The Alexander quote, coming as it did, helped to promote worker dissatisfaction. Contractors remarked that he sometimes also referred to the workers as "frogs" and said that French Canadians lacked competence. His inability to speak French also hindered his ability to soothe worker grievances.

Poor working conditions added to the dissatisfaction

The LG-2 site is located some 750 miles to the north of Montreal. Admittedly, no matter what contractors do at such temporary northern worksites, the working conditions are bound to remain Siberian. Housing, feeding and providing recreation for a thousand men in an isolated area is difficult. But at James Bay, even such elementary comforts for workers as three hot meals a day during wintertime are not provided. Lunch consists of Saran-wrapped sandwiches. Aside from a small tavern and movie theatre, there are no recreational facilities. The only outlet for the men is work — seven

days a week and an average of 85 to 100 hours. The pay is good, but the life is excruciating.

Another factor that ranks both insiders and outsiders is the position of the so-called Municipality of James Bay, from which the James Bay Development Corporation (of which the James Bay Energy Corporation is a subsidiary) administers one fifth of the province, an area twice the size of England. No company in this country with the exception of the Hudson's Bay Company and the CPR has ever held so much

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power. The JBDC has its own police, controls all movements in and out of the "municipality", runs all services in the manner of a feudal barony. Everything and every person operates at the sufferance of the corporation.

In this context, the workers' unions attract a considerable amount of loyalty.

When the project got under way there was a lot of competition between the QFL unions — grouped together in the Conseil des Métiers du Québec, headed by André Desjardins — and the CNTU. When the project began, James Bay management offered the QFL exclusive jurisdiction on the site in exchange for a ten-year no-strike pledge (not uncommon in the construction industry). The QFL turned the offer down.

But the Conseil des Métiers is not averse to using muscle and intimidation to secure jurisdiction on Quebec work sites, and this they did at James Bay. As a result the CNTU, which usually represents local and relatively unskilled labour, got only about ten per cent of the jobs. There were incidents of inter-union violence a year or so ago, but between then and March of this year there was relative peace.

However, as both André Desjardins and the CNTU continually point out, the QFL is out to monopolize all construction in Quebec.

Construction unionism in Quebec is tough, but so is the business itself. There are more construction workers than there are jobs for them to fill; employment is sporadic and job security is unknown. Last year, between three and four thousand contractors went bankrupt in the province, usually taking a couple of weeks' wages with them so that the brunt of the bankruptcy was borne by the workers, not the contractor.

In the case of James Bay, the CNTU has blamed the violence entirely on the QFL, saying it is an example of how the American unions use violence to blackmail contractors into employing only the QFL in exchange for labour peace. It is a tactic that has in the past been used with some success.

The sequence of events that led to the LG-2 destruction is still somewhat confusing, since all interested parties — the contractors, the James Bay Energy Corporation, the QFL, the CNTU and the provincial labour department — have their own axes to grind and their own versions of what happened.

People who had been in and out of the site before the blowup reported that tensions had been running high for weeks. Working conditions, management attitudes and a couple of minor run-ins between unions contributed to the atmosphere of discontent. Dave Alexander's statement about the competence of Canadians had been widely read and discussed.

In the cold, isolated and confining camp, labour-management relations deteriorated rapidly. Matters that would only be reasons for quibbling at normal construction sites became the focal points for flare-ups and heated animosity.

In such a charged atmosphere, it was only a matter of time before some incident would lead to a work stoppage. That incident was provided when two CNTU labourers were transferred to a road gang manned by QFLers. Those men used it as an excuse to refuse to work for a non-union foreman.

Within a matter of hours the whole work force was off the job. CNTU as well as QFL men. At an open air meeting they drew up a list of demands, the first being that Dave Alexander be fired. Others included a demand for a hall to hold union meetings and one that Yvon Duhamel, business agent for local 791 of the International Union of Heavy Machinery

Operators, be recognized as the workers' spokesman.

JBEC officials called in a detachment of their own police as well as Quebec Provincial Police reinforcements just in case. According to André Desjardins, a minor official told the workers that the army was coming in to keep order; the presence of police in gear borrowed from the army lent credence to the rumour. The police refused to leave the landing strip, located some 20 miles from the LG-2 camp itself.

It was at that point that Alexander and senior officials decided to high-tail it out of the James Bay region.

Then, around noon on Thursday, March 21, according to the CNTU, Yvon Duhamel delivered an impassioned speech from the cab of a bulldozer. He then took control of the bulldozer and ploughed into the camp's three electrical generators.

Within minutes, a Caterpillar 988 loader had ruptured the two huge fuel storage tanks. Fires were started and half the camp — offices, barracks and cafeteria — went up in flames. The JBEC then ordered the evacuation of the 900 men remaining. From all accounts, relatively few men took part in the destruction.

In Matagami, 200 miles to the south, this writer talked to a group of workers. They were sullen and mostly silent, but they dismissed inter-union rivalry as the reason for the blowup.

Asked about management problems several said, almost in unison, "Nous, les pauvres Canadiens, we don't know fuck all."

In Montreal one construction worker summed it up when he said: "They said we Canadians didn't know fuck all. We showed them what we know how to do."

Officially, the JBEC blamed inter-union conflict as the cause. The QFL said it was a problem of working conditions and management-labour disputes, while the CNTU said the QFL was trying to terrorize the contractors.

The material damage amounted to roughly \$2 million. But the major damage was in the delay required to repair it. Work was almost completed on the tunneling necessary to divert the river and lay the dam foundations. This must be done under cold-weather conditions when the river flows at the rate of 15,000 cubic feet per second. In a few weeks, with the spring run-off, it will flow at the rate of 240,000 cubic feet per second. Work must now wait until next year.

There is a certain amount of ironic justice in this.

When the leaders of the QFL and the CNTU defied an injunction in 1972, they were sent to jail for a year.

But when the JBEC was ordered to stop work on the project by an injunction obtained by the native peoples of the area, it simply barred the territory to outsiders and continued its work in defiance of the law. Premier Robert Bourassa and the judicial system did nothing.

With the project now likely delayed for a year, it might be said that the roles of the judicial system and the workers have simply been reversed.

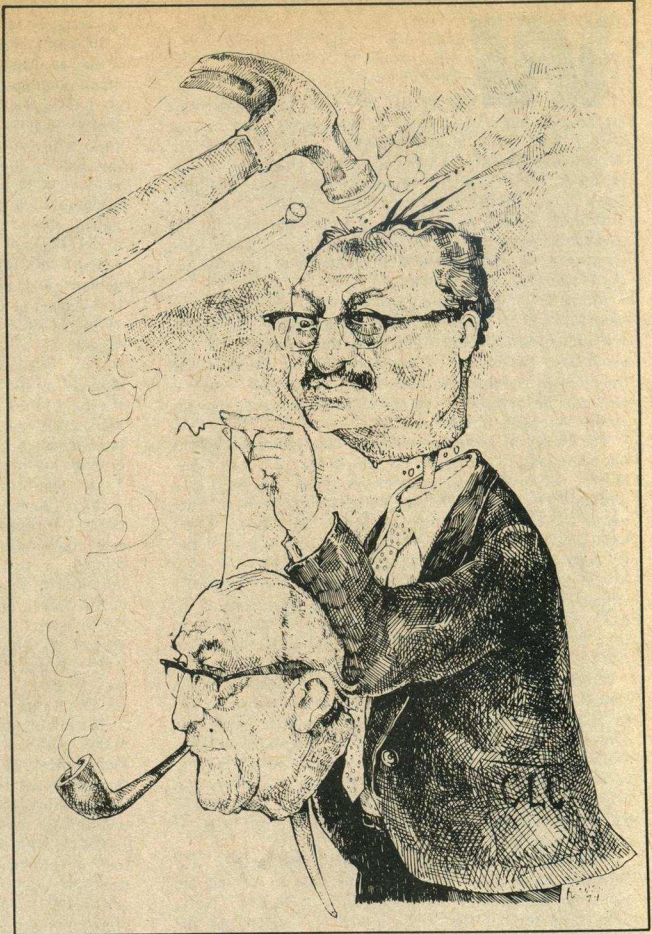
It is also interesting to remember that when Bourassa first announced what he termed "the project of the century", he chose to launch it on the first anniversary of his accession to power with a sound and light show at the Quebec City Coliseum.

Now a different kind of sound and light show has brought it to a temporary halt.

Nick Auf der Maur is a member of the Last Post editorial board and is the magazine's Quebec editor.

An orderly
transition,
but with a
few muffled
cries behind
the arras

by
Rae Murphy
and
Robert Chodos



Joe Morris succeeds Donald MacDonal as president of the Canadian Labour Congress.

LABOUR KEEPS THE LID ON

W

hile he may face some token opposition at the upcoming convention in Vancouver, Joe Morris, former B.C.-based district president of the International Woodworkers of America and since 1962 an executive vice-president of the Canadian Labour Congress, is the lead-pipe cinch to become the Congress's third president.

With the ringing endorsement of a one-vote majority, the executive council of the CLC, meeting in caucus, chose Morris over Secretary-Treasurer William Dodge to succeed retiring President Donald MacDonald.

Morris's victory at the council meeting, according to one observer, reflects the fact "that one more guy on the executive council hates Dodge's guts more than Morris's." It also symbolizes the ability of the leadership of the Canadian trade-union movement to pull itself together and — if one may mix the metaphor — sit on the lid while maintaining the ability to muddle through.

The choice of Morris over Dodge also indicates a subtle but potentially rather important shift in the CLC leadership. Morris, one of the younger members of the "old guard", is pushing sixty, and is therefore eligible for two terms in office before the mandatory retirement age of 65. Dodge, a few years older, would have been eligible for only a single term. By supporting Morris over Dodge the council has in effect moved most of the current top officers of the Congress's affiliates out of future contention for the leadership of the CLC. All things being equal, when Morris retires four years from now a new generation of leaders will occupy the seats of power and will be choosing one of their own.

Morris's term in office will be a period of transition for the Canadian labour movement. How smooth this transition will be is beyond reckoning because the pressures for change come from several sources and pull in different directions. Many of these pressures will manifest themselves at this convention of the CLC, and much of the fancy footwork and intense politicking that has gone on within the leadership of the various affiliates will be put to a test of sorts. It is, as Noah would say, a fluid situation.

Until the current period of economic uncertainty, the Canadian trade-union movement was able to defend the economic interests of its membership, which in North America at least is the *raison d'être* of a union. All the inter-union rivalry and internal struggles within the unions aside, the organized worker has by and large been well served by his union. This is reflected in the fact that, in spite of the consistent and all-embracing milieu of anti-unionism which extends from the Chambers of Commerce to the media to the social do-goodism of the thoroughly modern academics, the union movement is gaining ground among sections of the Canadian labour force hitherto thought unreachable.

While one chorus of solidarity does not a union make, the logic of the struggle of teachers leads first to a closer alliance with the organized trade-union movement and in the longer term to an organic unity. The emergence two years ago of Yvon Charbonneau, president of the Quebec Teachers Corporation, as co-spokesman for a labour common front along with Louis Laberge of the Quebec Federation of Labour and Marcel Pepin of the Confederation of National Trade Unions underlines this phenomenon. The growth of the union idea

among teachers in other provinces — most recently Ontario — has shown that Quebec is not unique in this regard.

Much of the dynamic growth of the Canadian Union of Public Employees, which since its creation out of the merger of two small public-service employees' unions ten years ago has increased its membership by more than 100,000, is due to the extension of unionism to groups of workers, professionals and para-professionals who had been considered beyond the pale. CUPE has ambitions to extend its organization among teachers — it has bargaining rights for the faculty at one university and is going for others — nurses, and provincial civil servants.

One effect of this has been to reverse a trend that saw the percentage of the Canadian labour force that was organized into unions actually declining during the early part of the 1960s. In 1972, 27.6 per cent of the civilian labour force was organized, the highest percentage in Canada's history. Another effect has been to strengthen the position of Canadian unions relative to internationals within the CLC. While the majority of workers, about 62 per cent of the unionized work force, belong to international unions, this percentage has been declining. If one includes the various teachers' federations, membership in international unions represents about 53 per cent of unionized workers.

For a long time, the CLC paid little more than lip service to the idea of organizing among white-collar workers, but at the last convention the committee on organization pushed through a two-cent-a-month per-capita increase on all affiliates to finance an organizing campaign among white-collar workers in the private sector. The campaign was to be "innovative" in order to reach people "largely indifferent to yesterday's traditional approaches." Anyway, close to \$400,000 was earmarked for the campaign and a new union was chartered — the Association of Commercial and Technical Employees.

The public manifestation of the campaign was a series of cutesy posters about Mary the signed-up secretary and appeals to Heather to get herself together. Among the workers themselves the picture was not so clear. Without any substantial breakthroughs, the campaign is proving to be a protracted and difficult one.

Yet the ultimate success of this campaign is vital to the trade-union movement. Fifty years ago more than three quarters of the labour force was considered "blue-collar"; now it is barely half. There are, for example, almost 400,000 Canadians employed in banks, and insurance, trust and real-estate companies. While the number of white-collar workers belonging to unions affiliated to the CLC has grown from 85,000 in 1956 to more than 354,000 in 1972, this increase has been basically in the public service. Fewer than eight per cent of white-collar workers in the private sector are unionized.

Another factor exerting pressure for change within the trade-union movement is the declining economic might of the United States, which appears to be the central economic fact of the 1970s. The special treatment for workers in the United States and to a slightly lesser extent Canada which the system could afford over the last couple of decades no longer prevails. The barricades of the "revolution of rising expectations" have been breached by inflation. As Robert Stanfield is fond of saying, "no democracy has survived a two-figure inflation rate for any length of time." It is also true that no union has been able to continue to win two-figure wage increases for any length of time. Ten per cent across the board

is required by every worker in Canada just to stay even, but it is not going to be easy to get.

The new economic realities of America also affect the Canadian labour movement in some less obvious ways.

The growing protectionism expressed in several labour-backed bills brought before the American Congress indicates that, in the narrow sense at least, the interests of the American headquarters of international unions will increasingly be openly out of sync with those of the Canadian districts. This will impel, if not a complete separation, at least a different relationship within the internationals, notwithstanding all the papering-over of differences and platitudes about internationalism.

With all the talk about the pros and cons of international unionism in Canada, there is one salient fact that is often overlooked. The large internationals grew out of the wave of industrial unionism of the late thirties and forties, and workers joined these unions because they saw their economic interests served by them. They thrived in the postwar period not only because of political collusion between right-wing leaderships and the cold war in America, but also because of an apparent community of interest between workers in Canada and the United States. As these common interests no longer override, a new relationship must develop. For the most part, Canadian leaders and Canadian sections of international unions are as independent of the United States as they want to be. The big news of the next few years will be the transition to more independence coupled with a restructuring of unions in Canada. How this happens will also be a pressure point within the CLC.

The movement toward autonomy could be seen coming for a long time. In 1964, the *Financial Post* proclaimed in an article entitled "What's Ahead for Canada" that "many Canadian affiliates may well seek to develop a greater degree

of autonomy. In such cases, the international unions should insure sufficient latitude to do so." In the context of separations that have taken place in the Communications Workers and more recently the Paperworkers, this precedent has already been set.

Meanwhile, somebody is going to have to pay for the apparently uncontrollable inflation and the concurrent high level of unemployment. It is simply going to be harder for unions to maintain the current standard of living. Along with straight wage struggles (things may be relatively cool now but some important negotiations are coming up next year), the social goals of the trade-union movement will assume more prominence. This presents some tricky problems for Canadian labour which, through the NDP, has both an advisory relationship to the government and a vested interest in keeping it in power. This spring witnessed the first pas-de-deux in the new ballet.

This past March 18, as happens at about that time every year, trade-union leaders gathered in Ottawa for one of the movement's most solemn rituals, the presentation of the Canadian Labour Congress's annual memorandum to the Cabinet. The assembly filled the Railway Committee Room in the Centre Block to overflowing. From one wall, the Fathers of Confederation looked down; from another, the martyrs of Vimy Ridge. In front, their backs to the crowd, sat the four CLC executive members. Only one of them, President Donald MacDonald, spoke, bearing the message of the gathering.

Facing the crowd, and receiving MacDonald's message, sat roughly 20 ministers of the federal Cabinet, led by Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau. Some of the ministers arrived late, others left early, still others, such as that other Donald Macdonald, the Energy Minister, did both; nevertheless, almost the entire Cabinet was there, more than had been there in previous years, observers noted, and almost twice the representation that had been mustered for a similar session with the Chambers of Commerce a few weeks earlier.

As befits a Congress petitioning what has been, at least since the last election, an officially pro-labour government, the session was polite. Two weeks before, Prime Minister Trudeau had attacked "corporate profiteers and gougers" and blamed them for inflation; at the same time, he had praised the restraint of organized labour. If this did not exactly herald the millennium for Canadian workers, it was at least a different sort of rhetoric from what was being heard from the American government or from the late government in Britain.

There were, of course, historical reasons for this. Ever since the CLC had participated in the founding of a new political party, back in 1961, the resultant organization, the NDP, had been described as being in bed with the Congress. And since the last election, because of the rather rich parliamentary situation, that same NDP had been described as being in bed with the Liberal government. So the Liberals and the Congress, too, were bedmates of a sort. If they did not always agree, they were at least interested in continuing the arrangement.

So the heat was down from 1971, when Trudeau and Louis



The choice of Joe Morris over William Dodge by the CLC executive council shows that "one more guy on the council hates Dodge's guts more than Morris's." Here, Morris (left) and Dodge are shown together during an executive council meeting in Vancouver.

Laberge had had harsh words for each other over the War Measures Act, or even from the less tumultuous gathering of 1972, when MacDonald, discussing unemployment, had said that "many Canadian families will continue to suffer because of past policies, probably the most inept, ill-advised and inhuman policies ever thrust upon any nation in modern times."

This time, although MacDonald began his submission on what his prepared summary itself described as a "gloomy note", he soon got off that note and was able to find almost as many good as bad things to say about the activities of the government. On housing, he found himself "able to commend your government and the Minister responsible for welcome amendments to the National Housing Act," although he was also forced "to temper our words of commendation by pointing out that all your efforts so far have not done much to alleviate the main problems of housing in Canada."

This tone was repeated again and again through the presentation. MacDonald found the government's unemployment insurance program, for instance, to be basically a good one, but he also thought that it had not defended the program vigorously enough against attacks from the right. His most critical words came in the areas of international affairs, where he spoke out strongly for the oppressed peoples of southern Africa and condemned any intercourse with the junta in Chile, and, more significantly, economic policy. It added up, all in all, to a worthy program, civilized and progressive but not substantially in disharmony with the society in which the CLC lives.

Several ministers whose departments had been touched on in the brief, beginning with John Munro and ending with Alastair Gillespie, spoke in reply. Only Marc Lalonde and John Turner saw fit to get into an argument of any sort with MacDonald. Lalonde, who was the only one to try to engage the Congress's brief intellectually, said that its recommendations in the area of social policy — higher old-age pensions, a guaranteed annual income — were irresponsible and inconsistent: irresponsible because the Congress had not presented any costing of the programs or any timetable for them, and inconsistent because the Congress had also come out in favour of a more equitable distribution of income, but their programs were not designed to contribute particularly toward that goal.

Turner launched into a spirited defence of the capitalist system, saying that the soaring corporate profits which the Congress had condemned were in fact good for the country, since they would lead to an increase in capital investment and thus more jobs. He also took issue with the crux of the Congress's presentation, which was the contention that the real incomes of Canadian workers had in fact declined in the past year. According to Turner's reckoning they had risen, and faster than the year before; however, Turner's statistics included investment income which goes mostly to the very rich, and tax credits of benefit mostly to the very poor, neither of which is much help to the Congress's largely middle-income membership.

After the ministers had finished MacDonald offered his final statement, devoting most of his energy to a rebuttal of Turner. And then after two and a half hours — much longer than usual — the gathering broke up.

To say that the whole affair was a ritual is not to say that it had no serious purpose; rituals are sometimes the most serious events of all. It is often referred to within the movement, somewhat derisively, as "the cap-in-hand session" (the ac-

companying party is "the cup-in-hand session") but that is a bit unfair. One could hardly say that the Congress and the Cabinet met as equals but the atmosphere was not exactly one of grovelling. Columnist Anthony Westell of the *Toronto Star*, writing descriptively about the event two years ago, called it "an affair arranged solely for the benefit of the media and for public consumption," but that is not quite accurate either, since neither the media nor the public is particularly interested.

Rather, the ritual is important primarily for the trade-union movement itself. It gives the movement's leaders a political platform, shows them to be having an influence on policy and to be of sufficient stature that 20 cabinet ministers will come out and listen to them. It is enjoyed most by people who prefer the appearance of power to the substance of it, by those who would rather be governor-general than prime minister. It also serves to legitimize the movement as a whole: this is not, or at least is not shown to be, an insignificant splinter group or a class of people on the outs with those in control, but rather an important component of the national life.

But to say that the movement is by and large in harmony with the society around it is something different from saying that it has "sold out".

Unlike the American trade-union movement, which in the last election rewarded its friend Richard Nixon and punished its enemy George McGovern (although there were many individual unions that disagreed), the Canadian movement has been consistently social democratic.

Its official support of the NDP long seemed a ticket to a permanent vantage point in the political wilderness, but all that changed after October 1972. It is not too far-fetched to suggest that the government's relationship with the Congress through the NDP has been one reason for its failure to head down a path of total right-wing hysteria; it could, for instance, have abandoned the progressive parts of the unemployment insurance program or jumped on the American and British bandwagon and imposed wage controls (both of which the Conservative party would do if it came to power, if its platform can be believed), but it didn't. Nor is it impossible to write a scenario in which the Congress could force the defeat of the government if it introduced a measure to which labour was violently opposed.

The Canadian trade-union movement has also not followed the lead of large parts of the American movement in the area of international affairs, perhaps because it does not have the same direct interest in war production. Throughout the sixties, opposition to the Vietnam war, which was very much a minority view in top U.S. labour circles, was commonplace among Canadian trade-union leaders. And while MacDonald in his brief condemned the coup in Chile, American trade unions, through their support of the American Institute for Free Labor Development (see page 40) had indirectly contributed toward making that coup possible.

But in the end, all these things are secondary. The trade-union movement is not about social legislation, housing, and international affairs; it is about wages, hours, and working conditions. In the current North American context, a good union is a union that gets good contracts; after that it can take stands on Chile as a pleasant diversion.

But the indication that the Congress presented in its brief was that, for virtually the first time in the postwar period, the wage increases that unions are able to win are not keeping pace with the rise of the cost of living. The average Canadian



The Quebec labour movement, unlike that in English Canada, has developed in a clear political direction. Here, Louis Laberge, Marcel Pepin and Yvon Charbonneau announce that negotiations with the Bourassa government have broken down during the Common Front strike in 1972.

worker was worse off, not better, at the end of 1973 than he was at the end of 1972. That touches at the very core of the trade-union movement's position, and that is why it headed the list of complaints in the brief. For if that situation were to persist, then the comfortable position of the trade-union movement might not be so comfortable any more.

Instead of getting to be president this year, William Dodge gets to retire early, although there may be other consolation prizes for being such a good sport. In any case, the position of secretary-treasurer will be opened up. Since Joe Morris represents an international union the second top officer will probably be the nominee of one of the Canadian unions (as this is written, the executive council has yet to pick the person). This all but defuses the central donnybrook that seemed to be building for this convention.

Over the last two years, the Canadian Union of Public Employees has been fighting for jurisdiction over the various provincial associations of civil servants. The fight has centred around the applications of several of these associations for direct affiliation to the CLC — applications which CUPE has opposed. This battle has been fought on two levels: lofty trade-union principles which operate on both sides of the question, and a power struggle within the top councils of the CLC which appeared to pit the Canadian unions against the internationals but in reality was fuelled by questions of a less elevated nature: is CUPE getting too big, who's in charge here, etc.

Finally, the executive voted against the CUPE position and agreed to some form of direct affiliation for the civil service groups, and it looked as if the battle would be carried to the convention. CUPE, now in league with the Canadian

Brotherhood of Railway, Transport and General Workers and the Public Service Alliance of Canada, brought forward a program for reform of the Canadian trade-union movement based upon complete autonomy and a restructuring of all unions in Canada. Accompanying this reform position were plenty of verbal pyrotechnics against the leadership of the CLC, withholding of per-capita payments by CUPE and dire warnings of secession.

For a period, this "reform group" appeared to be making deals with Louis Laberge and the Quebec Federation of Labour. Laberge, who has his own plans for the QFL and the CLC, seemed to be arguing for a wholesale challenge to the CLC leadership. The lid was surely about to blow off.

But as fall turned into winter and winter into spring, the challenge never materialized. William Dodge, and later Joe Morris, announced their candidacies for president. The difference between the two men was nothing more (or less) political than mutual hatred. William Mahoney, known to be hungering for the job, stayed hiding in the weeds of the United Steelworkers, while the Canadian director of the United Auto Workers, Dennis McDermott, was reported to be searching for a draft and finding not even a whisper in the trees. But from the reform trenches? Nothing.

No viable candidate? Not even a kamikaze pilot? It is hard to believe, because the popularity of the leaders of the CLC is such that almost anybody can pull a big vote against any one of them. (At the last convention Jimmy Bell, a veteran left-winger from Halifax, got 380 votes to MacDonald's 649; MacDonald's total was substantially less than half the total number of voting delegates, many of the delegates having left by the time the balloting for president began.)

Could it be that a deal had been struck, with one of the good guys getting Dodge's job? Well, stranger things have happened.

So there will be no challenge to the leadership at the convention. But the issues raised by the "reform group" — autonomy, restructuring of unions in Canada — will not go away. Moreover, it is hard to find a trade-union leader, at

least among the industrial unions (the craft unions live not only in a world of their own, but in a century of their own) who doesn't believe that something should be done.

For example, Dennis McDermott has said that he would be presenting a list of proposals to his own international that would give the UAW more structural autonomy in Canada. In a report to the Canadian council of the union in late 1973, McDermott declared that "unless international unions in Canada make some fairly drastic accommodations and adjustments. . . the role of international unions is in serious jeopardy."

At the last CLC convention a commission on the constitution was established to prepare in time for this coming convention a set of guidelines covering the election in Canada of Canadian officers of international unions and standards of service given union members. It is expected that these recommendations will be sweeping and all-embracing. Since the CLC doesn't seem to have the muscle to enforce the guidelines it has now, there is a logic to making them stronger since every union will do what it wants anyway.

The question of autonomy is intimately related to the question of merger, because many healthy-sized internationals have small Canadian sections that would not be viable on their own, and any restructuring campaign will have to be directed toward reducing the number of unions. Rules and regulations notwithstanding, while there is no way unions can be forced to merge against their will there is also no way the present structure of close to 450 unions with a total membership of less than two and a half million can be maintained. Yet the place to look for these changes is not at the CLC but in the patterns that will evolve among the affiliates.

The structure of the trade-union movement is such that very little power resides in the CLC. It is a council of princes, armchair generals with a modicum of prestige but little else. As one unionist said, "the CLC can do anything except interfere in the internal affairs of the unions." That is why the CLC can issue statements on everything from soup to Solzhenitsyn, but is curiously silent on something like James Bay — it might get the building trades uptight — or even the current inquiry into corruption in the construction industry in Toronto.

The weakness of the CLC implicit in its structure now stands as an obstacle to the changes required by the Canadian labour movement. This becomes increasingly apparent as the conflict between the Quebec Federation of Labour and the Congress moves along its listless course.

For some years now, and particularly since the *La Presse* strike brought labour to the front of social conflict in Quebec in 1971, the QFL has taken a different tack from the rest of the CLC. The theme of its own convention last fall was "Le Combat Inévitable" — the inevitable struggle (*Last Post*, March 1974), a very different tone from the mild criticism of society offered by the CLC. Debates between QFL spokesmen and some of the more conservative leaders from the rest of the country could, at least in theory, be sharp and fierce.

But the QFL delegation in Vancouver will be small, and will be interested primarily in pushing its own autonomy

claims. Sending delegates three thousand miles is expensive, and, the QFL feels, not worth the effort. It regards the CLC as largely irrelevant to its own needs, and if its autonomy demands were accepted (they have been rejected several times in the past) the Congress would become more irrelevant still. The Federation is demanding responsibility for union education programs and for local labour councils in the province, and control over local CLC staff.

The demands of the QFL upon the CLC are quite serious and, judging by the lack of interest in the convention shown by the Quebec Federation, non-negotiable. In essence, the QFL needs room — autonomy.

The trade-union movement in Quebec is in direct and open confrontation with the government in a manner quite alien to English Canada at this point. Government actions which have virtually abolished collective bargaining in the construction industry have brought into being a powerful construction-trades council within the QFL. Led by André Desjardins, this council has moved aggressively not only to dominate the industry but to unify the trades. Last year, 8,000 of Quebec's 10,000 electrical workers broke their ties with the international and affiliated directly with the council, and through the council to the QFL. This pattern is expected to develop in all the building trades.

For the construction council, the business of growing has been a messy one. There have been plenty of unrefuted charges of collusion and general gangsterism in the council's smashing of the CNTU construction unions (in a few years the QFL building-trades unions, once confined mostly to the Montreal area, have pretty much taken over). There had been some talk about image-polishing in the Council, but the James Bay "incident" intervened (see page 21).

But under the strong-arm tactics and the charges and counter-charges between the QFL and the CNTU, an important development was taking place. By creating a strong central council of construction workers, Desjardins has been able to deal on a more equitable basis with the government and construction companies as well as to break the grip of the international headquarters on the various affiliates. Moreover, the war between the QFL and CNTU building-trades unions has not been able to overshadow or nullify the broader unity within the trade-union movement that has developed in response to Premier Bourassa's "labour policies."

Those policies, contained particularly in government actions against teachers and civil servants, have had the result of developing a united front among the three major trade-union centrals in Quebec. It is in the nature of the social situation in the province that this united movement will also develop in a clear political direction. Willy-nilly the union leadership — including that of the QFL — is forced to accede to the demands of its membership and head this movement. In doing so it has no time for OKs from either Washington or Ottawa.

Of interest here is less what the QFL is demanding of the CLC than the purpose for which it is demanding it. The temper of Quebec is such that an independent trade-union movement is required as well as a simplified structure, with more power at the centre.

Perhaps that point will not be lost on the delegates in Vancouver as they contemplate the period ahead.

Rae Murphy and Robert Chodos are members of the Last Post editorial board.

The dumpling, the falcon and the seven sisters

by Donald Cameron

"*Shaheen*," she said, almost scornfully. She was a squat, candid little dumpling of perhaps fifty-five, standing on the wharf in Halifax, looking up at the towering side of the Cunard flagship *Queen Elizabeth 2*. "*Shaheen*. What kind of a name is that?"

A stream of people flowed down the gangplank, past the dumpling's elbow, and into the cavernous shed. They came in squads — four or five passengers, sporting Bermudian tans, impeccable suits, fashionable coiffures; then four or five scruffy, sweaty, genial Halifax stevedores packing luggage. White wool dresses and camel-hair coats, then red and black mackinaws and cloth caps: I didn't recognize many of the faces, famous and influential though their owners were supposed to be.

"I wonder how many of them are millionaires," the dumpling piped up, in a clear voice that carried amazingly.

"I s'pose it'd be safe to say every second one," opined a tall young man at her elbow. He looked like a swizzle stick.

"They don't look one whit better than us, do they?"

The swizzle stick laughed, the elite trooped past. In the rounded entry port a tall man in a black homburg and grey raincoat paused, then strode forward. As he came down the gangplank I took in the tawny skin, the sharp, attentive eyes, the hawkish nose. He stepped past us, into the shed.

"Who is this *Shaheen*?" asked the dumpling again. "Probably some little Lebanese."

"If you look quickly," I said, "you'll see him just behind you, over by that pillar."

"Where?" she cried. "Where?" She whirled, but before she could identify him, John *Shaheen* was gone.

In the Maritimes, the Lebanese are put in the unpleasant little pigeonhole they share with the Jews and sometimes the Scots: shrewd traders, grasping landlords, fellows who tend to get their pound of flesh. Somehow it seems characteristic of the *Shaheen* presence in the Atlantic provinces that it should evoke the dumpling's bigotry and distrust, that she should fail to recognize *Shaheen* himself at less than a yard's distance, and that for all the wrong reasons she should be factually correct: John *Shaheen* is of Lebanese ancestry.

"Hello, Mr. White!" cried the swizzle stick to someone in the flow from the ship. The dumpling swivelled, impaled her companion with her eyes.

"Is he a millionaire?" she demanded.

"No," said the swizzle stick, conciliating her. "He's a Newfoundlander."

Evidently a man can't be both. John *Shaheen* is no Newfoundlander, but he's certainly a millionaire several times over, well enough healed to rent *Queen Elizabeth 2*, or to give a \$100,000 campaign contribution to his old friend and former attorney, Richard Nixon. Coincidentally, Nixon has appointed *Shaheen* a Commissioner of the United States Information Agency. At a White House reception in March,



Oil promoter John Shaheen

1969, Nixon introduced *Shaheen* to Pierre Trudeau as "the world's greatest salesman" — the sort of man from whom, presumably, one could hardly help but buy a used car.

Though *Shaheen* is no Newfoundlander, he vigorously denies that he can be called an outsider. "I haven't been an outsider in Canada," he declared to CBC-TV's Steve Kimber, "since I trained in Canadian parachuter's school in World War II. Matter of fact, I've spent a good part of my life up there." If his plans materialize, *Shaheen* will soon be the biggest oil refiner in Canada, with three East Coast refineries, a pulp and paper mill, petrochemical plants and a piece of the Athabasca tar sand development.

Shaheen's eventful life began fifty-seven years ago on a farm in Tampico, Illinois, 100 miles west of Chicago. After what he himself considers a rather lacklustre period studying journalism at the Universities of Illinois and Chicago, he joined the U.S. Navy and rose to the rank of Captain attached to the Office of Strategic Services, serving in both Europe and the Pacific. What he did for the OSS remains uncertain, since even today OSS officers cannot discuss their war re-

cords, but it was enough to win the Navy's Silver Star and the Air Force Legion of Merit. Lurid rumour has it that he once parachuted behind German lines to abduct an Italian admiral.

After the war, Shaheen began selling gas pumps, then went into business for himself selling life insurance in airport vending machines. He sold that business to Mutual of Omaha, and moved into oil refining. Guessing that the thundering American economy would need massive supplies of oil, he began promoting refineries on the deepwater harbours of Puerto Rico, Panama and Newfoundland.

Shaheen had his reverses, but he did gain control of Golden Eagle Refining, with marine terminals, service stations and a refinery in California, plus another refinery in Panama. When Joey Smallwood was looking for someone to build Newfoundland's first refinery, a 14,000 barrel a day operation at Holyrood, on Conception Bay, he found both Irving Oil and Imperial uninterested in so small an operation. Golden Eagle wasn't. Shaheen brought the refinery on stream in 1961, then merged Golden Eagle with Ultramar Company Ltd., a British oil investment company. The \$8 million from the gradual sale of his Ultramar shares capitalized Shaheen Natural Resources, which now has holdings in chemicals, pulp and paper, and radio and television as well as petroleum. The company's emblem is a shaheen falcon, a Middle Eastern bird of prey.

Meanwhile Joey Smallwood had visited Puerto Rico, and marvelled at the U.S. government's transformation of the island through Operation Bootstrap, the core of which was a 100,000 barrel a day refinery and a petrochemical industry both aimed at the U.S. market. Why not do the same in Newfoundland? Smallwood called Shaheen.

The deal they put together produced howls of rage in Ontario. Smallwood was to establish a provincial crown corporation which would own the refinery — and that meant it would pay no federal taxes. Shaheen was to manage it, for 27.8 per cent of the net profits and 5.1 per cent of the gross sales, until the mortgages were paid off. At that point Shaheen could buy the whole plant for two thousand dollars.

The nominally "Canadian" oil industry screamed, and the federal government amended the law to prevent such "blatant tax avoidance." The deal was later rewritten to provide Newfoundland with \$10 million plus a permanent 5 per cent royalty on profits, among other things. *Canadian Petroleum* editor James Hilborn was scathingly critical of the original agreement, but he considers the new one "a fair deal". Having made his peace with Shaheen, he went to Come By Chance on the *Queen Elizabeth 2* for the opening of Shaheen's refinery.

By 1973, Shaheen's gamble had paid off: far from facing "the danger of refinery over-production" forecast by *Oilweek* editor Earl Grey in 1969, Eastern Canada gloomily contemplated fuel rationing as the major oil companies diverted Venezuelan and African crude to the U.S. Shaheen, presumably worried that his plans to supply the U.S. and Europe with jet fuel, naphtha and fuel oil might jeopardize his sources of Arab crude, flew to Ottawa and offered Energy Minister Donald Macdonald the entire output of the refinery. Bemused Maritimers then witnessed the instant transformation of a blatant tax avoider into a national hero.

Still, all is not sweetness and light. Imperial Oil, 70 per cent owned by Exxon (formerly Standard of New Jersey) is Shaheen's bogeyman. "Imperial Oil thought I was getting into their playpen," he told reporter Lyndon Watkins. "They are fighting me with tooth and nail, foot, fang and claw. They

try to chew up my time and money. But we like the parent [company]. They are not like their local honchows, Twaits and his gang."

"Twaits" is W.O. Twaits, chairman of Imperial, who told Shaheen he found that outburst amusing. "John's a very smart Lebanese," he says, "a very clever man, and I give him full marks for it." Casting himself as the underdog is "good press." Imperial Oil was conspicuously unrepresented at Come By Chance, but Twaits denies any strong dislike of Shaheen. "I received an invitation," he says, "but I declined. I think that's my privilege. I was fully occupied with other things at the time."

The international oil business is no place for sissies. The McKenzie Commission, set up by the Alberta legislature to study gasoline marketing, described the industry as dominated by "seven giants referred to as the cartel" — Exxon, Shell, Mobil, Texaco, Gulf, British Petroleum and Standard of California. Sometimes called "the seven sisters", these companies, the Commission noted, control over 88 per cent of the non-Communist world's oil. Their revenues in 1965 were a hundred times the size of Alberta's; in fact their revenues were larger than the combined revenues of Britain, France, Germany and Italy. Exxon, Imperial's parent, is the largest corporation in the world, with assets of over \$14 billion.

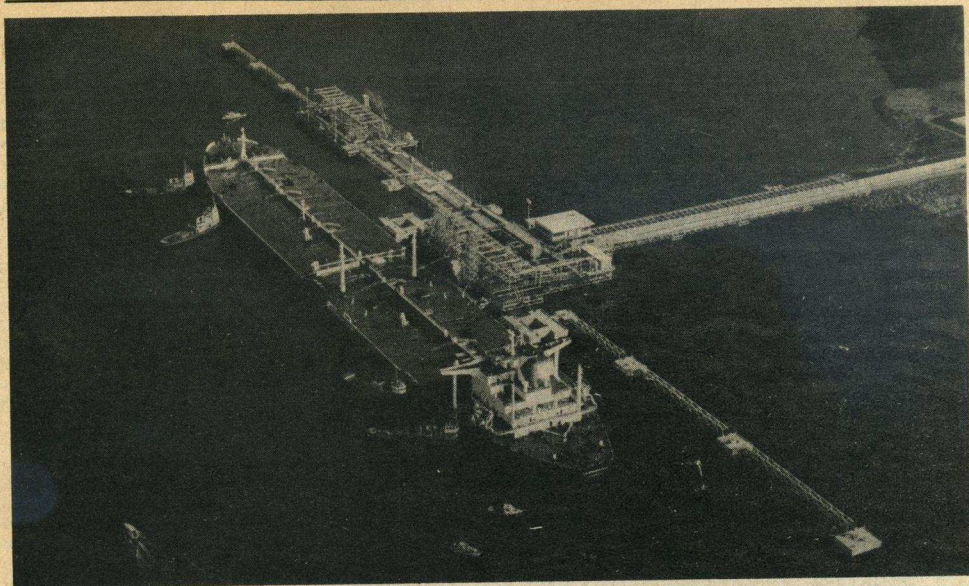
And so, odd though it may seem to you and me, John Shaheen regards himself as a David among Goliaths. Nor, given the size and co-ordination of the seven sisters, is he wrong. As the McKenzie Commission put it, "the degree of joint action and common purpose" among the cartel companies "is almost suggestive of monopoly rather than oligopoly." Big oil, Connecticut Attorney-General Robert Killian told a U.S. Senate hearing, "is bigger than the United States government."

John Shaheen, it appears, is living out the old American myth: the farm kid who by sheer determination, courage and intelligence creates a massive industrial empire, the underdog who challenges the giants on their own turf. He holds the views appropriate to a rising captain of industry: America has too much welfare-statism, it is hard to get an honest day's work for an honest day's pay any more.

"We've been able to attract men who are really *Olympic* in quality and character and ability," he told Steve Kimber, "and part of the attraction to cause these superb pieces of talent to leave their well-established careers and their clearly-proven success records and come with us is the attraction of equity. Get a piece of the action, get some stock. We do let them in early, on the so-called ground floor, and when our 'gentle' little competitors come to them, no way. There's nothing more than honest, clear self-interest that motivates these fellows. We insist on total loyalty in this company, such that they become partners. Very simple."

Very simple. Despite the imposing Park Avenue offices, despite the wheeling and dealing with governments in both the Middle East and Canada's mysterious east, his various enterprises have at times trembled on the edge of ruin, and the loyalty Shaheen demands has required his senior officers to forego their salaries for months at a stretch. What Shaheen has going for him is mainly guts and salesmanship.

And yet there it stood, one windy, sun-shot afternoon in early October, 1973, a brand new oil refinery inconspicuously planted on the bleak shores of Placentia Bay, looking, mused one of the engineers who built it, "like Disneyland." Stretching three-quarters of a mile out into the deep water



was a \$23 million wharf built by the Department of Regional Economic Expansion, to be repaid by user charges. Nosing up to the wharf was the great Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth 2*, with its crew of 900 and its blue-chip passengers. There, symbolically, was Joey Smallwood, getting off, and Frank Moores, getting on.

"It was purely a matter of logistics," Shaheen explains. "The refinery project somehow had become — ah — slightly controversial. We found it necessary to emphasize in the oil industry, and to bankers and to various governments with whom we do business around the world, that this plant actually had been completed and was ready to go. So we decided to bring a thousand very important people from around the world to Come By Chance to look at it.

"But we found there were only 35 hotel rooms open to us. We can't put a thousand people in 35 hotel rooms. And the plan of flying them in ran up against the weather of the Maritimes. If the St. John's airport was closed with fog, rain or even snow, we'd have had it. So the only sensible conclusion was to have our own floating Holiday Inn which could bring people up there and feed them, sleep them, and be immune from the problems of the weather. You know a funny thing, though, when we got done with the arithmetic we found we saved \$180,000 by using the QE 2."

The guest list was less impressive than its advance billing, but it wasn't bad. Newfoundland Finance Minister John Crosbie headed a delegation of six provincial cabinet ministers. Authors James Michener and William F. Buckley were aboard. So were the mayors of Halifax and Dartmouth; so was former federal finance minister Edgar Benson. Shaheen never released a passenger list, but presumably most of the ambassadors, congressmen, bank barons, refiners and tycoons at the refinery opening arrived on the ship. CBC President Laurent Picard suffered the peculiar embarrassment of

being Shaheen's shipboard guest at the very moment his host's lawyers were proceeding with a libel suit against the Corporation and *Up Canada's* Rob Parker.

Shaheen's feelings of persecution, alas, spawn pressures and libel suits at the clack of a typewriter.

Shaheen's plans for his own daily newspaper in New York, *The New York Press*, evidently gave him the clout to subdue even the prestigious *Wall Street Journal*. The *Journal* began researching a story on Shaheen, who promptly put a couple of private detectives on the *Journal* reporters. Meanwhile his lawyers sent a letter to Dow, Jones and Company, the newspaper's owners, which said in part that any "inaccuracies will be regarded by us as unfair competition and a violation of anti-trust laws and the holdings of the Federal Trade Commission." No story ever appeared.

The New York Press, after all, begins publication this year as direct competition to the *Wall Street Journal*. A 32-page job, about half advertising and half news; it will divide its editorial content about evenly between "hard news" and sports on the one hand, and financial news on the other. Aimed straight at the commuting executive, its final edition will go to press at 6:00 p.m. According to Shaheen, the *Press* will offer "about 95 per cent of the business news the *Journal* has in the morning. If you're in the zinc business or investment banking, you can't afford not to read us if your competition does."

The conventional wisdom says you need \$50 million to start a newspaper in New York. Shaheen figures he can do it for around \$10 million, using computerized photo-offset presses which eliminate New York's chronic problems of newspaper union jurisdiction. Shaheen seems far from enthusiastic about unions anyway. Though he insists that Shaheen National Resources is "not an anti-labour outfit", the Canso Strait refinery was stalled for months because

Shaheen also insisted that prospective contractors give him "a turnkey contract, which means they build for a fixed price", plus "a cast-iron assurance from both the labour unions and the government" to prevent the walkouts and "lousy productivity" that he feels dogged the refinery in Newfoundland. "Every day we were down we were losing a packet," he told Lyndon Watkins. "I am giving it to you from the horse's mouth — and I am the horse."

Shaheen is blunt about his goals as a newspaper publisher. "I'm going to angle it, get it started, own it — and stay away from it," he says. "I'll pay anything to get the guy who'll make us the money. I don't give a damn, if I can sell the product and make out."

According to such worthies as Smallwood, Moores, Nova Scotia Premier Gerald Regan and Federal Economic Expansion Minister Don Jamieson, Shaheen's vigorous pursuit of a buck is in the public interest anyway.

"Those of you who know me," declared Jamieson at the official opening of the Come By Chance refinery, "will be aware that for a great many years I have made my living from the use of words. Let me show you that I know how to use them sparingly." The crowd, already chilly, burst into spirited applause. The day was overcast and windy, the orange tent above the speakers flapping and snapping like thunder while the blue-and-white marquees under which the food was to be served threatened to take wing entirely.

"As the Minister who is responsible in the Government of Canada for seeking to encourage development in the many regions of this vast country," Jamieson intoned, "I of course cannot help but be pleased and enthusiastic about this project." The refinery, he prophesied, was only the beginning (though the fishery must be protected) of what he (with some modest originality) had come to call The Gateway Concept (and he remembered his boyhood in Sound Island) which meant that in these days of huge vessels and the necessity of transshipment (though he perceived international horizons he remained a true Newfoundlander) Newfoundland would "reassert its role as indeed the crossroads of the world." And so on.

Baggy-eyed and pouch-jowled, Lord Arnold Goodman rose as master of ceremonies to thank Jamieson for "that stirring address." Goodman did not appear greatly stirred. He introduced Frank Moores.

Moores won his big round of applause when he paid tribute to Joey Smallwood. He went on to outline his government's policy, which welcomed development, yes; but not at any price, no; and respected the character of Newfoundland, yes; while missing no opportunity to attract outside capital, no; "a philosophy generally known as *Progressive and Conservative*."

John Shaheen told us that we needed no speech from him. Unlike the politicians, he did not thereafter make one. "My speech," he said, "stands there before you: the refinery itself. It speaks to you more elegantly than any words I could utter."

The ribbon — a product of Mrs. Shaheen's grandfather's mill in New Jersey — was eventually cut by a cute little British MP who bore the name of Winston Churchill. The young Winston orated at length about the Atlantic Charter, Churchill Falls and the historic connection of his family with Newfoundland, into which he had flown that morning. The climax of his act was his inability to figure out quite where the ribbon was, or how to cut it. With assistance, he managed.

Not content with the federal and provincial governments, both houses of the British parliament and a gaggle of financial heavies, Shaheen had arranged for the Anglican Bishop of Newfoundland to put in a few words with Higher Authority. "Almighty God, our Heavenly Father," prayed the Bishop, "We thank you that you have given to us skill of hand and mind to discover and develop the resources of this world as a trust and a responsibility for the good of all. Grant that those who work in this place may serve their work well . . . And with this prayer we dedicate this refinery at Come By Chance in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit."

That evening the dignitaries sailed away to Canso Strait, Nova Scotia, where at seven in the morning those who could manage to rise were shown a ninety-acre scar on a Melford hillside, the site of Shaheen's second refinery. As the motor launch *Jean Michael* landed his party at the Eddy Point wharf, Shaheen was greeted with the only protest of the trip, a group of area residents bearing placards and "souvenirs of the *Arrow*", the small tanker which soaked the bay in oil in 1970. The souvenirs were samples of nearby beaches, still black and tarry after three and a half years.

By noon *Queen Elizabeth 2* was hull-down on the horizon, bound for Halifax and another party, featuring Gerry Regan and the Atlantic Symphony. "*Shaheen*," said the dumpling, as the taxis and limousines disgorged their formally-dressed contents, as the financial and political wheels of Nova Scotia rolled before her eyes, "Shaheen. What kind of a name is that?"

Beneath the bigotry and cynicism, the question was real. What kind of man is he, this Illinois farm boy who plans to transform these craggy little provinces? He will change our lives, but he is not accountable to us. "They're throwin' a big garden party, like," said a fisherman from Little Harbour, near Come By Chance, staring at Shaheen's ship, "and it's in our garden. And us not even invited."

What makes John Shaheen run?

Steve Kimber asked Shaheen himself. Like other magnates — K.C. Irving was similarly stumped by the Senate mass media committee — Shaheen scarcely seems to understand the question. "I suppose I try hard in order to win because my appetite just — just is that way. I think you're born that way, born competitive. Usually you do the thing you're reasonably successful at, and after on to the next step and the next step. It's an evolutionary, trial-and-error process. Every-one does it."

Very simple. But in fact not everyone does pursue the "honest, clear self-interest" that motivates Shaheen and his executives. The unexamined life, said Socrates, is not worth living. What does Shaheen see when he examines his life? Would you, Kimber asked, give us your image of yourself?

No, said Shaheen. "Kind of you to ask me, I'd love to paint a portrait of myself, but I don't have that much perspective. I am too close to what I am doing."

Perhaps John Shaheen is, finally, very simple, a man who has reduced himself to a merely economic function. Nevertheless, our society allows John Shaheen the power to shape our collective future. It does not give that power to the wise, the compassionate, the generous, the learned, the holy, or the just.

Donald Cameron is a writer who lives in D'Escousse, Nova Scotia. He was one of the founders of the "Mysterious East" magazine.



The partly decomposed body of Kenneth Tenia, shot and killed during an army-police raid on a guerrilla encampment up in the hills

In Trinidad, "is time we open we eye"

by C.F. Ayre

"If I vote I have to go lie down under the man. If I don't vote I have to go lie down under the man. Better I just go lie down under the man."

—Trinidad housewife

While Grenada lurched uneasily into its independence (*Last Post*, March 1974), its neighbouring island nation of Trinidad and Tobago underwent a quieter kind of turmoil.

The eighteen-year-old government of Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams, for several years not on the most solid of footings, was now surviving only by force of habit. Lloyd Best of the opposition Tapia group, an astute observer if not an unbiased one, estimated that Williams had the support of only 15 per cent of the population — but he still might win an election if one were held now.

"Eleven years after Trinidad and Tobago became the Commonwealth Caribbean's second newly-independent nation on August 31, 1962," wrote respected Trinidad journalist Raoul Pantin in mid-1973, "voter apathy runs through the land like a disease of epidemic proportions." He quoted a taxi driver in Mayaro in the Trinidad countryside as saying: "People keep saying is time for a change but you know how funny this political business is. People say 'is time we open we eye' but when time come to vote, they eye close."

Williams and his cabinet claimed to have wiped out a band of guerrillas who had provided the most dramatic opposition to the regime, but nobody knew for sure.

And on top of the debased political situation, the economy appeared to have become unstuck. Inflation had run out of control, and there were shortages of some of the most basic commodities, including sugar and cooking oil and gas, all of them local products, and rice, grown in abundance in nearby Guyana.

It was not a Trinidadian but a Jamaican politician, Michael Manley, now the prime minister of that country, who said that "one of the greatest dangers confronting us today is a growing belief that the political system is so manipulated as to make peaceful change, accomplished through the workings of the political machinery, virtually impossible. If that notion once comes to be believed, democracy in Jamaica is finished, since the thrust for change will take new and dangerous forms leading inevitably either to repressive measures by those who control power or, alternatively, the overthrow of power by means that are outside of the political system."

Events in Trinidad and Tobago may be ready to bear him out.

"Magnum est PNM et praevalabit."

—People's National Movement slogan

Trinidad has never really returned to an even keel since the 'February Revolution' — the Black Power eruptions of early 1970. Sparked by the harsh sentences given ten Trinidadians by a Canadian court for their role in the Sir George Williams University computer burning a year earlier, the demonstrations and protests grew to encompass most elements of Trinidad society, including the army, which mutinied in April of that year. The leader of the mutiny, Lt. Raffique Shah, was sentenced to twenty years in jail in 1971, but was released the next year. After his release, Shah embarked on a campaign to organize the cane farmers and sugar workers of

central Trinidad, a campaign which, in early 1974, was beginning to bear fruit.

Prime Minister Williams and his ruling People's National Movement (PNM) governed for most of 1970 under a state of emergency. The next year, the government responded to labour conflicts involving the Oilfield Workers Trade Union (OWTU) and the major oil companies by imposing a second state of emergency, one that lasted until well into 1972.

In the meantime, Williams had contested and won another election but it was a victory that brought him no joy. For while the PNM's failure to solve Trinidad's underlying economic and social problems had given rise to diverse opposition groups, few of these had chosen to work through the electoral route. The 1971 election was boycotted by all major opposition parties, and while the PNM swept all 36 of the legislative seats, it attracted the votes of only 28 per cent of the population. 'The 28-percent government' became a common and derisive nickname for it.

1973 saw the emergence of a new and different kind of opposition movement. Members of the National United Freedom Fighters (NUFF) were young, middle-class and well-educated, and they chose to express their opposition by taking to the hills and conducting a guerrilla war against the army and police.

On the one hand, the guerrillas, whose numbers were universally conceded to be small, could not be regarded in themselves as a serious threat to the regime. On the other hand, they could be and were regarded as symptoms of a deep malaise in the country. If their methods did not attract much sympathy, they had enough popular support to be able to survive for months in the island's Northern Range against daily police and army forages.

The guerrillas were, often literally, the children of the PNM. Guy Harewood, the leader of the band who was gunned down in October, was the son of a former director of the Trinidad Government Statistical Office. The mother of Beverley Jones, another of the guerrillas who was shot down, had been a PNM militant in the early days, as she explained in a statement distributed at her daughter's Black Power funeral; but, said Mrs. Jones, "our aspirations which we struggled to achieve at that time are still not achieved. . . ."

"To-day, I ask myself why did Beverley and others like her die? What is the meaning of all this suffering? As a mother I wanted the best for my children. I worked hard, and like so many of us in this country I found I could not make my way here. I went to America. I wrote to Jen [another of her daughters, who was arrested for guerrilla activity] and Bev and begged them to come to America. They asked me one question: Mummy, why is it that we have a country that is so rich in natural resources and talent and we always have to go 'away' to make a living or develop our abilities as human beings? I could not answer them and still cannot answer them."

The *Catholic News* printed a letter from an anonymous Trinidadian priest who gave what he believed would have been Beverley Jones's reasons for giving up her life:

"I tried my best with you — at home, in school, in public. I lived, I talked one screaming truth to you: face the truth!

"Don't hide behind security, cowardice, possessions, injustice, greed, respectability, lies, law and order, fear, compromise, corruption. You know we are in a huge mess; let's really try and clean it up. . . ."

Beverley Jones was not quite eighteen when she died, and so would have been much too young to remember the wave



Beverley Jones on her way to court. Released on bail, she turned up in the hills and was killed



Beverley's sister Jennifer has been charged with possessing ammunition

of nationalist and anti-colonial sentiment that brought Eric Williams and the PNM to power in 1956.

Even before he entered politics, Williams had already established a substantial reputation as the author of *Capitalism and Slavery*, a classic study demonstrating how slave labour in the West Indies provided much of the wealth that built the factories of the industrial revolution in England. In the early days of the PNM regime, many of the people who would later be active opponents of Williams were his staunchest supporters. The noted radical writer C.L.R. James was the editor of the party newspaper.

But the PNM's anti-imperialist force gradually ebbed. At the beginning, Williams was outspoken about the need to get rid of the American military base at Chaguaramas that stood as a visible symbol of Trinidad's colonial position; while the Americans did finally vacate Chaguaramas, it was only after much delay and compromise on the part of Williams. The PNM's policy of industrialization by invitation to foreign capital to come and take advantage of tax concessions and other benefits failed to exorcise the persistent devils of unemployment and underdevelopment. Discontent and disillusionment with the PNM grew.

It was this mix that festered through the late 1960s and then exploded in February 1970. Trinidad's traditional party system, based more on race than on politics, offered little outlet for this discontent. The opposition benches in the House of Representatives were occupied by the Democratic Labour Party (DLP), whose only reason for existence was the failure of the PNM to encompass the country's large East Indian minority. Both parties were based on what the Tapia House Group, one of the new, extraparliamentary opposition movements, called 'Doctor Politics' (both Williams and DLP leader Rudranath Capildeo could boast doctoral degrees) — a politics based on the idea that an all-knowing Doctor would

'come and fix everything up.

So Trinidad's post-1970 political equation has been made up of extreme apathy on the electoral front and a remarkable variety of activity on the extraparliamentary front. Among the numerous opposition groups spawned by the ferment of the late 1960s and the convulsions of 1970, only one, a split-off from the PNM called the Democratic Action Congress (DAC), regarded electoral politics as its main activity.

Meanwhile, university-based groups such as Tapia and Moko (both descendants of the New World group of the 1960s, one of the most significant intellectual movements the West Indies have ever seen) vied for popular support; the National Joint Action Congress (NJAC), the Black Power organization, brought thousands of people out into the streets; and later the guerrillas enacted their drama with the cops and soldiers in the hills. Some of the trade unions, and particularly the Oilfield Workers Trade Union led by George Weekes, also presented a political challenge to the PNM.

With guerrilla activity grabbing the headlines and rumours abroad in Port-of-Spain of a possible right-wing coup to establish a harsher, more repressive regime, Williams announced his resignation to a PNM congress in late September 1973, effective as soon as a successor could be chosen. He then went into seclusion for the better part of a month. He could not be reached; he was rumoured to be working on a book.

The widely-asked question "who we go put?" seemed to admit of only two answers, and neither was regarded with much enthusiasm. Kamaluddin Mohammed started with the fatal handicap of being an East Indian, while Karl Hudson-Phillips, as the acknowledged leader of the PNM's right wing, had attracted wide unpopularity for his repressive measures during his long stint as attorney-general. Recently resigned from that post, his name was connected with the

rumours of a coup against Williams. The Doctor, still by far the dominant political figure in the country, looked with favour on neither Hudson-Phillips nor Kamaluddin.

So, in the end, no successor was chosen. Williams announced that he would extend the original deadline of November 15 that he had set for his departure; when it was still impossible to decide on a new leader, he announced that he would stay on indefinitely.

By this time there was a certain amount of cynicism about Williams's original intentions. "Who does not expect the man who steers the party through the troubled times up to the election not to be pressed to stay another extra mile and then into the greener pastures beyond the river Jordan?" asked the *Tapia* weekly newspaper. "In a Doctor party with only one Leader, there can be no other outcome; only dotishness or death can drop the final curtain."

Lalsingh Harribance, a Trinidad-born clairvoyant whose predictions — often of a political nature — are widely believed in the country, now prophesied that Williams would be prime minister for life.

"Mr. McFall: You mentioned progress with foreign governments. You said something about Trinidad.

"Capt. Burke (U.S. Navy): Trinidad is not a foreign negotiation situation. . . ."

—proceedings, Congressional appropriations hearings, Navy request for funds for its Omega scheme

Although Trinidad and Tobago is small, with a population of barely a million, it has an economic and strategic importance outweighing that of some countries many times its size. The primary reason for this is petroleum — Trinidad is both an oil and gas producer (it is located only a few miles from Venezuela and its vast oilfields) and a major refining centre. Texaco, Standard Oil of Indiana (Amoco) and other major oil companies dominate the Trinidad economy. The oil companies have been actively exploring off the Trinidad coast and the size of the oil and gas reserves there is the subject of much speculation.

Trinidad has also come in for more than its share of its attention from the American military. In the decade of the

A U.S. PAWN IN THE COLD WAR

When the Americans pulled out of their military base at Chagaramas in the northwest corner of Trinidad in 1967, they left behind a "tracking station" of indeterminate nature. It was not until the beginning of 1974 that more details came out about the purpose of that station.

It was the department of biological sciences at the Trinidad campus of the University of the West Indies that blew the whistle: in a statement to a commission studying what to do with the abandoned base site, the biologists revealed that the station was part of a worldwide United States Navy navigation complex.

That this should have remained unknown in Trinidad for so long — the station was first set up in 1966 — is surprising in itself, since neither the existence of the Omega navigation program nor the presence of a station in Trinidad is secret information. Understandably, however, the Americans have not said too much about Omega, especially in the six foreign countries where stations have been set up.

What they have said has tended to emphasize the system's civilian applications. "The tuna clipper which may move from Pacific to Atlantic Ocean as fish quotas are filled is in great need of simple and accurate navigation in often strange waters," wrote Lee E. Owens in the March 1970 issue of a publication called *The Ensign*. "Accurate location of a bank or other good fishing location quickly pays for an Omega receiver by reducing time at sea."

But according to no less an authority than the United States Coast Guard, which operates older U.S. navigational systems, Omega is of little civilian value. In fact, according to observers, if the purpose of Omega were primarily civilian, it too would be a Coast Guard operation, and its presence in the hands of the Navy clearly implies a military application.

For aircraft and surface ships, Omega is inferior in pre-

cision to the Americans' own satellite systems. Its main advantage is that its Very Low Frequency (VLF) waves can penetrate the surface of the ocean, and hence can be used by the Navy's fleet of Polaris nuclear submarines. Polaris's primary navigational aid is a highly accurate internal system known as SINS (Ships' Inertial Navigation System), but an internal system, no matter how accurate, can only determine *relative* position; if the system malfunctions, there is no way to check — and the errors are cumulative.

"If you are to launch your missiles from where you want and not from somewhere else," as the newspaper *Tapia* put it, you need an external fix to an accuracy of a mile, and its eight stations cover the whole surface of the globe.

Thus, Omega is an important part of the nuclear submarine race, the key military contest in the world today. And, charged *Tapia*, the presence of an Omega station in Trinidad makes the island "a prime target for attack in the event of nuclear war." It quoted an article by a Y. Shvedkov in the Soviet journal *International Affairs* as saying "stations transmitting orders and navigating instructions . . . would draw nuclear retaliation onto their territory."

Things have not gone entirely smoothly for the Americans in their negotiations with foreign countries to place transmitters on their soil: a station originally intended for the Malagasy Republic ended up on the nearby French island of Réunion instead, and the presence of a station in Australia gave rise to a "Stop Omega" movement in that country. So far there has been little trouble in Trinidad; the Americans have simply followed a policy of denying everything.

"Radio navigation's *alpha*, the beginning, was the early direction finder. Is Omega its *omega*, the ultimate?" asked Lee E. Owens, our *Ensign* man. That is what some people in Trinidad have begun to fear.

sixties, Trinidad accounted for roughly 13 per cent of all American military spending in the Western Hemisphere outside of Canada and the United States. Substantial expenditures continued even after the base at Chaguaramas was shut down in 1967. According to U.S. government information, most of this spending was for oil. The Americans also chose Trinidad — specifically, the supposedly abandoned base at Chaguaramas — as the site for one of the stations in the Navy's worldwide Omega navigation scheme (see box p. 38).

In all, then, the Americans have a fair bit at stake in Trinidad, and they are likely to be willing to intervene to protect it. They have so far tended to do this in a covert way. The gunboats reported stationed off the island during the 1970 uprising were not American; they were Venezuelan. And while many people believed the bizarre events of October 1971 to be the result of American interference, the suspected interference was in the form of behind-the-scenes manipulation and string-pulling, and hence not easily proved.

In September of that year Lalsingh Harribance had made one of his periodic visits home to Trinidad from the United States, where he had recently married the daughter of a Defense Department scientist. As usual he was asked for his predictions, and this time they were spectacular.

"Seer-man Harribance warns: BLOOD BATH," bannered the September 8 issue of the *Bomb*, a sensationalistic weekly tabloid with strong financial backing (rumoured to come from Karl Hudson-Phillips). The story had Harribance predicting that there would soon be a six-week blood bath in Trinidad, "but Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams will quell it — again."

The seer-man was wrong in some of the details, but his prediction served its purpose. The chain of events he had encouraged people to expect began to unfold on October 11. A large advertisement appeared in the *Trinidad Guardian*, in the form of an open letter signed by Nathaniel Crichlow, president of the Trinidad and Tobago Labour Congress, accusing the Oilfield Workers Trade Union, a leading non-affiliate of the Congress, of what would be known in North America as raiding.

Inherently the incident, involving no more than a hundred workers on oil rigs off the coast, seemed a small one, but the Labour Congress saw it as an opportunity for a major offensive in its continuing tussle with the OWTU. The Congress threatened massive retaliation in the form of a boycott by affiliated unions in the transportation and communications sectors of all companies with which the OWTU was recognized.

This was, to put it mildly, an unusual step in an inter-union squabble. Moreover, it was not a threat aimed directly at the Oilfield Workers but a bid to get business (and thus also the Williams government) to crack down on the OWTU.

It is worth digressing at this point to mention some of the other activities of the Trinidad and Tobago Labour Congress, which has generally been in agreement with the Williams government; when not, it has often placed pressure on that government from the right. It was reportedly a demand from the Congress for a state of emergency that propelled Williams into such action on April 20, 1970. When in 1972 Williams angrily expelled the business-backed, CIA-linked American Institute for Free Labour Development (see box p. 40) from Trinidad because of its unsavoury connections, the Congress protested mightily. It continued to participate in training courses at AIFLD headquarters in Front Royal, Virginia; Nathaniel Crichlow responded to the government's stated



Prime Minister Eric Williams

opposition to such participation with a spirited defence of trade-union independence.

Whether the Congress was acting alone in October 1971 or in concert with its allies may never be known. But in any case the affair quickly intensified. Five days after the original Crichlow letter, and in the midst of a flurry of replies and counter-replies between the Congress and the OWTU, an apparently unrelated incident occurred at the construction site of a \$80-million Texaco desulphurization plant at Pointe-à-Pierre. Minor labour troubles led to a shutdown of the project by the American contractor, Badger Pan America Inc.; as a result, fighting broke out in which the manager of the project, one Edward McGuire, was knocked unconscious.

Two days later, Badger and the British subcontractor, George Wimpey (Caribbean) Ltd., announced that they were pulling out of the project. In a theatrical presentation reminiscent of the famous 'coup de la Brinks' that preceded the 1970 Quebec election, Badger personnel flew en masse back to Miami. It was three days before anything more was heard out of Badger, and then the company announced that it was willing to return — if peace and stability could be guaranteed.

Meanwhile, entirely peaceful negotiations were taking place between the OWTU and Texaco, the largest of the oil companies operating in Trinidad.

But unexpectedly, on October 19, Williams declared a state of emergency for the second time in a year and a half. The move was a surprise to everyone; Senator Carl Tuft, vice-president of the Labour Congress, said it had come

"like a thief in the night." While the 1970 emergency had been characterized by a mass roundup, the government was more selective this time: it moved only against the leaders of the OWTU and NJAC, the Black Power group — the latter included presumably in an attempt to tar the OWTU with the Black Power brush.

The OWTU, and particularly its militant and charismatic leader, George Weekes, were clearly the main target. In a sense the strategy backfired: Weekes emerged from jail months later with the support of his union intact. But Karl Hudson-Phillips was able to use the emergency to obtain the passage of a number of pieces of repressive legislation, including the Industrial Relations Act (a hard-line anti-labour law directed at the OWTU) and a sedition bill that made even inflammatory gestures possible grounds for a charge of sedition.

In addition, three days after the emergency was declared, Industry, Commerce, Petroleum and Mines Minister Overand Padmore announced a big oil exploration deal with a consortium comprising Texaco, Shell and Trinidad/Tesororo.

As with Canada's War Measures Act affair a year earlier, there were differing versions of the central events that led to the "crisis". The supposed instance of raiding, for example: the OWTU said that the workers on the oil rig in question had in fact made an unsolicited request to switch unions, and George Weekes — according to the Congress the villain of the piece — was in prison when the initial request was made. It was widely suspected that the Badger incident was the work of *agents provocateurs*. The *Tapia* newspaper blamed the crisis on the oil industry, suggesting that the companies

were putting pressure on the Williams government to stabilize Trinidad's uneasy political situation.

Opposition papers also put their finger on the man they believed was responsible for manipulating the crisis: George Thompson, head of the United States Information Service in Trinidad. Thompson was recalled soon afterward, but the next summer, the *Moko* newspaper accused U.S. Ambassador Anthony Marshall, who had arrived in Trinidad at about the time of Thompson's departure, of being the new "top spy in Trinidad and Tobago."

In June of 1971 a diplomatic flap occurred in the Malagasy Republic (Madagascar) in the Indian Ocean, another area where the United States has important strategic interests. Malagasy President Philibert Tsiranana accused the American ambassador and other U.S. embassy personnel of being involved in a plot to overthrow him. Tsiranana arrested his pro-American vice-president, André Resampa, and demanded the recall of the suspected Americans. The ambassador was hurriedly called home for consultations, and on June 25 *New York Times* columnist C.L. Sulzberger, writing from Paris, suggested that his stay in the Malagasy Republic was at an end; he would, said Sulzberger, "return to Tananarive and then his transfer to another post will be announced, permitting him to pay official farewell calls."

The Malagasy government quickened the pace of events somewhat by officially expelling the ambassador (whom it described as a former official of the CIA) and five other American diplomats on the grounds of "interference in Madagascar's internal affairs." Nevertheless, the ambassador, whose name was Anthony Marshall, was reassigned

HOW U.S. LABOUR DOES ITS BEST

In examining the activities of labour organizations in the Caribbean, it is necessary to cast aside ideas formed from observation of the sometimes progressive and at worst harmless institutions known as trade unions in Canada. For while such unions exist in the Caribbean, there is also an important sector of the trade union movement that has over the years consistently acted as a vehicle for United States foreign policy.

American writer Frank McDonald described the role of labour in United States policy in the West Indies: "American corporations and AID [U.S. Agency for International Development] programs, however, represent only two sides of a triangular penetration of the Commonwealth Caribbean economy. The third side, without which the ease of this process would be severely threatened, is the organized 'Americanization' of the Caribbean trade union movement's role in Caribbean politics."

This is accomplished chiefly through the American Institute for Free Labour Development (AIFLD). Created by the AFL-CIO in the early sixties, the AIFLD is run by a tripartite board made up of government, labour and business representatives and backed by financial support from all three elements. Most of the money comes from the government through AID, but the chairman of the AIFLD board is J. Peter Grace, president of W.R. Grace and Co. and a director of Canada's own Brascan Ltd. (*Last Post*,

March 1973) among other corporations. W.R. Grace is a worldwide U.S. investment firm with a wide variety of interests; it began with a banana plantation in Peru in the 1850s but now counts the manufacture of fertilizer as its single most important activity, with the Fed Chem fertilizer factory that the Williams government lured to Trinidad with lucrative concessions as one of its many plants.

One of the AIFLD's major activities is its course for Latin American and Caribbean trade union leaders, conducted at the Institute's headquarters at Front Royal, Virginia. The American radical journalist Susanne Bodenheimer has described this course: "All AIFLD students major in anti-Communism, a subject which their instructors, some of whom are Cuban exiles, are well qualified to teach. According to the *AIFLD Report*, students from several countries spend more hours in the 'democracy and totalitarianism' course ('democracy' American-style, 'totalitarianism' Communist-style) than on any other subject. Through 'role-playing' exercises, students gain practice in countering Communist infiltration . . . Although 99 per cent of the land in Latin America is controlled by 10 per cent of the landholders, land reform receives scant attention in the AIFLD curriculum."

But the AIFLD policy that has come in for the most

later that year as Sulzberger had predicted.

His new posting was Trinidad and Tobago.

*"So she told me plainly,
She love Yankee money,
And she said, Lord Invader,
Money for to find rum and coca-cola,
Don't bother, if you know you ain't
Got the Yankee dollar."*

—Lord Invader, *Trinidad calypsonian*

Trinidad's great skeptic is the novelist V.S. Naipaul, an East Indian who grew up in Port-of-Spain in the 1940s and now lives in England. Naipaul's despair, his searing irony and his dark view of the soul of colonized people have earned him comparison with his fellow Caribbean native Frantz Fanon, although he does not share Fanon's prescription of a cleansing orgy of violence. He is Trinidad's most distinguished writer and yet he cannot take seriously Trinidad's national cause; this is, said a *Tapia* reviewer, an irony worthy of Naipaul himself.

After the 1970 uprising Naipaul wrote that "the small islands of the Caribbean will remain islands, impoverished and unskilled, ringed as now by a *cordon sanitaire*, their people not needed anywhere. They may get less innocent or less corrupt politicians; they will not get less helpless ones. The island blacks will continue to be dependent on the books, films and goods of others; in this important way they will continue to be the half-made societies of a dependent people, the Third World's third world."

Is there no way out of Naipaul's quandary? Will the powerful and only slightly veiled American presence ensure that any attempt at change will be stopped before it begins to matter? Is Trinidad indeed consigned to a perpetual state of dependency?

The most articulate spokesman for the view that there is a way out is the economist and Secretary of the *Tapia* group, Lloyd Best, probably the cleverest of the post-Williams generation of politicians. Best's position has its own irony, for while he has based his political career on opposition to Doctor Politics, his own academic status and doctoral qualities are far from harmful to his political attractiveness.

Best says that the formidable obstacles faced by those who are trying to rechart Trinidad's course can be overcome by relentless organization at the base and by outsmarting the opposition. Don't give away your game and invite debilitating repression. Take advantage of upheavals in the international situation. And all the while, organize. When the crunch comes, Best says, Trinidad's very smallness will be an advantage. It won't be worth the trouble to pull her into line. Even the coveted oil reserves are only a small fraction of the world supply.

The debate that Naipaul and Best represent clearly has no final resolution at this point. The answers will be played out, probably not always peacefully or bloodlessly, in the next period of Trinidad and Tobago's history, and they will have implications far beyond the shores of those two small islands.

C.F. Ayre is a free-lance writer living in Toronto

TO HELP RULE THE CARIBBEAN

criticism has been the organization's practice of working closely with the Central Intelligence Agency. In Brazil, reported Ronald Radosh in his 1969 book *American Labor and United States Foreign Policy*, the AIFLD carried on a campaign to get petroleum unions to join the American-dominated International Federation of Petroleum and Chemical Workers instead of forming their own National Federation of Petroleum Workers. The IFPCW was being financially supported by the Andrew Hamilton Foundation, a CIA conduit. The campaign ended after revelations of IFPCW payoffs to Brazilian labour leaders, politicians and journalists.

The AIFLD was also involved in the Brazilian military coup of April 1, 1964. William Doherty, then AIFLD director of social projects, said on a radio panel three months after the coup that "what happened in Brazil... did not just happen — it was planned — and planned months in advance. Many of the trade union leaders — some of whom were actually trained in our institute — were involved in the revolution, and in the overthrow of the Goulart regime." Two years later Doherty appeared on a platform with the Brazilian military dictator Humberto Castelo Branco to lay the cornerstone for an AIFLD housing development in Sao Paulo. *AIFLD Report* noted that Doherty in his brief speech "declared it appropriate that the ceremonies were taking place on the second an-

niversary of Brazil's democratic revolution."

There were more than a hundred AIFLD graduates in Chile at the time of the coup that overthrew Salvador Allende — concentrated in the transportation and communication sectors, which led the crippling strikes that paved the way for the coup. (It might be noted here that it was the Seamen and Waterfront Workers Trade Union that precipitated the 1971 "crisis" in Trinidad, while the boycott threats involved such unions as the Air Transport Trade Union, the Communication Workers, and the Postmen.)

Nor is the AIFLD the only instrument of CIA labour penetration. In Guyana, where the CIA helped oust the government of Marxist Prime Minister Cheddi Jagan in the mid-sixties, his chief instrument was the London-based Public Services International secretariat, although the AIFLD was also involved in providing support for anti-Jagan AFL unions.

The AFL-CIO, of course, denies any co-operation with the CIA. "Not one penny of CIA money has ever come in to the AFL or the AFL-CIO to my knowledge over the last twenty years, and I say to you if it had come in I would know about it," George Meany said in 1967. "I take a great deal of pride in the work we've done overseas and I resent the fact that the CIA is trying to horn in on it and say that they have done some of it."

Reviews

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In the end, not a gut nationalist

by MEL WATKINS

Gentle Patriot: a Political Biography of Walter Gordon, by Denis Smith. Hurtig Publishers/Edmonton.

Your average minister of finance, particularly one whose term of office lasts only two-and-one-half years and opens and closes with critical political misjudgments, hardly merits a biography, and certainly not one so laudatory as this.

But then, the subject of this handsome and readable book, the Honourable Walter L. Gordon, much to his credit, wasn't and isn't your average anything — and definitely not your average Liberal cabinet minister or average Canadian businessman. The former, after all, is likely to be a careerist in the worst sense of the term, bending with the prevailing winds, which just happen to be mostly of southern origin; the latter is typically the manager of a U.S.-controlled branch plant, who didn't get there without knowing who ultimately signs his pay cheque.

There can be no doubt that Gordon's contribution to Canadian politics — and long may it continue! — merits a biography. His earlier intention to publish

an autobiography having been abandoned, for reasons that remain unclear, Gordon has been well served by his biographer. Smith, a professor of politics at Trent University in Peterborough, while clearly sympathetic to Gordon's politics, maintains his objectivity and detachment throughout. As well, his writing style is superior to Gordon's.

The portrait that emerges is indeed that of a "gentle patriot". The former is a word rarely applied to politicians, and the latter rarely to Canadian politicians. Neither, for example, would leap to mind with respect to Lester B. Pearson. In fact, this contrast lies at the heart of this book, for, as Smith observes, his biography of Gordon becomes "in fact, a study of Gordon and Pearson." In the beginning, they are the closest of friends; by the end, in 1968, they are barely on speaking terms.

The story of Pearson's successive betrayals of Gordon — from letting him stand alone with his budget of 1963 to forcing him to fight in the Cabinet for the release of the Task Force report on foreign ownership in 1968 — is documented here at length. Readers with any openness of mind are likely at the end to stand with Professor Smith on the side of Mr. Gordon. Of Mr. Pear-

son, Smith writes of his "irresolution, lack of organizing ability and occasional moral cowardice," while Gordon's mistake was his unwillingness, until near the end of his tenure in the Cabinet, to face the reality of what his once closest friend was.

If gentleness means, as it must in this context, a sense of decency, and a willingness to stand by one's friends in the midst of the immoral swamp of parliamentary politics, Gordon wins hands down, and not merely in contrast to Pearson. No part of this book is more touching and revealing than Gordon's public support for his friend Guy Favreau after Pearson and the rest of the front bench had abandoned him to the wolves.

But it is too easy, though correct, to judge Gordon as a man of integrity and the Liberal party as every man for himself. The point is not only that ultimately the thought must cross the reader's mind that Gordon was naive. More than that, his conception of politics was flawed. For what he did was to substitute trust and interpersonal relations at the top for the building of support within and without the party that alone could have given him the clout needed to beat out, rather than win over,

the likes of Pearson, Sharp, Winters, and the rest.

Gordon could sense the support among ordinary Canadians for his nationalist message but, befitting his upperclass' origins, his politics were consistently paternalistic and elitist. Only after he left the Cabinet did he see fit to organize public opinion to his side by creating the Committee for an Independent Canada. By then, however, he was responding more to the fear that the Waffle would pre-empt the nationalist position — if you don't believe me, read Christina Newman in *Maclean's* — than to Mr. Trudeau's anti-nationalism, the depth of which Gordon still underestimated. And down to the present day, he sternly resists any suggestion that the CIC should give up on lobbying the Liberals and become a political party in its own right.

Inevitably, we are led to the crux of the matter, which is Gordon's patriotism. That, of course, is what he is all about. Secure in private life, he entered politics reluctantly and only because of his sense of commitment to the survival of Canada. To have his record fully documented, through his speeches, writings and actions, aborted and otherwise, is of course what justifies this book, and makes it essential reading for all who would claim an interest in comprehending the nature of Canadian nationalism.

Again, the contrast with Pearson is striking. For Pearson, even to be the prime minister of his country was second-best not only to being Secretary General of the UN but also, in Gordon's opinion, to being Secretary General of NATO. Pearson's well-known "internationalism" was, in the nature of the case, wholly consistent with pro-Americanism and that, in turn, was necessarily an anti-nationalist position in a Canadian context. Smith writes of Pearson: "He saw himself as a Canadian nationalist, but his perspective was curious. He was a nationalist of the Washington variety, who believed that Canada could only properly move within limits established by American tolerance and the interests of the American alliance. For Pearson, the Canadian national interest was subsumed under the American. . . ."

Gordon's variety of nationalism is perhaps best articulated in the Watkins Report and the writings of Abraham Rotstein which influenced the former. Smith puts it this way: "The Canadian nation-state is a natural and appropriate agent for the protection of collective in-

terests, in countervailing balance against the interests of foreign-controlled corporations and foreign governments that attempt to impose their policies through those corporations." It is a nationalism that is real — to believe otherwise would be to deny the quarrel between Pearson and Gordon — but it is moderate and modest, it appears to have little by way of solid intellectual footing, and it culminates in the mostly meaningless recommendations of the Gray Report.

That is not, of course, to say that it is not on the right side of history. Specifically, to reject one tiresome criticism of Canadian nationalism, it is inherently progressive and left-of-centre. It is no accident that Gordon was the only member of the Pearson Cabinet to oppose the war in Vietnam, and predictable that this caused his relationship with Pearson to sink to its lowest level — from which it never recovered. It is also no accident that on matters of social welfare, such as pensions and medicare, Gordon offered the same leadership within the Liberal Cabinet as he did on the national question. To be a nationalist is by no means always to be a progressive, but in Canada, to be a

progressive is typically to be a nationalist; it is perhaps as simple as the intuitive understanding that to have a better Canada means having a less dependent Canada.

The real criticism of the Gordon variety of nationalism is a different one — and that is that it is ultimately premised on the assumption that independence and capitalism are compatible. The error may lie in calling something "independence" that is not that at all, but rather simply a dependent relationship with more benefits and fewer costs for Canadians. That's what Cy Gonick meant five years ago when he described Gordonism as the left wing of continentalism.

And make no mistake that Walter Gordon's politics are explicitly pro-capitalist. Gordon is no Donald Creighton or Jack McClelland willing, they say, to choose socialism if only that can save Canada. True, Gordon is enough of a practical politician to know better than to answer hypothetical questions. But then, he no longer is a practising politician, and he could answer if he wanted. His observed refusal to do so leaves little doubt that, should the day of reckoning come, he would reject socialism. He

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is too "gentle" to turn on his own class; he is, in the final analysis, merely a patriot, not a gut nationalist.

Smith speaks, albeit in his own elegant way, to these critical questions. Mostly, he resolves the matter pragmatically: what else could Gordon do anyway but work inside the Liberal Party and settle for a few crumbs?

But there are things he leaves unsaid, or says too briefly. He devotes too little space to that most revealing episode where Gordon lets *Time* and *Readers' Digest* keep their exemptions in return for U.S. approval of the auto pact, thereby piling continentalist, special-status-with-the-U.S. policies that much

higher.

From Smith's account we learn far less than we should about the interface between Canadian business and the state. After all, Gordon was not only minister of finance, in itself the most relevant of portfolios; he was also a chief fundraiser for the Liberal Party. Is there nothing to tell us about some of the reactions he must have got from the pro-continentalist bankers and branch plant managers? We are told that Pearson got enough reaction during the 1965 election campaign to decide to dump Gordon as minister of finance. Do both Gordon and Smith think Pearson was the true culprit?

Finally, Smith's closing note of cautious optimism about the Canadian political system — "By 1973 Gordon could see the beginnings of a popular nationalist movement... which revealed itself in all the federal parties..." — seems oddly misplaced. Have not the Conservatives, the Liberals and now the NDP all purged or otherwise silenced their nationalist wings? Is this the same Denis Smith who writes so trenchantly on Quebec nationalism and the federal response?

Smith finds Pearson's politics "increasingly odd in retrospect". Gordon's quite different politics are open to the same charge.

Is there genocide in the north?

by RALPH SURETTE

The Genocide Machine In Canada, by Robert Davis and Mark Zannis. Black Rose Books/Montreal.

A remarkable argument is made, in a new book by two Montreal freelance researchers, that Canada is committing "genocide" in the North against its native peoples.

However, as might be expected, Canada's role is a branch-plant one, something like the doorman at Auschwitz.

For the real thrust is coming from American industry. The "intent" is not to destroy a racial group, but is actually a very "progressive" one: to extract resources which, as we know from the various "crises" that pop up from time to time, is something industry has to do to keep the industrial system fed with raw materials.

Of course there are kinks. That's why the American military is helping out — on Canadian soil — with such things as sensor devices developed on the warfields of Vietnam which will be used for purposes of "peaceful" research.

The Canadian military is involved too, the authors argue. In fact it is not only involved, it is virtually a regiment of the U.S. military. Apparently a branch-plant economy requires a branch-plant army for protection.

The Canadian government, in its doorman's role, is providing the bureaucracy. It has a neat little outfit called the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development (DIAND) — the assumption underlying the ministry's two contradictory roles being, as Jean Chretien never tires of pointing out, that "development" is good for native peoples.

But this "genocide" neither starts nor stops in the Canadian North, say Robert Davis and Mark Zannis. The "genocide machine" of impersonal, profit-motivated resource extraction is at work throughout the third world and ultimately even in our own dominant white middle-class ruling milieu.

But, operating behind front organizations of scientific "objectivity" such as the Arctic Institute of North America, this industrial-military machine victimizes native peoples first. In Brazil native Indians are being hunted down for sport like

animals. In the Canadian north they are merely being reduced to inhumanity. But both constitute "genocide," the authors argue.

Massively documented both in general argument and in detail from government white papers, U.S. think-tank deliberations, the fragmented "public record", secret reports (the content of one, a health report on northern peoples suppressed by then Health Minister John Munro a few years ago, is revealed here for the first time) and innumerable other sources, the book actually contains the convergence of several powerful arguments studied with revelations of what is going on in the north (and south) that will shock and surprise many.

First "genocide" — the destruction of an entire national or ethnic group.

"Genocide" is an emotive word that has come out of the tumultuous 1960s with debased currency, much like "human rights."

It was a term invoked at the drop of a hat in many radical causes, and often applied to instances of minor cultural prejudice against such and such a minority group. The emotional aspect of it — the word emerged from Hitler's attempt to destroy the Jews — was overused. Consequently, anyone using it now risks being dismissed as exaggerating or "hysterical."

Davis and Zannis avoid that trap. Their whole argument, in fact, is based on an examination of what the term has meant — from the time it was coined in 1944 by Raphael Lemkin in his book *Axis Rule in Occupied Europe* through the debates that led to the United Nations Genocide Convention.

In this light, it is noteworthy that barely had Hitler's ovens cooled off when, in 1947, the U.S. was at work in the UN sabotaging a tough decision on genocide that would have gone beyond the physical murder of the individual members of a group, to the destruction of the group by various other means.

Finally the UN convention was watered down and individual nations left to endorse it individually. It has been largely

missed amid the noise and haste of Watergate and the energy question, but this winter the U.S. Senate — after 25 years — finally killed once and for all even the watered-down version. Right-wing lobbyists were calling the bill part of the “international conspiracy.”

Canada did even better than that. This country dropped the whole subject in 1952. The record of House of Commons debates shows Lester Pearson pooh-poohing the whole thing on grounds that “it can’t happen here.”

Davis and Zannis examine what is being done to the native peoples in the light of the UN convention and debates. They conclude that in fact what is being done to the Indians and Eskimos qualifies as genocide — from the removal of children from their parents to attend white schools hundreds of miles away to be instructed in alien values, to the “illness complex” of physical and mental stress imposed on these people, to actual plans in some instances for limiting native births or sending native people to the south where welfare is cheaper.

In short, the destruction of once-cohesive groups such as the Inuit (Eskimos) living as parts of specific environments, through the destruction of those environments, qualifies as genocide.

The ultimate eye-opener, however, deals with the military.

Example: following the voyage of the U.S. ship *Manhattan* through Arctic waters in 1971 — amid nationalist fears that Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic was being endangered — Canadian military exercises were held in the Frobisher Bay region in the winter of 1972.

The word the government was anxious to have spread was that these exercises were meant to protect Canadian sovereignty in the Arctic against all comers including, if not particularly, the U.S.

What was not said — and what was ignored by the mass media with the exception of *Montreal's Le Devoir* — was that the exercise was being held under the watchful eye of five American military observers stationed in Alaska.

Davis and Zannis also bring some new light to bear on the 1970 kidnap crisis in Quebec and the consequences of the War Measures Act. They state:

“The Canadian government has been quite careful, while discussing counter-insurgency plans, to confine matters to urban areas. The public is left with the impression that ‘putting down civil disturbances’ relates exclusively to Quebec... Their propaganda message was further reinforced by the actual deployment of troops to Quebec during the FLQ crisis of 1970 under the code name *Operation Essay*.

“Operation Essay was not an ‘overreaction’ (a view commonly held in liberal circles) but a test of military counter-insurgency capacity as a part of a well-orchestrated plan which involved a nation-wide use of civil authorities, as evidenced by break-ins into the offices of ‘subversive’ organizations like those of the U.S. draft resisters in several Canadian cities under the protection of the War Measures Act... ”

“The *Montreal Star* of December 24, 1971, reported on a secret cabinet document that ‘revealed that an interdepartmental government committee had considered the possibility of using the War Measures Act... five months before the October crisis’.

“Operation Essay began with troop movements on October 8 — three days after the Cross kidnapping and two days before the Laporte kidnapping, An Army spokesman indi-

cated it had been planned at least a month in advance. Most disquieting, however, is the tie-in with U.S. counter-insurgency planning.

“U.S. troop movements at the border were co-ordinated with Operation Essay. NATO-oriented personnel of Operation Essay have quietly moved on to the Solicitor General’s Internal Security Unit and are tightening their hold on RCMP internal security activities.”

Zannis and Davis charge that U.S. military meddling in Canadian affairs goes back at least to 1964 when the Pentagon set up a program, called *Project Revolt*, to study the Quebec separatist movement.

By dredging out further evidence of linkups between the Canadian and U.S. counter-insurgency units, and establishing that counter-insurgency measures exist not only in Quebec but throughout Canada (including the Arctic), they say they cannot escape the conclusion that “an overall plan exists to secure Canada against all her own people in case they should become restive over multinational corporate dominance of the economy.”

The genocide argument the authors make — and which may well be one of the first advances in the theory of genocide since the UN debates — is that the coming of multi-national corporate-military technology has wiped out the distinction between friend and enemy, between peace and war.

Thus, in Vietnam friendly villages were wiped out by the Americans in order to save them from Communism. And the technology of war will now be applied to the Arctic — the “sensors” will monitor the movements of life in the North and decisions will be made from a central computer complex

Strange Empire Louis Riel and the Metis People Joseph Howard

First published in 1952 and widely regarded as the finest biography of Louis Riel, *Strange Empire* portrays Riel as a political organizer and leader.

“... by far the best biography of Riel, and one that shows how strong the Metis people were collectively. It is one of the few books on Canadian history that reads like a novel.” —Bob Davis

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Paper \$3.95

James Lewis & Samuel, Publishers

on how to "manage" problems. This also brings to mind the "smart bombs" and other remote-control technology of war developed in Vietnam.

Man does not face man. "Today, fewer men and women grapple in hand to hand combat, sweat and blood pouring from them as they kill." Instead, "buttons are pushed and manuscripts and reports are typed. Acts of genocide become polite and clinical."

In conclusion, a word might be said about these two authors' mode of operation. Their research — on this book as well as on magazine articles and in digging out vital information for poor peoples' causes and the like — is mostly done into what is euphemistically called "the public record". In other words, they work with information available to everyone.

Music

Phil Ochs: Rehearsing for Retirement?

by WAYNE GIBSON

The Young Socialists are no longer out in the street peddling the English language version of *Granma* (the Cuban national newspaper) as they did when Phil Ochs played Toronto in the Sixties, but inside the Riverboat Coffee House there is an air of nostalgia ('already') for a period in our lives that finished when

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That the established corporate press in this country rarely carries any of this type of information (particularly as regards the defence department) except in bits and pieces that are never tied together, speaks loads for their failure to inform Canadians adequately about how they are governed and where the political power lines lead to in this country.

This book itself is virtually an underground book that will probably never make it into the American-corporate-dominated book distribution industry of Canada, and consequently to the liberal mainstream that should be reading it.

Instead it is published by Black Rose Books, a small non-profit outfit in Montreal. Since you may have difficulty finding the book in your bookstore, Black Rose's address is 3934 St. Urbain St., Montreal.

the editors of *Time Magazine*, in their infinite wisdom, declared 'A New Mood on the Campus'.

Certainly, Ochs' appearance does nothing to dispel this unsettling feeling. He is looking heavier and a lot older these days, but there is still that old leather jacket and the look of a trucker about him. And, in fact, truckers seem to be very much on Ochs' mind these days. After a few caustic remarks about 'the spiritual assholes on the streets and the streakers on the campuses' he begins with 'I'm Going to Say it Now'. The first three verses are as they were eight years ago, but Ochs is not one to dwell in the past for very long. The fourth verse begins 'I am just a trucker sir and I only want to learn, but its hard to see through the rising smoke of the gas that you like to burn'. Sorry kids, you blew it. Go run naked through the universities and stand in line all day to be insulted by movies like *The Exorcist*. There are a lot of other people out there who aren't willing to fool around anymore.

Ochs' visit to Toronto coincides with the release (surprisingly, in Canada only) by A and M of his new album 'Shootout at Carnegie Hall'. The album is actually three years old and records, live, what went down when Phil Ochs 'went electric'. One is reminded of Dylan at Newport in '66 since there is a lot of booing but Ochs' reasons, if not

the response, seemed vastly different from what Dylan's were. Like Dylan, Ochs' music reflects what he was before. Thus Dylan was the poet/folksinger who came east to fill Woody Guthrie's shoes; Ochs was the journalism student from Ohio State who decided to put his reporting across through the medium of music. He named his first album 'All The News that's Fit to Sing' and, despite all the changes that he has gone through lyrically, that journalistic quality in almost all of his music cannot be denied.

Like any good journalist Ochs is trying to persuade; his art goes beyond aesthetics. When he does his Elvis Presley medley in his gold lamé suit at the end of the Carnegie Hall performance he rambles on about how he died in Chicago and 'how God has let him come back to Earth for three days as anyone he so chooses'. Phil chose Presley since he sees the only way to achieve revolution in America is for people to perceive 'Elvis as Che Guevera'. More boos from the audience, but then there aren't many truckers who go to Carnegie Hall for their entertainment.

* * *

Ochs' first set consists mainly of those protest ballads which mark his earlier work. They still stand up surprisingly well (but there really is no reason why they should not). He also changes

lyrics aptly: 'Here's to the State of Mississippi' becomes 'Here's to the State of Richard Nixon'. His early lyrics seem surprisingly prophetic as the cancer grows: '... below her mighty borders nameless bodies you will find' and 'the speeches of the governor [now president] are the ravings of a clown'. Ochs encodes the first set in his gold suit with a new but somewhat mediocre song 'How High's the Watergate, Momma'.

The second set is Ochs at his best. Songs from his later albums 'Pleasures of the Harbour' and 'Rehearsals for Retirement' predominate. One suddenly realizes the poverty of cuts such as 'The Party' and 'The Crucifixion' on the albums when compared to the same numbers done live. The reason for this lies in part in the production job on Ochs' recorded material (complete, in some cases with weird gimmicky sound effects and over-instrumentation). The images which Ochs conjures up in both 'The Party' and 'The Crucifixion' are so vivid in their eeriness that distracting noise (which is what most of the over-dubbing on the 'Pleasures of the Harbour' album in fact is) can only detract from their haunting intensity. Ochs shows himself to be a first class poet in songs like:

*'images of innocence charging to go
on
but the decadence of destiny is look-
ing for a pawn*

*to a nightmare of knowledge he opens
up the gate
binding revelation is laid upon his
plate
that beneath the greatest love is a
hurricane of hate
and God help the critic of the dawn'*
(from 'The Crucifixion')

While it may be trite to say that this or that particular artist has been grossly underrated, are there many lyricists (or for that matter, poets) around today who can come close to what Ochs was turning out at the height of his writing?

Ochs ended up his show with two encores — 'The Highwayman' and 'Rehearsals for Retirement'. The former is a poem by Alfred Noyes (an early 20th-century poet who Ochs, only half-jokingly, refers to as a pre-acid poet); the latter is an incredibly depressing number which Ochs wrote after he 'died' at the Chicago Police Riots:

*'the days grow longer
for smaller prizes
I feel a stranger
to all surprises
you can have them
I don't want them
I wear a different type of garment
for my rehearsals for retirement'*
* * *

It really is difficult to say why Ochs goes on performing. He has been spending a lot of time travelling in the Third

World, or, as he says: 'I formed my own terrorist organization and kidnapped myself to the Third World'; returning to North America after Nixon fired Cox so he could 'join in the festivities'. But he doesn't appear to have really written any new material (not that he needs to, given the strength of his previous work) and on stage he seems a very weary, disenchanted man.

Two images come to mind in seeing Ochs live; Lenny Bruce in the days before he died, and John Prine ('Jesus died for nothin', I suppose'). There is certainly a tragic look about Ochs, a look his caustic bantering does not quite cover up. It might be somewhat pretentious to call Phil Ochs a mirror for America but, again, there is that journalistic quality about both the man and his music that begs for metaphor. Maybe he really is America's top newsman, his reports being written not only in his songs but on his face and in his eyes, as well.

In an interview on a Toronto radio station a year-and-a-half ago Ochs mentioned the fact that people must realize that you can't have politics without aesthetics. Well, we were given our chance to buy from his flower lady and we blew it. Now there really isn't any news left to sing about, only comic fare and Phil will leave that type of song to be written by someone else; he wears a different type of garment.

Mediacrities

by RICHARD LISKEARD

There was a joke going around the CBC radio public affairs department in January of 1973 to the effect of: 'If Kissinger and Le Duc Tho sign the Vietnam accord, we're going to have to lay off 30 per cent of the staff, or find some way to make the egg war sound interesting.'

After a very dull summer, Chile and the Middle East came along to relieve us disoriented journalistic children of the sixties, but things are getting worse again, and the only glimmer on the horizon is that Moscow and Peking are getting progressively more pissed off with each other. But that would be a bitch to cover anyway — after all, how much more of Mark Gayn could anyone be expected to take? And the Nouveau Gauche flower children, fresh from mesmerizing landless Indians with portapak video cameras for community-access cablevision, would come bleeding out of the woodwork onto *Commentary* and *Viewpoint*, adding their serenades for the simple Chinese peasant (derived from a weekend of reading *Fanshen* while hitch-hiking west) to the songs of the new Rosedale cognoscenti looking for some unfortunate country to adopt.

This was a digression, but it's been building up all winter . . .

The point (and it's in the fourth paragraph, which means I can retain my press club bar privileges) is this:

A major shift has hit Canadian journalism, a shift both interesting and dangerous. It is interesting in that it reflects a strong change in the mood of the society. It is dangerous in that it is being trivialized by its practitioners.

There is a fad abroad for investigative journalism, advocacy journalism, consumer journalism . . . it travels under many names. *New York* magazine hailed "the new American hero" as being the investigative journalist. In a different but related vein, Walter Cronkite is discovered by a Gallup Poll to be the most-trusted man in the United States. People now believe Ralph Nader before they believe General Motors. Robert Redford has paid Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the *Washington Post* reporters who broke Watergate, \$250,000 each for the movie rights to their book. The Sundance Kid is now an investigative reporter, Butch Cassidy his fighting city editor. Five years ago Seymour Hersh couldn't

peddle his My Lai massacre scoop to anyone but the fledgling Dispatch News Service; today hardly a day goes by without his byline on the front page of the *New York Times*. The *Wall Street Journal* has become underground reading.

In Canada, the Toronto *Globe and Mail* picks off a new Ontario cabinet minister every month, CBC radio gets pelted with multi-million dollar lawsuits for programs CBC management didn't even know it had, CBC television raids the *Globe* for its best investigative journalists, and everybody in the Carleton journalism faculty wants to expose ITT.

Something is clearly afoot.

And I believe it is this: The average Canadian, the average American, knows he is being screwed. And what sells is anything that tells him he's being screwed and why.

CBC President Laurent Picard, drowning in charts and projection slides before the CRTc hearings this winter, confirmed it when he pointed to the immense success of the program *Marketplace* on Sunday evenings. *Marketplace*, *Ombudsman*, even *Up Canada* sometimes, are the apples of television management's eyes. On radio, *As It Happens* is enjoying a substantial, though guarded, favour.

Investigative journalism is not only in because the young journalists of the Sixties are in their late twenties and working for the CBC or the *Globe and Mail*. The latest CBC ratings indicate very strongly that the mass television audience has grown more cynical, and is feeling ill-treated and ripped off. We don't have to go further than food prices and housing statistics to see why.

I have to admit I was surprised to see skepticism directed against the myth of the energy crisis emerging in the press. Little as it was, it was significant. The oil companies and the

mining companies are finding it at least mildly harder to get their press releases onto the front pages unexamined (I don't want to exaggerate this, but I propose that a perceptible shift has occurred in such areas).

And since I am loath to attribute slightly more skeptical journalism to the intelligence of the journalists themselves, I suggest that we are left with the conclusion that a shift in public attitudes has occurred, and that the journalists are merely adapting to what people want.

This shift is much more perceptible in the American press, which has been using the investigative format for about three years now in programs like *Sixty Minutes*. American network newscasts are much less credulous about government and business than, say, the insipid CBC *National*, which will take anything from Exxon as being gospel so long as it's neatly typewritten.

The success of *As It Happens* on CBC Radio in nearly doubling its audience as it got progressively more skeptical is significant. The reaction to the injunction and \$7-million lawsuit slapped against it by two lead companies it attacked was unanimously inimical to the companies and the courts.

Up Canada, which though it has many flaws has delivered a few crunching blows, has amassed a sizeable audience.

People are feeling robbed. They want the thieves nailed. It's not only the widow on fixed income eating dog food who feels that way but the person who has got substantial wage hikes in the last few years and finds that though he has a respectable salary on paper it doesn't buy that much anymore. Frustration is borne from rising expectation being thwarted.

Here I must give credit to Patrick MacFadden for an origi-

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nal idea he had this winter. He refers to the Newman-Redford film *The Sting*, the most successful film of the moment apart from *The Exorcist*, as the quintessential "post-Watergate movie". He argues this: First, it's a Depression-era story translated into modern Depression terms. In it, everybody's crooked, even the good guy, and everything's a con. It's just that some cons are cleverer than others. *Of course* cops are corrupt, it doesn't even merit a raised eyebrow. *Of course* politicians are on the take — no surprise. You never know who is who: The FBI man may be a crook but if he is he still could be FBI... etc. You're never sure if people are what they appear to be. Nobody's working for The Man, as in the sixties, because in the seventies, there is no Man. Just the System. A system in which the race goes to the the fleet, women are in their place, and everything is a wheel within a wheel within a wheel. No room for idealists. It's Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid indoors, but gone is the sixties ending where they go laughing and singing into a barrage of Federales' bullets. This time they pull it off. A post-Watergate film.

Thus, there is a post-Watergate consciousness abroad. What sells at the box office will sell on the tube.

Cynicism, I believe, is something to be applauded these days, so I suggest this is all theoretically to the good. Idealism brings the Democrats to Washington and they bring wars to strange little places.

But, of course, what we have been seeing has not been investigative journalism. Joan Watson and George Finstad exposing milk will not do.

So it's time to get a little more paranoid, and suggest that what we are seeing in Canada is only the petty illusion of grappling with the burglary of the average man and woman.

First of all, we are aping the Americans again, and very badly. I have my doubts about Ralph Nader but I'll take him over the Ombudsman any day. At least Nader isn't auditioning for a Liberal Party nomination every week on television.

Second of all, we are trivializing the legitimate anger of Canadians. I have forced myself to watch *Marketplace* because I thought that since it was popular I might learn what was going over these days, but I have to admit giving up after two editions of secret tests of beef stews and lightning hijack of sides of beef to Department of Agriculture labs for instant exposés.

While the Syndicate is running the show, the CBC is, figuratively, exposing litterbugs.

While bogus energy crises, massive oil company profits, government giveaways to multinationals are sold to us and gratefully applauded by the *National*, the new investigative programs will expose beauty salons and fly-by-night aluminium-siding companies. And probably get a couple of awards to boot.

The CBC, in its CRTC presentation, has a name for this style — "grievance programming." It suggests that we are moving from "confrontation" journalism to "grievance" journalism. Well, we all know what "confrontation" journalism turned out to be. A draft dodger and a veteran on a late-night talk show.

For the good journalists in the country, a golden opportunity resides — the public is pissed off and wants the names of the ones that are getting rich. Media managers are sufficiently in a "little man" mentality that some good stories that aren't trivial garbage will get past them.

Three things will be interesting to watch in the media in the next two years:

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- (1) How much significant material does get by.
- (2) When this period ends, and why.
- (3) What happens on the other side of the coin to journalism, which is escapism.

Notice that there is only one lawyer program in the new TV schedule — even old Perry Mason aborted his revival. Doctors aren't popular anymore. Fighting treasury agents are going by the boards. The new heroes are lonely shao-lins wandering the west beating up minor authority figures, while the greatest hero of all is Kojak: the cop who doesn't need the courts or the police department to solve things. In a corrupt world, justice can be achieved by those who are slightly tainted.

But one theme dominates: courts, government agencies... forget them. Justice is in the streets now, not in the agencies of order. Return to common sense (*The Waltons*), the good-hearted rebels (*MASH*), the cop who is slightly crooked but just at heart (*Kojak*), the cop who is a little jerk and uneducated but likes to topple big smart intellectuals with his native intelligence (*Columbo*).

The media have to deal with the public's concerns and fight, or create the illusion that they are fighting. In journalism they are doing it by trivializing little Watergates. In entertainment, they are satisfying us by showing little guys beat up big ones.

But it's still a more wide open ball game than any time before, and as long as the public wants to see a few big ones screwed, maybe some things can get done.

Anyway, I've been asked to end on a positive note for a change.

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LETTERS

Dear Last Post:

It always warms the heart crowds to find people chipping windows into Ma Bell's labyrinthine house. Two of its darker closets unremarked in Chodos' and Burgess' report perhaps deserve mention. Both may well involve Canada, and both are based on inspired variations on the creative use of subsidiaries. These are military contracting, and Comsat-Intelsat.

C&B commented on the curious situation of a regulated utility company possessing an unregulated manufacturing subsidiary. A.T. & T. is curiouser yet: Western Electric, the mfg. subsidiary, and the parent company share ownership of a bevy of non-profit companies. The opportunities for creative book-keeping afforded by a profit utility and its profit manufacturing subsidiary owning non-profits are truly mind-boggling. Bell Laboratories, Bellcom and Sandia Corporation fall in this category. Bell Labs is the designer, and Western Electric the prime contractor for the grotesque generations of weapons progressing through Nike-Ajax, Nike-Hercules, Nike-Zeus, Nike-X, to Sentinel and Safeguard Anti-Ballistic Missiles (with warheads targeted over Canadian metropolises). Bellcom was created specifically to accept contracts from NASA, and Sandia to accept contracts from the Atomic Energy Commission for nuclear weapons development. The device of the non-profit subsidiary has successfully concealed from the widows and orphans touted as Ma Bell's financiers just what they are financing.

Although a company that will go to such lengths to protect the feelings of widows and orphans can't be all bad, has anyone taken a careful look at what Bell Northern Research has been researching lately?

What has happened in the last few years re. international satellites I don't know, but the beginnings were certainly auspicious, for the telephone company: Comsat was chartered by the U.S. Congress for the purpose of organizing an international satellite system. Predictably, it fell largely under the control of A.T. & T. It then set about to create the ultimate *de facto* subsidiary, Intelsat,

whose board of directors would be made up of the foreign ministers of the participating countries. If this has developed along its originally announced lines, Mr. Sharp and Mr. Kissinger share the distinction of representing their respective countries on the board of a second-level subsidiary of A.T. & T. It is only marginally facetious to suggest this turns the participating nations into third-level, and I presume, non-profit, subsidiaries of the Great Mother.

Wilson E. Merrill
Nainaimo

Dear Last Post:

In your current issue you have a short piece titled "The hon. members from oil".

One of the hon. members is alleged to be one Eldon Woolliams (P.C. Calgary North). If your magazine were read in oil company offices here in town, the whole city would be ringing with great guffaws of laughter from oil's decision makers. To suggest that Eldon is the sort of person they would choose to present their interests in Ottawa is richly ludicrous.

The simple fact is that Eldon is stupid, too stupid in fact to recognize his own stupidity. Oilmen are not stupid. They do not choose stupidity to represent them in Ottawa. They choose, instead, capable men like Peter Bowden, another of your hon. members. Briefly, in passing, you will remember that Bowden's seat was held prior to October 1972 by Pat Mahoney, a junior Liberal cabinet minister who piloted the tax reform legislation through the House of Commons. Oil was not amused; Bowden was anointed as oil's main man in the Progressive Conservative party; and Mahoney was soundly thrashed in October, almost losing his deposit.

Bawden is in truth an hon. member from oil. But Eldon Woolliams? Dear me, dear me *Last Post*.

In closing, I beg you to do some genuine muckraking in future articles about oil. Your past articles dealing with the oil industry have been much too bland. Go after the dirt that most assuredly is there.

Lloyd A. Williams
Calgary

Dear Last Post:

Why did the *Last Post* reprint Pomonti's article "IN VIETNAM THE WAR CONTINUES" which was as loaded with lies and half truths as anything the Nixon press vomits out?

Surely there is sufficient documentation at your disposal which deals with accurate facts! Why not tell your readers about the real violators of the Paris Agreement (which wasn't even mentioned) as the U.S. the first eight months after the cease-fire sent 86,000 bombs, 180,000 tons of other munitions, 112,000 ground-to-air missiles, 35 tanks and 35 armoured personnel carriers into Saigon, and expects to spend \$3.4 billion throughout S.E. Asia in the fiscal period ending June 30, 1974. (UPI-Washington Post, 2/16/74).

Surely your magazine should be above reprinting, (without so much as a comment), reports about the "Communists (who) would have to abandon their 5th column operations and call off their needling attacks", when you know full well that the reverse happens to be the case. I had already submitted material to you on my return from Hanoi telling about the Oct. 15th meeting at the PRG Embassy when the formal announcement was made that they could no longer tolerate the 20,000 'nibbling operations' being carried on by Thieu's air force (3rd largest in the world) and would henceforth defend themselves by attacking the violators at their own base. It should be noted that the PRG have no air force, and yet in defending their own territory, Pomonti designates these as "needling attacks."

To suggest that "the people in S. Vietnam seem to have lost all sense of direction" is to ignore the growing strength of the Third Force which is openly rallying behind such respected leaders as Mme. Ngo Ba Than, recently released from a 2 years brutal prison sentence. She is now delivering press conferences right in the heart of Saigon, so who is "opting to defer (the war's) end?"

And to presume to write about the present situation in S. Vietnam without even mentioning the existence of the 200,000 prisoners still held illegally, still being tortured and murdered can only be rated the vilest brand of deliberate omission — no reporter in Saigon today can possibly avoid seeing the 'White Mice' (police wearing light grey uniforms with wide white bands on hats and belts) as they check identity cards and trundle the not so infrequent victims into patrol cars.

On reading this kind of rubbish in your last issue, one feels driven to ask "which side are you on, anyway?"

Claire Culhane
N. Burnaby



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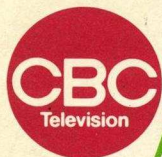


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