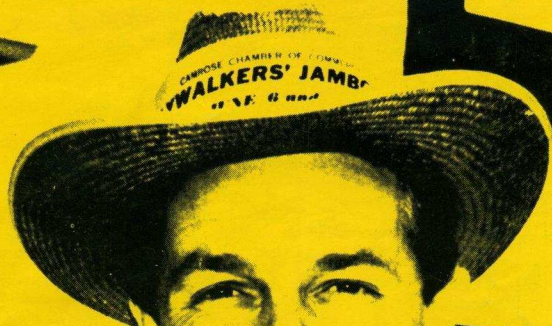


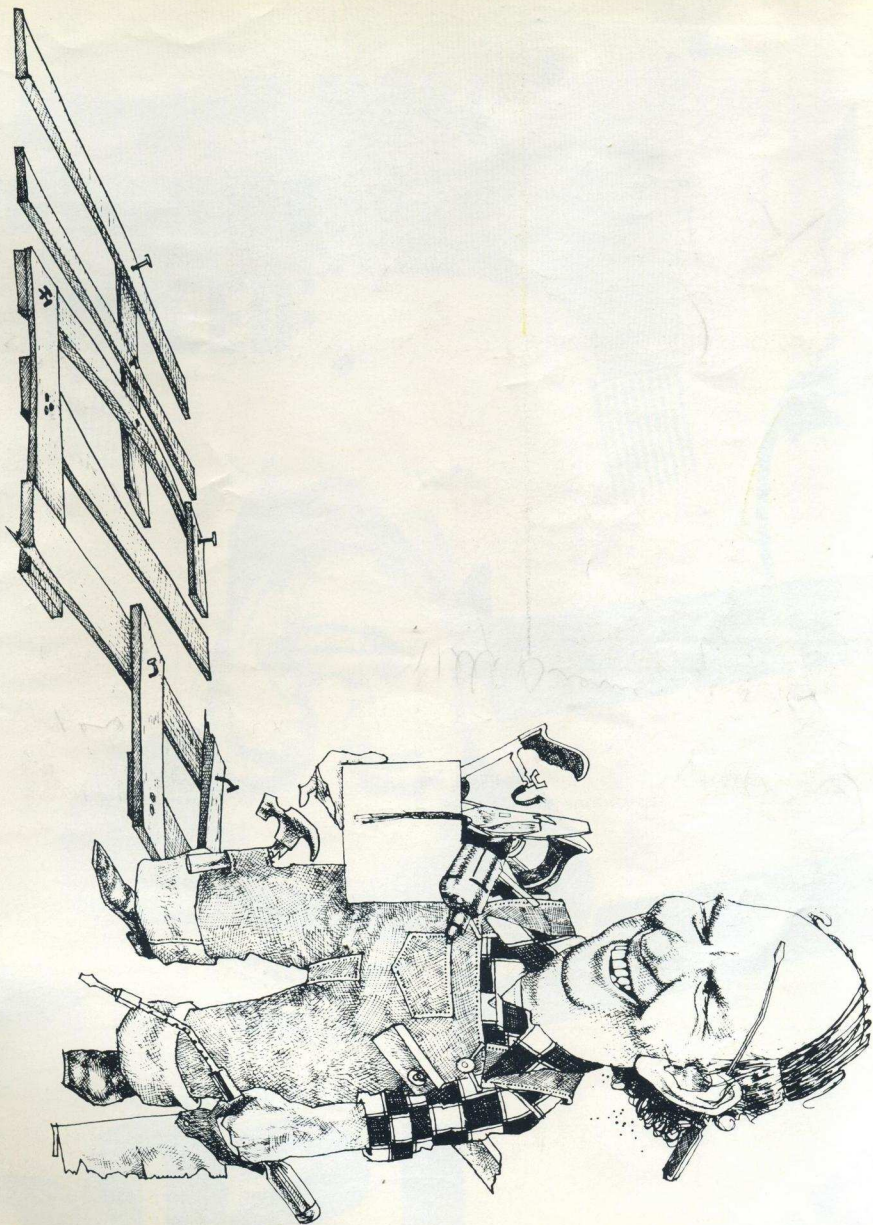
THE LAST POST

FEBRUARY 1976/75 CENTS

**TAKEOVER:
Sask. goes
to the brink**



**LOUGHEED:
the politics
of the New West**



ANPIN 天

THE LAST POST

February 1976, Vol. 5, No. 3

CONTENTS

THE MONTH 4

Blakeney's gamble
by Dennis Gruending
Monument *by Anne Roberts*
Conglomerates *by Eric Hamovitch*
Expulsion *by Robert Chodos*
The Last Pssst *by Claude Balloune*



Lougheed:
The New West
by Larry Pratt
page 16



Blakeney:
Resource takeover
by Dennis Gruending
page 4

Racism:
Old and new
by Michael Morrow
page 31



Castro:
The next challenge
by Robert Chodos
page 24

REAR VIEW 40

Diefenbaker
by Rae Murphy
Found poems
by Patrick MacFadden
Quebec's war
by Malcolm Reid
Science report
by Democritus
Still Rohming
by Tom Colton
Ray Guy
by Robert Chodos
Bellowing babes
by Margo Lamont

We wish to thank the Ontario Arts Council for its financial assistance under its periodicals program.

The Last Post is produced by an editorial board.

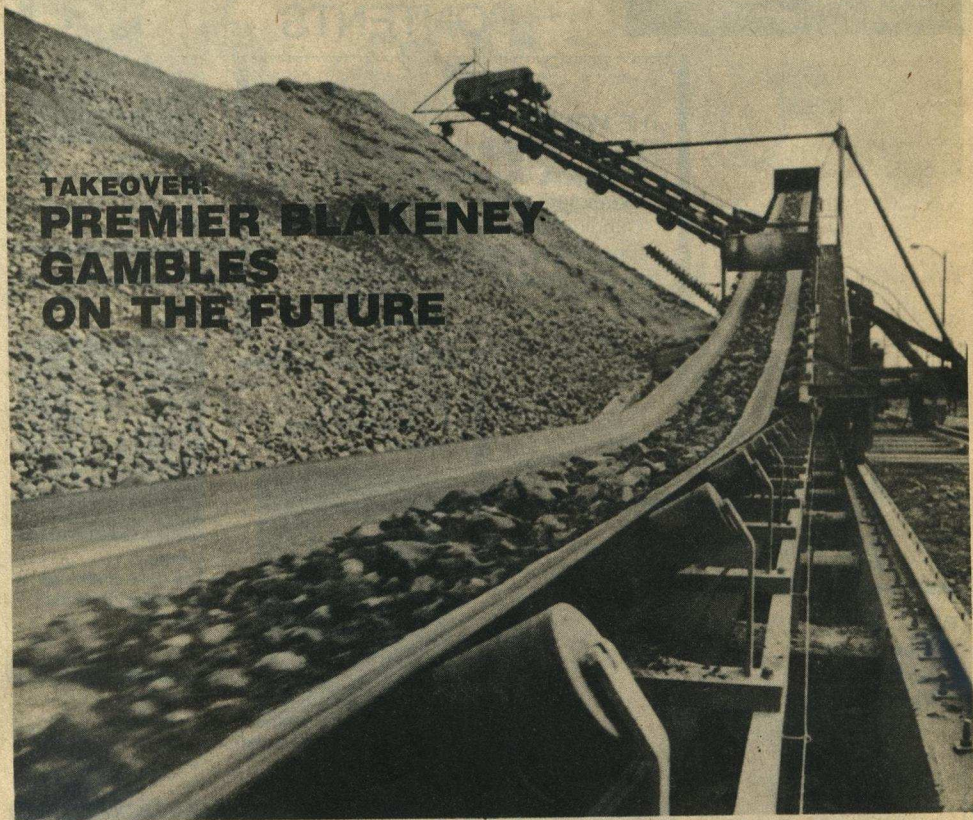
Production this issue: Nick auf der Maur, Patrick Brown, Drummond Burgess, Robert Chodos, Tom Colton, David Crandall, Dennis Gruending, Eric Hamovitch, Oliver Irwin, Margo Lamont, Patrick MacFadden, Michael Morrow, Terry Mosher, Rae Murphy, Larry Pratt, John Richards, Malcolm Reid, Anne Roberts.

Published by the Canadian Journalism Foundation, a non-profit corporation, 454 King St. W., Rm. 302, Toronto, Ont., M5V 1L6. Phone: (416) 366-1134. Address all editorial and business correspondence to the Last Post, 454 King St. W., Rm. 302, Toronto, Ont., M5V 1L6. Phone: (416) 366-1134. In Montreal: 4233 av. de l'Esplanade, Montreal, Que. Phone: (514) 288-6060. Managing Editor: Drummond Burgess; Business Manager: Elsie Murphy.

Typeset and assembled by Heritage Press. Printed by Les Editions du Richelieu. Contents copyright 1975. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be duplicated in any way without prior written permission from the publisher. Last Post is indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index. CDN ISSN 0023-8651. Second Class Mail Registration No. 2315. Postage Paid at Montreal.

THE MONTH

TAKEOVER: PREMIER BLAKENEY GAMBLES ON THE FUTURE



Saskatchewan produces 24 per cent of the world's potash and has 40 per cent of the world's reserves

by DENNIS GRUENDING

REGINA — It caught most everyone by surprise. There had been rumours, of course, but no one really expected Al Blakeney and his New Democrats to take over the province's potash industry.

But there it was in the Throne Speech, Thursday, Nov. 13. The Lieutenant-Governor droned on and on as the MLAs, old and new, sat stiffly upright, playing men of affairs to their packed galleries.

"You will therefore be asked at this

Session to approve legislation which will enable my Government to acquire the assets of some or all of the producing mines in the Province."

The press, armed with the speech at nine o'clock in the morning, was already scurrying for reactions.

"Where the terms of an agreement for sale can be reached between my Government and a selected potash company, it will not be necessary to invoke the legislation. Where such an agreement cannot be reached, however, the legislation will enable my Government to ex-

propriate the Saskatchewan assets of that company. . . ."

The Who's Who of the Saskatchewan Mining Association were already on jets, bound for Winnipeg, where ostensibly they were attending a technical meeting.

"Although the size of the potential investment by the Province is large, it will be a fully self-liquidating investment, paid for by potash mined in the future. No tax increases will be required, nor will general revenues be diverted to meet capital requirements for this venture."

Dave Steuart, leader of the Opposition Liberals, emerged from the Assembly, borrowed a copy of the speech from an anxious newsmen, then retreated behind his office door before appearing to make a statement a quarter of an hour later.

What had they done? What did it mean?

Steuart and his 14 fellow Liberals could answer neither of those questions with any certainty.

But if Blakeney and the government proceed as planned they are going to execute the biggest nationalization of a resource industry that Canada has ever known.

Potash is an essential ingredient in many agricultural fertilizers. Saskatchewan produces 24 per cent of the world's potash and under its prairie lies 40 per cent of the world's known reserves. At current rates of production, those reserves will last for more than 1,000 years, returning hundreds of billions of dollars to someone.

Rare display of candour

The Throne Speech and Blakeney's comments to a press conference that day outlined the government's intentions with a rare display of candour.

Potash production is controlled by a group of multi-national companies. At a time of unprecedented prices and a strong demand the companies are refusing to expand their operations in the province, a move which threatens Saskatchewan's predominant position as a supplier of the mineral. The companies have refused to accept the government as an equity partner in proposed or existing mines, they have refused to provide detailed financial statements to the government as required by law, and they have challenged government taxes in the courts.

Under those circumstances, Blakeney said, the government decided to take "effective control" of the industry, taking ownership of at least half of the productive capacity, probably within 18 months.

Although it was difficult to predict the expenditure, he said, likely it will be between \$500 million and \$1 billion. Some of that money will come from the existing \$200 million energy fund. Most of the remainder will be borrowed on the open market with potash revenues used to repay the money.

Where sale prices cannot be negotiated with the companies, a three-member arbitration board, acceptable to all parties, and headed by a senior judge,

will establish a price. Either side will be free to appeal that price in the courts.

Turbulent history

The Saskatchewan potash industry has had a rather brief, but turbulent history.

Early in the century geological surveys found an unusually high percentage of potash in saline waters, and in 1943 potash was encountered in a drill hole sunk for oil. Due to some difficulties in recovery and to its own politics at the time, the CCF government decided in the 1950s that it would not develop potash publicly.

Private (American) industry arrived and the first potash was mined in 1958. Throughout the 1960s, a wild building spree ensued and 10 mines were in production by the end of the decade. Six were controlled by American companies, three by Canadian, and one by a French-German syndicate.

The wild over-expansion of the 1960s coincided with poor economic conditions in global agriculture and prices plummeted from \$41 a ton in 1965 to \$21 a ton in 1969. Temporarily at least, the industry lost the tight control it traditionally had enjoyed over potash prices.

American potash development was centred in New Mexico. When prices began to fall off, those American companies which had no mines in Canada began to make tight, gurgling noises about the cheap Canadian potash which was being sold to the American midwest. One Canadian company, Noranda, had entered a partnership with an American farmers' co-operative, and was effectively ruining the cartel.

Washington responded by setting the machinery in motion to pass anti-dumping legislation against Canadian potash. Saskatchewan's Liberal government bowed to the pressure and promised to limit Saskatchewan production, establishing a quota system among the mines and setting a floor price to ensure profits.

The NDP opposed the quota system while it was in Opposition but felt no trepidation in administering it once in power after the 1971 election.

But within a few years world agriculture, and potash markets, began to rebound. Potash which sold for \$21 a ton in 1969 sold for \$75 a ton in 1975.

In 1972 and 1973 the province raised the unrealistically low royalty rates (the province received about \$7 million in all potash taxes in 1972-73). In 1974, the province implemented an additional potash "reserves tax" which used a com-



CUSO: involvement that lasts a lifetime

We provide skilled Canadians to work with the people of developing countries. With them. Alongside them. Not out of charity, or pity, or guilt. But because we believe co-operation is the route to a better, more just, more equitable world. We don't offer much money, fringe benefits or promotional opportunities.

We offer
INVOLVEMENT.

WANT TO GET
INVOLVED?

WRITE:
CUSO
Recruitment G5
151 Slater Street,
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 5H5
(613)237-0390

plex formula, including production levels, production capacity, capital investment and the selling price of the ore, to calculate a tax.

At that point the federal government stepped in, saying the province was intruding upon Ottawa's taxing space. In 1974, the federal government decided not to allow the companies to deduct the reserves tax for the purposes of federal income tax.

The companies, never happy with the reserves tax, went to the courts to try and prove it unconstitutional. That case still has not been settled.

They complained they were being taxed at a rate of 80 per cent of pre-tax profits, but would not provide the province with financial information to prove those claims because, they said, they feared the government would one day become a competitor with some publicly-owned mines.

Finally, they announced that they would cancel hundreds of millions of dollars of expansion plans in Saskatchewan, diverting their money to other areas of their international operations where returns would be higher.

There were few specific statements

HARRY TRUMAN HAS BEEN PLAGIARIZING AGAIN

To demonstrate its good faith, the Civic Party will also have to convince the Chairman of the Executive Committee, Mr. Gerard Niding, not to panic when he sees a reporter. Or as a friend of Mr. Drapeau's, John Diefenbaker, is fond of saying, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen."

— Claude Turcotte, *La Presse*, November 29, 1975

made about potash during the provincial election in June, 1975. But while the NDP talked vaguely about "a greater measure of public ownership" a group of civil servants had been working for months investigating a massive government move into the industry.

One government MLA describes Al Blakeney as a "master manipulator." He saw a confrontation building with the industry for years, may even have helped it along.

"Totally unnecessary." Liberal leader Steuart was saying as he emerged from his office for a hasty press conference. "This is the greatest risk ever taken by a provincial government, certainly by the province of Saskatchewan."

A breach of trust, "a sad state of affairs," editorialized the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*.

When reaction did come from the industry a day or two later, it called the government's action "monstrous", "totally unfair", and implied at every turn that it was "un-Canadian."

Whether or not it was "un-Canadian," depends upon one's definition of that term.

But Steuart was right. Once the companies had exhausted their rhetoric of the medieval morality play, the fact remains that there is some risk involved on the government's part.

A calculated political risk. The last major battle involving a Saskatchewan NDP government was the medicare crisis in 1962. It appeared at the time that the government won, but it also lost the next election. That was an experience which haunted many members of caucus, and since many of them are still around, the

ALBERTA:

THE MONUMENT THAT WASHED AWAY

by ANNE ROBERTS

EDMONTON — The monument that Alberta's Progressive Conservative government planned to build for itself was swept away in a flood of revelations that a dam on Edmonton's river was not only useless, but it would create a veritable cesspool.

The dam — or the weir as the Lougheed government preferred to call it — was promised to the people of Edmonton during the provincial election campaign as part of a grand \$35 million scheme to create a park in Edmonton's river valley. The \$7 million weir was hailed as the crowning feature.

Edmonton city council's quick acceptance of this generous gift ignored the fact that the vast majority of the North Saskatchewan River valley is already preserved as park land. The city council also neglected to ask what was the point of the weir.

The Capitol City Park proposal included pedestrian walkways across the river, additional paths through the underbrush, and more recreational areas,

but these are not stuff enough for monuments. The real memorial, which was to be completed in time for the 1978 Commonwealth Games, was the weir which would raise the water level about 15 feet, creating a mini-lake stretching nine miles upstream to the legislature building. Architects' drawings showed Edmonton as a water wonderland, with boaters, skiers, and swimmers frolicking in the summer sun.

Though some citizens and community organizations questioned the value of the weir and expressed fears that it would cause further erosion of the river's already fragile banks, the protests were mere murmurings until October.

This was so even after a government task force study tabled in the legislature in June revealed that the weir would increase the potential for sewage and sedimentation build-up, increase algae growth, create more gravel bars, increase bank erosion, and offer only limited recreational benefits.

The then Environment Minister Bill Yurko promised Edmontonians that the problems would be studied further and

corrected if necessary. And so citizens ready to do battle settled in to wait for the 10 different private consultants' reports commissioned by the government.

However, before their release, the government took the first formal step on October 15 toward construction of the weir by issuing a public notice calling for anyone with "a bona fide interest" to file objections before November 10.

The notice turned the murmurings into a roar. City commissioners openly questioned the wisdom of the weir. Alderman Ron Hayter said it was time to re-examine the provincial-city agreement on the weir. And community groups protested that they did not have adequate information to submit positions to the government.

Environment Minister Dave Russell, Yurko's successor, responded by saying it would be bad protocol to release the reports until the provincial-city management committee had time to study them. Assuring the public, Russell said he had seen the latest report and it gave no cause for changing the plans to construct the weir.

memories are too.

An ambitious move into the resource industry represents a new watershed, an indication that the action now is in the economy and not in social welfare legislation.

The government's opponents are formidable. The Pennzoil company, the Anglo-American corporation, PPG industries (formerly Pittsburg Paint and Glass), and Canadian Pacific, just to mention a few.

They can afford to throw virtually limitless amounts of money at the province's few media outlets in a saturation publicity campaign. They will have ready political allies in the provincial Liberals and rejuvenated Progressive Conservative party in the Legislature.

They will be supported by the provincial, and more important, the Canadian business community. A survey of 30 Canadian and American corporations conducted in Montreal by the *Canadian Press* a day after the announcement indicated that 29 of them would be "negatively influenced" regarding further investment in Saskatchewan and (in the American case) Canada.

The federal government has thrown its

APP-160
CARDINAL

VATICAN CITY, NOV 2 (AP) — THE DEATH OF CARDINAL JEROME RAKUTOMALA, THE FIRST MALAGASY CARDINAL, YESTERDAY REDUCES THE NUMBER OF AFRICAN CARDINALS TO SEVEN.

AT PRESENT THERE ARE 121 CARDINALS IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. CARDINAL RAKUTOMALA WAS MAD

////

And we don't vouch for the other 121 either

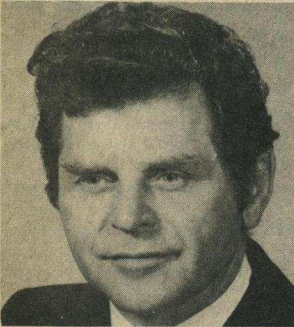
hat into the ring too. Otto Lang, Mr. Big Liberal in Saskatchewan, called the move "provincial stupidity" and has indicated that the federal government will make a convenient reconsideration of its earlier policy not to tax provincial Crown Corporations.

But Blakeney *et al* have some strong points working for them too. The NDP supporters seem eager to heed Blakeney's melodramatic call to "gird (your) loins" for a fight. That became apparent at the party's annual convention which commenced two days after the Throne Speech.

By making his move shortly after a provincial election Blakeney gives his government four years to produce some results, and makes it more difficult for the opposition to maintain any campaigns of public hysteria which might affect the next election.

(But one problem may be labour's disgust with the provincial government for its ambiguous stance on federal wage and price controls. While the government is calling upon its labour supporters to rally behind the potash takeovers, labour is

Continued on next page



Bill Yurko made promises

The report surfaced anyway when a disgruntled government employee turned a copy over to the CBC at the end of October. And the report revealed that the river within the proposed park was so polluted that backing up the river would create a cesspool. Swimming would be absolutely out of the question. In addition, boating was only marginally safe on the small portion of the river upstream from the city's sewage treatment plant, the primary culprit, and below it, no water-based recreation should be allowed. To make the river safe, from \$50



Dave Russell admitted defeat

to \$100 million would have to be spent.

The report, done by private consultants D. R. Stanley and Associates Ltd., said that as much as 88 million gallons of sewage bypassed the treatment plant in 1974 and went directly into the river.

As if that gave no cause for changing plans to build the weir, another report said that without the weir, existing water levels and water flow rates were perfectly acceptable for canoeing and boating on those portions of the river clean enough for those activities. This report con-

cluded that despite government assurances that a weir would improve water recreation, the only real benefit of the weir would be for large-scale tour boats, a business tried once before and cancelled for lack of interest.

At the time the reports were surfacing, a provincial official was asked to explain the point of the weir. He said, in a dumbfounded tone: "You don't question the value of a statue or a water fountain. They just are."

For Dave Russell, the weir controversy came at an unfortunate time. STOP (Save Tomorrow, Oppose Pollution) released a report within the week that warned of the possibility of the "severest environmental degradation" in the Athabasca tar sands. Yurko had repeatedly promised that all environmental information would be made public, and the government was caught with its pants down once again.

Russell admitted defeat on November 7 and announced that the plans for the weir had been scrapped. And with apparent petulance, the minister said the province also planned to strike out the \$7 million allocation for the weir from the park budget.

No mention was made of any provincial aid to clean up the river.

planning tactics to oppose wage and price controls, and possibly to oppose the provincial government.)

The sleek affluence radiated by the companies, with all of their international connections, could bomb in any sustained public relations campaign. Already Blakeney has allowed them to play out yards of lethal rope in their refusal to provide the government with financial details, and in their tactic of going repeatedly to the courts over taxes.

Finally, in any battle for the public's mind the potash companies do not have the advantages which the medical profession had in 1962. The public's relationship with, and dependence upon, the corner potash mine owner cannot be compared to the dependence which patients had upon their physicians.

Blakeney can use the promise of head offices and head office jobs in Saskatchewan. Currently the industry's club, the Canadian Potash Producers' Association, can meet without leaving Toronto although all of Canada's potash is mined in Saskatchewan.

The battle of words and of the airwaves also will be a battle of numbers.

Stewart says it's a bad deal, that Blakeney is "playing riverboat gambler with the taxpayers' money."

Blakeney says it will be a good deal for this and future generations.

Stewart argues that the government will not make anything on the mines for 20 years because of the huge debt it will have to service. He estimates that it will cost the government about \$250 million to buy each mine. In doing so he uses the industry analogy of a potash mine and a



Blakeney: master manipulator?

home or a piece of land which appreciates over the years.

The government has responded with the analogy of a potash mine and a used car. A mine's machinery depreciates rather rapidly and the resource, although plentiful now, is non-renewable.

But regardless of the immediate profitability or lack of it in potash mines, the eventual stakes of controlling the resources are enormous. A thousand years is a long time. There will be ups and downs in the markets but the world will always need food, and to grow it the world will need fertilizer. And Saskatchewan has 40 per cent of the

known reserves.

Company officials and the political opposition have been quick to use the familiar threat that customers may buy elsewhere because of political preferences. Saskatchewan's best customer is the U.S., which buys 70 per cent of annual production.

But where is the U.S. going to go? It is no longer self-sufficient in potash and any political preferences by the Americans will probably fade when they contemplate the transportation costs of a bulky product from Europe or Africa.

The newest giant on the horizon in potash production is the Soviet Union. Detente notwithstanding, the Americans are known not to be great admirers of the Russian political system either.

At any rate, it would probably be healthy for Canada to diversify its markets for potash, something which could serve a desperate need in the developing countries if decent forms of trade can be negotiated.

Perhaps the provincial government has dealt a stronger hand than it wants to play out. Perhaps its potash legislation is one last, big hedge against an intransigent and belligerent industry and it would settle for less than "effective control". Perhaps.

But then the province may have taken a lesson from other countries where the revenues from nationalized resource industries are being used to develop aluminum smelters, steel mills, electricity, re-forestation projects, and so on.

Those governments, too, were no doubt once accused with equivalent epithets to "un-Canadian".

A Challenge to Canada's Alternate Press

The editors and board of *Next Year Country*, Saskatchewan's only newsmagazine, are being sued by a number of Saskatoon developers in connection with a story on land development in that city which the magazine published a year ago. A total of \$180,000 in damages is being sought.

NYC is fighting the challenge. We look to supporters and publishers of other alternate publications in the country for support. If the Saskatoon developers are successful in silencing NYC, other publications may begin to feel the heat from influential groups and people they attack.

To fight back NYC will need plenty of money — funds for lawyers, for further research into the case and for a series of public meetings and pamphlets to mobilize support. Our immediate goal is \$5,000.

We need whatever financial help supporters of the Canadian alternate press can provide. Please make cheques payable to *NYC Defence Fund*, and send them to NYC, Box 3446, Regina, Saskatchewan. As a token of our thanks we'll be glad to send you a complimentary copy of our current issue. Any funds received that may not prove necessary to our defence will be used for general magazine financing.

BRYCE COMMISSION: DOES IT KNOW WHERE IT'S GOING?

by ERIC HAMOVITCH

OTTAWA — During the first round of hearings of the Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration there occurred a rather quaint discussion on land and housing prices. Vancouver architect Donald Gutstein and architecture student Bill Henderson had submitted a brief critical of the Belgian-controlled conglomerate Genstar. They were engaged by the chairman of the royal commission, Robert Bryce:

"Is it not the case," Bryce began, "that tens or hundreds of thousands of Canadians are now buying homes, buying property, to try and protect themselves against inflation? It seems to me that if you are going to try to sequester in some way the gains that arise in property values through the passage of time and the process of inflation, you are going to have a terrible problem. I don't think you are going to have a very politically attractive proposition."

Two conceptions clash

"It may not be very popular," replied Henderson, "with those people who have enough funds to be heavily involved in buying land, but I think it would be very popular with the others who have hardly any money for buying land, who can barely afford to pay even the rent."

"Please, please!" Bryce protested. "There are hundreds of thousands — you know this is what is going on in the housing market. All sorts of people — my children included — are very anxious to buy a new house, even if they got a free house to live in from some job. Why? Because it is one of the few ways that the average person can protect himself in some degree against inflation. This is what is happening to property values in the country, surely."

Henderson disagreed. "What we have here is a situation where the people in the middle, the people able to afford one house, are able at least to keep abreast of inflation by investing in land or in property. We have a much greater percentage of the population who cannot afford to buy any land at all and therefore become the victims of that practice and then we have a very small minority of large land owners which are usually the develop-



Robert Bryce: thinks the workers drive up housing prices

ment corporations who are able to buy large tracts of land and in fact further that trend."

"I suggest to you," Bryce concluded, unperturbed, "that it is the efforts of a great number of the workers in Canada to own their own homes, you know. I am not talking about the plutocrats. I am talking about the workers. That is one of the main forces driving up the price of land in the country and that is perfectly understandable. One of the great discoveries of the last decade is that the stock market is no protection against inflation, and this has been a rude shock to many people, poor people as well as rich people. Land is one of the few refuges which seems left for the common man. I am not talking about the plutocrat. I think if you are trying to understand the kind of

process you are talking about one has to bear that in mind in an inflationary period. Is that an unreasonable interpretation?"

So we witness a clash between two different perceptions of the world, not the only one which has occurred thus far in the course of the hearings.

Corporate concentration

Normally, corporate concentration is not the stuff of which headlines are made, and nor, for that matter, are royal commissions.

Corporate concentration, like foreign ownership, is one of those things that seems merely to exist rather than to actually happen. And yet a perusal of the financial press will show that acquisitions and mergers are occurring on an



Paul Desmarais: faced the toughest questioning

almost daily basis. Obviously these have the effect of increasing corporate concentration, but most people aren't much interested, and so despite the influences that corporate concentration may have on our daily lives, we hear little about it.

Or at least in most cases. When the mammoth Power Corporation attempted last April to take over Argus, another huge holding company, we did hear something about it. We heard that the federal government had no policy to deal with the creation of what many regarded as a dangerous concentration of power in the hands of a single corporate management. We heard that even had the government wished to prevent the takeover, it could do so only by persuasion and not by statute. (As it happened, the takeover bid was stopped or at least delayed by the reluctance of a key Argus partner to sell.) And we heard that the government was setting up a Royal Commission to examine some of the questions that had been raised.

Is corporate bigness in the general interest? Is corporate power in Canada concentrated in too few hands? Are new safeguards needed to protect the public interest in the presence of the great concentrations of corporate power? These are some of the questions which the mandate of the commission addressed;

many of us have ready answers, but the people in Parliament's East Block evidently don't.

The exact wording of the mandate was so vague that a good deal more could be read into it, and it was obviously necessary to interpret it somewhat narrowly, but not, perhaps, as narrowly as it has been interpreted. In a statement last June the commission said it would not deal specifically with competition policy, foreign ownership or the Bank Act, but would deal with these topics only as they impinged on other matters. Nor, it was announced on the first day of hearings, would the question of energy prices be dealt with.

These are rather glaring omissions in the study of corporate power, but the

commission members felt they were being adequately dealt with by other government bodies. Moreover, the government was pressuring them to submit their final report before the end of 1976, so they lacked the time even if they had the inclination.

Some of those presenting briefs have questioned whether indeed they do have the inclination to study these social matters, let alone some of the special and philosophical implications of corporate power. The Corporate Research Group, representing a small group of writers who have published works on corporate topics, were the first to be heard when public hearings opened in Ottawa on November 3. They challenged the make-up of the commission and some of its procedures, alleging that there was a built-in pro-corporate bias, and they urged some changes.

The commissioners

The commission chairman, Robert Bryce, is a former deputy minister of finance. The other two commissioners are Robert Dickerson, a corporate lawyer who has also served on other government bodies, and Pierre Nadeau, an oil company president and director of the Royal Bank, which played a central role in the attempted Argus takeover. (For more on their backgrounds, see *Last Post*, December 1975).

A common practice in selecting various government commissions and tribunals is to have them chaired by judges or others who are at least nominally independent of government and of special interests, and to have the remaining members represent conflicting viewpoints. The Royal Commission on Corporate Concentration was chosen differently, though. How likely is the chairman to support recommendations going against the grain of policies he helped formulate when he was deputy minister of finance? How effectively will the anti-corporate viewpoint get across?

FINE DISTINCTION OF THE MONTH

Well you know that in the fall of 1973, the price of petroleum began going up, and has gone up more than four times since then. Which means essentially that Canadians are sending four times more of their wealth to the OPEC nations than they were as little as three years ago. So when we send that kind of wealth out of our country, in order to buy a product the cost of which has gone up, it means two things. This is not inflation; this means that the cost of living has gone up.

— Prime Minister Trudeau speaking to the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, Halifax, November 13, 1975.

As a royal commission of inquiry, its primary function is to elicit information rather than to conduct an inquisition, and this information factor is the measure that must be applied in assessing the value of the questions put to witnesses. Not unexpectedly, the majority of witnesses appearing before the commission represent large corporations, and they seek, of course, to put their companies in the most favourable light and to try to show that the benefits to the general interest of corporate bigness outweigh the possible dangers.

Those corporations that have submitted briefs have done so to put a case across, in other words to serve their own interests. They have done so on a voluntary basis, and the commission doesn't want to jeopardize their co-operation; but on the other hand they are big boys, well able to look after themselves. They know the inside story, and it is the commission's job to pry as much information as feasible from them. The questioning has been tough on occasion, but at times some rather dicey statements have been allowed to get by with little or no challenge.

The oil companies

"We are not aware," stated Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas in their brief, "of any significant concentration of corporate power in the oil and gas industry in Canada." D. C. Jones, president of the company, which is 53 per cent owned by Continental Oil of the U.S., later clarified this curious pronouncement by indicating that it referred only to the exploration and production end of the business, where his company is involved. But even according to his own figures, ten companies account for 66 per cent of wellhead production. It would have been useful to know what he did consider constituted concentration of corporate power, and what proportion of Hudson's Bay's output was sold to companies other than the handful of giants which so clearly dominate the industry. Unfortunately, he wasn't asked.

Alberta Gas Trunk Line stressed in its brief the importance to the "community" of having a large company such as itself under the management and control of western Canadians. It appears, however, that when the company was set up in 1948, the major foreign-controlled oil companies were given control of the Board through their Class B shareholdings on account of their unhappiness at seeing a Canadian-owned company play a major role in a business providing



CANADA

ROYAL COMMISSION ON CORPORATE CONCENTRATION

Hearings

The first set of public hearings has been extended to January 1976, and will be held at:

City	Date	Place
MONTREAL	JANUARY 16, 1976	QUEEN ELIZABETH HOTEL
TORONTO	JANUARY 12, 13, 14 20, 21, 22	HYATT REGENCY HOTEL

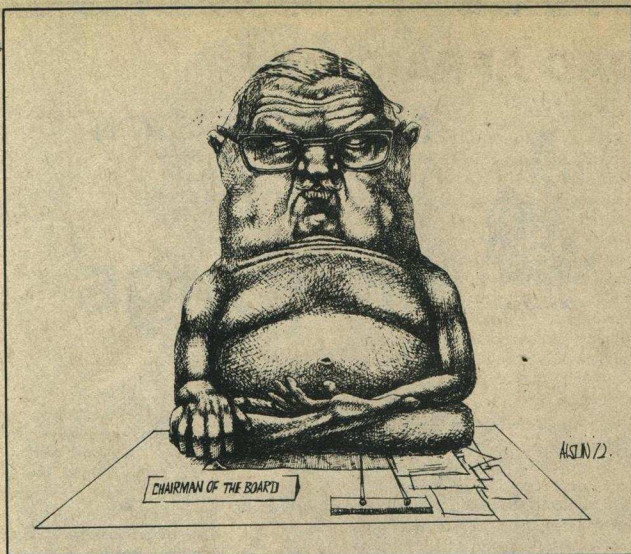
Hours: 9:30 a.m. — 12:00 p.m.
and from 2:00 in the afternoon

SECOND SET OF HEARINGS

The second set of hearings will commence on March 22, 1976. Specific locations and dates will be announced in due course. Organizations and individuals who wish to be heard are invited to file a brief with the Commission no later than February 20, 1976. Briefs submitted after that date will be reviewed by the Commission, but will not be considered at the public hearings.

Those wishing to participate are invited to contact the Executive Secretary for further details, at 140 Wellington Street, Ottawa, K1P 5A2 (613) 995-9706.

Serge Bourque/Executive Secretary



a service essential to their own operations.

Robert Blair, president of Alberta Gas Trunk Line and one of Premier Lougheed's top advisors, explained: "I think there was almost a need to apologize to the industry for it being done [i.e. a Canadian-owned company being set up in that business] at that time, and part of the diplomacy of the time . . . was to provide the industry with control of the Board. . . ." It would have been useful to know what sort of grip the multinational oil industry had on Alberta (and perhaps still has) that a Canadian company had to apologize for going into a related business. But Blair was not asked to elaborate.

Genstar, a Belgian-controlled conglomerate with major interests in real estate, construction, building materials, chemicals and other fields, owns a cement company which with one other company totally dominates the cement industry in western Canada. But this doesn't mean there's any lack of competition, as A. A. MacNaughton, Genstar president, pointed out to the commission: "I think there is a misinterpretation here that because there are only two cement companies in western Canada that the only competition we have is between those two cement companies. There are many other products that are substitutes for cement, so we are not competing only with another cement company. We are

competing with steel, we are competing with wood, we are competing with plastics. . . ." This explanation stood unchallenged.

But not everyone is getting off as lightly. In keeping with the Commission's expressed interest in the formation and management of conglomerates — and more particularly in the formation and management of Power Corp. — by far the toughest questioning to be faced by any of the corporate witnesses has been directed to Power and those of its subsidiaries which have appeared. They have been probed for details of their relations with each other and with other Power subsidiaries, and for particulars of their acquisitions. Not all

the important questions were asked and not all the questions which were asked received clear answers. But by comparison with the weak questioning of some of the other witnesses, it all seems as though the Commission is concentrating its energies more on the investigation of the ambitious Power Corp. than of other giants like Canadian Pacific, or of the broad problem of corporate concentration in general.

There was no consistent pattern in the commission's treatment of non-corporate witnesses. Some were treated with a large measure of cordiality and others with something approaching hostility. The first round of hearings ends January 22, and a full summary will appear in the next issue of the *Last Post*, but one particular case is mentioned here.

When Vancouver architect Donald Gutstein and architecture student Bill Henderson presented their brief in which they alleged that Genstar, through its concentrated land holdings and its vertically integrated structure, was driving up housing prices in certain markets, they called, among other things, for an aggressive capital gains tax on land sales. In response to attacks on their sources, they suggested that they were pointing to an area for the commission to investigate and that their own findings need not necessarily be relied upon, but the commission continued to interrogate them on their sources in a manner more likely to belittle them than to elicit any useful insights.

The second round of hearings begins March 22. To be heard, briefs must be submitted to the commission by February 20.

COVER-UP OF THE MONTH

OTTAWA (CP) — There were crimson faces at the Liberal party convention Friday when a huge Liberal poster proclaiming The Canada That I Want To Build appeared next to photographs of Fidel Castro.

The poster was mistakenly placed beside one of two Chateau Laurier rental showcases containing Yousuf Karsh photo studies of Cuba's Communist leader.

The error was noticed by an embarrassed hotel official who telephoned Mr. Karsh and asked him to replace the photos with something more appropriate.

Mr. Karsh agreed and had the Castro photos replaced by one of Prime Minister Trudeau and one of Brigitte Bardot. In the switch the photo of the French movie star appeared beside the convention poster.

The hotel official said arrangements were being made to have the Bardot photo moved.

— *Edmonton Journal*, November 8, 1975

KARI LEVITT EXPELLED: WHAT'S TRINIDAD AFRAID OF?

by ROBERT CHODOS

MONTREAL — Although most familiar to Canadians as the author of *Silent Surrender*, an examination of the role of multi-national corporations in Canada, Kari Levitt is perhaps better known internationally for her work on the economy of the West Indies.

In the last 15 years, in fact, Mrs. Levitt has virtually commuted between Montreal, where she teaches at McGill University, and Port of Spain, Trinidad, where she has done work for both the Trinidad government and the University of the West Indies. After serving as a visiting professor at UWI in the 1974-75 academic year, she accepted a three-year appointment there beginning this year.

On October 21, however, she was unexpectedly told that her work permit was not being renewed, and that she would have to leave the country. Despite an appeal by the University, supported by Mrs. Levitt's colleagues in the Faculty of Social Sciences, the government refused to reconsider its decision, or even to give reasons for it, and she left Trinidad in

mid-November.

Reasons, however, are not hard to surmise. Although Mrs. Levitt, highly conscious of her status as a visitor in Trinidad, never engaged directly in political activity there (in Canada she has been active in the New Democratic Party and has run for Parliament as an NDP candidate), she has never made any secret of her opposition to the policies of the government of Prime Minister Dr. Eric Williams and particularly to its continuing eagerness to attract foreign investment. At \$1,000 per head, Trinidad has the highest level of per capita foreign investment in the Western Hemisphere.

The work permit system in the West Indies originated as a laudable attempt to force foreign corporations to hire nationals in managerial positions instead of bringing in expatriates as was their historic practice. But it has also been used as a political control mechanism by nervous governments — in this case against a critic of the very corporations that the system was designed to regulate.

The position at UWI to which Mrs.

Levitt was appointed had been vacant for a number of years. The University had advertised the position several times, and appointed Mrs. Levitt only after concluding that it was impossible to find a Trinidadian or other West Indian for the position.

Mrs. Levitt's academic work — on plantation economy, theories and problems of dependency, and the key economic activities of the Caribbean — has been, in her own words, "totally disrupted" by the Trinidad government's decision.

However, she has not asked for any intervention by the Canadian government or by her academic colleagues in Canada. In particular, she is anxious that her situation be kept separate from Canada's double-edged policy toward West Indian immigrants.

"I don't wish my problem to become mixed up with the situation of Trinidadian nationals in Canada and their treatment by the Canadian immigration department," she told a *Montreal Star* reporter. "It's completely extraneous."

Subscribe

\$5 brings you one year
of the best magazine writing in Canada,
with investigative reporting
political comment, news briefs, humour
reviews and cartoons

Last Post

the Last Pssst



by Claude Balloune



Food for thought, eh, Robert?

Galloping gourmets: Just how bad are things going for Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa? Well, recently the Premier went out to dinner with Pierre Pascau, former host of *Canada AM* and now a Montreal hot-liner. The pair went to three different restaurants. All were busy, all were full and all refused to find a table. They finally found a spot. Now this means either (a) the Premier likes to be treated like ordinary folk or (b) Maitre d's have poor eyesight or (c) Pierre Pascau has bad breath. When the bowing and scraping stops, can the boot in the rear be far off?

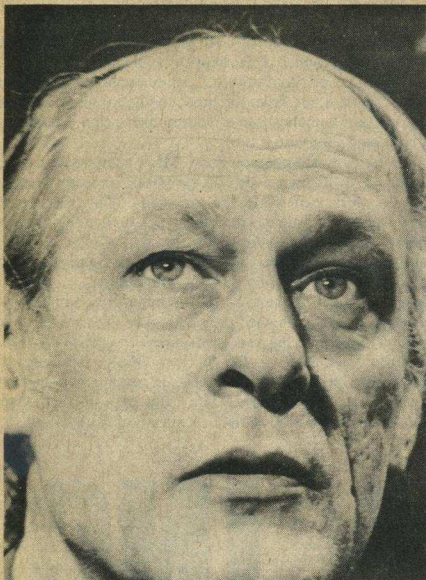
Mungi jumbo: Aside from regular native people's tongues, Canada boasts a rather unusual indigenous language — Mungi. It comes in two varieties, both spoken in the Red River district. Mungi is an amalgam of English, Gaelic and Cree. A bit farther to the North, it's French, Gaelic and Cree. Professor Stobie at the University of Manitoba is the world's leading Mungi scholar.

Shopping list: Remember the famous "shopping list" that the Nixon Administration leaked to the *Chicago Tribune* back in 1971? Called "Grievances against Canada — Major Items", the Treasury Department document listed contentious trade matters, especially in the area of military purchases. And one demand was that Canada forthwith buy the military Lockheed Orion patrol aircraft to replace our aging Argus aircraft. "The Canadians should be told to stop the game of seeing how much 'sourcing' they can get. . . . If the Lockheed plane was bought it would close the gap under the defence production sharing plan by \$250 million or so." Of course at the time everyone was very indignant about this, we would never give in to the Yanks, and so forth. So what has Ottawa just done? — it's just ordered a billion dollars worth of Lockheed Orions. Score one for Washington. But maybe Canada really can't complain — think of all the millions in contracts that our own defence industries were able to hustle during the Vietnam war; it's a mistake to think that Canada is way behind the times when it comes to the merchants of death stuff.

Showbiz: Gilles Vigneault, one of the Quebec chansonniers I admire the most, has taken off a bit of time to write on his farm in the Ottawa Valley near St. Benoit. To pass the time, he got himself a steam shovel which he putters around in digging holes and filling 'em.

On Guard for Thee: The Canadian Armed Forces is planning to establish a new military base close to Schefferville, near the Labrador-Quebec border. The base will be staffed by 2,000 to 2,500 military personnel. This of course brings great joy to the ordinary folk of the iron ore mining town — pop. 4,000, mostly male.

Northern notes: Moshe Safdie, architect of Habitat 67, was brought in by the department of northern affairs to design some housing for the native people in Frobisher Bay. He produced a kind of geodesic igloo with a plexi-glass roof. The idea of the roof was that since in winter there is so little light up in Frobisher Bay, what little light there was would get in through the transparent roof. However, some meddlesome engineer discovered later that in winter the sun's angle is so low, it wasn't high enough to hit the roof. However, in summer it was so high it would definitely hit the roof 24 hours or so a day, making it



No 'negative patronage' for Rene

necessary to air-condition the damn things way up there in Frobisher Bay. Now, normally this would call for the 'back-to-the-drawing-boards' refrain. Not so at northern affairs. They did reject the bids from the first tender call, but apparently are going ahead with the second tender. Cost — about \$92,000 per single family unit. Nice, eh?

Food for thought: Steinberg's is one of the major food chains in Canada. It was founded by **Sam Steinberg**, who, when he retired from the presidency, turned management over to his son-in-law **Mel Dobrin**. Sam didn't have any sons, only daughters, and decided not to turn things over to the other Steinbergs, who were the sons of his brother partners. Things passed to Dobrin, who married Sam's daughter **Mitzi**. But for the past while, Mitzi has refused to take a back seat. She became president of Steinberg's Miracle Mart division and now, I hear, is moving to oust her husband and take over total management control. As reported a few issues back, Mitzi and Mel's home was bombed a while back. The ex-RCMP constable, **Robert Samson**, accused in the affair, is due to go on trial in the spring, more than a year-and-a-half after the incident.

Consternation: A CBC blabbermouth tells me that of the first 65 CBC technicians to apply for Olympic credentials, only 34 have so far received security clearance. Further, CBC will be sending 15 reporters to the Montreal Olympics to cover terrorism events. Their job will be to sit around waiting for something to happen.

Rumour of the month: Would you believe **John Turner** for Air Canada chief?

Journalistic gossip: Talk in Montreal is that **Paul Desmarais**, head of Power Corp. and owner of Montreal's

La Presse, offered **Rene Levesque** \$55,000 a year to be the paper's Paris correspondent. Levesque, as you may notice, turned him down. This may be an example of what we could call "negative patronage," giving political opponents cushy jobs to get rid of them. In a previous column, you may recall I mentioned that the Bourassa regime offered **Judge Robert Cliche**, of construction inquiry fame, the plum of becoming Quebec delegate-general in Paris, in order to remove a potential political threat. Cliche, as I hear it, turned it down but is now vaguely entertaining second thoughts.

Mumbo jumbo: My nomination for the best technocrate of the month goes to the **National Research Council** of Canada for not being able to get it together to figure out their mailing system. To wit, the following letter:

We have received your letter in which you ask us to change your address.

Unfortunately, we are unable to do this because we lack some essential information about you (our code which identifies your recipient group).

Our mailing list is indexed by this code. Your code number appears opposite your name in your address print-out. Without this, retrieval of a name from our system is a difficult and uncertain task. To permit us to remove your address from our list will you please return to us a recent envelope in which you have received our publication, or the envelope you next receive. If you will complete the information requirement on the reverse of the envelope, then send it to the address thereon, we will comply with your request as quickly as possible.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours truly,

Francine Paquette
(Mrs.) Francine Paquette
Public Information Branch

That's our National Research Council. They're responsible for improving our research and technology.

The Royal Mail: First thing Toronto posties had to sort when they returned to work was *Maclean's* — with their pal Bryce Mackasey on the cover. Apparently there was a near revolt in some places. Incidentally, postal workers and letter carriers refer to certain days as *Time Day*, *Maclean's Day*, *Readers' Digest Day* (*Last Post Day?*) etc. That's when the mags are delivered to the post office. It's the favourite time to book off sick.

Bank notes: Apparently the Bank of Montreal — soon to be known as First Canadian Bank — has lost a bundle on the new, unique, improved computer system they introduced to handle MasterCharge. The system fouled up and they had to import well over 40 New York experts to sort things out. They're hard at work in Montreal.

Oily business: **Maurice Strong** was angling for the job as head of Petrocan, but apparently it's going to **Senator Jack Austin** who lives in Rockcliffe Park in a home owned by Strong. Or maybe it's the other way around, the landlord is getting the tenant's job.

Insurance insurance: The powerful insurance lobby has once again succeeded in delaying Quebec plans for introducing no-fault auto insurance, something they've been fighting tooth and nail. Cynics suggest there's a correlation between that decision and the Liberal Party's need for a war chest in the next provincial election, which won't be a Bourassa cake walk.

Welcome to the 'New West'

At first they trickle in slowly, then faster, until by 2:30 they are all in place. Enter the Sergeant-at-Arms carrying the mace, followed by the Clerk, the Assistant Clerk and the Speaker — the honourable member for Edmonton Meadowlark. All rise. The Speaker mumbles a hasty prayer to the glory of God, and members bow their heads in a well-practised gesture of humility.

The Speaker intones the routine orders: "Presenting petitions . . . Reading and receiving petitions . . . Introduction of visitors. . . ." (Besides the usual busloads of school children, an exceedingly plump Mr. Lambert, former Speaker of the House of Commons in Ottawa.) "Oral question period. . . ."

"What has the government done to secure federal co-operation in the relief of Alberta's hard-pressed beef producers?"

"I discussed the issue personally with the Prime Minister during our meeting in October," Lougheed replies mechanically. Cows are not uppermost in the minds of men like Lougheed and Trudeau. "Perhaps my colleague, the honourable Minister of Agriculture, would care to comment further." With a nod from the boss, the honourable Minister of Agriculture launches into a lengthy discussion, the details of which we spare you.

The lone New Democratic Party MLA attempts to get the government to disown a private proposal for using nuclear bombs to extract oil from the tar sands. The Minister of Energy is evasive, initially denying any knowledge of such a proposal. Up in the gallery the *Toronto Globe & Mail* reporter quips that maybe Lougheed will join the nuclear club before his next round of bargaining with Ottawa.

Down below, Lougheed — in his natty grey suit colour-matched to his distinguished grey hair — is clearly bored. He strums his fingers on his desk and surveys the house of which he is absolute master — the 69 Tory MLAs jamming the space to Mr. Speaker's right and a large contingent overflowing onto Mr. Meadowlark's left. The opposition has six members: four for the pathetic remnant of Bill Aberhart's

ALBERTA INC.

THE POLITICS OF THE NEW WEST

by Larry Pratt
and John Richards

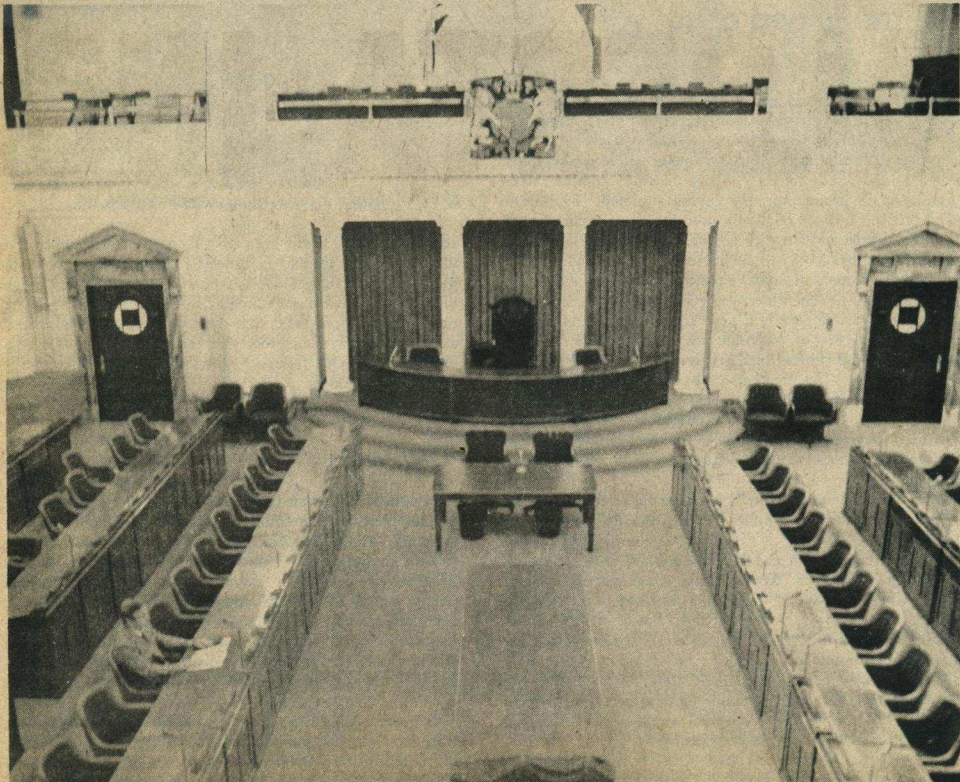
Larry Pratt is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Alberta; John Richards was until recently a member of the Saskatchewan legislature.

crusade for Christian capitalism, one NDP, one independent.

This is not a parliament; it is an annual gathering of the shareholders of Alberta Inc., being covered live by a bevy of television cameras inside the chamber. What bad taste! Journalists scribbling in the press gallery may amount to the same thing but they at least have the tradition of parliamentary reporter Charles Dickens and all that behind them. Appropriately, the legislative chamber-cum-boardroom has the gauche air of a massive nouveau-riche salon — great plaster pillars, the shade of red of the new carpet just a trifle "criard" as the French would say. The newly redecorated public gallery has plush seats as in a prestige theatre, instead of the usual wooden pews. The large semi-circular Speaker's desk, the table for the mace, are all too new — unimaginative 1960's executive boardroom style. Where is the carved oak panelling, the duly ornate Speaker's chair, the leather-inlaid tables, things that give substance to parliamentary rituals? Power and wealth need time to translate themselves into authority, and time is what Lougheed lacks. He is impatient — to finish with the oral questioning period, to report to the assembled shareholders, and get back to his office and the job of managing Alberta Inc.

Finally it is time. He rises to his feet and proceeds to report on company activities since the last board meeting — the beginnings of world scale petrochemical plants, gas and oil prices, diplomatic and business trips to the Northwest Territories, to Ottawa, to Europe. Unfortunately, Lougheed's rhetoric is less commanding than his appearance. Speaking from notes, he uses excruciating circumlocution and radiates a flaccid pomposity. Some of the duller backbenchers, without cabinet ambitions, fidget, lean back in their swivel armchairs, yawn, and one (the honourable member for Athabasca) wisely covers his eyes with his hands and dozes.

Lougheed expresses suitable distress over the plight of tenants, explains at length his philosophical opposition to rent controls, their uniform failure wherever used, and then, with a nod to Kafka, announces he will immediately legislate controls as requested by Ottawa. (The Minister of Housing has, visible on his desk, a popular book on the evils of rent controls.) Earlier today, Lougheed continues, he consulted by phone with Premier Bourassa on potential violations of provincial jurisdiction posed by the new federal wage and price controls, but they do provide a useful means of limiting the rising labour costs of running Alberta Inc., and pro-



Premier Lougheed sits all by himself in Alberta's legislative chamber-cum-boardroom

visionally he will support them. (A legislative librarian in the gallery turns to her neighbour and whispers furiously that he has just screwed her expected raise.)

Lougheed concludes with a flourish. In no way shall the federal controls interfere with Alberta's industrial growth. Social programs may be cut, but "The 70's are Alberta's time in confederation. . . . Our dream of the New West will be realized."

Lougheed takes his seat. The member for Athabasca comes to life and joins his fellow backbenchers in desk-thumping applause. The Leader of the Opposition has nothing to say, and begs leave to adjourn the debate. The house adjourns. Mr. Meadowlark rises. The Sergeant-at-Arms removes the mace and the first day of the fall sitting of the first session of the eighteenth legislature of the province of Alberta is over.

The restless Calgary crowd vs. the gilded cage

During the 1960s Alberta politics were bathed in the dull aura of Social Credit's seemingly interminable old age. The party, dominated by wealthy rural ranchers and farmers, subscribed to a philosophy of that government is best that governs least. The senility of Alberta politics well suited the major foreign oil companies — five of which control half of provincial oil production. By paying sufficient royalties to keep provincial taxes relatively low, the slick urban oil men from California and New York, and their branch plant representatives, entered into an amicable entente with the Christian populist leaders of Social Credit.

Growing up between the rural economy and the major oil companies was, however, a new urban elite. Much of this new elite consisted of corporate lawyers, accountants, engineers, providing professional services to the oil companies, and owners of "independents" — wildcat exploration, oil service supply, small oil producing companies operating in segments of the industry not monopolized by the majors. Provided they accepted their place in the scheme of things they could expect secure and prosperous — if constrained — careers.

But rather than accept life in a gilded cage, there has been a break with what Lougheed described to the Calgary Chamber of Commerce as the "drift to complacency in our province". Expectations of this elite are now rising as fast as oil and gas prices. S. Robert Blair, president of Calgary-based Alberta Gas Trunk Line talks similarly of a "restlessness" among his political and business colleagues dissatisfied with their role. "There are exceedingly few independent companies," Blair has said, "with real decision-making headquarters in Alberta, with the size and financial strength to compete in national and international projects." What the Calgary crowd wants is the power that comes from running an industrial economy.

If all this seems obvious now, at the time the change in government from Social Credit to Conservative in 1971 appeared to be a mere changing of the guard — substituting somewhat slicker urban conservatives for old tired rural con-



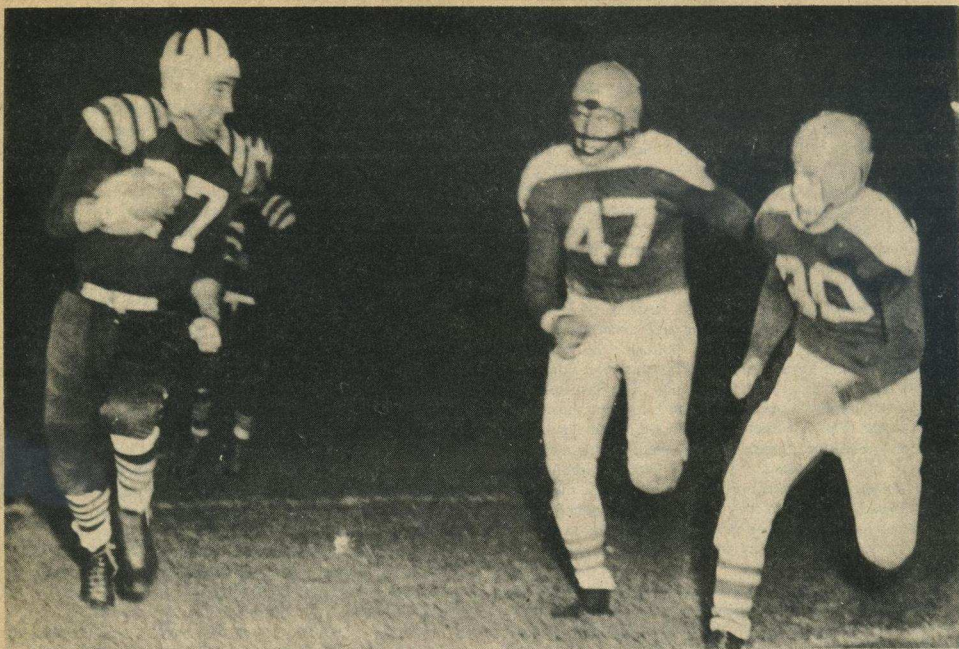
S. Robert Blair, the von Clausewitz of Alberta Inc.

servatives who, after Premier Manning's retirement, lost their only real leader. Lougheed's early goals now seem mundane and dated. There is a parallel here with the Lesage victory over the Union Nationale in Quebec in 1960. At the time people appreciated that the Duplessis era was finally over, but nobody understood that Lesage, who was after all a relatively orthodox federal liberal, marked the beginning of tumultuous changes.

The war

Lougheed and Blair took up their new positions of power at a moment when the international energy market was commencing a dramatic about-face. The Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), for ten years largely ineffective in raising oil revenues for its member states, had finally begun to flex its collective bargaining muscle in negotiations with the oil industry. In the industrialized oil-importing world long-depressed energy prices started to climb. Consumer anxiety over security of supply and over generalized resource scarcity contributed to the sudden move to a seller's market in energy.

The effect of OPEC's new activism took time to work their way into Canadian politics. As with OPEC in its early days, the most consistent theme of Social Credit oil policy had been attempts, not to increase the government share of oil revenue, but to find new markets to expand production. Now, fretting over rising government expenditures, stagnant revenues, and



Carrying the ball: Premier Lougheed (left) back in his football days around 1950

declining reserves, Lougheed's cabinet began to pressure the large pipeline companies to increase the wellhead price of Alberta natural gas — then selling for a scandalously low price of 16 cents per thousand cubic feet (mcf), a direct subsidy to industry in the U.S. and Eastern Canada.

The gas pipeline constituted in the eyes of Lougheed and his Calgary allies great gluttonous leeches of steel sucking the lifeblood out of Alberta while returning next to nothing to the province. The largest and longest leech was TransCanada PipeLines linking Alberta to utilities in Toronto and Montreal. It had been the last creation of C. D. Howe's particular brand of state capitalism. Like the Canadian Pacific Railway before it, TransCanada was perceived in Calgary as an instrument of Eastern power, controlled by Eastern gas distributors backed by Ontario and Quebec manufacturers, consumers, their provincial governments and Ottawa — all intent on preserving cheap energy prices. With average wellhead prices for natural gas today close to \$1.00 per mcf, Lougheed's pre-1973 attempts to raise the wellhead price by 10 cents per mcf seem petty. At the time it was a major provincial initiative.

In a bid to raise an extra \$70 to \$90 million in annual revenues and avoid the politically unpalatable alternative of imposing a provincial sales tax (Alberta has no sales tax), Lougheed in 1972 enacted complicated legislation designed to boost oil royalties to 22 per cent — a rise of less than 25 cents a barrel. Arguing sanctity of contract, the industry went through the ritual of resistance, but it could happily live with such modest tinkering.

In the fall of 1973 the international energy crisis suddenly

struck home. Fittingly, the greed of the oil industry precipitated the crisis. Representatives of the Canadian Petroleum Association, the misnamed lobby of the major foreign-owned oil companies, had advised Lougheed in 1972 that Canadian oil prices should rise about 10 cents a barrel each year until 1980. But between January 1972 and August 1973 the majors increased prices nearly \$1 a barrel and hoped, in Canada at least, to reap the fruits of OPEC's work at raising world oil prices. With royalties still relatively low and the demand for Alberta crude increasing, especially in the U.S., the swift succession of price rises confronted the Lougheed government with the prospect of a massive hemorrhage of oil profits from the province. Whether Lougheed and his allies, or Blakeney in Saskatchewan, would have tackled the major oil companies without provocation from Ottawa is uncertain; quite likely they would not have done so. In any event, Ottawa made such speculations academic.

In September of 1973 the minority Liberal government, reacting to pressure from the consuming provinces and the NDP, announced a "temporary" oil price freeze and slapped a 40 cents per barrel export tax on oil being shipped to the U.S.

What happened next has never adequately been explained. There are unfortunately no men of letters among the new men in Edmonton to write full page articles in the *Globe & Mail* and thus explain themselves. Lougheed's cabinet, which had been laboriously bargaining for a 25 cents a barrel increase in oil royalties, saw Ottawa's tax initiatives as an outrageous intrusion into provincial jurisdiction. Lougheed had been unwilling to challenge the oil majors head on, but if the fight

could be transformed into a classic East vs. West confrontation he suddenly saw the possibility of realizing the dream of the "New West".

Ottawa's actions galvanized Lougheed's cabinet into a frenzy of aggressive diplomacy. He officially broke off relations with Ottawa over resource policy, and in the first week of October his cabinet astounded Ottawa and the industry — "Alberta Bombshell" cried *Oilweek* magazine — by repudiating existing royalty arrangements and announcing that henceforth Alberta royalties would be pegged to rising world prices. By tying royalties to a "posted" international price Lougheed clearly intended to squeeze oil profits, which would in turn force Ottawa to take the lid off domestic prices and retreat from its resource tax incursions.

Since then the oil — and gas — revenue war has raged among numerous contestants: Ottawa desirous of more federal revenue, Eastern manufacturing and consumer interests anxious to preserve cheap energy policies, the major oil companies hoping to raise prices and profits, and Edmonton allied to the Alberta business community. The Saskatchewan NDP played a noisy supporting role to Lougheed during key battles in the war. To relate in detail the particular battles would be wearisome. Suffice it to say that Alberta attempted to divert the oil companies' wrath at Ottawa, arguing that federal tax policies were the problem. Conversely, the Liberals in Ottawa argued that they were acting on behalf of the national interest by freezing prices and using the export tax revenue to subsidize the price of imported oil in Quebec and the Maritimes.

The NDP waffled. Its Saskatchewan wing allied itself more or less with Alberta in defence of provincial rights and its own royalty structure which has been about 50 cents per barrel above Lougheed's. Under the control of the Canadian Labour Congress and NDP leader David Lewis, its federal wing was committed to cheap prices for the Ontario factories and homes in which many of its voters worked and lived. Neither wing seriously argued for outright nationalization of the industry. The federal Conservatives blustered, hopelessly divided between Lougheed in the West and Premier Davis in Ontario.

Perhaps more significant than the political manoeuvres was that the crisis touched off a real and often bitter struggle within Alberta between Lougheed and his ambitious empire-building allies on the one hand, and the major oil companies on the other. The majors resented the tearing up of contracts

and they protested the attempts to build the "New West" on the backs of the oil and gas industry. They withdrew their support for Lougheed, reduced exploration activity sharply and that, combined with Ottawa's insistence on higher oil taxes via non-deductibility of provincial royalties, threatened to bankrupt numerous independents. This brutal demonstration of corporate power not only defined the limits of Lougheed's revenue grab, it forced him to retreat, to lower his ambitions. In December he reduced royalties by \$300—\$500 million on an annual basis.

How has it all turned out? One way to look at it is to break down the distribution of revenue among the competing forces before and after. Rather than deal with the billions of dollars involved in aggregate, it is perhaps easier to think in terms of the revenue from a single barrel. A word of caution about the numbers in the accompanying table. We used impeccable straight sources to compile them, but economists and accountants are endlessly re-doing them.

As the table indicates, everybody has won something — except the consumers who have to pay for it. Clearly, however, the biggest winner has been the Alberta government which, with a three-and-a-half-fold increase in royalties secured over half the price rise in the last two years. Ottawa increased its previously obscenely low income tax collections, and imposed its export tax. (The export tax revenue is not a net transfer from the oil industry to government since during most of this time a more than equivalent amount has been spent on subsidies to oil companies on imported oil.) Despite all the corporate howls over tax increases, the oil companies increased their after-tax profit per barrel from \$1.94 to \$2.75. Note, however, that profits on crude production declined significantly as a proportion of the price per barrel: from 51 to 34 per cent of the average price.

Fighting to realize massive royalty increases is a necessary, but obviously not sufficient, condition for Alberta's new elite to break out from the gilded cage built by Social Credit and the oil majors. What to do with oil revenues that have gone from \$500 million in 1973 to \$1.5 billion in 1974 and an estimated \$1.9 billion this year? Alberta has found itself in a totally unique position for a Canadian province of having more money than it can currently spend. Thus with much fanfare the Tories have unveiled the Alberta Heritage Trust Fund, into which a portion of oil royalties will be placed to be spent on the industrial development of the province.

DISTRIBUTION OF REVENUE PER BARREL OF ALBERTA OIL*
(one barrel = 35 gallons)

	September 1973	September 1975	Increase
Operating costs	\$0.67 (18%)	\$0.85 (11%)	\$0.18
Taxes:			
federal income tax	0.27 (7%)	1.28 (16%)	1.01
Alberta royalty and provincial income tax	0.92 (24%)	3.12 (39%)	2.20
Profits	1.94 (51%)	2.75 (34%)	0.81
Average price	\$3.80 (100%)	\$8.00 (100%)	\$4.20

*of "old" Alberta crown oil sold in Canada. Alberta produced 86% of Canadian oil in 1974.

Empire-building: 'Moving into the really big time'

"Alberta Gas Trunk Line is changing . . . changing with Alberta."

If Peter Loughheed is the Bonaparte of Alberta Inc., its von Clausewitz is indisputably S. Robert Blair, corporate grand strategist at Alberta Gas Trunk Line Co. Ltd. and empire-builder *par excellence*. So closely identified with Loughheed's philosophy of economic diversification and industrialization have Blair and his prairie-based conglomerate become that it is sometimes tricky for the outsiders to distinguish between the political and business overlords. And it is not at all clear that the insiders see such fine distinctions as relevant to the job of creating their own political and industrial empire in the West.

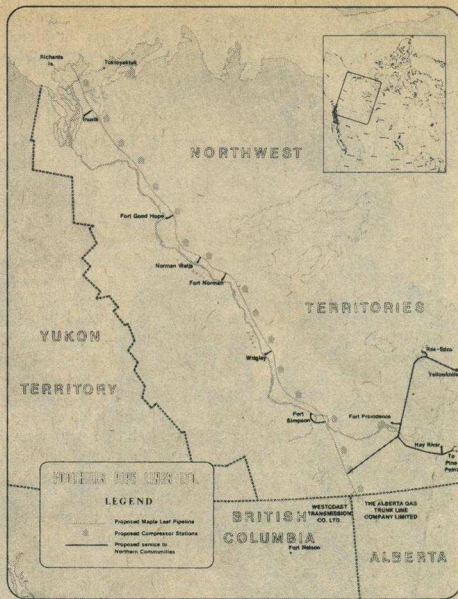
By ordinary standards of measurement Alberta Gas Trunk is strictly small potatoes in an energy field ruled by "the Seven Sisters" oil companies and the large, incestuous American utilities and pipeline companies. Tucked away in the Alberta Wheat Pool building in downtown Calgary, surrounded by towering phallic symbols, gleaming office-buildings and all the glittering pyramids of new money and conspicuous consumption, Gas Trunk is definitely low-rent. But the company's growth, its special relationship with the political hierarchy of the province and the galloping ambitions of its management belie the modest appearances. "Our scope is not that big but it just so happens that everything big is within our scope," notes Robert Blair, hastening to add that "we are not empire-builders".

Blair went to Gas Trunk as president and chief executive officer in 1969. Restless and chafing after two decades of duty for U.S.-owned firms like Canadian Bechtel (his father, Sidney M. Blair, a major influence within Bechtel's Canadian operation for years, engineered some of the country's biggest post-war resource projects) and Alberta and Southern Gas. Blair, then 40, promptly served notice that he had bigger things in mind than pumping Alberta dry of gas. His years as chore-boy for multinational companies had also turned him into something of a Canadian nationalist, a near-extinct species among Calgary's elite — of which Blair, a Presbyterian, a member of the Ranchmens and Glencoe Clubs, is very much a standing member.

Blair's critics have questioned the depth of his nationalist commitments. One prominent nationalist recently muttered that Blair's "Maple Leaf" alternative to the Arctic Gas Mackenzie Valley Pipeline seemed to be looking more and more like the "Stars and Stripes". But no one doubts the sincerity of his ambition. Back in 1973 Blair candidly informed *Oilweek* that he was looking forward to Alberta Gas Trunk, a private gas utility, "becoming one of the true multi-faceted corporate giants of Canadian industry."

"When you compare our present position with those held by U.S. corporations that now have many billions in assets and strong income positions, you begin to realize Trunk Line's position — we are every bit as capable of moving into the really big time as they were."

Blair's "big time" ambition has begun to earn him a cer-



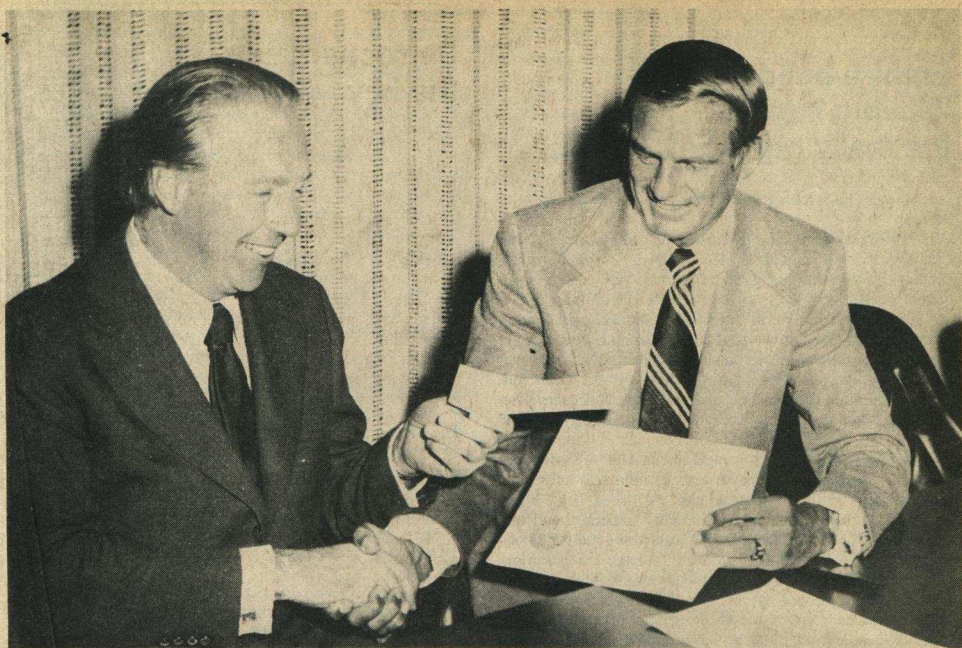
Blair's 'Maple Leaf' alternative to the Arctic Gas Mackenzie Valley pipeline

tain notoriety: one Calgary oilman told us that he regards Gas Trunk's chief as simply power-mad. Critics of the Loughheed government often point to Blair, probably with some exaggeration, as the real *eminence grise* of Alberta political life. To others he is identified, quite correctly, as one of the handful of powerful white southern Canadians planning massive resource exploitation "north of 60". Attending the Berger inquiry on the Mackenzie pipeline at Fort Good Hope, N.W.T. this past summer, Blair and the Maple Leaf project came under scorching attack from native opponents of development.

"You are the twentieth century General Custer; you have come to destroy the Dene nation," one band council chief accused Blair. "You are coming with your troops to slaughter us and steal land. I cannot understand how a man can live for wealth and power, knowing that his ambition and greed is destroying so much around him." Blair, who has infuriated his rivals at Arctic Gas by offering to supply northern communities with subsidized natural gas from a Maple Leaf pipeline, promptly acknowledged the attack by agreeing that the pipeline should be re-routed. Then he went off hunting with his accusers, leaving some onlookers wondering whether Custer lost after all.

With a little help from their friends

If Blair and his restless friends do succeed in transforming the prairies into an industrial center, it will be due in no small measure to the alliance they have forged with key provincial and federal politicians and bureaucrats. Blair, who recently



David Mitchell (left), president of the Alberta Energy Company with Alberta Energy Minister Don Getty

confided to a CBC interviewer that, yes, he did prefer power to money, is shrewd enough to know that the large foreign corporations do not monopolize political power in Canada — at least not yet. If the state is not neutral or autonomous, neither is it simply a docile tool of omnipotent Yankee capitalists. Blair and his allies — men like David Mitchell of the Alberta Energy Company; Peter Macdonnell, Edmonton lawyer, Tory bagman and ranking member of the Canadian Establishment; Dr. Charles Allard, Edmonton surgeon, developer, sports entrepreneur, involved with Gas Trunk in a world-scale methanol plant at Medicine Hat — are thus working from the premise that a patriotic, empire-building bourgeoisie *can* succeed, with a little help from their friends in government. The way to power lies through good old-fashioned state capitalism.

Created by a special act of the Alberta legislature in 1954 as a private pipeline utility holding the exclusive right to gather and move gas inside the province, Gas Trunk has prospered with the privileges of government support and guaranteed returns. Reportedly, the firm owes its existence to Premier Ernest Manning's phobia that Ottawa, in the dread personification of C. D. Howe, intended to use the Trans-Canada pipeline project to muscle in on Alberta resources created by God for the prosperity of Social Credit and free enterprise. With such an impeccable birthright, how could such a homegrown company miss in the era of Lougheed?

The Blair-Lougheed relationship can be exaggerated. Although the two admire each other — Blair says that Lougheed is one of the few Canadian politicians capable of thinking past the next election — they are not close friends.

Nor is there any mechanistic master-servant chain of power linking Gas Trunk's corporate aggrandizing to the Tory dream of an industrialized "New West". Lougheed almost certainly does not share Blair's feelings about predatory American corporations — even though the government's relations with the large oil companies have often been strained and tense in the past two years. But in their view of the West as an exploited hinterland of the Canadian heartland, and in their grim determination to turn the tables, their mentalities are a perfect fit.

Where Blair has apparently been influential is in convincing a sympathetic Tory cabinet that the energy crisis, and the shift in power to those who produce and sell fossil fuels, gives the province the leverage to realize its destiny right now. Using Alberta's large but swiftly depleting reserves of oil and gas as bargaining tools, in a situation of energy scarcity, an aggressive leadership can "negotiate" (a favourite Blair expression) a transfer of industry, high-income jobs and wealth from Centre to Periphery. This is what lies behind Lougheed's two-year struggle with Ottawa and Sarnia over the future of petrochemical development in Canada. To the Premier and his business friends, in the hard, real world only two options seem feasible — either ship out raw energy at prices below world levels and further subsidize Ontario's factories, or divert as much of it as possible into forced growth in Alberta. Substituting Edmonton and Calgary for Toronto as the centre, Alberta's new elite are in effect economic nationalists. And like economic nationalists everywhere, they equate industry with power, status and the satisfaction of their rising expectations. Thus, for them, there

is no real choice between these two options.

With much encouragement and support from Edmonton, Blair's gas transport company has embarked on a sweeping program of expansion. In 1974 the Tories pushed through legislation that freed Gas Trunk to diversify, to expand out of the province and to realize its true destiny. From backward integration — into pipe mills and steel production — to downstream diversification — into methanol plants and petrochemicals — and a large expansion of its traditional gas-gathering role, the company seems to have an interest in virtually every major project in Alberta. And each project provokes questions about the ethics and the viability of the "New West".

There is, for example, the controversy over the deal worked out between the city of Medicine Hat and Alberta Gas Chemicals (jointly owned by Gas Trunk and Allarco Developments Ltd.) over gas supply for a world-scale methanol plant. Under contracts signed five years ago, the city is committed to providing gas at between 15½ cents and 21½ cents per thousand cubic feet over the next decade. The going market price for gas is about \$1.00 per mcf, and this will probably double by 1980. Gas Chemicals is thus reaping an enormous windfall profit from Medicine Hat — a situation not without its ironies, given Blair's promises to subsidize northern communities with cheap gas.

Blair's advocacy of the "Maple Leaf" pipeline, and the in-fighting between the Arctic Gas consortium and the Foothills group, of which Gas Trunk and Westcoast Transmission are vanguard members, is a long and complicated tale. Essentially, Blair's grievance against Arctic Gas is that the latter is run by American companies for American interests, that it "desires to create an internationally owned and wholly new express line across Western Canada", bypassing the existing facilities of Gas Trunk. Rather than stay inside Arctic Gas and fight for crumbs, Blair decided to negotiate for better terms by backing an alternative route — the smaller all-Canadian "Maple Leaf" line. But Blair does not expect Foothills to triumph over Arctic Gas. He anticipates an eventual federal government decision to force another merger of the two groups, the terms of such a merger to include a much-expanded role for Gas Trunk. In other words, Blair is depending on government once again for political leverage in his dealings with the international oil industry. He has attempted to buttress his position by winning the support of influential nationalists — Foothills flew a plane-load of Arctic Gas critics around the North over the past summer — but, with the company advocating "temporary" gas exports from the North at the National Energy Board, that strategy is wearing a bit thin.

The fight between Blair and the Arctic Gas consortium is one more contemporary parallel to economic nationalist debates of the nineteenth century. In the 1870s consortia under American — and English — influence proposed routes for the Canadian Pacific Railway running south of the Great Lakes, while nationalist sentiment argued for a more expensive all-Canadian route to assure that the benefits of the new resource — agricultural development on the prairies — would flow to Toronto and Montreal, not Minneapolis and Chicago. Just as Arctic Gas argues that "piggybacking" Canadian Mackenzie delta gas on Alaska gas being shipped to the U.S. midwest will permit economies of scale and lower unit cost, the advocates of the southern U.S. route for the CPR argued that only with the revenue from U.S. traffic could Canada afford an East-West rail link.

Petrochemicals: the key

Petrochemicals are perhaps the key to assessing the success or failure of Blair, Lougheed, and their allies. If they fail to establish a substantial Alberta-based petrochemical industry, the brave rhetoric of the "New West" can be dismissed. It is in petrochemicals that much of the entrepreneurial energy of Alberta's new elite — in and out of government — is being concentrated. The strategy being pursued is classic development economics: first, stop the export of raw materials (in this case natural gas) to "foreign" markets in Eastern Canada and the U.S.; then process the raw materials within the province, thereby creating a viable manufacturing sector — attracting new advanced technology, building an industrial labour force, creating secondary benefits by growth of related industries.

The first major project, consisting of several plants, was officially announced last September — a \$1.5 billion complex at Red Deer to manufacture ethylene, vinyl chloride and styrene from ethane stripped from natural gas, plus a pipeline to export a portion of the ethylene to Dow Chemical plants in Eastern Canada and the U.S.

The complex ownership structure of the project is indicative of the web of state and corporate negotiations required to produce the deal. The project, which grew out of a marriage forced by the government between a Dow-Dome and a Blair proposal, involves Gas Trunk, Dow, Dome, the Alberta government, plus several other companies in lesser roles.

It is too early for a final assessment, but there are certainly elements of irrationality in Lougheed's strategy of forced growth. Not only does it involve committing, to petrochemicals, gas that will have a higher return in other uses, but it means Canadian petrochemicals capacity in excess of domestic demand for several years. Once built, large capital intensive projects must be used to capacity to cover debt costs. Therefore there will be, at least temporarily, energy exports to the U.S. — in the form of derivatives such as ethylene. The government resisted company pressures for overt subsidies on gas feedstock prices, but gave in to the extent of guaranteeing access to gas at prices considerably below probable export prices. And Dow will export via pipeline considerable ethylene for processing elsewhere. Exporting ethylene — a low level petrochemical "building block" — is not much better than exporting the unprocessed gas. Whether Alberta's petrochemical plants will be competitive with the Sarnia and U.S. manufacturers, or will require further subsidies, remains an open question.

The whole process can rather dramatically be compared to drug addiction — getting a petrochemical complex is an instant high for the politicians and businessmen involved, but once hooked in there are large fixed debt costs that must be paid to financial creditors. To meet these payments, the province must operate the plants at capacity — or suffer acute withdrawal pangs.

But the name of the game is power, not textbook economics. The ambitions of Alberta's rising bourgeoisie, and its equation of belching smokestacks with the fulfilment of its aspirations, are now overriding everything else. Men in a hurry for wealth, industry and power have little time to do long run economic and environmental cost-benefit analysis.

Cuba: the end of isolation

A traveller's notes: by Robert Chodos

AL CONGRESO DEL PARTIDO IMPULSANDO LA REVOLUCION EDUCACIONAL

UNA SOCIEDAD DE
TRABAJADORES Y TECNICOS

¡Y SERA NUESTRO ESFUERZO COLECTIVO
DE VERDADEROS FORJADORES DEL FUTURO!

"LA HUMANIDAD DEL FUTURO TIENE RETOS MUY GRANDES EN TODOS
LOS TERRENOS. UNA HUMANIDAD QUE SE MULTIPLICA VERTICIONALMENTE.
UNA HUMANIDAD QUE VE CON PREOCUPACION EL AGOTAMIENTO DE SUS
RECURSOS NATURALES, UNA HUMANIDAD QUE NECESITARA DOMINAR LA
TECNICA, Y NO SOLO LA TECNICA SINO INCLUSO HASTA LOS PROBLEMAS
QUE LA TECNICA PUEDE CREAR, COMO SON LOS PROBLEMAS, POR
EJEMPLO, DE LA CONTAMINACION DEL AMBIENTE."

"Y ESE RETO DEL FUTURO SOLO PODRAN ENFRENTARLO LAS SOCIEDADES
QUE ESTAN REALMENTE PREPARADAS. Y NOSOTROS DEBEMOS ASPIRAR A
QUE NUESTRO PUEBLO ESTE REALMENTE PREPARADO PARA AFRONTAR ESE
RETO."

"...ESO ES LO QUE BUSCAMOS CON LA REVOLUCION EDUCACIONAL Y ESO
ES LO QUE BUSCAMOS CON LA REVOLUCION CIENTIFICO-TECNICA."

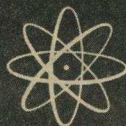
"...Y SI ES CIERTO QUE EN EL PASADO OCUPARON SU LUGAR LOS HEROES
DE LA GUERRA, EN EL FUTURO OCUPARAN ESE LUGAR LOS HEROES DE LA
TECNICA Y EL FUTURO TENDRAN QUE CONSTRUIRLO LOS HEROES DE LA
CIENCIA."

FIDEL

JORNADA ESTUDIANTIL 13 DE MARZO

DEPARTAMENTO DE ORGANIZACION REVOLUCIONARIA DEL P.C.C. 1972

grafico cubano



Poster emphasizes education's importance in Cuba's post-revolutionary development

Canadian relations with Cuba have been increasingly friendly in the last few years, and may become friendlier still after Prime Minister Trudeau visits that country in late January. The following are notes on the remarkable society Mr. Trudeau will see when he gets there.

He approached me in the passenger lounge of José Martí airport in Havana as we were both waiting to leave for Mexico City. I had noticed him before with his long hair, his jeans jacket, his backpack and his copy of Carlos Castañeda, and he had evidently noticed me too for now he addressed me in laboured French. I had been speaking French with my guide from the Ministry of External Relations — the Cubans seem to be under the impression that all Canadians are bilingual and assign French or English speaking guides to Canadian journalists more or less at random.

"Avez-vous une plume?"

I gave him my pen and asked, "De quel pays venez-vous?" From his accent I thought he might be German or Dutch although he didn't really look it.

"Canada."

"Me too. What part?"

"Vancouver."

"I live in Toronto. How long you been here?"

"I've just spent the longest five days of my life."

I said that I had just spent the shortest three weeks of mine. He went on to explain that he had had trouble with Cuban immigration, trouble with Cubana Airlines in getting his plane reservation out of the country, trouble with the Mexican consulate in being allowed back into Mexico. Immigration wouldn't let him out of Havana and he had stuck mostly to his hotel and after a while there wasn't much to do there. He had wanted to cut cane for a month or so but he had been afraid he would never get out of the country and didn't fancy cutting cane for the rest of his life.

"Well at least I'll get to write a postcard from here."

He wrote out the address of a friend in Canada and beside it, "I got here! Ron the Madman." Then he affixed a stamp and went off in search of a mailbox.

It is understandable if unfortunate that Ron the Madman would not have found Cuba to his liking; it is, as they say, not for everybody. A few years ago, of course, Ron the Madman wouldn't have made it into the country at all, but now thousands of foreigners come on package tours or, as he did, simply by showing up at the airport. The odd dissatisfied customer is the price you pay for opening up.

There is a bit of Ron the Madman in almost any North American, and hence most of us are going to experience some difficulty in Cuba. Cuba is a very tightly-knit society, insular, fiercely patriotic and intent on running its own show. Cubans are naturally hospitable and so foreigners are well treated, but they remain foreigners and are expected not to get in the way of the smooth running of Cuban society. Cuba is also socialist, and even for the most sympathetic visitor from a capitalist country this is bound to have its jarring

effects. We are used to societies where people are supposed to work against each other: corporations competing, unions and management bargaining, Government and Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition debating. It would all function passably well except for the fact that some people enter the game with more marbles than others. In Cuba, however, people are supposed to work *with* each other. Opposition is a violation of that spirit; to be in opposition, at this stage where the revolution has gone a long way toward successfully consolidating itself, is not so much to be a threat as to have failed to get on the team.

One visitor who had lived in Cuba in the mid-sixties found the country disappointing on his return. The concept of the New Man was gone, he said, and people were just living their lives. But on the other hand, that is generally what people do. The initial fervour eventually dies down, and it's what is left after that that is the real measure of any great change.

Some of the achievements of the revolution are easily tallied. Universal literacy and education, a high standard of health care, full employment, the eradication of desperate poverty: things that are still a dream in most Caribbean and Latin American countries are a reality in Cuba. But in a way the less tangible changes are the more far-reaching ones. Out of the subjugated society of the pre-1959 era and the fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants experimentation of the sixties there seems finally to have emerged a country that knows where it's going.

The long-delayed first Congress of the Cuban Communist Party, which will attempt to put this new sense of direction into concrete form, was finally to be held this December; much emphasis was being placed on preparations for the event and Havana, which for many years had been allowed to run down, was being spruced up for it.

Meanwhile, day-to-day life has become a bit easier than it has been in a long time. Wages are low but until recently there was little to buy so people couldn't even spend what they did earn. Now, however, with higher sugar prices and the effective breaking of the American blockade and a deliberate policy on the part of the government of increasing the amount of consumer goods available there are more outlets for one's money and more and more Cubans have been taking advances on their pay.

The invasion of consumer goods has brought with it necessities such as automatic shoe polishing machines, a chain of fast-service — by Cuban standards — fried-chicken restaurants, and soft ice cream, called 'frozen', which in true Cuban fashion has inspired a dance in imitation of the motion of the ice cream coming out of the machine. 'Yo quiero frozen' bawls the radio as Cubans wiggle and twist — 'I want a

frozen.

One of the very early acts of the new government after it took over in 1959 was to turn the Moncada barracks in Santiago de Cuba, where the struggle had begun with a raid led by Abel Santamaría and Fidel Castro on July 26, 1953, into a school.

The symbolism was conscious and it reflected an emphasis that has continued to this day. In the early days the goals were simple: illiteracy had to be wiped out, schools provided and a basic standard of education established. Now there is more time to worry about what the generation of Cubans that comes out of the educational system will be like. This concern is reflected in a series of educational innovations whose purpose is as much to instil a sense of collective responsibility and positive attitudes toward work as to teach the three Rs.

Perhaps the most imaginative of these experiments is the ESBE — Escuela Secundaria Básica En el Campo, or basic secondary school in the country. The first ESBEs were built only three years ago, but there are already dozens of them covering a good part of rural Cuba.

Canadian visitors are generally taken to see a school about an hour's drive from Havana which bears the name *ESBEC Amistad Cuba-Canadá* — the Cuba-Canada Friendship School. (Canada is one of two western countries to be honoured in this way: the other is Sweden. Other ESBEs are named after revolutionary heroes, major battles, Soviet cosmonauts and the like.)

Students at the ESBE get up at six and begin their work day at 7:20 when half of them go to classes and the other half crowd into buses to be taken to the nearby vegetable farms to work. After lunch and a rest period the students change places: the ones who went to class in the morning work in the fields and vice versa. The day ends with an individual study period from 5:30 to 7:30 in the evening. It is an arduous school day by Canadian standards but the Cuban students profess not to mind it.

As a deliberate policy, students are brought to the ESBE from all over the province of La Habana — city and country children alike. Dormitory facilities, along with food and clothing, are provided free by the state. Some city schools, such as the Lenin School in Havana, also operate on a work-study system with the students working in factories, but most as yet do not. It is intended that eventually all secondary-school students in Cuba will be on a work-study plan, with most of them, since Cuba is fundamentally an agricultural country, in rural schools.

Students enter the work-study program at the age of 11 or 12 and continue in it through the basic secondary and pre-university levels until they are about 19. Cuban university students also typically do voluntary part-time "productive work".

The educational process for many Cuban children begins at the age of 45 days — the time at which their mothers return to work after bearing them and they are placed in a *circulo infantil* or day-care centre. Even in the *circulos*, where if their mothers work children will stay until being transferred to a primary school at the age of six, as much emphasis is placed on children developing collective attitudes and learning to live and work with one another as on simply making sure that they are kept fed and healthy and out of trouble.

All these innovations have, as do so many things in Cuba, several purposes. At one level they are extremely practical. There is a labour shortage in Cuba, and the ESBE, by put-

ting high-school students into the fields and freeing salaried workers for other jobs, is one direct means of alleviating it. The *circulo* serves that purpose too, for women are being strongly encouraged to take jobs, and free and adequate care for their young children eliminates a major obstacle to their working.

These objects are, however, regarded as secondary; the formation of the next generation is the main thing. The current generation of Cubans, the one whose outlook has been formed by personal experience of Batista, the Bay of Pigs, the blockade and the struggle against them, will not be around forever. That the one after be properly equipped to take over is of the first priority.

At the ESBE Amistad Cuba-Canadá, students have access to a copy of the Encyclopedia Canadiana, a map of Canada and a set of books for learning English, this last donated by the Canadian government and originally intended for Francophone civil servants in Ottawa. Thus equipped, they learn a bit more than most Cubans about Canada and perhaps grow to understand the reason for their school's name. The Cuba-Canada Friendship School is a symbol of the Cubans' appreciation for one of the rare manifestations of independence in Canada's foreign policy: its refusal to go along with the Americans' blind opposition to the Castro regime.

In effect, Canadian relations with Cuba only began with the revolution. Before that all of Cuba's foreign relations, economic and political, were dominated by its close ties with the United States. Total Canadian trade with Cuba in 1958 barely reached \$35 million.

After the revolution the Americans cut off economic relations and other countries moved into the breach. Most significant of course were the Soviet Union and the Eastern European countries, but as time went on the trade position of such countries as Japan, Spain, Britain, West Germany and Canada loomed large as well. By last year some 40 per cent of Cuba's trade was with non-Communist countries.

Canadian exports to Cuba reached a peak of about \$60 million in the mid-sixties and then slowed down until the early seventies; they surpassed \$144 million in 1974. There was no corresponding increase on the import side until the first large Canadian purchase of Cuban sugar in 1974, which brought that year's total up to \$76 million. Thus, total trade in 1974 was roughly seven times what it had been in 1958.

In 1960, when Castro nationalized Cuba's financial institutions and other large foreign enterprises, an exception was made of two banks: the Royal Bank of Canada and the Bank of Nova Scotia. It was, however, clearly impossible for those banks to operate in the context of the new state-directed economy, and negotiations were opened with the government which ended with the purchase of the banks at their book value. It was not perhaps what the banks would ideally have wanted, but under the circumstances they were happy to get it, and even today neither of the banks will express any rancour with the Castro government.

Canada, for its part, maintained diplomatic relations with Havana all through the American attempt to quarantine Cuba — only Mexico among Western Hemisphere countries took a similar stand. And in the last few years we have established an aid program in Cuba that, while modest, compares favourably with that of other western countries. The Canadian International Development Agency has extended a \$10 million line of credit, provides technical aid and funds teachers sent by Canadian University Service Overseas.



Students at an ESBECC, or basic secondary school

Another line of credit, this time for \$100 million, comes from Canada's Export Development Corporation.

So when ambassadors from new-found friendly countries and American senators in search of television exposure began to pour into Havana last year, Canada's presence was already well established. "Canada is not an insider here," says one Havana observer. "The only insiders are the socialist countries and the Latin Americans. But outside of that its position is probably as good as anybody's."

The American connection

Cuban officials say that their relationship with Canada is strictly a bilateral one, and is not thought of in the context of relations with any other country. That is a diplomatic answer, and one that reflects the regard that Cubans have for Canada, but it is not necessarily a realistic one.

For what the Canadians and Americans have to offer the Cubans economically are very similar. Although most of what we export to Cuba at the moment is foodstuffs, we also sell them high-technology goods and the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce in Ottawa regards one of Canada's great strengths in the Cuban market as being the fact that Canada is the only place where Cuba has access to North American technology.

The supposed imminence of the American economic invasion of Cuba is one of the reasons for the recent flurry of interest in the Cuban market among Canadian businessmen. The Canadians feel that they will be in a stronger position if they get there first, and that there is not much time. A two-day visit by the Canadian trade commissioner in Havana to Toronto in April attracted 120 requests from companies interested in knowing how to do business with Cuba.

This feeling of imminence dissipates quickly, however, in both Washington and Havana. A lot of grudges have built up over 15 years, and they will not be forgotten as rapidly as all that.

"How I feel as an individual is one thing," says an employee in one Florida politician's office in Washington. "But as an office, with hundreds of thousands of anti-Castro Cubans in our state, there's no way we can even consider taking a position in favour of relations with Cuba."

In addition, there are thousands of Americans who, unlike the Canadian banks, are pressing property claims against the Castro government. These are mostly not the large firms that had investments in pre-revolutionary Cuba — most of them have been indirectly compensated for their losses by the American government through tax concessions — but small and medium-sized companies that do not have access to such largesse.

So while liberal senators from northern states such as Ted Kennedy, George McGovern, Claiborne Pell and Jacob Javits have come out in favour of renewed American relations with Cuba, the official position of the Ford Administration remains cautious.

In his most recent policy speech on the subject, at Houston on March 1, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said that while the United States saw "no virtue in perpetual antagonism between the United States and Cuba," the matter first had to be settled by the Organization of American States, which more than a decade ago established economic sanctions against Cuba at American bidding.

In April, the OAS met in Washington and failed to resolve anything. In July it met again in San José, Costa Rica, and quietly lifted the by then almost totally ineffective sanctions.

The U.S. has based its anti-Cuba stance on what it regards as Cuba's policy of exporting revolution and causing trouble for its Latin American neighbours. In his Houston speech,

Kissinger reaffirmed those considerations as the basis for American policy. In other words, the Cubans have to be good boys before the Americans will admit they exist, and there is no indication that the Americans regard Cuba as having whitened itself to their satisfaction.

The Cubans, in the meantime, have their own reasons for wanting to go slow.

If the Americans still maintain their claims against Cuba, the Cubans also have a substantial set of grievances against the United States. These range from the Platt Amendment at the beginning of this century, which placed newly-independent Cuba under American tutelage and the constant threat of American intervention, and the naval base at Guantánamo, which the U.S. appropriated at the same time and still retains against Cuban wishes, through the series of dictatorial regimes that owed their existence to American backing, to the invasion at the Bay of Pigs in 1961 and the subsequent trade blockade that severely damaged the Cuban economy.

In addition, the Cubans now regard the almost total economic and political dependence on the United States that characterized the pre-1959 era as having been little short of suicidal, and they are unlikely to get themselves into a similar position again with any country, least of all the same United States. So while there will no doubt be an American role in Cuba in the future it will be a limited one. And we are not likely to see the Cuba-Canada Friendship School joined by a Cuba-U.S. Friendship School for some time to come.

The new tourism

The American tourists in Cuba were the most visible manifestation of the "relationship" between the two countries before 1959, and it is they who are most vividly remembered today.

The luxury hotels were built to accommodate them. They occupied the best beaches with their villas and estates. Large portions of Cuban society were organized to serve their desires, including the ones they weren't allowed to fulfil at home. Much of the operation was under the control of gangsters, and the American Mafia brought its internal squabbles to the streets of Havana.

After the revolution they all went elsewhere and the Cubans became unused to seeing foreigners except for Soviet and East European technicians, diplomats, American hijackers, Black Panthers and Members of the Front de Libération du Québec. Now, however, the tourists — Europeans, Venezuelans and other Latin Americans, and an increasing number of Canadians — are back, although not in the same numbers and not entirely for the same things.

The new Cuban tourist industry is based on the ideal of 'un turismo sano' or a healthy tourism, but whether such a thing is possible remains an open question. The other Caribbean countries whose tourist industries began to flourish when Cuba closed down are just now becoming disillusioned; what was supposed to be the salvation of their fragile economies brought with it unforeseen economic and social problems. Countries that historically had grown sugar cane and bananas for foreign colonizers and produced bauxite and oil for foreign corporations found that in choosing tourism they were selling their most valuable and irreplaceable asset of all:

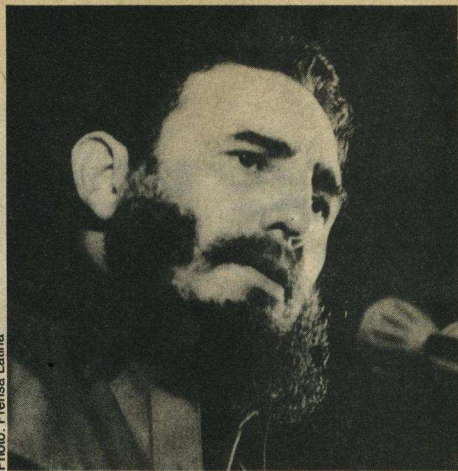


Photo: Prensa Latina

Fidel Castro invoked the heritage of Jose Marti

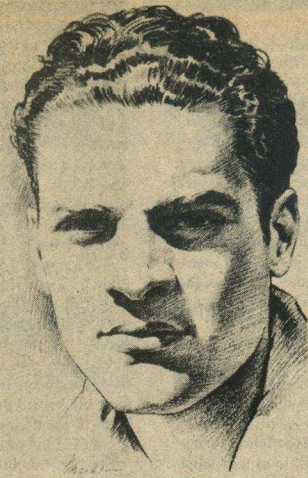
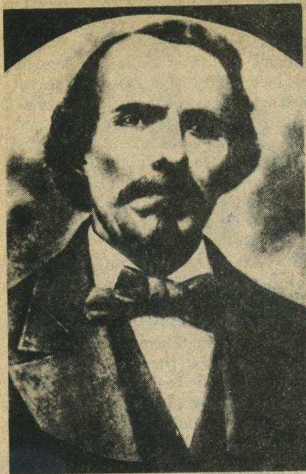
themselves.

It was in this atmosphere, and acutely aware of the dangers, that Cuba went back into the tourist business. Admittedly it had certain advantages that other countries did not. First of all a large population — some eight million — so that the country wouldn't be swamped by the tourist influx (in the Bahamas, by comparison, the number of tourists arriving each year amounts to seven times the local population). Second, a substantial domestic market for tourism so that the industry is not entirely dependent on the whims of foreigners. And third, a government determined to keep tourism under control.

So far, the experiment can be considered a qualified success. Tourism has become a significant if not crucial source of foreign exchange for the country without unduly disrupting Cuban life. There are no beach boys as in Barbados or gambling as in Nassau. There has been a little but not much prostitution. Children ask for Chiclets outside the Hotel Nacional in Havana where the tourists stay but there has been no serious begging.

Still the tourists have had their effect. They get privileges such as cheap drinks and food that is not available to Cubans — if they did not get them they would not come — and there has been some grumbling. Tourism has also intensified the problem of hotel and restaurant service: complaining about it is a Cuban national pastime but with the increasing number of foreign tourists there is more and more the feeling that something should be done. There is talk of bringing back pay incentives, which were abolished in the early sixties under the guidance of Ernesto (Che) Guevara, and there are even rumours around Havana, vigorously denied at the official level, that tipping may be reinstated.

At a time when hotels in Jamaica and other countries are going under and there is serious discussion of a moratorium on hotel construction, the Cubans started building 62 new hotels, 15 of them completed in 1975. These hotels, designed for domestic tourism in the summer and foreign tourism in



Carlos Manuel de Céspedes (left) launched the independence campaign against Spain; Julio Antonio Mella (centre), insurrectional leader during the American period; Jose Marti (right), an intellectual of hemispheric importance

the winter, will span the country and bring the industry to places where it has not been before. Tour operators from Canada and elsewhere have already been down to look.

For Canadians, Cuba at an all-inclusive rate of \$349 for seven nights (this winter's minimum price) is one of the cheapest Caribbean vacations on the market, when the absence of "extras" is taken into account, and those who partake, Ron the Madman aside, tend to go home satisfied. Varadero, about 70 miles east of Havana, is probably the finest beach in the Caribbean, and while a one-week package tour to Cuba is far from being a political indoctrination session, both the Cubans and the tour operators are aware that the revolution is, in its own way, marketable. "Be the first on your block to go to Cuba," advertises the Royal Bank of Canada's Sunflight tours. "When you come back you can hand out the same cigars Castro smokes and talk of how you walked the Bay of Pigs."

In many Caribbean countries one of the major sources of tension is the fact that foreign tourists have, and flaunt, things that local people don't have. I asked an official of INIT, the Cuban tourist agency, whether he thought that this would be a problem in Cuba. No, he said, he wasn't worried about that. After all, "Cubans have something the tourists don't have too."

An age of heroes

While the rapid changes in Cuba are the first things that are likely to strike the visitor; after a while he is also likely to notice a profound sense of continuity, reflected in all sorts of little ways. Some of the more harmless relics of pre-1959 tourism are still around. The revue at the Tropicana cabaret goes on much as it did before the revolution (although a small measure of political content has been injected). Mementos of Ernest Hemingway's presence in the country are preserved.

The Varadero estate of the American financier du Pont, which in its heyday had a private beach and golf course, is kept up as a museum and bar.

It is one aspect of Cuba's past, and far be it from the Cubans to pretend that it didn't exist. Other, more substantial aspects of the past have really only been discovered since the revolution. In Santiago de Cuba, the capital of Oriente province, the area of the country richest in historical association, there was before 1959 only one museum, and it honoured Bacardi, the rum king. Now there are museums everywhere. Several deal with the revolution itself — with the Moncada attack, or the career of the urban guerrilla leader Frank País. Another commemorates Antonio Maceo, one of the military leaders of the war of independence in the 1890s. Still another, occupying one of the oldest houses in the Americas, deals with the development of a distinctive Cuban style in furniture.

Recent Cuban history is a story of almost continuous conflict; Cubans will tell you that their struggle for independence lasted 91 years, from the beginning of the Ten Years' War in 1868 to 1959. These constant wars provided ample scope for heroism, and the Cubans have a large, and to the foreigner somewhat bewildering, array of national heroes.

The Ten Years' War produced Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, a landowner who in 1868 freed his slaves and launched the campaign for independence from Spain, Ignacio Agramonte, the military leader who died in battle in 1873, and others. Antonio Maceo and Máximo Gómez, the military architects of the second, and successful, war of independence in the 1890s, are greatly revered. So are insurrectional leaders of the period of formal independence but effective American domination, notably the student leader and Communist Julio Antonio Mella. And the revolution of course had its own heroes, among whom the dead — Abel Santamaría, Frank País, Camillo Cienfuegos and particularly Che Guevara — tend to be the most honoured. There is surprisingly little cult-worship of Fidel, and even in a children's book on the Moncada attack Santamaría's role is given at least as

much prominence as his.

But pride of place in this pantheon belongs to a mordant, romantic and brilliant figure from the late 19th century, José Martí, whom the Cubans with some justification consider to be not only of national but of at least hemispheric and probably world significance. His authority has been invoked for almost everything: Fidel called him the intellectual author of the Moncada attack; the Cuban policy of refusing to become dependent on the United States is traced to him; even the idea for the ESBECs has been attributed to Martí. What is remarkable is that there is little exaggeration in these claims. Martí wrote on a wide variety of subjects; he had clear ideas about the sort of society he wanted to see in Cuba and many of those ideas are being put into practice today. Even as the revolution became Marxist-Leninist it never stopped being *martiano*.

In 1869, when he was 16, Martí was already heavily involved in the independence movement; he was jailed in that year by Cuba's Spanish rulers and two years later was sent into exile in Spain. He spent the rest of his life outside his home country except for brief periods, in the last of which, in 1895, he died, as he had wanted to, on the battlefield. During his active life he was employed as a professor and journalist and as the diplomatic representative for several Latin American countries, wrote essays and letters and poetry and plays, and worked constantly at bringing together the disparate elements advocating Cuban independence, an effort that culminated in his founding of the Cuban Revolutionary Party in 1892 and the launching of the second war of independence in 1895. He lived in Spain and Mexico and Venezuela and, after 1880, the United States, about which he wrote perceptively and trenchantly.

Martí was honored as a hero, as 'el Apostol' — the Apostle — even before 1959, but one essential element in his thinking was ignored. To some extent, that was because of a tactical decision by Martí himself; it was only in his private notebook that he wrote bluntly: "Cuba must be free — from Spain and from the United States." In his last letter, never completed, he said:

"At last I am daily risking my life for my country and — since I understand it so and have the spirit to carry it out — for my duty of preventing in time, by securing the independence of Cuba, the spread of the United States across the Antilles, and of stopping it from pouncing with this added impetus upon our American lands. All I have done until this day, all I will ever do, is to that purpose. It has had to be done in silence, and as if indirectly, for there are matters that must be concealed to be attained; since, should they be proclaimed as they are, they would arouse difficulties too severe for the final purpose to be achieved in spite of them."

Cuba attained its independence in 1898 but Martí's dream was not realized. In an episode known in the United States as the Spanish-American War, the Americans intervened in the latter stages of the war of independence and annexed the Spanish colonies of Puerto Rico, the Philippines and Guam. Cuba was not similarly annexed but its independence was severely compromised by means of the Platt Amendment. Cuba's sugar industry, the mainstay of its economy, in which the strength of American interests had been steadily growing, became a solid American preserve. Cuban governments stood or fell at American pleasure, U.S. domination spread through the Americas, as the Panama Canal was built on American terms and Haiti and the Dominican Republic were occupied by American marines. If Martí's hope of a truly

independent Cuba did not become reality, his early and dire warning of an expansionist United States did.

Still, the anti-imperialist content of Martí's writings, not wholly concealed, was there for the edification of future generations of Cubans, and among those who chose to be edified was a radical lawyer named Fidel Castro. In his speech to the court before which he was on trial for his role in the Moncada attack, which was published clandestinely as "History will absolve me" and became the first major political document of the revolution, he invoked the Apostle whose heritage he claimed. It was 1953, the centenary of Martí's birth, a suggestive coincidence Fidel was quick to note:

"It seemed that the Apostle would die during his Centennial. It seemed that his memory would be extinguished forever. So great was the affront! But he is alive, he has not died. His people are rebellious. His people are worthy. His people are faithful to his memory. There are Cubans who have fallen defending his doctrines. There are boys who in magnificent selflessness came to die beside his tomb, giving their blood and their lives so that he could keep living in the heart of his country. Cuba, what would have become of you if you had let your Apostle die?"

So the revolution began in a spirit of awareness of the country's past, and that spirit has continued. Cuban newspapers are filled with articles about Máximo Gómez on the seventieth anniversary of his death. Small children in a *circulo infantil*, showing off for a visitor, sing a song about Che Guevara, and one about Antonio Maceo. The Cuban modern dance troupe takes its inspiration less from Martha Graham or Ruth St. Denis than from the African roots of Cuba's folk culture, and in one of its most ambitious creations presents a pageant of Cuban history.

This awareness is one of the components of the deeply national character of the revolution. Because the struggle for independence was so long and hard the determination to preserve that independence is total. Twenty thousand people did not die in the revolutionary war simply to exchange one colonial master for another; the Cubans have already seen that happen once in their history and they are not likely to let it happen again. Of course some accommodations have to be made, and so Cuban foreign policy rarely strays far from that of the Soviet Union, but within Cuba itself there is no question of anyone except the Cubans being in charge.

The Cubans have also acquired a remarkable cultural self-assurance that belies their former susceptibility to American cultural penetration. With Havana only 70 miles from Key West, Cuba has traditionally been the most vulnerable country in Latin America, except perhaps for Mexico. Some traces of that vulnerability remain, but their harmful significance is gone. The works of John Lennon and Paul McCartney are still very popular items on Cuban radio. A pirated copy of "Erase una vez en el oeste" (*Once upon a time in the West*) recently played to packed houses in Havana. Anyone with even a moderately good radio can tune in to Miami radio stations, some of which broadcast counter-revolutionary messages intended specifically for Cuba. If atmospheric conditions are right Miami television signals come in as well. Cubans listen and watch. Nobody seems much concerned.

Nor is there any reason to be. What has happened in Cuba has gone far beyond the point where it can be influenced by a few radio broadcasts. Cubans do have something that the tourists don't have, something that nobody else in the Americas has, and they know it.

'The Hindoos'

anti-East Indian tensions in British Columbia

by Michael Morrow



Sikh immigrants confined on board the *Komagata Maru* at Vancouver in 1914

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918. Around the world the Great War had ended; in a Victoria saloon a small disturbance had begun. "Take your hat off," said the one-legged veteran. "Please, it is my religion to wear this," said the other man. "Take it off!" "Please!" The crippled veteran's arm flicked out; it ripped the turban from the Sikh's head. Just as swiftly the bearded man lunged at his tormentor, driving him to the floor. It was soon over: other white men in the bar beat the Sikh to death.

This incident was not the first example of racial violence in British Columbia involving immigrants from the Indian sub-continent — nor the last. In 1914, for example, the *Komagata Maru* affair had erupted in Vancouver's English Bay. Directly and indirectly, the affair claimed nearly 500 lives, helped spark India's fledgling independence movement, and

filled Vancouver's papers with mutinies, murders, intrigues and executions.

Sixty years later, Vancouver's papers note an increasing number of incidents of racial violence involving East Indians. From the inflammatory tone of some local radio talk shows, one is led to believe that the level of racial tolerance among British Columbia's whites has not changed much since the beginning of the century when Sir Wilfred Laurier, then Prime Minister of Canada, wrote, "Strange to say the Hindus . . . are looked upon by our people in British Columbia with still more disfavour than the Chinese. . . ."

British Columbia has always received most of Canada's immigrants from Asia, and anti-Asian feelings have deep roots. Even before the first 45 Indian settlers to Canada had come to Port Moody (today a Vancouver suburb) in 1905, the provincial legislature had denied all Asians the right to vote

— not to return it until 1947. The Indians — most of whom were Sikhs though mis-called “Hindoos” — could not avoid the lyrics of a song popular along the B.C. coast in the early part of the century:

“For white man’s land we fight.
To oriental grasp and greed
We’ll surrender, no never.
Our watchword be ‘God save the King’.
White Canada for ever.”

One can over-emphasize the importance of this anti-Asian heritage to contemporary life in British Columbia, but one cannot deny it still plays a role.

In 1974 Mayor Art Phillips of Vancouver claimed the influx of “coloured” (in Vancouver that means East Indian since there are very few black) immigrants would lead to racial conflict. He called on the federal government to recognize that the rate of immigration has been too great for the community to absorb. His position did not lack precedent: in 1906 the Mayor of Vancouver forbade a boatload of East Indian immigrants to disembark at the city’s pier (an action repeated subsequently by provincial and federal officials). Henry Gladstone, a nephew of the famous British Prime Minister who had served in India, pleaded, “The Sikhs are scrupulously clean and I regard them as a very fine race of men.” Nonetheless the Mayor cabled Winston Churchill, requesting the then Colonial Secretary in London to staunch the flow of Indian immigrants to British Columbia.

In 1906 the Lower Fraser Valley had about 5,000 East Indians in a population of less than 100,000. Today there are about 22,000 among about one million people in the Vancouver metropolitan area. A recent poll of Grade 11 students made in Vancouver by the department of manpower and immigration showed the overwhelming majority to be hostile toward immigrants generally. According to a senior department official, who insisted he not be quoted, most answered that they felt immigrants did not speak English well, made no attempt to fit in and used an inordinate amount of welfare. They felt immigration should be stopped. The survey did not ask which ethnic group was least liked, but according to the officer East Indians experience the most racial discrimination: “B.C. has always been dominantly waspish. People here have gotten accustomed to the Chinese, but the Chinese act the way the white man likes to see the little brown brother act. Sikhs are warriors: they don’t put up with that shit!”

The warrior ethic of the East Indian community has been much overblown. But the first Sikh settlers were mostly former policemen and soldiers of the British imperial service. To fight oppression is a founding principle of the Sikh religion. More than other immigrant communities of Vancouver, the East Indians have refused to accept the intimidation and discrimination imposed on them.

The ways and means of such refusal have been debated since the early days of Sikh settlement, in the *gurdawara* (temples) around the Fraser Valley. At present internal tensions within the community are high. Should Sikhs give up their turbans and beards? Should they avoid using Punjabi in public? Should they counter violence with violence?

On one extreme are the religiously orthodox who withdraw into their communities rather than sacrifice symbols and principles of their creed to accommodate a culture they see less tolerant and more hedonistic than their own. On the other, are those one writer has typed “xenophobic Marxists”. They stress the links between imperialistic oppression of their homeland and their own fate as second-class citizens here;

the violence of oppression can only be met with counter-violence. Both traditions have a long history. In the extreme, neither tendency is representative of attitudes of the community as a whole. But both are perfectly understandable within the context of the Indian community’s experience in British Columbia.

The federal government has traditionally gone along with British Columbia’s anti-Asian tendencies. Early in the century, for example, Mackenzie King, later to become Prime Minister of Canada, visited London and Calcutta to press the viewpoint that Asian immigration be restricted. Following the example of South Africa, Canada fully imposed such restrictions by 1918. (The number of permanent East Indian residents in Canada fell from more than 5,000 in 1908 to less than half that number in 1911 as the door closed.) Most Indians have come to Canada only since 1967 when the first relatively non-discriminatory immigration regulations were introduced. Ottawa’s Green Paper on immigration suggests that this policy will become an aberration and that new policy will, among other things, once again accommodate the anti-Indian feeling which exists in the province.

At the federal level, discrimination against East Indians has often been camouflaged. The first and one of the most effective barriers to Indian migration, for example, was a 1907 Order-in-Council which prohibited the landing of immigrants unless they came from the country of their birth or of their citizenship by *continuous journey* and on a through ticket purchased before leaving home. H. H. Stevens, then member of parliament from Vancouver, admitted at the time that the minister who drafted the order “knew, and his government knew, that there was no steamship line direct from India to Canada and therefore this regulation would keep the Hindu out, and at the same time render the government immune from attack on the ground that they were passing regulations against the interests of the Hindus who are British subjects.”

The Trudeau government’s Green Paper treats the racial question with similar Victorian circumspection, but clearly East Indians, other Asians and blacks are the primary targets of its bias toward policies to curtail immigration or make it more geographically discriminatory. According to the Paper, the inflow of Asian and Caribbean immigrants coincides with continuing internal migration into the biggest cities. “It would be astonishing if there was no concern about the capacity of our society to adjust to a pace of population change that entails novel and distinctive features.” The Paper does not explain why immigrants should be held responsible for such urban concentrations and not economic planners, entrepreneurs and others who put most jobs and social amenities in the big cities.

In particular, the Paper does not explain just why these “coloured” immigrants are the root of the problem. By its own statistics, there were nearly 464,000 immigrants from Italy to Canada from 1946 to 1971 compared with slightly more than 263,000 from all of Asia. Why are Italians not the problem? Presumably, the answer has something to do with the “different” cultural baggage these “third world” immigrants bring with them. But the answer would also seem to have something to do with racial attitudes of some Canadians. In some ears there must still ring the ironical alarm sounded nearly 70 years ago by *The Citizen* of Ottawa: “It is impossible any longer to call Canada a white man’s country.”

Stuart Rush, a Vancouver lawyer who specializes in im-



migration law, said existing immigration law already works against his clients, most of whom are Asians. "The points system is weighted in favour of whites," he said; "the law also gives wide discretionary powers to immigration authorities — whites get breaks all the time; third world people get almost none at all." Rush said "there is explicit discrimination against Asians here. . . . Next to the native Indians, East Indians are subjected to more than any other ethnic group in the province." According to Rush, the Green Paper is a move to make more explicit in law what has become increasingly explicit in practice: "They're closing the borders to third world people because we're moving into a period of depression and they don't need the cheap labour."

Rush claims that, unlike the situation at the turn of the century opposition to immigrants is not coming from "progressive" trade union leaders. Groups like East Indian forestry workers in Nanaimo and Quesnel are playing active roles in unions, which alleviates potential tension at that level. Trade union leaders understand that the way the economy is organized and managed is the root of Canada's economic

problem. At a working-class level, Rush sees differences springing from other factors — "bigotry, differences in lifestyles". He considers it abhorrent that Canada should allow immigration policy to be primarily determined by such considerations.

The Green Paper dismisses the argument that Canada has an obligation to assist in the solution of global population problems through immigration as not "practicable" or subscribed to by leaders of governments in countries with the largest and poorest populations.

It avoids, however, the implications for Canada, and particularly for British Columbia where racism has been so entrenched, of not facing up to discrimination as it now exists and as it might develop under future policy. Or, even more insidious, of using an Orwellian doublespeak to camouflage racially discriminatory policies in the tradition of the "continuous voyage" clause imposed on East Indians at the beginning of the century. The "realism and clear perception" by which the Green Paper claims to address itself would perhaps be better served by frank analysis of why some

Canadians consider an East Indian immigrant a "Punjabi nigger" than by limp concern over "population change that entails novel and distinctive features."

The first step to solving any problem is to expose it for examination, not to bury it in silly language. That immigrants in general, and East Indians in particular, are not popular in Vancouver and other parts of British Columbia has become increasingly self-evident. One can walk the streets of ticky-

tacky houses in South and East Vancouver to get that message. But there is more to the problem than can be blamed on "coloured" immigrants, and more to its solution than racially exclusive immigration policies. If a progressive society is really the goal, the first step for Canada, and for British Columbia in particular, is to face up to a heritage of racism that locates it somewhere south of the Mason-Dixon Line rather than just north of the 49th parallel.

The Komagata Maru incident

by Sheila Adams

On May 23, 1914, the Japanese steamer *Komagata Maru* arrived in Vancouver. Aboard the steamer were 376 East Indian men who wanted to immigrate to Canada. The immigration department refused to allow the passengers to leave the ship, and it lay at anchor in Burrard Inlet for two months. During this time, a tense drama was taking place in the courtroom, on the pages of Vancouver's newspapers, and on board the ship. For two long months, the men were confined to the ship while they awaited the final decision of the immigration department. When the *Komagata Maru* finally left Vancouver on July 23 to return to India, it was under the escort of *HMCS Rainbow*, a cruiser of the Canadian Navy.

The prevailing attitudes of the white population of B.C. at that time were profoundly anti-Asian, and white workmen in particular felt threatened by the pool of cheap labour formed by Chinese, Japanese and East Indian immigrants. The Canadian government had already passed restrictions against Chinese immigration, but in order to do the same concerning East Indians, it had to circumvent the fact that East Indians were British subjects: restricting their immigration would cause a strain in relations between the two Commonwealth countries. Therefore, two Orders in Council were passed in 1908: one required that each Asian immigrant had to have \$200 in his possession upon landing in Canada, and the other required that all immigrants must come to Canada directly from their country of birth or citizenship. Since there was no direct steamship service between Canada and India at that time, the order proved to be quite effective.

After examining the passengers and allowing 20 to land who had been to Canada previously, the immigration department issued a deportation order which was based upon the Orders-in-Council. The local Indian community secured legal help to fight the deportation order, and this became a lengthy court battle. It ended in defeat for the Indians, as the order was upheld by a Court of Appeal on July 9.

During this period, the passengers had run out of food and water, and threatened to hold an immigration official as hostage unless they were given some food. The immigration dept. complied but refused to give them further provisions until the ship was ready to sail.

The passengers eventually mutinied against the Japanese captain and crew, and refused to allow them to fire up the ship's engines in preparation for departure. The immigration dept. and local police, with a force of 150 men, tried to quell the riot and board the ship from a tugboat, the *Sea Lion*, but they were repelled by the passengers, who threw

lumps of coal and sticks at them. At this point, the Member of Parliament for Vancouver, H. H. Stevens, who had been aboard the *Sea Lion*, secured the use of the Canadian Navy cruiser *Rainbow*. It was rushed to the scene, equipped with eight guns and a detachment of militia, and was used to escort the *Komagata Maru* out of Vancouver harbour. The departure of the ship was observed from the shore by a force of troops on the docks, and thousands of Vancouver residents.

When the men landed back in India, their frustration at having been refused entrance to Canada, and having been on board the ship continuously for six months reached the breaking point. A riot ensued in which 26 men were killed and over 200 arrested. Many disturbances thereafter were attributed to these men, whose experience on the *Komagata Maru* had indeed caused them to be further disaffected.

In his book *A History of the Sikhs*, Khushwant Singh writes:

"In Vancouver, a trail of violence followed the departure. . . . The Immigration Dept. had engaged the services of a Eurasian policeman, William Hopkinson, to break up the Ghadr organization [a Sikh political party]. Hopkinson's chief aide was one Bela Singh. Two of Bela Singh's henchmen were found murdered. At the post-funeral service of these murdered men in the gurdwara, Bela Singh killed two and wounded six other men. William Hopkinson volunteered to appear as a witness for the defence in the trial of Bela Singh. On October 21, 1914, Hopkinson was shot and killed by Mewa Singh, the priest of a gurdwara. Mewa Singh was sentenced to death. Prior to his execution he made a confessional statement . . . : 'My religion does not teach me to bear enmity with anybody, no matter what class, creed or order he belongs to, nor had I any enmity with Hopkinson. I heard that he was oppressing my poor people very much . . . I — being a Sikh — could no longer bear to see the wrong done both to my innocent countrymen and the Dominion of Canada.' . . . Mewa Singh was hanged on January 11, 1915. The anniversary of Mewa Singh's martyrdom is celebrated every year by the Sikhs of Canada and the USA."

Following the death of the *Komagata Maru* voyagers in Calcutta a battalion of Indian soldiers in Singapore mutinied, and released the German prisoners of war they were holding out of contempt for British authority. They were all shot before a firing squad. Indian settlers from the Vancouver area returned to India to take part in the so-called Lahore Incident, one of the first overt acts of rebellion against British rule leading up to the country's independence more than three decades later.

'ELLO,
MORGENTHAUER?



AISLIN
150 CARICATURES

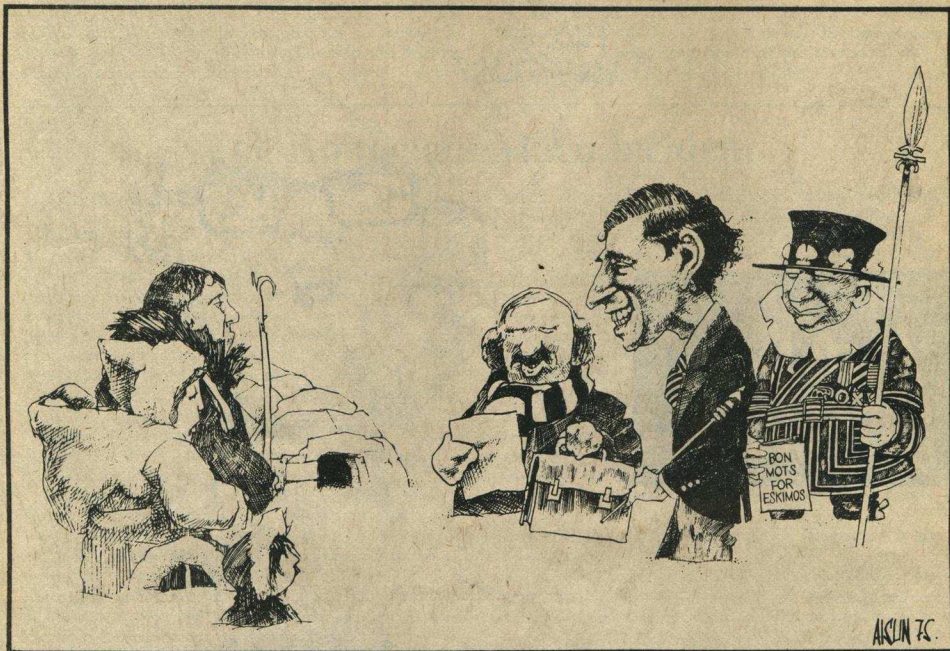
"THE OLYMPICS CAN NO MORE HAVE A DEFICIT THAN A MAN CAN HAVE A BABY."

JEAN DRAPEAU - JAN. 23, 1973.

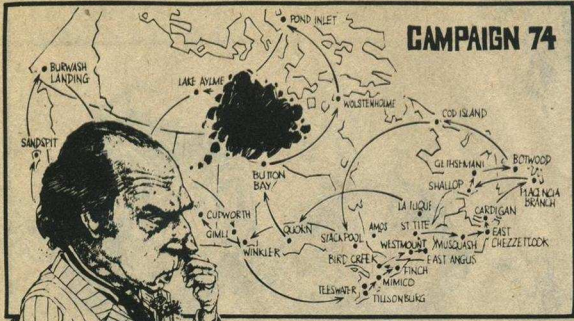
Terry Moshier ('Aislin') really needs no introduction to *Last Post* readers — his cartoons have been appearing regularly in these pages for the past six years. His latest collection of caricatures, published by Hurtig Publishers, is now on sale across the country. In the next few pages are a sampling from Aislin's new book of drawings that have not appeared before in the *Last Post*.

Mordecai Richler, in his foreword to Aislin's new collection, writes that Terry Moshier "is not only the most gifted cartoonist of his Canadian generation, but a man whose sense of outrage is informed by wit, style, and commendable appetite. Moshier, bless him, fulminated for you and me. His angers are yours and mine. He is not only bracingly cruel, seriously cruel, but he obviously enjoys inventing a carve-up as much as we have come to savour the results."

“... AND YOUR FUTURE KING...”



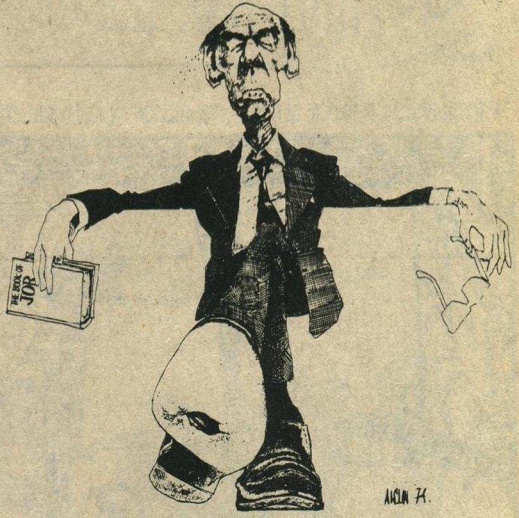
Bill 22, before and after



CAMPAIGN 74

AISLIN 74

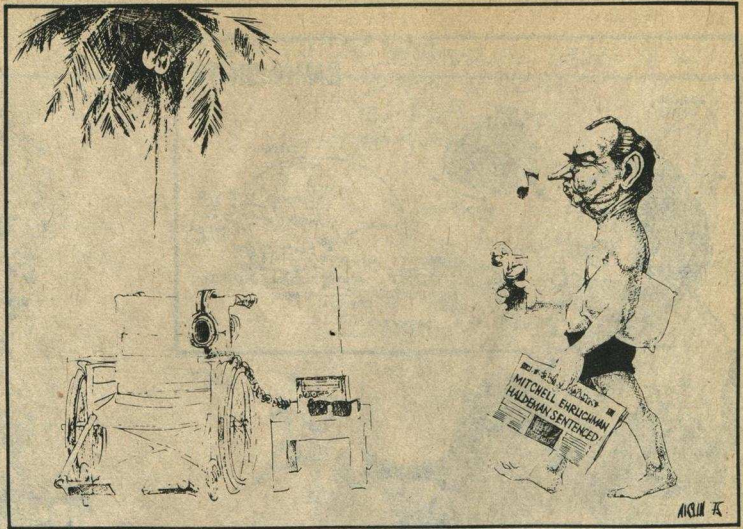
AFTER ALL, THE TRENCH ARE NOT THE ONLY FOREIGNERS IN THIS COUNTRY.



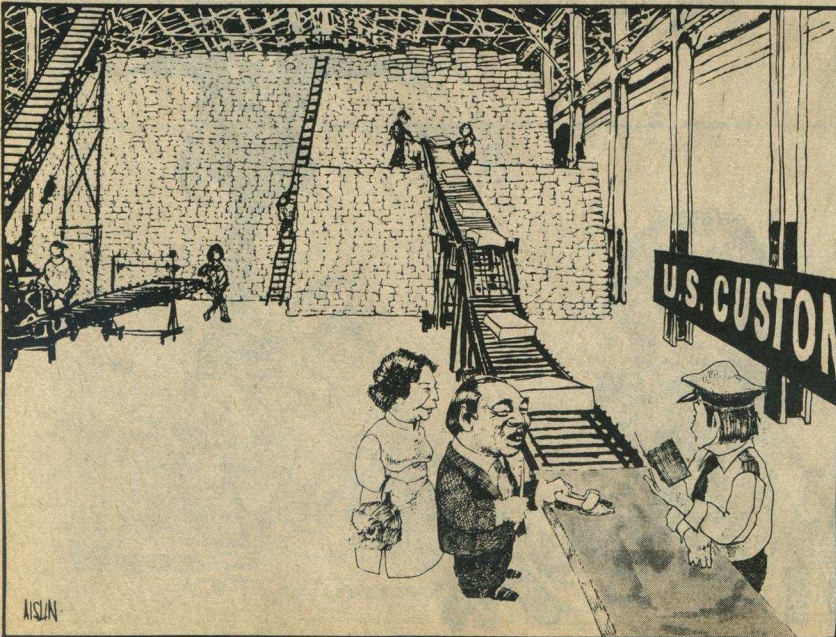
AISLIN 74



AISLIN 74



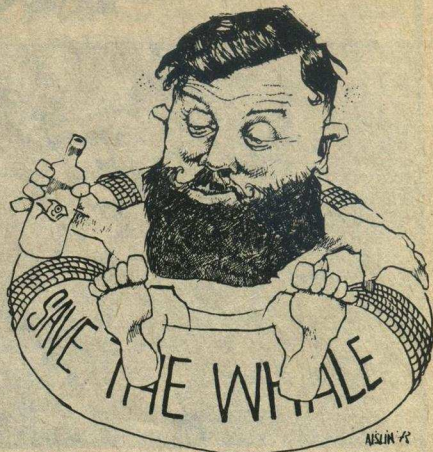
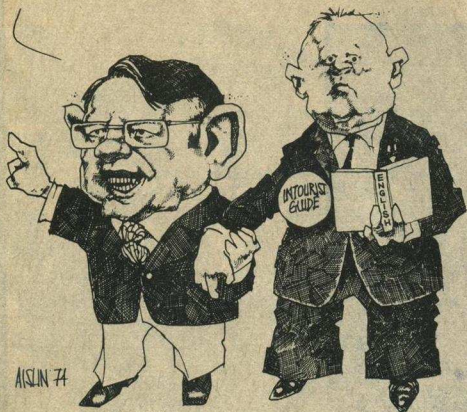
"A TOOTH BRUSH, BEDROOM SLIPPERS, 73 MILLION IN GOLD BULLION AND A FEW OTHER PERSONAL EFFECTS."



Vietnam liberated

LOOKIE THERE, HOLY JEEZ,
GOSH DAM, YIPPEE-OO-AYE!

FARLEY MOWAT

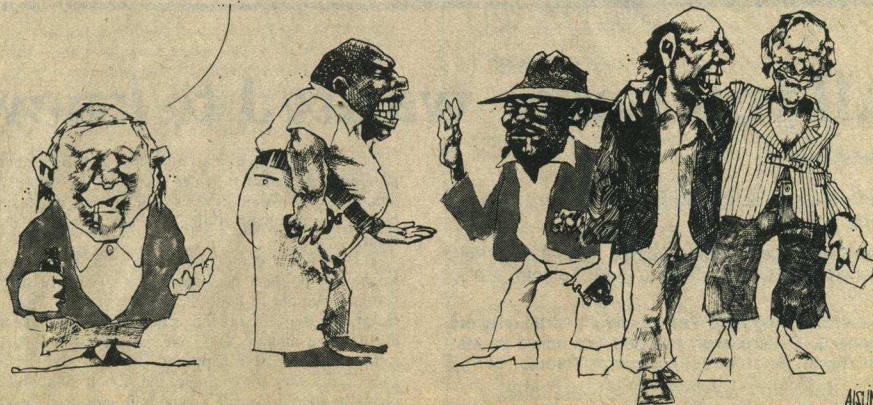


AISLIN 74

AISLIN 74

Howie Meeker in Red Square

YES SIR, THAT'S THE LIFE! EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON SOMEBODY 'LL LIFT
A CASE OF MOLSON SOMEWHERE, AND THEN ME, AND CHUCK, AND BAD-ASS, AND
PHIL, AND RUDY GATHER AROUND TO JAW OVER THE WEEK'S PANHANDLING...



AISLIN 74

Marc Lalonde suggests more realistic TV commercials

Rear View



The lieutenant from
Lower Town in Parti pour
la Gloire — see page 44

- Murphy on political memoirs — p. 40
- MacFadden finds some poems — p. 43
- Reid on war literature — p. 44
- Democritus on science — p. 47
- Colton on Rohmer — p. 48
- Chodos on journalism — p. 49
- Lamont on women — p. 50

All you never wanted to know

by RAE MURPHY

One Canada, by John Diefenbaker. Macmillan/Toronto. 206 pp. \$14.95.

Diefenbaker: Leadership Gained 1956-62, by Peter Stursberg. University of Toronto Press/Toronto. 350 pp. \$15.00.

"I Never Say Anything Provocative": witticisms etc. of John G. Diefenbaker, selected and edited by Margaret Wente. Peter Martin Associates/Toronto. 147 pp. \$3.95.

My Years with Louis St. Laurent: a political memoir, by J. W. Pickersgill. University of Toronto Press/Toronto. 334 pp. \$17.50.

The wave of political memoirs and biographies now flooding the market provides a convincing answer to those among us who would have us believe that Canadian political history is a mundane affair. They are, of course, absolutely right.

This is not a complaint, mind you. Turbulence means trouble. A political backwater is a nice place to be. How fortunate we are to live where the writ flows from Bytown rather than Beirut, Baghdad or Belfast. It does make for rather dull reading though. Still, one has the nagging feeling that something must have happened here over the last few decades. There was, for example, the Abbott Plan which fundamentally altered Canada's economic industrial development — scarcely a word. There was an apparent dramatic shift in our foreign policy, reflected in our participation in the Korean war, after St. Laurent replaced Mackenzie King —



Olive and The Chief

passed over rather lightly by Pearson and merely mentioned by Pickersgill.

As this is written, the announcement has been made that Canada will purchase a billion dollars' worth of military aircraft from the United States. We used to have a very advanced aircraft industry in Canada and we don't anymore. A question was again raised in Parliament about Canada's non-existent merchant marine. We used to have one of the largest in the world.

What happened?

We won't find out much from reading the political memoirs.

Moreover, even when there appears to be an issue of principle or controversy successful politicians — even, it appears, unsuccessful ones — stake their positions firmly to one side of it. So it is that John Diefenbaker's essential recollection of the Regina police riot is a comment on R. B. Bennett's courage in eschewing a bullet-proof podium at a later campaign meeting on the prairies, and Jack Pickersgill's recounting of the "pipe-line debate" deals mainly with what a klutz Speaker Rene Beaudoin turned out to be.

Our apparent tradition of amicable incompetence in government was developed into an art form in the era of the late Lester B. Pearson. This was duly recorded in the final volume of his memoirs with the cloying title *Mike Volume 3*. At the moment there appears to be little amicability associated with Mr. Trudeau, but we will have to wait for the memoirs to find out that nothing is really happening now.

Meanwhile we can concentrate upon the Diefenbaker era and recall with J. W. Pickersgill some of the screw-ups of Louis St. Laurent that made it all possible.

As you think of it, it is logical that John Diefenbaker should become the leading figure, if not the actual subject, of

most of our current political literature. Not because he has particularly distinguished himself in Opposition — much less in government. Not because he represented a peculiar force, much less an ideology, in Canadian politics — certainly the myth of Prairie Populism and Red Toryism must even bore the grant-givers at the Canada Council.

John Diefenbaker was purely a conventional politician. His aim in life was to get elected and once elected to stay elected. He makes this point, perhaps unintentionally, when he describes his days as a young politician in the West. He says he sympathized with the farmer's plight; he says he supported the farmer's goals. He didn't join the Progressive Party because he knew that ultimately he would not be successful if he did.

In office, John Diefenbaker was a bust. Part of the problem, according to Jack Pickersgill, was that Diefenbaker thought when he said something, he did something. Poor John, he governed not wisely, but verbosely. Another part of Diefenbaker's problem was that he raised nincompoopery in high places to a point that was hitherto unattainable even in Canada.

That the Diefenbaker ministry may look better in retrospect is more a reflection on his successors than any reassessment of his own government. We may yet yearn for a Donald Fleming as Minister of Finance!

John Diefenbaker is an interesting figure today for, I believe, three reasons. Because nostalgia is always nice and always sells. Because he refused to leave gracefully when asked, and then survived, meaning he could only be put out of harm's way by being accepted as a Living Legend. And what is a Living Legend without books? And because when all is said and done, John Diefenbaker participated in the ultimate Canadian political accident (or revolution) — he was the agent that temporarily threw the federal civil service out of office. If you underestimate what a trauma this was, read Pickersgill's book and find yourself swept along in the fear, loathing and terror that gripped Ottawa at the mere contem-

CANADA'S UNIONS

Robert Laxer

An up-to-date account of Canada's labour movement in the mid-seventies—its structure, its leaders, its aims and its future. Describing recent trends such as the rapid growth of Canadian unions like CUPE, Laxer develops two parallel themes: the recent surge in labour militancy, and the growth of nationalism among Canadian workers and of interest in independent Canadian unions. A useful, detailed report on what's happening in the Canadian labour movement today.

\$5.95 paper / \$15.00 cloth

James Lorimer & Company, Publishers

plation of a Diefenbaker government. To the mandarin class Diefenbaker survives still as a grim object lesson for assistant associate deputy ministers.

This season, John Diefenbaker has weighed in with the first volume of his memoirs. The word is that two more are to come, making his memoirs just as long as those of Lester Pearson. To say the least, the first volume is padded. To be less churlish, let us say that the book is rich in detail. We learn, for example, more about his brother Elmer than any reasonable person would want to know.

John Diefenbaker is blessed with total recall. In fact, super total recall. Some people suggest that Diefenbaker remembers, in vivid detail, events that didn't take place, speeches he didn't make, and positions he didn't take. One suspects Diefenbaker of super total recall because of the abiding aim of his life — not only to be Prime Minister but, as some suggest, also to become a Living Legend.

Setting out to become a Living Legend early in life does cramp young John's style, although he doesn't seem to notice. Looking always for a stray underdog to defend and coining aphorisms: "Too often have Conservatives in this country lost sight of the fact change must take place to meet changing conditions, that the health of the tree is preserved by pruning the withered limbs." John spends his life posing as a "Big Man" devoted to the welfare of the "Little Man". The evidence he was either is rather flimsy.

While there are a few forward flashes — he recalls a period

of his youth in what is now an eastern suburb of Toronto and agrees with those who oppose an airport there — the book covers basically the period leading to his election as leader of the Progressive Conservative Party. The good parts are therefore still to come, although even here we are given fair warning from Gregory Guthrie and Thomas Van Dusen. In an appendix billboarding Vol. II, "... The policy of a 'colour blind' Commonwealth given new shape and texture by Diefenbaker's conviction, represented new hope for the millions of black, yellow and brown human beings in the Commonwealth. He held firmly to the principle of Canada's right to make her own decisions in all questions affecting Canada's interests. Breaking new ground, he was subject to criticism and controversy; yet he never faltered..." And so on.

But there is something else going on in Diefenbaker's memoirs. One gets the sneaking suspicion that "The Man" is using the Living Legend stuff, if not to make another grab for the brass ring, at least to settle some old scores. His are not the recollections of a venerable gentleman looking back on a full, rich life (not your average Living Legend) but rather an appeal of a man of boundless egotism and self-pity... waiting... waiting...

* * *

There are two other books of recent vintage on John Diefenbaker.

Peter Stursberg in his introduction to *Diefenbaker: Leadership Gained 1956-62* states that "The portable tape recorder has made possible living, or oral history." In the subsequent 271 pages, Stursberg proves what a stupid notion that is.

The book has two interesting features. It has a large number of characters, but no word from Diefenbaker (this is because of contractual complications between Macmillan and University of Toronto Press). Thus it reads like a shooting script of a Busby Berkeley production of *Waiting for Godot*.

The other noticeable thing about Stursberg's "oral history" is that it presents Pierre Sevigny as the Conservative theoretician in Quebec. This could answer many questions, but who would want to ask them?

Then there is a Peter Martin rip-off, *'I Never Say Anything Provocative'*. This is a disjointed collection of quotes from John Diefenbaker subtitled, "Witticisms, Anecdotes and Reflections by Canada's Most Outspoken Politician".

It is said that John Diefenbaker has a great sense of humour and a slashing wit. This is very hard to discern in his public utterances. The jokes he repeats in his memoirs are usually quotes from Sir John A. Macdonald or other political figures. The only real gut buster is gotten off by brother Elmer and it concerns a dam site — get it? Thus poor Margaret Wente in her collection must resort to things like: "I have no statement to make at this time." This memorable remark was made on September 9, 1967 in Toronto. Unfortunately Margaret Wente leaves us guessing as to what provoked that zinger.











* * *

There was a time when affairs of state were handled in Canada with quiet, assured efficiency. Our Prime Minister was a dignified old man who liked to be called Uncle Louis. He was surrounded by a few strong-willed Cabinet ministers and a small clique of civil servants or servants of the Liberal Party (because there was no difference in their eyes) who got things done. There was a smallish Opposition, which could

Ten Beautiful Books

Only 29.95

BREAKWATER
BOOKS

The only Newfoundland publisher

Order from:
Breakwater Books Ltd.
Box 52, Site C
Portugal Cove, Newfoundland

FOUND POEMS*

"Old Centurion tanks in Europe will either be brought up to date by extensive refitting, or replaced with the German Leopard II, now NATO's main battle tank. CF-104 Starfighters in Europe and CF-101 Voodoos in Canada will be replaced with more modern fighters by the 1980s. And the Argus will be replaced by the Orion."

—Editorial, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, December 6, 1975

"Then, Finance Minister John Turner resigned

and suddenly this great and ridiculous dream collapsed. The bill for stop-go economics, with recessions, reflations, shrunken dollars, high interest rates and high prices must now be paid. We are at the edge of an economic precipice. It is visible to many but seemingly is still not fully apparent to others who go on insisting that even more spending can buy a just society for all."

—Brigadier R. S. Malone, *Publisher and Editor-in-Chief*, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, December 6, 1975.

*These poems were found by Patrick MacFadden

be a pain in the ass at times, but basically it was a cross that could be lightly borne. It is these days that J. W. Pickersgill recounts in his *My Years with St. Laurent*.

Pickersgill was the paradigm of the Canadian style of civil servant — one whose future was bound inextricably with the Liberal Party. He moved through the top echelons of the civil service when it was a good steady job for a smart kid of the thirties, into Parliament and Cabinet when it became useful, and then out to pasture with a super civil service job (a job he created himself) when the eyes that had poured over innumerable precedents and volumes of Hansard had gotten tired. A career once charted by Gilbert and Sullivan, but none the less honourable for all that.

In Pickersgill's mind the linkage on The Great Chain of Being moved from the simple member of Parliament, into Cabinet, Prime Ministerial adviser, to the Great Man Himself. In all capacities, Pickersgill served the Man, the Party and the State, with energy, and often with over-enthusiasm. It was Pickersgill who could always find the way to open a place in Cabinet with an offer of an embassy, a bench appointment or the Senate. It was Pickersgill who could always find a precedent for any parliamentary manoeuvre, and it was

Pickersgill who finally did as much as anybody to screw up the lovely machine he did so much to create during his long service with Mackenzie King and Louis St. Laurent — so, nobody's perfect.

Pickersgill's book tells of those idyllic days even into the twilight. It reads like an overly long memo and, more importantly, again begs the question — didn't anything happen to Canada except Newfoundland during the post-war years? But the book has a disarming quality. We can imagine Pickersgill as a blithe rotter who seems to suggest that if Dame Fortune gives one's life no meaning other than to screw George Drew, it should never the less be lived to the hilt.

My Life with St. Laurent is also of great value to anyone who collects government trivia. If the style weren't so sluggish it would be a great book for Poli-Sci buffs. Every Cabinet shuffle is there — in excruciating detail. And the reasons for them are always given — invariably geographic balance. At last Pickersgill answers the burning question of why Alcide Cote was made Postmaster General in 1952 and not Paul Emile Cote.

And if that doesn't make you want to rush out and pay \$17.50 for a copy, nothing will.

Quebec looks at World War II

by MALCOLM REID

Quebec and the War: a hard subject. Québécois fought it, built ships, died in it. Some had the strange joy of helping liberate their Old Country. They did all this as part of the industrial world, the Democracies.

Also: Quebec fought conscription, was much drawn, if not to Hitler, to Mussolini, Franco, Salazar. And the War, subject of a million American war novels and a thousand French ones (maybe a dozen good ones in English Canada), central fact of modern times for the British and the Jews, is radically absent from Quebec literature and culture.

Both sides were the truth. And it is also clearly true, it seems to me (I was born in '41 and don't remember any of this), that World War II was an important moment in Quebec's history, that it industrialized it and opened it to the world and made the Quiet Revolution a certainty. Again, though, its *immediate* result was Duplessis.

A culture is made by writers and imaginers, and to write you must have some kind of education. Until recently the formally educated in Quebec were not interested in World War II: they were nationalist and approved the resistance to conscription, to England, to Ottawa. But with the elevation of Nazism to the role of quintessential evil, they could no longer cling to their right-wing reasons. So they were silent.

Or — vice versa — they were anti-fascist too early, and licked English boots in the forties. Hence were silent so as not to be called *vendus*. Their side had won. Quebec fascism, once open, was shamefaced now. They contented themselves with that. (And how many in Quebec were at all sympathetic to fascism before the war? These things are hard to quantify years later, and of course there were English-Canadian fascists too. It is rather the broader authoritarian cultural tradition which was clearly a part of the Quebec of those days.)

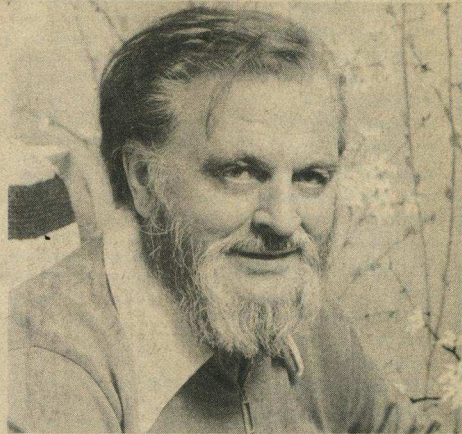
Félix Leclerc, say, could be an example of the first — a man of 60 who became famous in the 1950s, his hundreds of songs allude nowhere I can recall to the War. Of what American, Canadian, French or British entertainer of that generation could one say that? Nor do I say it to blacken Félix; he is one of my heroes, a prince of song. He sings the soil and the forest, traditionalist but not exactly right-wing themes. He is simply a French-Canadian of his time: it was not his war.

Jean-Louis Gagnon, the journalist, could be cited as the second case. Pro-English and left-wing back then, he died with a tattered reputation a few years ago — vaguely progressive but vaguely soulless.

And then came the generation of intellectuals for whom the War was ancient history, first of all. And second, the merger of nationalism with left-wing ideas was now natural. This was the era of decolonization. They called the Montreal police "Gestapo" like any American kid razzing the fuzz.

But what about the VanDoos, the Legion hall my bus passes every time I go through Beauharnois, my friend in Sept-Îles whose youth was the Italian Campaign? What about the soldiers?

They came from the working class, and most of them returned to it. They joined the Army to better their lives, and



Jean-Jules Richard wrote *Nine Days of Hate*

if they rose, they probably stayed there, and hence out of public debate in the years that followed. They didn't write novels.

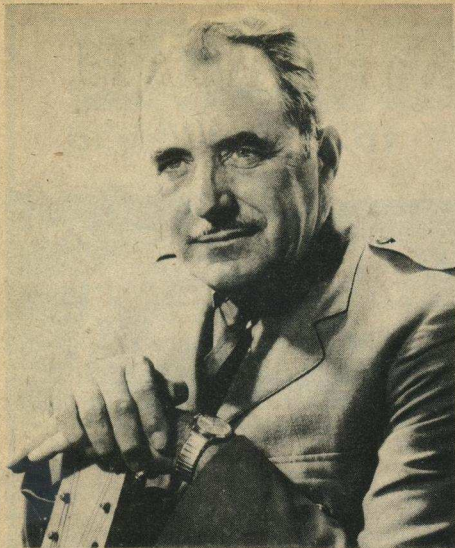
Except one. Jean-Jules Richard was his name, and he died this year. *Nine Days of Hate* was published in 1948, and he dedicated it to three comrades, a Jew, a Ukrainian and a fellow French-Canadian, one would guess from the names. I have noticed it reprinted recently, a quarter of a century later, when Richard was finally becoming known. He had become a socialist, a trade-unionist, a recluse, and toward the end, an old writer beloved of the young.

His novel is good, tightly written, left-wing. It is a humane picture of war, and ends with a horrible piece of Occupation justice. But it's not against the War, and helps you understand why the privates hated the officers, brooded little about democracy, but still risked their lives.

It's also strangely lacking in character, ethnic character. We're in Normandy, but there are no important French-Canadian characters. It is the Prairie Slavs who seemed to fascinate Richard. The most interesting is named Kouska, and he expresses what was, I think, the consensus about the War on the English-Canadian left (not unanimous — my own family stuck pretty much to its pacifism):

"Kouska is counting on the population to pull together around the vets, if ever they get back. His hope is for a surge forward, a change, after the War. Without this he could not go on."

There was one immensely popular artist to emerge from the Second World War in Quebec. He was a singer-composer, perhaps the first western singer in the French language. His name is Roland Lebrun, and many still call him by his wartime name, *Le Soldat Lebrun*. I have been listening to some of his records lately, and I like them more than goes down well with my Québécois friends.



Wartime Quebec singer Soldier Lebrun in later years

The adaptation of the American (or English-Canadian — especially Maritime) western style of singing to Quebec French was in one way something grotesque. Cowboys in New France? You could also say it was important and justified, because it was one of the things which permitted Quebec song to talk about modern life without cutting itself off from its rural roots.

Western music is still widely popular in rural and working-class Quebec, and there is a whole stable of stars, including the ex-Soldier Lebrun and his family. Many are phony, many are mushy. Roland Lebrun may be phony and mushy now, but in the early recordings I have been listening to, I find him . . . well, first of all, a fine melodist. His tunes, almost all sad, slow ones, are of great beauty, very white and European and soulful. And the accompaniment, with guitar only, and some humming, is so austere that I am won. The steel guitar that is for me the hardest-to-take part of western, is not yet there.

Lebrun sings in a stylized western-sad voice, and it is this which makes my friends laugh at him. Few Québécois — so far — would include him in a list of important cultural influences of the forties, but in a way he fills the gap left by the absence of novelists and poets among the Québécois who enlisted and fought in Europe.

He is not a good poet. His lyrics are conventional in their language, but they are not meaningless or unfelt. Rather, they are a window on Quebec popular sensibility before the Quiet Revolution.

There is the father lecturing the boy who wants to marry his daughter:

*And if you love her
As a father loved her
My son, you have my blessing.*

I cannot say how funny and pompous and at the same time achingly beautiful this song is.

Many of the songs are on love themes like that and have nothing to do with the army, but of course it was his war songs which made his name. There is nothing about conscription in them, nothing about English officers, no humour. They are all patriotism of the most Mackenzie King kind, and indeed his singing and his soldier suit must have helped recruit in those days. Still the vision is a French-Canadian one, which would not have occurred to a singer from Prince Edward Island.

*The pretty cathedral
Of miracles uncounted
The bombs infernal
Have blasted you without pity.*

Soldier Brown, *salut!*

But many a Soldier Brown had not wanted to be a soldier. And that is of course the real Quebec World War II story. Now a good, not great, Quebec moviemaker has tackled it. Clément Perron. *Partis pour la Gloire* is a straightforward fiction of the '42 Conscription Crisis in the Beauce.

All of Canada had voted to free Mackenzie King from his promise there would be no conscription. But all of French Quebec had been in the minority that held him to his promise. It was an anti-imperialist impulse that went back at least to the Boer War. And was conscription needed to win? The generals thought so.

Explosion. The vaguely irritating English regime in Ottawa now became a war machine that was sending Quebec boys to death. The old compromises no longer worked. The town mayor couldn't any longer be a good Canadian and a good Quebec nationalist.

NEW FILMS DEC FILMS

CANADA/LABOUR

FORGET IT JACK—the Simcoe, Ont. hospital workers' strike.
LE MÉPRIS N'AURA QU'UN TEMPS—Arthur Lamothe's film about the Québec construction industry.
BLEECKER STREET—the people vs. Meridian Development Corporation.

WOMEN

THE AMAZING EQUAL PAY SHOW—political burlesque on the status of women's rights, from England.
THE WOMEN'S FILM—documentary, deals with class, racial and sexual inequality.
WOMEN OF TELECOMMUNICATIONS STATION 6—women of N. Vietnam.
THE LONG CHAIN—women in India.
MY COUNTRY OCCUPIED—women in Guatemala.

CHILDREN'S FILMS

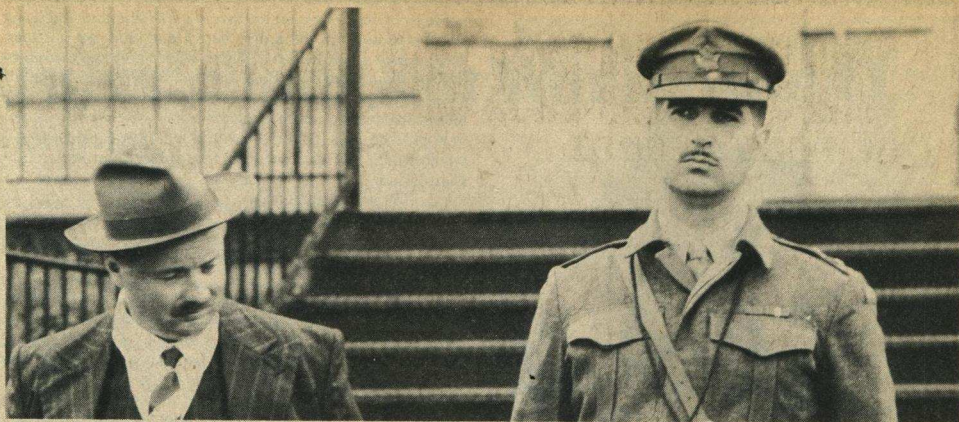
I REMEMBER TOO—the coup in Chile, as seen through the eyes of children.
IN THE JUNGLE THERE IS LOTS TO DO—a political allegory for children—and adults!

SLIDE-TAPE

BUCHANS—the story of a mining company town in Newfoundland, produced by Oxfam, Nfld.
CULTIVATING FAMINE: THE WORLD FOOD CRISIS—the root causes of famine and what can be done.
WHO PAYS? WHO PROFITS?—growing corporate control of Canadian food production.

For a complete list of films and rental information:

DEC FILMS
121 AVENUE ROAD
TORONTO, ONTARIO
(416-)964-6901



The mayor and the military: Jean-Marie Lemieux and Andre Melancon in *Partis pour la Gloire*

The army, in *Partis pour la Gloire* (*The Hotheads*, roughly), sets up camp near town, and all the men have to register. They mock the army in the bars for a while, then register. Except for some, encouraged by the priests and the young nationalists, who hide out. But an implacable lieutenant from Quebec City's Lower Town tracks them down. That's about all.

Perron did the script for *Mon Oncle Antoine*, but he has none of the skill of Jutra, who directed that film. He is a slow fellow. The colour is good and ordinary — it looks like 1974 sunlight, not the 1942 stuff, which — I'm sure of it — had something different about it. The short haircuts are good. The dollar bills have those old-fashioned fives and ones on them. But a farm girl is seen wearing boutique overalls. Later she reads a post card aloud, and it goes on and on. It must be a three-page post card.

A film of the recent past is a booby trap of that kind. And this one doesn't pull it off badly at all — way better than Perron's previous film, *Taureau* (in which memories of the War are also a theme).

What Perron has is ideas. He is using cinema to get into the emotions of the history of his people, and that, I'd say, is what cinema is for. That is what I get out of *Grapes of Wrath*, and that is what I get out of *Citizen Kane*.

Perron, even while working here for the National Film Board, is a Québécois intellectual, and the problem of whether it was right not to be worked up over fascism doesn't interest him, as it did not interest the farmers he depicts. But the ambiguity of things, the tragic position of the Québécois of 1942, is present in *Partis pour la Gloire* nevertheless, and the film could not have been made ten years ago.

The best that could be done then was *Ti-Coq*. This is the work that most Québécois would cite as the major Quebec work of the war. I saw the movie about ten years ago — it dated from ten years before that. I was amazed at its technical quality (it completely predated the current Quebec film boom and yet was quite professional) and understood why the play it was taken from had been such a long-running hit in Montreal.

Gratien Gélinas' character was heart-warming, the perfect Quebec buck private getting mistreated on the home front

while he was off fighting King George's war. But I was outraged by the ending. A priest, a French-Canadian Catholic chaplain in the Canadian army, appeared on the scene, handsome and soothing in his uniform and collar, and told Ti-Coq he must accept that his girlfriend had chosen someone else while he was away, and he'd been kept in the dark because he was a bastard. He must accept — that was God's law, and it was also the rules of the game, like an order in the army. And Ti-Coq accepted, and I'll never forgive Gratien Gélinas for that scene. Perron's depth is where Gélinas' sellout was: in his picture of the church. There are a lot of priests around: Claude Gauthier does a dandy little nationalist abbé; Rolland Bédard is a caring curé of the old school; Luc Durant, a slimy seminary director who nevertheless protects the fake-seminarians against the probing military.

(Gauthier, singer of many an anticlerical song in the coffeehouses, played a militant arrested under the War Measures Act in *Les Ordres*. Here he gets to tell the lieutenant: "You're the law now? Ah, yes, *la loi des Mesures de Guerre!*")

Each of these men got a different degree of sympathy from me. Yet each carried within himself the contradiction of the Quebec clergy before the Quiet Revolution: a force solidifying the resistance of a subject people to colonial rule, and an oppressor, an alienator, a sower of meanness and terror in the farmers and workers who kept it alive. (Just to see Gauthier standing firmly in black with the money box of the Saturday movie is to see a whole long-gone Quebec.)

And this is what the wiry lieutenant from Lower Town has to face. André Melançon plays him — an English expression in every second sentence. He is a better man than they, or as good. But at this time and place of history, he is on the wrong side, and they are on the right.

In his gauche way, Perron veers explicitly progressive at the last moment, and has his student deserter declare he'll get into unions and co-ops when the War is over. But it doesn't matter much — the lad is that kind of boy scout.

By then, he has drawn his portrait of a society oppressed, resisting, but also partly oppressing itself. It is a work of art, a work of history, and a work of revolt.

ELEMENTS

SCIENCE REPORT



BY DEMOCRITUS

Return of the son of the ghost of blob

Billionaire recluse **Howard Hughes** made a bit of a splash on the world's front pages earlier this year when it was learned that his ship **Glomar Explorer**, ostensibly designed for undersea mining, was in fact being used by the **CIA**, prospecting for **Soviet submarines**.

Of course, the fact that Hughes was lending a helping hand to the CIA does not mean that undersea mining was just a cover. Hughes and other moguls, corporate, personal and national alike, are right in thinking that the seabed will be the next mineral bonanza to be cashed in on by the few who can scramble to the top of the heap . . . or the bottom of the ocean.

A recently published United States government study suggests that Hughes and his ilk may be close to becoming the perpetrators of a catastrophe far more serious than a little dent in détente.

The **Deep Ocean Mining Environment Study — DOMES** — is being carried out by the U.S. **National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration**, and its first report warns that undersea mining for **manganese nodules** may bring back to life long-extinct forms.

The study, under **Dr. Oswald Roels** of the **City University of New York**, surveyed a 52,000 square kilometre area of the Pacific, in a zone for which mining companies are already filing claims.

Dr. Roels and his team collected more than a ton of the manganese nodules that are the bait for the multi-billion-dollar fishing trip getting underway around the world. What they also dredged up was a series of **plankton spores**, which bloomed to life when brought to the surface and exposed to life.

What **Dr. Roels** suggests is that there may be spores of extinct species of plankton, or other organisms, lying deep on the ocean bed, which could be revived by mining. The problem is that predators of the extinct organisms may well be extinct themselves.

In a very real sense, plankton are the bottom line of the world food equation, the basis of the entire marine food chain.

The possible consequences of a revived species, of unknown quantities — perhaps poisonous — and unchecked by ecological controls, are incalculable.

Meanwhile, back in the Atlantic . . .

Democritus' favourite ocean, the **Atlantic**, is not being neglected in the 20-thousand-leagues-under league. **Glomar Explorer's** sister ship, **Glomar Challenger**, has set sail from Puerto Rico on an international deep sea drilling mission.

The goal of the project is to discover more about the nature of the sea floor, to try and understand the nature of the force that is steadily widening the Atlantic Ocean, and

to find out how oceanic ore deposits are formed. At least, that's what they say the goal is.

Central to these problems — and to the Atlantic — is the Mid-Atlantic Range, half-way between Africa and North America. **Glomar Challenger** will attempt to drill a series of holes in the seabed, trying to probe the deepest layer of the ocean crust. The holes, 6,600 feet into the ocean floor rock, will be more than three times deeper than any previous penetration. They'll be drilled both along the ridge and at right-angles to it.

The fifty-million-dollar price tag is being picked up by the United States, Britain, Japan, West Germany and the Soviet Union . . . so there'll be a number of claimants for any submarines that happen to turn up, and for any **Krakens** waked.

Ol' Diethylstilbestrol is back . . .

From that wonderful drug that brought you the **Canada-U.S. meat embargo** and the first **morning-after birth control pill** . . . now, breasts for men.

Seems that **Diethylstilbestrol** — aka **D.E.S.** — just can't keep itself out of the papers. Last year it was Canada banning American meat containing the cancer-causing agent, which was used by farmers to fatten the cattle faster. Earlier this year, it was the U.S. food and drug administration approving **D.E.S.** as the first morning-after birth-control pill.

Now, from Quebec, **D.E.S.** pops up in a different disguise. Ottawa's Health Protection Branch announced that a skin cream called **Paracne Doctor Maréel** has been withdrawn from the market. The cream's main ingredient was **D.E.S.**

The withdrawal followed a complaint from one not-so-satisfied customer — a man who grew breasts and became impotent after using **Doctor Maréel's** magic medicine. Apparently it hadn't occurred to the manufacturers of the wonder cosmetic that a growth hormone strong enough to improve beef production and produce spontaneous abortion might have some nasty side effects on a user's hormone balance. Too bad for the guy with the sexy tits.

Find 'em, feed 'em and speed up their metabolism

Eskimo Nell and **Muktuk Annie** notwithstanding, it's not too easy getting it up in the north. Or getting it at all. Recently, a married couple was fired from the **James Bay Gulag, L.G.2**, for being caught, as it were, on the job on the job. The no-sex-for-the-zaks ruling was upheld by a Quebec court.

But, if it's hard for the people, what about the poor

(continued on next page)

Continued from previous page

plants? On Ellesmere Island, for example, plants have only six weeks to complete their reproductive cycle, a process which takes from three to four months in a more temperate climate. No easy task, even with evolution on your side.

According to Peter Kevan, a Canadian biologist who's been looking at the sex life of Arctic plants, they have to resort to some pretty intriguing tricks to end up with any offspring at all.

Take a typical couple — *Dryas integrifolia* and

Papayer radicum. They have bowl-shaped flowers that follow the sun, trapping heat to boost their reproductive efficiency. Their petals are geometrically organized to reflect the sun's rays onto the flower's center — site of the reproductive organs, where all the sexy stuff goes on. The temperature there is as much as eight degrees Celsius higher than the surrounding air, speeding up the reproductive metabolism in the race against sterility.

In a final twist, the insects that pollinate the plants like to bask in the centre of the flower, where the warmth speeds up their metabolism, warming them to their task.

Kevan describes the system as flower power.

Rohming from crisis to crisis

by TOM COLTON

Exodus UK, by Richard Rohmer. McClelland & Stewart/Toronto. 256 pp. \$10.

Exodus UK is Richard Rohmer's third book on the Canadian best-sellers list in as many years. Like its predecessors it's a political thriller set in the immediate future, full of the intrigues and crises that result from sudden upheavals in the international power structure.

In this case the Arabs withdraw their investments from England and cut off their oil supply in retaliation for Britain's sale of arms to Israel. England's financial system collapses and the country rushes towards anarchy. The book is composed almost entirely of a series of high-level meetings in London, Washington, Saudi Arabia and Ottawa. The story builds along predictable lines until the English Prime Minister's airplane crashes in the North-West Territories. Then it becomes ridiculous.

The crash itself and the consequences of it have nothing at all to do with the outcome of the story. All it does is isolate the P.M. for a while and delay his involvement in the larger crisis. However, the crash does give the author a chance to tell us a bit about aviation. Rohmer, you see, is a pilot.

As a result, when the reader isn't in a cabinet meeting he's somewhere near an airplane. There are countless takeoffs and landings plus a great amount of time spent going to, taking off from, landing on or leaving various airports around the world. It becomes even more preposterous when Rohmer includes three little drawings of different-model aircraft. What all this aviation jargon has to do

with the story is never explained. Obviously, Rohmer has been carried away with his own preoccupations. Kind of like an editor inserting his favourite recipe into an editorial on nutrition. Mind you, if you get any sadistic pleasure out of a man taking himself too seriously then this is the book for you.

Rohmer doesn't stop at drawing airplanes. Other teaching aids include maps of North America, downtown London and the interior of 10 Downing Street.

Although most of the book is not as insulting, it is no less bizarre. At one point the premiers of British Columbia and Alberta threaten to secede from Canada unless two million British immigrants are allowed into their respective provinces. At another, Canada's Minister of External Affairs, Yves Parent, informs the English P.M., Jeremy Sands, (at an airport, of course) that he must get back to a crucial cabinet meeting "because of the importance of the decisions to be made, especially for Quebec." Sands is appalled at Parent's lack of patriotism and tries to delay him for as long as possible.

Rohmer's books continue to be runaway best-sellers. Obviously, he has

struck upon a successful formula. His books are a kind of front-page fiction, extensions of our more sensational present-day crises into a climactic future. As a result, there is little need to make up a story.

Exodus UK is more prediction than invention. Not only is the story easily recognizable but the characters aren't exactly newcomers either: The Canadian P.M. shrugs his shoulders and says, "The government and the country will evolve as they should;" America's Secretary of State flits about the globe on missions of peace and conciliation. Even the author is part of the action: the English P.M. meets the pilot of the rescue plane: "he saw the insignia of his rank: a crown above a crossed sword and baton; below that a single maple leaf — a brigadier general!" Rohmer, as the book jacket so casually informs us, is also a brigadier general.

The book does have its strong points: 1) it's only 256 pages long; 2) the British P.M. keeps saying, "totally unacceptable" and 3) the back cover is a full page photo of the author so that you can see what a real brigadier general looks like.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANÇAIS?

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL No. 160-02-000307. PROVINCIAL Court. OBAR LOCATION LTEE Plaintiff, versus JOCELYN DUFOUR Defendant On the 21st day of July 1975 at 11 of the clock in the morning, at the domicile of the said defendant, at 528 Brodeur #1 at Longueuil in the District of Montreal, will be sold by authority of Justice, all goods and chattels of the said defendant, seized in this cause consisting of 1 congelateur General Freezer, 1 refrigerateur et meubles de maison. Terms, Cash. Montreal, the 7th day of July 1975. Benoit Dion, B.S.C. 284-1007.

—*Montreal Gazette*, July 11, 1975

The best columnist in Canada

by ROBERT CHODOS

You may know them as sea urchins, ma'am: Writings by Ray Guy, selected and edited by Eric Norman. Breakwater Books/Portugal Cove, Nfld. 170 pp. \$4.95.

By the time he stopped writing it in early 1974, Ray Guy's daily (more or less) column in the St. John's *Evening Telegram* had developed a word-of-mouth, semi-underground reputation in mainland Canada as the best political column in the country. It had humour, it had bite and, perhaps most important of all, it had a consistent, uncompromising point of view: three qualities that even the better Ottawa columns glaringly lack.

In Newfoundland, Guy is widely credited with being the chief architect of the defeat of Joey Smallwood's Liberal government in the provincial election of 1971. For he made Smallwood and his aiders and abettors into that which they could least afford to be, figures of ridicule. He stripped away the mystique that had surrounded even their most roguish acts.

The explicitly political columns are only a minority in this new collection brought out by Breakwater Books, a small but ambitious Newfoundland publishing House.

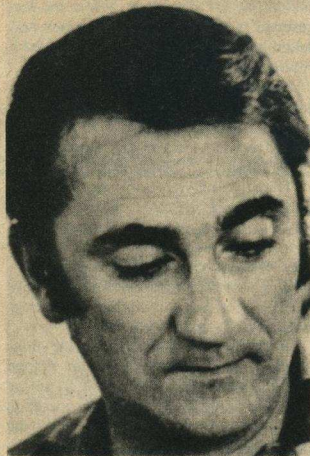
"There's something indecent — for want of a better word — about this new and growing interest in politics on the part of the average Newfoundlander. There's something not ... well, not Newfoundland about it.

"It's time this new fad was nipped in the bud.

"Politics should be left to the politicians. It's a full time job with them, they're well paid out of public funds. What inefficiency, confusion and duplication results when the general public tries to dabble in politics.

"The traditional role of the general public in Newfoundland with regard to politics is being trampled under."

More of the selections concern assorted Juvenile Outharbour Delights, mice, electric kettles, the loveliness of Corner Brook and Labrador and the horrors of Ottawa and the city Guy calls Sin



Columnist Ray Guy

John's ("and if you are thinking of going to Toronto some day looking for something to do, remember that Toronto is just like Sin John's except that there's a damn sight more of it"), Newfoundland speech, and his continuing inability to cope with the modern motor car.

"In Advent we should be doing our best to avoid impure thoughts as the blessed Christmas season approaches.

"It is not always easy.

"Yesterday, for instance, I had a whole string of impure thoughts one right after the other. They occurred when my motor car broke down."

And yet somehow they are all of a piece.

Even in a collection of the best of Guy the quality is, inevitably, uneven. The discipline of a daily column simply doesn't allow for consistency. But Guy's batting average is remarkably high.

His style bears some resemblance to that of the great *Irish Times* columnist, Myles na Gopaleen. This is not a conscious imitation — when a visiting radio producer mentioned this circumstance to Guy a few years ago he had never heard of Myles na Gopaleen — but a consequence of their coming out of related tradi-

tions. There is however a compassion in Guy that was lacking in Myles.

He has occasionally written articles for mainland journals and these have invariably fallen below the standard of his *Evening Telegram* columns. He was unsure of his audience, and seemed to feel it necessary to explain Newfoundland. In fact more of Newfoundland comes through to the mainland reader in the less self-conscious pieces contained in this book. Like all writing that has a true sense of the place where it comes from the implication and appeal of the best of Guy's pieces are universal.

Newfoundland has an oral tradition that is matched in Canada, if at all, only in Quebec, and the art of storytelling has flourished particularly in the area of the narrow neck joining the Avalon Peninsula to the rest of the island; it is on that neck that Guy's home town of Arnold's Cove is located. Quebec's folk culture has become the basis for a more formal art while in Newfoundland that same process is only beginning. Ray Guy, its most significant product so far, is perhaps the herald of much more to come.

One reviewer once called him "a cranky, disconcerting, insistent reminder of a previous dignity, now violated."

Let us hope that this is only the first of several volumes — a second is reported to be in preparation already. It is even better news that Guy has resumed his column in the *Telegram*, although on a Saturdays-only basis, reasoning that if Joey could come back, so could he.

STATISTIC OF THE MONTH

TALLAHASSIE, Fla. (AP) — Damning rock music for its "appeal to the flesh," a Baptist church here has begun a campaign to put the torch to records by Elton John and other rock stars. . . . Reverend Charles Boykin, associate pastor and youth director at the Lakewood Baptist Church, said he had seen statistics which showed "of 1,000 girls who became pregnant out of wedlock, 984 committed fornication while rock music was played."

Lace ladies in no-man's land

by MARGO LAMONT

Wilderness Women: Canada's Forgotten History, by Jean Johnston. Peter Martin/Toronto. \$8.95 cloth. 242 pp.

Who do you suppose taught Samuel de Champlain everything he knew about colonizing the New World? Funny you should ask. It was a woman — Marguerite de Roberval.

Back in 1541, Marguerite accompanied her uncle on an expedition with Jacques Cartier to settle the new land. During the voyage, Marguerite got into some hanky-panky with one of her uncle's men. So uncle deposited Marguerite, her lover, and her maidservant on Isle des Demons, an uninhabited, inhospitable, and supposedly haunted island in what we now call the Strait of Belle Isle, Newfoundland.

Luckily for the first few months it was summer, but even so, Marguerite had quite a time on that island. She had been accustomed to the good life of a 16th century maiden and suddenly, there she was, cast away on a wild island with nothing. To make matters worse, she soon found herself pregnant. Later her lover died and Marguerite was left to fend for herself, the child, and the maidservant, which meant learning how to hunt bears among other things. Later still, both her servant and the child died.

Marguerite spent over two years on the island, the last year alone, before she was rescued by some Basque fishermen and taken home to France, where she lived a relatively quiet life until her death.

Reading Marguerite de Roberval's journal, Champlain realized it was possible for settlers to survive in the New World by living off the land, a notion that was entirely novel at the time.

The story of Marguerite de Roberval, and the stories of other courageous and adventurous women like her, come together in Jean Johnston's book, *Wilderness Women: Canada's Forgotten History*, a book that makes you wonder how women got the reputation for being weak, fragile and utterly helpless.

Wilderness Women presents the biographies of eight women who helped found this country, eight women whose lives mock the stereotypes that women in this century labour under. These are the fascinating stories of women who gathered up their petticoats and founded mission colonies in the wilderness of a totally foreign, often hostile environment. These are women who, like Marie-Anne Lagimodiere, voyaged the Prairie rivers by canoe with explorers, or women like Martha Black who crossed the death-defying Chilkoot Pass to the Yukon in the Gold Rush days, eventually to become Canada's second woman M.P.

Women, believes Johnston, were the colonizers of this country, not the men. Because women bore the children, they

had to stop somewhere, and where they stopped they made homes. But for the women, writes Johnston, "the men would not have settled [the wilderness areas]. They would have continued to hunt there and then retire in their old age to the east."

Johnston's stance is proud and amazed — proud of the significant contribution women made in getting this country settled, amazed that their contribution has received so little attention in traditional renderings of history.

While Johnston is essentially performing a feminist's chore in giving these women the recognition they deserve, there is nothing whining about her presentation — something I wish I could say for Isabel Bassett's recently published *Profiles in the Struggle for Women's Rights, The Parlour Rebellion*. While the life histories of women like Nellie McClung and Margaret "Ma" Murray are in themselves interesting reading, the book has that aura of bemoaning so prominent in the rhetoric of the women's movement — accusational and long-suffering. Bassett writes from a stance that says to me, Look what these women did for you — you'd damn well better find them interesting. Johnston, on the other hand, has pulled together the life stories of eight women she finds intriguing and merely writes from the assumption that no one in their right mind wouldn't find them so as well.

Johnston's women plunged and foraged into adventures and dangerous situations. Bassett's women battled, bludgeoned, and broke down barriers. And while by no means do I intend to lessen the general admiration for the Suffragettes' victories, still Bassett's women come across as bombastic twitterers, while Johnston's come across as bellowing babes in the best sense.

No doubt I'll need do penance for even suggesting that feminist rhetoric is a little too holier than thou for my tastes and for being anything less than uncritically grateful for everything the Suffragettes did for me. But reading *The Parlour Rebellion* felt something akin to being read a lecture by a vet on Remembrance Day.

And come right down to it, I would like to have met the Wilderness Women. The martyrs of the parlour I have met, and wish I hadn't.

IF YOU MOVE . . .

Please notify us of your change of address and enclose a mailing label from an old issue when you move. This helps us and ensures that you don't miss any issues of the *Last Post*.

Send to:

The Last Post
454 King St. West
Suite 302
Toronto, Ont.
M5V 1L6

I enclose:

- \$5 for a 1-year (8-issue) personal subscription (Foreign rate, including U.S., \$7; Institutional rate, \$7)
 \$5 for a 1-year renewal (Foreign rate, including U.S., \$7; Institutional rate, \$7)
 \$_____ for back issues _____
 \$_____ contribution to the Last Post
 \$50 for a lifetime subscription

ORDER FORM

Send with cheque or money order to:

THE LAST POST
454 King St. West
Suite 302
Toronto, Ontario M5V 1L6

Name _____

Address _____

BACK ISSUES

Vol. 1, No. 1: available only to libraries.
\$2.00

Vol. 1 No. 2: not available

Vol. 1, No. 3: available only to libraries.
\$2.00

Vol. 1 No. 4: how Time controls the Canadian magazine industry, CPR's attempts to get out of passenger service, and the Ottawa Press Gallery.
\$1.00

Vol. 1 No. 5:
**Special report on
the Quebec crisis, 1970**
Also, the story of the Maritime fishermen strike, Part I.
\$1.00

Vol. 1 No. 6: Michel Chartrand profile by his wife, and Canada's economy squeeze: the electrical industry, women, the Maritimes, and Sudbury's labour camps.
\$1.00

Vol. 1 No. 7: David Lewis and the NDP, the NHL power play, an interview with the IRA chief of staff.
\$1.00

Vol. 1 No. 8: Jumbo issue ...
**Renegade report
on poverty** ...
prepared by former members of the Senate Committee on Poverty, who resigned in 1971. Also John Munro's youth-spy program, the Arctic war-games, and the N.S. Fishermen, Part II.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 1: the Canadian press and the Vietnam war, the Lapalme drivers story, and Jim Laxer on Canada's resources.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 2: the saga of Stompin' Tom Connors, the rural revolt against farm policies and Aislin's best caricatures.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 3: the story behind the Auto Pact, and five stories on developments in Quebec in the Fall of 1971.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 4: portrait of Joey Smallwood, and the Ontario Civil Service non-Union.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 5: Pierre Vallieres, the Toronto Star, the crisis in Canada's book publishing industry, and Trudeau's 'different' ideas on foreign economic domination, written in 1958.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 6: Jean Marchand's Dept. of Regional Economic Expansion, the May labour revolt that shook Quebec.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 7: Claude Balloune's 1972 election portraits, the Waffle-NDP war, the Claude Wagner phenomenon, and W. A. C. Bennett's defeat.
\$1.00

Vol. 2 No. 8: Canadian Driver Pool - professional strikebusters, Canada's plan to invade the U.S., and the pollution of Canadian hockey.
\$1.00

Vol. 3 No. 1: the politics of separation — report on the Parti Quebecois, and the Science Council of Canada on branch plant technology.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 2: Canada and Brazil — the Brascan Corporation and the Liberals, and Jim Laxer on the energy crisis.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 3: the deals behind James Bay, Yvon Dupuis and the Creditistes, Toronto reformers and Ontario's Tories.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 4: ITT: the experts on Catch-22 move in on Canada, the food prices scandal, and B.C.'s Land Act battle.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 5: New information on Pierre Laporte, the Mafia and the FLQ crisis; the battle for Phnom Penh; the Haidasz-Ostry affair.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 6: special section on the military putsch in Chile and the ensuing terror; how the CPR still rules the West.
\$0.75

Vol. 3 No. 7: The court battle over the James Bay project; Our ambassador's secret cables from Chile; football and drugs; the Last Post Yahoo awards; Aislin's caricatures
\$0.75
Vol. 3 No. 8: Bell Canada's scheme for Northern Electric; the tar sands rip-off; Bland Bill, the king of Ontario; Grenada's joyless independence.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 1: The James Bay explosion; the CLC's orderly transition; oil promoter John Shaheen; the crisis in Trinidad.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 2: The Hudson Institute in Canada; the housing mess; Jean-Luc Pepin's spirit lives on; the Queenston invasion plot; some people have more shares than others.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 3: The Mounties' strange activities; Bata's empire; City reformers revisited; Rhodesia's last years; plus news briefs and reviews.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 4: The food complex; Nova Scotia as the 'power cow'; 'Dr. Strangeoil' in the tar sands; Last Post comics; national and international reports.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 5: Lougheed and Syncrude: the pollution cover-up; Developing B.C.'s north; Monopolies legislation; the CIA in Canada; Last Post Comics.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 6: The story of the Syncrude deal, including exclusive documents; The CIA — it's only business; Guyana and the aluminum companies.
\$0.75

Vol. 4 No. 7: Premier Bourassa under attack; a look back at the Columbia River deal; Trinidad's Carnival; news briefs and reviews.
\$0.75
Vol. 4 No. 8: Quebec's meat scandal; Canadian banks in the Bahamas; John Turner's budget; International Women's Year.
\$0.75

Vol. 5 No. 1: the Weston empire; under-sea mining; national energy report; Aislin's Belfast sketches; briefs and reviews.
\$0.75

Vol. 5 No. 2: The B.C. Penitentiary scandal; land claims discovery; Lougheed's populism; Wage controls; news briefs and reviews
\$0.75

Reduced price for all back issues except Vol. 1 Nos. 1, 2, 3 \$15.00

Bulk order discount on any issue except Vol. 1, Nos. 1, 2, 3: 30 per cent on orders of 10 or more, 50 per cent on orders of 25 or more.

THE LAST POST BOOK CLUB

Winter Specials

Tom Naylor

THE HISTORY OF CANADIAN BUSINESS 1867-1914

The History of Canadian Business 1867-1914

Tom Naylor

1. Vol. I: The Banks and Finance Capital
reg. \$6.95 each
Book Club price \$5.95 each
Special combined price \$10.95

Volume I
The banks and finance capital

EDITED BY EDUARD KATZMAN

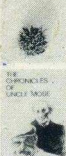


Two books by Aislin

3. 'Elo Morgentaler
reg. \$2.95 Book Club price \$2.50

4. 150 Caricatures
reg. \$3.95 Book Club price \$3.50
Special combined price \$4.95

Two new books from Newfoundland



5. You May Know Them as Sea Urchins, Ma'am
Ray Guy

reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$4.50

6. The Chronicles of Uncle Mose
Ted Russell

reg. \$3.95
Book Club price \$3.50
Special combined price \$6.95

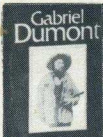


7. Good Buy
Canada
Murray
Soupcock
reg. \$5.95
Book Club price \$4.95

CYGNICK

INFLATION OR DEPRESSION

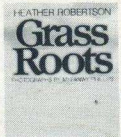
8. Inflation or Depression
Cy Gonick
reg. \$6.95
Book Club price \$5.95



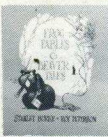
9. Gabriel Dumont
George Woodcock
reg. \$8.95
Book Club price \$6.95



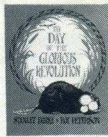
10. The Tar Sands
Larry Pratt
reg. \$3.95
Book Club price \$2.95



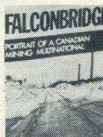
11. Grass Roots
Heather Robertson
(new in paperback)
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



12. Frog Fables and Beaver Tales
Burke & Peterson
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



13. Day of the Glorious Revolution
Burke & Peterson
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



14. Falconbridge
John Deverell
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



15. The CPR
Robert Chodos
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



16. Let Us Prey
Last Post
Special
reg. \$4.95
Book Club price \$3.95



17. Corporate Canada
Last Post
reg. \$2.50
Book Club price \$1.95



18. Quebec Last Post
special
reg. \$2.50
Book Club price \$1.95

As a Last Post reader you can buy both new and enduring Canadian books at up to 28 per cent off bookstore prices through the Last Post Book Club.

Featured in this month's offer is **The History of Canadian Business 1867-1914**, an important new two-volume work by Tom Naylor, who has been called Canada's best economic historian since Harold Innis. You can get both volumes from the Book Club at a special low price.

Also of special interest are two new books from Newfoundland: **You May Know Them as Sea Urchins, Ma'am**, a collection of articles by the brilliant St. John's **Evening Telegram** columnist, Ray Guy, and **The Chronicles of Uncle Mose** by Ted Russell, based on one of Newfoundland's most popular radio programs. Both are best-sellers in Newfoundland but almost unobtainable elsewhere in Canada. In including them in this offer, again at a substantial saving, the Book Club is inaugurating a policy of making difficult-to-get books available to a national readership.

In addition you can order any of the other fine books shown on this page. Just use the handy order form below.

To:
**THE LAST POST
BOOK CLUB**
35 Britain St.,
Toronto, Ontario

— Please send me both volumes of *A History of Canadian Business* at the special combined price of \$10.95.

— Please send me two Aislin books at the special combined price of \$4.95.

— Please send me two Newfoundland books at the special combined price of \$6.95.

Please send me at the special Book Club price the books I have indicated by circling the numbers below:

1	5	8	12	15
2	6	9	13	16
3	7	10	14	17
4		11		18

I am enclosing a cheque or money order for \$_____ to cover the cost of this order.

Please print

Name

Address

City and province