


THE LAST POST

JUNE 1976/75 CENTS

A photograph of Joe Clark, a Canadian politician, standing on a stage with a woman. Joe Clark is on the right, wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a patterned tie. He has his right arm raised in a gesture of triumph or celebration. The woman is on the left, wearing a light-colored suit jacket over a pink turtleneck. She is looking up at Joe Clark with a smile. In the background, there are blurred figures of people and a sign that partially reads 'ENTIO'.

**JOE CLARK:
Now all he has to do
is win an election**

189

**The 'Judges Affair':
All in the
family**

* THEREFORE, PANEL, IF THE GOVERNMENT
FAILS TO PAY \$1,000 A DAY TO A LAWYER
THEN CABINET HEADS MUST ROLL. IN
WESTMOUNT, THIS IS THE LAW!!



Aislin views the 'Judges' Affair'

THE LAST POST

June 1976, Vol. 5, No. 5

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Letters

"Upstick job asswise"

Dear Last Post:

No, I don't remember Hemingway's "Upstick job asswards" (Walter J. Traprock, *Last Post*, April) but I do remember Reynolds Packard's cable to United Press headquarters in New York from Algiers in November or December, 1943. He showed it freely around the press room at Allied Force Headquarters and none of the war correspondents — Milton Bracker of the *New York Times*, Jimmy Kilgallen and his daughter Dorothy (later of "What's My Line" fame), Ernie Pyle et al. — seemed to think he had in any way borrowed from anyone else.

Reynolds and his wife Eleanor were UP staffers at AFHQ. Reynolds, in fact, was bureau chief. But the war had moved on to Italy. UP advised Packard that Eleanor was to proceed to Alexander's Allied Armies in Italy HQ, at Capodichino air base, just outside Naples.

Reynolds was to stay in Algiers "to co-ordinate all Mediterranean coverage." He objected strenuously and finally New York got tired of his protests. "If job unwanted," one cable said, "proceed statewise soonest." UP was ordering him home.

That's when Reynolds wrote his three-word reply. Only it read: "Upstick job asswise."

I was deputy assistant director of publications for the Canadian Army at AFHQ at the time. Only Gil Purcell could have written more trenchant cable. And he was an acknowledged past master of the art.

Royd E. Beamish
Ottawa

P.S. He got to Italy.

The B.C. election

Dear Last Post:

Warren Caragata's analysis of the B.C. election and its aftermath, though substantially accurate, contains several errors which cannot pass uncorrected.

W.A.C. Bennett was not the founder of the B.C. Social Credit party, as is maintained. Bennett, a Tory, broke with

the coalition government in 1951 to sit in opposition, joining the B.C. Social Credit League later that year. He was returned to the Legislature in the 1952 election as member for South Okanagan and was then asked to form the province's first Socred administration.

Discussing the reasons for democratic socialism's electoral setback, the article claims that "part of the blame for the defeat rests with the NDP." What political party isn't responsible for being dumped from office? But it is simply misleading to claim that one of the reasons for organized labour's disillusionment, and hence the defeat, is that "workers were not given control of the companies that were acquired by the NDP." The west coast of Canada is not Clydeside Scotland. Industrial democracy has never been a political issue in B.C. And although it is true that the labour movement expressed anger and disappointment over the compulsory back-to-work legislation effected October 7, Caragata neglects to mention that the B.C. Federation of Labour recognized the importance of keeping the Socreds out and fully supported the New Democrats in the campaign.

Without condoning the strike-breaking order, it is easy to see why it was given. With an election about to be announced and with government popularity slipping Barrett knew that appearing to play tough with the unions would give him an immediate boost in support and leave Ottawa responsible for any economic disruption wrought by a wage restraint policy unaccompanied by price controls. Sure enough, the daily press, not only in Vancouver and Victoria but across the country, lauded him and recommended the Trudeau government follow Barrett's lead. The law had only an initial 90-day effect. It's probably not unfair to see the back-to-work order as primarily a vote-getting gimmick. Certainly the Socreds recognized it for that. For several days after the announcement British Columbians were treated to the spectacle of Bill Bennett and company piously denouncing "socialist strikebreakers."

Which brings up another point raised by the article, that the Socreds won because the people were scared by a combination of right-wing hysteria and "because their lives had not really been changed in the 39 months the NDP was in power." There's no quarrelling with that but Caragata spoils it by saying the cause of this sensation of inertia was that "the rough edges of capitalism in British Col-

umbia had been smoothed, but it was still capitalism." Fifty per cent of the electorate plumped for Bennett because of his party's potential for bringing about radical social change? Would anyone contend that because his plane is a little slow taking off, he can reach his destination faster by getting out and walking?

The car-dealer coalition won for three main reasons. First, the NDP ran on Barrett's personality rather than legislative achievements, such as the passing of consumer protection rules that are the envy of the rest of Canada. Second, the Socreds drove home the theme of financial bungling by the government. Third, after the 1972 election, the Socreds signed up thousands of new members and party workers in every constituency, totally rebuilding their political machine. That is what the NDP must do if it is to return to office.

One last point. In reproducing advertisements from the campaign, *Last Post* states that the ceiling on annual rent increases was raised by the Socreds from eight to 10.6 per cent. This is incorrect. The NDP made that boost, as any tenant in the province could have told you. Before the election, however, the government had been considering returning the allowable per year rent hike to eight per cent.

D. Todd
Victoria

Quebec and World War II

Dear Last Post:

Excuse my English but I must write to you about the article by Malcolm Reid, "Quebec looks at World War II", which was published in your issue of February 1976, vol. 5, no. 3.

In his story, Mr. Reid states that Jean-Jules Richard was the only French-Canadian veteran to write a novel about World War II and he deplors the fact that it is lacking in ethnic character.

There is at least one other writer that he does not mention, a novelist, one Jean Vaillancourt, who wrote a war novel "Les Canadiens errants" which takes place in Normandy and is full of ethnic character.

Published in 1954, this novel was awarded the then newly created and more prestigious "Prix du Cercle du Livre de France". The book enjoyed some popularity and gave rise to quite a controversy. Jean Vaillancourt was the first novelist to use city joul whenever the

(continued next page)

(Letters continued)

dialogues called for it. It was considered bad form at the time and much criticized. J. V. died in France in 1961 before he had a chance to complete his second novel. The first one was re-issued in pocket book form three or four years ago.

I wish to point out as well that Soldat Lebrun has not been the only popular artist to emerge from the Second World War in Quebec. As I recall (I was a young teenager then) there were others. And one cannot possibly ignore the play "Tit-Coq" by Gratien Gélinas. "Im-

mensely popular" is not too strong an expression to describe the success enjoyed by Mr. Gélinas after the war. "Tit-Coq" is about the homecoming of a Quebec working class soldier and is literally brimming with ethnic character. Another play called "Un simple soldat", which came later, deserves to be listed as well. Marcel Dubé is the author.

And how could one forget about yet another "immensely popular" war voice, the one of news commentator Louis Francoeur? Louis Francoeur explained the war to the French Canadians over the radio. He was a well read, beaut-

ifully articulate journalist who had travelled far and wide. When he was killed in a car accident, the entire population of Quebec went into mourning.

Louis Francoeur is the only journalist that I know of anywhere, who had a monument erected to his memory on the strength of his newscasts and political commentaries alone. It is to be found in Lafontaine Park in Montreal Centertown.

**Madeleine Vaillancourt Wagner
Hull, P.Q.**

KEEPING POSTED

THE 'JUDGES' AFFAIR':

A STORM OVER THE WRONG ISSUES



Judge MacKay (left) chats with his former law partner Richard Holden. Holden began the "Judges' Affair" by leaking MacKay's letters to Justice Minister Basford.

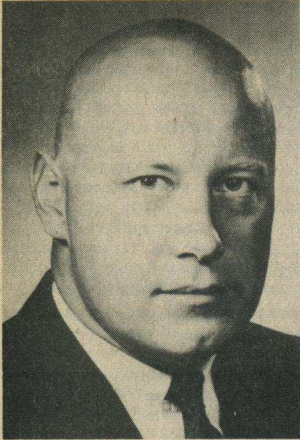
by DRUMMOND BURGESS
and LAST POST STAFF

OTTAWA — "The universe is unfolding as it should," quipped Montreal lawyer and Tory politician Richard Holden on March 16, mimicking Prime Minister Trudeau's famous quote from *Desiderata*. Holden was viewing, with evident satisfaction, the destruction he had wrought by inflicting the "Judges' Affair" upon an unsuspecting public with his leak to the *Toronto Globe and Mail* of private letters between Mr. Justice Kenneth Mackay and Justice Minister Ron Basford.

Holden's motives seemed to be personal and political. A diligent search of his statements yields no concern about the principle that politicians shouldn't talk to judges. Indeed, principle was hard to detect anywhere in the whole affair — except for the outburst by Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Andre Ouellet that got him convicted for contempt of court, and for the position taken in the House of Commons by the Creditiste Party.

"It's so ridiculous to have all this trouble come out because they were quibbling over some legal fees," declared Holden. Apparently, if Holden had been paid his fees for acting as special prosecutor in the Ouellet contempt case, he would have kept his mouth shut.

Yet there was more than a quibble involved. The fees were enormous — \$16,000 for 200 hours work plus \$5,000



BASFORD
wouldn't pay the fees

for consultants. Leaving aside the consultants, that works out to \$80 an hour — not bad at a time of wage controls in a country where the minimum wage has yet to hit \$3 an hour. As well, there was genuine doubt as to whether paying the bill was the responsibility of the federal or the Quebec government — that, at any rate, is the opinion of Chief Justice Deschênes of the Quebec Superior Court.

The money matter may have been less significant than what Holden had been up to not long before he leaked the letters. Holden, as a Progressive Conservative, had been in Ottawa for the Tory convention where he supported the leadership bid of fellow-lawyer Brian Mulroney. Although he had been wiped out, Mulroney had tacitly helped winner Joe Clark. But Clark had not yet even called Mulroney to say thank you and, indeed, seemed to be getting along just fine with Claude Wagner, the rival Mulroney had helped to torpedo. In any event, Holden chose to leak the first chance for the new leader to cut his teeth while Clark was on vacation in the Bahamas, allowing John Diefenbaker to get the publicity during the first big day in the House of Commons.

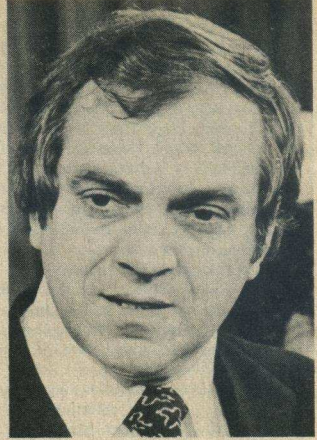
Holden's satisfaction over his wrecking operation may have been premature. It's always difficult to take the public pulse, but as the affair died down in late March there were signs that the two weeks' blood lust of the Progressive Conservative Party, the New Democratic Party and the media hadn't caught on. The number of letters and telegrams re-

ceived by the party leaders in Ottawa was not really very impressive — a slight increase in the pulse rate, but no danger of a stroke. And the writers of letters to the editor seemed more concerned about things like gun control and the seal hunt off Newfoundland than the head hunt in Ottawa.

Perhaps the public simply had better judgement than the politicians and sensed that the dial-a-judge "interferences" were either trivial or reasonable.

In no case was there personal gain involved. Lalonde's visit to Judge MacKay in 1970 concerned the trial of Trinidadian students charged with wrecking a computer at Montreal's Sir George Williams University; the government of Trinidad was worried about rioting after the verdict was handed down and wanted to know when to fear the worst. Chretien's call to Judge Aronovitch concerned a bankruptcy case that threatened to increase the already high unemployment in the constituency he represented in Parliament. And Drury's phone call to Judge Hugessen involved the contempt of court case of his cabinet colleague, Andre Ouellet, brought on when Ouellet criticized Judge MacKay for acquitting the sugar companies on price fixing charges.

The NDP and the Tories tried to stress the principle that the executive must be kept completely separate from the judiciary, but what came across to the public may have been a feeling that those parties were implicitly supporting rioting in Trinidad, unemployment in Chretien's



BROADBENT
supported the judges

constituency and price-fixing by the sugar companies — hardly popular issues at a time of wage controls when labour was upset enough to get 30,000 demonstrators to go to Ottawa to protest on Parliament Hill.

Some NDP supporters thought their party might more logically have threatened to obstruct Parliament over wage controls to show its support for labour's big demonstration, than over the "Judges' Affair". But the federal NDP is in a squeeze these days, since the provincial NDP parties seem more opposed to some of the details of controls than to the program itself. In a way, the "Judges' Affair" got NDP leader Ed Broadbent off the hook, by allowing him to proclaim a constitutional crisis and side-step the economic crisis — but at the expense of the NDP lining itself up with some very dubious allies.

Politicians do, of course, talk to judges. It would be impossible for them not to since they come from the same social class, and are very often former schoolmates, friends, neighbours, members of the same clubs, and so forth.

Indeed, they are often the same people. Most politicians are also lawyers — as a profession, the law is incredibly over-represented in the House of Commons. It is difficult, except on the fringes of the profession, to find a lawyer who is not a supporter of one of the major parties.

Nowhere is this more true than in Quebec. Judge MacKay, for example, was once an ambitious Liberal who dreamed of a major political career.



CLARK
away on vacation

In 1958 he ran for the Liberals in Notre Dame de Grace riding, but was buried in the Diefenbaker landslide. He was vice-president of the Quebec Liberal Federation from 1960 to 1963 and was reported quite disappointed when Quebec Liberal Premier Jean Lesage chose to promote the fortunes of Eric Kierans instead of Kenneth MacKay in the mid-sixties.

If history had worked out differently it could have been Cabinet Minister Ken MacKay phoning Judge Bud Drury instead of the other way round.

The politicization also applies to the Tories. Claude Wagner was first a Liberal-appointed judge, then a Quebec Liberal cabinet minister, then a Union Nationale-appointed judge, then Quebec leader of the Tory Party.

The social inter-connections are especially close when the community involved is the wealthy English enclave of Westmount.

A recent editorial in the local paper, the *Westmount Examiner*, put it rather well:

"Take, for example, the national 'revelations' concerning three local Westmount figures: Mr. Justice Kenneth C. MacKay of Cedar Ave., Hon. Charles M. Drury . . . and Associate Chief Justice James K. Hugessen of Forden Ave.

"Odds are they are known to one another simply as Ken, Bud and Jim. And it's even betting they normally are all good friends — not in the slightly subversive-sounding sense of what some call 'the old boy network' but simply, friends or, if you will, Westmounters.

"They are in the middle of accusations of having talked to one another.

"So what?"

"We're glad to hear that public figures in different spheres communicate.

"Indeed, we are in a sorry plight if judges and politicians cannot communicate, especially in matters of public, political or judicial concern.

"After all, these are big boys, capable of saying 'Come off it, Ken', 'Get with



DRURY
'Butt out, Bud'

it, Jim' and even 'Butt out, Bud' — without any one of them or their high offices losing a whit of dignity, independence or propriety."

The inter-connections and "in group" rivalries are so incestuous it's almost impossible for an outsider, maybe even an insider, to untangle them.

Richard Holden, who leaked the letters, is a former law partner of Judge Kenneth MacKay. Nobody was particularly surprised that MacKay would help his friend by giving him a juicy case against a Liberal cabinet minister who had doubted MacKay's sanity. What must have raised legal eyebrows is that Holden isn't on The List. The List is a directory of political hacks with law degrees who have worked on Liberal election campaigns. They act for government — a reward of about \$20,000 a year each for their contribution to democracy. As a worker for the Progressive Conservative Party, Holden won't be on The List until there's a change of colour scheme in the East Block.

One of Holden's recent commitments has been giving a helping hand to John Parker, one of Mayor Jean Drapeau's councillors who got defeated in the last civic election by Montreal Citizens Movement member Arnold Bennett. It seems that when the now-MCM Councillor changed his name to Bennett some time ago he may not have observed all the legal formalities, so it may not have been his legal name that was on his election papers. Holden and Parker are trying to overturn the election results on this technicality, even though no one questions the fact that Bennett got the votes.

When Holden was up in Ottawa supporting Mulroney, with him was Robert Y. McGregor, a Montreal travel agent who had received a donation of \$100,000 from Air Canada, provoking the Estey inquiry into the national airline after the matter was brought up in Parliament by Elmer MacKay (PC-Central Nova). This MacKay (no relation to the judge) was also at the Tory convention where he nominated Claude Wagner for the leadership. Holden represented his old buddy McGregor at the Air Canada inquiry. McGregor was exonerated and, when Holden tried to get the government to pay McGregor's legal fees, his contact was Bud Drury.

Another player on the Mulroney team was John Lynch-Staunton, the former number two man in Mayor Drapeau's administration. Lynch-Staunton, who has lost the only two serious election campaigns he's fought, was Mulroney's key strategist. He is also Judge MacKay's best friend.

The Liberal connections are no less wierd.

Bud Drury called Judge Hugessen who was presiding at Ouellet's contempt case. The Liberal Party Association in Westmount has for some time thought Drury should retire. The young man they've been grooming to take his place is Yves Fortier — a lawyer with the law firm Hugessen used to work for. Fortier was government counsel in the Air Canada inquiry. He also was lawyer for the sugar companies in the price-fixing trial presided over by Judge MacKay, and is a director of Jannock Ltd., the parent company of Atlantic Sugar.

Yves Fortier also was lawyer for Pierre Lamontagne when Lamontagne was a prime witness at an earlier Liberal scandal, the Dorion Inquiry that ruined the career of then Justice Minister Guy Favreau (Ouellet was Favreau's executive assistant at the time). Lamontagne

SPACED OUT

* * *

Margaret Trudeau unphased by Cuban's death threats

—Headline, *Montreal Gazette*, February 23, 1976

and Fortier are members of the same prestigious Montreal law firm — Laing, Weldon, Lamontange has represented St. Lawrence Sugar Co. Another of the firm's lawyers, Peter Laing, has also acted for the sugar companies. And Judge Hugessen, who presided at Ouellet's contempt case, represented the sugar companies when he belonged to the same firm.

Not only do politicians talk to judges and vice-versa, but judges also talk to each other. How else could MacKay have known that Drury phoned Hugessen, and that Chretien phoned Aronovitch? And how, one wonders, did MacKay know that Ouellet had asked former Finance Minister John Turner, now practising law and amassing corporate directorships in Toronto, to intercede for him? Interestingly, at the height of the Judges' Affair, Turner made a neatly timed and highly publicized speech that was quite critical of Trudeau's economic policies. Turner, whose original power base was English Montreal, has long had his eye on Trudeau's job.

Nor do judges normally seem to think it unusual that politicians should talk to them. MacKay waited six years before he complained about Lalonde's visit. Hugessen never did complain about Drury's phone call. And Aronovitch never did complain about Chretien's phone call.

There were other undercurrents.

When Judge Hugessen tried Ouellet for contempt of court after the Minister attacked MacKay's acquittal of the sugar companies, he delivered his verdict in English. Since Ouellet is French, this was unusual. It's the custom in Quebec that a French or English speaking person gets the courtesy of being addressed in his own language.

When Bud Drury phoned Hugessen about Ouellet's case, one of the points he is known to have raised was the question of a "ganging-up of the English speaking establishment against prominently placed French speaking persons."

The Trudeau government has seen the breaking of an unwritten rule about French Canadian participants in federal cabinets — that they do not get economic portfolios. Chretien is President of the Treasury Board, Ouellet was Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, Jean Marchand was Minister of Regional Economic Expansion and then Transport Minister.

Favourite quotable quotes in the social circles of 'Westmount' used to be that the English had to fill such jobs because the French 'have never had to meet a payroll' and because 'they're all corrupt'.

What tensions are being caused amongst the English by this unsettling change can only be guessed at. Certainly it has been intensified by the Bourassa

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

"In a crisis situation the best policy is honesty — but try everything first."

—The Link, Ont. Govt. information officers' newsletter.

government's steps to make French the official language of the province, including the language of business. The English in Quebec are increasingly isolated by the bogey of French power on the one hand, and the rise of Toronto as the real economic capital on the other.

Some French Canadians have, of course, been absorbed into the Westmount power elite. But Ouellet is not one of them — not yet, anyway.

Whether such dark forces played any role in the 'Judges' Affair' is not known, though the rumours persist.

One person who's concerned is evidently Trudeau himself. Only three days after the 'Judges' Affair' began he made a remarkable and much-publicized speech in Quebec City attacking Premier Bourassa, including the Premier's language legislation. Headlined the *Montreal Star*: "PM attacks Bourassa on language".

Talk about riddles wrapped in mysteries inside enigmas!

These convoluted relationships and rivalries are deeply imbedded in the social structure of the people who run the country, and any prohibitions about politicians talking to judges can, at best, only refine those relationships.

With Ed Broadbent and Joe Clark fixated on phone calls from politicians to judges it was left to the Creditiste Party in the House of Commons to raise some questions of importance that everyone else in Parliament and almost everyone in the media managed to overlook.

C. A. Gauthier, Creditiste member for Roberval, raised the first point on March 15, when he asked: "After all that has happened to the Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, could the Minister of Justice tell the House whether the average Canadian citizen will be allowed, in the future, to express publicly his disagreement with the decision made by a judge, without being charged with contempt of court or risking imprisonment?"

He got the dusty, and far from reassuring answer from Justice Minister Basford that this was "quite an improper question" and that to answer it would be "to



Andre Ouellet attacked MacKay's acquittal of the sugar companies on price-fixing charges and ended up driven from power, at least temporarily.

comment directly on a judicial decision."

Yet surely if Ouellet's contempt case has made anything clear it's that contempt of court rules need to be reformed so that citizens can feel free to criticize judges' decisions. It's peculiar indeed that judges should be allowed to enjoy such authoritarian powers in what is supposed to be a democracy.

The second major point of the Creditistes was raised by their leader Real Caouette the following day when he attacked the sugar companies. It was astonishing how little attention was paid to these companies during the entire "Judges' Affair". They were, after all, behind it all.

Caouette noted that "After the Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs took action against the sugar companies concerned and charged them under the combines legislation, when the decision of Mr. Justice MacKay was made public, I think that everybody in this House, whether Tory, Liberal, NDP or Social Creditor, was quite surprised and disappointed indeed. . . . These multinational corporations had indeed been attacked on many occasions, especially by my friends from the NDP, who viewed them as a terrible combine. The Conservatives had the same impression and so did the Liberals and us . . . even though a judgement has been rendered, if the case is on appeal, as a federal member of Parliament I still believe there is a sugar combine in Canada That is why yesterday my colleague from Roberval (Mr. Gauthier) asked the Minister of Justice whether a Canadian citizen, a member of Parliament or anyone else, in a democratic country as ours, where one may express his feelings, may voice his disappointment about a judgement rendered by any judge across the country."

The other parties may, as Caouette supposed, feel the same way but they certainly weren't saying so.

Needless to say, in the hysteria of the debate, the Creditiste interventions were considered out-of-step in the march towards righteousness and went unreported.

For example, the *Globe and Mail*, which proclaims itself "Canada's National Newspaper" and which had started the whole affair by first printing the letters, devoted enormous amounts of space to reporting the "Judges' Affair", even printing verbatim most of the question period in the House of Commons. But the Creditistes, for their pains, went unrecorded in the *Globe*. Gauthier's



Real Caouette condemned the sugar companies and defended Canadians' rights to criticize Judges' decisions; the press ignored him.

question appears in the *Globe* as three asterisks: "* * *"

The statements of Joe Clark and Ed Broadbent following Ouellette's resignation announcement were printed word for word in the *Globe*, but Caouette's comments on the sugar companies were censored and didn't even get the three star rating awarded to his colleague.

The sugar companies

In Montreal last December 19, Mr. Justice MacKay found the three largest sugar companies in eastern Canada — Redpath Industries Ltd., St. Lawrence Sugar Ltd. and Atlantic Sugar Refineries Co. Ltd. — not guilty of conspiring to fix prices and limit competition between 1960 and 1973.

In the two opposing camps the verdict gave rise to strong reactions.

On one side was the outburst of Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister André Ouellet, which led to his contempt of court conviction.

On the other side was the reaction of the sugar companies and their friends. As reported in the *Montreal Gazette*: "The courtroom, packed with corporation lawyers and sugar company executives burst into applause following the verdict, and there were wild celebrations in the corridors of the austere Palais de Justice."

This emotional reaction by the sugar executives and corporation lawyers did not, however, lead to their being charged with contempt of court.

At an earlier trial some years ago, the three sugar companies did not fare quite so well. In January 1963 they were con-

victed in Montreal criminal court of a conspiracy in restraint of trade; when they appealed, their conviction was upheld. Each company was fined \$25,000 — a mere parking ticket in the business world.

In the case of the recent trial, Judge MacKay ruled that on every point raised by the Crown during the nine-month case there was "reasonable doubt" as to the guilt of the companies.

He found, for example, that the three firms did not try to fix the price of sugar to Canadian consumers, even though their prices were virtually identical. What happened, MacKay remarked, was that the two smaller companies — Atlantic and St. Lawrence — "simply followed Redpath's price lists which were posted each day in the lobby of Redpath's offices and were communicated to them by sugar brokers, customers or even telegraph company employees with whom they had friendly relations. . . . Whenever they learned of changes in Redpath's prices, they immediately issued new price lists of their own."

According to MacKay's judgement, charging the same prices is characteristic of industries where there are only a few manufacturers, and this is illegal only if there is a "collusive arrangement". However, it's not illegal to follow a "price leader".

The law, said MacKay, "does not prohibit a member of an industry from following his competitors' price changes, be they up or down."

On the question of sharing the market,

the Judge said these shares were maintained "to avoid a price war, which would have resulted had the accused taken the only method of increasing them by price-cutting through extensive discounts." Keeping the fixed shares, he said, was the "result of a tacit agreement between the accused," but that it "has not been shown that this agreement was arrived at with the intention of unduly preventing or lessening competition."

Offshore companies

On another gimmick of the companies, MacKay had more severe things to say, though he found they hadn't broken the law because there was no law for them to break.

A few years ago, the three sugar firms set up "offshore" companies in Bermuda. Redpath, the leader of the pack, set up first in 1967, forming a company called Albion Co. Ltd. In 1971, Atlantic followed with Berlantec Enterprises Ltd. and St. Lawrence with Midalta Ltd.

What these offshore companies did was to buy raw sugar at a discount from a standard price called the Commonwealth price. These Bermuda subsidiaries would then sell the sugar to their Canadian parents at the full Commonwealth price and pocket the difference, even though the raw sugar was shipped direct to Canada, never having seen the Bermuda sunshine.

In five years' time Albion, the subsidiary of Redpath, made a gross profit of \$7.5 million.

After that world sugar prices started an uphill climb, it became difficult to get discount sugar and, said MacKay, "the Bermuda companies began to accumulate trading losses. . . . Offshore operations were therefore quickly ended."

The Judge noted that the three companies had all located their offshore firms in Bermuda; had all used re-invoicing schemes that were identical; had all sent their raw sugar purchasers off to Bermuda to manage the subsidiaries.

The ultimate purpose of the whole operation?

Judge MacKay: "the object of the agreement was legal — the avoidance of taxes as permitted by the government, and it was achieved by legal means — the formation of offshore companies."

"Therefore," he concluded, "even if the price of the raw sugar was enhanced when it was sold by the Bermuda subsidiary, it was not unreasonably so, since the enhancement of price was not the design of the accused."

And finally, Judge MacKay's comment on this fascinating story: "It is not the function of this court to question the inequities of a system of taxation which allows wealthy and profitable corporations to avoid the payment of taxes which ought to be the obligation of all citizens alike, corporate or otherwise, and yet pursue the wage earner . . . for the last mite."

This is an example of what New Democrat David Orlikow had in mind when, discussing anti-combines legislation last summer, he said, "Over the years we have seen a large number of investigations into such illegal acts by Canadian corporations. Over the years there have been a substantial number of prosecutions. Some of them were unsuccessful; the requirements of the law were so strict that the government was unable to prove that the corporations had in fact committed an offence although it was evident to everybody but the judges that they had."

But, during the "Judges' Affair", with his party supporting the judges and implicitly supporting the sugar companies, Orlikow did not repeat his opinion of judges.

Combines legislation

When such practices are legal, or when the law is such that judges don't find them illegal beyond a reasonable doubt, there is an obvious remedy — new laws.

New laws can be passed by Parliament where, at the moment, the Liberal Party enjoys comfortable majorities in both Houses. For example, in theory nothing

SQUID JAGGER GROUND

Deborah Peaker, producer of this Peep Show says of her experience of working with the troupe [Codco], "One tends to forget that this isn't one big country of sameness. We're all different. We're developing a very cool race of people out there in Newfoundland that might just pick up where Mick Jagger left off."

—CBC-TV press release

posts the Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs from bringing in legislation to rewrite the Combines Investigations Act.

So if the government is really upset about such practices as those used by the sugar companies and described by Judge MacKay in his ruling, doing something about it should be the easiest thing in the world.

But is the government serious? The answer has to be: evidently not.

There has been anti-combines legislation of one sort or another in Canada for decades, though it's been even weaker than that in the United States — not that it's been very effective there either. In 1971, the government did decide to bring in new legislation, picking up an idea originated by the late Guy Favreau and others in the Pearson government back in the mid-sixties.

However, strange things have happened to that legislation on its way to enactment. Favreau's career was ruined by scandal. Basford, who first actually introduced legislation when he was Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs in 1971, withdrew it under attack from the business community. Robert Andras marked time. Herb Grey got axed by the Prime Minister and was banished to the back-benches. Now Ouellet has had to resign as the result of a confrontation that started with the court charges against the sugar companies. So far Trudeau has only appointed a temporary replacement — Bryce Mackasey, who is also Postmaster General.

Andre Ouellet did, actually, manage to get new combines legislation passed by Parliament before he met his (perhaps temporary) Waterloo — legislation known as Bill C-2 which came into effect last December.

Well . . . that is to say he did, and he didn't. The latest legislation, unlike the original 1971 bill that brought howls of

THEORY OF THE YEAR DEPT.

Canada also did not have much of a defence policy, according to Prof. M. K. MacGuire, of Dalhousie's department of political science.

He warned that if the country ever found itself in a position where it refused to sell fuel to the United States, that nation might retaliate by permitting Russia to invade Canada.

—Halifax Chronicle-Herald, January 23, 1976

outrage from this country's — to hear them tell it — exploited and persecuted businessmen, was divided into two parts. What has been passed so far is Part I. Part II is still to come. Conveniently the government reserved all the really tough issues for Part II (see *Last Post*, Vol. 4, No. 5). Ouellet had promised that Part II would come before Parliament this spring. Whatever happens now to the legislation, the Tories, the NDP and the

media have seen to it that Ouellet won't be the one to bring it forward — unless Trudeau decides to bring him back to the same job after the appeal in his contempt case has been completed.

Of course it has always seemed to be a contradiction in terms to expect the Liberal Party — the party of large business in Canada — to bring forth effective legislation to deal with monopolies, price-fixing, etc. The weak nature of Part

I of the legislation seems to bear that out. And perhaps Part II, which was supposed to be so tough, was never really supposed to see the light of day — or, having seen it, to die of shock.

The "Judges' Affair" is over — for now at least. But the interests and rivalries and squabbles that the affair symbolized will continue because they are the Liberal Party, and for that matter the Tory Party too.

SCIENTISTS ON THE SHELF: 'POST-DOCS' IN A HOLDING PATTERN

by JIM ANDERSON

EDMONTON — In the current climate of restraint, it is hardly the most propitious time to raise the employment grievances of some 2,500 Ph.D graduates of university science faculties across Canada. Whatever the extent of their plight, they are unlikely to get much sympathy at a time when hospitals are being shut down, family allowances are being frozen and wages are being controlled.

Yet the federal bureaucrats in the Secretary of State's Dept. in Ottawa clearly see things differently. For the past seven months they have been sitting on a report carrying the seemingly innocuous title, *Post Doctorals in Canada in the Mid-Seventies*.

A reading of the 33-page study leaked to me, however, reveals rather starkly why the mandarins and politicians have chosen to keep it under wraps. The federal researchers who authored the report discovered about 2,500 increasingly militant young scientists — all with their Ph.Ds — caught in very low-paying "training" positions in university departments of chemistry, physics, biology, engineering and related fields, where they have been languishing — often for years — serving essentially as hand-maidens to science professors.

These under-employed Ph.Ds, moreover, attribute their plight to two related causes — the mindless position on science policy of the federal government and the more deliberate policy of U.S. branch plants locating their research and development activities in the American head offices located in cities like Houston, New York or San Francisco.

Evidently, the committee of the Liberal Party in Ottawa — otherwise known as the government — is not anxious to admit either its own failure in utilizing the skills of these young scientists nor is it willing to blame its friends at the helm of industry for their policy of maintaining their research offices in the U.S.

There may be another reason the report is being kept secret. As long as the public continues to view Ph.D graduates in science as at least apprentice members of the leisured class, they are unlikely to support their demands for better pay and working conditions.

In fact, post-doctoral fellows are referred to in the report as "an academic proletariat" characterized by a very low rate of pay, no job security, no eligibility for workers' compensation, unemployment insurance or Canada pension plan.

While they are nominally continuing their training (hence the term post-

doctoral fellows) they actually do the bulk of the research and much of the teaching for science professors. Roger Ward, Physics Co-ordinator at Simon Fraser University, for example, refers to post-doctorals as "academic menials". The University of Alberta Chemistry Post-Doctoral Association brief claims that "Ph.Ds are used as cheap labour, often migrant labour, and the normal fringe benefits are missing."

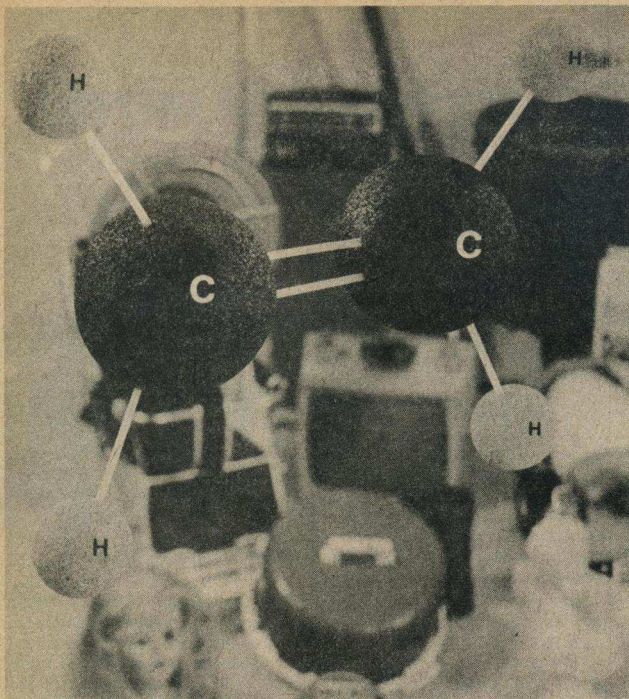
Not surprisingly, the university science faculty members recognize that they benefit from exploiting the talented post-doctoral fellows ("post-docs" for short). A statement by one of the august bodies representing chemistry faculties — the Council of Canadian Universities Chemistry Chairmen — to be published in the upcoming issue of the magazine *Chemistry in Canada*, suggests that the professors are nervous of the 550 post-docs in chemistry departments in the country. In a patronizing statement they caution that "a labour-management posture by either party is to be deplored."

It is hard to imagine how a little union solidarity would hurt post-doctorals. They earn an average yearly income of about \$10,000 which is subject to tax. Many, however, earn as little as \$7,000 — \$8,000 per year, and since their income usually derives from a federal National Research Council grant to individual faculty members, the professor alone can then decide how much he will pay the post-doc and how much will be spent on supplies, equipment and so on. Thus, the salary a post-doc can command is subject to a market model in which an oversupply of post-docs ensures a cheap labour pool for science pros. Yet, the report finds that the number of post-docs is increasing by 14 per cent per year.

LIGHT MY FIRE

TALLAHASSEE, 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. Some \$2,200 of records were tossed into a bonfire last week . . . Reverend Charles Boykin . . . 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."

— *Toronto Globe & Mail*, December 1, 1975



If the post-doctoral 'holding pattern' affected only single young people temporarily advancing their training, it would not be quite so gross. However, a myopic government science policy and the insistence of U.S.-based corporations to locate research activities south of the border means that there are virtually no jobs for these highly trained scientists in Canada. Therefore, the federal report notes, over one-third of post-docs have spent more than two years caught in their academic no-man's-land. Many have spent more than five years as post-docs where yearly increments in salary are unheard of and where even the most spectacular record never leads to tenure.

One hopeless Ph.D grad at the University of Alberta, for example, recently landed a job after spending 10 years in the post-doctoral program. Added to this is the fact that the federal study found that most post-docs are over 30 years of age and three-quarters of them are married.

Despite the rhetoric of a few people including Manpower Minister Robert Andras who complained recently of the ease by which American academics get

jobs in Canada, science profs and post-docs continue to be imported from other countries. Canadian-trained post-docs have difficulty getting jobs on Canadian faculties because many Canadian science departments are glutted with foreign staff who continue to hire their friends from abroad via the old-boy network.

A 1971 government survey in Alberta, for example, found that 46 per cent of the faculty in the physics dept. at the University of Alberta was non-Canadian.

Even non-Canadian post-docs recognize the injustice of continuing to bring in more of their number from abroad to compete in an already glutted market. Those who came to Canada years ago in good faith and have invested a significant portion of their careers in Canadian science feel that they should have a crack at available jobs. However, as early as May 10, 1972, four Simon Fraser University post-docs wrote then Science Minister Alistair Gillespie pointing out that Canadian science faculties have been buying about half the space in *Chemistry in Britain* to advertize for post-doctoral fellows, graduate students and faculty.

Faculty and administrators justify the

continued importation of post-docs, arguing that an international mix must be maintained to ensure the quality of Canadian science. Yet the federal report showed that only 22 per cent of post-docs in Canada are Canadian citizens and in engineering departments across the country, only an incredible 2.7 per cent are Canadian citizens. Thus, if an international flavour is lacking, it is because Canadians are often in a distinct minority position.

In the December 1975 issue of *Chemistry in Canada* one member of the Chemical Institute of Canada reveals why science professors are often reluctant to oppose the status quo. The scientist wrote: "a university professor's quality is determined by the number of publications that he produces. This research volume can only be produced by a large research group staffed by graduate students and post-doctoral fellows."

Despite their contribution to the careers of staff members, a 1972 nation-wide survey by the Association of Universities and Colleges in Canada found that "most faculty associations ... could not care less about them." The Council of Canadian Universities Chemistry Chairman recently attributed part of the problem in finding jobs to the "cultural differences" of many post-docs — though they hasten to add that this is to be deplored.

In an article in *SFU Week*, Roger Ward notes that Canada Manpower staff have a practical, if demeaning solution to the post-doc employment problems. Campus Manpower officials suggest that they play down their Ph.Ds and stress their Bachelor's degrees instead.

While there is a dimension of human anguish involved in the situation post-docs find themselves in — frustrated expectations, poverty, poor housing, spouses that must work nights, job insecurity, medieval working conditions and so on, there is also a policy dimension which perhaps explains why the report is still secret, Jed Baldwin notwithstanding. If, as sources in Alberta indicate, it costs the public \$100,000 to \$150,000 to educate a science Ph.D, the post-docs represent an investment of about half-a-billion being pissed away because they are under-utilized in university science departments.

Perhaps more serious is that there exists this vast pool of scientific talent which is being denied the chance to tackle the immense problems in such fields as resource development and environmental protection.

RHODESIA:

CAN THE RIVAL NATIONALISTS UNITE?

by ERNIE REGEHR

The emergence of a "third force" within Zimbabwean nationalist ranks presages important new developments in the struggle for majority rule in the former British colony of Rhodesia. The term "third force" is Tanzanian President Nyerere's and refers to a consolidated Zimbabwean military force of 16,000 plus troops whose loyalties are said to go to a "united military leadership" rather than to the political leadership of either of the two feuding factions of the African National Council (ANC).

Zambian President Kaunda's comment last year that if Joshua Nkomo's faction in the ANC managed to negotiate a majority rule settlement with Ian Smith's Rhodesian Front Government, then the other faction, under the leadership of Bishop Muzorewa and the Rev. Sithole, would become irrelevant, but that if Nkomo failed they would all be irrelevant, is now perhaps being shown to have been prophetic.

If Ian Smith rejects the last offer for a peaceful settlement, the focus of interest in the Zimbabwean struggle must return to where it belongs — namely, to the strength, unity and state of preparedness of the Zimbabwean nationalist movement.

The military strength of the movement is not in serious question. Military resistance has, from the beginning, been an element of Black resistance to white domination in Rhodesia, and in more recent times attacks by black nationalist insurgents on the white settler regime have occurred intermittently since 1965. In December 1974, when the initiatives of Kaunda and Prime Minister Vorster of South Africa resulted in the release of a number of Zimbabwean nationalists detained by the Ian Smith government, a fragile unity was forged in the



Cuba demonstrated its military muscle in Angola; will it intervene in Rhodesia too?

nationalist movement, and a force of 10,000 trained men and women was reported to be ready to enter battle. Since then their numbers have expanded.

But the movement's military strength has been seriously undermined by its political disunity, based not only on strategic and ideological differences but also on tribal and personality conflicts and on the rivalry between the movement's two main foreign backers.

Tribalism is, of course, a common charge in Africa, made both by whites anxious to justify their domination of the black man and by Africans anxious to discredit political opponents. But despite the fact that, like communism, it has become a popular bogey and is frequently overstated, it is also a reality that cannot be ignored.

In Rhodesia, some tribal friction stems from the fact that the white settlers are not the only immigrant group. The Ndebele, part of the vast Zulu empire in South Africa during the 19th century, fled north after their leader came into conflict with the Zulu leader Dingaan and in the face of the northern trek of the Afrikaners, settling finally in the Bulawayo area of Rhodesia only a few decades before the first white settler column arrived in 1890. By all accounts a warring people, the Ndebele (or Matabele as they became known) made something of a vocation of raiding the indigenous Shona-speaking tribes, so

that a constant state of tension existed between the two groups. Opposition to white takeover later created a measure of unity among them, but suspicion, if not active rivalry, between the Ndebele and Shona-speaking peoples still exists.

The two main nationalist movements that developed during the 1960s — the Zimbabwe African Peoples Union (ZAPU, formed in 1961) and the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU, formed in 1963) — while in many instances transcending tribal loyalties, were throughout plagued by tribal rivalries, with ZANU developing a strong Shona-speaking base and ZAPU a strong Ndebele core.

The present split in the African National Council roughly parallels the SANU-ZAPU division and the same tribal divisions. ZANU backers, when arguing that their leader, the Rev. Sithole, has the greater following at home, frequently resort to the argument that ZANU has traditionally had the support of the Shona-speaking people who are easily in the majority. ZAPU backers who claim that their Nkomo has the greater following must argue that he has been able to transcend tribal lines despite his Ndebele base.

The Sino-Soviet split manifests itself in Africa and appears in Zimbabwean politics. ZAPU in the mid-sixties developed a close relationship with the Soviet-backed African National Con-

DEADLINE OF THE YEAR

The March 15th deadline for reservations of the \$100 (face value) Olympic Gold Proof Coin has been extended to MARCH 31st.

—Ottawa Journal, March 20, 1976

gress of South Africa and itself became closely associated with Soviet support. ZANU, on the other hand, with no access to Soviet aid and virtually no support in the West, turned to China. The Chinese provided both aid and, to a limited extent, an ideological framework for ZANU's struggle.

In October 1974, with the promise of independence for Mozambique and a radically altered political balance in southern Africa, President Kaunda, with the support of Nyerere of Tanzania, President Khama of Botswana and President Machel of Mozambique (not yet independent at the time), undertook joint initiatives with Vorster of South Africa to pursue a negotiated settlement in Rhodesia that would lead to an independent, majority-ruled Zimbabwe.

Vorster and Kaunda essentially negotiated, in consultation with the Smith regime, a basis for a proposed constitutional conference before finally consulting the imprisoned and exiled Zimbabwean nationalist leaders. While ZAPU in the main accepted that another attempt at negotiation should be tried, ZANU was very reluctant, arguing that no meaningful talks could be undertaken until the military struggle had been advanced further. Finally, however, both ZANU and ZAPU met with the state leaders in Lusaka where the main issue became unity.

But the unity that finally followed in December was a forced one. As one of the nationalist leaders put it, "we (meaning each organization) all had plans for self-preservation. ZANU thought theirs

was the only effective military machine and political body, and to bring the groups under one umbrella would interfere with the ZANU military machine. If others wanted unity, they said, they should join ZANU and they offered Nkomo the vice-presidency. But ZAPU had the greatest majority in 1965 and their delegates said, 'ZAPU mutupo', that is, 'ZAPU is immortal'."

Under pressure of the four presidents agreement was reached on a "united front", but when it came to the signing, ZANU and ZAPU disagreed on the meaning of the term — ZAPU assuming it meant the dissolution of the two organizations and ZANU assuming it meant the retention of separate organizations but joint action.

The disagreement angered the three presidents (Machel was not at their particular meeting) and all the nationalist leaders were called in to hear from them. A ZANU source describes the ensuing confrontation: "Nyerere attacked both ZANU and ZAPU. 'ZAPU is mutupo! ZAPU is in my blood! What is this creature called ZAPU? ZANU is a military machine, what is this creature called ZANU?' He scolded us and then Kaunda spoke and attacked us still more viciously, calling us treacherous, criminal, selfish and not taking the interest of our people to heart. If we did not comply, he would no longer entertain our military presence in Zambia. Only Khama said anything soothing, but his advice was to heed what had been said so far. Nyerere again attacked us and asked for a response."

Finally an artificial unity was established. ZANU, ZAPU and Frolizi, a relatively minor group that grew out of a split within ZAPU and sought in 1971 to forge a ZANU-ZAPU unity, were formally dissolved and absorbed into a new African National Council under the interim presidency of Bishop Muzorewa, a Methodist bishop who had formed the moderate African National Council in 1972 to protest the British-Rhodesian plan to legalize Smith's 1965 Unilateral Declaration of Independence. Muzorewa's chief qualifications for the leadership of the new ANC were his political neutrality regarding the exiled organizations and the fact that he was seen to have no long-term political ambitions of his own.

The ANC did not long remain a united body. Provision had been made for an early congress at which a new leader of the united ANC would be elected and the organization of the congress almost immediately became an issue of contention, as did the Zimbabwe Liberation Council which was established to handle the external affairs of the ANC under the leadership of the Rev. Sithole.

The divisions within the ANC developed into an open split and the two groups, while not identical to the original ZANU and ZAPU, formed along the old lines, both factions claiming to be the real ANC.

Nkomo held a congress that elected him as leader and proceeded to enter into formal negotiations with the Smith regime, amidst charges that this had all been part of a planned scenario,



If Ian Smith's 'last word' is his last word, military strength will settle the question.

concocted by Vorster, Kaunda, Smith, Nkomo and Harry Oppenheimer, the South African mining magnate, all designed to install Nkomo as the prime minister of a Rhodesian Front — ANC coalition interim government. Sithole and Muzorewa continued their external activities designed to build up international support for their organization.

But cracks also began to appear among the ranks of former ZANU supporters. In October 1975, still president of the one faction of the ANC, Muzorewa told me he was less concerned with the Sithole-Nkomo split than with the developing split among the ex-ZANU members of his ANC faction.

Internal ZANU conflict

The internal ZANU conflict was not new and was between the military and political wings of the group. In November 1975 a New York-based member of the Sithole Zimbabwe Liberation Council wrote to the Liberation Committee of the Organization for African Unity on behalf of ZANU military personnel, asserting that the leadership of the ZLC had been rejected because Sithole "unilaterally" took powers into his own hands to dissolve ZANU and its military wing, the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army (ZANLA). The letter said that ZANLA "freedom fighters" would not have objected had their own leaders been among those chosen for the ZLC executive: "It is logical and meaningful at this stage of restructuring that our armed forces be given the privilege and right to recommend their comrades for promotion and appointment to commandship in the army", said the letter.

It described Sithole and his followers as "microphone revolutionaries" that had departed from the "chimurenga" (armed struggle), and throughout referred only to ZANU and not to the ANC, which was ostensibly still functioning as the umbrella organization.

Peter Niesewand has revealed that the internal conflict in ZANU is itself in large measure tribal. Quoting from ZANU documents, Niesewand reported in the January 6/76 *Guardian* that already in December '74 fighting took place between Manyika and Karanga (two Shona-speaking tribes) factions of the ZANU military.

The fighting was part of a "pro-detente" move led by the minority Manyikas to wrest control of the military from the majority Karangas. Sithole, a

Manyika, later also sought to establish Manyika dominance by filling positions in his Zimbabwe Liberation Council with his tribesmen. And it was at this point that the Karanga members of the armed forces denounced Sithole and Muzorewa and served notice to the OAU Liberation Committee that they would henceforth deal only with Robert Mugabe, a Karanga and member of the ANC executive.

"Little was heard publicly from Mugabe during this time. A founding member of ZAPU who joined Sithole in forming ZANU in 1963, Mugabe's name surfaced occasionally in Lusaka during 1975 — usually with acknowledgement of his prominence in the military wing of ZANU. Some reports from his supporters in his home region in south central Rhodesia hailed him as the sure choice for the first president of an independent Zimbabwe.

Mugabe's role

In December '74, at the time of his release from detention, Mugabe said in private conversation in Salisbury that ZANU had no intention of abandoning its identity in favour of the ANC under Muzorewa — nor did it see any hope for a negotiated settlement.

At the same time Mugabe acknowledged dissatisfaction with Sithole's leadership of ZANU. Mugabe claimed that Sithole had in fact in 1968 plotted from prison the assassination of Ian Smith, against the advice of his ZANU colleagues. Sithole had been told that his contact for carrying his letters to the outside was a police informer and that his plan would be found out. Sithole ignored the warning, according to Mugabe, went ahead with his plan, was found out and stood trial for plotting the assassination of Smith.

Following the incident certain members of the ZANU executive got together to depose Sithole and install Mugabe as leader. Mugabe declined to accept — not

BURP!

Opposition House Leader Walter Baker, New Democratic Party House Leader Stanley Keoples and other opposition MPs leaped to the support of Mr. Stevens Friday. The debate raged for an hour and a half until MPs agreed to recess for lunch. . . .

—*Ottawa Journal*, March 20, 1976

because he didn't want the job, apparently, or not because he still supported Sithole, but because, in his words, the time wasn't right. Mugabe was not directly critical of Sithole but made reference to Sithole's alleged epilepsy, which Mugabe said was controlled only by regular medication and which frequently manifested itself in violent attacks.

Throughout much of 1975 Mugabe was in Mozambique — the circumstances of his stay there being unclear to members of the ANC executive. In mid-1975 Muzorewa travelled to Mozambique and sought to invite Mugabe to accept the position of vice-chairman of the Zimbabwe Liberation Council in an effort to heal the fight between the ZANU political leadership and the military wing.

But the Mozambique authorities refused to produce Mugabe for a meeting with Muzorewa, and Muzorewa said later in Lusaka he was unsure of the motives of the Mozambique authorities in refusing to allow a meeting — either, he speculated, the strategy was to keep Mugabe out of circulation in the belief that his active participation would only increase opposition to Sithole and undermine further ANC unity, or it was that Mugabe was being preserved for a more decisive role in the future.

The rift is wider

A recent report from the London *Observer's* David Martin suggests the latter was probably the case. Indications now are that the rift between ZANU's political and military wings has opened wider and that Mugabe has become a prominent figure in the "working committee" formed to direct the military operation. Martin quotes Mugabe in reference to the committee and reports that committee members have refused to have any contact with Bishop Muzorewa and his colleagues, but have said that they will be prepared to enter discussions with all four of the major ANC political leaders, Muzorewa, Sithole, James Chikerema (formerly of Frolizi) and Nkomo.

According to Nyerere and members of the OAU Liberation Committee, "the guerillas (now organized under a working committee) regard themselves as ANC members, no longer identified with the feuding factions, and consider that their immediate task is to fight for independence." When asked in December '74 what ZANU's priorities for change in an independent Zimbabwe would be,



Mugabe gave a similar response, saying that "we have not yet worked out our priorities, only general principles. At the moment our concern is the struggle for power."

In what has long been a confused situation for any outside observer, at the moment two things in particular remain unclear. One is the question of whether the new "third force" now includes all the guerrillas of the former ZAPU, ZANU, and Frolizi organizations, and the other is the roles played by the foreign backers of the two factions.

ZANU troops have traditionally received weapons and training from the Chinese, which raises the question of who is to be the beneficiary of the Russian arms and Cuban soldiers that are reportedly arriving in Mozambique. A ZANU spokesman said recently in Montreal that his organization was receiving no Russian or Cuban support and that the Cubans would, as far as ZANU is concerned, be unwelcome in the Zimbabwean struggle.

ZAPU, on the other hand, with its traditional ties with the Soviet Union, would be a likely beneficiary of increased Soviet interest in Rhodesia. Rumours have also been circulating that Kaunda (with a long association with Nkomo) has permitted the ZAPU military to re-open training camps in Zambia, and that Mozambique has allowed Soviet

supplies to go to these and possible ZAPU camps in Mozambique.

One can speculate upon several scenarios in this confused situation, but one conclusion that can be reached with some confidence is that the crucial issue now is not the state of the Nkomo-Smith negotiations or the intentions of Britain. A crucial issue is the state of military organization within the Zimbabwean nationalist movement.

If the military forces of the movement have in fact joined together to form a united military command (presumably with Soviet backing), then the Rhodesian "crisis" could be settled in fairly short order. In a straight battle between nationalist forces and the white Rhodesian minority, no foreign force will come to the aid of the white Rhodesians. South Africa is not likely to help Smith retain militarily what it has tried for two years to persuade him to relinquish at the conference table. Nor will Britain or the U.S., one must assume, turn out to support militarily Smith's UDI. An all-out battle, in these circumstances, could still be avoided in the unlikely event that Nkomo were able to negotiate a majority-rule settlement acceptable to the unified military command.

Another scenario sees two opposing Zimbabwean military forces — one side (primarily ex-ZANU) perhaps with great

support from the Chinese, and the other side (primarily ex-ZAPU) supported by the Soviets.

The primary danger in this scenario lies in the possibility that the Nkomo group, for example, could conclude a settlement with Smith which, while it would go a substantial way toward majority rule and hold the promise of majority rule within the near future, would be unacceptable to the rival military unit, leading to another "civil war" situation. Or, alternatively, if Nkomo reached such a compromise settlement without any external support, South Africa could again be persuaded to back a "moderate" nationalist group — engulfing the region in a wide-scale conventional war.

Possible South African military intervention in Rhodesia again is given credence by the Defence Amendment Bill introduced in the SA National Assembly in February. The bill, which has the support of the opposition United Party, proposes to reduce territorial limitations on where SA armed forces can be required to serve without first volunteering. In the past, service outside the country was on a voluntary basis. (Incidentally, in the first draft of the Bill it was stated that the aim of the legislation was "to settle beyond all doubt that South African soldiers may be used in any place within South Africa without their personal permission in the fight against terrorism" — South Africa being defined as "Africa south of the Equator". Commented *Die Vaderland*, a pro-government Afrikanse daily, "This was an unfortunate choice of words. This could immediately create the wrong impression among African countries that South Africa has territorial ambitions regarding Africa south of the Equator.")

The key issue in Rhodesia now is the unity, or lack of it, among Zimbabwean nationalists. A united nationalist attack, whether military or diplomatic, would not provoke any anti-nationalist response in the international community and would not require an overt presence on the part of the movement backers — no western country, including South Africa, would allow itself to be seen aligning itself militarily or politically with intransigent while supremacists against the aspirations of the Black majority.

But if the united military command fails to become effective and the nationalist movement remains divided and a moderate-radical dichotomy is promoted, then overt foreign intervention on both sides of the conflict cannot be discounted.

the Last Pssst



by Claude Balloune

The Wild East: In our last issue we reported how Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa was furious with his new bodyguard, Francis Brazeau, because when the premier went to Paris recently, Brazeau forgot his gun. We now learn Bourassa found out about this because when they were going through Customs Brazeau tried to declare the gun. The poor fellow searched wildly about while Bourassa looked on. . . . The premier is not the only Quebec government big-wig unprotected these days. Not long ago Civil Service Minister Oswald Parent reported that his gun had been stolen from his desk in the National Assembly. Parent is in charge of negotiations with labour's Common Front and apparently he takes his own government's anti-union propaganda seriously. . . . When he was Liberal Justice Minister, Jerome Choquette also used to pack a gat. . . . If this is a representative sample you can look forward to a federal-provincial squabble over gun control legislation. . . . On a related subject, Bourassa has had to remove the red, flashing light from the top of his car; it seems these are only allowed for police, fire and ambulance vehicles.

Miss McTeer or Mrs. Clark: According to Slinger, the *Toronto Sun's* popular gossip columnist, the *Toronto Globe & Mail*, which bills itself as Canada's National Newspaper, is really puzzled about how to refer to Tory leader Joe Clark's 'liberated' wife. According to a management memo that appeared on *Globe* bulletin boards "The wife of the leader of the opposition will be referred to in the paper as Mrs. Clark or Maureen Clark whenever she appears with him or in connection with his office or his affairs. She may be identified as Maureen McTeer or Miss McTeer, the wife of opposition leader Joe Clark, only in

connection with activities in which the concern is primarily her own. . . ." Which has left people wondering whether the *Globe* will decide that pregnancy is one of his affairs, or primarily her own.

The Return of Horatio Alger: The sound of violins can be heard right on the opening page of a new biography that's being written about Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed. As the story opens the young Peter is standing in front of the family home which is being auctioned off, along with all its belongings, because the boy's father has squandered the family fortune left by grandfather Sir James. The youngster watches and vows "someday I'm going to buy it all back." Sure enough, Peter becomes a millionaire businessman, buys the house back and vindicates the family honour. . . . The biography is being written by Allan Hustak, who when working for private English TV in Montreal had to change his name to Allan Huston to suit the Anglos — when he went to work for the CBC he was allowed to use his real name; now he's back with private TV but still with his real name because in Edmonton it's okay to be a Hustak. Required name changes are not all that unusual — when broadcaster Gord Martineau moved to private TV in Toronto only newspaper publicity saved him from having to change his name to Martin.

Where are they now? dept.: Judge Jean Dutil, who resigned unexpectedly from Quebec's organized crime inquiry in December, could be back in the news. The word is he will probably make a run for the leadership of the Union Nationale Party. This might not seem to be any great prize but there's been something of a revival of the U.N. organization because of the need to select delegates for the Tory leadership convention. It seems there was a surprising amount of enthusiasm, especially in rural areas. Dutil is a millionaire lawyer who made a very shrewd investment in a snowmobile company, then sold to some Yanks just before business plummeted. . . . Meanwhile, former Justice Minister Jerome Choquette's new National Popular Party doesn't seem to be going anywhere, although apparently Choquette, in his enthusiasm, genuinely doesn't realize this.

Margaret's hideaway: When Margaret Trudeau made her well-publicized visit to that Key Biscayne 'hideaway' she stayed with Bill Teron and his wife. Mr. Teron, of course, is the non-partisan chairman of the Central Mortgage and Housing Corp. as well as Undersecretary of Urban Affairs.

The Judge's Affair: It's a tight little circle in Montreal where everyone knows everyone else. . . . Richard Holden, who started it all when he didn't get paid his \$21,000 for 200 hours work, ran against Bud Drury in the

Photo: David Lloyd



Miss McTeer or Mrs. Clark?



Mr. Justice Kenneth MacKay in his highland regalia

1968 election as an independent Progressive-Conservative. Holden used to be the junior law partner of **Justice MacKay**. Holden was up in Ottawa backing **Brian Mulroney** at the Tory leadership convention, along with **John Lynch-Staunton**, former Montreal Executive-Committee member who was defeated by the M.C.M.'s **Nick Auf der Maur**. Lynch-Staunton happens to be Justice MacKay's best friend of many years. Every time they have dinner at the University Club MacKay insists on wearing his kilt which causes Lynch-Staunton no end of embarrassment.

Joe's old buddy: From the scrapbooks of recent history comes the not very memorable tidbit that Joe Clark's roommate during part of his student days at the University of Alberta was **Grant Notley**, now leader of the Alberta NDP. Joe had to wait longer to become a party leader but it was probably worth it since Grant leads a party of one. Mind you, with the once-powerful Socred Party totally disorganized, Grant is virtually Opposition leader.

Something is happening here and you don't know what it is dept.: There's an interesting statistic to ponder about the state of our society in the fact that 55 per cent of the students at Lasalle High School in Montreal, in a typical working class district, come from single-parent homes.

Give Time a hard time: *Time* magazine is desperately trying to cut its circulation in Canada in half, because with the new ad rates the old circulation is not economic. So if you want to give *Time* a hard time buy a subscription.

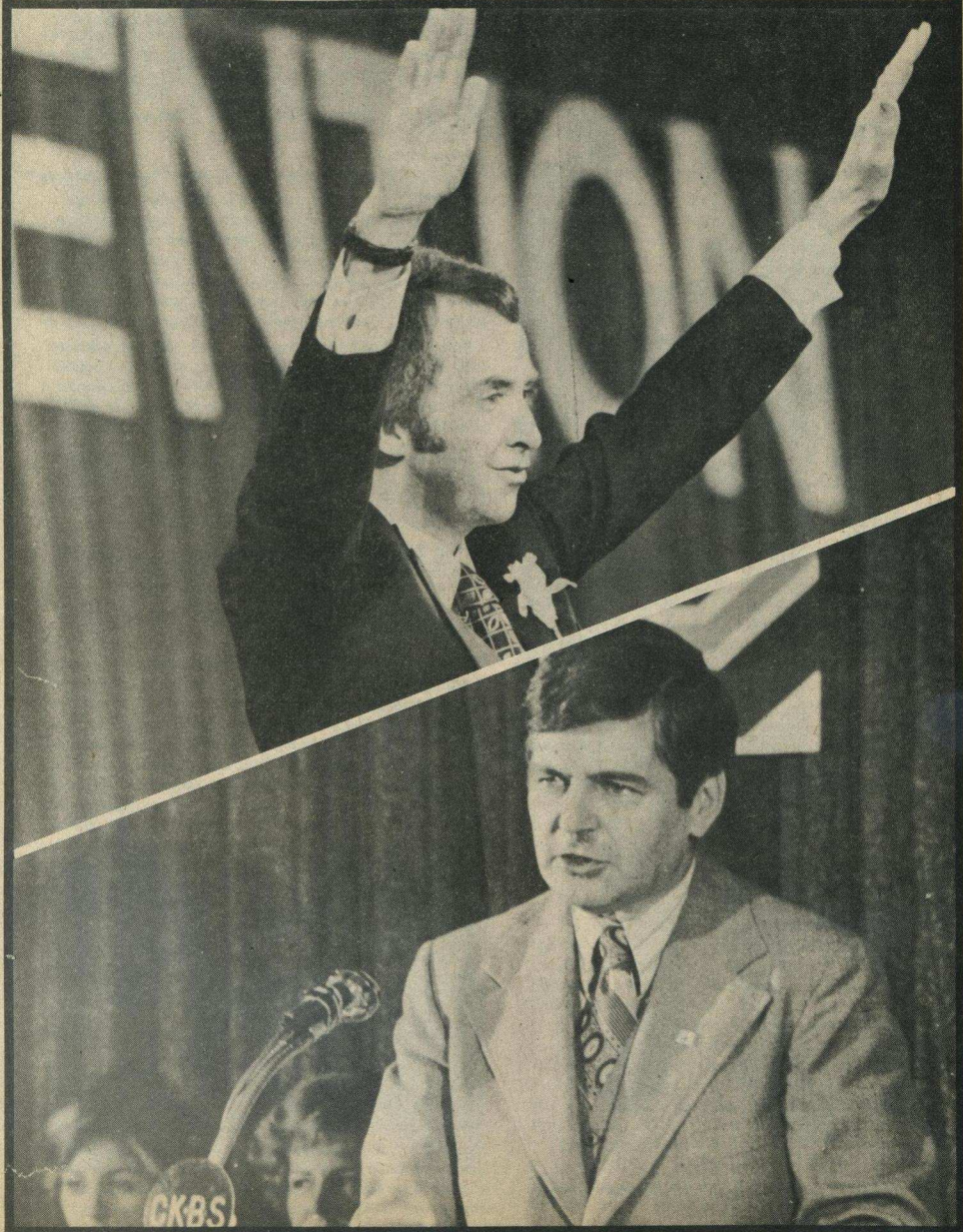
Wall Street flutter: Even Wall Street gasped a bit when the most recent Hydro-Quebec bond issue turned out to be for the fantastic sum of one billion dollars. . . . The latest well-informed estimate for the James Bay power project is a staggering \$15 billion.

More where are they now? dept.: **Premier Bourassa** is telling insiders that he's offering **Brian Mulroney** the job of heading up the crime probe — knowing all the while that Mulroney won't accept. Bourassa is also trying to revive his ship of state by taking on **Lucien Saulnier** as his chief adviser to replace **Paul Desrochers** who's now running the Olympics from behind the scenes. Saulnier enjoyed a huge success back when he was Montreal's Executive Committee Chairman, being credited as the man who kept **Mayor Drapeau** from going too far with his hair-brained projects of grandeur. Since leaving that job Saulnier's been a drifter — a short stint as head of ITT Rayonnier, another as head of the Quebec Investment Corp., and another with the Quebec Housing Corp.

He knows how to meet a payroll: In the months preceding the Tory leadership convention, candidate **Sinclair Stevens'** parliamentary staff put in many long hours of overtime. To show his gratitude, Stevens told his head secretary the day after the convention that her services were no longer needed. She had to make way for one of his campaign organizers, a U.S. citizen who adamantly refuses to take Canadian citizenship.

Some talent: **Sam Hughes**, president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, gave one of his rip-roaring speeches March 31 in which he stated that high rates of taxation were driving business talent from Canada. Question: if they are so talented, why are they paying taxes?

THE WINNER, JOE CLARK; THE LOSER, CLAUDE WAGNER



The new Tory leader has always been a man with a low profile, and he remains something of a mystery figure to Canadians in spite of the publicity generated by the recent leadership convention. In their new book *Winners, Losers*, Last Post writers Rae Murphy, Robert Chodos and Patrick Brown tell why Joe Clark won and others lost. Here are some excerpts from their book:

JOE CLARK, BLUE GRIT

by Patrick Brown, Robert Chodos & Rae Murphy
photos by David Lloyd

I. In the trenches

There is a fundamental law of trench warfare, developed in the crucible of battle, that goes like this: "It is not enough to keep your head down when other people are shooting at you, you must have your head down before they take aim." Knowledge of it has helped thousands of soldiers return safely from what would otherwise have been extremely hazardous locations.

It also helps explain why Charles Joseph Clark emerged from the Conservative convention as leader of the party, while Brian Mulroney had to hustle back to his law practice in Montreal.

Mulroney wowed the press, but his posing and preening put him in range. He was up front, and by convention time there was no army behind him — just a brick wall.

Meanwhile, Joe Clark was in the trench, making friends and telling Tories the things they wanted to hear. But nobody seemed to notice. As it turned out, Clark was lucky to be sandbagged by the press. He was lucky that, for example, the *Toronto Star*, which had between 25 and 30 reporters covering every piece of trivia in Ottawa, couldn't find one reporter to cover a Toronto press conference in late January to hear Clark announce the support of four Alberta cabinet ministers, and thus the implied good wishes of the Man Himself in Edmonton.

Clark was lucky — really lucky — that nobody seemed to notice that the only candidate that Dalton Camp had nice things to say about right through the campaign was Joe Clark. Camp was supporting Mulroney, everyone knew that, and it was enough to put Mulroney's chin in the range of another column of the Diefenbaker Armoured Division.

Clark was lucky enough that nobody bothered to research the fact that he was almost a charter member of the Get

Diefenbaker Club — he worked for Davie Fulton, the first declared anti-Diefenbaker leadership candidate, in '67 — and he was Robert Stanfield's executive assistant, in which capacity he must have handled a lot of the messages between Stanfield and Camp.

Clark, of course, was astute enough not to stress such things. His stock answer about Diefenbaker was the Chief brought him into politics, inspired him in the fifties with *The Vision*. Clark's little group of Western musicians, which was by a country mile the best at the convention, sang "Dief Will Be The Chief Again" after almost every rendition of "Old Joe Clark".

At the same time, all the attention paid to Mulroney established that the candidacy of a young man with little or no parliamentary experience was legitimate and could be sold to a broad spectrum of the party. As the convention approached Clark was being described as the thinking man's Brian Mulroney — but not loudly enough to do him much damage.

It was a combination of astuteness and luck that won it all for Joe Clark on that weekend in Ottawa. This Tory convention was not a popularity contest, but an unpopularity contest. Like a war, The spoils go not to the victor, but to the survivor. Neither friend nor foe noticed Joe Clark until there was no time to take aim.

II. Diefenbaker night

We had first heard that there would be a Diefenbaker tribute at the convention from Dalton Camp when we had interviewed him in December. Camp had also just heard of it and was clearly not pleased. The Diefenbaker Night amounted to an important victory for the supporters of the Old Chief, the losers of the party. "They've given him ten minutes," said Camp, "and it will be six hundred seconds of mischief. No, twelve hundred seconds of mischief — he's never spoken for

ten minutes in his life." In the end all thought of a time limit was abandoned and he spoke for well over half an hour.

Diefenbaker is ready. It is as if he has been priming himself for this moment, shaping and mentally writing the speech, since 1967. Indeed he has, over the past few weeks, been testing the speech in out-of-town tryouts in the Maritimes. Now it is opening night, on the big stage, and the old man is up for it. The lines are excellent, the timing is superb. Even the shaking of jowls add to his display of power and conviction.

The speech is vintage Diefenbaker, a sliding, rolling, careening series of non-sequiturs. He grants forgiveness to Paul Hellyer and gets off a backhanded swipe at Brian Mulroney by saying that the leader should have years of parliamentary experience behind him (someone comments later that he was thinking not of Mulroney but of the fact that Gladstone was still Prime Minister at eighty-five). He lashes out at Trudeau and he lashes out at Castro, and it isn't clear whether he is angrier at Trudeau for going to meet Castro or at Castro for meeting Trudeau.

The bitterness of Diefenbaker's attack on Trudeau places the Trudeauphobia of the Conservatives at the centre of the convention. The naked fear and hatred of the Prime Minister that informs the entire gathering is articulated and crystallized in Diefenbaker's speech.

The speech also plays on another theme, and crystallizes something else among the delegates — the feeling that not only must the Trudeau government be beaten for the sake of Western civilization but that it is also, if not quite on the verge of collapse, vulnerable.

This had its dangers. The spark of confidence that they were choosing the next Prime Minister which Diefenbaker ignited among the delegates may have shifted their mood away from candidates such as Hellyer and Stevens who suited their ideological outlook to others whom it was easier to imagine beating Trudeau — an outcome the Chief and his cronies wanted not at all.

Diefenbaker launches into the worst French he can muster. He talks about how proud he is of having introduced simultaneous translation into the House of Commons. Claude Wagner squirms a bit as if suddenly his shorts are too tight.

"Bilingual cheques are next," someone says.

"Et dj'ai auterisay," says Dief, "pour la premeer fois dans l'histoire canadiyenne, les tcheques bilingues pour la fonctione publique."

"What more do you bastards want?" murmurs a political columnist sitting behind us. The *Le Jour* correspondent, sitting beside him, doubles over with laughter.



Diefenbaker's speech put Trudeauphobia at the centre of the convention; Stanfield told the delegates to cool the ideological crusade.



III. Stanfield night

As the arena fills, Stanfield Night begins with trivia. The candidates organize cheers of themselves as they make their entrances, and the half-attentive crowd gets to applaud as various leading lights of the party are introduced. The Wagner group is not yet up to full strength but it still gets off a lusty boo when Claude Dupras, president of the Quebec PCs is introduced. Dupras is supporting Mulroney. There is a film tribute to Robert Stanfield, the parts of which we catch cannot even rise to the level of being maudlin. But it is finally over and Peter Lougheed, Premier of Alberta, is called upon

to introduce Stanfield. Lougheed doesn't even make the gesture of getting off at least one phrase in French, but his speech is generally well received by those who are listening.

It is Lougheed's only platform appearance of the convention, and it is noteworthy only for being so low-key. For this is the man who could, and in the minds of many Tories should, have been the star of the convention.

"He's got a lot of things started in Alberta that he wants to finish," said Clark. "The changes in Alberta are being called the Lougheed Revolution; if he leaves now it will be the Hugh Horner Revolution. When I travelled with him in the 1971 campaign, late at night on the road, he almost never talked about federal matters. Provincial matters are what interest him. He knows Alberta very well but he doesn't know the rest of the country in the same way. He would have to go through the same learning process nationally as he has provincially."

There were other people who could do the job in Ottawa. So Peter Lougheed was not going to discourage his good friend Joe Clark from seeking the leadership.

It is a bittersweet occasion for Robert Stanfield. During the afternoon in the House there were kind, gentle and sometimes witty tributes paid to him on his last day as opposition leader. He answered them all with the self-deprecating grace of which he has always been capable and for which he has lately become known. And tonight in the crowded arena, in spite of the acrimony that has swirled around his leadership — even today the corridor gossip continues as if the convention was merely a reconvening of the 1967 struggle in which he defeated Diefenbaker — everyone is here to listen to him and to pay him his tribute.

But the simple fact is that Stanfield is leaving because he was defeated. No matter what the extenuating circumstances, Robert Stanfield blew it three times in a row, and he blew it because he did a lot of dumb things.

In any case, tonight, Stanfield is to speak for himself. He has to do more than give a graceful farewell: he has to defend himself and what he considers to be the best interests of the Progressive Conservative party.

While getting a few shots off at Diefenbaker, the main burden of Stanfield's speech is a defence of the two-party system and an appeal for moderation within the Conservative party.

"Some wish," he says, "to pile ideological confrontation and polarization on top of the tensions inherent in our country. I understand the attitude of a socialist who is committed to sweeping changes in our basic institutions, and who does differ ideologically from liberals and progressive conservatives. I understand the efforts of a socialist to ridicule liberals and progressive conservatives because we do not differ ideologically. But for a Conservative to take such bait and to set out to establish ideological differences where none exist or ought to exist, to polarize this country and add to its inevitable tensions, let me say simply and without personal offence, that such a Conservative is misguided."

It is a new tone for this convention and, no doubt, a deliberate attempt to introduce some reason into the constant scathing attacks on what John Diefenbaker called "the Trudeau party." Up until now the impression has been created that as far as the system is concerned the Conservative party is the only legitimate one left. It is not enough merely to exchange seats in the House; the Liberals must be destroyed, root and branch. Not an alternative government but an ideological crusade has been demanded — and on prime tele-

vision time. Stanfield's message is to cool it. He also suggests that they cool the right-wing rhetoric that seems to be an unavoidable feature of Conservative leadership campaigns and has pervaded this campaign even more than previous ones.

It is an understated yet forceful speech, carefully reasoned and skilfully delivered, an expression of the graceful, moderately progressive Robert Stanfield who seems to have blossomed only since his last election defeat.



IV. The speeches

"Why Hellyer?" we asked the man with a Hellyer button on his coat.

We are riding out to the arena to hear the candidates' speeches in a packed school bus rented for the convention, and find ourselves jammed into the back seat.

"It's personal I suppose. We had a meeting a couple of years ago; John Diefenbaker was supposed to speak but he had to cancel at the last minute. Paul was the only one who would come down to Newfoundland to speak to us. We became casual friends. Everytime I would come up to Ottawa we would get together for lunch."

"Doesn't Moores going to Mulroney influence you?"

"Not a bit."

"Why do you think Moores endorsed Mulroney?"

"He had to. Power Corporation is talking of building a big oil storage depot on Bell Island. And Christ we need everything we can get — since the mine closed there's absolutely nothing there."

There it is again. If Paul Desmarais and Power Corp. have

indeed financed Brian Mulroney's campaign, even if they have made all the wild spending possible, they have also hung around his neck like an albatross.

The bus reaches the arena and we pile out.

Unlike the first two days, even the upper galleries of the arena are almost filled, and the complexion of the floor and lower stands is quite different from what it has been. The crowd is more clearly segregated behind the candidates. Behind the stronger candidates the crowd is overflowing, squeezing in upon the weaker ones. Fraser's group has been almost pushed out the door. Gillies is being encroached upon, Graffey is surrounded.

The Wagner section is packed, and his styrofoam bowlérs — or battle helmets, depending on one's bias — are everywhere. Wagner's people have spilled out over the stands and occupy a good section of the floor.

The Wagner buses have arrived. That is the big news of the day. Picking the delegates up at staging points in Hull, they have brought them across the border in time for the 4 p.m. registration deadline. Registration official John Hayes, noting that only 15 to 20 Quebec delegates are still unaccounted for, tells the Montreal *Sunday Express* that "most of the missing links came in by busloads in the morning and afternoon, and I noticed about 80 per cent of them seemed to be Wagner supporters."

Wagner organizers dismiss the unkind suggestion that the delegates have been brought in late to avoid exposing them to the disturbing influence of other campaigns, saying that most of them are working people who couldn't get time off work, or afford the expense of a five-day convention. There's good reason to believe that the Wagner campaign is short of ready cash, and could only afford the rooms it is providing in Hull motels for two days — five would have broken the bank.

John Fraser is to speak first. Just before he goes up to bat, we spot John Lynch-Staunton, a key Mulroney strategist, with a big smile on his face. He's rubbing his hands with glee over the plum position his boy has drawn in the speaking order — third, following Heward Graffey.

Now Fraser strides grimly to the stage, accompanied by an honour guard of what looks like superannuated flight attendants. It is a sad climax to a sad and underfinanced campaign.

American-style political conventions are relatively new to Canada, and we clearly haven't got the hang of them. For example, if they are going to continue the voting methods will have to change so that the actual voting doesn't drag out so long, and there is more time to wheel and deal, to cross and double-cross. Perhaps delegations will have to caucus and vote openly as they do in the States.

Another weak point of our conventions is hoopla. Canada as a country wears its paper stickers and waves its banners sullenly and self-consciously. The once impregnable walls of Lutheranism, Calvinism and Jansenism that kept us secure in our inhibitions are badly battered, but this aspect of our psyche is virtually unchanged.

As the successive candidates are introduced to make their speeches, the hoopla ranges from the merely inane to the absolutely disastrous.

Fraser's unhappy entrance sets the tone for the day. Mulroney comes in with a crass brass band. The otherwise intelligent campaign of Joe Clark allows the candidate to be brought into the arena riding in a landau. Clark compounds the gaucheness with an opening line in which he apologizes to Premier William Davis for not wearing seatbelts — this is a joke, but not even Clark smiles.

And so it goes. Jack Horner has a tin band which plays the Triumphal March from Aida badly. Paul Hellyer brings in an expanded version of the fiddlers and stepdancers he has used throughout the convention with such little success. The only problem now is that as they spread out through the floor of the arena, nobody can hear them and few can see what they are doing. With his impeccable timing, Hellyer waits to one side of the stage until the music nobody can hear is over, thus giving the impression to the gallery that he doesn't want to speak. Sinclair Stevens must have bussed the whole population of York-Simcoe but still manages to look merely silly.

Only Flora MacDonald's managers seem to realize that if this stuff has to be done, it is best to do it with some class.

She upstages everyone with an enormous pipe band playing "The Skye Boat Song" in which an earlier MacDonald rows Bonnie Prince Charlie into exile.

The band is good, and it wins a response from the crowd. In the context of what comes before and after, it works.

But on the whole, hoopla at Canadian political conventions is dealt a body blow this day in Ottawa from which, it is hoped, it will never recover.

More seriously, perhaps, the art of political rhetoric also passes another milestone in its decline.

Subtly, almost imperceptibly, the convention has taken shape and the lines have been drawn. The majority of delegates seem to have made up their minds, at least as far as their first-ballot votes are concerned. Other delegates, while still wavering between the personalities of two or three candidates, have also settled at least on the political direction of their votes.

Regardless of what the candidates will state, deny and disclaim in their speeches, they are, in the minds of the majority of the delegates, set in three moulds. Horner, Hellyer, Wagner and Stevens are on the right, Mulroney, MacDonald and Clark are on the left, and the also-rans are Fraser, Gillies, Graffey and Nowlan — not to mention Quintennon. But with the exception of Dr. Q, even the last group is not in a wholly undesirable position in the 24 hours preceding the first ballot. They can be kingmakers, or more likely spoilers. They can also be an attractive refuge as a first-ballot choice while delegates wait for the power to show.

After the first ballot, things aren't nearly as simple. If any of the front-runners demonstrate real power on the first ballot, many delegates will rush to the winning side. Mulroney is counting on his bandwagon's flattening all objections to his leadership. And Wagner, with his 400 Quebec votes now present and accounted for, also feels he has a momentum that cannot be stopped.

But if neither Wagner nor Mulroney has the power to sweep all before him in the early balloting, a strong showing on the first ballot for Hellyer and Horner on one side and MacDonald or Clark on the other may allow any one of them to replace the leader on his or her side of the party and then go into the finals.

The divisions have been clarified and the final ballot will be between the two major factions of the party — the winners and the losers. But who will represent each side on that last ballot is by no means determined, and will be decided by a whole complex of factors. So even if the number of first-ballot votes that will be changed by the speeches is relatively few, the impression that each candidate, even the spoilers, makes this afternoon is important, and for eleven separate reasons.

John Fraser suffers for speaking too early what Jim Gillies

THE ALSO-RANS



Jim Gillies



Heward Grafftey



Pat Nowlan



John Fraser

and Sinc Stevens are to suffer for speaking too late — nobody is listening. As he has throughout the campaign, Fraser sinks to the occasion. He speaks of politics as war, and promises to wage it. He also speaks of the lonely call of geese, and urges everyone to meet the challenge that awaits us.

As Heward Grafftey gets into his speech, the smile on John Lynch-Staunton's face disappears. Heward gives a rip-snorting performance to roars of approval from all sections of the crowd. He waves his arms about, pounds on the lectern, and says it all — John A., John George, Robert Lorne, Trudeau and his "monolithic uniform monolith", and finally, Party Unity. He gets his greatest hand when he denounces the CBC for having "packaged" Trudeau and engineered his election. The crowd goes delirious, some shaking fists at the CBC booth, a kind of plastic bubble suspended over one corner of the floor. John Bassett, who's doing commentaries for the rival to his own CFTO, waves back and takes a bow.

Conventional wisdom says that you can judge a candidate's standing by the amount of applause he gets from outside his group of partisans. Grafftey's own group is the second smallest, but he gets cheers and ovations from all over. Part of the cheering comes from sympathy, and from the fact that everyone can safely applaud Heward, since he's no threat to anyone.

After the Grafftey fireworks, Mulroney is pure anticlimax. The with-it, tough, labour lawyer turned brash and scrappy politician delivers a speech with all the zest and punch of a birthday card. The speech is not noticeably worse than that of most of the other candidates, but outside his own

section the crowd sits on its hands. It is a remarkable and, in the circumstances, highly significant response.

During the introduction of Mulroney by Frank Moores and at one or two points during the speech itself, Heward Grafftey organizes a bit of a diversion.

He moves from his box to shake hands with Claude Wagner; a cluster of Wagner supporters send up a cheer. Moores breaks stride in mid-sentence. "Has Grafftey already thrown in with Wagner?" runs the murmur of the crowd, and delegates are distracted from what is happening on the platform.

A little later, as Mulroney winds through his text — he is now clearly speaking to the western parts of the arena where his supporters are clustered — Grafftey does his little number again. This time he seems to be shaking hands with Flora MacDonald.

The Tory caucus has shown its dislike of Mulroney on several occasions. Although a joint letter opposing the candidacy of someone "without parliamentary experience" failed to materialize, most delegates here have received up to 37 letters from individual MPs urging them, in effect, not to vote for Mulroney. Grafftey's little dance and handshake are another message to the delegates about The Candidate.

The second half of the dynamite sandwich that blows Mulroney out of the water is Pat Nowlan. He plays Jack Horner — in fact, as it turns out, he out-Horners Horner — lashing out in all directions at all the leading candidates: the apostasy of Paul Hellyer, the wild spending of Brian Mulroney and the false modesty of Flora MacDonald. He is also a bit too frank about the few obligatory words of French all the candidates

have to throw in out of deference to the more than 600 Quebec delegates. After interrupting his rabble-rousing to sputter a few French words about party unity and the like, he returns to English with "now let's get back to business."

Like Grafftey's, his speech is enthusiastically applauded, this time mostly from the Horner and Hellyer sections. And as with Grafftey, it is premature to read too much significance into the applause.

Next is Joe Clark, whose speech is at the same time the dullest and the most interesting of the afternoon. In an uncommonly bland manner — he is only now beginning to inch his body over the side of the trench — Clark forgets to describe Trudeau as the scourge of mankind and the Conservative march to power as a holy crusade. He does say that six more years of Liberal government will destroy the country, but in the context of the convention that is relatively mild stuff. The main message of his speech is simply that it is a good idea for the second party in the two-party system to get a bite of the apple once in a while. And unabashedly following up on Robert Stanfield's appeal of the evening before, Clark says that people are not interested in what the Conservatives are against but rather in what they are for. It is hardly a call to build a New Jerusalem but the tired and bored delegate, who has been treading all day in a sea of platitudes, is ready to grasp at straws.

Flora MacDonald makes her dignified entrance, and delivers a tightly-scripted speech that has a beginning, a middle, and an end, and is therefore judged one of the best of the day.

Dick Bonnycastle, the genius behind Harlequin Romances, introduces Jack Horner, and Horner adopts a tone more suited to the hero of one of the Milquetoast novels Harlequin publishes than to the mean, gun-toting cowboy his followers expect him to be.

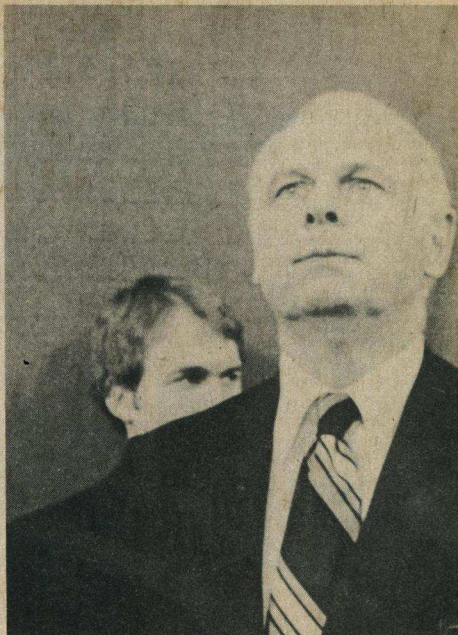
Thick as it is, it is an effective speech. It is short and conciliatory, and it helps make Horner respectable. But it stuns his supporters. Waiting for Jack to cut the fluff and start using his knees in the clinch, they are momentarily silent as he walks away from the lectern, several minutes short of his time limit.

Next is another tough guy, Claude Wagner, and he too plays statesman. He picks up a lot of points with a smooth, reasonable speech. He holds out a future of law and order to a people "thirsting for justice and security." He reminds us of how grateful the Queen was for the fine protection she got during her visit to Quebec City in October 1964, when he was the provincial solicitor-general. As in his campaign brochures, this reference is made only in English, since many Quebecers have bitter memories of *Le samedi de la matraque* and Wagner's part in it.

He blames Trudeau for any bad feeling between French and English Canadians, and says it's now up to the Tories to heal such feelings. He says all the right things about Sir John A. and the rest, echoes Dief on unhyphenated Canadians, and walks off the stage leaving the impression of an honest, upright, dignified statesman, with real leadership qualities — a Quebecer with sense. The trust fund and the other ugliness that has surrounded Wagner's career are suddenly forgotten.

Next comes the last of the front-runners, Paul Hellyer. And all of a sudden the conciliatory note that has been struck by the last two speakers is abandoned. He launches an attack on the Red Tories, looking toward Flora MacDonald as he speaks, although the substance of his criticism applies to most of the members of the Tory caucus.

He sat in the House, he says, waiting for the Conservative



"I blew it," was Paul Hellyer's own judgment on his performance as he stepped down from the platform

party to measure up to his standards. It took a long time for this man, self-cast in the Churchill mould, changing parties to fit his principles and not his principles to fit a party, to throw his lot in reluctantly with the Tories. An obvious implication of his speech is that if he is going to lead the party a new standard of purity will be required.

It is not a formula for success. Boos and catcalls arise from pockets of the crowd. The rest of what Hellyer says is lost on many of the delegates. "I know what the people of Canada are looking for," he intones at one point, "and it isn't Pierre Trudeau." "It isn't you either!" bellows a man in the front wearing a yellow Clark scarf.

"I blew it," is Hellyer's judgment on his own performance as he steps down from the stage.

As with Mulroney, it is questionable whether Hellyer would have had a chance of winning, whatever he said in his speech. The speech has merely brought the weaknesses of his campaign to a head.

Up until Friday night, Hellyer planned to use a prepared text, but then, remembering the disaster that had befallen him at the 1968 Grit convention, he scrapped the text and went to notes written on index cards. He and a campaign worker, Jack MacDonald, toiled over the cards well into the night. Early Saturday morning, MacDonald went over the speech with another member of the Hellyer campaign entourage, Dr. Jimmy Johnston. The speech ended with, "A hundred years ago, the Fathers of Confederation had a dream. Twenty years ago, John Diefenbaker had a dream. I too have a dream!" There was nothing in it about Red Tories. "All we need

now," said Dr. Johnston, "is to find the keys to 24 Sussex."

But between then and the time he got up to speak, Paul Hellyer, all by himself, decided to change it.

His strategy — to draw the line sharp and clear and stake out his turf on the side that encompassed the most territory — is not an unreasonable one. The message he wants to convey to the delegates, which is that the Conservative party is worth supporting only if it is clearly different from the Liberals, is not extraordinary, at least from the vantage point of the Tory losers. And even the way he says it, in the context of a campaign and convention where attacks on Red Toryism have been a continuing theme, is not extreme. It is his timing that is all wrong.

For Hellyer has underestimated one crucially important element in the thinking of the delegates. Given the divisions within the party, people are looking not only for the leader of their choice, but also for the one who stands the best chance of being acceptable to the other side. The delegates who boo Hellyer were never going to vote for him anyway, but in announcing that he is the best leader for half the party, he has blown it with his own supporters as well.

The mood of the convention has become to find the leader who, by hook, crook or consensus, can make the party a credible alternative to Trudeau. And Hellyer has simply disqualified himself.

After Hellyer's performance, the speeches are effectively over. Delegates have been listening for almost four hours now and they have had more than their fill. Neither Stevens nor Gillies can arouse any interest. Even Sinc's appeal to vote for him as "the cuddly Conservative" doesn't get much response.



Mulroney's speech had all the zest and punch of a birthday card

V. Saturday night

Afterward, Brian, Mila and the Youth for Mulroney have invited us all next door to the Coliseum for pizza. We accept, and mingle with the thin crowd, looking for delegates. Finding even fewer than the night before, we head downtown to do a final round of the hospitality suites and check out the two main bashes of the evening, a Wagner Pizza Party and a Clark Hoedown in adjacent ballrooms of the Château.

In the Château we find delegates by the busload, and they are taking the lobby by storm.

A 60-piece young Kiwanis band, Les Eclairs, is belting out the tune we have already heard too much of — 'Alouette' — drowning out a second Wagner band, a small accordion group playing 'Après de ma Blonde' (another musical blunder, since that is the tune of Joe Clark's French song). Hundreds of supporters wearing white styrofoam bowler hats are stomping around and around the lobby chanting "Wagner! Wagner! Wagner!" Some have torn part of the brim off their hats, turning them into facsimiles of construction hard-hats; others have torn off the whole brim, so that what is left, inadvertently perhaps, resembles a storm trooper's helmet; one delegate has taken a bite out of his.

Wagner arrives, and the chant turns to a bellowing war cry. We take refuge from the crowd in the nearest tranquil place — the Mulroney hospitality suite off the lobby. Its only occupants are six elderly Wagner ladies from Montreal's East End, watching the Toronto-Buffalo hockey game on the giant Mulroney TV screen.

By 10 p.m. the convention is completely unglued. All the pre-game rituals have been observed and the delegates can now enjoy their last moments of being wine and courted. The atmosphere in the lobbies, corridors and ballrooms of the hotels is that of the night before Grey Cup. It is whoopie time.

Nobody gives a damn any more about the leaflets, brochures and policy papers. Any notion of who should win has been completely replaced by who is going to win and how.

By the elevators on the third floor of the Château lies a T-shirt. "Youth for Mulroney" is stencilled on the front. Somebody swoops around the corner, drink in hand, grabs the shirt and stuffs it into his pocket.

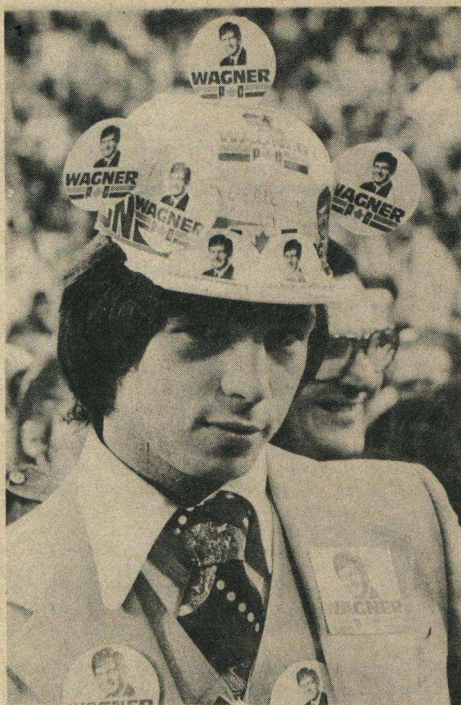
"Christ," he says, "are they already discarding these things?"

In Flora's suite, we meet three of the six delegates from Prince Albert, Diefenbaker's constituency. They tell us they're sticking with Flora all the way, and they think they can persuade the other three, too. If not, the other three are probably going with Joe Clark.

Wagner's rooms are pretty quiet, but the action is somewhere else. Wagner is due to visit his pizza party downstairs at any time and that will be the signal for the crowds to materialize — Wagner's is the real moveable feast. When his entourage sweeps through the hotel, the crowds follow.

There is a smell of defeat at Paul Hellyer's bash, compounded by an appearance by Paul himself with a statement which seems to apologize for his attack on the Red Tories this afternoon. By morning most delegates will be given a letter which appears to retract the retraction.

Although not yet running out of mouths, Hellyer is



One of Claude Wagner's "hard hats"

definitely running out of feet to put in them.

In Joe Clark's suite, the Man Himself is present, taking a breather from the hoedown downstairs. He is confronted by an earnest young delegate and is trying to explain his ideas of decentralization of key federal social services. He does a good job and visions of "community control" and "power to the people" dance in the kid's head. But he wants more details, and Clark, now being gently shoved from the room by one of his handlers, politely puts his questioner off. But the kid is clearly impressed.

Standing against one wall is Trevor Jones, one of Sinclair Stevens' campaign workers. Jones has been in the room for some time, mostly chatting it up with some of Clark's workers.

One of us says, "I think Stevens would be a good finance minister in Joe Clark's government."

"I do too," says Trevor Jones, smiling.

Joe Clark's presence at the convention is as it has been throughout the campaign. He is unobtrusive but he is always around.

His campaign seemed adequately financed — apart from Alberta money, of which he had plenty, Clark also had some Bay Street support, notably from the McCutcheon family of Canadian General Insurance, Acres Ltd. and Guaranty Trust (the family's patriarch, the late Sen. Wallace McCutcheon, was an unsuccessful Tory leadership candidate in 1967). Nevertheless, Clark was clearly not in the Mulroney league

as a spender. But the money he did have was carefully and wisely spent. There were few signs of Clark groupies greeting delegates at the airport or station and there were no Clark buses transporting them. But we were told that Clark got the jump on the other candidates by having his material distributed to the delegates as they left for the convention instead of when they arrived.

Clark's printed material was substantial, and serviceable in the sense that there was always some fresh stuff at his tables. But his stuff had nothing of the flash — or the expense — of Horner, Mulroney, Gillies, or Stevens material. Tories don't appear to be big readers anyway.

Clark had his hospitality suites in the major hotels as did everyone else, but, except for two occasions, he kept a low social profile at the convention. Wednesday night there was a low-key affair in his suite at the Château and tonight there is a more elaborate hoedown, still modest by convention standards, in one of the smaller Château ballrooms. There were no Eat Grits Breakfasts with Joe Clark, nor did he serve Alberta beef and British Columbia salmon at luncheon.

But Clark always started early, and seemed to get the biggest bang for the buck. And tonight is no exception. Waiting in the near-deserted Wagner party for some pizza to appear we can hear the music of the country and western band coming from Joe Clark's hoedown.

As we come in the band is playing, "I got my first guitar when I was fourteen, now I'm over thirty and I still wear jeans." The room is crowded and the vibes, as they were Wednesday night, are good. Joe and Maureen bounce in, and a few words are said:

"C'est un great plaisir for Maureen and moi . . ."

Clark's fluent bilingualism (which the media have upgraded from the "moderate bilingualism" a New Brunswick paper credited him with early in the campaign) is so fluent that he frequently uses both languages in the course of a single sentence. As many French-speaking observers have put it, "Il se débrouille" — he gets by. He can't dance either.

VI. The voting

The crowd streams into the arena, laden with snow, wet and disgusted with the weather. And they are going to be there for hours and hours, jammed into the bleachers, with only the induced excitement of the occasion to sustain them while the relentless lights turn the area into a steam bath.

The information booths of the candidates are now command posts for the war of the signs. The television sets, which until this morning were playing video cassettes, are now tuned to one of the networks. In the long hiatus between ballots, these television sets will become points of congestion as delegates cluster about them hoping to find out what is going on.

In the stands, Wagner hats and signs clearly dominate. There are plenty of Mulroney signs as well. In the upper reaches of the northwest corner of the arena there is a Mulroney sign on every seat. There is nobody sitting there however.

Overall, the scene in the arena emphasizes the importance of the outcome of the early fight between Mulroney and Wagner for the Quebec delegation. If the fight over delegates

in Quebec had been even close Mulroney could have come to this convention with enough challenges to wound Wagner mortally, but he was so outgunned in Quebec, he couldn't even do that. Had the impressive support Mulroney was able to gather in other parts of the country been buttressed by support of the Quebec machine, he would have been in a position to win. But now, as we look down on the sea of Wagner signs, the what-might-have-beens no longer matter. What does matter is the tremendous edge the machine vote from Quebec has given Wagner.

As the voting begins, several hours late, it looks as though Claude Wagner may have it all wrapped up.

Any organizational foul-up notwithstanding, there are a number of problems built into the voting system. Delegates are registered by number and assigned according to that number to the different polling stations. Each delegate passes along a table where his name is checked off by a clerk and he is given a ballot. At the end of the table is the booth where the ballot is marked and put into the ballot box. After a given amount of time the polls close and the clerks and scrutineers decamp for a sealed counting room where the security is so tight that even the convention chairman can't enter to try to hurry up the counting. The room has even been de-bugged.

The random assignment of delegates and the tight security in the counting room are presumably designed to thwart any attempt to telegraph the vote before the official announcement. It is all one of those complicated arrangements that seemed like a good idea at the time.

Meanwhile all candidates are doing their best to circumvent the system, because it is of vital importance to them to know as early as possible how the votes stacked up. For one of the by-products of this long and complex voting procedure is that there is little time between ballots for candidates to do all their deals.

The first ballot gives Wagner a lead — 531 votes to 357 for Mulroney, who is second — but nowhere near the 650 votes that he needed to make him unstoppable. Horner, with 235 votes, has shown unexpectedly well and will be a factor in what follows; Hellyer, with four votes fewer than Horner, is finished. On the other side, Mulroney has no possibility of increasing his total by very much, and so any stop-Wagner movement will now focus on Joe Clark, in third place with 277 votes, 63 ahead of Flora MacDonald.

If this leadership campaign and convention were run on more classical lines, this would be the moment for the spoilers or kingmakers. If Gillies, Stevens, and Hellyer had control of their delegates they would be forces to contend with, and perhaps they could even steer the convention to Horner. Unlikely as this outcome appears, Horner has run a strong campaign at this convention, and he is certainly in tune with the gut feelings of a lot of the delegates. Many good, solid Tories simply distrust Wagner, and Horner could be their best option.

We remember a conversation we had with a delegate who was ideologically in tune with Stevens, and therefore could be expected to follow along the line to wherever it led — to Hellyer, Horner; but the man balked at Wagner. "When he spoke at one of our meetings, he was evasive about the trust fund. As if he didn't want to look us in the eye. I just can't vote for a man like that."

Graffey, as the candidate with the lowest total, is eliminated. When his vote total, 33, is announced, a cheer goes up from the whole convention. More sympathy.

He moves beside Joe Clark. Jim Gillies, with 87 votes,



Sinclair Stevens, the "cuddly conservative"

withdraws and does the same.

Paul Hellyer waits by the phone for Stevens to call, for Horner to call, for anybody to call. He looks as if he doesn't know what has hit him.

Now the question is: what will Sinc Stevens do? His 182 votes have placed him out of contention, and he withdraws and begins to walk across the floor, pursued by microphones and cameras. The CBC announces that he is going to Joe Clark. Then it announces that he is going to Paul Hellyer. Then it announces that he is going to Claude Wagner.

Hellyer quits waiting by the phone and moves to Wagner. But it is too late: the voting has begun and he is on the second ballot. John Fraser also withdraws and goes to Clark; he too is still on the ballot.

Stevens, in the mythology of the convention, becomes the kingmaker; it will later be widely believed that he had victory to give and gave it to Clark. But while helpful to Clark and a major morale-booster for his forces, Stevens' move is not crucial because the majority of his votes were going Clark's way in any case. Far from controlling his delegates Stevens was, in effect, controlled by them. He went to Clark because he thought Clark was going to win. As one observer puts it, "Sinc sized him up as if he were a penny mining stock and decided to buy."

With five candidates already out of the race, many people are now voting their second and third choices. The impres-

sion made by the nice young man from Alberta who is everybody's second or third choice is beginning to pay dividends.

There are some Mulroney supporters who can't be convinced. One of us asks a well tanned and tailored man with about four Mulroney scarves around his neck what he will be doing if Mulroney drops. "Whaddya mean . . . it's Clark that has to come to Mulroney. Can't you read the vote? Brian is second; he has almost a hundred votes over Clark. In fact, I just heard that after this vote Clark will give the handshake to Brian. And there's no way in the world for Flora to vote for Wagner."

The second ballot is announced. Clark has passed Mulroney. Much more important, Wagner's momentum has been slowed. He has 667, to Clark's 532. Nowlan, with 42 votes, MacDonald with 239, and Horner with 286 are all equally dead. So is Mulroney, with 419, but he will stay on for one more ballot. His supporters seem curiously unconcerned. They know they have lost, but they still wave their signs. Meanwhile Clark signs are pushed at them. Most don't reject them, but lean them to one side for later use.

Behind the stands a small group is furiously working on old Hellyer and Horner signs. They are tearing off the old posters and replacing them with Wagner ones.

In Clark's section, the air is electric. Flora MacDonald walks over to shake hands with Clark, while the Albertan's organizers move into Flora's section. Somebody has thoughtfully left a stack of Clark signs at the exit nearest Flora's seats.

Flora's progress toward Clark, slow, regal and firm, sad yet proud, to the victor the vanquished, is attended by a minor riot of electronic journalists, falling over each other and the entourage, trying desperately to find out where she's going.

"Flora!" shouts CBC, "Flora, are you going to Joe Clark?"

There's no reply.

"Flora!" he shouts, "Flora! I don't know how long my microphone cable is . . . and Flora seems to be heading toward Joe Clark, and I'll pass you back to Lloyd Robertson."

Flora's first words on achieving the promised land, delivering on her promise, are "j'ai venue." I have come. Except that verbs of motion take "je suis", not "j'ai". The Tories' solution to the French Canadian problem seems to be to *bilingue* them into submission.

While both TV networks are still trying to rustle up a few delegates who are prepared to testify to the undying hatred between the English and the French, Pat Nowlan is making his way across the floor to the Horner Ranch. The two vigilantes say little more than "Howdy, pardner" before it's out into the dust once more, to do what a man has to do — in this case, to add their combined might to the defenders of the free world in the Wagner camp.

Horner takes time out on his way over to stomp on a persistent radio reporter, which action is lauded by all right-minded people, especially those from the print media, who've had more than enough of being trampled by a horde of spotty upstarts with microphones and cameras. But, this doesn't stop a pile of people from rushing into print to analyse the depth of Horner's hatred for journals and journalists.

The results of the third ballot are announced: Clark 969, Mulroney 369, Wagner 1003.

The Wagner bandwagon has been stopped. It is estimated



Flora MacDonald: 'The Skye Boat Song' wasn't enough

that two-thirds of the Mulroney votes will go to Clark, which will give him victory by a comfortable margin.

In the Mulroney section both Clark and Wagner workers are handing out signs, but the Clark signs seem to go at a rate of about three for every Wagner sign that is snapped up. In the Clark section everyone is waiting for Mulroney to come over, and the anticipation turns to disappointment as the realization filters through the section that Mulroney isn't moving. But the disappointment is tempered by the knowledge that his delegates are going to Clark anyway, and many Clark supporters figure that the reason for Mulroney's reticence is that he is afraid that an open display of support for Clark might tilt the convention to Wagner.

Dalton Camp is in the press room, looking pleased as punch. But he is still acting coy. His non-committal grin stretches from ear to ear. "You can never tell in these conventions though," he says to a few people standing around. "It's getting late, and people are leaving — it just takes a hundred or so to decide to go home, and things could change."

But people don't seem to be leaving.

It is still possible to find people who are predicting a Wagner victory. Some argue that Mulroney's Quebec delegates will go to Wagner because in the end blood will tell. Others suggest that they will vote for Wagner because they want to get safely home to Montreal tonight.

In the arena itself there is a stark difference in mood between the Clark section on the west and the Wagner group on the east. Among the rank-and-file delegates who have followed Hellyer and Horner to Wagner, there is plain discomfort. Hellyer has already gone home, and Jack Horner and



Jack Horner waylaid again by the media

Claude Wagner make a very awkward couple. The people wearing Wagner hats are grim and determined. Those wearing Horner boaters are just grim.

The final vote is announced.

"Clark 1187."

A cheer grows from the end of the arena, but it seems to be a bit uncertain. A rather large man with a Wagner hat on his head stamps his foot. "No . . . no . . . that's not enough, not enough."

"Wagner 1122."

There is a cold murderous silence in one half of the arena and much cheering and commotion in the other. The feeling in the Clark section is as much relief as elation.

Wagner delegates begin streaming from the floor. This movement to the exit stops briefly as Wagner reaches the stage to make his speech. There is no trace of the shock and rage that were written on his face the last time he lost a leadership convention, in Quebec City in 1970.

On the stage are all the defeated candidates except Hellyer. They all seem to be making the best of an uncomfortable situation, except for Jack Horner who stands impassive and unapplauding. He will leave the stage before Wagner is introduced.

Wagner's speech acknowledging defeat, and calling on delegates to make the election of Clark unanimous, is even more masterly than his Saturday speech.

Columnists are rushing to their dictionaries for synonyms for noble, statesmanlike, diplomatic, gracious, moderate, magnificent, generous. Again the circumstances under which Wagner came to the Conservative party and the other less than savoury aspects of his career are forgotten.

As Robert Stanfield begins talking, the delegates in what was the Wagner section of the arena again begin streaming toward the exits.

John Diefenbaker is nowhere in sight.

To the half of the arena that is listening, Joe Clark gives his acceptance speech, which like Wagner's is more or less a repeat of his Saturday performance. He says that "we will not take this country by stealth or storm but by hard work."

Even the Clark section is getting restless now. Finally the party on stage breaks up.

Claude Wagner steps down and leaves by the back way.

VII. Joe Who?

There was wide agreement outside the Conservative party, if not inside it, that the Tories had made their best possible choice. The NDP was becoming worried about the ability of a Clark-led Conservative party to cut into their support. "Quite inadvertently," said one senior New Democrat, "and in a total rejection of its past history, the Conservative party has acted in its own best interests."

If the complex of factors that led to Joe Clark's victory can be reduced to a single reason, it is that his political skill was superior to that of any of the other candidates. He had a surer sense than the others of what the delegates wanted to hear and what they wanted the new leader to be, and he moved more quickly than the others to accommodate those wishes.

Joe Clark is, above all else, a professional politician. He lists his profession as 'journalist' but his forays into journalism have been brief and halfhearted. His reach for the top in politics has been steady and singleminded.

According to his own account, his mother was one of three known Liberals in High River, Alta., while his father, the publisher of the *High River Times*, was a lifelong Tory. In 1957 he was swept up in the Diefenbaker fever that ran through the country and the west in particular; he was one of the many who thought that maybe, just maybe, this man might make things change. The conflicting family influences were settled in his mind, and he went on to become a Tory *aparatchik*: private secretary to Alberta Conservative leader Cam Kirby, and then national president of the Progressive Conservative student federation for two terms.

Like two of his fellow candidates for the leadership, Flora MacDonald and Brian Mulroney, he came to politics from the inside, and it is no coincidence that these three were the candidates furthest from the party's loser psychology. Like MacDonald and Mulroney, he recognized in the mid-sixties that John Diefenbaker had to go. Ultimately, success for a professional politician is measured in elections won and seats gained, and by 1966 Diefenbaker stood in the way of those goals.

This is not to suggest that Clark does not have ideas or principles. He does, but they were obscured during the leadership campaign for two reasons. One is that they were consistently ignored or misunderstood by the press, and the other is that Clark himself is flexible about them.

Clark, along with MacDonald, has been called a Red Tory, but it is a misnomer. The term was originally used to describe philosophical conservatives who have a socialist strain in

their ideology and ally themselves with socialists in the face of the common enemy: liberalism, and especially Yankee liberalism. Harry Stevens, the refugee from R. B. Bennett's cabinet whose Royal Commission on Price Spreads exposed some of the horrors of Depression Canada, was a Red Tory; George Grant, the author of *Lament for a Nation*, is a Red Tory. But there is no socialism in Joe Clark's philosophy, and little traditional Toryism. He and MacDonald are really rather small-l liberals who happened to find themselves in the Conservative party — what might be called Blue Grits.

His ideas differ from those of Pierre Trudeau in detail: in important detail, but in detail nevertheless. Blue Grits tend to have less faith in the federal government and more in provincial and local governments than true Grits, perhaps because the Conservative party does not control the federal government but does control several provincial ones. They also are more optimistic that small business can be preserved in the face of growing monopolization; and a more human form of capitalism restored; than are Liberals, who despite their tinkering with competition policy have an abiding belief that bigger is better.

In this support of the independent entrepreneur, the Conservatives are acting as spokesmen for one of the most faithful elements of their constituency, the small businessmen who have been among the chief losers in the economic changes that the country has undergone since World War II.

Clark has also placed considerable emphasis on the value of encouraging the survival of smaller communities, and argues that urbanization and the depletion of small towns, while partly the result of social forces beyond the control of any government, are also encouraged by federal policies, for instance a passenger transport policy that builds up air transport, which serves only large cities, at the expense of rail transport, which can serve small towns as well.

In the case of some of the more innovative programs of the Trudeau government, such as Opportunities for Youth, Local Initiatives and the extensions of Unemployment Insurance, Clark thinks not that they are wrong in principle but that they have been wrongly administered, and would like to see local governments have a greater say in their administration. He suggests that if there is a specific problem — for instance, seasonal unemployment among fishermen in Newfoundland — the federal government should deal with it through a specific program, and not through extensions of an existing universal program that might be unnecessary elsewhere in the country.

These ideas are not particularly more progressive or more reactionary than those of the Liberals. They are, however, interesting, and in many cases might be worth a try.

Whether Joe Clark as Prime Minister would try them is another question.

Many of the nuances in his positions and much of the originality of his thinking tended to get lost as the leadership campaign went on. If at the beginning Clark's alternatives to universal social programs were specific measures to help Newfoundland fishermen, by the end they also included means tests for family allowances.

By the end of the campaign he even had nice things to say about the idea of a private-enterprise post office.

He was of course responding to the right-wing sentiment in his party, and it was precisely because he responded so skillfully that he is now Leader of the Opposition. But next on the agenda for him is to become Prime Minister, and the perceptions, positions and prejudices to which he has to respond to

do that are rather different. For Canadians may get bitchy, selfish and intolerant but at bottom this is, as Brian Mulroney said, not a right-wing country. The task for Joe Clark now is to bring his ideas back into line with that wider political climate without losing the allegiance of the losers in his own party. It is a task that has defeated more than one of his predecessors in the Conservative leadership.

At this convention, the winners gained a decisive victory over the losers. The vote on the last ballot was in no sense reflective of a left-right split within the party. The machine that Claude Wagner has put together in Quebec can deal at least as easily with Joe Clark as it could have with Jack Horner or Sinc Stevens. As for the dissenters in English Canada, Horner and Sean O'Sullivan and the rest, they have little choice but to go along.

For they lost this convention fair and square. It was an open fight and there is little basis for a charge that the convention was machined. Even Dr. Jimmy Johnston, who squawked for nine years about Dalton Camp's manipulation of the 1967 convention, has few complaints about the 1976 one. "Democracy spoke," he wrote in the *Cobourg Star*. "The Tories have a potential Prime Minister, and hopefully a good one. There are a few political bruises. But it is the first Conservative meeting we have seen in years from which most of the people went home reasonably happy. The albatross of Dalton Camp's influence is dead."

With John Diefenbaker politically buried at the convention, and with Robert Stanfield in full support of the new leader, there is also little likelihood of the kind of party leadership-in-exile that has existed for the last nine years.

It is not so much that the losers have reconciled their differences with the winners as that they have accepted their defeat. But their deeper frustrations remain.

For the small businessman and local entrepreneurs who form the party's base, the people whose expectations in life have been interfered with and are now ultimately threatened by the concentration of economic and social power in Canada, "big government" is the visible manifestation of the enemy.

This base has felt that control and direction of their party has been taken from their hands. The sour aftertaste of the defeat of John Diefenbaker has grown more bitter in the wake of the successive defeats the party has suffered under Stanfield.

Throughout the campaign the losers had the stage, and while most candidates protested that the only hope for the Tories was "up the great wide middle", the atmosphere was revivalist-fundamentalist, and eventually everyone was forced to the political right.

But the losers had two insurmountable problems: they did not have a credible spokesman and the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada is a very serious political party, which is not going to be taken over by a fringe.

The end result is that the Tories' electoral prospects are now arguably as promising as at any time since Trudeau became Prime Minister. Joe Clark is by no means a shoo-in for the next election, but a victory could well be within his reach.

And such an outcome would concentrate the mind of the Tory party wonderfully.

Winners, Losers, from which these excerpts were taken, was published jointly by Last Post Book Club and James Lorimer & Company.

Subliminal Advertising

a Last Post experiment

by Walter J. Traprock

We were swilling around in a sea of O'Keefe Ale early one morning in a bar in downtown Montreal, in the thick of a furious argument about a book I'd just read. Although hopelessly outnumbered, I maintained throughout that *Subliminal Seduction* by Wilson Bryan Key (Signet \$1.95) has the truth at its disposal. Those on what appeared to be the winning side held that Professor Key was out to lunch.

Key's book is about subliminal advertising techniques. He says that ad agencies bury smut in their messages, appealing to the victim's subconscious. While

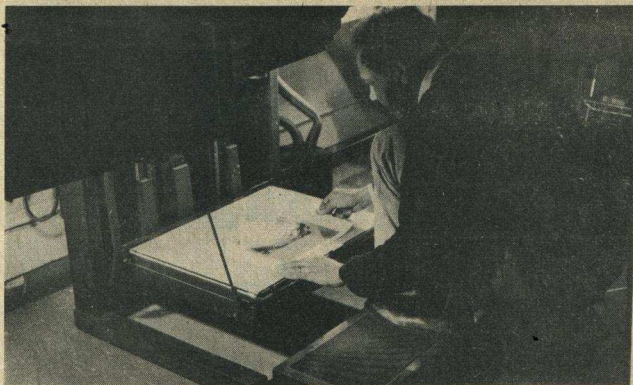
the overt message of most ads appeals to the libido, he says, the covert message spells it out in graphic detail. Hidden in the ads are such words as Fuck, Suck, Sex and the like, along with pictures of genitals, and of people indulging in all manner of sexual congress. Subtler subliminal messages have been tried, but they don't work. The subconscious, apparently, is a pretty murky place, and it likes its messages straight.

Key isn't talking about isolated ads. He says subliminal techniques are used in all ads — and produces 16 pages of

photographs to prove it. Booze and cigarette ads are the most common, but to show the extent of the hard-core sell, he prints an ad for Horsman Dolls — a cute toddler carrying a doll, on the sleeve of whose check dress can be seen, in blown-up photographs, the word Fuck writ large. To my mind, Key proves conclusively that this is going on, and adds that it wouldn't be if it didn't work. Advertising, after all, is an expensive cut-throat affair, and agency clients demand and get a measurable increase in sales for each fraction of a cent spent per 1,000



Visual aids being worked on by the Last Post team



Johnson blends architecture and body work

readers.

The opposition in the bar argument said first of all that there are no subliminal messages in ads. But many people are unwilling to admit that their subconscious is working away like a well-run sewer, and are reluctant to get in touch with it.

A good subliminal message goes unnoticed by the conscious mind. The technique for spotting them is not unlike looking for pictures in a fire or in the clouds. One relaxes, and lets one's mind freewheel. Many people get very uptight when they first spot one. They feel manipulated. A good place to start is with the ice cubes in booze ads. Ice cubes don't photograph very well, and are always touched up with an airbrush, with a few extras added.

The bar opposition's second point was that even if the subliminal stuff is there, it doesn't work. But an early test involved the movie version. Over six weeks at a cinema, "Hungry? Eat Popcorn" and "Drink Coca-Cola" were flashed on the screen every five seconds for 1/3000th of a second. Popcorn sales increased almost 60 per cent. Coke sales almost 20 per cent.

But what about print ads? We decided to run an informal little test of our own, which readers can now participate in.

Take a copy of the last issue of *Last Post* (Vol. 5 No. 4), the one with the green cover and the story on the Olympics.

Relax, and let your eyes and mind play over the cover art work. Notice anything? It's chock full of smutty little subliminal messages.

After losing the bar debate, I assembled an ad hoc little ad agency to try out

the tricks I'd learnt from Key. One Saturday, Terry Mosher (Aislin) became Art Director of *Last Post* Subliminals, Stacey Johnson became Production Manager, and I became Copy Chief. We gathered with a case of liquid nourishment at the typesetting shop where Johnson works.

Mosher brought along a nice crotch shot, a photo of the Olympic site and a book of sporty pictures.

The first thing we did was to amalgamate the Olympic site and the crotch shot by superimposing one negative on top of the other. That strange foliage looming over the Olympic site is pubic hair.

We then selected a couple of sporty photographs, rejecting a gross suggestion concerning a pole vaulter and a lady gymnast as being rather too obvious to be subliminal. The boxers in the top left of



Mosher as art director

the cover were chosen to fit under the *Last Post* masthead, so that the curve of the glove turns Last into Lust, and the Cuba on the boxer's back blends with the price to make an alternate reading of 75 Cunts. The symbolism of the archer seemed to fit, especially since her arm guard is more than somewhat dildoesque.

Having got that together, we held a conference with visual aids, to see what we could add. Mosher lightly pencilled in a few things.

Examine, in a relaxed way, the archer's belt. It forms one prong of an F, preceding a U-C-K drawn across her midriff. The number 9 between her legs got a light six added to it, forming 69.

The lower left boxer's muscles were added to, to spell BUY, while the lower right boxer has FUCK across his back.

What we had intended to do was to survey news stands across the country, to see if the new gonzo cover had any effect on sales, but by the time the issue came out, the silly season was over.

We did do an informal survey, speaking to a few news agents. They all said, yes, they did think it was going better this issue than usual. We're inclined to regard this as unscientific, and suspect that the Olympics article was probably a stronger selling point than our hidden smut. We'll know more about sales in a couple of months, when our distributor sends in the returns.

We also asked a number of people to give their free association thoughts on looking at the cover. Sex did rear its ugly head a surprising number of times, but was overwhelmed by sporty or Olympic associations. If you really want to know what's going on, read Key's book, which is based on scientific study. For one booze ad, he got free associations from over 1,000 people, large numbers of whom associated it with sexual themes.

My favourite free association reaction to the *Last Post* cover came from a gay acquaintance.

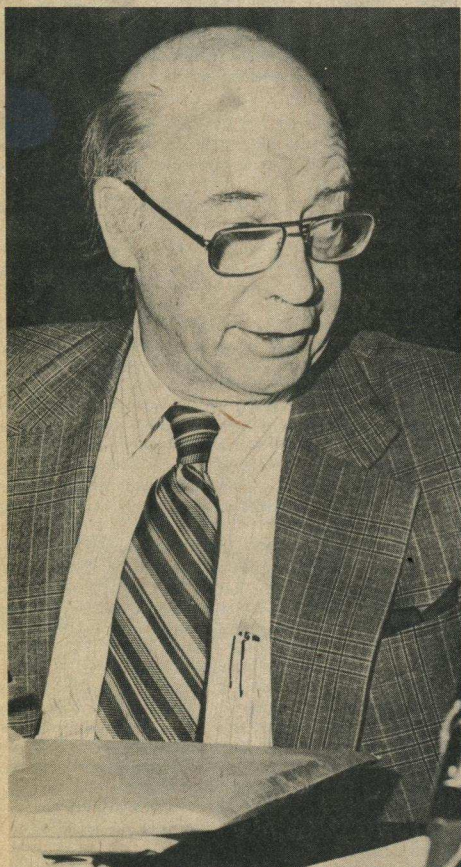
"It looks," he said, "like an asshole."

Editor's note: No, the *Last Post* is not getting into the skin mag trade. And we solemnly promise there is nothing subliminal about this issue's cover. In this regard; you can rely on your presbyterian editor to make Mrs. Grundy seem like an also-ran. As always at the *Post*, we had a serious purpose.

THE BRYCE PROBE PROBED

by Eric Hamovitch

photo: David Lloyd



Commission chairman Robert Bryce

"Few tricks of the unsophisticated intellect," wrote the Fabian scholar R. H. Tawney 50 years ago in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*. "are more curious than the naive psychology of the business man, who ascribes his achievements to his unaided efforts, in bland unconsciousness of a social order without whose continuous support and vigilant protection he would be as a lamb bleating in the desert."

Whether this was truer half a century ago than it is today can be a subject of endless debate. Supporters of what is euphemistically called free enterprise are often quick to suggest that increased government regulation has rendered business less free and hence less enterprising than it once was. But the decline of the small firm and the rise of the giant oligopoly have played a major part in weakening freedom and enterprise in the marketplace.

Extraordinary ability on the part of managers and directors is not alone sufficient to explain the phenomenal growth of the industrial and commercial behemoths which have become so much a part of the 20th century economic scene. Whether through benign neglect or through active encouragement, the existing social order has clearly favoured their rapid expansion.

Some companies have grown too big even for a country with as great an admiration for bigness as the U.S., and anti-trust laws have been one form of reaction.

Canada, despite its greater vulnerability to corporate largeness, has been decidedly more timid when it comes to trust-busting. What legislation we have against combines and mergers deals primarily with price-fixing and related offences rather than with corporate size as such, and even that is ineffective, as the recent sugar case shows only too clearly.

The problem became more acute early in the spring of 1975 when Power Corporation (Canada Steamship Lines, Voyageur bus lines, *La Presse* and four other daily papers, Investors' Group, Montreal Trust, Great-West Life, Laurentide Financial Corp., Imperial Life, Dominion Glass, etc.)

WORKERS' CONTROL

"I don't distinguish between managers and employees; they're the same."

—Ian Sinclair, chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., before the Bryce Commission, December 11, 1975



Commission counsel Martin Freedman (left), commissioner Robert Dickerson and commissioner Pierre Nadeau; no 'adversary voice' is represented on the commission.

attempted to acquire control of Argus Corporation (Domtar, Massey-Ferguson, Dominion Stores, Hollinger Mines, Standard Broadcasting, etc.). It was too much to expect the Liberals actually to do anything about it, so they fell upon the delaying tactic of naming a royal commission to study the problem of the concentration of corporate power.

Quite apart from the Power-Argus merger (which eventually fell through), the problem is a wide-ranging one. The value to society of conglomerates, companies with holdings in a number of unrelated fields, is interesting enough in itself, but it is not the only form of corporate concentration.

Another form is horizontal concentration, which occurs when a small number of firms control a large share of a particular market. For instance, three brewing companies account for over 90 per cent of the beer produced and consumed in Canada.

There is also vertical integration, which takes the form of a company controlling a major supplier or customer. This can also play havoc with market forces. In the oil industry, most major oil refineries acquire crude oil from another division of the same company and sell most of their production to a wholesaler which also has the same corporate identity.

The Bryce Commission (named after chairman Robert Bryce) has completed the first of its projected two rounds of public hearings, and by the time you read this will be well into the second round. The commission, in addition to read-

ing published material, has also commissioned a number of research studies from academics and financial analysts, the very titles of which are to be kept secret until the commission publishes its report early in 1977.

Of the 51 briefs heard in the 21 days of hearings of the commission's first round, 35 were from business, and only a handful of these from smaller businesses. Twelve briefs were from critics of corporate power, and the four remaining briefs, the only ones solicited by the commission, were from academics and government.

The commission listened politely to all the presentations. Many were very tedious. Some were poorly documented. A few were clearly irrelevant to the commission's mandate. But they listened, and after listening they asked questions. There was very little actual hostility between the commissioners and those who appeared before them. There was one notable shouting match between the commission chairman and James Lorimer, who presented a brief on the concentration of land holdings in and around Toronto, but with most of the anti-corporate witnesses the atmosphere remained polite if somewhat strained.

But there was a whole different atmosphere when large corporations appeared before the commission. There was far less nitpicking, far less effort to discredit arguments, than was the case with their adversaries. During recesses and after adjournments the three commissioners came off the dais and held friendly chats with the various leading lights of the corporate world who had troubled to appear.

Business people are, after all, the sort of people the commissioners are more accustomed to associating with. Commission chairman Robert Bryce, the only member not directly associated with the business community, was deputy minister of finance from 1963 to 1970 and before that was clerk of the privy council. However great his personal integrity — and it is highly esteemed by those who know him — it is not altogether probable that he will be prepared to give a harsh assessment of the mass of economic regulations he had an intimate part in shaping over a period of several decades.

Robert Dickerson is a tax specialist who practises with the Vancouver corporate law firm of Farris, Vaughan, Wills and Murphy. Pierre Nadeau, the third commissioner, is president

ASK NOT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR COUNTRY BUT WHAT YOUR COUNTRY CAN DO FOR YOU

"Shell Canada recommends that the Royal Commission should advise government that, in the national interest, they have a responsibility at least equal to that of the petroleum corporations to disseminate accurate information that will tend to drive out damaging misinformation regarding the oil industry."

—From the Shell Canada brief to the Bryce Commission

of Petrofina Canada and a director of the Royal Bank.

Since the Royal Bank is known to have offered to loan \$70 million to Power for the takeover of Argus, a question of conflict of interest arises, since a director of the Royal would have an interest in seeing the deal go through. And although too much can be made of the significance of interlocking directorships, it is worth noting that Petrofina chairman Alfredo Campo sits on the Power board of directors and Power deputy chairman Peter N. Thompson is a Petrofina director — this, it would appear, is more than coincidental.

But the notion of conflict of interest seems to mean little to the commission, Nadeau having remained on the dais even when the Royal Bank presented its brief. Perhaps more serious, though, is that no one was named to the commission who has any vested interest on the other side of the coin — no one from organized labour, consumer groups or other movements which may be less than enamoured of corporate gigantism.

It was almost worth sitting through some of the hearings to watch commission counsel Martin Freedman at work. He conducted the questioning of many witnesses with a brilliance and flair that brought at least a small measure of dazzle to the commission's work. However, he was at his most incisive in questioning opponents of big business.

Big business is the sort of phenomenon that tends to draw diverse reactions, many of them very emotional, but beneath the emotion lies a kernel of reason.

Critics of corporate concentration argued before the commission that it is not necessary for unrelated enterprises to be controlled by the same owner to achieve the economies of scale which big business extols, and that the relative difficulty small and medium businesses face in securing bank loans or equity capital gives big business an artificial competitive advantage.

Another charge is that by engaging in "cross-subsidization", which means filling the capital needs of one operation from the profits of another, a diversified company is provided with another artificial advantage. It is further claimed that large firms may engage in "predatory pricing" — that is, temporarily lowering prices and foregoing profits in order to drive smaller competitors from the market.

On the social side, it is alleged that large corporations concentrate effective economic power in the hands of a very small number of people, that they have an inordinate influence on public policy, and that they are less responsive to regional interests than firms with a local head office.

Some of these arguments barely escaped being buried beneath the barrage of briefs from the business community. None of the corporate presentations took issue with the notion that bigness is good. Size allows them to achieve economies of scale, to provide management expertise to their subsidiaries or divisions, to engage in research and development, and to compete on international markets, they claimed. And most of them seemed to feel that the public interest would be well served if they continued to grow much larger.

Certain comparisons with the U.S., it was argued, were not valid: the small number of firms in some markets in Canada is a reflection of the small size of our economy and not of excessive corporate size. Corporate concentration in some areas of the economy is deceptive, it was further suggested, because it remains possible for smaller firms to prosper and for new entrants to gain a foothold.

Several briefs made the claim that corporate power is a myth, that corporate managements are held in check by the

OUR STRENGTH LIES NOT IN NUMBERS

"Now Mr. Chairman, the view has been expressed by some that boards of directors is [sic] some kind of self-perpetuating clique of elitists is, based on my knowledge and experience, utter balderdash. Experienced, capable businessmen with a wide knowledge of corporate affairs and problems are a relatively small group within the Canadian population."

— Ian Sinclair, chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., before the Bryce Commission, December 11, 1975

restraints of government and unions and by their responsibilities to consumers and shareholders.

"The main beneficiaries of the company's operations," said a DuPont of Canada news release, "have been employees, customers and the general public, rather than shareholders and top management." Of course, we knew this all along.

The far less naive Ian Sinclair, chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., talked about the "publics" his company had to serve: employees, shareholders, customers and so on. Surely, though, one sign of power is having the authority to mediate between these "publics".

Royal Bank chairman Earle McLaughlin spoke of having responsibilities rather than power. How, one wonders, could his immense responsibilities be exercised without power?

The succession of key corporate figures coming before the commission did allow an interesting glimpse of management styles.

Power chairman Paul Desmarais explained how Canada Steamship Lines helped finance its own takeover by his group. The company actually paid \$74.5 million of the \$145 million takeover, borrowing money in order to acquire shares in Power from which it would get dividend income but using the debt so acquired and the interest on it as a charge against income from other sources. See how easy it is?

The smooth-talking, almost self-effacing Desmarais prefers to have 100 per cent ownership of subsidiaries because that allows him to operate without the inconvenience of minority shareholders, whereas Argus chairman Bud McDougald is content to retain control of the companies in his portfolio with as little as 15 per cent of the shares, secure in Argus's long-established dominance of their executive committees.

McDougald comes across as the archetypal Edwardian tycoon, complete with Rolls Royce, pin-striped suit and gold watch-chain. Whatever else he and his aging cronies may be, they are not dynamic. They prefer to guard cautiously the slow and steady growth of their old, established fortunes.

Desmarais wants his empire to grow as big as possible as quickly as possible. He is not a man to sit still. Despite the \$3 billion in assets he controls, he said that on a recent trip to the Middle East he was made to feel as though he were running a "peanut stand" compared with some of the big international competitors he found himself up against.

The gruff, aggressive Canadian Pacific chairman Ian Sinclair likes to have minority shareholders because this provides a continuing market evaluation of his holdings, but with him around there is never any question as to who is in control. "I suppose it could be said that people are interested in confes-

THOSE CRAZY YANKS

"One of the great things about the American people — and they're wonderful people, but once they get something like that [anti-trust laws] going, and it's been carried in my judgment ridiculously in the United States, just ridiculous, and they get hepped on disclosures and requirements and annual reports and statements being filed that really it gets carried away. . . ."

— Ian Sinclair, chairman of Canadian Pacific Ltd., before the Bryce Commission, December 11, 1975

sion," he said in his opening remarks. "They want one and I confess that I'm a capitalist."

Despite control of such seemingly unrelated companies as Consolidate Mining and Smelting (Cominco), Marathon Realty, Algoma Steel and Great Lakes Paper, he rejects the notion that Canadian Pacific is a conglomerate. It is, he insists, merely a diversified company whose activities "have grown logically and out of its original railway and resource position."

Secure in control of a vast array of subsidiaries, Canadian Pacific is no longer as interested in its less profitable railway. "In my opening statement I drew the distinction between grants and profits," Sinclair said in reference to the huge land grants provided in return for an obligation to operate the railway in perpetuity. "There are some writers in this country who don't seem to know the difference. . . . Once you earn something it becomes your absolute property; that's the kind of a society in which we live. . . . What I'm saying is that there is no obligation whatsoever on Canadian Pacific to use its assets to buttress something that is not able to be economically viable on its own feet, none whatever."

What of some of the other presentations? Hugh Russell Ltd. and Indal Ltd., two small conglomerates, noted that many of their component companies had sold out to them because of difficulties faced by small firms in obtaining bank credit and venture capital. They said that in some cases the Foreign Investment Review Act had served to drive down the selling prices of small Canadian businesses because of the

GOOD HELP IS HARD TO FIND THESE DAYS

"Mr. Bryce, to change the subject in a sense, this inflation thing to a great extent is generated by governments in various ways. The latest example I have, I have a very good groom who I send to Florida every winter. He has a good job and he gets well paid. He advised me the other day that he would not be going. I said, "Why not?" His girlfriend doesn't want him to go. She likes to stay in Toronto in the wintertime, so he has quit and he has gone on unemployment insurance to spend the winter up here skiing and doing whatever he likes until he is ready to come back to me next May. If you can work that out, that is where we get the inflation down."

— Bud McDougald, chairman, Argus Corporation, before the Bryce Commission, December 15, 1975

smaller number of potential buyers, a concern the commission members found far more serious than the question of foreign economic control.

Not so the Committee for an Independent Canada, which expressed concern not about the concentration of corporate power but about the fact that so much of it is in foreign hands. The CIC thought huge Canadian-owned companies were just fine.

I. H. Asper, Winnipeg tax specialist, syndicated columnist and past leader of the Manitoba Liberal party, wept great tears for business people who do not have sufficient tax deductions to pay for their \$100,000 homes and their holidays.

The United Steelworkers, in the only brief presented by a union, suggested that in an industry in which small units are impractical, large size and market control must be counter-balanced by a greater degree of social accountability.

Nothing really very new came up in the first round of hearings. The commission obtained certain interesting in-

THE FIRST TEN BILLION IS THE HARDEST

McLaughlin: Whether if we were \$50 billion in size we could do twice as well, I just don't know. Just wait till we are \$50 billion and then I'll tell you.

Q.: When will that be?

McLaughlin: Well, it took us one hundred years to get up to \$10 billion. It took us four years and five months to grow to \$20 billion, so it may not be too long.

— Earle McLaughlin, chairman, Royal Bank, before the Bryce Commission, January 16, 1976

sights and confirmed a number of beliefs, but missed some of the hard revelations that might have occurred had its power of subpoena been used to extricate certain inside information.

It appears unlikely, to say the least, that the commission is going to recommend any radical departures from existing policies in seeking to curb the market power of oligopolies and to appraise the economic implications of the growth of conglomerates.

One area the commission is examining closely is disclosure. Large corporations may be required in future to provide more detailed information about their operations to the public.

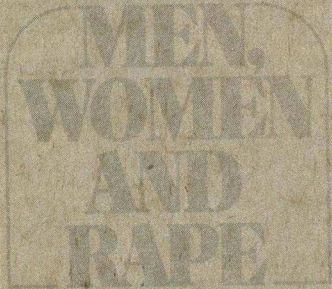
Another area of interest is the wide gap which appears to exist in the capital market, making it difficult for small firms to keep up with their larger competitors.

But it is highly improbable anything will be recommended to curtail fundamentally the continuous support and vigilant protection provided by our social order to the large corporation.

"Several witnesses [raised the point] that given the major constraints under which even the largest Canadian corporations now operate," Robert Bryce told the Canadian Club of Toronto on March 29, ". . . and given too the precarious state of Canada's balance of international trade and payments, surely this is no time to be imposing new restraints upon business operations. I am not sure this argument comes within the commission's terms of reference, but I would expect it will be forcefully presented to the government and parliament, whatever we say in our report."

Rear View

Against Our Will



Susan
Brownmiller

- Farkas on rape — p. 39
- Colton on 'The Eyeopener' — p. 42
- Reid on movies — p. 43
- Democritus on science — p. 44
- Gauthier on arms sales — p. 45
- Gage on the shanteymen — p. 46
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- Lamont on 'our' dictionary — p. 49

'Good will' is a non-answer

by EDIE FARKAS

Against Our Will, by Susan Brownmiller. Simon and Schuster/New York. 1975. 472 pp. \$12.50.

In *Against Our Will* Susan Brownmiller speaks out about rape with a zealous anger that imbues her writing with great energy. A former *Village Voice* reporter and television newswriter, her prose is fast-paced and slippery-smooth, a style appropriate for the specious analyses she presents. Her treatment of her subject and her insights are important and interesting; she has studied all aspects of rape and explained why it has been hidden away as woman's shame rather than exposed as man's crime. But her silly "political" analysis of the origins of rape affects more than her conclusions about how women must fight back, which are idealistic; it belies the very reasons for women fighting at all.

Brownmiller's thesis is that rape is the primary conscious

process of intimidation by which, from prehistoric times, "all men keep all women subjugated." When prehistoric man discovered rape (around the same time he discovered fire), it became the ultimate show of his superior strength, his weapon against woman.

The first form of male bonding occurred when marauding males banded together to gang rape individual females. Female fear of rape caused women to become willing victims of their subjugation, and they chose oppression by one man, a mate, in return for his protection from all other men. Woman's "domestication", as Brownmiller calls it, was thus the result of her anatomical need for protection. When the male realized he could extend his boundaries to his mate, there was the "beginning of his concept of ownership." From these beginnings developed the "full-blown male protectorate" — the patriarchy.

The most striking aspects of this nonsense are

Brownmiller's complete lack of interest in anthropology and her ignorance of modern feminist research.

Her argument is deceptively similar to the radical feminists' notion that sexual oppression preceded all other forms of oppression and is therefore the most important. But while Kate Millet and Shulamith Firestone posited a hierarchy of oppression with the level of class superimposed on the level of sex, Brownmiller reduces male supremacy to the accidental discovery of ownership through rape (possession). This idea of human discovery in a fixed, static world allows Brownmiller to picture a prehistoric environment in which, at first, there is no social organization, a world composed of marauders and their victims. The origin of the only social organization Brownmiller seems to know about, the patriarchy, is thus man's discovery of rape.

One would happily dismiss her theory of "the mass psychology of rape" and get on with the rest of the book, which is valuable, were it not that the view of the "full-blown male protectorate" has been used by many radical feminists as a bogey with which to equate all modern ills.

The point is that sexual division per se is not a structure of domination but a means of organizing labour to meet the needs of society. Margaret Benston and Pat Davitt of Simon Fraser University have explained that the division of labour, based on woman's reproductive function, did not entail, at first, the subjugation of women. Subjugation was concomitant with the rise of class society which itself was the form of organization that corresponded to newer, more intensive forms of agricultural production. As the family replaced the clan as central social unit, woman's labour was transformed into a private rather than socially necessary function, and the patriarchy developed to protect private property through inheritance.

Brownmiller begins her history with a discussion of early rape laws which originated as a protection of male property (the marriageable daughter and child-producing wife). Rape was seen as a crime of one man against another. Laws favoured the male, both guardian and rapist, while implicitly blaming the woman for "inviting" rape.

In the next lengthy section, Brownmiller talks about the function of rape in war and civil uprising. Rape in war has been used partly as a strategic manoeuvre to intimidate and demoralize the enemy.

In the system of slavery in the southern U.S., Brownmiller says, the rape of black women by white men was "an institutional crime, part and parcel of the white man's subjugation of a people for economic and psychological gain."

Brownmiller spent four years researching her material. Her voluminous data, while often anti-historical in that it pulls information out of context and uses it to illustrate rather than prove a point, is nevertheless effective in dispelling what is the greatest misconception about rape: that it is a deviant act caused by uncontrollable sexual urges and should therefore be treated as a symptom of illness or deprivation, rather than a crime against women. As Brownmiller points out again and again, it is the assumed male right of access to a woman's body, and not an overwhelming urge, which is the male rationale for rape. A need which can be satisfied only by raping a woman is a need for power, not sex, and if "machismo" has thrived on an equation of the two, it has done so over the bodies of women.

In her chapter on interracial rape, Brownmiller shows how rape was used as an excuse to lynch black men in the South. She takes the opportunity, as she does whenever possible, to

vilify the white male Left, who, in an attempt to maintain their radical-chic stance in the sixties, preferred to see the rape of white women by black men as either a valid insurrectionary act (Eldridge Cleaver) or as a symbolic gesture of defiance! "Interracial rape remains a huge political embarrassment to liberals," she says.

Particularly culpable are the white male literati of the academic establishment. Brownmiller cites the example of the literary critic Maxwell Geismar, who, in his introduction to Cleaver's *Soul On Ice* (which contained among other memorable lines this gem: "To refine my technique and modus operandi I started out by practicing on black girls in the ghetto. . .") said: "There is a secret kind of sexual mysticism in this writer which adds depth and tone to his social commentary; there is a highly literary and imaginative mind surveying the salient aspects of our common life."

Brownmiller consistently circumscribes the enemy by putting all male leftists and liberals in the same camp. This is more than irritating. For her they are all MEN — radical, liberal, no matter; indeed, the farther to the left they stand, the more likely they are to be hypocritical in their attitudes toward women. Brownmiller's world-view is akin to that of the vulgar-marxists, who are unable to distinguish one group of the bourgeois class from another and so have no understanding of how power is actually exercised. (In Brownmiller's case, one suspects that a further motive for her self-imposed ignorance is a hatred of anything reeking of "communism".) The objection to Brownmiller's brand of vulgar feminism is not that it is unfair to men, which is irrelevant, but that its cowboys-and-Indians position is misguided and cannot hope to offer a plan of action for women who are willing to fight for change.

There is an interesting chapter on homosexual rape in prisons. The heterosexual model of power relations — stronger male vs. weaker female — and male contempt for weakness-as-femininity are highlighted in the prototypically authoritarian prison situation. The "chick" of the straight world becomes the "chicken" of the gay, in an environment which necessitates that the younger, weaker male take the role which, outside, is assigned to woman.

Brownmiller notes that she is speaking not of normal homosexuality but of the ideology of male-on-male rape. She quotes Jean Genet, who spent most of his life in prisons: "a male that fucks another male is a double male." As a corollary to this, the male on the receiving end of the fuck is womanized; the cry of the prison gang-rapers is "We're gonna make a girl out of you." This process of womanization through rape is the ultimate act of degradation; to be treated as a woman in the all-male prison hierarchy is the most intense humiliation. Brownmiller remarks that Genet equates his masochism with female sexuality itself — he enjoys being a prison girl-boy just as he enjoys being abused.

The identification of masochism with female nature is the single most important theme of all misogyny propaganda. Women are instilled with the victim mentality: "Women are trained to be rape victims," says Brownmiller. From fairy tales like *Little Red Riding Hood* which teaches girls to fear strangers, darkness and solitude to *Sleeping Beauty* which teaches them to be passive till awakened by Prince Charming, to *Cinderella* which promises that the Prince will wisk them away from proletarian drudgery, girls are trained to be patient in their passivity and promised the reward of male protection.

Brownmiller lists the myths ("All women want to be



For Susan Brownmiller, good will ultimately must triumph

raped"; "She was asking for it"; "If you're going to be raped, you might as well enjoy it") which men have created to convince women that they not only *need* to be raped, but *deserve* to be.

The romanticization of female masochism-male sadism is an integral part of the North American culture industry. Beautiful young female rape victims — never old, ugly ones or little boys, Brownmiller points out — are used to sell tabloids, pop music, and movies.

Rooted in the Judaeo-Christian tradition in which suffering is a test of faith and enrichment of the soul, female masochism has been perpetuated through the secularization of worship, which finds its most profitable outlet in so-called sophisticated pornography — "erotica" as the liberal intellectuals like to call it. The male has now become God; woman is sinner, and her punishment is meted out to her as a sign of heavenly love.

Brownmiller devotes her last chapter to a series of recommendations. Since the ideology of rape is fueled by cultural values, a cultural attack is what is needed. Women should lobby against pornography which perpetuates the philosophy of rape by portraying women as the adult toys of men. Prostitution should be made a criminal offense by the client, not the prostitute. Rape should be treated as a crime halfway between robbery and assault. The law governing all manner of sexual assaults should be gender-free, the penalty being

determined by the degree of physical injury sustained. Husbands should be prosecuted for raping their wives. Rape victims should not have to prove they resisted rape, nor should they have to account for their sexual history. Girls should be given compulsory training in self-defense.

Most important of all, Brownmiller says, "the battle to achieve parity with men in the critical area of law enforcement will be the ultimate testing ground on which full equality for women will be won or lost." According to her, the "lawful power structure" composed of the army, national guard, state troopers, police, etc. is the backbone of the ubiquitous male dominance. She says "I am not one to throw the word 'revolutionary' around lightly, but full integration of our cities' police departments, and by full I mean fifty-fifty, no less, is a revolutionary goal of the utmost importance to women's rights."

Brownmiller's conception of revolution aside, it is interesting to note that she proposes what by her own definition of power are unspeakably naive demands. If power is maleness, why should men hand over half their police force to women? For that matter, why should they outlaw prostitution and pornography; why should they reform rape laws? Since social power is based on physical strength; what power do women have?

For Brownmiller, good will ultimately must triumph, spurred on by righteous indignation.

A taste of Midnapore whiskey

by TOM COLTON

The Best of Bob Edwards, edited by Hugh Dempsey. Hurtig/Edmonton. 272 pp. \$8.95.

Bob Edwards was a journalist with, well, a rare insight into the news. In 1922, he wrote, "The Okotooks Methodist Ladies Aid will give a bean supper from 6 to 8 p.m. to be followed by a musical program."

The man was also an inveterate boozier who couldn't be counted on to get out next week's issue. And yet, over a period of 30 years, he single-handedly wrote and published Canada's first popular 'alternative' newspaper. Called all sorts of things by both Edwards and his public, it is best remembered as *The Eye Opener*. Bob Edwards has been dead for more than 50 years and much of his work has lost its bite but a new book, *The Best of Bob Edwards*, edited by Hugh A. Dempsey is still worth the price of ad-

mission.

A Scottish immigrant, Edwards arrived in Alberta in the 1890s, broke and disillusioned. But then with the help of a friendly bartender and a few dubious investors he launched a roving weekly newspaper that soon commanded a national audience.

Before finally settling in Calgary, Edwards and his paper passed through a variety of small towns. On one occasion he made sure that he was on a southbound train before his last edition hit the streets. Despite his acclaim, neither Bob Edwards nor *The Eye Opener* were usually seen in Canada's more 'respectable' homes.

Bob Edwards had no special targets. He attacked the butcher and the Governor-General with equal abandon. As his reputation grew the muckraking intensified for he soon had little trouble finding disaffected politicians or disgruntled parishioners who had a score to settle. But he always checked his sources — beneath his gruff almost careless prose lay mounds of research.

When two railway magnates tried to sell some near-worthless stock for \$24 million Edwards exposed their plan to public ridicule. Whenever 'friends' of the establishment received government contracts or lands Edwards made sure everyone knew about it. And of course, that old enemy of the Western farmer, the CPR, was under perpetual scrutiny. Bob Edwards was a constant companion to the underdog — he opposed Canada's divorce laws, railed against the 'sweatshop' and ridiculed the pretensions of the powerful. To facilitate the latter, he invented a local prostitute to write 'society notes' and give medical and cooking advice.

For above all else, Edwards was a wit, forever colloquial but always right to the point. As his success grew, his paper changed. What had been a mixture of news and comment was soon almost exclusively the latter. Daily events, if they were reported, were subjects of philosophical interpretation and wandering anecdote.

This freedom led to the creation of one of the great figures of Canadian fiction, Peter J. McCongle, editor of the Midnapore Gazette, seeker of truth and justice, particularly the kind found at the bottom

of a bottle of Midnapore whiskey, the infamous "Killmequick with its benzine and fishhooks."

For many, McCongle was as real as the Prime Minister. Particularly those who received a less than oblique mention during one of his alcoholic assaults on the establishment. Usually the old sot would end up, loaded to the teeth, at some sort of local function. And everyone got thoroughly abused: "The toast to the Army, Navy and Reserve Forces was ably responded to by Major Charles Fisher, speaker of the Alberta House. In graphic language he sketched the careers of great soldiers from Julius Caesar down to Major Walker, outlined the strategy of Napoleon and pointed out his tactical blunders, criticized in caustic language Nelson's clumsy handling of his ships at the battle of Trafalgar, showed up to the merciless light of day the deficiencies in the military training of Von Moltke, and wound up with a glowing eulogy of the Alberta Light Horse and a fervid appeal for an open canteen. The major resumed his seat amidst thunderous applause."

McCongle, of course, was simply a device to avoid censure. Only once during his career was Edwards convicted of libel. No mean achievement for a man who managed to infuriate half the country — every week. But of course, even that was funny: "Our genial but cautious publisher writes advising us to use the word 'alleged' more, as being safer in case of libel suits. We'll use it right now. J. W. Pringar of Cayley, with his alleged daughter, paid High River a visit last week. After putting his alleged horse in the barn Mr. Pringar filled up on some alleged whiskey which seemed to affect his alleged brains."

The man had a way with words.

Nevertheless, the book has a couple of disappointments. The first is Bob Edwards — when he's not at his best. For all his courage and insight he still managed to reflect a few of the less enlightened sentiments of his age. He says stuff like: "The more polite two women are when they meet the more they hate each other," and "the North-West will [soon] present the shocking spectacle of a hungry, poverty-stricken, skin-clad population of wild-eyed Asiatics and eastern Europeans." But then, even today, some of us are less kind.



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The other sore point is the editing. Dempsey chooses to categorize Edwards' output into distinct chapters with headings like Politics, The Fair Sex, and Booze. However, a good look at all of Edwards' Best assures the reader that the man can't be categorized. In fact, these three areas in particular are quite inseparable. The more intelligent approach would have been chronological. For as the years went by Bob Edwards changed. Towards the end he even came to regret his masthead: "It has often occurred to

us that the name of this paper is an unfortunate one. There is nothing dignified about the title 'Eye Opener'." Eventually, his paper returned to the predominance of local news and mild comment that characterized its beginnings. In 1912, Edwards wrote, "We cut out the rough stuff long ago, and now the paper is welcomed in hundreds and hundreds of happy homes all over the land. Only last Sunday an article which appeared in the *Eye Opener* formed the basis of a sermon preached from a local pulpit." The out-

raged rebel became a mellowed reformer. Unfortunately, the reader never gets to see that.

But all in all *The Best of Bob Edwards* is a grand book and a fitting tribute to the defiant humour that characterized his life. There's something of a eulogy to the man in one of his own jokes: "To the question: 'How much did Pierpont Morgan leave?' the answer must continue to be 'all that he had'." It's good to know that, as far as Bob Edwards is concerned, most of it is still around.

Movie review: A cabbie's ride to desperation

by THOMAS E. REID

Taxi Driver is a straightforward story about a guy who doesn't find the world to his liking. He has established a set of standards and New York City for sure isn't stacking up.

They say man is a social animal. But when a man can't cope, doesn't fit, can't attract a family or friends, his social instincts curdle. His psyche gets so whacked out of shape there's no place for him in life's puzzle.

Travis Bickle, played by Robert De Niro in this tight little tragicomedy, takes us on a cabbie's ride to desperation. His life is falling away and nobody gives a damn. That's just not acceptable to Travis. As he sees it, every son of a bitch in the world is flawed but him.

In one last orthodox lunge for attention, Travis plays out a fantasy by making a direct approach on a beautiful political volunteer who finds the brash, but purposeless young man rather a novelty. In the context of the glib world of liberal democratic politics, bright and well-bred Betsy (Cybill Shepherd) has been carrying on a witty flirtation with co-worker Tom (Albert Brooks), but Travis is a diamond in the rough (hell, diamond in the ground!) and offers something a little more daring than she's used to.

Unfortunately for Travis, he's so clueless, really not dealing from a full deck, that he insults Betsy by dragging her to a dumb porno flick. She bolts. He tries to regain her interest, which you have to know was purely experimental, and she's not buying. His phone calls go unanswered. Flowers are returned unsmiffed.

He's back in limbo.

His next project is to try to rescue a 12-and-a-half year old whore (Jodie Foster) from her pimp. She's not really into being saved. She doesn't want to go home to Philadelphia (precocious child!). She's amazed at his interest and his naivete. Her world of hooking and friendly chemicals is distasteful to our hero. Travis wants her to go to school and to dances with her young friends.

Meanwhile, Travis has had it. He's gonna do something that will help the world understand and appreciate the nature of his sense of outrage. Nobody's gonna ignore this taxi jockey again. He may be goin' down, but he's goin' down shootin'.

Our latter-day cowboy connects with a friendly handgun salesman and buys a formidable arsenal of four guns ranging from a .44 Magnum to a pearl-handled .25. He then goes into training. Pushups, chinups, a healthy diet (a la Lee Marvin in *Cat Ballou*). He wants to be at his best for when he does his worst.

There's a terrific scene of Travis at home in front of a mirror practising the expected dialogue between him and the Secret Service agents who travel with Betsy's boss:

"Are you talking to me . . . (listens) . . . Are you talking to me . . . (listens) . . . You must be talking to me, because I'm the only one here . . . (listens) . . . Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?" A gem. Don't laugh. Role playing is highly recommended by the How To Win Friends and Influence People schools of behaviour.

Poor old loser Travis. In a powerful climax he bungles his time-to-shine kamikaze run and ends up not only alive but a hero of sorts, and right behind the wheel of his cab again, slightly scarred and not much the worse for wear.

Taxi Driver is an exciting and enjoyable story. Director Martin Scorsese has captured the neon and grunge of New York superbly. De Niro is Travis is De Niro. Shepherd is Shepherd. And Jodie Foster is shocking. (There but for the grace of good luck go our daughters). There are some fine performances by Harvey Keitel, the pimp, Leonard Harris, the candidate, Peter Boyle, a cabbie, and Albert Brooks. Nobody soared.

Finally the flaws.

- In the last scene, Betsy gets into Travis' cab and he drives her home. At no time did he have an opportunity to find out where she lived. Uncanny.
- Travis had been in the Marines, where they teach people to kill. Yet in three initial attempts at close-range murder, he botched two of them badly. Incredible.
- As a Marine, how could he not have heard of Kris Kristofferson, who has had a string of hit records, done dozens of concerts in New York, half a dozen movies, and countless TV shots and was a helicopter captain in the Marines.
- By the end of the movie Travis had murdered four people and was not so much as detained or sought after by the police. Astonishing.

Even so. Three stars. I sat through it twice.

ELEMENTS

SCIENCE REPORT BY DEMOCRITUS

U.S. President in killer bee swine flue drug orgy shootout mercy dash drama

Even **Democritus** has been known to read the odd *morceau* of science fiction, especially in those moments of extreme *ennui* when even the present seems, well, *passé*. But there is a limit to what one can take, especially on the front pages of leading journals of record.

First, **Killer Bees**. There is not a journal in the land, of whatever standing, that doesn't run a killer bee story once in a while. It goes like this: A vicious strain of African killer bees is spreading north from Brazil, and may reach Canada in the early 1980s. The African bees, which attack humans, were introduced to Brazil some years ago as an experiment. The strain is much more successful than the docile South American bee, and is expanding its territory accordingly, leaving a swath of fatally-stung people in its wake.

The trouble is, as any entomologist who has visited Africa knows, that there is no African killer bee. African bees sting as badly and as often as the standard species of honey bee, *Apis mellifica*. South American bees, on the other hand, have no sting. What has happened is that Brazilian honey-seekers, being used to stingless bees, have been breaking into nests belonging to the African strain, which fights back. Some die, just as the occasional beekeeper in more temperate zones is stung to death if he enrages a hive and is unprotected. Seems you can't keep a good story down.

Gerald Ford has invented a killer bee story that is all his own. He's asked **Congress** for \$135 million to combat a non-existent epidemic with a vaccine that hasn't been developed yet. American drug companies are going into high gear, trying to produce over 200 million doses of a vaccine against Swine Flu. The disease, a rare strain, has so far only struck at 400 soldiers at a U.S. Army base in New Jersey — a target that can only be applauded by enlightened persons. The **World Health Organization** says there's no evidence that the thing will spread, and only flimsy evidence that Swine flu is related to the strain that killed 20 million people in a worldwide epidemic in 1918.

Ford plans to inoculate every American against the plague, just in case it strikes again in force next year. Meanwhile, the good soldiers at Fort Dix, one of whom has died, will have to whistle Dixie.

Several Canadian provinces are ordering supplies of the non-existent vaccine in case the non-existent epidemic strikes here.

Eat your heart out, Fidel

As the U.S. Presidential campaign has opened old wounds between the Americans and Soviets, it's nice to see their medical communities are trying to patch things up.

Tass reported that a team of American and Russian surgeons carried out a successful heart operation together in Moscow on a Soviet citizen. The week before the American surgeon, **Doctor George Noon** of Baylor College, slit open the chest of a 200 pound calf and implanted an American-made artificial heart. The previous day **Professor Valery Shumakov** carried out a similar operation with a Soviet-made heart. **Democritus** will keep you informed on the heart gap beat.

Tumor rumor

In another international operation, Chinese and Togolese doctors say they removed an ovarian tumor that weighed 88 pounds and measured a foot-and-a-half in diameter from a woman's abdomen in Togo. In 1968, the Chinese claimed they removed a 99-pound tumor from a woman's belly — and published some pix to prove it.

Tay for two

Genetic detectives at McGill University are trying to track down among French Canadians in eastern Quebec a rare and deadly hereditary disorder known as **Tay-Sachs disease**. What makes it so unusual is that **Tay-Sachs** had until recently been found almost exclusively among Jews and their descendants who settled in central Europe. The children's disease is really a lack of an enzyme whose job is to remove the accumulation of fatty substances in the brain. A child born without the enzyme faces certain death within four or five months. Carriers of the disease have only one specific abnormal gene out of some 100,000, but if they mate, the odds the children will have the disease are one in four. So far, about one in thirteen of the French-Canadians tested is a carrier, while the frequency among Ashkenazi Jews is one in thirty. The genetic connection between the two groups remains a mystery.

Up Uranus

When the U.S. space boys had their budget clipped last year, a project to send an unmanned probe to the planet **Uranus** flew out the window. Now, the gentlemen from NASA who gave you all those boring moon-shot hours on TV have concocted a way to fly a **Saturn**-bound spacecraft past the sixth planet on to **Uranus**. The arrival time is 1985, in case you want to plan ahead.

The Science Council rides to the rescue. Don't hold your breath

This column seems to be gaining a measure of respectability. A man called **Jean Baroux** called us the other day, to invite us to a seminar organized by the **Science Council of Canada**, a body that advises the government on science policy. It appears that someone in the **Science Council** reads the newspapers, because they've finally noticed that nasty things happen to people who work in places where

they use asbestos, lead, vinyl chloride, radioactive materials and the like. And, by golly, they're going to do something about it.

The seminar was the first of a series, and it launched a study called **Policies and Poisons**. It was held in Montreal's **Queen Elizabeth Hotel**, and was attended by about 120 people representing industry, labour unions, environmental groups and the scientific community.

Unions denounced industry, environmentalists denounced industry and the scientific community denounced industry, for its unprincipled poisoning for fun and profit. The 30 or so representatives of industry that **Mr. Baroux** had been so eager to tell us were cooperating, did not speak.

We did learn two things: that the first fears of a link between asbestos and respiratory disease were raised in 1912, and that Canada, while it won't follow the U.S. in banning the carcinogen **Amaranth (Red Dye No. 2)**, did ban the dye approved in the U.S. as a substitute.

The **Science Council** hopes to come up with some recommendations some time the next year. We can hardly wait.

Burn, baby, burn

American children are running a risk of cancer by wearing non-flammable synthetic night clothes. **Tris Phosphate**, which is used as a flame retardant in the clothes,

has been fingered as a possible cancer-causing agent.

Canadian children need not fear, however, since the regulations here concerning children's sleepwear don't require effective flame retardants.

Always look on the bright side awards

Finally, the Associated Press wins the **Democritus Golden Spirochete Award** for the following two leads filed this month:

MELBOURNE, Fla. AP — Scientists at the Florida Institute of Technology, FIT, say they have succeeded in growing syphilis organisms in test tubes.

and,

MANILA AP — After 30 years of war, South Vietnam is a land infested with malaria, bubonic plague, leprosy, tuberculosis, venereal disease and 300,000 prostitutes, the World Health Organization says.

The Montreal Star wins the Democritus Plutonium Svrdltz for Future Shock for reporting this archaeological breakthrough:

New steps were taken yesterday by the provincial cultural affairs department to preserve a site in Longueil where the ruins of a 17th-century building were discovered recently.

Canada's merchants of death

by **BOB GAUTHIER**

Making a Killing, Canada's Arms Industry, by Ernie Regehr. McClelland and Stewart / Toronto. 135 pages, \$2.95 paper.

The Anti-Inflation Board bites into the salaries of working people across the country while Ottawa prunes social programs from its overloaded fiscal tree.

But the Cold War must go on.

Canada's economic recession deepens and unemployment continues to rise, yet the federal government's priorities still include subsidies for costly and socially-detrimental war industry programs. Two related items that surfaced recently reveal where budget cutbacks are *not* being made and how additional funds for certain government programs will *not* upgrade the quality of life on this planet.

First, *Maclean's* noted in its January issue that three subsidy programs for Canada's war industry would be continued, despite Treasury Board president Jean Chretien's recommendation in a confidential November memo to the

cabinet that the programs be eliminated. Dumping the subsidies would have saved the federal government \$106 million. Instead, the programs were kept and a mere \$8 million was cut.

Then, later in the month, acting Prime Minister Mitchell Sharp ranked Canada "somewhere in the range of fifth to ninth" among arms exporters over the past 10 years. Tabling information in the House, Sharp noted that war equipment sales to foreign countries totalled \$280.5 million in 1974 (down from \$308.2 million in 1973 and an all-time high of \$441.2 million in 1967), reaffirming the country's position as a top exporter of military materiel.

Essential reading for anyone who wants to discover how Canada got to be where it is in the international arms "olympics" is journalist Ernie Regehr's recent book, *Making a Killing, Canada's Arms Industry*. "... The emphasis on the following pages will be to expose what is already exposed." Regehr writes in the preface to his synthesis of public documents and already-published material. The book nonetheless makes a valuable contribution to recording what all-too-many government

diplomats, politicians and bureaucrats accept at face value and then squirrel beneath the carpets of official policy statements.

The long-neglected knitting together of facts and figures analyzes the Canadian government's opportunistic role as arms researcher, developer and producer and supplier (with the welcome assistance of private industry) during the Liberal Party's long hegemony beginning with crystal-ball-gazer MacKenzie King and including the brief but significant Diefenbaker Tory interlude. The many-pronged services supplied to private enterprise by the taxpayer through civil service branches and federal government ministries is amply detailed.

Regehr shows how federal public servants and politicians are intertwined in various departments — Supply and Services, National Defence, the Treasury Board, and several branches of Industry, Trade and Commerce. The latter department, for example, spends about \$100 million on industrial development annually, with at least 50 per cent of that feeding into the arms business.

The book is a solid piece of research

that documents the rise of the war industry in Canada, its purely continentalist outgrowth as a branch of the Pentagon under a series of dubious 'agreements', and the intriguing web of government-business partnerships in the promotion of the industry for purely economic, not defence-related reasons. In fact, the 1950 'principles of agreement' involved "co-ordinated control over the distribution of scarce raw materials and supplies."

"Canada . . . gains neither diplomatic, nor political, nor long-term economic advantage from the export of arms," Regehr writes. The series of agreements with the United States was begun in 1941 and later reinforced by the Cold War hysteria of the early and late 1950's; now the two countries serve each other's 'military-industrial complex'.

It is no coincidence that while the U.S. cuts back on social programs during the recession the defence department increases its share of the national budget. And the Canadian economy follows suit. Significantly, since the early 1940's, an economic depression or recession has been characteristic of periods with no significant military expenditure, while periods with heavy military expenditures have been prosperous. Perhaps the military pump-priming will help once again.

And it all began during World War II when the Canadian government opted for a privately-owned rather than government-run arms industry, deciding instead to place profit controls on the industries. (The controls, however, didn't work).

As Regehr says of the industry's goals: "The motive is profit, purely and simply."

Several myths, including the often-repeated one of the enormous benefits accruing to civilian-oriented industries from the 'technological spin-off' of militarily induced production, are effectively uprooted in the book, exposing the bankrupt morality of a Canadian elite that places maximization of return on investment ahead of the maximization of human potential.

Regehr shows that little of the 'spin-off' ever finds its way to the civilian production sector. In fact, Canadian purchases from the U.S. under the terms of the Defence Production Sharing agreements between the two countries have consisted of "items with high technological content."

Making a Killing is essentially a historical account of Canadian participation in the arms business — a participation

that reached a high point during the Vietnam war and then tapered off. The government is now making a concerted effort to boost sales elsewhere. For example, a 1973 Science Council of Canada study mentions in an obscure footnote: "In the past the [Canadian Commercial] Corporation [of the Department of Supply and Services] has acted as purchasing agent on behalf of 30 to 40 countries of which the United States has been the largest from the point of view of purchases. Since the U.S. offshore defence expenditures have been reduced considerably, the Corporation has been looking elsewhere for new business, particularly in South American countries and in those countries that were once British Colonies in the Caribbean. . . ."

Despite the reality of continued war material production, Regehr offers an alternative policy for Canada. Schooled in

a tradition of non-violence, he appeals for a pacifist approach to international conflicts. But he cautions, "There is the mistaken impression abroad that non-military defence consists simply of doing nothing. In fact, a defence system premised on the principle of non-violence requires as much training, research, and overall preparedness as does military defence."

Although the book is to be commended for its depth of research, other subject areas are left open for further investigation; for example, the ease with which servants of private enterprise doff one hat only to don that of a public servant and the resulting influence over defence contracts these people exercise, and the suspected roles played by security and intelligence agencies on both sides of the 'world's longest undefended border.'

The shanteymen: myth and reality

by SANDY GAGE

Shantymen of Cache Lake, by Bill Freeman. James Lorimer & Co. / Toronto. 166 pp. \$4.95 paper.

A Hundred Years A-Fellin', by Charlotte Whitton. Gillies Brothers Ltd. / Braeside, Ont. 172 pp. \$8.50 cloth.

Back in the years before confederation, when the Windsor-Quebec corridor was little more than a cowpath connecting a few market towns, the real avenue of Canadian commerce was the Ottawa River system. There was fur trading and later Colonel By's canal and there was the square timber trade.

Timbering was a key industry in British North America. In 1854, for example, it provided 44 per cent of the colony's exports. Throughout the nineteenth century crown timber dues were a major source of revenue to the governments of Quebec and Ontario.

The economics of this industry and the way it logged out the Ottawa Valley have been extensively studied, especially by historian A. R. M. Lower. The same interest has not been shown in the people

who took part in the timber trade.

Two books help to fill the gap by telling more about the loggers and bosses whose lives revolved around the felling of the white pine.

A Hundred Years A-Fellin' is the recent re-issue of a commemoration of the Gillies Brothers lumber company's first century on the Ottawa. The book first came out in 1942, written by that most famous daughter of the Ottawa Valley, Charlotte Whitton.

Those who remember the lady mayor of Ottawa will find predictable references in this book to royalty, hard work and the glories of capitalism. And those who are stirred by such a phrase as, "and again war came to the British peoples," will be right at home with this work.

But Miss Whitton was a student of history and she could write more than Tory rhetoric. She tells the story of a family of Scottish immigrant farmers who built a logging business that stretched from Morristown, New York to Vancouver Island.

When the Gillies joined the trade in 1842 it was a cut-throat business littered with small-scale operators who rode their pine rafts to Quebec City with visions of a boom that usually went bust. Only the

most ruthless and methodical cutters survived the fluctuating market.

Firms such as Gillies Brothers got little help from the governments of the day who viewed logging as an obstruction to the agricultural communities which they hoped would form the backbone of the Canadian economy.

By the 1890s the Gillies had cornered their share of the timber limits on the upper Ottawa. Old John Gillies had set a frugal example for his sons that carried them through hard times, particularly the depression of the 1870s. He made loans to his boys to keep the family holdings intact in those dark days and in a moment of paternal weakness even charged them interest at three per cent below the going rate.

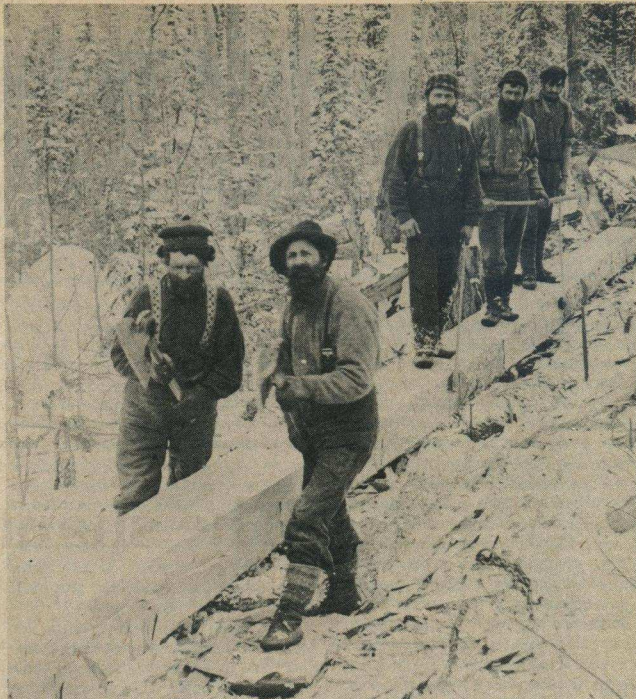
The family based their small empire in a company town at Braeside, Ontario, following the feudal pattern set by such operators as the McLachlin Company at Arnprior. By the close of the century timber barons were recognized members of the ruling class. The Gillies acknowledged their civic rank and responsibility by sending one of their own to the Quebec legislature in 1892 (for a 17-year stint).

Whitton ticks off the major benchmarks of this family's rise to economic power — new mills, new timber limits, additions to the board of directors. She also gives an accurate and informative description of how timbering was done in the days of horse and water power. She draws upon the rich language of the shanties, describing terms such as birling, jam dof and shantymen's smallpox.

Of the men the Gillies employed she has less to say. She casts them as rough and simple labourers who worked hard in the bush and then blew their wad of bills on the riotous spring drive to Quebec.

Bill Freeman paints a different picture of the Valley people in his story, *Shantymen of Cache Lake*. This is a children's book, but one with a difference — the setting is very real and the heroes are workers.

The story is about John and Meg Bains, the children of a logger who is killed while trying to organize a union at a shanty on one of the tributaries of the Ottawa in 1873. The children hire on at their father's camp to help support their family. As the story unfolds they learn the shantymen's life, help their comrades organize a union and try to solve the mystery of their father's death. This is an adventure story that centres on the struggle between worker and boss, and the rough life of bush work and river drive.



Hewers use 12 pound broad axes to square Ottawa valley timber for export to Britain

The shantymen are oppressed by low wages and dangerous working conditions. A group of them is committed to strike action, but first they must deal with a foreman who specializes in intimidation and skull cracking. They must also deal with a company that can black-list them from all the camps in the valley.

Freeman counters the stereotyped bushmen of Whitton's book with real people who are in a struggle not only with nature, but also with a social system that is stacked against them.

Freeman's book is fiction, but events in the Valley, from the Shiner's War of the 1830s to the Chaudière Mill strike of 1891, confirm that the wage labour system of the logging industry was giving birth to a new, industrial proletariat. Many workers were bound to companies such as Gillies Brothers the year round, through winter cutting, spring drive and summer construction at the camboose camps. As sawmills spread up the Ottawa more and more seasonal woods workers became permanent mill-hands.

The author of *Shantymen* places two children into the centre of these changing times. He weaves many important lessons into his story that won't be found in Nancy Drew or the Hardy Boys. He shows that racism can distract people from common goals. He shows that girls can equal boys in work and clear thinking. He shows that workers can have a better sense of how to get the job done than their bosses.

The only part of *Shantymen* that adult readers will find hard to take is the heroism of the two young people. When Meg takes a shotgun away from a raging foreman it reads like a scene from the Red Detachment of Women. And when John breaks a log-jam single-handedly it comes off like an excerpt from Superboy comics. The shantymen in the story do seem to accept these exploits and so would Whitton. She writes, "The bush and river asked strength, daring, alertness in mind and limb from the men who wrought among the trees. . . ."

The triumph of Taylorism

by MICHAEL WELTON

Labour and Monopoly Capital: The Degradation of Work in the Twentieth Century. Monthly Review Press/New York. \$5.95.

Anyone who has dipped into the growing literature on worker dissatisfaction has probably encountered this paradox: the scientific - technical revolution requires ever higher levels of education, training and the general exercise of intelligence while at the same time there is mounting dissatisfaction with the conditions of industrial and office work.

An experienced metal worker, socialist activist and publisher, Harry Braverman began studying the evolution of labour processes *within* occupations as well as the shifts of labour *among* occupations to comprehend and, if possible, resolve this paradox.

What has resulted is a subdued yet passionate rendering of the modern capitalist mode of production through a careful interrogation of *Capital*, part IV in particular. Braverman notes that Marxists, perhaps overawed by the "productivity" of the capitalist labour process, shifted from a critique of capitalism as a mode of production to a critique of capitalism as a mode of distribution, thereby subverting the historic Marxian task: to critique and transform the capitalist mode of production.

Social Democrats adapted to the factory, participating in trade unionist struggles for improvements in wages, hours and conditions of work, and Lenin, as is well-known, urged the study of Taylor's "scientific management". "We must organize in Russia the study of Taylor's system and systematically try it out and adapt it to our own ends."

This capitulation to the capitalist organization of production, for Braverman, was catastrophic. What Marx had treated with passionate hostility became relatively acceptable to socialists and "the revolution against capitalism was increasingly conceived as a matter of stripping from the highly productive capitalism mechanism certain 'excesses', improving the conditions of work, adding to the factory organizations

a formal structure of 'workers' control', and replacing the capitalist mechanisms of accumulation and distribution with socialist planning." The myth of an "industrial society", neither capitalist nor socialist, posited by ideologues like Daniel Bell and Raymond Aron is, indeed, based on a moment of truth.

In what may well be the definitive study of the logic of capitalist management, Braverman demonstrates that the inner dynamic of the capitalist organization of work is the systematic destruction of old craft skills and the removal of the worker from any controlling role in the productive process. To attain this goal, factory jobs (and later on, others) had to be reduced to the smallest divisible components and divested of any intellectual initiative or technical scientific knowledge. Thus centuries of knowledge and independence embodied in the crafts were dismantled, and the attributes appropriated by "management".

This, according to Braverman, is the problem of management since in the earliest stage of capitalism workers, while being housed under one roof and working for wages, were still in control of the productive process. What Taylorism did was to render conscious and systematic the formerly unconscious tendency of capitalist production. By disassociating the labour process from the skills of the worker, separating conception from execution and using monopoly over knowledge to control each step of the labour process and its mode of execution, capitalists were ensured that "as craft declined, the worker would sink to the level of general and undifferentiated labour power, adaptable to a large range of simple tasks, while as science grew, it would be concentrated in the hands of management." F. W. Taylor was gestated in the womb of capitalism — if he hadn't come along someone else would have.

Braverman, then, does not accept the glib pronouncements of sociologists (they believe just about anything management tells them) and meretricious management theorists (management by objectives; job enrichment) that Taylor is outmoded — a point made repeatedly by HEW's *Work in America*. Not so says Braverman: "Taylorism dominates the world of production; the practitioners of

'human relations' and 'industrial psychology' are the maintenance crew for the human machinery."

In lengthy chapters on clerical, retail and service occupations, Braverman substantiates this thesis: they, too, work in conditions that are Taylor-made, having lost their former superiority over workers in industry. What all this amounts to, tragically, is the incessant lowering of skill and the multiplication of the misery of the working class, validating Marx's famous "law" that "accumulation of wealth at one pole is, therefore, at the same time accumulation of misery, agony of toil, slavery, ignorance, brutality, mental degradation, at the opposite pole, i.e. on the side of the class that produces its own product in the form of Capital (*Capital*, Vol. I, p. 604).

Perhaps the most significant contribution of Braverman to the current "new working class" debate is his subversion of the myth that we now live in a post-industrial society characterized by a generalized increase in skill and education. Look at all those students in the universities! Braverman demonstrates, to the contrary, that the upgrading of the skill of the American work force is primarily the invention of Dr. Alba Edwards of the Bureau of the Census who invented the category of semi-skilled labour and then projected it back on the American work force. With a stroke of the pen the skill level of the American labour force was upgraded! In Edwards' distinction a machine tender was defined as semi-skilled by virtue of his relationship to a productive machine. However, most semi-skilled jobs could be taught in a short time and, in terms of exercise of thought on the job, they were impossible to distinguish from unskilled work.

To be sure, there has been a certain growth of technological skills. But the other side of the coin is this: the mass of workers have been dispossessed from the realms of science, knowledge and skill. Engineers, chemists, scientists, architects and draftsmen constitute only three per cent of the working force. The truly skilled stratum remains relatively small; and the expanding categories of clerical and service are low paid and routinized.

Moreover, Braverman reinforces the point made by writers such as Ivar Berg

(*Education and Jobs: The Great Training Robbery*) that the "continuing extension of mass education for the nonprofessional categories of labour increasingly lost its connection with occupational requirements." And: "Serving to fill a vacuum, schools have themselves become that vacuum, increasingly emptied of content and reduced to little more than their own form. Just as in the labour process, where the more there is to know the less the workers need to know, in the schools the mass of future workers attend the more there is to learn, the less reason

there is for teachers to teach and students to learn. In this more than in any other single factor — the purposelessness, futility, and empty form of educational system — we have the source of the growing antagonism between the young and their schools which threatens to tear the schools apart."

One criticism: Braverman, I think, underestimates the role of the school as producer of "alienated labour power"; the school's assigned task is to replicate authoritarian and bureaucratized work structures and in so doing, shape a

character structure willing to accept Taylorized work conditions as natural, just in the order of things.

With Paul Sweezy we can only be amazed at a social system that devised ingenious ways to torment the daily lives of workers, all for the "greater glory of the great god Capital. . . . If the same effort, or only just half of it, were devoted to making work the joyous and creative activity it can be, what a wonderful world this could be."

Canada gets a lexicon-job

by MARGO LAMONT

Funk & Wagnalls, Standard College Dictionary, Canadian Edition (roll of drums). Fitzhenry & Whiteside/Toronto. 1,590 Thumb-indexed. \$10.95 cloth.

Funk & Wagnall, the dynamic duo of dictionaries, have come out with this thing they call the Standard College Dictionary, Canadian Edition. Whoopee! I thought when I saw it: our dictionary full of our words.

Hmm, what words?

Foreign land ownership . . . regional disparity, Candu? Jig dinner, Medicine Hat, two dollar bill, foreign investment . . . cabin fever, clampers, Diefenbaker, Waffle, Bethune . . . Newf?

Uh-uh. But hey, hey, there's a handy little guide to the proper forms of address for politicians and officials you wanna write to. Like who? Like the President of the United States, that's who, and The Chief Justice of the United States, plus there's a thing that shows you how to capitalize titles and things. No; no House of Commons, but it has everything else — House of Representatives, Court of Appeals of the State of New York and all. What? Well I might have to write to the President one day, you never know.

Okay big shot, but I bet you don't know every President there ever was in the United States and his birthplace and his date of inauguration and his age do yah? Well that's in there, under President, so there. Well no, there's no list of Canadian prime ministers under Prime Minister, why wouldja want to know that? So Toronto only got two lines and New York got fourteen and a map, so

United States of America got a big blurb and the biggest map in the book, so what? They put four lines in there on Canada didn't they?

Chauve-who? Hey, are you one of these weird nationalists or something? No I couldn't find two-dollar bill, but I found flin and fiver so what's to complain? Allright already, so Vancouver's got the second-largest Chinatown in North America and they only put down San Francisco and New York — what's that got to do with it?

Yes my dear man, Waffle is in there. Huh? Oh, something about being crisper than a pancake. Aw c'mawn, don't always be knocking the Yanks eh? They're only trying to help — did you know that we elect two members for every state to the Senate, didja know that eh? . . . Eh? Go'wan! You don't say? Well hell, that's how they do it anyway.

Look, everyone who's anyone is mentioned in there, even John Doe and GI Joe. Diefenbaker? No, but he's still alive. Yeah, so they say and he's in there too, Trudeau. Anyway, who ever heard of Dief in the States?

Yeah I know it's a Canadian Edition, but what's that supposed to mean? We've got a lot to learn from them you know. Did you know, smartie, that Newfs have been saying Newfoundland wrong all this time? I didn't think so! Well it's *Noo-fend-land*, b'yee, not *Noofn-land*. That's right. And you oughta be grateful someone put you straight on it.

And here's another one for you. All those years I thought the Bluenose was just an old schooner that beat the pants off the Yankee boats year after year in the races. Well they don't bother getting into that sort of thing, man, or all that stuff

about it being on the back of the dime — a Bluenose is a Nova Scotian, period, plain and simple.

Geez, and those Yankees are some smart at recycling their words too. I could only find two words spun off province — provincial park and provincial legislature. But State now: I found fifteen different ways of using it — State trooper, state-wide, State Department, Statehood, and all that. Pretty good eh? I wonder why we don't make up some more words with province in them?

Ah now don't start giving me all that stuff about foreign influences and Canadian context — oh, content, sorry. Who needs that shit? Okay okay, so I couldn't find Candu and two-dollar bill. So? If those words really mattered to someone they'd be in there right?

You're all screwed up, you know that? You're nothing but a bigot, you. Why it's real decent of them to even think about us, and it's right neighbourly of them for to make us a dictionary and tell us how to say things like Newfoundland properly. You gotta know how to speak right you know.

You know the Yanks, eh, I mean they have really put this thing together. They got twenty-nine guys just on the Advisory Board for making the thing up, and twenty-eight more contributing specialists after that to put their two-bits' worth in. How many are what? Well there's one guy from Montreal on the Advisory Board, and one of those contributing specialists is a guy from some military college up here. Uh-huh . . . uh-huh. Sure, but four per cent is better than no per cent at all ain't it?

Yeah yeah yeah yeah. Huh: well I suppose you're one of those fellas that wants to get rid of TIME too eh?

The Billion-Dollar Game

Jean Drapeau and the 1976 Olympics

by Nick Auf der Maur

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special



This is the book that tells the real story of the Montreal Olympics — how the dream of one man, Mayor Jean Drapeau, turned into a boondoggle with national and even international repercussions. **The Billion-Dollar**

Game chronicles how the modest, self-financing Olympic Games initially promised by Drapeau became a grandiose, impractical project that will end up costing more than a billion dollars. It examines the role that such people as Rolland Desourdy, the contractor who stands to make a fortune from the Games, Paul Desrochers, Quebec Premier Robert Bourassa's shadowy adviser, Roger Taillibert, the Parisian architect with a passion for grandeur, and above all Drapeau himself played in the fiasco.

The book's author is Nick Auf der Maur, the Last Post's Quebec editor, a Montreal City Councillor and Olympic critic for the opposition Montreal Citizens' Movement.

The Billion-Dollar Game will be on the stands early in May, at a price of \$3.95. However, you can order it now for only \$2.95 from the Last Post Book Club.

Also offered is the just-published Last Post Book Club special **Winners, Losers: The 1976 Tory Convention** by Patrick Brown, Robert Chodos and Rae Murphy. It too is being sold on the stands for \$3.95 and is available from the Book Club for \$2.95.

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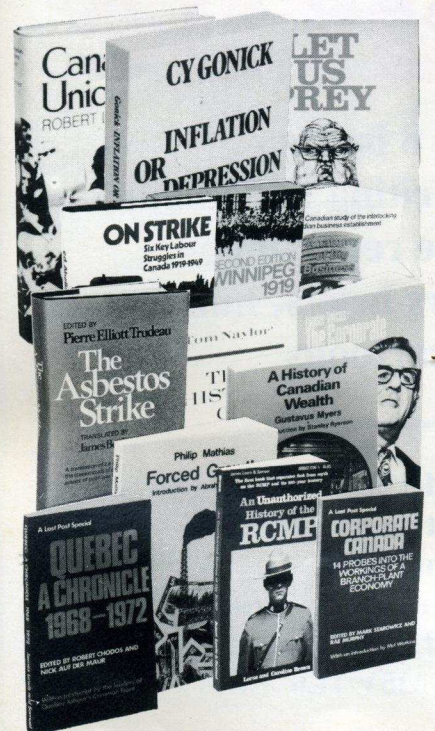
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