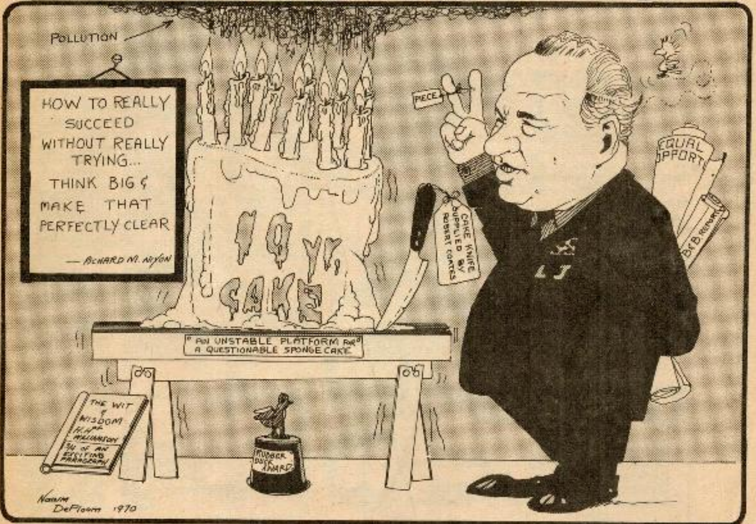
JULY/70 35¢

the mysterious east

an independent atlantic magazine


POLLUTION
HOW TO REALLY SUCCEED WITHOUT REALLY TRYING... THINK BIG & MAKE THAT PERFECTLY CLEAR — RICHARD M. NIXON
PIECE
10 YR. CAKE
CAKE KNIFE SUPPLIED BY ROBERT COATES
EQUAL OPPORT
B & B REPORT
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"AN UNSTABLE PLATFORM FOR A QUESTIONABLE SPONGE CAKE"
THE WIT & WISDOM H.H. HALLIBURTON 3/4 OF AN EXCITING PARAGRAPH
RUBBER DUCK AWARD
Norm DePloom 1970

Doing Hard Time

Fellows & Foamy Water

On Mystic Tripping

Uli Diemer

ABOUT the mysterious east

If you can't be good, be careful.

Once you have a criminal record, you can't get a visa, you can't join the armed forces, you can't get into the civil service. In most places you can't be bonded – although a few ex-convicts have been bonded in Ontario, on an experimental basis. And unbondable people can't even work in a Dominion Store. The problems that got you into jail in the first place are probably still with you, since our prisons – as articles in this issue make clear – do next to nothing to help you resolve them. The chances are excellent that you'll go back into jail – with a longer sentence, because you've already got a record.

Does our society *demand* a certain number of losers, or scapegoats? Does their existence make the rest of us feel more upright, less guilty about our own failings? Surely nothing else can explain the way we treat our brothers when they break the law.

In this issue, we look inside three Maritime prisons – Dorchester Penitentiary and the Interprovincial Home for Young Women, both regional institutions, and the York County Gaol in Fredericton. None of them is unusual as prisons go; a more sensational choice would have been one of the Nova Scotia county jails, which Chief Justice Gordon S. Cowan describes as "horrible and disgraceful institutions." In Pictou County jail, the menu is bread and molasses for breakfast; two fried eggs and potatoes for lunch; and fish, potatoes, molasses and bread for dinner. There's nothing to do, not even books to read.

J.A. Gray, executive assistant with the Nova Scotia John Howard Society, calls the county jails "horrible places, some of them little more than a collection of iron cages in the basement of a building" in which "many inmates never see any sunlight during the period of their sentence because they are never allowed outside for exercise." Even Cape Breton prosecutor Donald MacNeil, hardly a bleeding heart (see his comments on the Indians of Eskasoni in our January issue) regards his local county jail as imposing "inhuman" conditions on its inmates.

And what does that paragon of Christian charity, Nova Scotia Attorney-General Richard Donahoe, have to say about his jails? "Let's remember, a jail sentence is not exactly a holiday without pay. It *is* a punishment. Going to jail is supposed to be an unpleasant experience, and the best advice I can get is that trying to carry out any program of rehabilitation in less than two years is a fruitless exercise." Maybe – but that doesn't mean you have to *damage* short-term prisoners. And who gave control over the lives of *people* to a callous Neanderthal like that?

Or we could have looked at the Queens County Gaol in Charlottetown, which rocked three members of the Senate poverty committee last fall. They found it "a disgrace" and described it as "utterly filthy", with one bathroom for thirty-four people. "Animals get better treatment than that," said Sen. Herbert Sparrow, "Conditions like that are an indication of a sick, sick society."

Our survey of jails is a preliminary to next month's examination of the legal system in the *Mysterious East*, so that we'll all understand a bit of what it means to send a man to prison. Later, perhaps, we'll look at probation, parole and other aspects of rehabilitation outside the jails themselves. Changes are coming: a new federal bill moves towards erasing criminal records after five years, and New Brunswick's Barrington report calls for sweeping (and shamefully overdue) reforms in the provincial corrections system. But right now only the most chuckleheaded optimist would expect the corrections system to correct anything.

If you can't be good, be careful. On that same principle, we present an article by Richard McDaniel on handling LSD. Acid is a tricky stuff, and if you're taking it you're taking chances. Nevertheless a great many people *do* take it, and some of the dangers can be avoided. Indeed, with McDaniel's information you may even be able to help someone else avoid them. So we present the essay in the same spirit as April's birth control pamphlet. What you do is up to you: all we're telling you is how to minimize the risks. We don't like to lose readers – by *any* route.

As with drugs and birth control, we present the fact we have about politics. We don't have any advice for you, unless it's simply to follow the most succinct political philosophy in Atlantic Canada, that of Dalhousie's quiet, scholarly History Department head, Peter B. Waite. When asked in class what principles he used to decide how to vote, Waite looked out the window for a long time, then turned to the class and said, very softly, "Throw the rascals out."

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POT POURRI:
POLITICS,
PROGRAMS,
POVERTY &
PRISONS

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, 'tit Louis

JUNE 27 MARKED THE 10TH ANNIVERSARY of the election of Louis J. Robichaud's Liberal government in New Brunswick. Amid speculation that Premier Robichaud is considering retirement from political life, and the almost certain probability that there will be an election in New Brunswick this fall, it seems that a look back over the past ten years might be an appropriate way of wishing Louis' government a happy tenth birthday.

Ten years ago June 26 the premier of New Brunswick was Hugh John Flemming, a man who had just spent six years being needled by the Opposition Financial Critic, a brash young lawyer from Richibucto named Louis Robichaud. The upcoming election, in which Flemming was opposed by that financial critic, who had two years before become leader of New Brunswick's Liberals, figured to be no contest. Running on a solid, though not very exciting, record of industrial progress and on the premise that a Liberal government would not be able to extract as much from the Progressive Conservative government of John Diefenbaker, the Tories were not very worried by the challenge. No Acadian, after all, had ever been elected Premier of New Brunswick; and Robert Stanfield had just won what seemed to be a trendsetting victory for the Tories in Nova Scotia.

But when Hugh John Flemming woke up on the Morning of June 28 Louis Joseph Robichaud was premier of New Brunswick. To say he was surprised, said Mr. Flemming, "would be a superlative understatement." What had happened? What had the Liberals done – and promised – in order to get in?

If the campaign had had any overriding issue, other than the "leadership" of Hugh John and the fiery platform oratory of Louis, it had been the payment of hospital insurance premiums; the Liberals proposed the elimination of the recently-imposed insurance premium tax, of $50 per family and $25 per single person, and the assumption of the burden by the provincial government. The Tories charged that this could not be done without raising – probably doubling – the then three percent sales tax, that it was financially irresponsible and a method of buying votes. Robichaud, however, pledged on June 23 that "So long as I am Leader of the Liberal Party, the sales tax will *not be increased to pay for* the hospital care plan."

There were other promises, too (see box), and the most notable among them was a pledge to study and revise New Brunswick's "outdated" and "unenforceable" liquor laws, which prohibited sale except by the bottle in government stores and private clubs. It seems clear, however, that the major factor in the Liberal victory was the promise to abolish the insurance premium. It seems significant that such an issue should have been decisive in putting into office a government which, ten years later, would look back on the Equal Opportunity Program as its most notable achievement.

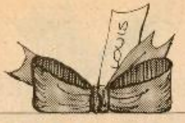
Immediately on taking office, the Liberal government began to attempt to implement its platform. Hospital premiums were abolished; a commission was appointed to investigate the liquor laws; the Youth Assistance Act was passed and the Department of Youth and Welfare established. Acts of industrial development – the expansion of the St. John Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company and the establishment of the Rothesay Paper Corporation – were announced as accomplishments of the government, as they always are. Four days before the by-election in the spring of 1961, a $50 million smelter and chemical industry in the Bathurst-Newcastle area was announced; coincidentally, a Liberal was returned from Northumberland. The Chignecto Canal project, that redoubtable New Brunswick political football, was kicked back and forth all fall. Everyone has always wanted to build the canal, but somehow it has never been built, though it must hold the alltime Canadian eastern endurance record as a platform plank, appearing in nearly every New Brunswick election in memory.

That November, the New Brunswick Liquor laws were revised in accordance with the recommendations of the Bridges commission, in spite of the vigorous anti-liquor campaign run by the Baptists and the Canadian Temperance Federation.

The next year, the oft-foretold deficit budget (slightly less than four million dollars out of balance) was placed before the Legislature by the Provincial Treasurer, Mr. DesBrisay. The Opposition pointed to the deficit as the inevitable result of the abolition of insurance premiums, and called for a more active campaign for the Chignecto Canal and the Corridor road. It was clear that they had no issues.

But it didn't take long. The next budget was brought down on March 5, and predicted a deficit of over six million dollars. But even juicier than that, the Tories thought, was the suspicious-looking deal the government had made with the South Nelson Forest Products Corporation, which it had licensed to exploit 382,000 acres of Crown lands in the Miramichi and promised 258,000 more. The company was supposed to establish a groundwood mill. But it was a subsidiary of an Italian company, Cartiere del Timavo, and the Progressive Conservatives, led by C.B. Sherwood, called the deal a "sellout", charging that there was no guarantee that in fact any mill would be built, that the wood would more likely be exported and processed somewhere else. The government pointed out that no special privileges had been extended to the company, which had to pay the same stumpage and fees as anyone else – and that moreover the company had agreed to buy a cord of pulpwood locally for every one cut for export.

Unconvinced, Mr. Sherwood moved in the Legislature that the public interest was not being protected and called for a judicial inquiry. Robichaud, ever the astute politician, not only rejected the charges, but said "I prefer to refer this whole sorry matter to the highest tribunal in the land – the electorate – the people themselves." and called an election. Stunned, the opposition charged that the election had merely been called to cut off debate on the South Nelson Paper affair and – just as important – on the budget which, they charged, contained concealed deficits.



CAMPAIGN PROMISES: THE LIBERAL RECORD

A Thumbnail sketch

1960:

There were 11 planks, some of them pretty complicated, in the 1960 Liberal platform. The most important of them was the pledge to abolish hospital insurance premiums, with the promise to revise the liquor laws running a distant second. Specifically, the Liberals promised:

1. Abolition of hospital premiums (accomplished within a month).
2. Rural and secondary road development, including the seeking of federal help and the cancelling of spring weight restrictions on a trial basis. (Drive around on our secondary roads in the spring to check this one out.)
3. Health and Welfare ministry divided, with a new program for child welfare and pressure to extend family allowances to age 18.
4. An omnibus plank, which included the Chignecto Canal, a study of tariff relations with New England, pressure for lowering of freight rates, relaxation of tight money policies, establishment of an Atlantic Provinces development fund, and incentives for regional industry (sound familiar?)
5. Help for education through interest-free student loans, higher standards, better conditions for teachers, and Federal assistance.
6. "Elimination of favoritism and discrimination" in law enforcement; a crackdown on reckless driving (another good one.)
7. Investigation and revision of the liquor laws.
8. A larger share of tax rental payments to the municipalities.
9. Revision of Workmen's Compensation Act.
10. "Democratic rights will be restored in the Legislature." (you might ask Wilfred Senechal about this one.)
11. An industrial development and resource exploitation plank, promising, among other things, a million-dollar industrial fund, promotion of full use of forests and crown lands, development of New Brunswick mineral resources, establishment of a fish and wildlife commission, promotion of recreation and tourism, low cost power.

11a. The party also promised to arrest the out-migration of young people, but did not make a formal plank to this effect. That's probably why so many have left.

THE GOVERNMENT'S ARGUMENT that an election was necessary because of the opposition's unjustified attacks on the South Nelson deal apparently convinced someone; on April 22 the Liberals were returned to power with one more seat than they had had at dissolution. Their platform (see box) this time seemed no more important to the victory than it had in 1960; though they promised a $300 million dollar power development programme (including the building of Mactaquac), electoral reform and continued industrial and economic expansion – along with deficit financing – it seems again to have been the magnetism of Louis Robichaud that won the election. People believed his contentions that South Nelson had received no extravagant concessions; that in fact the mill would, when completed, have cost the taxpayer nothing.

More than that, the government had been in a good position to run on its record; what it had set out to do it was accomplishing in highly visible ways. The Atlantic Development Board was formed; when the Liberals came to power in Ottawa its usefulness to a Liberal government in New Brunswick was markedly increased. The New Brunswick Research and Productivity Council was formed, as was the New Brunswick Development Corporation. The Rothesay paper mill was under construction, along with a $29 million smelter near Bathurst; and other new capital investments were complete or in progress. In statistical terms, New Brunswick's economy was doing all right – even though the unemployment rate was almost twice that of Canada as a whole.

On February 5, 1964, however, a rumbling was heard when the New Brunswick Royal Commission on Finance and Municipal Taxation – The Byrne Commission – submitted its report recommending sweeping changes in the structure of government and taxation in New Brunswick. Not many recognized it as a portent of one of the worst political storms of New Brunswick's history. In general direction, it was an outgrowth of the movement begun with the abolition of hospital insurance premiums, in that it too moved toward shifting the burden of supporting the society as a whole onto those with the most money. As with all such plans, the population seemed to split along roughly parallel urban/rural, English/French, rich/poor lines, but no test of the plan came for a year. It was not until the fall session of the Legislature in the following year – on November 16, 1965 – that the government outlined in its "Program of Equal Opportunity" some means of implementing the principles of the Byrne report and the storm broke in earnest.

In the meantime, in January 1965, work had begun on the giant and contentious Mactaquac power project, fourteen miles above Fredericton. Opposition to the project was violent among conservationists and residents of the proposed headpond area, but not very widespread. In part this was probably because of the predictions of the creation of 2500 jobs during the eleven-year construction period and the reduction of the price of power in New Brunswick. Construction, at any rate, went ahead.

New Brunswick's economic progress continued apace, too, with the opening of the South Nelson Mill, The Rothesay Paper plant, a new plan for a $117 million project of Brunswick Mining and Smelting Corporation for the Newcastle-Bathurst area, and the official opening of Westmorland Chemical Park at Dorchester Cape. But all this faded – even the Prince Edward Island Causeway plans and the Chignecto Canal project seemed less important; the closing of the South Nelson mill and the drought of that spring and the $8 million deficit budget were neglected – when the Equal Opportunity programme was put forth in specific terms. Newspapers began pointing out how much power the program would concentrate in the hands of the provincial government; the mayors of New Brunswick's major urban areas formed an organization called the "Six Cities" to fight the programme.

Then the government introduced new legislation to abolish all existing tax concessions – even though Premier Robichaud had assured the public the government had no such plan. That stick stirred the hornets up; K.C. Irving led a delegation to the legislature and pointed out that no investor would put his capital in a province that would do a thing like that; the Fredericton *Daily Gleaner* acclaimed the imminent fall of the Robichaud government, crying "This is war .... to the death." Some English-speaking New Brunswickers were sure that what they had feared from an Acadian Premier was finally coming to pass, that their capital endeavours were going to be taxed to support an indigent French population. At best, conservative elements were certain that the centralization of power would lead to a dictatorship. Throughout 1966 the struggle continued, with the government steadfastly refusing to call an election and implementing and defending its program. Tax bills were passed; the government began the long task of centralizing the schools, of eliminating duplication in local governments; and deaths and jugglings in the government to a vacancy in Restigouche County which attracted back to New Brunswick one of its most renowned politicians, J.C. (Charlie) Van Horne.

IN THE MEANTIME, almost obliterated by the struggle over Equal Opportunity, a new issue was being born along the Saint John River Valley, and elsewhere. In inducing the economic growth of New Brunswick, the government had inadvertantly also increased the pollution of New Brunswick's environment. At Woodstock, citizens were concerned about the effect of the Mactaquac headpond on the already serious situation on the Saint John River. A series of articles in the Fredericton *Gleaner* by Frank Withers named offending industries and municipalities. The then chairman of the New Brunswick Water Authority, John S. Bates, claimed that Fraser's mill at Edmundston was responsible for 70 per cent of the pollution in the river, and McCain's plant at Florenceville another 10. He called for the immediate cleanup of the effluent, and Fraser's contiued to say they'd try to do it within 10 years. But the issue failed to grasp the public imagination, probably because we had not yet seen pictures of the earth taken from 240,000 miles out in space, showing us not only now small it really is, but how barren the moon is in comparison.

PLATFORM PLANKS: NEW BRUNSWICK LIBERALS LUMBER ON

1963:

Because of the surprise election in 1963, there was no one major issue. Among the Liberal promises were:

1. Expansion of forest and mineral resource industries.
2. Low-cost electrical power – including the Mactaquac project, thermal power, Bay of Fundy tidal power.
3. Reform of the electoral procedures. (The necessity of this was dramatized by the post-election squabbles over procedures and counting in St. John, during which three seats changed hands.)
4. Appointment of a forest advisory council.
5. A new farm credit policy.
6. Relief from property taxation through implementation of the Byrne Commission report.
7. Close cooperation with the Atlantic Development Board and the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council to further economic development.
8. The attraction of $200,000,000 in domestic and foreign capital investment.
9. The extension of family allowances.
10. Continued planned deficit financing.
11. Re-introduction of the March budget with no new increase in taxes.

The issues Charlie Van Horne was concentrating on in winning the Restigouche by-election and catapulting back into the forefront of New Brunswick politics were very different – if they existed at all. For although Van Horne claimed to be running not against his official opponent, J. Alex Savoie, but against Louis Robichaud and the Liberal government, he mounted no consistent or reasoned attack on their policies – especially Equal Opportunity – and offered no clear alternative. He won essentially on the basis of his personality, and in fact it was his personality which was the major focus of New Brunswick political discussion that spring.

His maiden speech in the Legislature offered no useful criticisms of the Throne Speech, which continued the implementation of the Equal Opportunity programme begun the previous fall. Premier Robichaud's comment that the speech "betrayed such an ignorance" of the situation "that it can almost be described as a case of indecent exposure" established the tone of the spring session and ultimately of the election that October. The real issues – all the complexities of Equal Opportunity, such as the education mess, the redesigning of the tax stucture, and the government's commitment to supplying incentives to private enterprise to stimulate industrial development – tended to get swept up in a whirlwind of personal charges and countercharges. Charlie's financial problems and supposed irresponsibility and Louis' dictatorial tendencies, monopolized the headlines. Even the $50 million pulpmill at South Nelson's failure to materialize and the $100 million dollar Bay Steel Complex in Gloucester County could not compete with Charlie's telephone calls from El Paso, Texas and Louis' agile rhetoric.

And the government was getting into economic trouble. Noranda Mines had taken over Brunswick Mining and Smelting, Fundy Chemical Company found itself unable to pay even the interest on its $4.5 million loan from the government. A potato surplus caused demonstrations among irate farmers, and fishermen in Tracadie burned three schools in protest over delays in their welfare cheques. And finally the government revealed that the provincial net debt had been increased in the last fiscal year by a record $83.3 million.

With all these issues, one might have predicted a solid, issue-centered campaign, and one in which the people would be offered a clear-cut choice between the Equal Opportunity Plan and something else. But it was not to happen. The government, calling an election for October 23, offered a 22-point program (see box) which was essentially a continuation of the Equal Opportunity program. Rather than argue the basic principles of Equal Opportunity Mr. Van Horne came up with a 113-point crash program, containing such old political chestnuts as the promises to build the Chignecto Canal and to construct a tidal power station on the Bay of Fundy. The major effect of this program was to yield a campaign prop to the Premier, who delighted to unroll an eight-foot length of newspaper clippings, identifying it as the Conservative platform, which he called a "rummage sale" platform. The only substantive *issue* which seemed to have an effect on the outcome of the campaign was the charge that Van Horne was being backed by K.C. Irving, who had had enough of the Liberal government's raids on his treasuries. Other than that, it was an election of personalities, and the Liberal victory could hardly be interepreted as a vote of confidence in Equal Opportunity. It was a vote for Louis as opposed to Charlie. Unfortunately, the real issues were lost in the shuffle. There was still no clear idea of how many people in New Brunswick were fundamentally opposed to the government's basic orientation.

Certainly there were some. In 1968 there were demonstrations against school bussing and opposition to the locations of a number of central school projects. School personnel objected to centralization. But the government was not dissuaded and its program continued. And as the economy faltered in the late sixties, taxes rose and the deficit increased; the budget brought down in the spring of 1968 predicted a deficit of $13 million and increased taxes on gasoline and automobiles and broadened the new six per

MORE LUMBER FROM THE LIBERAL YARD

1967:

For the centennial year, the Liberals doubled the size of their platform, possibly to accomodate the increasing size of their Premier. The planks which were most important this year were the promise to keep the property tax rate at $1.50 for five years and the pledge of "Responsible Government".

1. Property tax rate freeze. (They of course didn't say anything about how often it would be collected.)
2. Responsible government. (This plank conveyed the brunt of the Liberal attitude toward Charlie Van Horne.)
3. New jobs and continued industrial expansion.
4. Expansion of education in general, and trade schools in particular.
5. Additional tax relief for widows, through a $4,000 exemption of property tax.
6. Improvement of Labour Act, granting of collective bargaining rights to public employees.
7. Expansion of bursary and scholarship programs.
8. Improvement of highways and adjustment of weight limits for trucks. (See item No. 2,1960).
9. Pressure for improved transportation connections (ridden the CN lately?)
10. Medicare, without premiums. (then scheduled for 1 July 1968; now scheduled for 1 January 1971)
11. Mobile dental clinics for children. (We could airlift Crest into the boondocks.)
12. Driver training programs.
13. Reduction of down-payment costs for housing by the establishment of a revolving-fund. (Know anyone who's bought a house lately?)
14. Help for farmers to improve their cash returns by the establishment of agricultural courses in high school.
15. Improved welfare benefits.
16. Development of natural resources – acqusition of more fishing waters for the public. (Which waters still have fish in them?)
17. Fisheries development.
18. Pollution control programs: vigorous enforcement will have the St. John river "completely cleaned up" by December of 1969. (The Liberals obviously weren't counting on the help of the Water Authority.)
19. Coal area development.
20. More recreation areas for residents and tourists. (See our last issue, where the tourist attractions were described.)
21. A legal aid system. (A forthcoming article will deal with this in detail.)
22. Alcoholic rehabilitation.

cent sales tax. Charges of financial mismanagement became more common; especially since the government seemed unable to predict accurately its own expenses. And taxes continued their upward spiral: the sales tax continued to be expanded and was raised to eight per cent; a ten per cent surtax was imposed on personal income taxes; taxes on cigarettes and alcohol and gasoline continued to soar. So did the debt, increasing by $42 million in 1968 and $30 million in 1969.

As the decade drew towards its close it became clear that the financial situation of the goverment was critical, and that at least some of the economic growth so proudly hailed during the decade had been illusory. Medicare was postponed; hospital construction was frozen; Westmorland Chemical defaulted on its loan payments; Halifax – not Saint John – was named site for a major container terminal; industries were faltering. And out-migration from the Maritimes, in spite of the attempts to stem it which had been part of the Robichaud government's platform from the beginning, had increased over the last five years, according to an Atlantic Provinces Economic Council study.

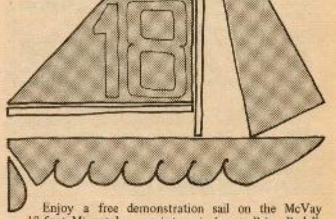
AND THAT OTHER PROBLEM reared its ugly head again; fish began dying near the Mactaquac dam; salmon runs tapered off on the Miramichi, where Heath Steele spilled metallic wastes into the Tomogonops River; and the mouth of the Saint John River began to resemble a cesspool. The citizens of Centreville dammed and damned the Presquile River, and mercury began to accumulate in the Bay of Chaleur, and everyone, perhaps, began to wonder about the long-term effects of the industralization of New Brunswick.

Statistically, there was no doubt at all that the province had come a long way in the sixties. Premier Robichaud himself would provide the figures. Summing up the accomplishments of his government in the Legislature last March, he listed them: the reopening and expansion of Heath Steele, the Brunswick Mining and Smelting operation, the Nigadoo River mine and concentrator, the Anaconda American Brass copper concentrator under construction, the Belledune smelters and fertilizer complex, the Acadia mill on the Miramichi, the Rothesay Paper plant and its current expansion, Irving Pulp and Paper's expansion, the expansion of the Fraser mill at Newcastle and the rebuilding at Fraser's Edmundston mill, the establishment of Ste.-Anne Nackawic on the Mactaquac headpond, the particle plant at Chatham, the Fundy Forest Industries plant at St. George, the expansion of McCain's food packing plant at Florenceville, the Scoudouc Industrial Park glass plant, the expanded cement plant at Havelock, and of course the doubling of production at the Irving Oil Refineries and their construction of a $14 million deep water oil terminal. And Premier Robichaud is modest about it: "I am not saying that the government is responsible for all these industries. But I do say that without the continuing climate of economic confidence created as a result of positive government policies, in which continuing expansion is possible, that the story would be far different . . ."

An impressive list, to be sure. But notice what sort of accomplishments are considered most important. Oh, sure, if you ask Premier Robichaud what his most satisfying achievement was, he says it was the implementation of the Equal Opportunity Program. But when he outlines his accomplishments among politicians, it's always the industrialization of the province that is mentioned almost exclusively. During the sixties – and before – the government of New Brunswick has had one major political priority. And statistically, there's no doubt at all that Premier Robichaud's government has brought New Brunswick an immensely long distance along the road indicated by that priority.

And the priority itself has been accepted by nearly everyone. The opposition never challenges it; it offers only to move us faster and more efficiently in the same direction – toward the creation of industries involved in the exploitation and exportation of New Brunswick's mineral and agricultural resources.

But as we begin to notice the gradual deterioration of our environment; as we look at the list of major polluters and notice how many of them are listed as the government's greatest accomplishments; as we look at the government's attitude toward industrial polluters and as we consider how much the actual quality of life has changed for most of the citizens of La Province Dynamique, we've got to begin to wonder whether it might not be a good idea to sit back and look again at those priorities.



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the wit of richard hatfield

LEST WE BE accused of partisanship, *The Mysterious East* had planned to assemble a list of the New Brunswick Progressive Conservative Party's major criticisms of the present government. Perhaps a genuine alternative was being offered in New Brunswick? Here is a selection of the vital challenges which the Tories are hurling at the government:

> *Lawrence Garvie* (PC, Fredericton): I would direct a question to the honorable chairman of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission: Have any representatives of the commission been on a trip to Japan?
>
> *Graham Crocker* (L, Northumberland): Mr. Speaker, Yes
>
> *Mr. Garvie:* A supplementary question, Mr. Speaker: how many persons were on such a trip?
>
> *Mr. Crocker:* Four.
>
> *Mr. Garvie:* A supplementary, Mr. Speaker: what was the purpose of the trip?
>
> *Mr. Crocker:* Power Commission business, Mr. Speaker.
>
> *Mr. Garvie:* A final supplementary, Mr. Speaker. Would the honorable chairman elaborate on what phase of power commission business entailed a trip to Japan?
>
> *Mr. Crocker:* The generation of power, Mr. Speaker.

There's nothing quite like the riposte and parry of parliamentary debate. In the New Brunswick legislature Wilfred Bishop (PC, Queens) inquired about the fuel used at Camp Gagetown, where the heating plant was designed for coal.

Premier Robichaud said he didn't know.

Bishop asked if he wasn't interested in the Grand Lake coal fields.

Sure, said the Premier, all New Brunswickers are, but "we don't know where all the customers are."

Bishop persisted. Resources Minister Duffie said Gagetown had switched back and forth from coal to oil. "I think," he said, "at the moment they are using the same type of fuel that was designed in 1969 at the new plant in Saint John." (sic)

Well, Bishop wondered, was that oil? Duffie wouldn't say. Bishop said, "You're ashamed to tell me."

The debate grew heated. "If you're as stupid as that you should resign," Dr. Everett Chalmers (PC, Fredericton) roared at the Premier.

"You little nut," replied the Premier, with dignity, "use your knife, because you can't use your brain."

"The Premier," Chalmers snapped, "isa nincompoop."

Kind of brings a lump to your throat, doesn't it, to see men of vision with a steady hand on the help of ship of state?

Perhaps, then the opposition offers us quiet men of vision, who will throw off the wraps of aphasia when they assume office and lead us forward to a new day? Men, perhaps, like William Woodroffe (PC, Saint John) who told the House on March 20 that he feared "professional trouble-makers" may be coming to New Brunswick soon, if they are not already here. Those who do not like the present civilization should "all go to an island and let them start their own nation the way they want it, and leave the rest of us alone to paddle our own little ship in the direction we want to go."

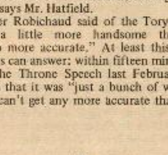
Or George McInery (PC, Saint John), who said on April 10 that if the government pulled out of the city of Saint John it would be better off, but if K.C. Irving moved out "we would be flat on our faces." Or Dr. Chalmers again, who has pointed out on April 15 the government's record in administering welfare palls beside that of the medical profession, which "has never stopped taking care of the poor." Or Rodman Logan (PC, Saint John West), who registers his opposition to the Premier's dictatorial tactics in a novel, if unhealthy, way (as reported in the February 26 *Daily Gleaner*):

> *"The rules are obviously out the window. You may smoke," he remarked. Mr. Logan said his smoking during the session was a method of showing his "complete distaste" of the "high-handed, unprecedented, steam-roller tactics of the Premier in flouting the rules of this House." He was expressing his dissatisfaction, he said, and it was "possible" he might continue to smoke to emphasize this point.*

Perhaps, then, we had better settle for the wit exemplified by party spokesmen? Like Mr. Hatfield, the leader, who is fond of puns: "A government that is tired should be retired, and that will be done at the next election." Or his lightning-tongued riposte when the government switched the cabinet round to ease B. Fernand Nadeau out of municipal affairs after he found himself in income tax difficulties: "There is much more than meets the eye to this all too brief announcement of a cabinet shuffle. Until a deeper probe is made, I can only say that people expect much more than a shuffling around of three cabinet members – rather, they want to shuffle the whole government out of office."

Well, maybe what they offer is a compelling, new, broad, revolutionary general policy? "I am not tied to the past, to the depressing frustrations of old solutions, old arguments and the old myths," says Mr. Hatfield.

Last April Premier Robichaud said of the Tory leader, "Mr. Hatfield is a little more handsome than his predecessors, but no more accurate." At least this is one charge that the Tories can answer: within fifteen minutes of the conclusion of the Throne Speech last February, Mr. Hatfield commented that it was "just a bunch of words – 3,631 words." You can't get any more accurate than that.



THE RUBBER DUCK AWARD

RESIGN! RESIGN!

IN THE SPRING OF 1958, the Conservative government of New Brunswick Premier Hugh John Flemming passed an amendment to the Water Resources and Pollution Control Act creating the New Brunswick Water Authority. Edward S. Fellows, a 49 year old forestry consultant and member of the New Brunswick Forest Development Commission was appointed executive secretary of the Authority and Dr. John S. Bates was made chairman.

Dr. Bates, who two years later was to draft excellent Water acts for all three Maritime provinces, wrote in the *Municipal Utilities Magazine* (November 1958) of his enthusiasm and hopes for the new Water Authority;

> *It is the intention of the new Water Authority to select a few outstanding cases of pollution by municipalities and by industries for correction at an early date, not only to improve the general situation, but also to show the people of the province that stream pollution should not and need not continue. Still more obvious will be the duty of forestalling future contamination of watercourses in major degree.*

And Dr. Bates fought the water pollution problem in the province with dedication. But it seems he underestimated two factors in that problem: political priorities and the strength of industry.

The government considered one of its top priorities to be the establishment of industry in the province, almost at any cost. Tax concessions and land concessions and out-right grants were given freely, but specifying expensive pollution abatement equipment, it was thought, might discourage industry. And in such a climate already established industry found it easy to avoid the installation of pollution equipment by pleading poverty. Threats to close up and leave were taken seriously by governments dedicated to creating industrial growth, to choosing jobs over clean water. Besides, nobody really cared much about clean water anyway.

Dr. Bates, however, cared, and he travelled throughout the province to talk about the hazards of water pollution. But he couldn't get the government to take very decisive action against polluters.

The pulp and paper industry is both the chief cause of that pollution and the largest industry in the province. And certainly it is not without influence in the government and its agencies. For instance, in January 1967, when it looked very much as though Dr. Bates was going to succeed in compelling the Fraser Companies, by far the largest polluter of the Saint John River, to clean up, company executives met behind closed doors with Premier Robichaud. After the meeting, Dr. Bates, who was not invited, publicly said that "Robichaud may be too concerned with votes to force the issue with Fraser's." Eight months later Dr. Bates resigned and Edward S. Fellows became the new chairman of the Water Authority.

While we can say with some assurance that Dr. Bates honestly tried to clean up pollution and was frustrated by government spinelessness and industry pressure, we can't be nearly so sure about Mr. Fellows. In fact, it seems from the record, Fraser's could hardly have done better if they'd appointed a new chairman themselves.

On 25 June, 1959, almost exactly a year after he was appointed to the Water Authority, Mr. Fellows was instrumental in setting up an organization known as the New Brunswick Forest Products Association. It's rather curious that a civil servant whose job involves the prevention of the pollution of the province's waters would be secretary treasurer and general manager of an association of people involved with the very industry that is responsible for most of that pollution – but that's the way it seems to be.

The organization's own description of its purposes make interesting reading. Among other laudable aims, we find that the NBFPA was formed:

> *to promote and improve the manufacture and distribution of forest products;*
> **to represent its members in dealing with the government and other agencies;** *(and)*
> *generally to do all things which may appear advisable* **in the interest of the forest industries.** *(emphasis added)*

One wonders about the success Mr. Fellows might have had if asked, as chief officer of the NBFPA, to represent the industry in dealing with Mr. Fellows, executive secretary of the New Brunswick Water Authority. One wonders also what the directors of the NBFPA at the time of Dr. Bates' negotiations – men like Duncan McLaren (Bathurst Power and Paper Co. Ltd., later Consolidated Bathurst Ltd.), V.C. Bastin (Fraser Companies Ltd.) J.S. Donaldson (Acadia Pulp Division of Atlantic Sugar Refineries) and J.K. Irving (Irving Pulp and Paper Ltd.) might have had to say to their member of the Water Authority.

One might even look twice at the coincidence which, when executives of the Fraser Companies met with Premier Robichaud in 1967, and Dr. Bates resigned, made V.C. Bastin of Fraser Companies the president of NBFPA, while Mr. Fellows, of course, was the manager and chief officer. In fact, for over a year, until his position in the NBFPA was taken over by E.T. Owens in 1969, Fellows was both chairman of the Water Authority and chief officer of the NBFPA.

A meeting in Fredericton in February of this year elected a new slate of NBFTA officers for 1970. No less than in other years, the new officers betray NBFTA's firm ties with the pulp and paper industry. K. H. Ferris (Consolidated Bathurst Limited) was elected president to replace J.S. Donaldson (Acadia Pulp); T. M. Belyea (Fraser Company Limited) was elected vice president. E. T. Owens was retained as chief officer for the second year. Fellow's name does not appear among the officers or directors of the organization.

Does this mean that the Chairman of the Water Authority is no longer involved with the NBFPA. Has he taken congnizance of the possible charge of conflict of interest and pulled out? Maybe – but Mr. Fellows' office is still at the same address as the NBFPA; in fact, Mr. Fellows' telephone number is the same as that of the NBFPA. And, of course, his name and the organization's name still appear on the sign over his office door.

With this long history of involvement with the pulp and paper industry in the province, we can't help but wonder just how hard Mr. Fellows is willing to push the industry to clean up its pollution. It might well not "appear advisable in the interest of the forest industries." It is after all only natural that Mr. Fellows would be more aware of his associates in the NBFPA than of the fishermen, the conservationists or the people who might just like to swim in our rivers.

And with this background it is very intersting to take a census of Mr. Fellows' public statements on pollution (see box) and to note that he seems to be much more concerned with domestic pollution that with that caused by his friends in the NBFPA.

In December of last year, for instance, Mr. Fellows addressed a meeting of the Kiwanis Club in St. Andrews, New Brunswick, concentrating his comments on the hazards of domestic pollution and what the Water Authority had done to curb the problem. The address soon exploded into a public issue when Dr. John Anderson of the Federal Fisheries Research Book took Fellows to task, arguing that industrial pollution presented an immeasurably greater problem. And again in February Fellows was assailed by Jack T.H. Fenety of the Miramichi Salmon Association, for stressing domestic pollution at a meeting in Saint John.

And it does seem a little strange that the Water Authority should spend its time forcing the little village of Green River (pop. 2500) to install a sewage treatment plant when 10 miles up the river the Fraser Company mill puts an amount of pollutant into the river equivalent to a city of 2.4 million people. But then we suppose the mayor of Green River isn't a member of the New Brunswick Forest Products Association either.

In view of this situation then, what are we to think of Fellows' boss, Resources Minister William Duffie, who's widely regarded as one of the brighter lights in the Robichaud cabinet? If he knew about Fellows and NBFPA – and failed to fire him one might consider him a knave. Or if he did not know one might suspect the presence of foolishness. And you know what award is given each month for foolishness, knavery or imcompetence – the Rubber Duck award, which we hereby present to the eminently deserving Mr. Duffie. The tail of the duck goes to Fellows. And if Duffie doesn't get rid of Fellows *now*, it is time some of us in New Brunswick started inquiring about legal steps to get him removed.

sayings of chairman fellows

On 16 December of last year Mr. Fellows reiterated his concern for the suffering citizens of New Brunswick's largest city; referring again to the Marsh Creek situation, he observed (as quoted in the *Telegraph-Journal*) that

> *The pollution was not really bothering anyone, except the people of Saint John.*

On the same occasion, he pointed out that we can't expect to get turnip juice out of turnips:

> *Mr. Fellows said . . . that industries established before 1958 could not be expected to install pollution control devices immediately. He said such a policy would spell the financial collapse of many industries in New Brunswick.*

On 21 February Mr. Fellows went on to outline the ironclad, brutal regulations which it would be "hysterical" to impose on the longsuffering industries of New Brunswick.

> *Mr. Fellows said the basic policy of the (Water) Authority is that all new sources of industrial or domestic pollution be provided with "the highest level" of wastewater treatment "consistent with tolerable costs under the prevailing state of the art."*

We wonder who decides what level of costs is intolerable and who decided what the prevailing state of the art is and to whom? It would probably be cynical to suggest that Fraser Companies might have a different idea what they could tolerate than we might. But of course, as Mr. Fellows went on to explain, they don't very often spend even what they deem "tolerable":

> *"In the case of industrial pollution, there have been no known exceptions to this requirement, although it must be admitted that performance has not always equalled promise . . ."*

On 18 September 1968, the same day, incidentally, that the International Joint Commission reported on the desperate state of the St. Croix River, the following appeared in the Saint John *Telegraph-Journal:*

> *The Chairman of the New Brunswick Water Authority said Tuesday public concern over water pollution is out of all proportion to the problem.*
>
> *E.S. Fellows, speaking to the pulp and paper industry air and stream improvement conference, said although industry should increase its expenditures on pollution-prevention equipment and techniques, the public has reached a state of hysteria over water pollution.*
>
> *"We have, in fact, moved from a state of near-apathy to one of equally unjustifiable near-hysteria – and the latter is, if anything, more dangerous than the former," Mr. Fellows said.*

Speaking to a forest industries conference in Fredericton on 10 February, Mr. Fellows again pointed out the dangers of hasty and expensive action in combatting pollution. The *Telegraph-Journal* reported him as saying that "it would be unfortunate if the public demands concerning pollution are not reasonable."

> *"If the public and the forest industries do not get along well together, we are in for some rough times ahead," Mr. Fellows said. "But in the long run it will be the public which would suffer if it is not dissuaded from following policies which are irrationally restrictive or irrationally permissive . . ."*
>
> *He said public relations is the major challenge facing the forest industry."*

His concern for the public image of the pulp and paper industry led him to expand on his warning that public relations is the real problem:

> *Mr. Fellows said forest enterprises are polluting air, water and soil,* **the public reaction to which** *is promoting an extremely poor image of the business. Those involved in the business are branded with "guilt by association." (emphasis added)*

But, he finished, let's not rush into expenditures even to save our image:

> *"We . . . . must try to realize that we should not try to correct these banes overnight, if we want to avoid utter confusion and colossal expense."*

On 19 September 1969 Mr. Fellows established some much-needed criteria for estimating the ecological damage of industrial pollution when he was quoted in the *Telegraph-Journal* as stating:

> *The condition of Marsh Creek and so on is affecting the citizens of Saint John and no one else. If this was happening upriver and many communities were suffering as a result, it would be different.*

On the same date, Mr. Fellows, amid announcements that the Irving mill was planning to expand, announced that Saint John Harbour was in pretty good shape:

> *We are pretty well convinced that the pollution from (the Irving mill) has reached its limit. If there is any expansion or anything, why we must cut it back.*

He went on to explain that at least two to three years ago the good citizens had had nothing to worry about:

> *The last report we've got from national health and welfare was that major toxic elements, the phenols and so on in Saint John Harbour – and they don't only come from the pulp mill – were not at a dangerous level and they've expressed the opinion since then that they don't know of any reason why it should have changed sufficiently in the last two or three years since they made their survey.*

FUNDY CHEMICALS:

IF THERE IS ONE POLICY that the Liberal government has pursued consistently for the past 10 years, it is the industrial incentives program.

Through the New Brunswick Development Corporation the government has set out to make New Brunswick artificially attractive to industry. The result is that an industry about to establish in the province has the benefit of government feasibility studies, long term-low interest loans, tax concessions, land concessions, legal concessions (immunity from anti-pollution laws, protection from nuisance prosecution and expropriation rights) and massive outright cash grants.

With such an attractive incentives package available, it then becomes incumbent upon the government and the New Brunswick Development Corporation to separate the sound and economically viable proposals from those with little chance of success. By and large the NBDC has discriminated well, much better than Nova Scotia's Industrial Estates Limited (of which more next month).

The NBDC has had a number of notable successes and only one disastrous failure, but in this business even one failure can be expensive. The NBDC's failure was the Westmoreland Chemical Park at Dorchester Cape – some 20 miles south east of Moncton – and its only industry the Fundy ChemicalCorporation Limited.

Our purpose here is not to castigate the NBDC. Rather we would like to clarify the somewhat confusing sequence of events that resulted in a loss to the New Brunswick taxpayers of about $15,000,000.

The project began – as do all such projects – with inflated claims about its future potential. At the sod turning ceremony on November 4, 1964, government spokesmen announced that the Westmoreland Chemical Park complex would eventually mean an investment of $80,000,000 and create employment for from 3,000 to 4,000 people.

The first industry in the industrial park complex, a fertilizer plant, was to be built by the NBDC at a cost of $6.3 million. When it was completed a buyer was to be found and the plant turned over to the buyer who would then bring it into production. Early the next spring, Finance Minister L.G. DesBrisay, who was also Minister of Industry, made a joint announcement with Mark G. Smerchanski that the plant, to be known as the Fundy Chemical Corporation, had been acquired by the Border Chemical Company of Winnipeg of which Mr. Smerchanski was president. The Fundy Chemical Corporation had assumed mortgages from the NBDC totaling $5.3 million: in other words Fundy started off by buying the plant for $1,000,000 less than it had cost the NBDC to build it.

Construction continued throughout the summer and fall. Then in January of 1966 the Fundy Chemical Corporation fertilizer plant began production. Once again the politicians gathered and hailed the event in those phrases politicians are so wont to use on such occasions.

And that was the last time the future of the Fundy Chemical Corporation was discussed optimistically.

the*great*leap*forward

During the winter the $2.5 million floating dock, built for shipping to and from the fertilizer plant by the NBDC, was carried away by the ice in Shepody Bay and eventually towed away to winter in the Saint John Harbour. By May the bottom had fallen out of the world fertilizer market and Fundy Chemical had quietly closed due to a lack of orders.

But with a fanfare of optimism – and an obbligato of explanations and excuses – the plant re-opened in September, only to finally close little more than a year later in December of 1967.

In the meantime the company was going broke (rapidly, some would say.) There was some question whether the payroll could be met and no question at all that the company had defaulted on its mortgage payments to the NBDC. Hoping to cut its losses, on November 1, 1967, the NBDC – despite the company's objections – started foreclosing procedures. (FundyChemical's bid to get a court order to halt the foreclosure was turned down).

A month and a half later the whole operation was sold at a public auction to Westmoreland Fertilizers Limited, an agency of the NBDC, whose president was an employee of the NBDC and the only bidder. The sale price: $4.3 million – $2.0 million less than it had cost the NBDC to build.

At that point the action shifted from the plant to the court room: suits, counter-suits and claims for damages were confusing in their proliferation. Smerchanski and Fundy Chemical gave the ball the first kick in February of 1968 claiming that the NBDC, in breach of representations made to the firm, and its contractual obligations, has not constructed the plant according to specifications; that it had not provided adequate docking and railroad facilities; that it had misrepresented the existence of markets; and that when the mortgage was foreclosed in December and the plant sold, an audited statement due by March of 1966 had not been furnished. The total claim against the NBDC and the Westmoreland Chemical Park in specific damages was $2.7 million, and in general damages against the NBDC directors, $5 million apiece. (This latter action was shortly discontinued).

One month later, the NBDC kicked the ball back in a counter-suit claiming that at the time of foreclosure, Fundy owed the NBDC $4.5 million under a mortgage for the plant because of default, plus $531,000 in interest, plus $826,000 under a mortgage on the bag storage building and interest; that sale at auction had resulted in a deficiency of $1.4 million and $230,000 on the bag storage building; and that Smerchanski had guaranteed performance and payment of mortgage to the extent of $500,000. The total claim against the Fundy Chemical Corporation and Smerchanski was $2.3 million.

For a time it looked as though New Brunswick taxpayers were going to have a front row seat as the courts decided on the disposition of their money. But, alas, lawyers from both sides decided an out-of-court settlement would be better.

Then in the spring of 1969, Economic Growth Minister Higgins, the minister responsible for the NBDC, appointed R.E. Tweeddale, the chairman of the NBDC, to head a committee to negotiate the settlement. With the assistance of the Chemical Construction Corporation, a New York consulting firm, the committee arrived at a settlement in late November of 1969.

In January of this year, at a meeting of Fundy Chemical Corporation shareholders at Lewisville, just outside Moncton, Mark Smerchanski announced the settlement. Fundy received $675,000 from the government, but since its unpaid bills totalled $275,000 the company was left with a net balance of $400,000. However, the company had initially borrowed $575,000 to finance its operations, so the settlement meant a loss to the shareholders of $175,000.

"The settlement was not an excellent one for Fundy", said Smerchanski, "but I think the government got a good settlement."

Did it? James Addison, president of the NBDC, told the legislature in April that to the end of February 1969, the Westmoreland Chemical Park project had cost the government $12.5 million. The settlement arrived at in November amounted to $800,000 (including the payment to Fundy). Interest charges were about $1.5 million. And when you add caretaking and maintenance costs for the abandoned complex, the total reaches just about $15 million.

And what about Mr. Smerchanski, the entrepreneur for whom "the settlement was not an excellent one". Well, Smerchanski, a Liberal MP from Provencher, near Winnipeg, and the head of five other companies chiefly in the chemical industry, apparently knew a good deal when he saw one. The original agreement called for the NBDC to arrange for the financing and construction of the plant. Fundy Chemical was merely to assume the mortgages held by the crown corporation. Our entrepreneur was to buy 200,400 shares of Fundy at 10 cents a share (later 100,000 shares were to be sold to the public on the stock market) and put up a personal garantee of $500,000 to the province. The company itself lost $175,000, a loss that was principally absorbed by those who bought the publicly offered shares. Mr. Smerchanski did not honour his $500,000 guarantee to the government. Consequently, while it cost the NBDC $15 million, it cost Mr. Smerchanski only the $20,400 he had paid for the initial stock in the company. Not bad.

the PSYCHEDELIC

THE USE OF PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS is rapidly increasing, yet there does not seem to be a great increase in the information describing or attempting to explain the psychedelic phenomenon to non-users. The nature of the psychedelic experience may be impossible to communicate, but it appears important to try to explain it to people who have not used drugs, and especially to those who may at some time make use of them. While current research on possible chromosomal damage or other deleterious side effects which may result from the use of LSD, mescaline, or psilocybin is inconclusive, there is one unquestionable danger – that of "bad trips." One doctor practising in a small Maritime city stated that in one six week period (preceding the interview) he had treated approximately thirty young people who had come to him for medical assistance occasioned by the use of drugs. Another doctor suggested that ten per cent of the individuals who use psychedelics may need medical attention of some sort as the result of their drug experiences. It is my belief that "bad trips," which are the best known cause for medical attention, are always avoidable. An individual who has some understanding of the nature of the psychedelic experience should be in little danger of "freaking."

By publishing this information the *Mysterious East* is not advocating the use of drugs, anymore than it is advocating extra-marital relationships by making the birth control pamphlet in the April issue available. But while bad experiences on LSD are the result of a chemical action which the drug produces, they are perhaps more importantly the result of an ignorance of the psychedelic experience. The individual who understands something of this experience may be able to cope with it positively rather than negatively should he ever be faced with it.

When a tablet of LSD is ingested (containing, usually, from 100 to 250 micrograms of dlysergic acid diethylamide) only one per cent of the drug ever reaches the brain. Forty-five minutes (approximately) later, after the drug has completely disappeared from the brain, the individual experiences the psychedelic state (Whitaker, p. 120). The chemical seems to retard serotonin metabolism in the brain, serotonin being one of the agents which transfers information from one brain cell to another.

Presumably awareness is the result of a process wherein information (perceptions and conceptions) is brought into the brain and recognized in terms of various patterns set up in the brain as the result of previous experience, the most important of these past experiences are the structures (conceptual categories) which allow the individual to catergorize his information. The structures which permit catgorization may be called value-filters. Many of these structures are the result of the rapid early learning which the individual went through during the first years of his life.

These structures determine our world view, allow us to form associations, and sort out the chaos of existence in such a way that we are able to cope with it. But it also affects our world view by determining *how* we will form these associations, what objects in reality we will perceive, and in a large degree whether we will react negatively or positively toward certain things, even so far as determining our tastes in a general way.

By retarding serotonin metabolism, LSD suspends these value-filters temporarily, and when the chemical's effect wears off, a new set of value-structures may be imagined to form, organized in the light of the psychedelic experience. These new categories would be built up from all the knowledge and experience the individual brought to his trip (the set), the environment in which his trip takes place (the setting), and the association of past and present experience during the hallucinogenic session itself.

The result is a feeling in the individual of being in an uncategorized world. There are no structures which determine which things are important to perception and which aren't. For example, in normal activity we filter out certain things in the environment as unimportant, as in a conversation where the important point to focus our attention is on the conversation, and our consciousness blocks off extraneous sounds such as that of a water-tap dripping in another room. Hallucinogenics break down this filter so that peeling a mushroom apart will seem as important and as fascinating as a conversation on the individual's favorite topic. More importantly, as there are no categories, everything seems to be one big *single thing*. The parts of this single thing are all fascinating and beautiful. We see an object in nomral perception (such as a pen) in terms of certain categories; we recognize it as an implement for writing, being of such a shape, colour etc. in the psychedelic state the perceived object is seen as an object pure and simple. Its function is not as important as its existence in itself, and its existence as part of the single thing (see Whitaker, p.122-123).

A bad trip is a horrifying and emotionally shattering experience. The subject's main desire is to stop going through the thing he is experiencing, which is not possible without the use of sedatives which may not be available. It is primarily a feeling that the environment, the single thing, is hostile.

This feeling of hostility may be occasioned by various things, the two most frequent are the setting and the subject's self-questioning. At this point it may be important to distinguish between two approaches to hallucinogenics, one active, and the other passive. In the active variety the individual becomes involved in things outside of himself, such as music, watching the movements of colors in a Turkish carpet, or whatever. The passive tripper is reflective and uses the drug to relate ideas (now that there are no categories to separate them) at a phenomonal speed and with amazing clarity. Philsophical, therological, literary, sociological, and even political issues are suddenly clearer and more meaningful. The mind makes a fantastic number of connections and apparently every idea the person can thing of fits into an over-all pattern. Allowing these associations to take place *may* cause a bad trip (only, however, if the individual does not know how to handle them), and these associations may occur just as easily to someone who is tripping actively as they will to the passive tripper. For example, while listening to the Rolling Stones singing "You Can't Always Get What You Want" the individual may wonder what it must feel like to study

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EXPERIENCE

richard bryan mcdaniel

music for years, get into the London Bach Choir and then end up doing back-up for Mick Jagger. Then he's off, association after association may follow.

THE BAD TRIP CAN BE AVOIDED by taking certain precautions. The first of these is having a guide, someone who has done drugs before and who will remain with the neophyte during his experience. The guide will reassure him that he isn't the first person to feel as he does, and that all is (given the context) normal. The guide and the setting of the trip should be chosen with a relative amount of care. As Dr. Leary puts it, the setting and the company "–can be said to define the conditions for the (restructuring of concept-categories) which can take place during the period of pharmacological heightened suggestibility (Solomon, p-23).

The most important prevention is to realize what is happening. First, one should never forget that the psychedelic state is, in part, the product of a chemical reaction and is thus transient. Next, one should have some idea of what type of experience he is going to go through. For example, I have noticed that when I was tripping I was aware that in my normal perceptions I had a tendency to see things in terms of man, and so form an anthropomorphic and man-centered universe. This concept seemed ludicrous when I was tripping. I saw mankind as a highly developed animal species populating the planet, and so just one more part of the single thing. The single thing was usually manifested to me through a process wherein anything I saw immediately reminded me of a hundred other objects, each of which reminded me of a hundred more. (A flower would remind me of gardens, houses which had gardens, houses without gardens, inhabitants of houses, the objects these inhabitants used and so on.) I realized that I could not conceive of these objects without the associations because they were all part of a single unity, and it seemed my mind was going around in circles.

A friend of mine in a letter described a series of associations he made in a different manner: "less than two months ago I was tripped out on some fine acid and went to a party that a psychology student was having. While I was at the party I became very disturbed and eventually decided to leave the party to discover why I was disturbed. I began walking the intricately patterned sidewalks laden with warm glittering snow back to my apartment and tried to resolve the mystery of the demonic disturbance. Then, just before I was to step onto the porch, it occurred to me that I was disturbed by the thought of being disturbed, *ad infinitum;* and the problem lay completely in my own head."

When the individual perceives the single thing he may react violently to being swallowed up in it, losing himself to it. Instead of allowing himself to be reduced to just a part of the single thing, his ego tries to assert itself by forcing him to believe that he *is* the single thing. Everything he can think of fits into a pattern of repetition, unending repetition, unending repetition, and he becomes deluded into believing that it is all bound up in one quivering nerve of awareness that is his ego, his conscious self. Everything seems to suggest that all that exists is this ego which is aware and then the existential void; in other words, the perceived exists only insofar as there exists "my" perception of it. The mistake he makes is to feel that this endless cycle of activity he perceives is dependent upon him and his personal awareness, thus making him, in some way, the cycle. He has overlooked the fact that his cycle (or ego) is the product of a past cycle (ego) in his parents, and will probably produce more cycles (egos) in his children. If he can grasp that simple fact he will realize that the universe is not something the individual is thrown into, but something he is part of, something which produced him. The ego disappears, and the individual experiences what Dr. Leary calls the psychedelic experience, what a mystic would call the mystical experience, what a theologian would call God, what Tillich and other philosophers would call the Ultimate Ground of Being, or Being-in-Itself, what a scientist might call evolution, or what this writer would simply call the "*I*" which possess "my" ego.

This experience is perhaps the most satisfying and beautiful one an individual may go through, but it may be blocked by certain fears the individual may have before taking the drug. Leary lists five fears: a fear of the loss of rational control; a fear of doing someting socially unacceptable or silly; a fear of finding out something about society you don't want to be aware of; a fear of discovering something about society you don't want to be aware of and the fear of what he calls "Ontological Addiction" – a fear fo discovering something so beautiful you will never want to return. If one thinks about them, they are all rather silly fears, but very common ones. Emotional problems or worries will only magnify when one is tripped out. A person who is sufficiently at peace with himself should have no problems.

Suppose you do decide to drop acid? I believe the best and most rewarding method is a very disciplined one. I would suggest that before taking drugs one should spend three to six months reading as much about acid and related drugs as he can find (a short suggested bibliography to begin with follows this article). Spend part of that time reading mystical and religious writing describing mysticism (*The Tibetan Book of the Dead* edited by W.Y. Evans-Wentz – and especially the introduction by Jung – is a good starting point), as well as philosophical works on metaphysics. Also spend time in meditation and self-reflection, try to become aware of what your personal hang-ups are so that they won't come as a surprise to you when you drop. During this time also get to know your guide, smoke a lot of grass with him, get to trust him. Then choose a good environment, with familiar objects around. Most importantly, keep a sense of humor.

All in all, the last question must remain a paraphrase of Hamlet: To drop or not to drop. It remains your choice (the legal establishment warns you that if you choose to drop you will be committing a crime). If, however, you do choose to drop, then make the most you can of it, or at least avoid making any of the mistakes which may make it more dangerous than the laws want you to believe it is. And, don't get caught with acid in your possession.

OM . . . Peace-peace-peace.

SUGGESTED READING

1. Leary, Metzner, and Alpert. *The Psychedelic Experience.*
2. Masters and Houston. *Varieties of Psychedelic Experience.*
3. Solomon (ed.) *LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug.*
4. Watts: *The Joyous Cosmology.*
5. Watts: *This Is It.* (The essay of interest is the one entitled "The New Alchemy")
6. Whitaker' *Drugs & The Law: The Canadian Scene.*

excerpts from a prison diary

tom murphy

The First Night

NAME, ADDRESS . . . empty your pockets on the desk. I spilled out my pen and keys. Frisk . . . "no knives eh!" "No, never carry a knife," I said in a stabbing tone. "Count your money . . . $12.54 . . . we'll put your wallet away; you can keep the rest." Which meant pen, paper, and about six books. "You may have to get a haircut and a shave, but don't worry about that now."

Carrying my two blankets, I walk up to the second floor. The big lock is lifted.. Peeringlinto the little hole in the door, visions of being beaten or molested pass through my head. All I can see are four or five other faces. I thrust myself into the room. No words said. A smallish sort of guy helps me put my bed together. Still no words said. The big blue-shirted guy breaks the ice. "In on remand?" I didn't know if I had committed that particular offence or not . . . after all, scandalizing the honorable court can cover a lot of ground, and remand just might be one of the offences. "No, I don't think so," I said in a guess, "I'm in for contempt of court. What about you?" "Rubber cheques. I haven't been sentenced yet." Big Bill was a friendly guy . . . I'd take a bad cheque from him.

"Parlez-vous francais?". . .Non, je ne parle pas francais bien." He perked up. He didn't hear French spoken too often. Rene was sentenced to this room for two years . . . two years in this one room for passing bogus money. Phil said he was hit for eight months on assault . . . a big guy, a lot of character in his face. George, the little mustached guy was caught for jacklighting, but he will be going in a couple of days. Armond, a quiet guy with notably bad teeth is in for driving while impaired with no license.

People talk a lot about their cases, their lawyers, their trials, their charges, their offences, their future . . . not much of one it seems.

Monopoly

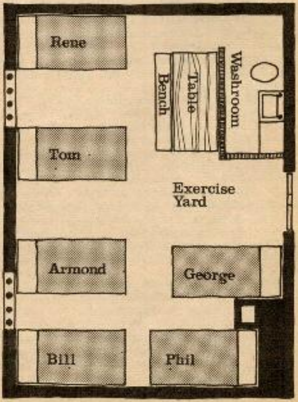
Monopoly. One half hour before the light becomes night, before there is no other recourse but bed, before the monopoly game must be put away. I left the game . . . gave my place to jolly blue-shirted Bill. I left at the point where I went directly to jail without passing go and without collecting $200. Poor Bill inherited a bad estate . . . and a jail term. For passing that cheque, Bill might get up to three months. And no amount of dice shaking will get him out of that, not even a double six.

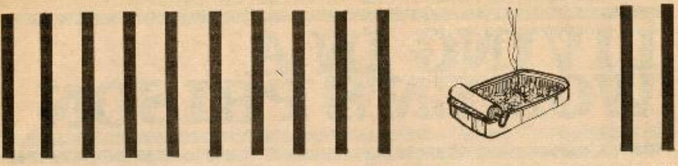
The following notes are takendirectlyfrom the diary of Tom Murphy, a former UNB student who was sentenced to ten days in York County Jail for writing an article in the student newspaper which was considered to be in contempt of court. As Mr. Murphy left the jail, the notes were confiscated from him with the comment: "Haven't you got yourself in enough trouble without writing stuff like this?" After considerable debate, the notes were returned to Murphy – reluctantly. For protection of the innocent, all names in the article have been changed.

The outside world has no monopoly on life. All the nice people, the kind people on the outside are into wheeling and dealing that probably exceeds anything that anyone has done in here . . . but they know the ropes, they have the monopoly. But in a way we have the community. We are free to be open, free to say a kind word, free to create our own little society with none of the superficiality of the outside. They are jailed by their own life, their own monopoly.

The Room

Yellow and grey . . . I don't think that there could be two colors that are less stimulating than yellow and grey. Tonight, I meansured the room, this little home for six guys. Taking my size 11 shoes as a ruler I calculated that the room is 20 shoes long, 15½ shoes wide. The walls are 75 boards high, each of the boards being 3" (which amounts to about 15 feet). One corner has a little partition about 4' high which walls in the can. On the other side of the partition is the table with a bench that seats three. Other than the six beds, that is about all the furnishing there is in the room. One can see why such things as nails on the wall and coat hangers assure such importance. (I was "given" my nail the first night I came in. That was my closet.)





Hard Time

Rene struck me in a unique way. First night he made every effort to fill me in on the way things were going. This morning, he got up in the window frame with a blanket wrapped around him and just stared out. "Do this often?" I asked. "Every day!" Every day for 293 days, in this one little room. When I leave here next Thursday, Rene will celebrate his 300th day. Big deal! To look out that window, to see that reality of busy cars, busy people, busy shoppers . . . to see that and not be busy be damned . . .

Are prisoners people, capable of emotion, of thought, of feelings? I was quietly lying down and happened to peep over at Rene (his bed is next to mine). His sturdy fingers were fumblingthe beads of his flimsy rosary . . . hail Mary, mother of Jesus . . . over and over . . . his tribute to his god . . . tears filled his eyes. His wife, his two little girls, his constant references to them. One corner, one room, 300 days. Though Rene does not know it, tears of pity filled my eyes that night. Hail Mary, mother of Jesus. . . over and over. . .

Hard time is when you get a bad letter from home or perhaps no letter at all. Hard time is a beautiful day outside and you're on the inside. Hard time is serving 293 days and knowing that you still have 436 days to go. Hard time is knowing that your brother was killed and you can't even go to the funeral. Hard time is having your parole turned down because you didn't fill out the form correctly. Hard time is getting sick and tired of the daily routine routine routine routine . . . I ask: How long are we going to allow the prisoners of our inhuman jails and penitentiaries to suffer on the cross of hard time? Let's wake up.

Routine

The radio has been going most of the day. I don't much like country and western music, but it's a small price to pay for having a radio . . . and I do get a chance to pick up Rock and classical music occasionally. I have just got word that CAUT censured the university. I don't think that I have felt so good since the time I heard that Mackay was stepping down as president. Despite all the communication problems that one might envision in jail, I received the good word within an hour of its having been passed in Montreal. My fellow inmates are wondering why I amso happy and I try to explain but all that they really care about is that I am happy and that makes them happy and breaks the routine. . .

. . .Lights on at 7:00 a.m. Breakfast (porridge, horrible coffee, cold toast) at 7:30. Kill time, sleep, read till lunch at noon, (liver, potatoes, carrots, gravy today. By the way, have you ever tried to eat liver with just a spoon? We have no knives and forks here.) Kill time, sleep, read, play games till supper at five, (hot dogs, fried potatoes, date squares). Kill time, sleep, read . . . it is dark now. There is one 200 watt light bulb in the ceiling . . . toast and tea at 8:00 . . .lights out at 10:00. Day is done, gone the sun. . .

Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays are mop days . . .we get to evacuate the room while one of the guys mop it. Yesterday was my first opportunity to speak to the inmates of the other cells. It was not till then that I realized that I am in the largest and cleanest cell. The one at the top of the stairsis small and dingy, no hot water . . .it contained three older and somewhat grubby looking men. There was a younger guy who seemed out of place in all of this, somewhat lost. The next cell on the other side of ours was every bit as small and dirty (cockroaches everywhere I was told), with a cold water faucet that leaked all over the floor each time it was used as evidenced by the great puddle of water. I poked my nose up to the little 4" x 8" hole in the door (that's where the meals are passed through). "Hello, what are you in for?" I asked. "Oh, robbery, but I didn't do it." "How much will you get?" "Three months, six months maybe . . ." "How much money were you supposed to have stolen?" "Fourteen dollars . . .but I have a record, so as far as the judge is concerned, it might as well have been a thousand." "Have you been in jail before?" I asked. "Yeahh. . .I hate it." "How old are you?" "Just turned seventeen.". . . .

Sardine Cans

The sardine cans are filled with butts from the bale (package of cigarette tobacco that is issued on Thursdays). The screws must pass you a roll of toilet paper every day. That's because we use it to clean off the table and things like that. Our toilet seat is cracked in two, and every time I sit on it, it pinches me. It is quite an art to do your thing on it and not get pinched. Cockroaches crawl occasionally, though there seem to be fewer than in the other cells. Home. 300 days. Sleep and eat when you're told to. "Church" on Sundays (where a fundamentalist with an accordion and a bad voice reviews the wages of sin . . at no cost, and with no collection). Wednesday is a big day . . . you not only get to shower for a couple of minutes, but you can change your underwear and socks . . . wow! Home . . . 300 days. Wear what you are given. Coincidently, you notice that everyone else is wearing a blue denim shirt and jeans. Contraband: shoe polish, deodorant, mirrors, shaving lotion, belts, sheets (you get used to the rough blankets) . . . essentially things that they don't want you to have. I contend that it is not so much to protect you (or them) as to degrade you. Like when they censor your mail. Like when they oversee your visits. Like when you must eat with your hands to eat at all. Like when they remind you that you are a prisoner.

This is what Rene escaped from once. His desire to jump into the midst of humanity, to be involved in the world outside, to love his wife and children, all of which he did for a seven month period. But he was caught, and he paid a price for that. He got more time. Hard time.

LIVING IN A WOMEN'S PRISON

ed levesque

On a hillside overlooking the red mud flats of the Petitcodiac River, just outside Moncton, stands a dour red-brick building: the Interprovincial Home for Young Women at Coverdale. An unusually articulate and observant young Maritime woman whom we shall call Carol recently spent some time in the Home on a drug charge. Here are some parts of a long tape-recorded interview she gave me on her release.

Carol's stay at Coverdale began in quarantine, a system of isolation in which some girls stay for up to six weeks. The reason?

IT WAS RATHER STRANGE. First of all, the assistant superintendent, who was there when I went in – Mrs. Lord, the superintendent, was away – and Mrs. Harris is the assistant superintendent – and she told me that I was in there until they could get my room ready, and my initials embroidered on all my clothing,et cetera. This was Thursday. Then Mrs. Lord came in to see me on Tuesday, and *she* told me I was in there until I got a doctor's examination. I told her that I'd already had a doctor's examination right after the trial when they took me to jail. She said, "Oh yes, then that's fine" – and I stayed there until the next Thursday anyway. And didn't have a doctor's examination.

Quarantine is a room six feet by eight feet, approximately – I could just lie down with my toes touching and my head touching, crosswise. I'm five-foot seven, so that's about six feet. It has a cot bed and a small table and a chamber pot, with iron mesh on the windows. I was crawling up the wall by the third day. I kept thinking to myself, "Aha! They're trying to break me!" So I pretended I was broken, you know, I was very nice to them and smiled. The first few days I was in there I did nothing but cry most of the time, you know – it got to be so bad I was very happy to see the matron come to the door to bring my meals in, because it was somebody human. That's all the contact I had.

They moved me out of the quarantine room on Thursday, into another room – this was a week after I'd gone in – but I didn't actually get out of that room or see anybody until the following Monday. So it was a week and four days until I actually saw anyone.

The first night I went in they gave me four forty-cent pocket book romance novels. I asked her if I could have my books, and she said, "Well, the superintendent has to look them over first", so I spent rather a miserable night, especially after the lock turned in the door. Then the next morning, when she brought in breakfast, she did bring me in three of my books. This was Friday morning. Now I didn't see the superintendent until Tuesday, and everytime I asked for something she kept saying, "The superintendent has to look it over and she's away." I had medicine that the doctor that checked me over prescribed for me, I had diarrhea; I had a chamber pot, and they wouldn't give me my medicine. I did get my medicine on Tuesday. But I only got the three books, and I was reduced to reading the pocket novels after them. Like, I didn't get my other books, my medicine – I couldn't even get my own shampoo. I had to wash my hair with Sunlight soap.

When I did have meals with the girls, this didn't change the pattern very much. I was sitting there thinking to myself, I wonder what the other girls are like? You know, I hope they're pleasant, so I won't feel that I don't have anything in common with them. Well, I didn't have too much problem there because I couldn't *talk* to them! I couldn't ever talk to them except to say "Hello", you know, "Good morning."

Personal questions were strictly taboo. And if you made the mistake of asking a girl a question, the girl would go and tell the matron, I found out, that you had asked such a question. I heard one woman talking outside my door to one of the matrons, saying, you know, "I wish you'd stop Jean from asking these sort of questions to me, you know, she's been doing this sort of thing and that sort of thing" – and then they went off into her room and I couldn't hear any more. But then I heard the matron coming down later and screaming at this Jean that she had no right to do this and what was she trying to do, and would she like to wind up in detention? Now I never found out what detention was; I sort of mulled over the idea of hitting somebody so I could find out, you know? but I didn't really see that it was worth it. But this vague sort of threat hung over everybody; "you can go to detention." You don't ask questions.

The first time Mrs. Lord came in to see me, I sort of felt around, and I asked her questions like, "Well, I suppose not all your girls are in here for drugs: what *are* they in here for?" And she'd say, "No, our girls aren't all in here for drugs; you're the first case of drugs I've had." And then she'd go on talking about drugs, you see, she'd completely avoid it. And I said something another time about, you know, "Not too many people seem to know about this place. You know, the people I was talking to, it was a complete surprise that there was such a place in the province; perhaps if you had a bit more publicity about it, you know, a few write-ups in the papers –" "Oh yes, well we have a write-up every year, in the paper." I suppose she meant the Moncton paper. You know, completely closing off anything I asked.

YOU JUST SORT OF FIGURE OUT for yourself what's not allowed. The first day I went down to meals, before we went into the meal, we sat down in this common room, you know, a rectangle. There were chairs all around the perimeter of the room, and I sat down, and one of the matrons said, "You can't sit there; that's somebody else's chair." So I got up, and she said, "Now let me see, where's an empty chair?" And she said, "*There*, you can sit there. Now that's where you sit from now on." So I went down and sat there, and sat there, and *sat there*, for about twenty minutes. And just by intuition, you know, I realized the girls weren't allowed to talk to each other, because they hadn't said anything to me. When I realized nobody was talking except to address a question specifically to a matron, I just sat there and kept my mouth shut.

Then we went into the dining room, and I was again assigned to a specific spot, where I stayed for the remainder of my – ah – incarceration. We stand behind our chairs till one of the matrons says grace, and we sit down, we begin to eat, and again I realize that nobody's talking, so I'm not supposed to talk. If the girls want something they point, or say in an undertone, ah – "sugar?"

I really couldn't believe the meals. I had meat three times in thirty days. Twice I had one piece of beef, and then one time I had hamburger, that kind of stuff they put on sloppy joes. And fish four or five times. For breakfast we had porridge, which I couldn't eat. You know, some of the girls seemed to enjoy it, but it was – like, I don't like porridge period, but good porridge I might have been able to stomach. But this was one large glutinous glob that didn't separate, it stayed together. So I couldn't eat that, which they got very upset about. There was milk on the table, one slice of home-made bread – actually it was one large slice cut in half, so I suppose they'd call it two slices, but it was one slice. One little pat of margarine which covered about one half of the slice. I drink milk, but the other girls had tea. Then for lunch we had potatoes, turnips, squash, carrots, cucumbers, whichever happened to be in season at the time, and a dessert, usually a rice pudding, a bread pudding, tapioca, chocolate. And milk. For supper we alternated usually between fried potatoes and macaroni and tomatoes. A slice of bread, and two cookies.

Like, the macaroni and tomato was all right, you know, when it was fresh. But one day I went in, and there was I guess about a quarter of a plate, which sort of surprised me, you know, because usually we get a full plate. And obviously it wasn't fresh macaroni and tomato, because it didn't spread over the plate, you know, it just stayed in one spot. So I rather looked at it, and looked at the girl who sat next to me, who worked in the kitchen, and whispered, "Is that all?" and she said, "Yes, I think so" and so I said, "Oh", and sat down and took a mouthful, and managed to swallow it without being sick, and put the plate to my side. When you put your plate to the side it's a sign that any of the other girls at the table may have this, because you don't want it. But none of the girls at the *other* tables, mind you, only the girls at your table. So if everybody at your table's full but a girl at the other table is starving, she can't have it, because you know, she'd have to get up and walk over. This would cause a disturbance.

So this girl put up her hand and asked if she could have my macaroni and tomato, and the matron said, "We-ell, yes, I guess so" and so she took it. After we'd finished one of the cooks said, "Well there's some more macaroni and tomato if anybody'd like it." And about eleven girls put up their hands; I couldn't believe it. But anyway, one of the girls went out to the kitchen and got it and slopped it back on the plate and they ate it, and I ate my cookies. I went back to my room and had some fruit that my parents had sent me. So the next day was Tuesday, after Thanksgiving Monday, and Mrs. Lord had had company all Thanksgiving weekend, so we didn't have the benefit of her company, and she came in on Tuesday morning. Every morning after breakfast we had chapel. Now this Tuesday morning she came in and said that since we hadn't had our Thanksgiving service yet, this was the day we were going to have our Thanksgiving service. So we went through the regular thing, which consists of singing *God Save The Queen*, a hymn which one of the girls chooses – we have turns choosing a hymn. Then there's a United Church little booklet called *The Upper Room* which has a little service for each day, and we read our memory verse for the day, which nobody has to memorize; we just read. And then we read the little text that's in the little book, and then we read a scripture verse correlated to the text, and then after the scripture verse she decided that we should have our little special Thanksgiving service, and so she hands out each one of us a pamphlet, obviously to be read in unison, very mechanically; most of the girls can't pronounce the words that are in the little documents. So we read a lovely little speech about how we should be thankful for everything we've got!

And so then instead of the regular little sermonette that the superintendent reads that goes with *The Upper Room*, she read an article from *The United Church Worker*, or whatever the United Church bulletin is, by Stanley Burke. Actually it was a very informative article about why Stanley Burke left the CBC and all the atrocities in Biafra and the irresponsible journalism that was going on in Biafra. I was quite interested in it. But the article happened to mention that the United Church was providing three meals a week to the Biafran children, you know, this was all they could afford sort of thing, they were being bombed; and it went on to elaborate. So this was in the middle of the article. She finished the article, and then she looked up and said, "Now *just think*, girls. Three meals a week. And you're getting three meals a day here, and you're complaining because your portions are too small or your food is warmed-over. What have you got to complain about when these poor children are starving?" So I was sitting there, very angelic, knowing of course that it was aimed right at me, because the girl had gone and told Mrs. Lord what I'd done.

THEN THERE'S "GROUP THERAPY" which is termed "group therapy" because all the girls are in a group. This is after chapel, when Mrs. Lord decides she has the time to devote to us. When I was there she started reading a book called, *Hippies, Hypocrisy and* – I forget the third term; it was something like "God". It was compiled by some president of some university in California who has never had any history of hippies, or rebellion, this sort of thing, and he sent his henchmen out to go talk to the hippies of the community, and find out what hippies were all about. She was up in her lectern with the book in front of her, and she said something along the lines of, "This is the most forthright, honest book I have ever seen on the subject of hippies." Then she read from it. This woman has about a Grade Six education, I'm sure not more – and this is how she read it: *Yes, our society is decay-dent. Yes, it is too a-fluent. Our youth are a-lionated, and they are turning to sy-delic drugs. Yes, our society is terrible – there's wife-swapping, but what's the difference between wife-swapping and sleeping with a chickie for the night?* On and on about how our society was lapsing into all the things such as homosexuality, sexual experimentation, and drunkenness, lechery, that caused the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah in the Bible, and how the youth are *right* in turning away from this sort of thing – you know, typical Christian sort of standpoint, we *aren't* obeying the commandments as laid down on the top of Mount Sinai, by God. But! the hippies don't have the answer either. The hippies are even worse than the establishment. WE have the answer! The answer is *God.* That was the end of the first lecture.

There's no question at *all* that you can discuss this with her or you can raise questions with her. You know, you're all sitting there in your little pews and she's standing in her lectern and she's lecturing.

Here's a run-down of my schedule. Between seven and seven-thirty they come and knock on your door, you know, and look in and say "Time to get up." You get up, and you go out and wash; you take turns going. And you come back and make your bed, you go out and get the mop, you dry-mop your room, you take the mop out and hand it to a girl at the upstairs door that goes out and shakes it, and you take the mop back, put it in your closet; you go to your room.

You wait for breakfast; they have a bell they ring downstairs, you know like these school-bells? There's a first bell and there's a second bell. The first bell rings and you don't do anything unless they tell you to come down. And the second bell rings, you go downstairs, and you eat breakfast. You go to chapel, and you go back to your room. I wasn't allowed out. The other girls were out scrubbing floors, doing the laundry, working in the kitchen, this sort of thing. But they never told me to do anything.

There's a weaving room; I never saw it in operation, but it's sort of adjacent to what they call "the library", and I peeked in when I went up to the library one day. They have a loom, they have a woman that comes in and teaches them how to weave place mats, which they sell; how to knit baby clothes, which they sell; how to crochet, how to sew, you know, like make alterations to the clothes that the women in the church give so the girls can wear them, this sort of idea. Apparently when the girls have finished their work or the girls that don't have any work, they can go upstairs and work on these sort of things. But it wasn't open to me. After breakfast I was hooked in my room. If I wanted to go to the bathroom I knocked on the door, so I could be excused. So I sat in my room and I studied, until about maybe five, ten to twelve, when the lunch bell rang and they let us out to go down to the common room where we sat around till the second bell rang.

After lunch we had a half an hour when we sat in the common room and you could play cards. When you played cards you had a set of four, and one of the four was a matron. This is to make sure that you couldn't talk. Since I didn't know how to play any of the games they were playing, and you weren't allowed to watch, you never *learned* how to play any of the card games. So I just brought my book down and read during the time that the other girls were playing cards. Of course if there only happened to be two matrons in the place at the time, then only, like, six girls could play. The others just sat. I spent most of the time reading and writing. They didn't read what I wrote. They read the letters I sent, though. Letters only went once a week, and the first letter I wrote my parents, on the first Sunday I was there, complaining about conditions there, they didn't send to them. They checked letters coming in. My boyfriend sent me a letter, and they wouldn't give it to me until I left. They said the girls weren't allowed to correspond with or see their boyfriends, and they was very lucky that my parents came to visit me the second Sunday after I went in; usually they weren't allowed to visit for at least a month, and then the parents were only allowed to come once a month.

Presumably Carol's letters out weren't censored chiefly because the staff has no feeling for irony. Otherwise how would this paragraph in one of her letters from prison have come through unscathed?

Three ladies from the United Church in Moncton came to give us a little party last night. We played games, sang hymns and had a light lunch. You would have been proud of me. I won a purse-sized bottle of Avon Nearness perfume for winning a race while holding a piece of tissue paper on the end of a straw by inhaling. It was such a fun evening.

ONCE I WAS CALLED INTO THE OFFICE – "called into the office", it's just like high school – "I'd like to see you in the office after lunch, Carol." So I went in, and Mrs. Lord was there, and she said, "Well, I have two letters here for you, from a girl friend of yours. Now what kind of a friend is she? *I* don't think she's a very good influence." You know, like I hadn't read the letters; I said, "Well, what do you find objectionable in the letters?" She said, "Oh, well, nothing I can put my finger in, it's just her cynical attitude." I said, "Like, I don't know what's in the letters, but – " and I gave her all this line about how youth is very cyncial, how do you expect us not to be cynical with all the things that are going on in the world? But underneath we're really very hopeful, Mrs. Lord. I had asked my mother when she was visiting what my boyfriend was doing, and Mrs. Harris was there. My mother said, "Oh, you know, he gets up about twelve o'clock and goes to the student centre, and he's usually in fairly early, and he reads, and he goes to bed, gets up –" Mrs. Lord told me she didn't think he was very respectable: "Mrs. Harris tells me he's been staying at your parent's house and not getting up until twelve o'clock in the morning". And I said, "Mrs. Lord, the only reason he's at my parent's house rather than in Ontario is because he wanted to come down to see me, and you wouldn't let him in." Well, I wasn't that calm; I was rather upset – but she let it pass, and said, "Well, I'm going to give you these letters." I explained to her that Joan had been my best friend since I was fourteen years old.

What was in the letter was really funny. Joan had said things like, "Kathy" – this is her sister – "was thinking of writing to you on her red notepaper, but I didn't feel it would be appropriate; red, you know, it's communism in some circles." And things like, "I expect you're encouraged to attend the chapel of your choice on Sundays." Comments like this.

I did have a visit with the RCMP, though. I was there about two weeks, and Mrs. Harris, the assistant superintendent, came into my room and said that I had visitors. My parents had already been to see me, so I know it was either the minister of my mother's church or the narcotics agents. So I went downstairs and there they were, two lovely burly gentlemen that I hadn't seen before, but apparently had now been assigned to the hometown detachment of the RCMP. One of them got up and said, "Hello, I'm Constable *Hamilton!*" and he flashes me his badge, as if I wasn't going to believe him. I said, "Oh, hello" and he says "This is so-and-so" – I forgot his name, you know, this is my henchman. So he said, "We drove out here to talk to you, and I'm not sure you'd like to talk to *us* – ha ha ha – but we'd like to talk to *you.*" So I sat down and they closed the door, you know, a nice little private room. And the minute I got in there I thought, They've got cigarettes. I haven't had a cigarette for two weeks; I'm going to have a cigarette.

So I sat down and they said, "Well, we hear you're leaving for Toronto when you get out. Now we want you to understand that nobody knows we're here, except the matron. We haven't told your parents we're here, we haven't told anybody. Now we didn't want to come around after you got out, because we didn't want your parents or you to think we were badgering you after you've paid your debt to society, but we felt it was worth a trip down in case you want to tell us something, to keep young people like you out of situations like this." I looked at them Then I said, "If I tell you anything, they're going to wind up in situations like this. Aren't they, sir?" And he said, "Well, of course that's a possibility, *but* – and he never did quite get around to explaining the "but". He went on and on, and one of them pulled out a cigarette, and I said, "Oh, may I have a cigarette, please? We aren't allowed to smoke here" and he said, "Yes, we didn't see any ashtrays. We had to ask the old lady to give us one." I said, "Yes, that's – ah – how it is." So they said, "Sure, be glad to give you a cigarette." They gave me the cigarette, and I took a drag, you know, very dramatic – Aaaaaahhhhh! And they said, "Is there anything you'd like to tell us; you know, the dope scene. Of course anything you tell us we know already, but we'd just like to have it from you." "Well if you know already, sir, what do you want to hear it from me for?" "Just for verification." And so of course I said, "Well, there's nothing really specific I'd like to tell you, but I'd be very happy to discuss the dope scene in general." So I went on and on, you know, about how drugs crossed all class barriers, that professors and doctors and lawyers and all these people were turning on – *"Who? Tell us names, tell us!!"* I said, "Oh you wouldn't be interested in those people, you're just after the young people." "Well, I assure you, if you can tell us any names they're the first ones we'll be after." I said, "Oh, no, no, I was just talking in general, things I'd heard in Toronto, you understand."

So anyway I got two cigarettes out of them before they finally left. Hamilton got up and said to his cohort, "Well, I can see she's just talking us in circles, so I guess we'd better leave" and smiled sweetly at me, and I smiled sweetly at him, and they got up and left.

THE HOME'S FINANCES WERE SO BAD THAT, the first day I went down to meals I got a paper napkin, and twenty-eight meals went by before they changed that paper napkin. They allowed me to wear my own clothes, but other girls didn't – probably because they didn't bring any clothes in with them. Ladies in the church bring clothes in and girls alter them for them; if they're just work clothes they just wear them the way they are, you know; if they're too baggy, well that's too bad, it's just for working. But the finances are just incredible. I realize that they weren't purposely trying to give us bad meals, or they would have been very happy to give us a napkin every day, if they'd had the finances. The Home is on a farm, and there's a farmer that takes care of the farm; they grow all their own vegetables, which is why we got potatoes and vegetables so often; they make all their own bread; they have cows to give us the milk, which is skimmed – I suppose they sell the cream and the butter, because *we* never see it.

I asked Mrs. Lord when she first came to visit me, you know, whether the government supported the institution. She said, "Well, no, the churches run the institution." and the government of the province where the girl is from gives so many cents per day per girl." She wasn't specific about the number of cents, but even ninety-nine cents, you can imagine how far it would go.

There just aren't any educational facilities. When my parents were visiting, Mrs. Harris was there in the room. And Mom was saying, "Do you have enough reading material?" and I said, "Well, I haven't been allowed all my books yet." And she said, "Well, I suppose they have books here" and I said, "Yes, well on the second floor I saw a bookcase full of paperback romancce novels" and Mrs. Harris said, "Oh, yes, well we have a library of good books on the third floor." So mother said, "Oh really? Well I'm sure there's something you can find there, Carol." It wasn't till after I got out of quarantine that I finally visited the library on the third floor. And in the library on the third floor there were shelves, true, there was a library, true, about I'd say two thousand volumes, of the *worst* of about 1920 to 1940 novels. There wasn't anything that I'd heard

Elsewhere in the interview Carol tells us that the Home contains a maximum of twenty-five girls, ranging in age from girls who looked about thirteen to about thirty-five or forty . Their sentences range from a few weeks up to four years. Four of the girls were Indian, one was French; though the French girl was Catholic, the religious exercises were non-denomination with United Church books and hymns. The general level of education is very low; one staff member estimated it at about Grade Four.

The staff comprises about seven women, none of whom appeared to be professionals.

of, except *The Bobbysey Twins, The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew.*, and then there were all sorts of romance things, a côuple by Norman Vincent Peale, a lot of Readers' Digest condensed books. The reason they call them "good books" is because they're hard cover. So I sort of looked over them and looked over them. I was completely out of reading material, so I grabbed *Babbitt. Babbitt* was the *best thing they had!* So you can imagine what the worst was. *Babbitt* and a 1957 Report of the Canadian Congress of Corrections, which I read through. It had a lovely little thing about "typical women prisoners" who were between 18 and 40 years of age, and had a history of broken families and had been living "common-law" (!) with a *man*, you know, and they had children who were supported by welfare in the community, and they's usually been in correctional institutions before, and so forth. So I was reading through this, you know, checking off all the things – yes, that applies, no that doesn't.

The only education was any textbooks that the public librarian brought over for the girls, and they were allowed to have those to study on their own; no teacher. If I'd been there any longer I would have offered *my* services, you know, to tutor the girls, but of course being there only a few weeks it wouldn't have done any good, and I didn't find out till about three weeks after I was there that the girls were actually interested in learning something. One of the girls was about nineteen years old, and one day in our common room she brought down a Grade Seven mathematics book, and was studying that. And one day there appeared two cartons of junior high school books, math, a speller, a home economics book, a general science book. I remember a couple of the girls remarking, "Oh, some school books came today!" and they seemed quite happy about it. And I'm sure that the girls would have really been happy to learn something. But they weren't given any opportunity, any motivation.

So there are no educational facilities, no social workers or psychologists, not even religious counselling, although Christian morality is *rampant* in that place. They're very sincere, they're trying very hard, they really believe that they're rehabilitating the girls, that they *are* giving group therapy, But they're very poorly educated. They couldn't use proper grammar. We had a beautiful reading from the Bible, all about how you should not fornicate because your body is a temple for the Lord. Snicker snicker. On and on for about three paragraphs about carnal lust, which Mrs. Harris insisted on calling "carnal lust". I mean, what sort of effect can they have on you when they can't even pronounce the words they're talking?

AND THEY CERTAINLY DON'T INTEND TO BE BRUTAL, but the whole tone of the place, the situation, means that sometimes they are. After I was out of quarantine about two weeks, there was another girl in quarantine. The girls in quarantine knock. She was knocking and knocking, and finally Mrs. Harris went up to see her, and I heard her say, "Well, I'm sorry, you're just going to have to wait till suppertime." This girl hadn't been eating her meals, mind you, and this gets them *very* angry, when you don't eat your meals. And "Well you're just going to have to wait till suppertime." This was about three o'clock. I don't know what she wanted, probably to go to the bathroom. And so Mrs. Harris went back downstairs and the girl kept knocking and knocking and knocking and crying and crying and screaming LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT! And I was sitting there thinking, like, *Oh God, kid, I know exactly how you feel.* So finally, after about half an hour of this, Mrs. Harris went up and saw her again, she said, you know, *"What do you want?"* They get very antagonistic, you see, if you don't do exactly what they feel you should do. You learn this very early.

So finally she went up and the girl was sort of pounding on the door and screaming LET ME OUT!! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! and Mrs. Harris said, "Oh, well just a minute, just a minute, I'll get you a book and a pencil and you can draw. I'll slip it under the door." So she went and got a book and a pencil and slipped it under the door, and she could draw. *But* – and then she kept threatening, and she said, "That room is newly painted and if there are any marks on that wall you'll get detention." And she must have repeated this about three or four times.

The Interprovincial Home for Young Women is not one of the Maritimes' worse prisons; on the contrary,it's one of the best. Carol's lawyer waived the right to appeal in order to get her into Coverdale rather than the local county jail. Which makes it all the more appalling that Coverdale apparently does nothing whatsoever to help its residents re-integrate themselves with the outside world, does nothing to train them for a productive role, does nothing really but sit on them and keep them in line for the duration of their sentence. More: Coverdale places a premium on rigid, sheep-like conformity, asks its inmates to deny their individuality, renounce their privacy (what right does anyone have to make judgements about the girls' friends?) and falsify their emotions. All of which is a form of psychological violence. Let's close with Carol's reasons for crying, which she rarely did before she entered Coverdale but felt obliged to do in conversation with the matrons.

Well, like, the point was they were saying the most ludicrous things, and I just felt like saying, *Fuck off, lady!* And so as an alternative I burst into tears. Because, you know, I couldn't get angry, or I was going to wind up in detention, so I just had to cover it up some way.

three sides of DORCHESTER PENITENTIARY

tom murphy

Larry Lamont and Tom Murphy, two UNB sociology majors, were among the few students ever to be admitted to Dorchester penitentiary when they made a supervised tour to research a sociology paper.

For more than two hours, they talked to eight members of the staff, including the entire classification staff and several psychologists. This meeting, which took place in the barred board room, was recorded on tape. They were afterwards shown the prison.

Murphy had a camera but it was confiscated before the tour began "for security reasons."

Both students had their notebooks until it was discovered that they had gained entrance to Side "A." They were immediately called back from the tour to explain the situation to the chief classification officer. They continued the tour without their notebooks.

Both Murphy and Lamont were screened by prison officials before they were admitted. (Written permission was obtained several weeks beforehand.) The prison's administration was very anxious to improve relations with the universities.

All the staff were extremely courteous and co-operative. In many instances, they recognized the deficiencies of Dorchester, and are looking forward to the construction of a new prison within a few years.

At Dorchester a man is only a number

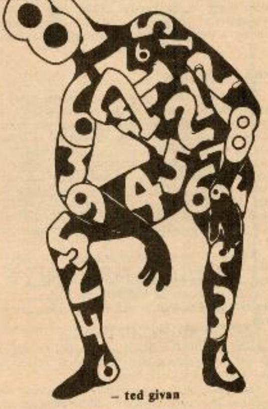
ON ENTERING DORCHESTER, you are given a number. The same number that is on your mug shot is the one that is on the greyish denim clothes you wear. And this is the all important Number. When we asked how many prisoners there were, the classification officer said, "Today, there are 344 prisoners." Exactly.

A typical day starts with rise and shine at 7:00 a.m. You wash and clean up in the little sink in your cell. After the guard unlocks your cell door, you go to the dome to pick up your breakfast, and proceed back to the cell to eat it. After that (around 8:30), and if you are not on kitchen duty, you may go to one of the shops, if you have been so assigned. The possibilities include sheet metal, paint, furniture, carpentry and maintenance. Of a production nature, there are canvas, tailor and shoe and leather shops. Of a vocational nature, there is upholstering, carpentry, plumbing, masonry and barbering. But if the facilities are anything like those for sheet metal, they are cramped and poorly equipped.

Shop sessions are just before noon, when you return to your cell for the noon meal. In the afternoon, you may go back to the shops, or possibly take part in activities of a more recreational nature. Perhaps a film of a Jaycee meeting, or work on the Beacon, the prison newspaper. Or you can be like some of the prisoners I saw and do nothing when you can get away with it. The corners, the space underneath the stairways are often the retreats for the loners, for the guys who just can't hack it.

As afternoon passes into evening, the daily count is taken. Around five o'clock all doors are locked, and every individual (including staff and guests – who sign when they enter) are accounted for. Supper is served after that. Another fair meal but not a good one, according to the prisoners we talked to.

The evening is generally the inmate's own, which means he may read, listen to the radio on earphones, write a letter (provided he has permission. This is the only way to obtain the paper and pencil for doing so), or just relax. Lights are out at 9:00 p.m.



– ted givan

Stone walls

THE STRUCTURE OF DORCHESTER appears much the same now as it did in 1877. The cellblocks still coverge into a central region called the "dome." It is not as well lit as the front hallway, and not as quiet either. The dome is the centre of activity – here the inmates line up for food and work details for the day.

The Roman Catholic chaplain's office and chapel are accessible from the third floor of the dome. Directly opposite is the Protestant Chapel. (Perhaps there is a symbolic significance.) There is no full time Protestant chaplain.

The chaplain's role, as he explained it, is to counsel the inmates in a different manner than the regular counselling staff. He felt that he must instil religious values, a moral outlook a human perspective into the inmates by working with them. In his words, "We must make the image of God present to him."

The chaplain may also be involved in promoting a sense of community by assisting the prisoners in the formation of service clubs, such as the Jaycees, which have a seemingly active unit at Dorchester. There are meeting rooms provided for this purpose. All clubs have administration advisors who assist in making contact with the outside.

and old books

The prison library operates on a "very limited budget". New books are rare, so much time is devoted to repairing the existing stock. That leaves much to be desired. Most books are rare, so much time is devoted to repairing the existing stock. That leaves much to be desired. Most books are only slightly above cheap paperback calibre – Hardy Boys and the like. ("Give them what they can read.") If an inmate wanted to read a book in psychology, he would have to receive special permission. ("A little bit of knowledge is worse than none at all.") Permission is based on an inmates education or intelligence to understand what he is reading.

Because of the amount of paperwork involved in getting out a book, (filling out a request form in the cell, getting approval by the librarian, delivering the book to the cell, returning old books on a one-for-one basis etc.) the inmate sometimes has to wait for some time before getting a new book.

There are 5,000 volumes in Dorchester.

Films are shown regularly in a special projection room. The one we caught a glimpse of was about fifteen years old, and was about a model parolee.

The gymnasium is perhaps the most impressive of all the facilities. There were several beautiful paintings decorating the walls – they were done by a former inmate. The gym is used mostly on weekends for recreation and televisions (one English, one French).

A room just off the gym was the office of the Beacon, the prison newspaper. Except where pictures are included, the mimeograph machine is the printing technique used. The Beacon is heavily supervised in terms of content by the administration. Perhaps this explains the inclusion of certain space fillers like: *"The highest duty is to respect authority."* and *"For respect to have value, it must be earned."* The standard of writing is exceptionally high, otherwise.

Recreation time may be occupied by cards, checkers, T.V., radio, lectures, the odd concert, intramual sports (participation rather than competition is emphasized), and hobbies ("petit point", a type of needle work, was the most popular hobby in prison last year with 826 participants, compared with scrapbooks with only 192.)

Fifteen percent of the Canadian prison population is illiterate or semi-illiterate. On the whole, the average educational attainment is only grade six. Therefore, some attention is given to elementary education, and a small full-time staff is employed at Dorchester for this purpose. Those who wish to further their secondary education may do so if enough interest and capability is shown. High school courses in Maths, Science, English, and History are taught, partly as a requirement for vocational training. (Some inmates do get their certificates.) Correspondence courses are used as supplements to these classes. Art and creative writing classes are sometimes held, depending on the interest.

Although the stated primary motive for vocational training is to develop the necessary skills in the prisoners, one cannot overlook the fact that in 1966-67, Dorchester brought in $184,000 in revenue from inmate labout and production. The inmates are paid a minimum of 65cents per day, and can get up to $1.25 per day, depending on the nature of the work. This wage, plus additional visiting and correspondence privileges and even the promise of shortened sentences are used as incentives in the training program. The standards are in accordance with those set by Canada Manpower.

Some would be comfortable in a prison setting with these facilities. But there is a general overcrowding in most areas, and where you are placed often depends on the advice of a classification officer. Chances are that many inmates are compelled to do something quite different than what they wanted to do. But as one of the staff remarked, "Prisons aren't designed to be training schools anyway."

Side A . . . Solitary

SIDE "A" IS THE HOLE. Visitors do not normally get to see Side "A" – it is not exhibition territory. Most guards do not even get to see it. Side "A" is the secret of Dorchester.

To be admitted to this area, a prisoner would have to commit a gross misconduct (hitting a guard), or be an obvious danger (psychopathic) to the other prisoners. We were admitted to Side "A" somewhat by accident, as the higher authorities had issued definite instructions of "no go."

Side "A" is a long wing of cell blocks. There are five regular sized cells, and five full sensory deprivation cells. As one enters the cell, a color coded chart comes into sight. The keeper, who was obviously quite proud of his work area, explained the chart. A prisoner normally goes from Phase 1 (red) to Phase 2 (black) to Phase 3 (yellow). Occasionally, a prisoner can skip Phase 1.

Taking advantage of the guard's hospitality, we were shown a Phase 3 cell. It is precisely the same as an ordinary cell; and that phase had the same privileges. That is, there is a toilet (no tops), earphones (radio – two channels), full meals, and a bed with blankets. One can also smoke or read if he so wishes.

The Phase 2 cell is the same size as the regular (about 6' x 8'). There are no earphones and no flush toilet. Substitute for the latter is a plastic pail which must be cleaned out by the inmate in the morning.

The delight of sensationalist magazines is Phase 1. Murphy was behind the doors for ten minutes. The outside door completely shuts out all sound, and except for a little five inch square sound-proof, shatter-proof glass window, all light is shut out. The inside door is all steel bars.

The continuous shining 25 watt bulb (behind a mesh) cast a dim light over the tiny box. It was four feet wide and about seven feet long (just slightly larger than a single bed.) There was no chair or cot, no earphones or ashtrays, no blankets or pillows. A concrete slab (2½ x 6') raised about six inches from the floor was the sum total of the furnishings. You slept there, you sat there, you ate your meals there, you existed there on a concrete slab.

Besides the discomfort of this cold slab, further discomfort would ensue from the odour which would arise from the toilet bucket. Ventilation appeared to be a minimal consideration in the design of the cells.

The concrete walls were covered with calendars with days marked off. Days were probably divided by the meals served. (Two sparse and untasty meals – which, if hot, would probably be quite cold by the time the inmate received them. They are served at irregular times.)

Two individuals were in solitary at the time. One was there because he showed psychotic tendencies. What solitary will do for an already sick mind, I don't know.

But even Side "A" cannot totally kill a person's humanity. Scribbled on the wall of the cell was the epithet of an obviously upset prisoner:

To take advice from a tretrous (sic) friend is like taking poison from a golden cup.

– *Ace Bob Richards* –

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THREE BOOKS REVIEWED BY RUSSELL HUNT

POPULATION POLLUTION & POVERTY

POVERTY IN EASTERN CANADA is one of those topics on which everybody has something to say, so it's rather surprising that the obvious things get said so seldom. And the single most obvious thing is that real, quantitative poverty – poverty to compare with the slums of Calcutta, for instance, where people literally possess and have access to nothing but the rags they stand up in – is pretty hard to find here. By the standards statisticians and economists use, Atlantic Canada just doesn't place in the world poverty race.

But of course those quantitative standards – like so many other numerical measurements – just don't apply where men are concerned. A man who is broken, disculturated, hopeless and unhappy, hungry and apathetic, is poverty-stricken whether he owns a car and a television or not. And conversely, a man can own nothing, be physically hungry – even starving – and not in fact be impoverished. A Newfoundland outporter, for instance, may own next to nothing, may have access to almost none of the advantages of our advanced civilization, and yet not be as impoverished, as broken, as an urban slum-dweller with inside plumbing and a television. In fact, the outporter might be a good deal wealthier in ways that count than lots of suburbanites.

Thus the standard measures of poverty – the kind Ian Adams uses in his new study of poverty in Canada, *The Poverty Wall* – don't really tell us much. By a persuasive argument, for instance, he shows that 60 per cent of Canada's families live "*below* the economic level where middle-class life begins." He argues, in fact, that 6,000,000 Canadians live beyond the poverty wall. And logically, he has a case; we *do* delude ourselves about being an affluent country, about providing for our own citizens.

But look what he's calling poverty in order to produce those figures: he lumps together the broken urban slum dweller and the working fisherman of Port Morien, the sixth generation maintainer of a broken farm in the New Brunswick backwoods and the inveterate student. All may have incomes under two or three thousand dollars a year, but clearly all are not equally impoverished. You can't really parcel out human misery in that way; impoverishment is a spiritual rather than an economic state, and the failure to make adequate recognition of this fact is one of the major weaknesses of Adams' book.

Not that he doesn't perceive the fact. The most effective – certainly the most deeply felt and believed in – sections of his books are not statistics and the politicians' statements, but the cases. Charlie Wenjack, for instance, the subject of his second chapter, an Ojibway boy who died along the CNR tracks in northern Ontario trying to walk the 400 miles back home to his family because neither he nor they understood why he had to attend school so far from home. Or Jack Fitzpatrick, the fluorspar miner dying of what kills most of those who work the mine in St. Lawrence, Newfoundland. In these cases the rage Adams brings to the book is clearly justified and clearly does some good. We have to take people one at a time. Six million people racked by poverty means nothing to any of us, and the mere citing of the statistic wastes time that could be better spent on other matters. But twelve-year-old Charlie Wenjack will live for a long time with anybody who reads this book, and will do more to make us *act* on the problem than a truckload of statistics.

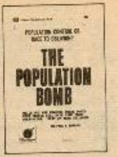
> *All Charlie had was a cotton windbreaker. And during the thirty-six hours that Charlie walked, there were frequent snow squalls and gusts of freezing rain. The temperature was between twenty and thirty degrees. It is not hard to imagine the hopelessness of his thoughts. He must have stumbled along the tracks at a painfully slow pace – in the end, he had covered only a little more than twelve miles. He probably spent hours huddled behind rocks to escape the wind, gazing at the railroad tracks. Somewhere along the track he lost his map – or threw it away. Charlie must have fallen several times; bruises were later found on his shins, his forehead, and over his left eye. And then at some point on Saturday night, Charlie fell backward in a faint and never got up again. That's the position they found him in.*

What killed Charlie was not economic deprivation but the side effects of it. He didn't starve to death because there was no money to feed him, or die of rickets or beriberi or pellagra. He died of alienation, of powerlessness, of the knowledge, conditioned into him from birth, that in our society he was as expendable as toilet paper. Statistics about his father's income would be completely irrelevant. Even a photograph of his home and a description of his childhood social environment wouldn't tell us much: what we have to know is how he felt about himself and his situation, and we can tell that from his actions.

THE VIRTUE OF *THE POVERTY WALL* is that its case studies show us this. Its failure is a failure of argument; Adam sees the problem as a monetary one almost exclusively and poses the problem as one of income. His clear implication is that we have to redistribute wealth in this country, but he never suggests how. What he does suggest is that industrial development is a necessary first step. Provide jobs, he says; it's a myth that the poor don't want to work. Don't study poverty in the Gaspe, he argues; stimulate some industrial development. Hire local labor for projects like the Mactaquac Dam. The problem with local development schemes isn't their aim, it's that they don't work. Factories simply don't come. Adams' clear implication is not that we should re-examine the rationale of those programs, but that we should find ways of assuring that industry will be attracted to areas of poverty.

And, of course, most responsible economic theorists and practical politicians agree with him about aims. The New Brunswick Government, for instance, has recently released a White Paper on Social Development and Social Welfare,

WHO SHALL LIVE?



which uses the key term "economic growth" on almost every page. And when it uses the term, it is referring primarily to "the establishment of viable industries which are developing New Brunswick resources in ways promising maximum returns to the province and our people."

At this point in history, though, it's just becoming clear that industrial development doesn't work, and that if it did it would not bring us what we want. What in fact it does bring us is Westmorland Chemical and Heavy Water and the oil refinery at Come-By-Chance, dislocation, relocation, and disculturation The attempt to attract business leads to provincial governments granting crippling tax concessions, exempting companies from their ecological responsibilities, financing their failures and guaranteeing their successes. Look, for instance, at the Gerhard Kennedy (Canada) Limited garment company, which closed its doors in Winnipeg just before Christmas and said it was leaving the province because Manitoba's minimum wage had gone from $1.25 to $1.35 an hour, and there was talk of $1.50. And where did it move? "Current operations are being moved to New Brunswick and Quebec . . ." said the Winnipeg *Tribune* in January. Down where they appreciate industry, and know better than to demand a living wage.

But this is not the only objection to that solution. Look at the results of successful industrial development. Look at Ohio, for instance, where a couple of years ago the Cuyahoga river *caught fire*. In the long run, that's where industrial development leads. For obvious reasons; one of them is so obvious that it's almost never noticed. Look at the texts of speeches calling for regional development and you'll notice that no one ever worries about what it is that's going to be produced. As long as we produce, it doesn't matter .... automobiles, napalm, DDT, heavy water, cosmetics, carbon dioxide, asphalt, IBM cards . . . In other words, the thing produced is no longer the goal; it's keeping people employed that matters, no matter at what.

If *The Poverty Wall* were going to do much good in the long run, it should have cast a more critical eye at the proposed solutions to the problem of poverty in Canada, and to the angles from which it is usually looked at. It's not an isolated problem and it's not a financial one and it's not amenable to short-term solutions. Putting a pulp plant – or even a Michelin Tire factory – in Kenora, Ontario would not have saved Charlie Wenjack and would not help his family. Does anyone suppose that laying an oil pipeline across the Arctic is going to help even one Eskimo?

What do we do then?

THE OBVIOUS THING is to step back and take a look at the problem and its consequences in the long run. And a couple of things we ought not to forget when we're looking at it are brought home to us by two recent publications: Paul Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb*, published a couple of years ago by Ballantine Books, and the American Friends Service Committee's study of population problems published this year and called *Who Shall Live?*

What's the connection between these books and the problem of poverty in Atlantic Canada? Simply this: they point out very clearly one of the dead ends that societies organized like ours tend to walk into. The underdeveloped state of the Maritimes is in some ways – maybe in all ways – a blessing, because we can have a clearer idea where our choices are going to lead because we can see where they have led others. One dead end, and the most clear danger to us now, are the related disasters of pollution and overpopulation. Both of these books concentrate on the second of these two horsemen of our twentieth century apocalypse, but they are in fact inseparable. The more people, the more garbage.

Ehrlich's is the more dramatic and frightening of these books. Convincingly – if you believe statistics – he argues that the world is faced with an imminent and unavoidable disaster because of overpopulation. Pointing out that eventually the death rate has to catch up with the birth rate, Ehrlich sketches a number of possible forms the near future might take. The most hopeful one, based on "a maturity of outlook and behaviour in the United States that seems unlikely to develop," calls for the starvation of one-fifth of the world's population and a rebuilding after the major die-back in 1985. Others are less hopeful and, as Ehrlich points out, more likely.

He paints a gloomy picture indeed as the result of man's inroads against the death rate without matching advances against the birth rate. And he does not offer much hope that we can escape the coming famines, pestilence, nuclear war and environmental catastrophe. He does, however, offer sample letters to government officials, organizations, plans for direct action, and arguments to use on your friends, all designed to lower the birth rate and encourage realization of the magnitude of the problem.

Ehrlich has no compunctions about the ethics of the situation. It is clear that he sees the situation as desperate, and argues that it is past time for desperate measures. There are, he says,

> *only two kinds of solutions to the population problem. One is a "birth rate solution", in which we find ways to lower the birth rate. The other is a "death rate solution," in which ways to raise the death rate – war, famine, pestilence –* **find us.**

He does not hesitate to draw the appropriate conclusions: contraception, sterilization, and abortion are all, he argues, so clearly preferable to this that moral issues are insignificant. He is even willing to consider involuntary sterilization – suggesting that sterilants might be added to water supplies (where, one wonders?) – finding the only real drawback to be the objections of the people who would be sterilized.

The Quakers are less able to dispense with such moral considerations, and in many ways their ultimate conclusions are more convincing than Ehrlich's more facile ones. Their recommendations arise out of a consideration of the whole situation – including the complex legal situation with respect to abortion, the social consequences of unwanted children, the moral implications of lessening our traditional reverence for the sanctity of human life. Considering all this, the Working Party produced recommendations that no woman or family should be forced to bear an unwanted child, and that therefore contraceptives and contraceptive information should be freely available, that legal and moral restrictions on abortion should be abolished, and that we should abandon or lessen our nearly psychopathic preoccupation with prolonging life and start examining the effects of that prolongation. That this group – presumptively much more morally conservative than Ehrlich, and in fact fundamentally opposed to compulsory abortion and sterilization and to genetic manipulation and selective breeding – should take this position is convincing evidence of the seriousness of the situation.

IN REALLY IMPORTANT WAYS, though, all this is a distraction from the real issue, which is the way our society is organized. Both environmental pollution and overpopulation are intimately involved with our commitment to a large-and-expanding, slightly inflationary, consumer-oriented competitive economy. And until we reassess that commitment we cannot even begin seriously to combat problems like pollution and overpopulation. 'Ehrlich himself says, referring to the problem in its most advanced state, in the U.S.A.:

> *Our entire economy is geared to growing population and monumental waste. Buy land and hold it; the price is sure to go up. Why? Exploding population on a finite planet. Buy natural resources stocks; their price is sure to go up. Why? Exploding population and finite resources. Buy automotive or airline stocks; their price is sure to go up. Why? More people to move around. Buy baby food stocks; their price is sure to go up. Why? You guess. And so it goes. Up goes the population and up goes that magical figure, the Gross National Product*

But if we – Canadians no less than Americans – are to remain committed to two gas-gulping, carbon-monoxide-spewing cars per family, to scabless apples and faultless, plastic-packaged produce, to the whitest wash on the block, to giving our mouths sex appeal, to miracle fabrics and vaginal deodorants and disposable packaging, then we are committed to the disastrous future Ehrlich outlines. We are committed to it regardless of our petitions, our letters to the editor, our bumper stickers and our teachings.

Do you know, offhand, a businessman who's willing to stop manufacturing or selling his product and go out of business because it's unnecessary, much less undesirable? Do you know a worker who'll take kindly to losing his job because he worked at a plant that manufactures DDT or napalm or nerve gas or spills mercury into our water or sulphur dioxide into our air? Would you?

As long as we continue to manufacture and work solely for profit, our economy will welcome every baby as a potential consumer – whether we can afford him or not, whether the world can feed him or not. The kind of statistics that impress businessmen, by and large, are these:

> *each American baby will consume in a 70-year life span, directly or indirectly: 26 million gallons of water, 21 thousand gallons of gasoline, 10 thousand pounds of meat, 29 thousand pounds of milk and cream, $5,000 to $8,000 in school building materials, $6300 worth of clothing, and $7,000 worth of furniture.*

And as long as we insist on manufacturing three times as much as we need – even if it is done to keep the economy moving and people employed – we will destroy three times as much of our environment as we have to. Beacuase you don't produce without simultaneously destroying.

In Atlantic Canada we have, still, a chance to stop before we've ruined our environment and before our population has outstripped our resources. But we've got to start in that direction now, and the way is not by a continuation of our blind industrialization and our reckless competition to attract industry regardless of what it manufactures, regardless of its potential to damage the environment, and regardless of its necessity.

Think about it. Can our environment continue to support the reckless manufacture and dispersal of plastic disposable containers indefinitely? Is there really much likelihood that manufacturers will *voluntarily* stop making them and marketing them as long as there are profits to be made, as long as governments will subsidize their endeavours in order to keep their citizens employed?

The Poverty Wall

The
Poverty
Wall
is
built
of greed,
racism,
and
the
misery of
6,000,000
Canadians.

That
is what
this book
is
all about.

reaction

BOOK REVIEW: When Scholars Go-a-Whoring ... or, Tale of a Duck

OUR FIRST RUBBER DUCK AWARD, you remember, went to the Canadian Pacific Railway. But alas, actually getting the rubber ducks to the recipients is a little chore which tends to be put off. So it was early in April that Contributing Editor John Rousseau wrote to Ian D. Sinclair, president of CPR, to say that he would be in Montreal May 4 and would like an appointment to make the official presentation. Rousseau enclosed a copy of the February/March issue, explaining why the CPR was "unanimously voted" to be the first winner, and said "As President of CPR, you will, I hope, accept the Award in the spirit in which it is being conferred; as a private Canadian citizen, I'm sure you will agree that CPR fills the qualifications to the utmost."

Obviously nettled, Sinclair replied that "due to previous commitments on May 4th, I shall be unable to meet with you," and went on:

> *I am not in agreement with the article that appeared in your magazine and with a view to assisting you with historical facts and to understand better the positive role Canadian Pacific played in the development of Canada, I enclose a recently written book, entitled "Canadian Pacific," by Professor J. Lorne McDougall of Queen's University. I suggest you read it.*
>
> *Yours sincerely,*
>
> *Ian D. Sinclair.*

So we read it. The book tells us that CPR's charter gave it twenty-five million acres of land, including great hunks of the downtowns of many western cities; it was exempted from most forms of taxation; it was permitted to import its building materials duty-free; it was given liberty to build what branches it wanted while being protected by law from all railway competition south of the border by a twenty-year ban on rail lines south between the CPR and the border. Today CPR owns Cominco,(1969 pofits, $31.8 million), which dominates the economy of southeastern B.C., as well as West Kootenay Power and Light, Pine Point Mines, Western Canada Steel, and so forth. CPR is in airlines,hotels, real estate, and ocean shipping. It's a huge financial empire which wouldn't exist if it hadn't had years of subsidy.

All that sounds familiar? It should. That's what we said in the original article. McDougall doesn't challenge *one* of our original facts. The chief difference between us is simply that we don't think government ought to subsidize private profit, while McDougall thinks such an arrangement is altogether splendid.

In fact McDougall is full of the rhetoric of free enterprise, even to the point of making claims for CPR which are, on his own evidence, entirely untrue. He refers to the company as one which "has had to pay its way or perish," a company "which had to cover its costs from the very beginning," conveniently overlooking trifles like $25 million and 25 million acres – and then goes on to tell how CPR repeatedly had to go to Parliament for financial help during the construction of the railway. Perhaps he means that subsidies are a means of "paying one's way" – although in that case the army and the Canada Council are viable commercial enterprises too.

This curious double standard pervades the book. McDougall tells us that Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific "went on to create between them the 'Canadian railway problem' of 1916 and later, using government backing as their primary financial support. And when they ultimately broke down it was almost universally described as the failure of private ownership." But when the CPR succeeds – also with massive government financial support – McDougall sees that success as a triumph of private enterprise.

Interestingly, McDougall manages to suggest that the CPR was built almost solely by its "sober" and "conservative" management, apparently without labour or government assistance. This is the old myth of the CPR as the creation of a handful of heroes of finance and industry – Donald Smith, George Stephen, Van Horne, Shaughnessy. They have been celebrated in song, film and story; there is even an epic poem based on the myth, E. J. Pratt's "Toward the Last Spike." "All the Spikes But the Last," F. R. Scott's riposte to Pratt, applies equally well to McDougall:

Where are the coolies in your poem, Ned?
Where are the thousands from China who swung their picks
with bare hands at forty below?

Between the first and the million other spikes they drove,
and
the dressed-up act of Donald Smith, who has
sung their story?

Did they fare so well in the land they helped to unite?
Did they get one of the 25,000,000 CPR acres?

Is all Canada has to say to them written in the Chinese
Immigration Act?

Yet though the building of the CPR has many facets which McDougall chooses to ignore, it *was* an awesome and essential adventure, and in the context of nineteenth-century North American perhaps the initial grants *were* justified. Our original complaint wasn't about that. But since the CPR was built on grants from the whole Canadian community, and has subsequently become huge, rich and powerful, we argue that it should not object to losing some money on the passenger-carrying part of its operations so long as the company as a whole is earning handsome profits – which it is.

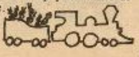
In fact, *on its railway operations alone*, CPR showed a profit for the first quarter of 1970 of a cool $7.3 million. The company's overall profits last year ran to $76.6 million. And at the annual meeting in May Ian Sinclair told the shareholders that federal government subsidy payments had declined in 1970, but that the Canadian Transport Commission had listened sympathetically to the company's case and that subsidies should soon go up, which would help ease the pressure on CP Rail's profits. In other words, if CPR gets a few more million from the government it will be able to distribute a few more million to the shareholders. This caper is presumably known as "paying your own way."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of McDougall's book is the Foreword – which is written by CPR chairman N. R. Crump. Crump tells how the book came about: "while Canadian Pacific initiated it and caused its publication, it has no other responsibility for its contents." The company also opened its files to McDougall and provided him with a research assistant. One hardly supposes the company looked for an unduly impartial author – and revealingly enough McDougall is not a professor of history, as one might expect, but a professor of business. The resulting book is almost inevitably a prostitution of scholarship: The professor as Public Relations Officer. CPR doesn't *need* to take any responsibility for the book's contents: nothing in the book would bring the faintest blush to the cheek of the management.

And what are we to think of the McGill University press, in the light of Crump's comment that CPR "caused its publication?" But then the whole transaction stinks of that unctuous deference which comes so naturally to universities when they approach business interests. Anyone who still thinks the academy doesn't go a-whoring should just look at the people who sit on university boards of governors. Or watch the parade of tycoons to receive honorary degrees each spring. Or read James Ridgeway's recent book, *The Closed Corporation*, which shows some of the commercial agility of professors in the United States – where admittedly the process has gone much further than in Canada. Professors show up as expert witnesses at Senate investigations without mentioning that they are under $25,000 retainers from the companies being investigated.

We considered giving a supplementary Rubber Duck Award to Professor McDougall, but we concluded he really doesn't merit so large an honour. Instead we've established a new award, to be given only under extraordinary circumstances in which a Rubber Duck Award winner has an associate who doesn't warrant a whole duck, but clearly deserves some recognition. The first Tail of the Duck Award goes to Professor McDougall.

And we've reserved McDougall's best line for the last. Canadian Pacific, he tell us, "grew up in a peculiarly intimate interaction with the Canadian nation." Think about that for a minute. And try to keep your mind as clean as CPR's conscience should be.



A FEW NAMES

Within the next few months we intend to publish a directory of useful addresses, chiefly of citizens' groups in Atlantic Canada: anti-pollution groups; anti-population growth groups; labour organizations; peace movement groups; associations of Indians, blacks and French people; women's liberation groups; drug aid centres; independent educational groups; American refugee services; legal aid offices; tenants' associations; independent publications; open-minded religious groups, and so forth.

Who should be included? If you're a member of such a group, or if you know of such a group, send us its name and, if you have it, its address. Or tell us what groups you've tried to reach and couldn't, and we'll try to dig up the address. We'd also like the names of a couple of key people, with their phone numbers.

A second project: we'd like to publish a list of people who should be pressured, such as government officials who preside over inadequate services, officers of polluting companies, slumlords, film censors, and other associated cads, meatballs and public enemies. Your nominations are solicited.

Finally, do you know any public officials with unlisted telephones? Let us know their names (and their numbers if you have them) and we'll publish them.

2nd ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK CRAFTS

JULY 31 - AUG. 2

at the crafts school
Fundy National Park

The crafts featured will represent a selection of some of the finest articles produced in the province. Weaving, jewellery, pottery, woodturning, as well as a variety of other crafts will be included.

A number of demonstrations will be given by the various crafts.

Back of the Book

Wanted!

Wanted, in the first place, a stringent and ceaseless supervision of every street, alley and road, of every court and back yard in this city to prevent accumulations of poisonous filth, endangering the health of its inhabitants. It is wonderful how some people love dirt and pollution. It is wonderful how some folk prefer to throw their vile slops right under the n oses of the passers by, close to their front doors or back doors or under their bedroom windows, so that a draught of sickening vapors and horrid smells is forever circulating thru-out their dwellings, as well as poisoning the air of adjacent thorofares. But it is not wonderful that poor little children, hedged around day and night by cesspools and open gutters and other uncovered receptacles of the repulsive filth, should die off in the hot weather like rotten sheep. The ignorance and inherent dirtiness of some human animals seem well nigh invincible to any influence save that of the strong arm of the law. People of this class should be taught that they cannot be allowed to indulge their love of rottenness and putridity at the expense of other peoples lives. A system of universal cleanliness in and around the dwellings of all classes should be enforced by every influence the public can command.

— from a Saint John, N.B., newspaper
dated August 27, 1866.

The Collector

When Frank picked up his mail one day last month he found the following letter in a plain envelope, handwritten:

> Frank:
>
> I tried to reach you by phone today.
>
> Please phone me at 475-0000 as soon as possible as I have an important matter to discuss with you.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> Mary Elizabeth

Certainly it sounds urgent and important, and yet undeniably there is a hint of promise. No doubt if you are single, like Frank, it wouldn't take you long to satisfy that little tingle of curiosity by calling Mary Elizabeth to discuss that important matter. (Of course, if you are married the situation might be entirely different.) But alas, it really wouldn't matter who called her. You see Mary Elizabeth just wanted the money Frank owed her. Mary Elizabeth, it seems, works for a *Fredericton* collection agency.

Being Poor

Not long ago, Mrs. John MacKinnon of the New Brunswick Department of Health and Welfare addressed the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire. In the course of her talk she asked rhetorically, "What does it mean to be poor?" We are convinced her stinging answers to her own question deserve to be shared with our readers.

Being poor is:

- being a mother and having someone else pick out your child's Christmas gifts.
- being fifteen, and being given a three-year-old dress, and having people mad because you aren't grateful.
- having a Grade Five education and no job, and having people say you're lazy.
- buying a can of lobster once in five years and having the whole province hear about it.
- being the only Brownie in the pack with the discontinued uniform.
- being called a drunkard when you have a beer and you're on welfare.
- standing in line at the cash register and having the line held up while the clerk calls out "Voucher case!"
- staying home from school the day they are collecting for the Red Cross.
- pretending that you don't care that you're poor.
- being seven and not being invited to a birthday party because you live on the other side of the tracks.
- not having your homework done because yourfive brothers and sisters sleep in the same room with you.
- listening to people say, "Everyone has the same chance in life."

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the School in the Barn

Fredericton's independent elementary school, wishes to announce the opening of registration for the fall term of 1970.

The School in the Barn is operated in the belief that learning occurs best in an open situation, when the ratio between students and teachers is low, when the teacher builds on interests already present in the student, and when the student's environment includes not only the classroom, but the community around him. Our stress is on individual growth and development rather than on competition.

Tuition $65.00 monthly; some financial assistance may be available.

If you are interested in knowing more about the school, please write:

The School in the Barn, Inc.
749 Charlotte Street
Fredericton, New Brunswick
or call: 454-5655/475-6851