



**THE QUEBECOR EMPIRE
AFTER PIERRE PÉLADEAU**
By Bernard Bujold

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This text was published in 2007 as a companion piece to the first edition of my official biography: Pierre Péladeau cet inconnu, published in 2003. The second text also marked the 10th anniversary of the death of Quebecor's founder, who passed away on December 24, 1997.

While the biography was a historical overview, the second text was more intimate, with confidences and a personal look at the Quebecor empire and its evolution after the departure of its founder. In 2023, 25 years after the patriarch's death, I wanted to ensure a certain immortality for both texts by making them available in PDF format on the Internet, in both French and English.



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Author's note

Pierre Péladeau was a mythical figure.

As in all myths, there is a part of the truth and another part of mirages and mirrors.

Péladeau knew this, and often said: "Life is theater! I'm an actor, and my stage is the business world. I'd rather have been a real actor, in the movies for example.

I'd like to have been Marlene Dietrich!

I remember this particular conversation because he had asked me to turn up the volume on the radio as we drove to his helicopter parked at Journal de Montréal.

Radio-Canada was playing a song by the German star, and Péladeau was singing along. He went on to tell me that this singer-actress was the idol of his life. Pierre Péladeau loved to tell stories. Sometimes he talked about himself, but more often about the people around him. There wasn't really any secret ground except his business plans. He never talked about his business projects until they were completed, but once they were unveiled, he never stopped putting them front and center to convince everyone that they were the best!



Marlène Dietrich

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Introduction

An Autumn Dream

The Beginning of the Journey

It was a crisp autumn morning. Pierre Péladeau had slept quite well, but he'd had a strange dream. His father had asked for French toast for breakfast, and he couldn't find the rack to put it on the stove. Yet his mother, Elmire, was sitting at the table, buttering her slice of toast and looking at the glass of milk in front of her husband's empty plate!

Pierre Péladeau's father Henri had died one autumn day, and his bankruptcy had considerably reduced the family's lifestyle. Pierre had been raised in a more comfortable house than his neighbors, and a chauffeur often took him to elementary school in Outremont. Since the financial problems, and especially the illness, he had to walk to school. Tomorrow, he would have to go to church. The funeral ceremony was set for 10 a.m. Pierre didn't have a fall coat, and although it was too cold to walk around in a shirt, it was too warm to wear a heavy winter coat (Henri died on October 4, 1935).

Pierre had dated a boy his own age (10), James Wilkinson, a neighbor who lived in the same neighborhood but who had tragically died the previous year of pneumonia.

Pierre had been terribly saddened by his death but had forgotten all about it. Elmire had continued to keep in touch with James's mother, however, and a few days before her husband's funeral, the lady in question had visited Elmire's home to offer her condolences. Pierre's mother had vaguely mentioned that the funeral ceremony was causing a problem for her son, as he had no paletot and she had no money to buy one. The ceremony had been paid for by her brother-in-law, who had been looking after Henri's family since his illness, but she hadn't dared ask him to help dress her youngest. James had been about the same size as Pierre. The neighbor gave him her dead son's coat.

Pierre Péladeau often recounted this anecdote, which he said had had a profound effect on him. Sometimes the details changed, but Pierre always said he'd been deeply humiliated. Having to wear someone else's coat to his father's funeral. Worse still, barely a dozen people had come to the church to attend the mass and the lowering of the body into the ground. None of the lumberyard employees showed up. Yet Henri Péladeau had often helped his employees financially, discreetly paying the bills for several families. Pierre's father was a generous man. Why so much indifference to someone who had been good to them?

Pierre Péladeau would often say that it was this humiliation that had motivated his desire to make money. His father's situation during the last months of his life, and the abandonment of his father's friends, had created a kind of rage that would stay with Pierre until his own death in 1997. He always repeated that he didn't live for money but for the passion of imposing his idea on others and winning the bid by becoming the owner of the company under negotiation. He then became respected and powerful. He also loved convincing for its own sake. A sort of magician who knew how to read his interlocutor's mind, understand his strengths and weaknesses, and, above all, seduce him into following him: "If you can discover the other person's weakness, you have an advantage in negotiation.

Is the person in front of you motivated by sex, fame or cash? If you know this information, you can offer what they want and get what you want in return. Nine times out of ten, the trick will work and you'll control your opponent."

Pierre Péladeau got physical satisfaction from control. The pride in imposing his ideas probably canceled out the pain of the humiliation suffered in 1935.



Elmire and his son Pierre Péladeau



Chapter 1

Sweet revenge and the birth of an empire

At the time of his death in December 1997, Pierre Péladeau was managing a company with over 34,000 employees, sales of \$6.3 billion, and net earnings of \$146.8 million. The company he had created, QUEBECOR Inc. comprised three entities whose activities complemented each other.

The first division, and the one that had been the foundation of the empire, was COMMUNICATIONS QUEBECOR Inc. which brought together newspapers, with the Journal de Montréal at its core. Profits were not enormous (revenues of \$439 million in 1996), but visibility was significant.

The power held by Le Journal de Montréal served to open many doors in business and politics and create respect for Pierre Péladeau as an entrepreneur.

The empire's second subsidiary was the pulp and paper division, DONOHUE Inc. (revenues of \$1.6 billion in 1996). Rumor had it that Robert Bourassa had done Péladeau a favor by selling him the Donohue mills owned by the Quebec government (\$356 million on February 20, 1987).

For Quebecor, this acquisition gave a boost to operations and, above all, ensured a steady supply of paper for the group's newspapers.

Péladeau became its own supplier, no longer having to turn to other manufacturers, sometimes from a position of weakness, in times of paper shortage.

It was this third entity, however, that turned Quebecor into a global empire. IMPRIMERIES QUEBECOR inc. (revenues of \$4.2 billion in 1996). Initially made up of a few presses used to print Quebecor's in-house publications, the company's blossoming began with the death of Robert Maxwell on November 5, 1991.

ROBERT MAXWELL

It was in 1987 that Péladeau agreed to join forces with Maxwell, following an invitation from the Bank of Nova Scotia's Vice-President for Quebec, André Bisson.

The owner of London's Daily Mirror (circulation close to 4 million) was looking for a paper supplier and wanted to set up a plant in North America. The association with a Canadian company was legally essential for Maxwell, while Péladeau found Donohue's debt burdensome, and

was looking for a partner to share the costs and, above all, the risk. Maxwell became this partner after negotiations that Péladeau described as spectacular, and which he often recounted to anyone who would listen.

The spats between him and Maxwell at the Ritz in Montreal were said to be a high point of the war and featured prominently in the Quebec tycoon's speaking engagements. Maxwell had agreed to invest \$156 million in exchange for only 49% of the shares, whereas he had demanded 51%.

Robert Maxwell was a larger-than-life character. He was born in Hungary on June 10, 1923, placing him in the same generation as Pierre Péladeau. Maxwell's military career began in 1940 with the British Army, where he enlisted as a foreign soldier. He fought there until the Liberation on May 4, 1945.

Robert Maxwell was born Jan Ludvik Hoch into a poor Jewish family. When his home region was occupied by the Third Reich, he managed to escape, but his family was exterminated. When he later became a British citizen, he changed his name to Robert Maxwell.

Maxwell was proud of his exploits in the army, but it was his second career that made him a world-famous citizen. In 1944, he married Elisabeth Meynard (Betty Maxwell), whom he had met during the war as a nurse.

They settled in London, his new adopted home, where he used his connections to set up various sales companies. Among other things, he published the

scientific journals of the German specialist publisher Springer Verlag, at a time when this publisher was forbidden to do so in its own name. Building on the success of this operation, in 1951 he bought the small publisher Pergamon, which became the foundation of his empire. Pergamon was to Maxwell what the Journal de Montréal was to Pierre Péladeau. This similarity brought the two men together when they met to negotiate a partnership in Donohue.

In Maxwell's case, it was by operating internationally in the sale of encyclopedias and scientific journals that he quickly made his fortune and developed Pergamon into a major publisher. He entered politics, serving as a Labour MP in the British House of Commons from 1964 to 1970, but was not re-elected. He was criticized for his brusque, arrogant manner.

Maxwell took his company public but quarreled so much with the shareholders that in 1969 he lost control of the company. He later used his Maxwell Foundation to regain control in 1974. Then, in 1981, he bought out the British Printing Company to create the Maxwell Communications Corporation group. It was at this time that he bought the group publishing the British newspaper The Daily Mirror, as well as the publisher Reed International.

By 1987, he was at the height of his powers, with numerous holdings in various businesses, mainly in the media sector. He acted as the star of his empire, often writing for his newspapers, including The

Daily Mirror. He was even one of Francis Bouygues' partners in the project to privatize the French TV channel TF1. It is said that he became a friend of François Mitterrand.

Throughout his business career, however, Maxwell was perceived as an aggressive and sometimes illegal executive. He managed his empire according to dubious financial criteria and lacked financial stability. During his lifetime, Robert Maxwell always silenced critics thanks to his power in the media and the art of concealing reality. He was a skilled liar...

By the time Pierre Péladeau joined forces with Maxwell in the spring of 1987, the latter was an important and respected media owner, but the London tycoon's situation was beginning to crumble and show signs of weakness.

It was the failure of The European newspaper, launched in 1990, that triggered the downfall and forced Maxwell to sell Pergamon to the Elsevier group. He used the funds to buy the New York Daily News, which Péladeau admired, but journalists began investigating the possible misappropriation of funds from the retirement pensions of his companies' employees.

Quebecor executives had also become uncomfortable with Maxwell's failure to pay Donohue's paper purchase accounts. He claimed to be a partner, and kept proposing deals to defer payment.

On November 5, 1991, at the age of 68, Maxwell reportedly fell from his yacht off the Canary Islands. His

body was found floating in the Atlantic Ocean, partially eaten by fish. Although the official cause of death was accidental drowning, many believe it was murder or suicide. Among the many rumors heard was that he was a Mossad agent. He was allegedly killed while trying to recover the money he had lent to Mossad.

The Israeli secret service refused, and eliminated him for fear that Maxwell would reveal a great deal of secret information to the public.

This was the opinion of Pierre Péladeau, to whom I had announced Maxwell's death. His immediate reaction was to tell me:

"They pushed him overboard. He was playing with dangerous people who stop at nothing."

Robert Maxwell's companies did not survive him and went bankrupt, which turned out to be a boon for Quebecor, which was able to buy back the shares in partnership with Maxwell at a bargain price. In 1990, Quebecor Printing joined forces with Maxwell Graphic. In 1991, when Maxwell's empire was in financial difficulties, all activities were merged into Quebecor. It could even be argued that it was through this transaction that Quebecor Printing was able to launch its global expansion, thanks in particular to the purchase of the stake in Maxwell Graphics' 16 plants in the United States.

Maxwell's misfortune was Quebecor's good fortune!

At the time of Pierre Péladeau's death, Quebecor Printing had consolidated revenues of US\$3.1 billion

(1996), net earnings of US\$126.3 million, and 30,000 employees. In 2002, the number of employees peaked at 40,000.

Today, in December 2007, Quebecor Printing is in dire financial straits.

Shares that once traded at nearly \$40 in 2002 are now selling for less than \$2 each, and Quebecor World's debt stands at more than 2.4 billion. The company now has just 120 plants and 29,000 employees. Revenues in 2006 reached US\$6.086 billion, with net earnings of \$28.3 million. Consolidated revenues for the first nine months of 2007 were \$4.17 billion, compared with \$4.47 billion for the same period in 2006. For the first nine months of 2007, Quebecor World reported a net loss from operations of \$374 million, compared with net earnings of \$19 million for the same period in 2006.

Quebecor Inc. has become the king of the Internet through its subsidiary Videotron, but its printing plants are on their last legs. In a sense, it's back to square one, and the coup pulled off by Pierre-Karl Péladeau in February 1995 in France, with the acquisition of the plants of the bankrupt Jean Didier Group, could be repeated, but at Quebecor's expense.

THE DEATH OF QUEBECOR WORLD

(Text added January 17, 2008)

The second largest printer in the world was the work of Pierre Péladeau. QUEBECOR WORLD printing plants, however, were developed by Charles Cavell, a true

motivator and the man truly responsible for propelling the company into the ranks of world leaders. He retired in February 2003 after 15 years at the helm of the subsidiary.

I've received several e-mails from people asking me what Pierre Péladeau would think if he were still alive. Some add that he must be turning over in his grave (he has no grave, having been cremated...).

In my opinion, the only mistake made by the management of Quebecor Printing is not to have sold before the decline in titles and the obvious perception that the defeat of printing in the face of the Internet was inevitable. The printing industry is definitively losing ground, and we can conclude that this service will become an element of convergence rather than a sector in its own right. Quebecor should have kept the printing plants for its newspapers and magazines but divested its facilities elsewhere in the world in order to concentrate on the Internet sector.

But a business owner never agrees to reduce his or her power and prestige until he or she has to, and it's often too late. Only true entrepreneurs agree to give up in the middle of the game, and Pierre Péladeau Sr. was one of them. He was, of course, a rebel in his early days, but once he had his financial base firmly in place, he never risked everything again on a project, and he didn't hesitate to close a division quickly if it was unprofitable, despite the sometimes contrary advice of the managers concerned.

As I've written elsewhere in this text (see chapter 4), Pierre Péladeau was a contradiction in terms, because he nurtured the myth of the risk-taking go-getter, but in reality, he had a very conservative style and always delayed decision-making until the last minute. This had the advantage that after a while, 9 times out of 10, the problem had disappeared or resolved itself. However, Péladeau was very quick to eliminate a company that wasn't turning a profit.

In the case of QUEBECOR WORLD, the only solution was to sell, except that the company is now worth nothing on the stock market! The situation is reminiscent of NORTEL.

Business enterprises are like trees. The normal life cycle includes birth, growth, maturity, and, inevitably, death. The challenge for an entrepreneur is to try to choose the right moment for the end of his business, but as they say in a Philippe Noiret film: "There are a hundred ways to die, and you can't always choose which one to use...".

THE TELEVISION BUSINESS

(Text added January 28, 2008)

At one time, television was a privileged economic sector, because advertising brought in a lot of money and the prestige of working in it was highly sought-after.

Pierre Péladeau loved this sector and saw the acquisition of the TQS network in 1997 as a new toy. It was a sort of festive gift he had given himself to make

his retirement a pleasant one. I was happy too, because I've always loved the medium of television, and he'd promised me that I'd be the news anchor at TQS.

In another life, I'd been a host at a small regional station, while doing the daily news readout at CHAU-TV in Gaspésie. Those were the days! I was 19 years old and society back then was unpretentious. It was long before the Internet (1976) and we received our news on a sort of noisy fax machine with a keyboard, supplied by a news agency in Quebec City. For the weather, I'd look outside before the bulletin and improvise (the worst part is that it's true...).

I often talked about this period with the founder of Quebecor. Pierre Péladeau wanted to develop TQS into a local, totally Montreal station. Would he have succeeded? Probably, because he had the financial means and a sense of convergence. He also knew Montreal and the entertainment industry inside out. He even took the first steps towards hiring Marcel Béliveau, the man who created the Surprise Sur Prise concept, as general manager.

Unfortunately, Pierre died before he could put his ideas into action. Marcel Béliveau was never hired, and neither was I as anchor...

Today, in 2008, when I walk past the TQS television network offices at 612 St-Jacques Street in Montreal, it brings back many memories. I sometimes think that the building must be bad luck, because the two companies

that live there (TQS and QUEBECOR WORLD) are in serious financial difficulty, not to say bankruptcy.

TQS is even sadder than QUEBECOR WORLD because it's a small organization that should normally have done well and succeeded in the marketplace. I don't really know what to say when people ask me why these financial failures. Much of what Pierre Péladeau touched and turned to gold is now sand dust. For those who believe in ghosts, this could be a message from the afterlife on the part of the former Quebec tycoon. In fact, a giant photo of Pierre Péladeau stares back at you as you enter the Rue St-Jacques lobby... But you'd better believe that's the way life goes. Time goes by, and with it go the institutions and creations of the people of the time: Bronfman, Steinberg, Hollinger, and so on. Good luck to the new projects of 2008, for they will, for a time, be the pillars of their era! Unless you prefer ghosts?

Note: TQS was sold by QUEBECOR in 2002 when it acquired rival network TVA (Videotron).



Robert Maxwell



Pierre Péladeau in his office on 612 Saint-Jacques Street - 1996



Chapter 2

Believing in immortality despite a death foretold

Pierre Péladeau lived 72 years (April 11, 1925 to December 24, 1997) and towards the end of his life, even if he never spoke of his death, he often alluded to a life after death.

He asked his friends to plead and beg him when he died. It might help "because he had all the time in the world." He often prayed to his mother and he was convinced that it helped him on many occasions. He loved his father Henry but his mother Elmire he admired and he attributed to having restored the honor on behalf of Peladeau. For Pierre, the fact that people invoke their prayers would be a sign of respect and just a kind of eternal revenge for the humiliations of his youth.

Pierre Péladeau did not spare his health and he never watched his diet. He swam every day but rather to reduce the annoyance of his physical condition. He hated the loneliness and he loved having guests at home. It is often compared to his residence at an inn so there was a comings and goings of visitors and strangers. This has also posed difficulties for children in the family of Pierre disliked the lack of intimacy.

Péladeau loved to hear constant background noise in places where it was like to reassure him that it was not alone. While we were visiting Baie-Comeau, where he owned enterprises, he entered the lounge of the hotel Le Manoir and looked toward the television. He said: "It's amazing the life that this device leads to a room. I like getting into a room where there is noise. In Ste-Adele, I always leave the radio on and when I arrive, I mean life in the room. I hate silence. People like that but I am not able! "

He was the youngest athlete in tennis but alcohol had considerably damaged his body and he knew it. He had stopped drinking in 1972, He was replaced by that he loved coffee black, without sugar or milk. He loved the sugar but in desserts. He gorged himself often ice cream or fruit pies. But he liked his coffee black!

One day he invited me for the weekend, my friend and I had brought him a dozen varieties of ice cream Häagen Dazs. He was eager to go and hide in his freezer jokingly that would certainly try to steal ...

One could say that the death of Pierre Péladeau was a death foretold. On several occasions, I witnessed his physical weaknesses, but he never wanted to admit his problem. He often seemed on the verge of collapse and he asked to sit and have coffee to go.

Once he had a weakness just before a conference in a hotel on the south shore of Montreal (The Association of Motorcycle Clubs Snow in Quebec). I thought he would die on the spot But he answered and he said he had

nothing except a slight heat. Another time, in October 1995, we were in the helicopter towards Lac Megantic for a conference on a Saturday evening. The pilot had difficulties because of the strong winds of autumn and 5 passengers, all employees of Quebecor, were afraid of crashing. Peladeau joking with us but I noticed he left his pocket, every 5 minutes, a small plastic bottle containing the Nitro for his heart. He repeated this action several times until landing. After landing, he smiled and joked over fine but I noticed his inner fear.

Quebecor owns two helicopters with a very modern model (Long Ranger IV 206-L4) but during the trip to the Eastern Townships, we still had the first machine that had The helicopter was used by Bush and Donohue that Quebecor had purchased for the use of the company. The machine, BELL-IV model 206-B, was old and one of the doors opened at times when we were in flight. Luckily we had seatbelts ...

A FIREARM

Another anecdote was reported that the physical aging of Pierre Péladeau was the afternoon that we spent shooting in the center of the Montreal police in the fall of 1996.

Peladeau had several firearms in his home in Ste-Adele, and he had even been photographed in the magazine Monday with a shotgun beside his bed. He also had an old German Luger and was said to sleep with weapons at hand. But personally, I'm not even sure if the

ammunition was still available for this antiquity. Anyway, someone had gone into the house in Ste-Adele had stolen the gun and he asked me to find another gun to protect themselves from thieves.

We wanted to be within the law the most complete and we asked the Police Chief of Montreal, Jacques Duchesneau, to help us in the process. The latter had explained the process for obtaining a permit and we were even invited to buy the gun with the gunsmith police to act as an intermediary. The chosen weapon was a pistol for women who slips into a handbag. A white enamel with a small silver gun metal whose official name is "Back Up DA caliber 380."

Jacques invited us to come and try the weapon at the gun club on Wellington Street. As Pierre became familiar with his purchase, Duchesneau had invited me and the pilot and a lawyer that Peter wanted to engage, to try a real gun from a policeman. He began by making us a firing demonstration and assured us that it was better not to attack. Jacques could draw like in the movies! The pilot, a lawyer and I've missed the target ...

During our shooting session, Pierre, who had remained in his corner, "cried Jacques to come because" it does not work this patent. He preferred his former Luger ... In fact, it does not work because Pierre Péladeau lacked the physical strength required to initiate the small handgun. Jacques looked at me in and very low voice he said: "It is better that the bandit is not too big for Mr. Peladeau will not do him much harm ..." Pierre had felt

humiliated and he said he was satisfied that the test and was returning to the office. He never spoke with us about his difficulties in starting the gun.

THE FATAL MOMENT

On the afternoon of December 2, 1997, he came into my office before lunch. It was rather quiet and he did file a document on my desktop without really discussing. He knew he had an interview with a host on Radio-Canada at 14 hours 30 but he left breakfast walk without her driver and he would return in time for the interview.

Around 14 hours I was on the phone to complete the list of guests at the concert of the Metropolitan Orchestra was on view in the evening and attended Pierre Péladeau. The director of the Metropolitan Orchestra, Orchestra which was supported financially by Quebecor at various levels, provided us with tickets courtesy of inviting Péladeau people he considered interesting and liked the company.

Everyone who works in public relations knows that it is always difficult to compile a complete list of guests and needs to contact several people before having enough people. It even has a nickname for individuals at the bottom of the list of names, a "Joker". The "Jokers" are used as replacements for last-minute cancellations of an invitation from the top of the list. Always have one or two jokers on the list!

That evening, Pierre Péladeau was to be accompanied by a friend, an Acadian who worked for a publisher of textbooks. Twenty other people would also go. I have already recounted in detail on several occasions, including my 2003 book (see link on the site), how in the afternoon of December 2, 1997, the secretary had arrived in a panic to tell me that Mr. Péladeau was unwell. I rushed to see it sat motionless in a chair on the small coffee table in his office.

It was the beginning of the end of King Pierre Péladeau to be in a coma until December 24, when the family decided that there was no turning back outside of sleep.



Pierre Péladeau - 1995

Chapter 3

Rebellion in the palace

A tale of conspiracy and and war in the empire

Pierre Péladeau believed in conspiracies and always feared betrayal by even his closest collaborators.

He regularly checked their dedication with specific requests. One day he asked me to show him the envelope containing a hundred photo reproductions I'd ordered in response to media requests.

He wanted to be sure that the number of photos corresponded to the number on the invoice. He looked in the envelope and told me he just wanted to check...

Quebecor executives didn't have a lot of freedom when it came to spending money unless they worked in a subsidiary. But working at the head office meant accepting the daily scrutiny of President Pierre Péladeau. There were no expense accounts, and those who wanted to submit invoices had to do so to Pierre in person. Many preferred to pay for restaurant meals or golf memberships out of their own pockets.

This situation gave rise to a sort of festive atmosphere after his death, as several vice presidents started going out to lunch.

I remember one individual in particular who brought his lunch to his office every day in a paper bag. After the

president's death, he started taking his lunches at the hotel across the street and inviting his friends from other Montreal companies.

Long live the new King!

During the last year of his life in 1997, some Quebecor executives began talking about replacing Pierre, who was considered too old and less energetic.

He disagreed and organized a fightback against the executives in question. You could say he had aborted a kind of "putsch". Many of the leaders of the revolt had reached agreements to leave in early 1998. Unfortunately, because of his death, most of the dismissed leaders were able to extend their stay.

BEWARE OF THOSE AROUND YOU

As Donald Trump writes in his recent book:

"In business, you have to surround yourself with collaborators, but you never know when they're going to turn against you.

You can never trust them completely because if animals are predators to survive, many humans are mean because they are jealous and, in some cases, they like to see others suffer.

Conspiracies and smear campaigns do exist, and I personally witnessed several such situations when I was assistant to tycoon Pierre Péladeau.

In fact, we regularly hired detective firms to obtain proof of our suspicions and were recommended to check monthly for wiretaps to be installed in our offices. That

was before the Internet. Imagine what it would be like today?

Pierre Péladeau wasn't the only one who had to deal with betrayal by those closest to him. Betrayal is part of life in general, but Pierre didn't trust anyone.

he always double-checked the information he was given. One of his techniques was to ask three different people for the same research. He would compare the results and who had lied to him.

Usually, those responsible for betrayal were those who were thought to be the most honest. Among the conspiracies uncovered at Quebecor, an accountant in charge of payroll who defrauded the company, a family assistant who invested the profits from the family's stock market transactions in his own account, and to top it all off, Pierre Péladeau allegedly arrived unannounced at the home of one of his lovers one day, only to be surprised when one of Quebecor's top executives came to open the door for him... in his skivvies.

In short, there was no shortage of examples of betrayal! What was the solution? "Eliminate the traitors when they're discovered, and then continue on your way," said Pierre Péladeau.

Personally, I always told him the facts as they were, and Pierre came to regard me as someone who was completely loyal and devoted to him. In fact, I had the "putsch" failed and helped identify those responsible.

A PLOT

However, I had to pay for my loyalty to Pierre Péladeau, and after his death, I immediately became the target of a plot to prevent me from working at Quebecor and elsewhere in Quebec.

I would never have had the proof if it hadn't been for a mistake on the part of an employer who talked too much and revealed the game of the one who was messing with me. When Pierre Péladeau died on December 24, 1997, I was immediately dismissed on January 6 by the new interim president, Jean Neveu, who didn't even want me to be transferred to a subsidiary.

He wanted me to leave the Quebecor fold entirely. I asked him why, and he simply said he didn't think I'd be of any use to the company.

My dismissal was announced in the midst of the ice storm, on the very first day after the holiday break, on January 6, 1998.

For a moment I thought the world had come to an end.

There was no electricity in Montreal and the city was in a state of emergency.

Pierre Péladeau had died despite hanging on in a coma for a month, and I was out of a job despite my devotion to Quebecor and its founder.

As I walked down the stairs of my 8-story high-rise residential building in total darkness (the elevators no longer worked), I told myself that the apocalypse couldn't get any worse and that it was time to move on. and that this was the end of humanity...

I came to my senses, however, once the weather and electricity situation had returned to normal, and I was logically convinced that I could quickly find myself another job because, as assistant to the president of Quebecor, I knew all of Quebec Inc. and several top executives had often told me over the past few years that they appreciated my qualifications. Some even added that they were my friends!

But strangely enough, many promising interviews always ended in rejection, for no good reason. Sometimes, I seemed to notice the elements of some kind of plot against me, but without any real proof. A few company presidents mentioned to me that a negative rumor was circulating about me in their networks, but no one would elaborate. I finally got the all-important confirmation that a minister in Bernard Landry's government had hired me.

Bernard Landry's government had hired me without anyone outside the government knowing about it. I started work but before the end of the first day, the chief of staff said to me in the afternoon:

"Bernard I have a big problem. I've just received a phone call from someone very powerful in Quebec and I won't be able to keep you on because we'll be causing trouble for the minister. No reason other than the fear of the person who phoned. Sorry!"

It was obvious that the person in question was no stranger to negative actions against me, except that I'd never had it openly admitted before. Now, for the first

time, someone was explaining to me why he wouldn't, or rather couldn't, hire me. It had been wrong of him to admit the real reason, but at last, I had proof that the campaign against me was not a figment of my imagination. I hired a detective, a personal friend and a retired City of Montreal police officer, to find out who the perpetrator was, and we discovered who it was, except that I was much less powerful than this person.

The lawsuit would have been costly for me. Over \$10,000 just to put together the file for an investigation by the detective agency, and tens of thousands more for legal fees to defend the case before a judge.

It was better to wait for the right time to get even, especially since I was looking for a job. A lawyer friend of mine negotiated \$1,500 for my day's work with the Minister.

As a famous businessman once said:

"You have to pick your battles according to your chances of winning them!"

I also told myself that life would take care of making those who had hurt me pay. Fate is sometimes more just and cruel than any court of law...



Pierre Péladeau and his personal staff - 1996



Pierre Péladeau and Bernard Bujold - 1997

Chapter 4

Blood ties

Pierre Karl Péladeau

For Pierre Péladeau, blood ties were the most important. He would have liked all his children to be successful in business, especially his daughters. But the man had difficulty relating to his children and was never able to impose his success and methods on his descendants.

He had to accept the qualities and faults of each of 7 his children, which was not easy for him. In addition, the three eldest children unconsciously blamed him for the death of their mother, his first wife Raymonde Chopin, who died in Switzerland in October 1976 at the age of 47. The children held their father responsible, even though he had in fact sent his wife to Switzerland at great expense, to a health clinic, to try to cure her.

Pierre Péladeau loved his family dearly and maintained a close relationship with his sisters and brothers. He regularly invited them to his home in Ste-Adèle. I once saw him teasing his sister, and never had I seen him so happy. Usually, Pierre always had a kind of sadness in his eyes, but never when he was with his sister.

As for his children, Pierre Péladeau had great admiration for Pierre-Karl. He was handsome, energetic, and intelligent. In a way, the father saw himself in his son, the one he would have liked to be.

Pierre-Karl was not welcomed with open arms after his father's death. I remember a Quebecor executive who came to see me after my dismissal was announced and said: "There's going to be a lot of tug-of-war. Pierre-Karl isn't ready to take over, and the board is going to have to rein him in.

We're going to put him on the 4th floor (the 13th floor was reserved for senior executives) and he'll have to obey orders. Later, in

4 or 5 years, if he's competent, he'll be able to think about managing, but we're a long way from that day!"

I replied to my friend that senior management was forgetting one thing. The two shareholders inheriting control are Pierre-Karl and Érik.

My prediction proved correct. In less than 15 months, at the beginning of 1999, Pierre-Karl Péladeau became President and CEO of Quebecor Inc. Pierre-Karl's actions as CEO included the acquisition of the Toronto Sun group, which closed in January 1999. The purchase of World Color Press in the same year was another highlight, as was the sale of Quebecor's interest in Donohue in April 2000, when Abitibi Consolidated became the new owner of the plants.

Some critics of these transactions say that it was these decisions that triggered Quebecor's current financial

difficulties. The \$5.4 billion acquisition of Vidéotron in March 2000 forced the company into debt.

Has the son mismanaged his father's legacy?

KEEPING THINGS SIMPLE

Pierre Péladeau "père" had a single management theory: simplicity. He called it K.I.S.S. ("Keep it simple stupid"). But humor aside, the fact remains that all successful entrepreneurs keep things simple.

Sales have to exceed expenses, and there has to be a profit at the end of the line. When you start thinking about formulas like derivatives and mathematical formulas for long-term profit, there's a risk. Péladeau said that the mistake made by many entrepreneurs is to hope to make a profit by selling several products at a loss, but to believe that they can make up for it with the volume of scale. A thousand apples sold for less than you paid for them will never turn a profit. Jean Coutu, Alain Bouchard, Laurent Beaudoin and André Bérard, among others, all applied a simple formula to build their empires. "If we make money, we keep going. If not, we get out of the business.

Pierre Péladeau used to say that the best quality for a businessman is not to think, but to sell and make money. "If you start thinking about this and that and making plans on paper to foresee every possibility, you're going to end up afraid to do anything. You have to keep the machine running and sell every product at a profit. It's that simple! Jean Coutu runs his inventory without

thinking about whether he's a great pharmacist. He's a retailer. André Bérard was a good banker because he knew when loans were paying off. And when there was no money to be made, he closed the account!"

Péladeau Péladeau also said that you have to know how to surround yourself with people. Pierre-Karl made Videotron a success because he was able to put in place a team that knew the cable technology sector inside out. The development of the Internet within society, in general, was also a natural helper for Quebecor, and we call this "good timing". The reaction of Bell executives, however, was the wrong one, believing that the name and reputation of Bell Canada would prevent consumers from abandoning them. Today's consumer is like the Coutu, Bérard, and Péladeau of yesteryear: he's disloyal and buys based on price. With equal service, the consumer will choose the cheapest product, especially if the quality of Internet and telephone service is the same from one company to the next.

What will happen to Quebecor Inc. in the next few years? Nothing lasts forever, and companies are like living matter. If a company stops being profitable, it dies. Péladeau called it the bicycle.

"When you're riding a bicycle, the worst thing you can do is stop pedaling...".



Family members of Pierre Péladeau at the Pavillon des Arts



Pierre-Karl, his father and Bernard Bujold - Christmas 1992

Chapter 5

The Art of Combat

Play to win

Pierre Péladeau didn't like sporting competitions, except for tennis. He claimed to have been Quebec champion, and he proved it by showing us a photo that had been published in one of his biographies, that of Colette Chabot. I, too, am a tennis fan, particularly professional tennis, and in the 1990s Du Maurier was the sponsor of the Montreal tournament.

I still remember that Sunday afternoon, July 30, 1995, when we were at Du Maurier Stadium as a couple, Pierre Péladeau with his girlfriend of the time and me with mine. We were watching the André Agassi vs. Pete Sampras match and, for some inexplicable reason, Péladeau had taken a dislike to Agassi and was rooting for Sampras. "Agassi is a thug with his long hair. Sampras will clean him up!" said Péladeau. Except that it was Agassi who was washing the other guy...

Pierre Péladeau stood up in the 2nd set and said he didn't like the match. He was on his way back to Ste-Adèle. I tried to get him to say hello to Agassi's girlfriend, the

beautiful Brooke Shield, who was sitting next to us, but he wouldn't listen.

He wouldn't listen. The friend who accompanied me was stunned by his reaction!

In 2005, the situation was reversed. The entire Stadium crowd was rooting for André Agassi, who was about to retire after the Montreal tournament. We wanted to see him finish on a high note.

Unfortunately, Rafael Nadal won.

Pierre Péladeau was no longer with us, but it's quite possible that he would have sided with Agassi, because he was unpredictable and liked people who fought to survive.

What's more, Agassi had no hair (bald head) and it was Nadal who looked like a rebel.

Péladeau hated long-haired rebels.

Pierre Péladeau didn't like to lose. I'd even say he was a bad loser. He acted like a child and would sulk if you beat him.

He retained this trait until his death.

FEAR IN HIS EYES

Péladeau said he played to win and was convinced that everything was decided by the way you thought about and looked at your opponent.

"A man's worst enemy is his inability to control his fear and know when to back off and when to forge ahead and to move forward.

Pierre Péladeau used to say that he was never afraid to look someone in the eye when he spoke to them, whether they were a menacing big man or a simple janitor.

He often recounted the anecdote of his walks in Philadelphia (Philadelphia Journal 1977) when he had to walk through a bad part of town to get to his hotel.

"I've never been bothered by street gangs. If I was accosted, I chatted with them and often shook their hands."

I personally observed Péladeau doing just that when there was a very noisy demonstration in front of Quebecor's head office. It was September 1993.

Le Journal de Montréal was locked out for the renewal of the pressmen's collective agreement, and the paper was printed in Cornwall in a non-unionized plant. There had been acts of violence, and dynamite had even been found in the lockers of Journal employees. Quebecor's helicopter had been relocated to avoid vandalism.

vandalism.

One day, we were warned that a march of demonstrators was going to take place in front of the head office at 612 St-Jacques. The driver was in a panic and said:

"Mr. Péladeau, the situation is very serious. We're going to need a riot police escort to get out of the garage or we're going to be lynched."

Péladeau called the driver a coward and ordered him to hide in the upstairs kitchen with the secretaries. He would eat across the street, alone and on foot.

With my own eyes, I saw Pierre Péladeau exit through the building's main door and head straight down the street

towards the crowd of demonstrators as if nothing was happening.

Strikers asked him where he was going.

"I'm off to eat. You should too..."

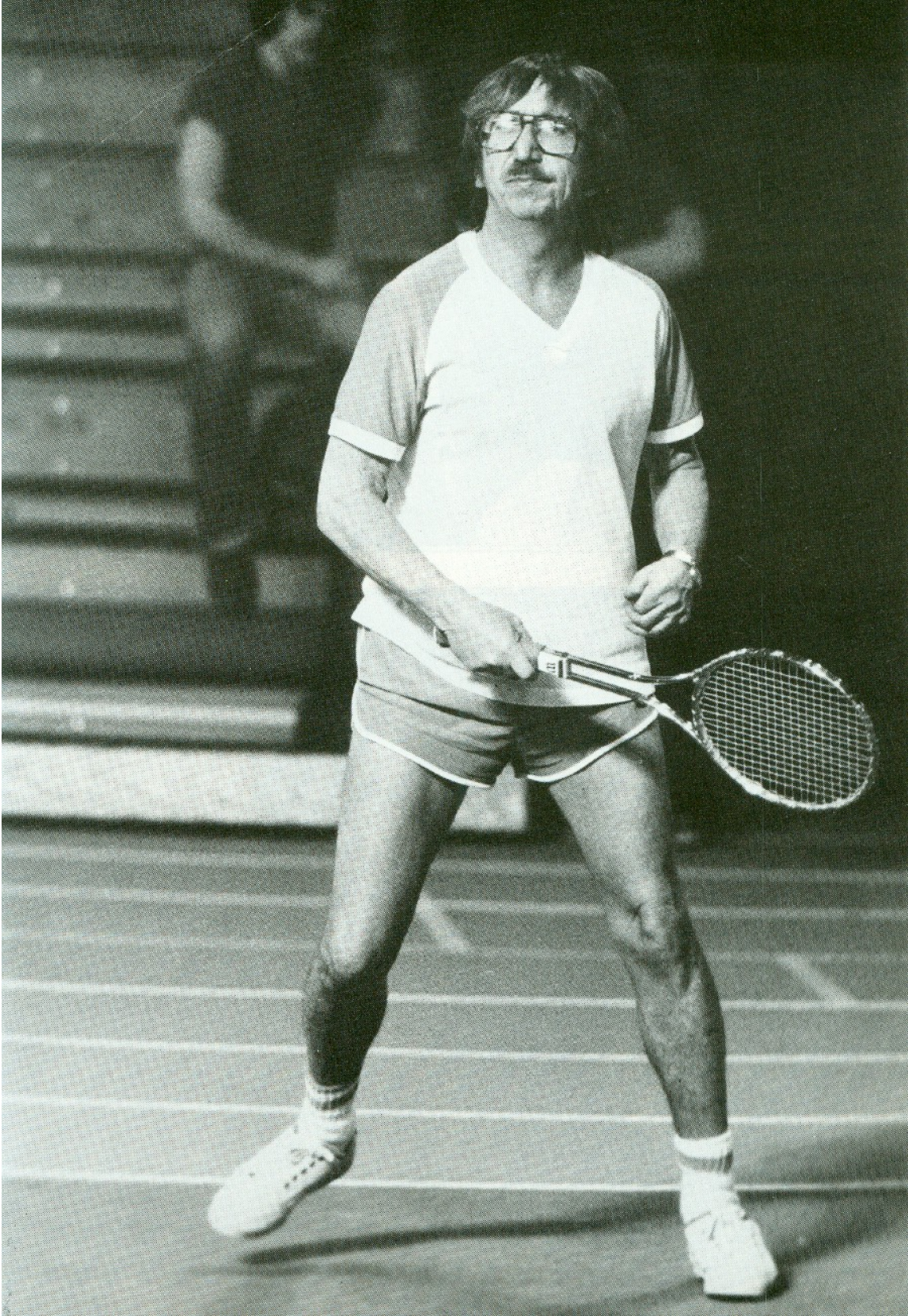
Curiously, the demonstrators greeted him and called him "Monsieur Péladeau".

Some even offered him their hand, which Péladeau accepted to shake. A pressman who knew Pierre gave him a hug and said:

"It's not your fault, it's your son Pierre-Karl who runs the Journal. He's less human than you are. You should get involved and come and negotiate with us. We'll settle this like we did in the good old days."

Péladeau told them "he'd think about it, but for the time being, he had to leave them to go to his date, a new blonde..."

Sometime later, Pierre-Karl Péladeau was put in charge of Quebecor Printing in Europe, and another executive was sent to the Journal de Montréal.





Pierre Péladeau - 1991

Chapter 6

Friend or Foe

Hidden Feelings

Pierre Péladeau either liked or disliked a person and he never hid his opinion.

It was part of his personality.

But my cruelest discovery was to learn that several members of "Quebec Inc" hated and despised Péladeau in secret. When he was alive, those who disliked him were afraid of his financial power and they never admitted their feelings publicly. We praised him in the hope of taking advantage of his favors and above all, of not being the target of a press magnate who could be very vindictive. Once dead, however, these same people had nothing more to feared and they no longer hesitated to show their disdain towards Pierre Péladeau who had been, according to them, a vulgar character and without any class.

Several business and organizational leaders have often expressed this feeling to me during the months following his death. Never middle-class people but always intellectuals and do-gooders. This surprised me but above all deeply saddened me. Even a job search consultant (Murray Axsmith) had recommended that

I remove the Pierre Péladeau mention from my resume. I was appalled by his suggestion.

Of course, it is normal to have enemies and Pierre Péladeau did not hide displaying his feelings towards several several people. But to discover that so many leaders secretly despised Péladeau, I was overwhelmed to find out.

I do not intend here to make a debate of it and I have chosen instead to tell you about six specific cases, among the most significant and very notorious, concerning friends and enemies of Pierre Péladeau.

PIERRE ELLIOTT TRUDEAU

Among his enemies was the former Prime Minister of Canada, Pierre Trudeau (1919-2000).

The latter was a very special character and you could love him for his brilliant mind or hate him for his arrogance. But in the case of Péladeau, his hatred came from years at the Collège de Brébeuf where the two men had been college colleagues. It seems that Trudeau was a little too arrogant in the eyes of Péladeau.

Personally, I met Pierre Trudeau a few times, and each time I was seduced. The man had character but he was brilliant. He knew how to talk and he had a charisma that distinguished him from other people in a group.

I remember three meetings I had with him. The first was in 1976 in Matane in Gaspésie. I was barely 20 years old and I had asked him a few questions at a press

conference. I had been impressed by the attention and respect he had given me.

The second meeting took place many years later around 1995 at the Du Maurier Tennis Stadium (Uniprix). Trudeau was a loyal visitor to the tennis tournament but only one evening, the same every year, on Wednesday. He was still a guest of the Du Maurier and Imasco company and I had been able to greet him in the VIP guest box. He was obviously the star of the evening and everyone greeted him as if he were a tennis champion.

The third encounter was a few months before his death. Trudeau liked to walk and you could often meet him on Sherbrooke Street. One day, I see an old man struggling up the rue de la Montagne. The old man looked at me seriously in his eyes as if to tell me he didn't want pity. We passed each other without saying a word, but there had been some non-verbal communication.

He seemed to say to me: "I know! I am old".

I wanted to offer to help him get to his residence located a few streets up the hill from rue de La Montagne but I didn't offer it, a bit out of embarrassment and perhaps also out of respect for his dignity. Sometime later, I learned of his death. Pierre E. Trudeau represented the Quebecers of his time as the public man that we would have liked to be or to have as a spouse if we were a woman. He was rich, handsome, athletic, intelligent, a good family man, and a seducer.

In my opinion, Justin Trudeau, the son of Pierre Trudeau, is destined to become a great politician

because he inherited his father's strengths. He knows how to express himself intelligently and he likes meeting people.

His handicap, which is also his main asset, is his last name and the accomplishments of his father which will be difficult to surpass. It's possible that Justin will disappoint us politically but I think we have to give the runner a chance. Justin Trudeau has all the qualities to be a great politician and, in my opinion, a future Prime Minister of Canada.

I never confronted Péladeau about Trudeau and I respected his opinion. With Pierre Péladeau, it was necessary to apply the adage of the Italian mafia a little.

“My enemies are also your enemies...”

You couldn't really have a favorable opinion of your enemies. For Péladeau it was black or white. No gray area. We were with him or against him! If we were against him, we just had to avoid confronting him.

CONRAD BLACK

Another sworn enemy of Péladeau was Conrad Black.

The journey of Conrad Black (63 years old) is very similar to that of Robert Campeau (84 years old).

In both cases, they are powerful individuals who believed they could always impose their ideas and win in their projects.

Robert Campeau gambled and won often but lost his 1988 risk. The \$7 billion loan for Federated Stores was

funded in a positive scenario. In the case of rising interest rates, we already knew before buying that would be the bankruptcy of the Campeau empire. He now lives in a small apartment in Ottawa. Péladeau knew Campeau and he sympathized with his situation.

In the case of Conrad Black, he took the risk of opposing American Justice rather than leaving his chips on the table. In poker, it looks like he bet against the bank! The bet is without return. It is certainly necessary to have confidence in its luck but according to the great players, it is always necessary to assume a possible failure and to keep a way out.

Pierre Péladeau was that kind of cautious player. He calculated his risk and he always added a black scenario with a door for his exit from the game. If the result was too negative and there was no had no emergency exit, he was not boarding the game. He often repeated to me that his Quebecor empire had been built on this notion of prudence, despite the urban legend of a daring and blindly rushing Péladeau. This legend was another bluff of his...

He didn't like Conrad Black because he had negotiated with him in a joint project and he had come away bitter. He considered Black too confident. He thought the same of Campeau but he had sympathy for him, unlike his feelings for Conrad Black.

"Black's affair will break at the fret... (cold)" Péladeau had declared to me.

It was June 1996 during failed negotiations for the Toronto Sun.

Ex-press mogul Conrad Black is no fool, on the contrary, and if he lost feathers in the pursuit of American justice, even a lot of feathers, he defended himself tenaciously. Conrad Black is a man of superior intelligence and he wrote history books coming out of the ranks. No need to pretend that these were written by "ghostwriters" because Conrad Black loves and knows how to write. It was his trademark in Sherbrooke when he was co-owner of the Sherbrooke Record. David Radler managed the small local newspaper and Black had fun traveling the world to write reports that he published in Sherbrooke.

Nobody read them locally but Black had fun and why not, because he was the owner! In addition, heads of state read his texts which is not nothing. He sent some copies directly to President Lyndon B. Johnson's political aides, who were seduced to the point of inviting Black to cover their congress in Washington.

Conrad Black can also read a history book of some 1,600 pages and he remembers all the details: dates, names, places, etc. It's a phenomenon but it can get annoying in a parlor discussion. Conrad Black is an exceptional being.

Why did he find his back against the wall? Probably because he lost his sense of reality. Power can blind and the beginning of the end of great men is always when they begin to believe themselves invincible. Black

believed he could always win but any good player knows it's better to retire after a few big wins.

A financier, who died today, Jean-Louis Lévesque once said to my uncle:

"You know, just because you win once doesn't always mean you'll win"

Conrad Black has won several times in his life but he has lost by staying too long at the risk table. In my opinion, he will retrain as in the star character of Tom Wolfe's novel: "A Man in Full". In this book, the fallen businessman becomes a leader religious...

LUCIEN BOUCHARD

Another enemy of Péladeau was Lucien Bouchard.

He hated him because he felt he had been betrayed by him.

Brian Mulroney's autobiography "Memoirs" brings to the fore the betrayal he himself experienced in the face of Lucien Bouchard. I knew Brian's feelings for Lucien but the new evidence unveiled in Mulroney's book allowed me to make a connection with an event that I personally observed while Pierre Péladeau was undergoing the same treatment.

The event dates back to 1996, on the occasion of the Quebec Economic Summit. Pierre Péladeau did not want to get involved in politics, but he let himself be persuaded by the pharmacist Jean Coutu to take part in the Summit organized by Bouchard to relaunch the Quebec economy. At the start of the relationship,

Péladeau was quite fond of Bouchard, whom he considered a sympathetic and agreeable guy. He especially appreciated his intellectual side.

The friendship worked well until the end of the Summit, when the president of the Caisses Populaires Desjardins, Claude Béland, announced the names of the Quebec businessmen who would head up various recovery committees. Péladeau hoped to obtain that of entrepreneurship because Lucien kept telling him that he was a model to follow for all entrepreneurs in Quebec. What was his disappointment when he realized that he was not invited to any of the committees "post-summit". He considered the insult as a betrayal on the part of Lucien Bouchard.

He spoke to her no more, except once during the floods in Saguenay Lac St-Jean. He hadn't seen her coming towards him and he couldn't get back into the car. He therefore decided to greet him but he confided to me that one should never trust this man.

THE JEWS

Much has been said about Pierre Péladeau's alleged hatred of Jews. In fact, this is a misinterpretation. Péladeau admired the Jews and an industrial psychologist who analyzed my style of management, after my dismissal in 1998, told me that I had all the tendencies of the Jewish management. Obviously, Péladeau applied Jewish principles in his management style and I learned the lessons during my time with him.

I was even advised to offer my services to Jewish-owned businesses and that obviously I would be very happy there, comfortable and efficient.

Pierre Péladeau was misunderstood for the remarks he made towards the Jews and it was Quebecers who were the transmission belt, including the Magazine L'Actualité, then directed by Jean Paré (April 1990). Péladeau was destabilized by the outcry that followed the news report. But how do you react when you give a compliment that is perceived as an insult? You are knocked out.

He had meant that the Jews were taking up too much space in the economy because Quebecers were not dynamic enough. He wanted to congratulate the Jews for their successes and encourage Quebecers to copy their system.

Pierre Péladeau was very humiliated by the revolt against him and he never wanted to forgive the Jews for it.

Pierre never forgot if someone insulted or humiliated him, especially in the public square.

He will reject the Jews until his death, even going so far as to ask to verify whether Quebecor's suppliers had owners of Jewish origin...

RENÉ LÉVESQUE

René Lévesque (1922-1987) was a somewhat muddled character, more or less close to his children and not independent of wealth, not to say penniless.

Péladeau adored Lévesque, whom he considered a true friend. He often received him at his house in the Laurentians and got him a job when Lévesque needed it after his political defeat. I too had known Lévesque and we both shared, Péladeau and I, the same admiration for the character.

My friendship with Pierre really began in 1988 when I wanted to set up a foundation in honor of René Lévesque and in particular to make a museum of his birthplace in New Carlisle in Gaspésie, the region of where I come from. I had taken steps with Corinne Côté and some former ministers including Yves Duhaime and Clément Richard as well as with his former chief of staff, Jean Roch Boivin.

I had suggested the name of Péladeau as president. He had been touched but he preferred to wait until the project was more advanced. But we had really established a personal contact and a few years later in 1991, he offered me to become his executive assistant.

BRIAN MULRONEY

Pierre Péladeau considered Brian Mulroney a friend and he even organized fundraising cocktails for him when Mulroney started out in politics. Sometimes we talked

about Brian, Pierre, and me, and he never had a bad comment.

Personally, I knew Mulroney well because I worked in his firm in 1984 and I could see similarities between Péladeau and Mulroney.

People often base their judgment of Mulroney's worth on false perceptions.

Brian Mulroney is a generous person and very faithful in friendship. To really know him, you have to read his autobiography where he reveals himself in an intimate way. Those who know him, love him, and respect him.

In the case of the Prime Minister, his great talent was that of a unifier and above all a great communicator. Towards the end of his second term, a sort of media fatigue had set in and communication was less successful, but the year 1984 was a period of euphoria. The election of September 4, 1984, provided 211 MP seats out of a possible 282. Brian Mulroney knew how to use polls and modern marketing techniques to create a wave of popularity in his regard. Moreover, it is said that the election was literally won using the media, especially when he raised his finger on national television in front of the outgoing Prime Minister John Turner, during the televised debate, he said to him: "You have a choice...", speaking of the political appointments that the Liberals had made just after the departure of Pierre E. Trudeau.

The years 1984 in Ottawa were years of hope for the team that surrounded "Brian". We wanted to change the system and manage using the techniques of private

enterprise, that is, efficiency and return on investment. Unfortunately, the Government is a heavy machine and the Prime Minister quickly understood that he had to adapt to the system and work with specialists in government affairs rather than with specialists in the recovery of private companies. We do not manage a government like we manage a large company.

I have always maintained some contact with Brian Mulroney although I do not see him. I see him once or twice a year, and we say hello. But I always admired him and I still admire him. He's a bit like the coach of a hockey team that won the Stanley Cup, in this case: the 1984 election.

Pierre Péladeau often said that he was like a hockey coach and that his team was Quebecor.

He was behind the bench and he motivated his players to win. Péladeau and Mulroney look alike a lot in that they are great communicators who enjoy leading and surrounding themselves with a winning team.

Mulroney chose politics and he agreed to submit to the goodwill of the voters while Péladeau wanted to decide himself from his actions. He could not agree to submit to a popular vote.

Both men also had this desire to be recognized as honest men. Péladeau admitted to being tough and sometimes mean but never, he repeated, had he stolen 5 cents from someone. Mulroney also cares about his image and his reputation. His reaction to the affair of the

\$1000 bills is the demonstration that he is not a thief and that he has a conscience.

Brian accepted some cash he received from Karlheinz Schreiber lacked judgment by accepting it but he was smart enough and aware of the laws to stop just before committing a crime. He declared the sum to the tax and nothing illegal happened.



Pierre Péladeau - 1996



Pierre Péladeau, Bernard Bujold and Lucien Bouchard - July 1996

Chapter 7

The love of women and beauty

Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder.

Pierre Péladeau did not consider himself ugly and if he thought so, he never admitted it.

He loved women for all that she represents, physically and intellectually. He didn't like a woman who was too provocative and all the women in his life had a certain restraint and always class. Even in men, he appreciated good taste, cleanliness, and elegance.

Pierre Péladeau has been married three times.

His first marriage to Raymonde Chopin, on May 24, 1954, was not a love alliance but he wanted to please his father-in-law, Dr. Chopin who had invested in the printing press from the Journal de Rosemont. Raymonde was a beautiful woman but Pierre had not fallen in love, unlike his wife who admired Pierre. The couple moved in next to his mother Elmire and if Pierre was in love with anyone, it was his mother. He himself will admit this situation later at the end of his life. The protective relationship that Pierre played with his mother even came to create problems for the couple and the wife became jealous of the mother-in-law...

Raymonde was an artist who could have had a great career in singing, but she instead became the possessive wife of the successful young entrepreneur that was Pierre. Their house was richly furnished and Raymonde collected works of art by painters such as Modigliani and Chagall.

The couple had four children, Érik (March 24, 1945), Isabelle (September 12, 1958), Pierre-Karl (October 16, 1961), and Anne-Marie (April 29, 1965).

Pierre Péladeau's second marriage was to Line Parisien. She had been introduced to him by another lover of Pierre...

The affection had immediately developed between the two because Line was fatherless and she found in Pierre the strong and protective man she was looking for. She is the one who would have asked Pierre in marriage, which was celebrated on May 24, like the first marriage, this time in 1979. The couple had two children: Esther (June 13, 1977) and Simon-Pierre (December 24, 1978). Pierre and Line divorced in 1985.

The third marriage of Pierre Péladeau was never formalized and it is the union with Manon Blanchette, former director of the Museum of Contemporary Arts in Montreal. The couple gave birth to a son, Jean (January 22, 1991).

Pierre Péladeau has always had many love affairs and he has always declared that he has never been faithful to any woman, except his mother.

It should be mentioned that when you have money and prestige, it is often the women who offer themselves and make the advances. Péladeau was wealthy in his early 40s in the 1960s and was a star in the Montreal community. He also spawned the performing arts and artists, a more liberal sector than some others. The time was also very libertine.

STORIES ABOUT WOMEN

Towards the end of his life, for Pierre, a “date” meant an invitation to a concert by the Orchestre Métropolitain or a weekend at his house in Ste-Adèle. Those who thought they were invited to New York were quickly disillusioned. You could say he liked “cheap dates”, which was obviously not the case when he was younger, but aging also brings wisdom and a certain fatigue!

But many women loved that kind of attention.

As I have already written, he had at the end of his life no less than seven romantic relationships, but none exclusively. He did not hide that he had several women with whom he had a relationship and each knew when not to disturb. Each had its own time of the week or month and the meetings were recurrent, provided you behaved well!

Only one thought she was the woman of his life and she went to the Hôtel-Dieu where Pierre was in a coma to talk to her. She allegedly told one of Pierre's daughters (Isabelle), who didn't want to let her into the bedroom, that she was his lover.

Péladeau's daughter would have replied:

“One of his lovers. »

- Not the only one! I am the woman of his life!

“How old are you to believe that madam. Isabelle retorted.

Pierre Péladeau never granted exclusivity to a woman and he considered it his right to be able to receive the love and affection he could find. He was, however, faithful in his friendship. He saw several women but he loved them and he respected them all. You just had to know when it was someone else's turn and not his... Sometimes he had a special sense of humor. On one occasion, he invited two of his female friends to a public event and he dared to introduce them to each other. Nobody was naive and the two decided to leave him alone on the spot without a driver because he had come by car with one of the lovers. He had to call a third to ask her to pick him up and drive him back to the condo he was keeping in town.

He often invited women over just for their company as he hated loneliness. But Péladeau never forced a woman to have sex. He asked for or accepted "advances" but he never forced them. He told me and I also saw it in person when women told me about their relationships with him. I was often the confidant of lovers...

A DARING GIRL

A few times, we tried to go through me to get to Pierre. Unfortunately for these women, he managed his own social agenda concerning his female friends and even his personal secretary was not aware of all his trysts.

I remember a student, a young girl in her twenties who wanted to get a job as a host on TQS television that we had just bought (April 1997). The girl had come meeting Péladeau who had escorted him back to my office... the fatal signal. This young girl contacted me a few times to inquire about the progress of her job offer and one afternoon she told me on the phone that she absolutely wanted to work at TQS and that she was ready to compensate. I asked her what did she mean?

"Compensate, make use of my charms..." she said.

I explained to her that this was not the way to proceed and that I could not do anything for her but that her request was indeed in the system. I always thought she had a cash machine and wanted to blackmail me but I never got involved in that kind of bribes, even though I often had the offer and the occasion. A few months later, I found it comical to see this young woman hosting a column during a TVA show...

All the women I spoke to about Pierre always told me that he was seductive and daring, but if the woman said

no to him, he backed off. He could also admire a woman who said no to him.

It then became a challenge. I've seen him do this a few times. It all depended on how he had been told no.







**Pierre Péladeau and his first wife Raymonde
Chopin
Erik, Isabelle and Pierre Karl - 1965**



Pierre Péladeau at his birthday party on April 12, 1996 with an actress in the guise of Marilyn Monroe

Chapter 8

From the Printing Press to the Internet

Pierre Péladeau had begun to learn the basics of the internet and, a few months before his death, he received a private teacher in his office once a week to teach him how the computer works. He liked the concept but the only problem was that the 13th floor, where he had his office, was not wired. He had to go down to the 10th floor where his son Érik had installed the terminals of Quebecor Multimedia, an experimental subsidiary whose venture capital had been set at some \$20 million to make acquisitions in the Internet technology sector.

It is interesting to note that when Pierre-Karl Péladeau returned from Paris, after the death of his father in December 1997, he did not know much about the Internet. It is even said that it was his secretary who had to send his emails.

And to think that today he is the king of the Internet in Quebec.

RUPERT MURDOCH

My former boss Pierre Péladeau often compared himself to Rupert Murdoch. He loved paper diaries like Murdoch. In 2007, one can notice a great resemblance between the two empires that are News Corp and QUEBECOR. Tycoon Rupert Murdoch recently completed the purchase transaction of The Wall Street Journal and named the new leaders. But what catches the eye is the appointment in London of the son of Rupert Murdoch, James, who becomes the big boss of all the activities of the group in Europe and Asia, which puts him in line to replace his father.

We note in both cases, Quebecor and News Corp, that it is the son who succeeds the father and that the empire is making a transition to the Internet. James has proven himself in London with BSkyB, the cable television network.

Pierre Péladeau told me that he had met Murdoch once in person. He said he met him one day in New York at a convention of printers and he shook his hand but nothing more.

He would have liked to talk to her about plans, but they were at a convention cocktail party. Murdoch owned several newspapers and Péladeau had just acquired Maxwell Graphic in the United States (1990). Pierre Péladeau confided to me that he admired Murdoch and that if we wanted to compare him to another magnate, he found that Murdoch resembled him the most in terms

of vision and entrepreneurial spirit. He even asked me to go buy him Rupert's biography. (Murdoch by William Shawcross).

He wanted to use it as an introduction to a possible second meeting.

Personally, I'm very happy that Murdoch won his bid for Dow Jones. It is said that several employees are worried! I have been an avid reader of The Wall Street Journal since 1980 and have read several biographies on Murdoch. I believe he will make an excellent owner.

The creation of the Wall Street Journal was the work of two young people in 1882: Charles Dow (31 years old), and Eddie Jones (26 years old). There was a third man, a silent investor, Milford Bregstresser. Dow worked behind the desk, and Jones was mostly in the nearby hotel bar to get the day's news. The concept was that of a newsletter distributed to a hundred brokers in downtown New York. The bulletin grew and became a newspaper in 1889 to be bought in 1902 by a businessman, a sort of Murdoch of the time, Clarence Walker Barron. His wife, Jessie, sat on the board.

His adopted daughter, Jane married Hugh Bancroft, hence the Bancroft legacy of today. What Murdoch has just done is a bit like what Barron did at the beginning of the century.

LeStudio1.com is largely inspired by the daily columns of The Wall Street Journal and in particular page one: "What's News". Brief but complete news.

I discovered this newspaper in the 1980s when it was celebrating its centenary. I even visited the offices of 15 Wall Street in New York. The newspaper formula is unique and could never be copied by other newspapers.

FACEBOOK AND GOOGLE

It is difficult to say how Pierre Péladeau would have reacted to the phenomenon of the modern Internet with Facebook and Google. He probably would have liked it because he was a man of his time.

Even sex and beer rank behind Facebook in popularity among student populations, according to polls. Pierre would have understood this phenomenon...

Several people I know are members of Facebook, including my two children and several friends. This allows us to keep in touch better than with conventional e-mail or the telephone.

Facebook must be efficient because there would be between 24 and 30 million members. The system was founded only in February 2004, by a student from Harvard University. Initially, we simply wanted to connect the students of the campus. The idea overflowed and the system quickly became a global social network. The potential value of Facebook shares is now estimated at \$15 billion. The valuation is made based on private investments for the purchase of 1% of Facebook by Microsoft against a sum of 260 million.

THE NEWSPAPERS

The future of paper newspapers is undoubtedly threatened with significant change. In fact, it is the paper that is at the center of the debate. The first sign of this transformation was first the reduction in the size of large newspapers. We moved to tabloid format while those who were already in tabloid became even smaller. Then, all the press groups put their websites online despite their reluctance in the face of this novelty. This demonstrates that they are giving in to the pressures of the Internet wave. In addition, these sites are often a complement to the paper editions.

Finally, the new trend in recent years is free newspapers. At the start of a rather simplistic presentation, it seems however that readers love this format.

I myself am surprised to hear people whom I would qualify as "snobs" confess to being happy with the information obtained thanks to these subway newspapers. These newspapers are paper-based websites. Brief news and photos.

Modern society moves fast. What is true today in the world of communications will no longer be so in a year's time. New technology will surprise us and it is impossible to predict it. Some put forward the idea of a diary on a memory card.

Only one certainty: we are living in a revolution!

THE FUTURE OF MEDIA

It is from Montreal that the son of the former print magnate, Pierre-Karl Péladeau, is transforming the Canadian television industry. This challenge would have pleased his father who often declared that his best moments in life had been spent during his participation in television studios as a guest.

I even remember that one day, when he had just acquired the TQS television network, a few months before his death, he said to me:

"It's like I'm 10 years younger with this purchase. We're going to have a lot of fun." He had dreamed of Télé-Métropole but he had backed off because the selling price was too high. His son bought it later in a transaction that would have made his father 20 years younger! The Péladeau son now controls not only one of the largest newspapers in Montreal, but also the TV station and the entire Videotron Internet distribution network.

Curiously, the TQS television station that Pierre Péladeau had purchased is under the protection of the Bankruptcy Act. (December 2007 - See text chapter 1)

The last of the independent publishers of mass-circulation magazines in Quebec, Claude J. Charron, remains convinced that there is a future in the paper. To prove it, he invests in various projects whose basis is on paper. Asked about his motivation, Charron replies that it is not a competition against other media that inspires

him but rather a pursuit towards personal objectives, namely that of seeing the result of his work on paper. According to him, a medium must reflect the soul of the person who makes it and then it is up to the public to like it or not.

"A publisher will fail if he makes his magazine only to compete with others". For Claude J. Charron, producing a magazine is also like singing a song.

Personally, I continue to read The Wall Street Journal in print despite it being accessible on the Internet. I also read Paris Match in paper format because I find the internet version less personal and too small. But I'm also a loyal follower of sites like Facebook, Yahoo, Dow Jones, The New York Times, and many others. I also created LeStudio1.com as a kind of social platform.

The future offers a place for several genres of media, whether in print or virtual. You just have to love what you do and as the Quebec singer Jean Lapointe said:

"Sing your song.

WHO IS A JOURNALIST?

The question of the day, in Quebec as elsewhere in the world: "Who is a real journalist? Is someone who has a blog a journalist in the same way as someone who writes for a conventional media outlet?"

Pierre Péladeau used to say that a good journalist is someone who can get his message across. He hated people who limited themselves by overly serious structures, and he knew how to recognize talent. For

him, a great journalist had to be able to express himself clearly. He considered Jacques Beauchamp a great journalist, just like René Lévesque. In Péladeau's mind, communication also had to be local if you wanted to interest your audience. I used to produce a daily press review for him, and one day I started including texts on international politics. He came into my office immediately and said: "These international subjects, take them out of the press review. Now!"

With the Internet, communication has undergone a real transformation, and this tool has reduced the world to one big village. The world has become a global village. The international has become local, but the debate is still ongoing as to how to harness the Internet to its true potential. Local or international? That's the question.

If it can be taken as an indication, Facebook, which is more local than MySpace, is becoming more and more of an Internet favorite.

Our age is comparable to that of Gutenberg, who invented the printing press. In fact, it's been said that the two most popular categories of Internet sites today are religious and pornographic. How local could these subjects be?

It was precisely the religion that enabled the printing press to develop. Religions, which have long governed politics, flourished when it became possible to circulate holy texts.

In Quebec, the debate surrounding the status of journalists is linked to the recognition of some kind of official status. The Association of Journalists seems to want to claim the right to determine who is and who is not a "journalist".

Claude J. Charron compared journalism to singing. Can we prevent a singer from singing, or even stop listening to him if he's bad and can't sing?

Believing in the status of a journalist is like wanting to decide who has the right to sing or write. You need to hear Félix Leclerc's song "CONTUMACE" again.

When I started out in journalism, in 1976 at the Quebec National Assembly, René Lévesque, who was Prime Minister, said to me: "Journalism is pure democracy, and without democracy, there is no freedom. You also need a vocation to be a good journalist, otherwise you become a simple worker...".

You can't learn to be a politician or a journalist the same way you learn to be a plumber or a carpenter. You have to have a vocation!



Pierre Péladeau -1995

Chapter 9

Pierre Péladeau's Vision

Pierre Péladeau said that you must dream and make your dreams come true!

Personally, I had the chance to realize many of my dreams and one of them was to work with Pierre Péladeau. Chance always plays an important role in the end result of life, but in the beginning, you have to dream.

"If you don't dream, nothing will happen and you won't go anywhere. So you have to think about projects and wish for the best," Pierre often repeated to me.

BE AN ACTOR IN YOUR OWN LIFE

Pierre Péladeau was an actor and he liked having an audience.

His dream was to be applauded by the crowd.

If I had to compare him to another Quebec personality, I would say he was like Jean Chrétien. Both developed a "little people guy" role but they were intellectuals.

I met Jean Chrétien a few times during his political career and even had the opportunity to work with him on one occasion when he was the guest speaker at an event for which I was responsible for communications. It was in Ottawa in the 1990s.

I remember asking him if his speech would be interesting. I know it's a silly question but I wanted to be nice! Chrétien took out a clipping from Reader's Digest magazine that he had in his shirt pocket and he said to me: "It's going to depend on the crowd. If she answers, I'll put some on, but we'll see. It's the crowd who will decide. It can last 5 minutes like it can last 1 hour. "

He had spoken for almost an hour and he had taken out his little piece of magazine to show it to the delegates. A great speaker who was also an actor. He knew how to read the crowd and had fun with it.

He was like a singer on the stage.

Pierre Péladeau was like Jean Chrétien and he loved talking to his audience. He wrote his speeches, however, because he lacked the quick thinking to think on his feet as lawyers do. Péladeau had to think about what he meant.



Pierre Péladeau and his promotional photo

Chapter 10

Anecdotes and Other Secrets...

Pierre Péladeau was not without stains because no one is white as snow.

It is said that he would have even committed acts that could have landed him in prison if the authorities had known. But that never happened. He told himself, jokingly, the anecdote of the time when he had sold beer when he managed the tennis court in Outremont without the police installed right next door never managing to catch him.

Péladeau liked to provoke authority but never beyond his luck and he knew how to back down in the face of danger. If he provoked, he was also smart enough not to persist. He knew when to stop!

Not a week goes by without the media revealing that our beliefs are wrong. A star in our society is accused of some crime. A person is the pillar of their community one day and suddenly becomes a symbol of failure the next. The one we thought was our ally is in fact our enemy and he hates us deeply. But as a friend of mine says, it would be a perpetual war with our neighbors or colleagues if we learned on the spot all the various crimes, lies, and betrayals that surround us.

It is therefore better not to know them and learn to tame the dark sides of life, like the good sides, in small doses

and discover our share of joy and disappointment on a daily basis.

Many well-known people often ask me to tell them about possible scandals involving Pierre Péladeau. Some went so far as to entrust me with certain secrets they knew. A policeman, who seemed to know things, even explained to me that because he was dead and he was admired by the people of Quebec, it is likely that the authorities were covering up cases concerning Péladeau. Why destroy an icon that is dead but continues to inspire the people? When the population hates someone, you can use secrets to gain popularity, but otherwise, being a messenger of bad news about someone who is an icon never pays off very well, especially after they pass away.

Pierre Péladeau is part of the history of Quebec in the same way as Maurice Richard, Félix Leclerc, or René Lévesque. He is the first French speaker whose financial success has imposed itself beyond the usual borders. The establishment may have been jealous of his success, as certain artists and experts were jealous of Félix, but Pierre Péladeau is today the idol of the people. I, therefore, do not intend to reveal to you the scandals that Péladeau could have committed. Why destroy an idol who was my friend?

Rather, I will give you some comments on situations that still exist today and which have, in some cases, become scandals...

THE SCANDALS **SPORT, SEX, AND BLOOD**

It is said that Péladeau favored yellow journalism, that is to say, "sport, sex, and blood". Perhaps at the beginning of his career, but in the end, he rallied to the decisions of his directors. I remember a magazine project of a sexual nature. He believed there was a niche for a sex magazine. He also wanted to publish practical books on the subject. He sent me a few authors "of the erotic genre" who presented me with their manuscripts, some with photos, but that blocked the level of the leaders in the subsidiaries. Pierre did not force the note and he gave up the idea.

GUY CLOUTIER

Pierre Péladeau hated Guy Cloutier and I think he knew about Nathalie Simard. Not the abuse as such, but the consensual sexual relationship with the artist. Since he owned *Échos Vedettes*, the artistic milieu held no secrets for him.

He often told me that Cloutier was without a conscience and that he knew things about him that he preferred not to reveal to me.

He had worked very closely with the latter at the start of the impresario's career, but he had moved away from it around 1990, citing as the reason an advance on record sales that Cloutier did not want to reimburse to Quebecor. But the real reason was deeper.

He had even given instructions to prohibit, as far as possible, reports about the various artistic projects of Guy Cloutier in the newspapers of Quebecor. This also caused problems when Quebecor bought Archambault Musique since Archambault had several ongoing collaborations with Cloutier. Péladeau allowed himself to be persuaded to forget his embargo, but only because of the magnitude of the transaction and its significance for Quebecor.

MONEY LOANS TO ARTISTS

Pierre Péladeau often lent money to artists in need.

He expected some sort of recognition from them and, as far as possible, repayment of the debt.

He was still lending money a few months before his death and often it was me who received the loan requests that I sent to him. He returned to me the ones he did not want to press and he only kept the letters of the people he helped.

Besides, we had established a deposit. If he came to my office with people and introduced them to me saying:

“Mr. Bernard, take care of these people.” This meant that I had to find an excuse for Quebecor not to support them. When he supported a project, he came to see me alone and said to do a check.

Often the people he helped took the help for granted. This shocked me and I mentioned it to Péladeau who replied that he was not naive.

I remember a great Quebec star whose child was also an artist. Péladeau had forbidden me to invite these two people (daughter and mother) to all the events he organized, such as his annual Pow Wow, or even to his Pavillon des Arts. I was surprised

of such a ban and I asked him one day why?

“I loaned her daughter \$10,000 and she never paid me back once she made money and could pay me. This person is not reliable,” Pierre told me.

I was shocked when Pierre Péladeau died and to see this same person become very close to the Quebecor empire and appear to be a great friend of the founder. I knew otherwise...

RENÉ ANGÉLIL

He was jealous of René Angélil and I think he would have liked to know of his success as an impresario. He had also started in this field but he had to give up when his artists were not profitable. It was later that he bought the Rosemont newspaper, which was an honorable way for him to earn a living, but it was not his passion.

GIFTS

Pierre Péladeau received quantities of gifts. He kept very few of them and he gave them back, either to his friends or to his employees, or he put them up for sale at his benefit auctions such as the one in Ivry sur le Lac. (Alcohol and Drug Addiction Helphouse)

Canvases by more or less well-known painters, handicrafts, and especially flowers. He recycled the flowers by bringing them to the sick he was going to visit or he offered them to his girlfriends...

PAUL DESMARAIS SR.

Pierre Péladeau admired Paul Desmarais but he could not accept or understand that the latter was respected by the financial establishment when he was often considered a bit of a clown and lacking in class! For what? Paul Desmarais could be as rough and vulgar as he was. "What does Desmarais do that I don't do? he often asked. He also envied the strong family ties Desmarais had established with his sons.

THE POWER OF THE MEDIA MOGUL

Pierre Péladeau could not really prevent a journalist from writing on a subject because of the union. But he could suggest stories that would never have been chosen by the desk editor. It was a form of help from him to people or causes he considered worthwhile.



Pierre Péladeau - 1991

CONCLUSION

Life is like a play and Pierre Péladeau called himself an actor. He had invented his life and the public had responded well.

No one is as good or as bad as you think and Pierre knew it. He was a lucky individual who was determined and worked hard when needed.

I really like this phrase from Shakespeare's theater that I apply to Pierre Péladeau:

"There is a wave on the Ocean of Life, which if caught at the right time on shore will lead the ship to new and promising lands."

At the end of his trip, Pierre Péladeau said he had realized all his dreams except that of being happy. It is a cruel statement but he will repeat it a few months before his death during an interview with Pierre Maisonneuve of RDI (Radio-Canada):

"I succeeded in life but I failed in life..."

Pierre Péladeau's ship had a captivating voyage, faced several storms, and achieved several conquests. It is now back and anchored in the Port of Memories.

He has the well-deserved rest of the great traveler who was a leader and an inspiration to his people.





**THE QUEBECOR EMPIRE
AFTER PIERRE PÉLADEAU**
By Bernard Bujold

THE QUEBECOR EMPIRE AFTER PIERRE PÉLADEAU
By Bernard Bujold

This text was published in 2007 as a companion piece to the first edition of my official biography: **Pierre Péladeau cet inconnu**, published in 2003. The second text also marked the 10th anniversary of the death of Quebecor's founder, who passed away on December 24, 1997.

While the biography was a historical overview, the second text was more intimate, with confidences and a personal look at the Quebecor empire and its evolution after the departure of its founder.

In 2023, 25 years after the patriarch's death, I wanted to ensure a certain immortality for both texts by making them available in PDF format on the Internet, in both French and English.



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PART 2

THE EMPIRE QUEBECOR AFTER PIERRE PÉLADEAU

By Bernard Bujold - PART 2

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PIERRE PÉLADEAU THE UNKNOWN

Par Bernard Bujold



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PART 1

Pierre Péladeau the Unknown

DIGITAL EDITION

This book is a re-edition of the paper publication written in 2003. I wanted to make the document available on the Internet, in French and English, for digital readers like myself.

According to my vision of writing, a book in virtual format is eternal, unlike a paper edition which lives only a few years in the library and even less time in bookstores.

Pierre Péladeau was a French-speaking leader in Quebec, and his audacity enabled many Quebecers to pursue careers in the world of communications, thanks to the Quebecor Empire created by Pierre Péladeau. Pierre Péladeau's example is an inspiration to many, even today in 2023, and I am particularly proud to have been at his side from 1991 until his death on December 2, 1997.

I considered Pierre Péladeau a friend, and I dare to think that he liked me...

Bernard Bujold

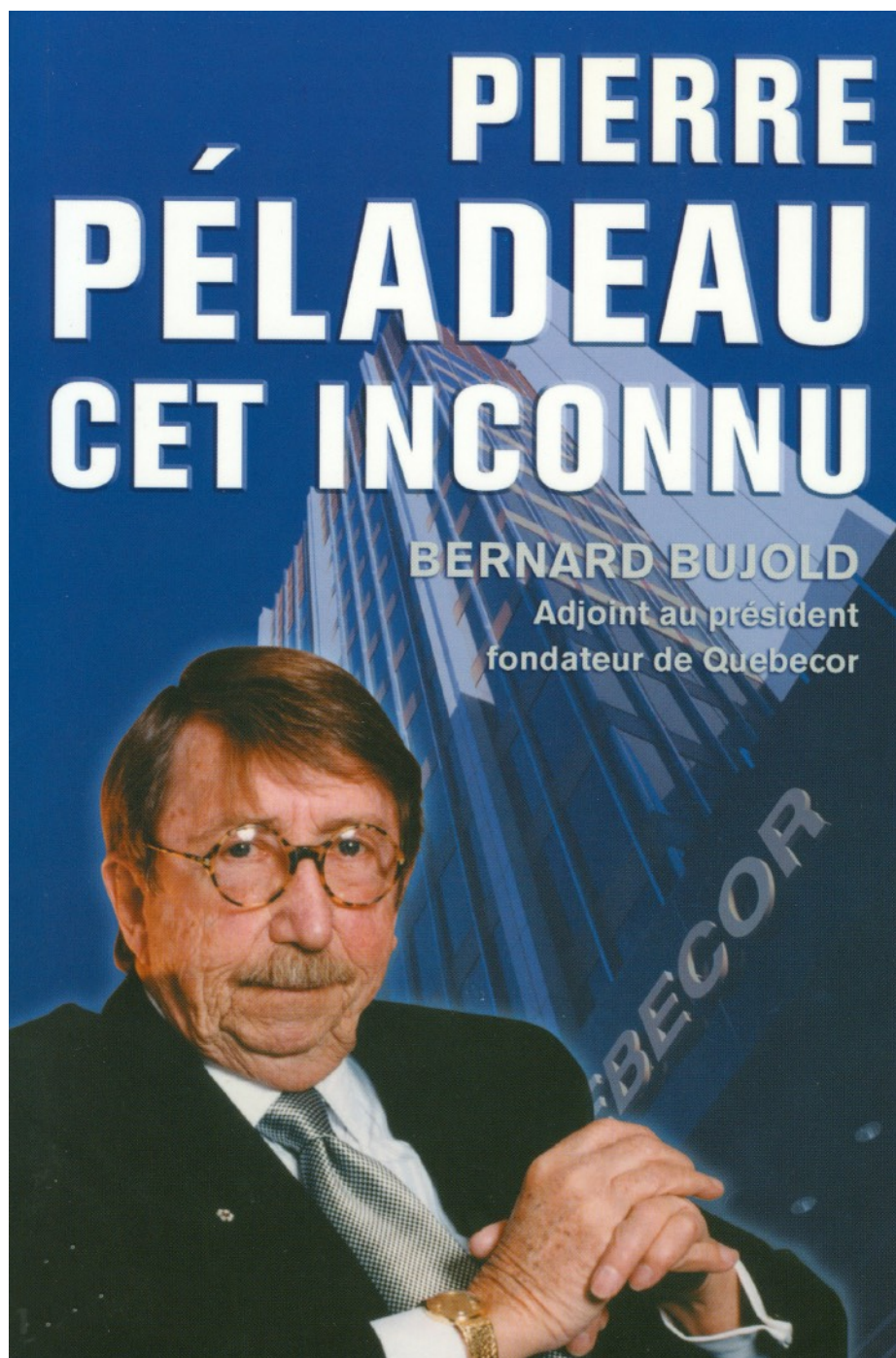
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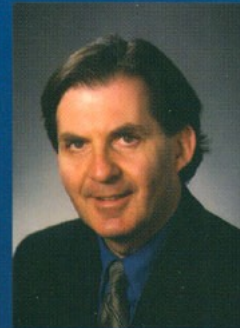
Quand Pierre Péladeau tombe dans le coma, le 2 décembre 1997, son ami et adjoint Bernard Bujold l'accompagne dans l'ambulance jusqu'à l'hôpital, où il mourra, vingt-deux jours plus tard, sans avoir repris conscience. Bernard Bujold signe ici un portrait fascinant du président et fondateur de Quebecor, ce géant économique dont le chiffre d'affaires dépasse actuellement les 12 milliards de dollars. L'intimité et la connivence qui lièrent Péladeau et Bujold ajoutent au plaisir de découvrir des aspects inconnus d'un personnage haut en couleur, qui a prouvé que les Québécois pouvaient parvenir au sommet du monde des affaires. Véritable héros populaire, Pierre Péladeau fut aussi une source d'inspiration pour toute une génération d'entrepreneurs.

Présentée sous forme de confidence, cette biographie non autorisée nous fait découvrir l'homme public et privé au cœur de son quotidien et peut servir de véritable enseignement de l'art de faire des affaires. Malgré sa prodigieuse réussite financière, Pierre Péladeau aurait préféré être un artiste. Celui qui avait commencé sa carrière comme impresario a fréquenté, aimé, encouragé et financé les artistes toute sa vie.

Père de sept enfants nés de trois unions, il pouvait avoir jusqu'à dix maîtresses à la fois, qui connaissaient et acceptaient toutes l'existence de leurs rivales. Il admira et appuya René Lévesque dans la victoire comme dans la défaite. Ce livre traite aussi de ses relations tumultueuses avec ses premiers enfants, dont Pierre-Karl, qu'il admirait et jalousait à la fois, et de sa découverte tardive des plaisirs de la paternité avec «Petit Jean», le fils que lui donna sa troisième femme. On y relate comment il savait utiliser les talents des autres à leur maximum, dont ceux de Brian Mulroney, ses sentiments contradictoires envers la communauté juive et son engagement profond dans la lutte contre l'alcoolisme, dont il avait lui-même souffert.

Cet homme d'affaires redoutable et redouté a fait de Quebecor le plus grand groupe d'imprimeries du monde. Il croisa le fer avec des colosses comme Robert Maxwell et Conrad Black et terrorisait quiconque osait l'affronter. Selon Bernard Bujold, Pierre Péladeau fut le Don Corleone du Québec, érigeant son pouvoir sur un réseau de faveurs et d'amitiés savamment orchestrées, les crimes en moins, bien sûr.

Son décès prématuré et la course à sa succession ont créé une grande incertitude quant à l'avenir de son empire. Pierre-Karl Péladeau est maintenant à la barre de Quebecor. Qu'advient-il de ce qui constitue l'héritage de l'un des plus grands bâtisseurs du Québec moderne ? Bernard Bujold prend parti sur cette question brûlante d'actualité.



www.traitudunion.net

Pierre Péladeau cet inconnu

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