

# FOR SEAGA, A RESPITE WITH THE FAMILY

By **STAR** Writer

THE TUMULTUOUS YEARS ARE OVER — at least for the time being and Edward Seaga, MP, former Minister of Finance, the man of "blood and fire," feared by his political opponents and revered by West Kingston now takes time out to find himself and his family.

Seaga, now 43, says he has savoured just enough family life since the JLP lost in the 1972 landslide to want more.

He will stay on as Opposition spokesman on finance and will still make his thrice-weekly visits to Tivoli Gardens — the community he created — but for the rest of the time he will be Seaga the thinker, the gardener, the writer and, of course, the family man.

This new era in the life of Edward George Seaga would daunt most men because, in an almost off-hand fashion, he will continue with his financial consultancy practice in New Kingston. But to him it is as nothing compared with the 15 years as a Jamaica Labour Party man which saw his rise from an obscure University Graduate to the powerful political enigma he became almost by default.

On his own admission, backed by the evidence of friends and to the unconcealed delight of his wife Mitzie, the girl he courted when she became "Miss Jamaica" nine

years ago, the dynamic Seaga has now mellowed and relaxed a little.

## THE 'ENFANT TERRIBLE'

THE ENFANT TERRIBLE of politics now likes to embrace his kids and commune with his doves after he has kissed Mitzie on his return from the office like any other suburban businessman.

The seemingly cold, somewhat austere Seaga who sometimes seemed devoid of emotion, his dark glasses, now delights in taking Mitzie to restaurants and can even remember the menu of a memorable meal on their recent visit to Paris for the UNESCO Cultural Bank meeting—a scheme, incidentally, which he also devised.

If Seaga has belatedly discovered the delights of international cuisine (even though he limits his drinking to a dry sherry) he still reserves most of his passion for what he knows best—the passion for planning.

It would be untypical despite the growing demands of family ties, if he did not still find time to agonise about the future of his country.

This is why he has now sought the detachment of a life without the daily hassle

and hysteria of politics to try and divine what sort of country Jamaica should become in what he foresees as an increasingly aggressive world society.

His unborn books, then, will deal what can be evolved from Tivoli into a larger context—a context of self-contained township communities designed for human beings and not for faceless statistics.

His other works will probably involve a new political testament but this, he believes, will emerge from the lonely and gruelling chore of hammering a typewriter and drawing from his life both as a leader of the underprivileged

and a manipulator of the power of finance.

Meanwhile he accepts fatalistically that many people will not believe in his newly announced role.

## SECRETLY HURT

He is secretly hurt by the assumption that Seaga is really lying low to perfect a grand design of political take over.

I once put it to Seaga that many regarded him as a fascist and a demagogue.

He shrugged almost tiredly and said: "They will say that about anyone who likes to see things work efficiently and well in Jamaica. I think that all began when I was made a junior Minister and given Social Development and Planning. I made them work and I made them perform..... many people don't like that."

For a warm and favourable view of Edward Seaga, his wife

Mitzie is the best advocate. She wishes desperately that "people would really understand Eddie, who is such a human man."

"Do you believe," she asks "that if he was all he was made out to be, the people of Western Kingston would love him so much?"

Mitzie mourns a little for the years of what her husband calls his "maximum political involvement."

## TURBULENCE

She said: "I honestly didn't complain because I love him so much but it was awful. He worked up to 16 hours a day, seven days a week. Sometimes he was so tired he nearly fell asleep over his dinner...but even then he would go back to his files or his planning after that."

Life was turbulent, and Mitzie didn't care much for the limelight.

In his heyday as "Mars Ed-