Snow, ice, and family fun
You thought camping was for summer? Here's advice for winter

by Berdell Berglund with Jack Bathan

Campbellford is a small and tidy Ontario town (population: 3,400) that sits gracefully on the banks of the Trent Boro about 160 miles northeast of Toronto. It boasts a candy factory ("Home of the World's Finest Chocolate"), a golf course, and a library. Its specialty is world-class bed and breakfasts. Berglund, who is known for his knowledge of the outdoors, has written three books on the subject—"Wilderness"—Cooking, The Edible Wild, and Wilderness Survival (Pegasus Press Ltd.)—and when he's not writing about the wilderness, he's teaching its mysteries to classes at universities, at sportmen's shows, and to armed-forces groups across the country.

From his offices on the second floor of Campbellford's municipal building, he runs an organization called National Wilderness Survival Incorporated, which is full of expert survival information available to anyone who asks for it. Like Kissing, he is ready to talk at any time and any place about his great passion. Certainly he looks the part of a man of the wilderness: straight-faced, strong, with the cut of a ready face, rimmed by white beard, that you instinctively associate with Scandinavians and other brave men of the wilds. He was born in Sweden in 1930 and served for a number of years in that country's air force until he moved to Canada in 1953 as a pilot and survival instructor for Air Canada. Since 1965, through writing, lecturing, and teaching, he has taken his concern for nature and man's survival in it to a wider range of the civilian world as well as the military. And it was in his teaching role that he sat down one day not long ago in his Campbellford office and, puffing on a pipe and leafing through reference books, offered some indispensable advice on a new form of pleasure that a rapidly growing number of Canadians are now seeking from nature—outdoor camping in the wintertime. Here are things you should know about if you're interested in getting in on some frigid fun.

Once, not very long after I came to Canada, I was snowshoeing in the Yukon. Great sport! I was enjoying myself very much until a blizzard blew up and presented some problems. I was with an Indian guide that day, moving behind him on my snowshoes, and when the blizzard came along and made it difficult for me to see ahead, I pushed my parka up on my head to get better vision. In a few minutes, my hands began to feel cold. So did my feet. They quickly became painful, and I found it harder to walk. The Indian guide turned and looked at me. Immediately he stopped, grabbed my parka, and pulled it tight on my forehead: We walked on. Within five minutes, the warmth started to return to my hands and feet. Within 10 minutes, they felt normal. It was as good as ever again.

What had happened? Well, for one thing, I had learned a valuable lesson about coping with cold. In order to keep
Well, how does a man or woman or child — a whole family — prepare for cold-weather camping in a way that'll steer clear of dangers? Step number one is to buy correct equipment. Step number two is to make proper use of it in the wilderness. Simple? Not really. I've had much experience in the bush, and I know that I could live off the land without any equipment if I had to. But I still find the wilderness full of surprises, and I think I can offer prospective winter campers some guidelines in preparation that will spare them unpleasant surprises and enhance their pleasure.

Clothing

From the skin out, here's what campers should wear: Norwegian string-net underwear, long-sleeved woolen shirt, pure woolen pants, silk socks under woolen socks, silk gloves under woolen gloves, a parka jacket; with, needless to say, a sturdy hood.

There's a reason for each item. Take the underwear. The best insulation the body has against the cold is supplied by the layer of air that clings to it. So the idea is to wear clothing that doesn't interfere with the clinging air and leaves the body's natural insulating system intact. Norwegian string-net underwear does the job. Remember, though, to ask for the kind with a one-eighth-inch thickness and squares that measure not less than one-half inch. And be certain the underwear is made of cotton. That's crucial. Cotton, you see, admits the wetness from the body's sweat and passes it on to the wood of the shirt without getting wet itself. Silk has the same property; hence the silk gloves and socks. You don't want anything wet next to your skin in below-zero temperatures. The wool, for its part, is important in pants because it's excellent at shedding snow. It takes much longer for snow to absorb outside wetness than it does other materials.

Many new winter campers, when I give them this list of clothing, worry that it doesn't sound like enough protection. It is. My rule is to wear light clothing when you're moving around and put on extra clothing — sweaters and shirts and so on — when you stop at your camp. The body generates so much heat during any activity in cold weather that you don't need more than this clothes I've suggested. Move about, enjoy yourself in the cold landscape and you'll be protected as long as you've dressed lightly but wisely.

Boots

For dry snow, wear mukluks. For all other conditions, wear waterproof, insulated sports boots.

Mukluks are a variation on the seal-skin boots that Eskimos have traditionally worn, and they work perfectly for us southern Canadians too. When you're not wearing them, do like the Eskimos: leave them outside your tent or trailer. Inside, the mukluks are storing up trouble for you when you return to the outdoors. Going from rooms temperatures to zero temperatures, they develop moisture quickly, and any form of wetness is the great enemy in cold weather.

As for the boots, you can wear them inside. Make sure that you put waffle-waves inside them. Why? Because they preserve that most dependable of all insulators, the clinging air.

Food

We might as well learn once again from our friends the Eskimos. They eat plenty of raw whole fat and seal fat. We don't have to go in for anything quite so basic in foods, but we do have to build up our intake of foods that are rich in fat content. In cold weather, you must plan on digesting 2,000 more calories per day than you allow yourself under ordinary conditions. The extra calories generate the necessary heat that will keep you functioning normally in sub-zero temperatures.

So work out menus that are long on butter and eggs and bacon. I stay away from dehydrated solid foods — things like beefsteak and make up for them with canned foods. Canned corn beef and park and beans may not sound like gourmet's delight, but you'd be surprised how delicious — and how welcome — the most humble foods seen when you're eating them beside a campfire at 20 below Fahrenheit.

Drink

Rule number one: never neglect your two quarts of fluid per day.

Rule number two: don't let alcohol touch your lips.

Exposure to extreme cold and alcoholic spirits don't mix. The alcohol can result in a shock to your system. My advice is, if you're going to have a convivial time on a winter expedition,
The best fluids are tea and soup. When you're out on the trail skiing or just strolling through the winter woods, make it a point to call a halt every now and then to heat up a brew of tea. It's fun. Another liquid I take regularly is orange juice. Two glasses a day. I stop, while some snow, throw in orange flavor crystals, and in one drink, I've absorbed some vitamin C and I've gone part of the way toward my two daily quarts of fluid.

Liquids are also a reliable alarm clock. "If you want to wake up at five o'clock," an Indian guide once told me, "take three glasses of water before you go to bed. For four o'clock, take four glasses." It works. Drink three glasses, and zi sometime very close to five, you'll be awake and anxious to go to the bathroom.

Which introduces another problem.

Toilet

It's serious. If you don't urinate properly — a tough trick in the wilderness at sub-zero temperatures — you're going to end up with dangerous wetness in your sleeping bag or run the risk of frostbite outside. And what compounds the difficulty is that in cold weather you have to go to the bathroom five times more often than in warm weather.

Here's my advice: take along a supply of ordinary garbage bags, the small size, that you can buy in any supermarket. Nights are the toughest time, and to solve the problem, you must put certain four bags inside your sleeping bag, for use one at a time as required. Then, twist the top of the bag until it's tight, apply the tie, and empty the bag later. On a cold, windy day, to avoid frostbite or wetness on the clothing, simply tie the bag and then put it away.

That's fine for men, but how about women? Well, an ingenious invention perfected by the NASA people is now available and it enables women to urinate more easily in the bush. It's called a female hygiene device (FHD), and any woman can purchase it in selected stores or through National Wilderness Survival Incorporated. I know that it works because last year I took 40 female nurses on a 12-day program of winter training at Sioux Lookout in northern Ontario where the temperature, adding in the wind-chill factor, was 96 below zero Fahrenheit. The nurses used the devices, taking them inside their sleeping bags at night. After within three days every single woman said that without a doubt the FHD was 100 percent effective. No wetting. No freezing. In other words, the device means women are relieved of one more bit of anxiety that might keep them from trying winter camping.

Sleep

Can you stand a mummy bag? Many people can't. They get claustrophobic — because, you see, a mummy bag is a sleeping bag that encloses every part of your body except the face. It's tricky to master; you have to learn to take it on or off when you turn, turn inside, or else you'll end up in a cork screw position. Still, if you can handle it and if you're not subject to claustrophobia, the mummy bag solves all your winter sleeping problems.

Otherwise, sleep is an ordinary sleeping bag. But keep a few things in mind. One: buy a bag that's a couple of feet longer than you are and use the extra space at the bottom to store your clothes. Two: when it's time to take your parka and boots, store them in the bottom of the sleeping bag, and store the rest of your clothing among them as a pillow, and sleep in the nude. In a warm sleeping bag, you don't need any clothes. Three: forget about all mattresses and cots because they leave cold air in the space between you and the ground. Four: take three or four inner linings along with you and a set of clothes. It's cozier than usual, use them to build up the protection inside your bag.

And, finally, five: the ideal sleeping position is in a bag that sits on one or four inches of snow. Let's say you've set up camp in a spot where there's four inches of snow and where the temperature at the top of the snow is several degrees below zero. The temperature of ground level will be just about the same, but at three or four inches below the ground, it won't be nearly as cold — probably at the freezing level. That's where you throw down a mat of high-density polyurethane foam three-quarter inches thick. It serves as your insulation. Then, lay your sleeping bag on top of the mat and you're set for the night.

Keep snow underneath your bag and in an emergency — not during ordinary camping — throw some snow on top too. Those 40 nurses I mentioned earlier, the ones at Sioux Lookout, crawled into snow-covered bags at 96 below, counting wind chill, and they felt as snug as bags.

Other Equipment

Some salesmen in sporting goods stores have a firm conviction — probably wrong — that couples will pay any price.

"Would you care to be the proud owner of a genuine Arctic sleeping bag?" one of them might ask you.

Well, with a little thought, you'll realize this goes for sleeping gear, clothing, and food, and it applies to the rest of your essentials as well. Don't load yourself down with uneeded extras.

Let me list a few of the necessities. Matches. Carry two containers of waterproof matches, and keep in your pants pocket and the other in your packack. Packack — that's another essential. A packack, one of the long johns of the wilderness. Make sure it's big enough to cover your neck — that provides protection against the cold. For packing purposes, place your sleeping bag not at the bottom but at the top of the board, which will make lifting and walking easier.

Saw. A tool, of course, for sleeping out. Any good sturdy tent will do, and you'll find it just as easy to set up in cold weather as in warm. The kind that can be rolled up is the proper fuel for whatever heater you choose. If you don't, it might not burn efficiently, containing kinds of disorders, or it might not start in an emergency, causing all kinds of grief.

These items make up the basic necessities for the rest of your equipment, it's mostly relevant to your own winter fun.

Safety

Apart from cross-country skiing, I guess the most popular fad in winter sports these days is wheeling around the countryside on a snow machine. It's a sport that brings its share of fun, no doubt about it, but it's also a sport that has its problems. Most are well known — driving too recklessly, driving without direction, driving while impaired — but I'd like to mention one danger that isn't often talked about. It is a state that's produced by a combination of cold and exhaustion. Did you know that in an hour's cruising on a snow machine takes a lot of energy out of the rider? It's true, and it means that, after many hours, drivers may find themselves approaching a state of exhaustion — their hands begin to tremble uncontrollably, their eyes grow heavy, and for no apparent reason. Many snow-machine crashes — and deaths — are attributed to other cases when they actually came about after the drivers succumbed.

There's only one certain way to avoid it: stop frequently and rest.

Common sense: it's the attitude to take while you're doing anything you do in winter camping. When you choose the area for your camping, try going to a site that you're familiar with. National and provincial parks are open in the winter, and they're an excellent bet because, likely as not, there'll be rangers and other people in the neighborhood who can offer you a hand in a crisis. And before you set out, make sure you tell someone reliable exactly where you're going and probably where you'll be back. If you're not home by the designated hour, a search-and-rescue operation can be organized quickly. Don't be careless about the duration and locale of your camping. Don't be like the guy who went hunting near Kapuskasing in northern Ontario last year. He wasn't home by his stated time, and a relative gave the alarm. The air force, the Ontario Provincial Police, and local people started to search an area of 256,000 square miles. On the 10th day of the search, the hunter walked cheerfully out of the brush wondering what the fuss was all about. He'd met up with a couple of buddies and simply extended his hunting trip. His thoughtlessness added up to $3000 every 30 minutes.

Well, once you've taken all the precautions, you're free for winter fun. Cross-country skiing, ice fishing, Nature walks, Outdoor cooking. You can even try my sport from the Yukon — snowshoeing. It's tough to master, kind of an art all by itself. Or so I thought until my daughter took it up a few winters ago. I always considered myself an expert on snowshoes, but now she's out in front of me.

"Come on, daddy," she says to me when we get out on the fields. "What's keeping you?"

My daughter is 12 years old.

Kind of an art all by itself, snowshoeing is a tough sport to master, says the author.
Have you noticed how conversation has taken a curious turn lately? Flag a taxi and, likely as not, your driver will launch into a discourse, not on the weather or the home-team defence, but inflation or unemployment. It’s much the same at parties. Five minutes after the how-do-you-do’s, you’re backed into a corner by some enthusiastic soul jabbing the air with swizzle-stirred olives as he reveals his personal fiscal formula for what is ailing us.

No longer will a working knowledge of league standings see you through the social side of a haircut. Now the banter moves from rates of inflation to price controls. Anxious to keep up with the times, I recently immersed myself in a private study of economic systems. Only now do I feel I can safely call a cab, get a haircut, or go for a drink and hold my own in spontaneous dialogue.

One thing I learned early on is that, no matter what economic issues they talk about, people sooner or later get going on “the system.” They mean the economic philosophy on which a country operates. So I spent my time trying to understand economic systems.

Now I can point out to the first unsuspecting savant who mentions the economy that there are three basic kinds. The traditional economy was technically Canada’s, being used by Indians and Eskimos. Each tribe usually produced all the things it required. The men hunted food, the women made clothes and blankets. There was little question about what one would do for a living. A little trading went on between families and tribes, but this involved nothing more complex than bartering of some basic commodities.

It’s not surprising that some of us today regard the age of the traditional economy with a wistful affection. A few have tried bringing back this way of life in self-contained rural communes. For those whose day-to-day needs include nothing from modern technology, the back-to-nature charms associated with a traditional economy provide an interesting alternative to a nine-to-five routine. Should the experiment fail, one can always return to the comforts of civilization. That’s an advantage the early tribes didn’t have.

Often when their economy suffered because of crop failures or lack of animals to hunt, the result was famine and starvation.

Another kind of economy is the command system, in which a ruling body decides what goods will be produced and how much they will sell for. The Soviet Union is one of many nations with a command economy. Canada adopted several principles of this system during World War II, when our government regulated many areas of private industry and almost every article or commodity in production came under some kind of official scrutiny. Under wartime regulations, much of the need to make decisions was taken out of the hands of the individual. In the increasingly complex world of today that may have a certain nostalgic appeal. Yet not even the most vigorous burst of nostalgia could move Canadians to demand a return to the rationing and lineups that also came with our wartime command economy.

This brings us to the third kind of economic order: the competitive system. This is the system on which the Canadian economy is based. Generally speaking, the competitive system is the one that leaves each of us free within limits to decide what we’ll do to make a living and how we’ll spend our income.

Also known as free enterprise or capitalism, the competitive system has early roots. The Parthenon in Athens was constructed by private businessmen who bid on sections of the building, which they agreed to complete for contracted fees in the hope of making a profit.

In 1776, Adam Smith, a Scottish professor, published a book called The Wealth of Nations in which the workings of the market system were explained for the first time. Smith believed the free and competitive system benefited all of society. “Every individual . . . by pursuing his own interest . . . frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it,” he wrote. Smith’s “invisible hand” of competition offsets the self-interest of the single firm. The individual is looked on as the sole judge of his own interest and welfare. The sum of individual decisions, whether they be good or bad, represents the collective will of society. Further, voluntary exchanges of value between individuals—as happens in any market transaction—increase the welfare of those individuals. In total, these exchanges tend to allocate society’s resources in ways that will put those means to the best use.

Rewards and penalties have key roles in the system. The entrepreneur may lose everything or he may become wealthy. Either way it creates a more interesting life, not just for the risk-taker, but also for the consumer.

The hope for reward encourages creativity and innovation. Compare the number of great inventions developed through competitive economies and you’ll appreciate the importance of the profit incentive. It was important, for example, to Matthew Boulton in 1776. His partner, James Watt, who had
Suppose, as an entrepreneur, you recognize a consumer need. Let's say it's for an egg timer. To those of us who appreciate our eggs boiled just long enough to leave the yolks runny while the whites go firm, an accurate egg timer is an improvement to our standard of living. You, recognizing that substantial profits would improve your own standard of living, gamble that there is money to be made in egg timers. You risk your capital and venture into production.

Let's assume that all goes well. In a flash of inspiration, you name it the Egg-Zactor. You produce some telephone commercials and begin selling via mail order at $3.95 each. Large numbers of boiled-egg enthusiasts feel $3.95 is a fair price to rid themselves of breakfast disappointments, and soon the sales are booming and you can't meet the demand. Before long, you raise the price to $4.50 and enjoy greater profits than before. But, alas, other businessmen have not been idle. Anxious to match your success, one party develops a better egg timer than yours. What's more, he puts it on sale for $3.50. Soon your orders drop off. You're forced to lower prices and seriously consider product improvements of your own.

This, of course, is a highly simplified example, but it illustrates how the competitive system works to give consumers a product they want at the best possible price. Still, a competitive system operating with no control would mean individual hardships. Labor, for example, would also be governed by the laws of supply and demand. As long as business remained active and labor in short supply, wages would stay constant or rise. But if business declined, workers themselves would drive down wage levels as they scrambled for existing jobs. And in a purely competitive system, those with no jobs would go hungry. Strictly speaking, the system has never been that "free." It took on regulations that counterbalanced the inhumane consequences that could stem from "pure" competition. The laws against child labor are an example.

Quite aside from regulations designed to shelter those without economic power, the theories of Adam Smith never were put into practice in their pure form. Instead, what evolved was the "mixed economy." In Canada, this amounted to a limited partnership of government and business, with the public sector providing support for enterprises essential to national development—the Canadian Pacific Railway is an example—but whose scope was clearly beyond the capabilities of an unaided private sector. While government established the framework and provided financial, legal, and other supports, business got on with its job and, through competition, gave Canada one of the highest standards of living in the world.

It was in the 1930s that governments began taking on a bigger role in the economy. And it was during the Great Depression that the English economist John Maynard Keynes reasoned that competitive economies moved in cycles with slack periods following times of vigorous growth. Businessesmen, said Keynes, increase production as long as they feel it will lead to greater profit. But eventually production rates exceed demand and profit margins decline. Thus production stops expanding, wages no longer go up, and soon there are no jobs for newcomers in the labor market. Unemployment increases and the demand for goods declines. The economy is on its way down. Keynes' suggestion for reviving a sluggish economy was to boost government spending and cut taxes to encourage consumer spending which, in turn, stimulates investment and creates more jobs. To slow down an inflationary economy, however, the opposite was suggested—cut in spending and an increase in taxes.

The Keynesian theory had a profound influence on the thinking of governments following World War II. But they have not applied both sides of the equation. They have been relatively quick to boost spending to remedy a stagnant economy, but slow to reduce spending for fear of creating unemployment.

The competitive system—the economic engine of Canada—is decisively influenced by government intervention. Even in normal times, government has a responsibility to protect the consumer. To do this, according to advocates of the competitive system, all government need do is monitor the market to ensure that real competition exists. Economists have devised various tests for establishing this. The tests require that, to be competitive, an industry must offer consumers a wide range of choice, that it must be efficient in its production and use of technology, that its profits should not be excessive given the risks it must take, and that new firms should be able to enter the market.

On Oct. 14, the federal government imposed wage and price controls, representing the greatest act of intervention in Canada's economy since the period of wartime regulation. Whatever temporary expedients government chooses to adopt to tackle the country's current economic dilemma, the basic principles of the system are as relevant to Canadians today as ever.

Year after year, economic complexities such as these would have been resolved in five-syllable phraseology in musty chambers and buried in the pages of the financial press. Today, more and more Canadians are taking an interest in the economy. As more of us understand how it works, perhaps we'll also see that, all things considered, the competitive system is the consumer's oldest friend.
The
window

Words and photographs by a noted
artist. In search of a rose-colored window.
by Harold Town

At one time, it was believed there were
windows in heaven through which rain
poured. Originally created to allow the
transmission of light and the flow of
air, windows have become conduits of
display, mystery, disguise, hope, and
deception. In Gothic novels, they are
sightless, sinister, or lowering; in
poetry, they touch the senses allusively,
and the eye becomes the window of
the mind; and in our urban world, they
are a metaphor of thought as commonly
used as the symbol of the sun in picto-
graphs of primitive people. How many
times since Samuel Butler’s analogy,
“Each window like a pill’ry appears,
With heads thrust thro’ nail’d by the
ears”, has the window been used as a
poetic simile?
Many functional elements of con-
temporary architecture, such as eave
troughs, water pipes, and wire are still
essential to our nuclear lives, yet can
you imagine changing this headline
from last July's issue of Psychology Today: "Violence caused by allergy gives us a small window through which to see . . . " to "Violence caused by allergy gives us a small corridor through which to see . . . " The window has had a long metaphorical run, and its ancillary elements have their share of common usage: we screen applicants, we shutter minds, we bar entry and drop iron Curtains.

Though permanent shelter represents a desire to protect oneself from nature's controlled disorder -- in a cocoon of familiar things where one's private history may be combed for small tangles of understanding -- this seemingly static state nevertheless needs weather, change, and the larger freedom of sky and sun and storm to be something more than a prison. Nature through a window is like a cat waiting at the curb; we can take it if we just decide to go outside.

Gertrude Stein remarked, "I like museums. I like looking out their windows." Although a mournful comment on museums, there is a larger truth in the remark: most of us cannot keep from looking outside regardless of the duties or pleasures inside. The magnetism of the window seems to control inanimate objects. Windows become display cases, symbolizing the lives of the occupants within the house: interior bits and pieces washed from the heartland of the home to the beach of the window. Bottles, empty tokens of special occasions, frequently drift to the window sills as they do to the shore, stuff collected on dimly remembered holidays, pencils, roller-skate keys, stamps curling like cabbage leaves in the sun -- all kinds of semiprecious junk.

In the evolution of architecture, windows have been covered with many materials -- linen, oiled paper, mica, horn, gypsum, wafer-thin marble, thatched blinds, dangled cord, thong, and tapestries evolved into pivotal artifacts of man's creativity. With glass, first thought to be used in Roman times, the window evolved slowly in the design innovations of any given period, culminating in the Crystal Palace, a Victorian extravaganza based on engineering principles derived from the form of the lily pad. It was one complete window, in retrospect incredibly daring, and the precursor of the steel-and-glass towers of today. The window is subject to as much cosmetic whim and fashion as the car. In the thirties, glass brick windows virtually screamed "Modern!" and were a standard design feature of any apartment building with rounded corners. After World War II, the picture-window craze swept North America. Row after row of pencil-box houses with cyclopean slits stared across treeless streets endlessly reflecting the world of Mr. Antiseptic, an environment lit by cellulophane-wrapped lampshades and flickering TV screens that promoted a gadget-filled dream. In the beginning of this mania, one would think the law required that drapes be left open; people seemed to believe that they were actually making living pictures. Then plants made it to the space, decorative screens appeared, and the 1930 phenomenon of the Venetian blind (beloved by Hollywood lighting men) came back in metal and plastic. Drapery salesmen prospered, and some fronts blinkered up, and the affluent life returned to the backyard, this time not to grow flowers and vegetables, but to burn meat and jump in and out of blue pools. Windows after all are merely windows, not a way of life.

We celebrate windows early as kids. I have seen junior Leonardo barely finish the outline of a house before whacking in a window, complete with cat or potted plant. And how often the dug-out window in the brown-sugar crust of a sand castle has started its inevitable collapse. A little later in growing time, the idea of freedom begins to hang out on the corners of developing minds, and kids build tree houses to get away from earth-bound routine. Having got the first construction on Tarzan Street past the argument of who's boss, halfway through the exercise they make a window in their aerie, thus becoming visible and social, another subject for Norman Rockwell.

School windows are the torment of youth. In all my purgatorial days in schools, I never acquired either the size or status to be among those favorites who opened the high windows with long poles. In spring, the siren air blowing into the classroom promised reckless days filled with games of tin-can cricket in the lane, wall-climbing in narrow alleys and tree-swinging, and made the itch of my long winter underwear rolled up under leather-kneed breeches somehow bearable. In fall, the first tremble of snow brought to mind the scent of Christmas trees and mysterious parcels. School windows beckon and restrict, promise and deny; they are sheets of glass on which the moth wings of youthful hope beat away the years.

Windows are where bugs go to die, and when you come upon them during a cold winter day, the insect drone of summer echoes in your ear. Some unreasonable force dictated that the eye hooks for the summer windows never matched the winter storm hooks. But now with the introduction of anodized and baked alumi-nium combinations, the spring and fall ritual of changing screen and storm is a rarity, and the sight of impatient hash-bands on ladders precariously balancing newly polished glass may someday be a thing of the past.

It's hard to imagine the movie industry surviving without windows: the gloved hand at the latch; curtains blowing into the night, pointing the way of escape; James Cagney snarling, "Come and get me, coppers!" as he snaps a couple of shots to the street below; the knot of cowboys bashing out glass with the butts of Winchesters as they prepare to defend the homestead; the heartbroken heroine watching with secret passion as her beloved rides by; the shadowed figure on a blind, noted by the stakeout across the street; and all the miles of painted canvas used to make us believe the window in the set looks out on something other than lighting grids, cable, bored crew, and rising costs.

Kafka stated that if the eye was the window of the soul then film was an iron shutter. Windows seen at night become filmic; people as well as things move within a specific boundary or shape, and because we get only one frame of the interior action of the house, the window is a lie, dislocating the reality of the natural flow of human
A tree house, an old aeroplane, and a standing wall, each with a window to catch the eye.

activity within the structure. It's a moving still.

In 1948, I lived for a short time in New York and walked nearly every foot of Lower Manhattan. One night as I rounded a fashionable corner near my subterranean digs, I looked in on a suave man in a tuxedo pouring a drink from a silver shaker for a Lana Turner blonde and I thought, "Wow! This is New York... William Powell, silk sheets, monogrammed shirts, and gold-tipped Egyptian cigarettes." The next night, Valentino was in a singlet reading a newspaper and Lana chewing gum, her hair in curls.

At night, windows though deceptive are revelational; by day, they are as uncommunicative as the gaze of a toad. In Toronto, from my mansard window on the third floor where I tried
Looking out some windows, the world may appear as an artist's landscape...

to paint and live in the late forties, I had a carnival of windows to choose from. I could watch the peccadilloes of a notable Romeo who later became a friend, bear witness to flashes of flesh, referee family feuds, and cogitate on the blind that was never raised. But the window that fascinated me most was the one that revealed an invalid in bed, usually reading or doing work with his hands. I made a painting of that rectangle of confinement, and it was, without predetermination, a gay and buoyant picture. Later I realized why it turned out that way. For all the bleakness of the sickbed, the man's constant activity and the light on his bald head had become a positive experience for me. He was visually lively enough to register as a celebration from a distance and, although dying, his head in the...
gooseneck light became a sun. Finally, pushed against the opposite wall of that tiny room, my elbow trying to jab more space into the air. I painted the mansard window. I stared for days at a shape that had just been a diversion before, until it seemed to shoot forward and envelope my head like blinkers shutting out the rest of the room. As I worked it occurred to me that, in the history of art, windows have often been not only the means of lighting the subject but the subject itself.

Da Vinci assures the focus of the viewer’s eye in the Last Supper by framing Christ and the disciples next to him with window and door. In Vermeer’s masterpiece, The Astronomer, which is as much a portrait of the bearded sage’s work table as that of a man contemplating the spherical chart of the heavens, all the compositional thrust leads to the window and by implication to the sky above.

In our time, the French painter Robert Delaunay’s series of windows comes immediately to mind, especially Simultaneous Windows, in 1912, in which the artist painted both the frame and the canvas, making us realize that our skulls frame the memory bank of our experience. The American, Edward Hopper, painted windows in every kind of light, as do some of the currently chic photo realists. In Canada, artists as diverse as William G. R. Hind, Frederick Varley, and Christopher Pratt have made the window a subject of their painting.

In his Treatise of Divers Arts, written around 1120 AD, the monk Roger of Helmershausen impressed his pupils with the dictum, “Church Art is inseparable from religion.” The good priest saw the stained-glass window as a noble means of expressing man’s faith and stated that man was “heir to all the ages”, and in characterizing the specific heritage of many countries at that time noted, “all that France loves in precious variety of Windows”. When one thinks of the windows at Amiens, Chartres, Bourges, and Sens, and then of such modern examples as Matisse’s masterwork, the chapel at Vence, perhaps the window as the medium of art rather than as painted replication is the best way to celebrate its function.

Windows are part of common mythology. Everyone knows that if you clean them it is certain to rain. In literature of the twenties, a broken window was a matter for serious concern—“Paroal, go to the woodshed!” Nowadays, if something crashes through a window, we only hope that it doesn’t come with a timed fuse. Until recently, when buying glass, one tried to make sure it was flawless and bubble-free, and now we scrounge about in country auctions trying to find old lump-wattled glass to finish the restoration of a vintage building or the windows in an antique cabinet.

George Bernard Shaw, in his Man and Superman, Part Three, wrote: “Better keep yourself clean and bright, you are the windows through which you must see the world.” There is now however something to be said for a dirty windowpane, for it makes one realize how bright the world really is when you get outside. After all, nature needs no cleaning. When man looks through grubby glass, it is usually his vision that fouls the pane. What we need are more rose-colored windows.

The sills of windows are for cats and plants and even birds. In the winter, windows welcome the sun and warm the spot where a dog may sleep.
It was only this year – more than 30 years after their début – that full-length Quebec films received international recognition. *Le voile*, a movie by Michel Brault dealing with the 1970 October crisis, was awarded first prize for directing at the Cannes International Film Festival in France. It also received Canadian Film Awards for best feature film, best director, and best original screenplay. But while critical acclaim has bloomed abroad and at home, interest among the general public in Quebec has begun to wane. Just when Quebec films start getting recognition, why have they begun to lose audiences at home? Maybe the answer lies in the Quebec film industry itself.

The first feature film made in the province appeared in 1942. It was *Le Père Chaput*, directed by a Russian immigrant, Fédor Ozer. During the next 10 years, films produced in Quebec were mainly based on popular radio serials. Such serials gave birth to the 1949 films, *Le cercle de village* and *Un homme et son péché*, and in 1950 to *Sapho*. The actors for the films were chosen from among radio stars the public liked and whose faces they wanted to see. Then the industry began to adopt a definite sociological stance. It seemed that simple entertainment was not enough for Francophone audiences. The advent of television in 1952 dealt a hard blow to the industry, which had managed only to meet expenses. With private film companies unable to compete against television, Francophone directors had no other choice but to seek employment producing documentaries with the National Film Board. So, throughout the fifties, no fictional films of full length were produced in Quebec. However, the province’s film directors took advantage of the lull to learn. They found a style that suited them. It was called “le cinéma direct”, inspired by the candid-camera method in vogue at the time among English-speaking members of the board.

Having created its own style, the industry tackled many areas: politics, comedy, drama, melodrama, and “exploitation”. One of the films, Claude Fournier’s *Deux femmes en or*, a soft-core pornographic flick produced in 1970, became the greatest financial success in the history of Canadian cinematography; it has made nearly $3 million to date. It was a heady time for the filmmakers and for a number of reasons. The quiet revolution at the beginning of the sixties, with its nationalistic emphasis, attracted new people to the industry. Many of them saw in it an opportunity to express their social and cultural philosophies. The film industry increased its activity. During the late sixties and early seventies, more films
were produced each year than in the entire decade from 1945 to 1955.

The industry was able to recruit actors and actresses made popular by TV. Quebecers went to the movies to see women such as Dominique Michié and Denise Filiatrault, who had achieved great success in the TV series *Moi et l'autre*. Geneviève Bujold, at the peak of an international career, was also much in demand. A popular singer like Willie Lamothe (the top gun of the Franco- phone western) also packed them in. In addition to recognized stars, directors such as Gilles Carle, Denis Héroux, and others introduced new faces to the public - people such as Daniel and Donald Pilou and Danielle Oulinet.

Once quite conservative, Quebec society opened the door to films that were frankly sexual in style. Nudity was the fashion in movies around the world during the late sixties, and Quebecers didn't want to be left out. Sex on celluloid sold tickets too. Denis Héroux revealed this approach in 1969 with *Valérie*. Then came *Deux femmes en or* which, besides making money, was one of the most sexually explicit of the French-Canadian movies.

Another reason for the success can be found in the film directors themselves. Many had learned to express themselves well while working for the National Film Board, and, after leaving the crown corporation, they enlarged their talents. Such was the case with Gilles Carle, Denis Arnaud, Claude Jutra, Claude Fournier, and others. Along with this flowering of talent, the filmmakers began using jocular, the French-Canadian idiom, instead of what might be termed "correct" French.

Quebec filmmakers chose subjects that not only reflected their political and social convictions, but also the tastes of the public. Did audiences want a good laugh? It was provided in *Ferme bon après les meules à papa* (Jean Brassard, 1969), a film appealing to the humble Quebecer able to make fun of wealthy Anglophones. Denis Héroux combined popular stars and slapstick comedy in *J'ai mon voyage* and *J'ai toujours moyen de moyennais*. In 1973, Marcel Carrière with *OK*... Elisheri described the working class of Montreal with caustic humor.

Some of the films were characterized by violence. Filmmakers offered *La mort d'un bûcheron* and *La mandible galette*.

Michel Brault, director of *Les ordres*

Director Jean-Claude Lord who made the political film, *Bingo*

Gilles Carle directed *Les corps célestes*, a movie coproduced with France

Valérie, one of the first Quebec sex movies, starred Danielle Oulinet

Jean Lapointe (left) had one of the leading roles in *Les ordres*, an award-winning film about the 1970 October crisis.
Attempts at the epic film were made with Quelques regards de plage and Kamouraska. Drama got its share of the spotlight with Le temps d'une chance, Les colonies, and Timour. Psychological films earned recognition with La conquête and Mon oncle Antoine. And last, but not least, there were movies of a political nature so specialized that they could be shown only in film libraries or on television: Béjart Pavane and Bingo among them.

The majority of these movies were produced on small budgets (ranging from $100,000 to about $250,000) with assistance from the Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC). During the late sixties, eight films in French were produced. The high point was reached in 1972 with 12 movies. For 1974 and 1975 combined, it is expected the number won't exceed seven.

How came an industry that gained popularity during the late sixties to peaked during the early seventies is now slowing down? Mainly because producers money has dried up—a consequence of inflation. Costs are much higher—actors' and technicians' salaries, rental of equipment, and the price of film. Despite the apparent success of the last few years, Quebec filmmakers are worrying about the lack of money.

For example, it took four years—from 1970 to 1973—for Michel Brault to find the necessary financial backing to make the award-winning Les enfants. Claude Jutra also had difficulty. His film Amour propre, made in 1972, was not as successful at the box office, and he had to be content making television commercials until he raised funds to create Pour le meilleur et pour le pire in 1974 for release last October. Even Jean-Claude Lord, who had great success with Rings in 1973, had to reduce the budget of his next film, Panipat, cut by about $300,000. Gilles Carle, who represented Canada two years in a row at Cannes (with La vraie vie de Bernadette in 1972 and La mort de l'amerien in 1973) has had trouble raising money.

Although many Quebec film movies have attracted large audiences in that province, box-office returns aren't as impressive as some people believe. Few films make profits. Even those that play several weeks throughout Quebec and benefit from organized publicity lose money. For example, Kamouraska, Les soeurs, and Rings haven't covered their expenses. Production was also impeded by a federal government decision—modified in late 1974—to prevent private investors from declaring investments in films as tax deductions.

By the end of 1973, public indifference had developed toward many films. According to those who wrote letters to newspapers, there was too much sex and violence. The novelty that began during the last sixties had worn thin.

Some critics saw one cause of the trouble in the absence of qualified screenwriters. This theory was offered on several occasions by Gratien Gélinas, president of the CFDC. It has also been suggested by producers such as Pierre David and Pierre Lamy and directors such as Jean-Claude Lord. Producer-Jean-Claude Labrecque confirmed it in autumn, 1974, during the filming of his latest full-length work, Les sœurs. "The cinema direct brought about this deficiency in screenwriters," he told me. "As directors were filming real life, they created a situation where screenwriters and screenwriters became superfluous."

In addition, Quebec film producers received poor distribution in Europe. Partially, the poor distribution may have had something to do with linguistics. The Quebec accent sounds too harsh to the ear of the European Francophones—French, Belgians, and Swans.

Also, during a radio broadcast in the series, Prénuptial, On Radio-Canada last June, the French film director Michele Dimitri, who took costly risks trying to market Quebec films told, that the province's movies left the French nonplussed. They found it difficult, Dimitri said, to imagine that a Latin people could live the North American lifestyle.

The distribution of Quebec films in English Canada has always been limited. Only Global Television Network, based in Ontario, has had regular showings of French-Language Quebec films dubbed for broadcast on its network. Most French films are seen in Quebec and English Canada have been projected during a film festival or presented in a film library. The same is true for English-Canadian films shown in Quebec.

Commercially the Quebec film industry couldn't possibly compete with foreign productions, notably French and American, which benefit from budgets of several millions of dollars. It is, after all, bounded by the limitations of the market, with a public of only six million Francophones. Filmos that Quebecers tried to coproduce with France (Kamouraska with Claude Jutra and Gilles Carle's Le corps céleste in particular) realized only modest success at the box office.

What will become of the Quebec film industry? For 12 years, the province's cinematographic core (comprising directors, distributors, technicians, actors, actresses, broadcasters, and animators) requested legislation to assist the film industry. The Quebec national assembly finally passed such legislation last June, creating the Institut Quebecois du Cinéma. It will have a budget of $4 million to help make Quebec full-length films, short subjects, and documentaries. It also gives the minister of cultural affairs authority to fix quotas on the number of imported movies shown. This will oblige theatre chains to show a certain percentage of Quebec films. This may change the situation in Montreal where more than half the films shown aren't in the English language.

Quebec film producers, benefiting from subsidies from the CFDC and now the Quebec government, might get a second chance. However, to prove their worth to mature professionals, they must learn prudence, giving up the idea of super productions that gobble up large sums of money. Some groups have known this for a long time—for example, the Association Coopérative des Productions Audio-Visualiennes in Montreal. It limits itself to $100,000 budgets (or less) for each full-length film. This is also the case with producer Jean-Pierre Leduc, who, at 34 years of age, has been making movies for 10 years. He has 13 full-length films to his credit. His style is to work in small groups, with very flexible conditions—a necessary arrangement due to low budgets. His films, Les dernières fantaisies, which enjoyed great success in 1974 at La Quinzaine des Réalisateurs in Cannes, was produced for $45,000.

The legislation passed in the province to help the industry is designed to assure better Quebec film distribution and a new market abroad. Whether these objectives can be met is not known yet. By early 1976, we'll be able to tell how promising the future is for the Quebec film industry.

Claude Daigleau is the film critic for Le Soleil in Quebec City.
these funds was very exhaustive. Sources of capital were explored in Toronto and Montreal. Then in Britain, France, the United States. In the end, the Rockefeller interests—Standard Oil—had the imagination to see what was ahead. They put up the money. In return, they received controlling interest.

Engel: The 70-percent ownership of Imperial by Exxon: is this a deliberately determined amount, or accidental?

Armstrong: It's a coincidental ratio that has remained relatively constant—between 68 and 70 percent—during the 34 years I've been with Imperial. The Exxon people think that Imperial is a good investment, and they are satisfied with the position they have.

Engel: Of course, this gives Exxon an incredibly powerful and unquestionable and unbreakable control over Imperial.

Armstrong: Hold on a minute! It's not unquestionable and it's not unbreakable. We have a major responsibility to Exxon because it is our largest shareholder. On a formal basis, we meet with Exxon people twice a year, primarily to talk over the planned capital budgets and the results of the previous year. Then, there is a third meeting to talk over the development of people. And if you own 70 percent of a shop I operated, you'd expect the same treatment.

Engel: But is there a representative of Exxon on the board of Imperial?

Armstrong: No. There is no interlocking director between the two boards. The Exxon people believe that Canadians should run Imperial and conduct the day-to-day operations.

Engel: Nevertheless, this is a very sensitive issue in a time when many Canadians talk of controlling our economy and, thus, our destiny. Some of these people perceive Imperial as merely an extension of Exxon, without a will of its own, at the mercy of American imperialism. I'd be happy to hear you respond to that.

Armstrong: Well, over the years, I've seen several examples that disprove any suggestion that we are at the mercy of American imperialism. One particular example was the development of the tar sands. Imperial wanted to go in the direction we've gone, but we did not have the full agreement of Exxon.

Engel: What was Exxon's position on Syncrude?

Armstrong: Well, about 15 years ago, when we first started to look at the tar-sands development, Exxon's people felt that it was premature. They just didn't see it as a good venture. They saw much oil around the world and felt that maybe we in Canada wouldn't need the oil from the tar sands. But as you know we went ahead with our research, and we're now into tar-sands development through Syncrude in a very large way.

Engel: But Mr. Armstrong, if it came down to the crunch with Exxon, if it got down to out-and-out disagreement, to bare knuckles, what then?

Armstrong: If it got down to bare knuckles, Exxon would either go along with Imperial's executive committee and with me as chief executive officer, or they could get rid of us. It's just that simple. If Exxon ever asked us to do something that we thought was not in the best interest of Imperial or would compromise our principles, then I guess we would just have to part company. But we've never been put in any such position. I'm sure we never would be.

Engel: But let me raise the issue that emerged this past summer in Nova Scotia during the court case involving Imperial and the Nova Scotia Public Utilities Board, it developed as a side issue, that Imperial has not been free to purchase crude at the most reasonable prices, but had been obliged by Exxon to purchase from another Exxon subsidiary at a somewhat higher price.

Armstrong: I think we must go back into the evidence that was given. You refer to the time when Exxon took Lybian crude and had an opportunity of selling it for $60,000,000 more than Imperial would have been prepared to pay for it. If you were in the position of the supplier, who would you sell it to? The one who'd give you the better price? Or the one who wouldn't?

Engel: The one who offers the higher price.

Armstrong: All right. That's exactly what Exxon did. Imperial had opportunities for supplies from other areas. We didn't need the Lybian crude. We could have used it, but at a price we wanted to pay. We weren't prepared to pay the asking price, that's all.

Engel: Mr. Armstrong, what value is there technically in the Exxon-Imperial relationship?

Armstrong: Here, I think we get more than we contribute to the system. In general, we get much more value in research from Exxon than it costs us. Actually there's a formula for figuring out what we pay for research. For example, the unique research in offshore production of crude oil by Exxon in the Gulf of Mexico could solve many of our production problems off the coast of Labrador and in the Beaufort Sea. Acquiring the knowledge and technique to do this on our own would be extraordinarily costly. To obtain both, at nominal cost from our own corporate family, is obviously highly advantageous.

Of course, Imperial makes a contribution to the overall research as well. Syncrude will certainly provide unique technical expertise to some of our international affiliates that may need it. Another example is our basic research into lubricating oil technology. Imperial is doing the work in this field for the Exxon organization. As in all mutual research, the work is under-written by the participants of our research agreement and the results are distributed in turn.

Engel: Mr. Armstrong, what about management development in Imperial? There have been claims that international affiliations inhibit the development of Canadian management talent. How have you found the Exxon relationship in this regard?

Armstrong: It's extremely valuable. There's a constant cross-fertilization between Imperial and Exxon, as well as its many international affiliates. Exxon has affiliates in more than 100 countries. Obviously an Imperial staff can broaden his or her experience immeasurably by moving around these worldwide facilities. Dick Reid, former Imperial president, is an example. Now an executive vice-president of Esso Europe, he's clearly going to expand his scope and experience significantly during the next few years. If he comes back to Imperial one day, he's bound to bring with him a lot of valuable international exposure. Some of our people move all over the map—Esso Research and Engineering, Esso production research, etc. We did a survey. About an average of 60 Imperial Oil people, from first-line field supervisors to board members, are in the Exxon circuit in almost all corners of the earth. I'd sum it up as a two-way arrangement. We at Imperial contribute as much talent as we receive. But, above all, we're a Canadian company. Our capital is raised in Canada, and the decisions on how it is used are made in Canada. We are as Canadian as if our major shareholder were in Manitoba.
in closing

Many institutions of our time — education, religion, law, politics — are under heavy scrutiny and many face new skepticism. But if you accept the evidence of polls, the press is held in less confidence than any of these. In Canada, the Gallup Poll reported in 1974 that while 58 percent of the public had a lot of confidence in the church, 57 percent in the schools, and 53 percent in the courts, the public trust in journalism was less. It was 36 percent. It is roughly the same in the United States. The skepticism is more significant when you realize that journalism sees itself as the trusted watchdog of public welfare. Is the watchdog in need of watching?

I've spent my adult life in the press, in its various forms, and the evidence of waning confidence strikes me as baffling, at least at first glance. For it comes at a time when, in many ways, the press is at its best. Journalists are more educated and more purposeful, taking their vocation and themselves very seriously, sometimes to the point of self-righteousness. They are apt to regard yesterday's flamboyant reporter, with his whiskey breath and rolling eyes, as a primitive anachronism. Today's reporters are more studious, more meticulous. Aren't they?

Why then this distrust, sometimes to the point of doors slammed in the face?

"I don't trust the media," said a prominent businessman, quoted in Maclean's last summer. "I've no use for them . . . I find them completely dishonest and without character." That's an outburst, but still, the distrust behind it is deep and is not felt only by the well-to-do. The poor are often hostile as well, feeling that their problems are merely exploited for a few seconds of television film. Throughout last summer and fall, there were strong protests from minorities in large cities that newspapers, television, and radio are racially biased. Persons in all these groups see the press as, in a word, predatory. Perhaps there isn't anything new in these revelations. The mandate of journalism has always meant that it will not enjoy the day-to-day affection and respect of the public. If it does its job, it must often bear tidings about dishonest politicians, avaricious businessmen, and craved assassins. To many people, such subjects are unsettling, especially as they hear more and more about them. It would be less disturbing, at least in the short run, if the press would ignore villains, especially over dinner-time television. Granted, the times are in disorder, but why remind us, some people say, we have our own problems.

The press should not practise self-censorship. The flow of events must dictate what is printed or aired, not a desire to protect the public from the unpleasant. But saying that is not enough. Public skepticism about the press' performance has other roots as well. Many of the press' strongest critics contend it is unfair or, to use the word most often used by its enemies, biased.

It is. No organization run by human minds is otherwise. The moment a journalist asks this question and not that; the moment an editor chooses this headline over that; the moment a photographer shoots this picture rather than another, bias is present. So long as journalism involves something beyond the hockey scores and death notices, bias will be present.

Still this argument can be used — and is used — to excuse the most flagrant excesses: deliberate distortion and character assassination. At one time, some major newspapers in North America commonly practised this kind of yellow journalism. Reporters on such papers knew that the surest route to the front page was to get something on the publisher's enemies.

That has mostly vanished, perhaps because of maturing journalism, perhaps because the public grew sick of it. Ironically, however, it has now reappeared in new publications claiming to represent a fresh integrity, a nobler virtue than the established press. I mean the so-called underground press, usually weekly and appearing in many Canadian cities as a challenge to the existing daily papers.

In principle, the underground press is sometimes laudable; in performance it is usually dismal. Often it serves as a vehicle for careless rumor, personal vendetta, and self-serving gossip. "Nowadays the place to look for blatant twisting of the news, shoddy reporting and disregard for fairness," writes a distinguished American journalist, Thomas Griffith, "is not in the Establishment press but in those who revile it — in the underground press."

Naturally all papers, underground and otherwise, have biases. I fear the kind of impartiality in journalism that poses as independence but may be born of cowardice or laziness. All the same, if the press is to deal with its credibility problem, the question of its bias must be examined and dealt with. The public must rid itself of the myth that objective reporting exists. "Just the facts, please" is a bad line full of deception. The facts are tinted with bias, and they are delivered in hands tempered by imperfections. So the intelligent reader or viewer is the one who stops short of disbelief, yet retains a skeptical imagination.

As for journalists, they might strive to acknowledge their bias and to restrain it from intruding on the higher goals of accuracy, thoroughness, and fairness. A good journalist is like a magistrate, never empty of convictions and feelings, but bound to strive for impartiality. This may be especially desirable in the case of people working in television, a medium still new, highly influential, and raising many questions. Is it essentially entertainment and, thus, hardly a place for serious, reliable treatment of issues? Does the presence of television cameras alter events so that what is carried is hokum, even unintentionally? Does television's need to catch the eye mean that subjects are not chosen on the basis of their news value, but their vivid ingredients? British television journalist Robin Day recognized these problems when he wrote in the early seventies: "For TV journalism this means an increasing concentration on action rather than on thought, on happenings rather than on explanation, on personalities rather than on ideas."

The chance is that newspapers, radio, and television will never gain our full confidence. Given their nature that's as it should be. They have many faults but, as is said of democracy, do you know of anything better?