Our world was a lovely shambles based on love

Family is Belonging

by Robert Thomas Allen 
illustrations by Bob Berger

Whenever I come across one of those articles... "It's The Family, Doomed!..." "Will Tomorrow's Text Tubes Make Good Fathers?..." "Old Lace, Coffee, And The Winds Of Change..."...I picture a couple of newlyweds sitting on their suitcase in a drafty room, nibbling nervously on a piece of wedding cake, maybe trying to figure out somebody's thesis... "A Behavioral Analysis of the Determinants of Cohesion in the Nuclear Group" and looking scared. I think it's time somebody smiled at them and waved and wished them well and reminded them that something special has happened to them, ancient, unique, profound, complex, and laced with experiences of downright mystic joy—like having kids.

I remember, when I first became a father, standing at the corner of Bloor and Sherbourne outside Hooper's Drugstore in Toronto experiencing the most remarkable feeling I've ever known, as if I were being blown up like a balloon and expanded in all directions. I stood with my toes over the curb, beaming like Scrooge on Christmas morning at passing cars and at streetcar motormen who went by cursing the traffic and stomping on their goggles. "A splendid fellow!" "A most musical guy!" "Such devotion to the transit commission!" Something cheerful crystallized around me out of a vacuum.

From then on I moved in a new world. I didn't just go downtown when I went to work. I went standing on the halls of my feet, knowing I'd left part of me sitting back there at home spraying the kitchen with Pabulum, and I carried snapshots and pointed out remarkable things like, if you turned the picture, my kid's head was the same shape upside down as it was right side up, and I'm glad to see fathers still do this kind of thing.

One young guy I have lunch with looks me right in the eye across the restaurant table and gives unadulterated imitations of the way his daughter says "Walk"—something like "Awk!"—and demonstrates using his fingers for legs, how she creeps at an angle, like a car that needs alignment. When I leave him and walk down Yonge Street in the early afternoon sunlight I always feel good, and find myself thinking of when my family was young and of Christmas Eves and of great, disorganized picnics with friends, when we'd settle down in the grass amid baby bottles, blankets, potato salad, playpens, coloring books, and perhaps a new baby in a padded butcher basket on the backseat of a secondhand Hudson or Oldsmobile—a lovely world we've been living a lonely, body warmth, and gregariousness. If you sneaked off to gaze beneath a rustling maple tree, when you waked up, somebody's baby or a dog or both would be sitting on your chest, in what one family counselor recently described as a "musky merging of identities."

I know family counselors do a lot of good but I wish now and then they'd do a sociological study on, say, singing in four-part harmony while driving home in the moonlight past misty cedar swamps. Or sitting in a school auditorium turning into an emotional pulp of parental pride while your kid reached the finals of a school spelling contest. Some of the most exciting moments I've ever spent in my life were at spelling contests, watching my kids up there pink, smart, and beautiful, spelling words right, like "xylophone." Three kids would be left standing, then a boy would spell "parallelogram" the way I'd spell it, and sit down looking stunned. Then the only remaining contestant would...
make a mistake and there'd be the beginning of a check followed by a sudden dramatic flush as the teacher held up the piece of paper and said, "Wrong!" I'd have to spell it right! A breathless moment while she spelled the word silently to the other students and said, "Correct---c-r-a-p-t-i-t-i-y!" Pandemonium! My wife and I sitting there with our identities only a moment, my vision vibrating like twanged harp strings.

Anyone who has raised a family knows the story. Often, half an hour before a school event, our house sounded as if all hell had broken loose. Oranges, sports clothes, holding clothes out the window and calling to friends, "LOOK WHAT MY MOTHER IS MAKING ME WEAR BECAUSE SHE HATES ME AND WANTS ME TO LOOK UGLY!"

Everyone was shouting and screaming except my wife, who always remained calm, saying things to me quietly, like, "That's really going to help, just closing your eyes and yelling that you're going to Tibet."

Most fights were about clothes and hair. Once I yelled, "Nobody ever is going to mention hair again in this house," which was like telling an engineer he was never to say "equation.

I thought of these times one Sunday morning a while ago when I was out for a walk through a rich neighborhood of houses like stone castles and passed a man who was taking leaves beside a long curved driveway, smoking his pipe, a picture of monumental charm and gracious living. Just then a little girl with brassy curls leaned out of a window in a tower and called out something about a pink blouse, and the guy just leaned on his rake and roared, "Will you put on the white blouse your mother told you to put on and get into the car in two minutes or I'll leave without you!"

Nobody can drive you mad like the ones you love.

Then it occurred to me that the age of travel brought changes in family life.

My family moved around like grape pickers. We spent long lovely summers on a farm where everything around us had family names, and then my grandfather's horses, and an expression of a sort of disordered content. We spent one Christmas Eve in a hotel room in San Francisco and lived up by living in a former maternity home in the Mojave desert where we all slept in the delivery room, the best I've ever been in.

Kids. My grandmother used to beam on us with the sheer pleasure of looking at anyone so remarkable, and you thought you'd better not disappoint her. I'd go to school at night and some kid with no lips and narrow eyes was jabbing you in the side and saying to you and not thinking you were remarkable at all, and you'd think you'd better not disappoint him, that if you ever got out of this you'd drop in on her and have some ice-cream with her. Nobody on our street traveled much farther than Eaton's. If my mother got mad at my father, she took a streetcar ride to Rouen's Avenue, a distance that for the women on our street was just long enough, because when they caught another car back they had decided that they could stand living with their husbands again for another year.

The only people who were mobile were the rooers, a strange breed of unattached men who came up the street just before supper looking straight ahead, and who apparently had no backgrounds, hometown, or mothers or fathers, and you felt they'd been just found as baby floating in a Boston bag in a YMCA pool. They were neat, independent, and dignified and had expressions as if they were looking for something, which indeed they were, because a few months after a rooer would leave our upstairs we'd hear Tewsker telling her he'd gotten married.

The fact is, a family is something more than a group of people who go in one place and hand things down from generation to generation (which is usually ended up in the attic anyway).

It's a feeling of belonging, and moving around doesn't lessen the bonds. Some of the daughters who, like all people of their generation, make long-distance calls as casually as I eat prunes in bed, phone from places like Hawaii and San Francisco to ask their mother how to cook turkeys and how to tell us the things that happened that day as if they'd just come home from school and were making peanut butter sandwiches and, when we all meet, sit around until three in the morning talking about the place we'd stayed and the trips we've taken and the time one of them severely dried her hair in a motel in Povo, N. M., and it came out bright orange. And then there was the awful morning their pet hamster named Gigi died in the backseat of the car near Bandit. Their relationship is as close as ever, as it is with my brother. He now lives in El Paso, Tex., and when we meet another we talk of the house we grew up in north of Danforth Ave. in Toronto, 3 200 km away, as if we were sitting in it, both knowing exactly what the other means. "That was the light plug beside the kitchen door," she was in the corner of our bedroom near the bookcase."

He still worries about me, just the same as he did when my mother and father would leave him in charge of me, maybe at the Canadian National Exhibition, when they wanted to go through the Pure Foods Building. I couldn't have been safer if I'd been inside a barrel. He'd grip me by the sleeve and if he had to move 15 feet away, to see if my mother and father were coming through the crowd, he'd turn and signal me "Don't move," forming the words with his lips, pointing to the ground as if ordering me to grow roots.

A while ago we stood outside a place where I was getting a tire changed in El Paso, two gray-haired heels, while he gave some directions, looking at me just the way he did when he was 1 and I was eight. "What's yours?" he said, naming a restaurant where we were going to meet our wives for lunch, then spelled it slowly and clearly, "W-e-y-a-t-t-s" looking me in the eye dubiously, still not convinced I'd find it. "You go up a ramp and turn left." He made a little jab with his left forefinger at waist level, reminding me which left left and right, and I had a good feeling knowing that there was still someone who cared if I got lost. But there was a lot more to it than that.

Even better was the feeling, as we stood there on the sidewalk outside the tire shop, 3 200 km from where we grew up, that we were surrounded by something subtler than the desert landscape — a kinship, a sort of spiritual lattice formed of concern, comfortable habit, responsibility, experience, and manners. The visible, permanent lines of force that make up that special structure — the family.\[\]
Profit’s not a four-letter word

by R.F. Nielsen/illustrations by Huntley Brown

If profit were a person it could be accurately represented as lying on a psychiatrist’s couch recounting a long and truthful history of being misunderstood and maligned. And this frequent misunderstanding of the nature and role profit has played in shaping our society has created a lasting image of unprofitable. It’s at least arguable that if Karl Marx had comprehended the true nature of profit a third of the world would not be communized today. To him it was simply a rip-off — surplus value produced by the workers and taken from them by the capitalists. He might of course have invented another theory to justify his antipathy to the bourgeoisie. But could he have come up with one so provocative, so revolution-inciting? That so powerful an intellect as Marx’s could go so far astray on a crucial definition reflects the confused state of profit theory up to his time — a scholarly confusion that is at least equalled in our day by popular misconceptions about business profits.

It goes back to Adam Smith, the father of modern economics and the grand proponent of the free market. He unwittingly left the door open to Marx’s exploitation theory of profit when he wrote of employers “setting to work industrious people” and appropriating part of the product of “their work.”

However, some of Smith’s other observations pointed toward quite different conclusions about profit. For instance, he emphasized the element of risk in putting up the capital for a business enterprise. He and other early classical economists regarded profit mainly as interest on capital — the money put up for land, buildings, raw materials, machinery, and labor. This definition, though far from adequate, was natural at a time when (unlike now) most managers were also the owners of their businesses.

And profit’s identity problem — was it interest, labor’s surplus value, or what? — kept it under analysis through the 19th century. Some economists came to regard it as wages paid the entrepreneur for his work and others as premium paid to him for his special knowledge.

Only in this century, when the divorce of management from ownership has become typical in large businesses, has the theory of profit as a reward for taking risks come into full bloom. A U.S. economist, J.B. Clark, prepared the way for this expanded understanding of profit when, in the late 1800s, he argued that it was the result of change. Clark maintained that a static and perfectly competitive economy would be profitless because the price of goods and services would exactly cover their cost. But changes — such as increased population and capital, improved production methods, more efficient business organization, and greater consumer wants — would upset this equality. These variables would enable some prices to exceed costs while others fell below costs, giving rise to profits and losses.

This brought economic theory into the real world of capitalism, which is characterized by constant change. Another American economist, Frank H. Knight, refined Clark’s insight into a theory of profit, now widely accepted by economists.

Change as such could not explain profit, Knight contended, because much change was predictable. If all change could be foreseen it could be allowed for in advance and the economy would tend toward the same profitless state as the static academic model. Business activity would produce wages, interest, and rent but no true profit.

Profit, according to Knight, is the result of unpredictable change. It arises out of “the inherent, absolute unpredictability of things, out of the sheer brute fact that the results of human activity cannot be anticipated…” More precisely, profit is a recompense for taking a unique kind of responsibility for a unique kind of risk. This risk is the uncertainty about the ultimate financial success or failure of an enterprise; it cannot be measured and insured against as the risk of a flood, or theft can be.

It’s true that a manager’s capacity to evaluate risks and make other executive judgments can be determined and that these skills can be competently rated and rewarded with a salary. But this does not give rise to profit in the pure sense. What does is so something extra — an immeasurable and mysterious leadership quality.

For this ultimate in management, Knight says, there is only one possible remuneration: what is left from the sale of a product after payment was made at competitive rates for all services of men or things for which competition exists. “This residuum is profit.”

This definition is obviously narrower than profit as defined in business practice by accountants, which may include elements of interest, rent, and capital gain as well as the excess of sales over the costs of producing and selling. But the theory holds that “pure” profit in the long run would tend to equal profit realized in practice, if there were no restraints on competition.

Profit, in the sense of a unique risk premium, is likely to exist in any kind of economic system, whether based on private enterprise or state ownership. As long as there is uncertainty about the performance of labor, management, or any other factor of production, as well as markets, planning must try to take it into account in its decision-making.

In any individual case, Knight observes, there is no way of telling whether profit has resulted from good luck or good judgment. But there is wisdom in Goethe’s dictum that only the able enjoy consistent luck. The consistently superior performance of capitalist over socialist economies suggests that dispersal of economic decision-making gives more scope to managerial ability than centralized state planning.

But efficiency in producing wealth cannot alone justify an economic system. If it is thought to be persistently short-changing employees or other people who have no part in economic decision-making, it will find few champions. Of course time has made nonsense of Marx’s prediction that capitalism would keep labor in perpetual poverty. Nikita Khroushchev, talking with steelworkers during his 1959 visit to the United States, admitted that “the slaves of capitalism live very well.” Since then, the average real income of wage earners in North America has nearly doubled.

This achievement has by no means stifled criticism of capitalism, much less of profit, which is regarded by many people as an unworthy aspiration linked to greed. Thus, despite having had its true identity respectably established (at least to the satisfaction of noncapitalist academics), profit remains for some people a suspected villain. Critics simply assume that its pursuit must have harmful social effects.

Rebutting this assumption has become an important theme of corporate public relations and advertising. The company is represented as not only a producer of useful goods or services and a provider of jobs but also as a philanthropic citizen engaged in good community works.

But do any ethical considerations really surround profit-making, or for that matter, should they?

Million Friedman, a Nobel Prize-winning economist of the conservative school, believes the whole responsibility of business is a profit-guided allocation of resources to produce the goods and services people want.

Arthur J. Smith, former chairman of the Economic Council of Canada and now vice-president of NOCO Limited, takes a different view: “Business doesn’t have a choice whether it’s going to be socially responsible or not,” he says. “It has to be.” Business, he says, has explicit social responsibilities in employee and shareholder relations. Company pension funds and insurance companies must responsibly manage the savings of millions of people. The community turns to business for assistance in recreation, the arts, and education. And in remote places business must sometimes build whole villages or towns to make an environment that will attract workers.

According to Canadian economists interviewed, the only relevance of ethics to profit-making is that business should be run honestly. None supported the idea that ethics should govern the amount of profit made. Although the concept of “normal” profits for various industries and businesses has

Doug Peters: “Profit is an objective measure of performance”
some standing, based on their previous results, the idea of "reasonable" profit — with its corollary of "exorbitant" profit or profiteering — was held to be entirely subjective. Even Ron Lang, director of the research and legislation department of the Canadian Labor Congress, agreed with this view, although he was, at the same time, sharply critical of "built-in obsolescence" in manufactured products and of competition rather than cooperation as an economic motivator.

Douglas Hartle, a professor at the University of Toronto's Institute for Policy Analysis, said big profits are inappropriate to high-risk ventures. "Oil exploration, for instance, carries a high risk of failure, and you have to offer a big carrot where there's a high possibility of getting a big stick."

The reward for taking a high risk in finding and developing a resource is sometimes forgotten by the owners of that resource who then claim the reward as an economic "rent." "In Canada we've seen an unseemly scramble to grab these extra revenues between the companies and the two senior levels of government. If that keeps up, and if the governments take all the 'rent,' the companies will be left in the same position as before the price rise. And that's not going to induce more exploration and development."

Of people who think that any rate of profit is bad, Hartle said: "I assume they want state ownership with all the centralization and lack of freedom that implies." It's the hope of profit, he said, that keeps the system moving, by causing resources to shift 'from industries where the output is less valued to where it is valued more. Profit is sort of an information system whereby savings are channeled to the most effective uses. Without that, you are going to have some planning board which may or may not be sensitive to consumer demands."

Doug Peters, vice-president and chief economist of The Toronto-Dominion Bank, sees profit "as a reward for the fellow who makes the right decision — who, say, reduces inventory before a period of slack demand or raises production in correct anticipation of increased demand."

Without that reward and without the penalty of loss for wrong decisions, the system can't work well. "In Britain," Peters said, "a company president can make wrong decisions and be sure that because he has a large number of employees he'll continue to get subsides. There's no incentive to manage well if you know the government is going to bail you out."

"Profit is an objective measure of performance and without it performance is very difficult to measure. Take the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation for instance. How do you measure the benefits that accrue from putting another $1 million or another $100 million into the CBC budget? You might decide to present operas on Sunday-night television, and that might indeed be worthwhile but how do you tell objectively?"

Profit today is often regarded as an exorbitant change in price or as something to be taxed away for social services. Peters observed: "If it's taxed away there's no incentive to be right."

Our present tax system, according to Peters, says "the entrepreneur who makes an extra million should have it taxed away but the guy who wins a million in Loto Canada should have it tax free. You tell me which is profit. We don't boo the winner at a bingo game or lottery, so why boo the man who makes a lucky haul in business or does it by hard work and good management?"

Arthur J. Smith: "Business must be socially responsible"

The object of business is to be right in figuring out what the consumer wants, Peters says. "If we put in a branch bank in the right place, loads of people come in and we profit. If we put one in the wrong place, it will lose money and we'll close it. McDonald's hamburger chain is a success because it correctly predicted what services and products people want in the fast-food area. It is being paid off for being right. Profit is a discipline that works in favor of the right economic decisions. If it isn't that, it isn't anything."

But it is the public's, not the experts' view of profit that keeps it as anxious as a psychiatric patient today. This popular view combines considerable goodwill with a degree of factual ignorance that could prove fatal.

The Canadian public has very generous ideas about what constitutes reasonable profit but it also has grossly exaggerated ideas about the profits that businesses actually make. This has been revealed in a series of annual, national surveys by the Elliott Research Corporation Limited.

According to its 1978 survey the public thought a fair profit for manufacturers would be about 22 cents per $1 of sales. (The public also estimated that manufacturers' profit in 1976 was 36 cents per dollar of sales — nearly 10 times the actual figure.) In fact, the after-tax profits per $1 of sales in Canadian manufacturing in 1976 ranged from a low of 1.5 cents for textile products to a high of 0.4 cents for petroleum and coal products, and averaged only 3.8 cents. That's less than one-fifth of what the public thinks would be fair.

This huge gap between perception and reality could make the public receptive (if it isn't already) to government controls, restrictive legislation, and excess profit taxes, as professors J. Alex Murray and Lawrence LeDuc of the University of Windsor have warned.

A more significant yardstick for profit, because it indicates return on investment, is to state it as a percentage of capital put into the business. In 1976 after-tax profits expressed as a percentage of capital employed in manufacturing ranged from a low of 3.4 percent for primary metal to 14.8 percent for transportation equipment. The average for all manufacturing was 9.3 percent.

At that, official profit figures greatly overstate reality in a period of inflation like the 1970s because they don't take account of the high cost of replacing inventory and equipment at current prices. Arthur Smith says that if this were allowed for — along with depreciation, taxes, and dividends — earnings retained by corporations would be "practically zero."

Cases of abnormally high profits do occur, of course, but where this happens in a truly competitive market, they don't stay high for long. Other entrepreneurs are attracted to whatever field or product is paying off exceptionally well, the company that got a head start finds itself sharing the market and its rate of profit declining because of slower sales or lower prices forced by its rivals. Xerox Corp., is a case in point; since its glory days in the early 1960s, hordes of competitors have grabbed pieces of the photocopy-machine market.

What about markets that are not competitive or not fully competitive — where one company has a monopoly or where a few big companies dominate an industry? Surely here are opportunities for excessive profits. In theory, yes, but in practice it works out rather differently. Companies that have monopolies of essential...
services, such as a utility, are subject to government regulation of their rates. These are usually set to return an agreed-upon rate of profit to shareholders. This may satisfy the public that there’s no profiteering, although it provides no stimulus to efficiency and cost control as in companies open to the swings of profit or loss that come from competition. As for a collection of a few big companies dominating an industry, in real life they have a way of being eroded either from competition among themselves, by foreign competition, or because the public turns to a substitute product or service.

Thirty years ago, when General Electric Co. and Westinghouse Electric Corp. appeared to have secured domination of the North American market for electrical appliances, Akio Morita and Masaru Ibuka were running an electrical-repair service in Tokyo. A few years later they became the first to use transistors in radios for consumers. They founded Sony Corporation. Pursued by Japanese rivals they soon made the world their market. No one supposes, anymore, that G.E. and Westinghouse have a corner on consumer electronic sales in North America.

All societies — capitalist, socialist, or a planned mix of the two — must save and invest or face economic decline. They must save something out of current production, instead of consuming it all, in order to maintain or raise living standards in the future. This is done by investment in industrial plants, equipment, roads, schools, and the like.

In Canada, according to Montreal economist Dian Cohen, 52 percent of saving for investment comes from business, 36 percent from individuals and families, and the remainder from governments and foreign investors.

Business savings for investment must come from profits. “Corporate profits are just one way in which society saves,” observes William J. Young, a senior vice-president and director of Imperial Oil Limited. “They aren’t mysterious or unusual but simply an efficient way in a competitive system to accumulate money for future investment.”

He thinks it probable that Russia has a higher level of savings — in effect, profits retained from total production — than Canada. Since all societies must have profits in this sense, Young says, the question is who is going to control them — the state or individuals (personal or corporate). An important merit of the latter way is that it diffuses economic and, therefore, political power. “If the state does it, you destroy diffusion of power and decision-making,” Young says.

Low profits work against sufficient investment by discouraging people from buying stock and by reducing the amounts of retained earnings that business can spend for new plants and equipment. The only other source of business investment — borrowing — is limited especially when the earnings stream of a corporation is starved.

This is Canada’s situation now, a situation that, Arthur Smith says, “deters new investment of a job-creating kind.” If a person in mid-1957 had bought a taste of the Toronto Stock Exchange’s composite index of 300 stocks and reinvested all the dividends, each original $1 would have grown to $3.62 by mid-1977. (Each $1 invested in Bell Canada and Imperial Oil would have grown to $3.92 and $3.10 respectively, according to Wood Gundy Ltd.)

Discounted for the 10 percent in the consumer price index during the same period, the value of TSE index stocks would be only $1.59 for each $1 put in originally. A return of 59 cents on the dollar over 20 years — less taxes on dividends — is hardly encouraging to investment. Nevertheless, individuals and companies continue to invest — though at an overall rate insufficient to assure Canada’s prosperity — in the hope of better days ahead.

Imperial Oil earnings were $264 million in 1976, an 11.4 percent return on average capital employed, of which $106 million was paid out to shareholders in dividends. The other $158 million was reinvested.

According to a rule of thumb used by Professor John Hellwell of the University of British Columbia, $1 million of sustained investment produces 50 jobs, counting the multiplier effect among suppliers of goods and services to the investing company. So Imperial may be said to have created or sustained 20 000 jobs by its 1976 investment. Among many other things this spending paid for exploratory drilling for gas and oil, the bringing in of new wells, the building of five artificial islands in the Beaufort Sea, and helping develop the Athabasca oil sands — in short, for additions to Canada’s energy supplies.

Imperial’s 1976 financial operations enriched Canadian governments far more than itself and its principal shareholder, Exxon Corp., which received dividends for its 69.5 percent ownership at exactly the same rate paid Canadian shareholders. The company paid income and other taxes totalling $535 million, royalties of $291 million, and generated $413 million worth of other taxes including the export tax on oil. The total net scores were: governments $1 239 million, Imperial $264 million.

In this brief examination of profit, it should be clear that it is less an end in itself than a means to other economically and socially necessary ends. It is not only a reward for assuming risk and for making correct business decisions; it is also the catalyst of private enterprise, the most reliable allocator of resources to produce the goods people want, and the main source of continued investment, which is the driving force behind economic growth and jobs and living standards.

It also should be clear, I suggest, that public ignorance and prejudice about profit — and the political consequences thereof — could do more harm to our economic future than Karl Marx’s great folly.

William J. Young: “Corporate profits — one way society saves”
Johnny Wayne, the comedian, is sitting forward on the edge of his chair in the living room of his home in Toronto, sipping a cup of coffee, and he's being very, very serious. No jokes. He is talking about something called Participation House, which is a residence for handicapped adults.

Wayne is on its board of governors and, as conversation moves along, his mood shifts through a series of changes, from enthusiasm to agitation and, finally, to an indignation that gets close to a sizzle.

He's explaining how Participation House got started and he's emphasizing the need for it. It's a place in Markham, Ont., just outside Toronto, where handicapped people can go to live when they reach the age of 18 and when they reach a stage at which they're often difficult to help. When they're kids, parents can lift them; when they're adults, lifting is awkward, sometimes impossible. The incredible thing, Wayne says, is that before Participation House opened there was no place for handicapped adults to go except to institutions that really couldn't care for them properly. Some ended up in hospitals for the chronically ill, some went to homes for the elderly. So he asked the question: does he mean Participation House is the first residence of its kind in Canada?

"It's the first place in North America," he says. "We should look at it and we should say, 'Aren't we all ashamed of ourselves?'

There are 38 permanent residents, ages 18 to the mid-40s, and beds for six temporary residents, handicapped people from families who want to take vacations, or from families in which there's an emergency. Another 75 handicapped people are housed in each day. There's a staff of 52 spread over three shifts. It's under the direction of a pleasant, cheerful administrator named Anne Pahl who, when I talked with her, seemed a little concerned that this story may put too much emphasis on the facilities of Participation House and not enough on the attitudes of the people who help her run it.

And her concern makes a lot of sense. It's valid because, first of all, there's no doubt that the facilities really are impressive. There are interesting bits of gadgetry to make life easier for the residents. The light switches, for instance, are low on the walls and they're operated by the pressure of a nudge. This means that people in wheelchairs, some of them limited in the use of their hands, are able to switch them on and off. And the
Playing the organ helps develop a person’s motor skills

Gentle exercising maintains existing physical capabilities

Architecture itself is impressive. The ceiling is a mass of cedar boards and beams, linked to form a single, giant unit with a sense of spaciousness.

So I suspect that Pahl is right; my guess is that some people, and they probably include the athletes, really do pay much too much attention to the marvelous facilities. But I think that my instincts would be quite simple, quite straightforward. People would rather occupy their eyes with the layout of the front hall than turn their senses loose on a scene of Participation House's residents whose muscles have become distorted. The visitor's reaction can be a mix of shock and pity and self-conscious apprehension at saying the wrong thing.

This conclusion may be unpleasant but it's important because attitudes have a lot to do with what Participation House is all about. The people who run the House provide its residents with understanding — and that's not just a snarky phrase. The understanding has nothing to do with pity and, in a sense, it goes even beyond love. The point is that they offer handicapped persons, many for the first time, some rights that the rest of us accept as basic. One of these rights is the right to fail. It may sound like a simple proposition but make no mistake, it's a very big thing.

Clarence Meyers was one of Participation House's most energetic and effective founders (his own son, Paul, 22 years old, developed cerebral palsy shortly after birth and he's a PHJ resident) and this is the way Meyers explains things: "These people have all the desires you and I have. They have to be given the opportunity to try. They have to have the opportunity to fail. If you deal with them, you have to go beyond pity and, when you do, you see what these people can do."

"We have to be careful," says Pahl, "that we don't lollipop the residents — that we don't code."

Participation House is the product of a sort of endless nightmare that many parents of handicapped children suffered for years. What would happen to the children if the parents got sick or if they died? What would happen to the kids when they reached the age of 18 and they had to leave the shelter of the organization? What would happen to the handicapped children? And, of course, the parents knew the answers: handicapped adults often wound up in some institution, home, or hospital — some place where there was no special care for them. If you're in a wheelchair a single step (instead of a ramp) will block the way as solidly as a wall.

But people who are handicapped need much more than ramps and special light switches. They need the care and the company of people who understand them — and not the pity of those who don't.

So the members of a council of parents of handicapped children in the Toronto area began talking about the problem and they decided to ask for help from the Ontario government.

The reply, in effect, was: "You go ahead on your own, and, if your ideas work, then we'll consider helping you." So the parents did go ahead.

Residents are encouraged to press against their limitations

The scary thing was the cost. There were about 15 people on the executive of the parents' council and none of them had had a great deal of experience in finance, and they found themselves talking about building worth $1 million. They got an architect, Tom Hovitch, to design it and they went after the money. They made up their minds that, well, they just had to get it.

Clarence Meyers, who was then a contractor (he's now executive director of the Ontario Federation for the Cerebral Palsied), was named chairman of the building committee and he got a good deal of help from his brother, Gordon, then an executive with Vickers and Benson Ltd., the advertising agency. (He's now on a sabbatical.) Gordon discussed Participation House with some of the personalities associated with ads handled by the agency, including Johnny Wayne. Wayne got involved when he agreed to speak to a group of parents of handicapped people.

"They wanted somebody to get up and say something funny," Wayne recalls, "but they picked on the wrong person."

What happened was that Wayne did some research on his subject and, by the time he got up in front of the parents, he was genuinely outraged by what he'd learned. He'd discovered how little was being done for handicapped people. And he turned his outrage loose.

"You are the parents of Canadian citizens who should have rights," he said. "But these citizens are a minority who are very much discriminated against and you people aren't making enough noise. You've got to go out in the marketplace and yell for money. You have to compete with the people who want money to build arenas and to finance the performing arts." And so they adopted Wayne as one of their "chief shouters."

Another "shouter" is Bobby Hull, also introduced to the fight through his association with Vickers and Benson, and with Gordon Meyers. Hull also changed in full speed. One day — this was when he was playing for Chicago — Hull flew up to Toronto in the morning, took part in a walkathon, signed autographs, then flew back to Chicago in time to play for the Black Hawks that night. "The thing you should know," says Clarence Meyers, "is that he paid his own plane fare, his meals, everything."

"I was able to spend more time on behalf of Participation House when I lived in the East," Hull says. "It's a little more difficult now that I live in Winnipeg but I'm still associated with it. It's a tremendous cause. Those who have handicapped people close to their families, or in their families, these are the people who make the whole thing what it is."

Alan Eagleston, the lawyer and advisor to athletes, is another active supporter and he says: "I don't have trouble convincing people to donate once they understand Participation House." Eagleston's interest results, in part, from his experience with handicapped kids when he was a swimming instructor. And Eagleston's wife taught crippled children. "The problem," Eagleston says, "is that society tends to
tolerate handicapped people rather than accept them."

Besides Wayne, Hall, and Eagleson, the governors of PH include a number of prominent business leaders and all are active workers. Nobody's just a name on a list.

The parents and the other supporters got the building started in the fall of 1971. It was ready two years later, put up at a cost of $979,000, plus another $200,000 for furnishings. Ontario's Ministry of Community and Social Services contributed $310,000, the Ontario Vocational and Rehabilitation Services branch provided $74,000, and the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation provided a mortgage of $410,000. Today, the Province of Ontario provides 80 percent of the operating costs.

The people who live at Participation House are victims of a variety of physical disabilities, from multiple sclerosis through muscular dystrophy to cerebral palsy, and PH offers three things: it's a residence, and it provides both therapy and recreation. Its name comes from the fact that the residents really do participate.

The first thing you notice, even before you step inside, is that it's a remarkable building. As Wayne says, "it's the un-institution-like building in the world." The corridors are notably bright and the rooms — one bed to a room — are grouped in clusters. There's a large, high-ceilinged recreation room that's used for exercise sessions, concerts, meetings, games... a variety of activities.

The exercises are mostly passive, which means that staff members help the residents do them: the idea is not to try and improve the use of muscles but to maintain their level. There's a therapy pool, with a ramp running down into it. In one room there's a fascinating aid to communication, a board that displays the symbols of something called semi-phonography. It's a system of writing with a series of ingeniously marked pictures and signs, and it was invented by an Australian scientist named C.K. Bliss. He was interned in a Nazi concentration camp where he got to thinking about the causes of the world's troubles. He reasoned that the chief cause was lack of communication. So he developed his semi-phonography, which in Participation House allows some residents to talk with others by indicating the symbols.

The residents work at a number of jobs ranging from quilting and growing plants for sale in the small greenhouse to assembling an assortment of products, including bathroom showers. "And these are not make-work projects for clumsy people."

Wayne points out, "They are jobs that are taxing and challenging."

There is, as Wayne says, a cheerful feeling about PH: "The place bubbles." There are concerts and social gatherings, including wine and cheese parties. Since PH opened, two couples among the residents have been married and they now live in apartments at PH. All residents pay part of the cost of their rooms with their disability allowances.

One of the most satisfying and certainly most important things about Participation House is that it turned out to be a prototype. Similar PH projects are scheduled to open this February in Brantford and Hamilton, Ont. Three more are planned for other Ontario centres. Even more gratifying for everyone involved in PH is the fact that experts from around the world have been visiting it and studying its operation.

And there are a couple of offshoot projects: in Windsor, Ont., a training and tooling workshop for handicapped adults is planned (one of its aims is the development of tools that can be operated by the handicapped), and Participation Lodge, a recreation centre, is to be built soon at Robinson Lake in central Ontario. And there are two PH apartment projects, one already open in Ottawa, and one in Toronto to be opened within a year. Both projects are a mix of some apartments for people who aren't handicapped and others for people who require a certain amount of help in their day-to-day living; the help is provided by trained staff, on call in the building.

Some residents of these apartments will be graduates of Participation House. Veronica Starnet, for instance. She's 23 and she's in a wheelchair (manually-operated, incidentally, so she gets more exercise). She helps with some of the Participation House office work, answering phones and typing. She's the chairman of a group called PROD, whose aim is Promoting the Realization of Opportunity for the Disabled. "Tonight," she says, "I'm going to a meeting to talk about sports and recreation. I've come a long way in developing independence. I'd like to move into the Toronto apartment when it's ready."

Her confidence, of course, is at least partly a product of Participation House. It's a reflection of the attitudes of the people who built and run PH. "When people come in to Participation House," says Wayne, "they start to blossom. They gain in their self-esteem."

There is also a great deal of genuine love at the house. Pahl tells the story of a resident who arrived at PH after spending many years at an institution. She explains that one condition of staying at PH is that a resident must not disrupt routine, and this particular resident certainly did disrupt things, he tried to bite people, his language was abusive and, whenever visitors arrived at PH, Pahl and the rest of her staff held their breath and wondered whether the new resident would act up again.

Finally, in fairness to everyone, Pahl decided to hold a vote among the staff members: should the new resident stay or should he go back to an institution? "We had a secret ballot," she says, "because that was the only fair way to do it. And nobody — not one member of the staff — voted to send him away."

The patient, she adds as a footnote, has responded to the care and attention. He's adjusted to the understanding and he's participating as much as anyone.
Is that a tee-vee camera?
Yes. And the man in the sincere tie? He’s in charge of smilies and noddies

by Bill Cameron/drawings by Trevor Hutchings

It was the first day of the last week of the campaign and it was raining. The television reporter and the cameraman had already driven 190 km, and now they were going to have to drive farther, down a rutted dirt road, behind a yellow school bus. The bus was carrying Political Leader Purple and his local candidate, who was running a suicide effort here; the farmers in the riding had never voted Purple and they would not vote Purple this time. The rain and dirt smeared across the windshield of the car.

The cameraman was irritated. He would have to put the plastic rain cover over his 16-mm camera and that would restrict his flexibility. He would have to be careful to shoot down from his shoulder if he was working outside. If he shot up, the rain would spot the camera’s 12- to 120-mm lens. He was, fortunately, tall. A short cameraman working off his shoulder in the rain produces something that looks like an Esther Williams water spectacular.

The television reporter was irritated. He would not be able to do a stand-up piece, speaking to the camera in the rain. The water would plaster down his hair and spot his trench coat and his Givenchy tie and his safari-style, cream-beige suit from Henry Rosen. Television reporters do stand-up pieces whenever they can; this gives them visibility.

Leader Purple was irritated. Because it was raining, whatever event had been planned at the end of this apparently interminable bus ride would have to be moved inside and the television cameramen would have to unpack their
lights. That would mean a delay and he could spare very little time in this impossible riding. In any case if there were too much delay the television people would not get their film back to the laboratories in time and it would miss the six o'clock news, and the entire outing would lose its value.

The farmers were happy; in the dry spring they needed the rain. But that, of course, was beside the point.

I am a television reporter. I specialize, as much as I can, in political stories because I enjoy politics and because a television reporter covering political stories develops a superbly enjoyable sense of unearned power. Never have people been so friendly.

And there's a reason for this friendliness, which has a good deal to do with the conclusions of a recent survey, published in a Toronto morning paper. An academic, after some months of investigation, concluded that 60 per cent of the voters felt that television news reports influenced their judgments of politicians more than any other single factor.

I asked a campaign strategist about this. He flinched like an oyster encountering lemon juice and said, "Well, of course." Then he offered me an exclusive inside story, which the print guys would not have for a day yet, if I could get him on the six o'clock news.

This is not to say that politicians are defenseless against television reporters. They have guerrilla grammar as one of their most potent weapons. Guerrilla grammar involves the use of language, not to inform but to avoid quotation. It changes the conversation from an instrument of exchange into an instrument of defense and it is painfully effective because it uses the medium of television against itself.

A politician's use of guerrilla grammar exploits the one fatal weakness in the opposition: television reporters live and die by the 15-second clip. That is, in a television news story no one speaks longer than a quarter of a minute. Television producers feel that the bottom has dropped out of the world if a politician speaks un molested for 20 or 25 seconds.

Consider, then, an interview with Leader Red in the corridor outside his office. He does not want to talk to me. He specifically does not want to talk to me about the story I want to talk to him about. He must not give me my 15-second clip. All the same it is poor policy at any time to refuse a television reporter an interview. That refusal almost guarantees a picture of the television reporter on the six o'clock news, standing outside Leader Red's office saying that Leader Red does not want to be interviewed about this, and why not.

Leader Red's dilemma: how to seem to be cooperative while making absolutely sure that the television reporter gets nothing at all worth using?

Leader Red's solution — guerrilla grammar.

Cameraman: "Rolling."

Reporter: "Leader Red, when did you stop beating your wife?"

Leader Red: "Well, Reporter. I'm glad you asked that question since, of course, it does raise a host of critical considerations, to wit, principal clause, subordinate clause, second subordinate clause modified, gerund, further subordinate clause, participle, semicolon, modifying clause referring to first subordinate clause modified. Does that answer your question?"

Reporter (defeated): "Thank you, sir."

This is masterful stuff. Leader Red has spoken for three minutes making perfect sense but never ending his sentence. It is an intricate grammatical structure and no one part of it can be isolated from the rest. Interrupted, Leader Red will respond with another masterpiece of the same kind. He has all day for this. The television reporter, who has to get the stuff back to the lab, scrapes the interview. It is like trying to catch squid with your bare hands: you come away with experience but very little else.

The yellow school bus has parked outside an elementary school. Leader Purple and his entourage have moved inside; the cameramen swear, wrestling the silver cases of lighting equipment up the slippery steps.

On the blackboard in the schoolroom a teacher has written, "One-page essay on each of the following topics: Flying Saucers; Ghosts I Have Known; My Favorite Pet."

The organizers have moved the wooden desks to either side of the room. The teachers and the parents sit, some bewildered and some cynical, in the welter of lights and sound.

Television reporter (to cameraman): "Get me some shots of him shaking hands with the parents. Get me a cutaway shot of that stuff on the blackboard. If he eats a hot dog get me a shot of him eating the hot dog. Okay?"

Cameraman (to a straying print reporter): "Geezaddadaway."

Leader Purple (eating a hot dog, in a sudden bath of light): "Is there no privacy left?"

Which is, naturally, irony. Tonight on four television stations, if all goes well, Leader Purple will be seen eating his hot dog and speaking with the parents. It may be a step this side of dignity but it is a good television picture. It shows Leader Purple as a human being with a need for hot dogs, just like everyone else. And it has some movement to it, the teeth biting into the white paste of the hot-dog bun. Nothing like movement to get you on television.

Certain bottom-feeding Atlantic flatfish have doubly independent vision: each eye roams freely, unaware of the other — the first noting a shark, the second wondering whether that nice bit of lichen is going to drift this way or not.

The bottom-finding flatfish is technologically superior to the television camera, which shoots in only one direction. In order to film both sides of a conversation — to capture the television reporter asking his question and then look at the person he's interviewing giving the answer — one must film parts of the conversation twice.

It's a sweltering noon on the main street of a small resort town. The reporter is filming an interview with the local bartender, who owns the principal hotel, the travel agency, the bookstore, the radio station, and the pressboard plant, and who has been reflected to
the provincial legislature by majestic
margins for the last 15 years, and who
still, unaccountably, wants to be on
television.

Five children, two dogs, and an
entrenched drunk stand opposite the
television reporter, who feels wet
circles beginning to develop on his
shirt.

It is, nonetheless, a pleasant, silly
conversation. The reporter asks the
Baron whether he thinks he might be
elected again and the Baron says, oh,
well, yes, perhaps, you never know,
and both the reporter and the Baron
know that if the Baron is not relected
there will be a rain of frogs on Main
Street after the polls close.

Reporter: "Okay, Mr. Baron, we're
going to get a resek now."

Baron: "A resek?"

Drunk (to cameraman): "What? What?
Is that a camera or what?"

Reporter: "Yeah, see, we've got a
shot of you answering the question and
now we've got to get a shot of me
asking the question so we can cut it
into a conversation. See?"

Cameraman (who has moved around
so that he is filming the reporter over
the Baron's shoulder): "Rolling."

Reporter: "Tell me, Mr. Baron, are
you going to be relected?"

Baron: "Do you want me to answer
that now?"

Drunk: "Izhat a tee-vee camera?"

Reporter: "No, no, that's fine."

Baron (looking puzzled but sympa-
thetic): "How strange."

A highly evolved television reporter
loves reseks. The tumble and stammer
of the original question are eliminated,
and the interrogration rolls out in a
confident, full-throate, resolute way.
And this reporter takes care to have
himself photographed smiling and
nodding. These shots are known as
"smiles and nods," and they will be
inserted into the edited conversation,
leaving an elegantly spurious sense of
intimacy and intelligence.

The bottom-feeding fastfisk knows
nothing of this and is better off.

A television reporter is musings about
his trade. "I was looking back through
some archive stuff the other day, very
early film, black and white, before they
really knew about television — there
was this campaign rally, and you know
what? There were no signs. They didn't
have to have signs. Everybody knew
where they were, everybody knew what
party they belonged to. Now, they have
to have signs for the television
cameras."

"Oh, these guys are skillful, now. You

take Leader Purple. I'll be interviewing
him, you know, and I'll ask him a
question and he'll give me 15 seconds
of answer and look at me and I'll nod
and without taking a beat he'll give me
another 15 seconds, all self-contained,
beautiful stuff. And if I nod again he'll
give me another 15 seconds, impeccable,
and we could go on like that all day
or until we run out of film, maybe."

A cameraman: "You take Leader
Blue. He'll be working the main street,
he'll catch me out of the corner of his
eye, you know, and just precisely when
he's in focus — I mean, just exactly
where I need him for the picture — he
will stop and find a hand to shake.
There's always a hand. But I guess he'd
shake his own hand if he had to."

On a campaign, print reporters
grouse about the "media event." When
Leader Blue's bus pulls into a shopping
plaza and the pipe-band strikes up
"Bonnie Banks of Lochlomond" and
the cheerleaders from the local high
school shriek under their tam-o'-shanter,
the print reporter settles back into
his coach seat, reaches for the gin,
and says under his breath "media event."

That, of course, is imprecise. "The
print reporter, after all, works for a
medium, the print medium; he is
annoyed at a display for another
medium, the television medium. He
feels threatened, irrelevant, and sulky.
And he writes another column on his
portable typewriter, banging at the
keys with aggrieved, stubby fingers.
"THREADBARE, Oft, (Staff)—Leader
Blue, muffing for the cameras as its is his
habit, troffted out the same predictable
speech at another media event in this
small hamlet today ..."

He knows, in his heart, as he writes
that it is all television's fault. He knows
that poltics used to involve a high-
minded, supple, intelligent dialogue
between newspapermen and candi-
dates, before the lens-rabble arrived.
Not in his time but before, everyone
spoke issues. Now it is all vulgar
pictures.

In fact, of course, when you read
back through the years in the news-
paper morgues, the print reporters filed
the same cranky despatches as the
campaign train lumbered from town
to town.

There were no golden days, the
campaigners had the same limited
amount to say and the reporters were
ever appalled at the poverty of the
experience.

But television has changed the feel of
the campaign. The small-town digni-
taries now aim their gaseous grins at
the cameras; the flare of the hand-held
spot rouses the crowd. The print
reporter sits on the edge of the pool
of light, scribbling at the blue lines in
his notebook, with a growing gloom of
irrelevance in his heart.

An hour later Leader Purple swings
back onto the bus. It is two o'clock.
The network television reporters are
two hours away from their newsrooms;
the film must be processed; a script
must be written, and recorded; the
editors will have to marry the sound
and the pictures. If Leader Purple has
something important to say between
now and six o'clock, he will have to say
it to himself. The television people are
leaving.

The yellow school bus grinds up the
dirt road, alone, while the television
cars head in the opposite direction.

Film editors dote on political stories.
They involve, almost exclusively, "talk-
ng heads": duff pictures of people
saying things. Film editors would rather
have carnage or children — anything
with an expected action to it, a sharp
movement or a sickening crash, any-
thing but another bloody politician.

Come the revolution, film editors will
sit by the guillotine whispering to each
other as the blade whistles down: "This
talking head I can use."

In 1977 the Ontario royal commission
on violence in the communications
industry had some gruff things to say
about television. It changes life, it
reduces intelligence, it erases subtlety.
All this is true. It is also true of
newspapers, magazines, and radio.

Television journalism is artificial be-
cause journalism is artificial: a swine-
herd is not a pig.

Television reporting will change
when television audiences want to hear
and see different things. That is the sad
democratic essential of a mass
medium. For now, we are stuck with
the Givensky tie, the beige-cream suit,
and the reporter's trench coat.

A last observation, though. A psy-
chologist recently ran a few rats
through mazes or did whatever else
psychologists do and decided that the
same cranky despatches as the
campaign train lumbered from town
to town.

Nothing new, right? But television has
changed the feel of the campaign. The
small-town dignitaries now aim their
gaseous grins at the cameras; the flare
of the hand-held spot rouses the crowd.
The print reporter sits on the edge of the
pool of light, scribbling at the blue lines
in his notebook, with a growing gloom
of irrelevance in his heart.
ENERGY'S HARD CHOICES
To fuel tomorrow

by Wynne Thomas

Two or three thousand years ago the Chinese, who were no slouches when it came to having bright ideas, hit upon an ingenious scheme for lighting their houses. They designed a lamp that, when filled with an appropriate number of glowworms, supplied sufficient illumination for people to find their way in the dark. Since the glowworms continued to reproduce, this probably represented one of the earliest practical applications of renewable energy. Technology displaced the glowworm lamp, as it eventually was to overtake the rush candle, the waterwheel, and most of the other renewable forms of light, heat, and power on which the human race has had to depend for most of its existence. In oil, gas, and other fossil fuels modern man was to find an efficient, convenient, and seemingly inexhaustible source of energy.

But today, with the growing realization that fossil fuels are, in the apt phrase of the Science Council of Canada, an "endangered species," the world is turning again to its renewable resources as the best means — and ultimately the only means — of satisfying its long-term energy needs. Although no one has yet suggested reenlisting the glowworm, many traditional forms of energy — and some new ones — are being proposed to solve our looming energy problems. In Canada today techniques for deriving energy from the sun, from trees and plants, from the winds and tides, from animal waste, from urban garbage, from geothermal sources deep inside the earth's crust are all being actively investigated.

There is general agreement that much of Canada's future energy will eventually come from such sources. In the words of a recent Science Council report, "renewable energy is feasible, desirable, and inevitable"; and this country has already embarked on the first hesitant steps in the transition from a petroleum-based to a renewable-based energy economy.

There is, however, considerably less agreement on how long it is going to take to accomplish that transition. Some of the more ardent advocates of renewable energy, with an enthusiasm that transcends the economic and technical problems inherent in such a profound reallocation of resources, believe that Canada could make the switch within a couple of decades. Amory B. Lovins, a physicist whose arguments in support of what he has termed "soft technologies" (those that rely on renewable sources of energy) have received considerable prominence, has suggested that Canadians "use this last free lunch of cheap fossil fuel to make a transition as nearly as possible straight to our ultimate sources."

In March, 1976, under the auspices of the Science Council and with the cooperation of the office of energy conservation of the federal ministry of energy, mines, and resources, Lovins spent a week pondering this country's energy options. He went so far as to suggest that by the year 2025 Canada, with almost double its present population, could require only 50 to 80 percent of the energy it now uses, none of which need be supplied by oil, gas, coal, or nuclear sources.

Much of this country's energy, under the Lovins plan, would be provided by "biomass." (Environment Canada scientists coined the term to describe methanol, ethanol, and other wood-derived alcohols.) The remainder would come from solar heating, hydro, wind, and biogas — largely the product of treating municipal waste. Such a combination of energy sources, in Lovins' view, could provide enough energy even without any help from the wind.

Such visions of an early fossil-free future have undeniable appeal. However, most experts believe they are unlikely to materialize. Take windmills, for instance. Federal Energy Minister Alastair Gillespie has quoted the findings of research into the potential of wind power. It has been calculated that to supply the electrical-energy requirements of a city the size of Ottawa would take 40,000 windmills, each seven stories high. Unquestionably an unusual addition to the landscape but not, perhaps, totally practical.

The federal government is committed to research and development of renewable sources of energy. However, it is seriously concerned about the possibility that Canadians may be lulled into a dangerous sense of complacency as a result of some of the overoptimistic predictions of the contribution that renewables can make to our medium-term energy future. "There are a good many people," Gillespie said last June, "who have high expectations these [renewable energy] sources will go a long way toward providing a solution to our energy problems within the near future. I would be delighted if I thought that were true."

"The fact is, however, that virtually every independent study by those who are expert in the field — and there have been half-a-dozen of them completed in as many months — have all concluded that we cannot rely on renewable energy as a major new source within the next 10 to 20 years. The

Coal could be employed at Cold Lake, Alta., to generate steam needed in heavy oil recovery."
consensus among the experts is that at best we can only count on renewable sources to provide around three percent of our total energy requirements by 1990 and around five to six percent by the end of the century. I am concerned that some zealous advocates of renewable energy could in their enthusiasm do irreparable harm to their cause by quite unrealistic expectations.....

Gillespie’s chief lieutenant, Deputy Energy Minister Gordon MacNab, in a series of energy seminars his department has been holding throughout Canada, has warned against expecting too much from renewables. “There is no doubt,” he told a Halifax audience, “that new technologies such as solar, wind, and biomass can help meet energy needs in this century, but only in a relatively minor way. New hydroelectric capacity, that dependable but all too frequently condemned form of renewable energy, will make a far greater contribution between now and the year 2000 than will all other renewable forms put together.”

The truth of the matter, of course, is that there is no simple solution. We cannot rely solely on new technologies. We must be much more aggressive in our energy-conservation efforts and we must develop the resource base that is open to us.

“Above all,” said MacNab, “we must avoid the inaction that could come from acceptance of claims of easy solutions. Claims all too often based on half-truths and the assertion that society can change direction quickly. Even the Science Council, which can be numbered among the more enthusiastic advocates of the speedy development of renewable sources of energy, recognizes the practical difficulties posed by such a transition. It points out, though, that it “will not depend only on technological progress, however, but on government policy at the federal and other levels.” In its recent publication, Canada as a Consumer Society (subtitled “Resource uncertainties and the need for new technologies”), the Science Council concludes that “for the next quarter century the energy supply mix cannot be expected to differ significantly from the present one. We shall still depend to a large extent on fossil fuels (oil, gas, coal), we shall probably have a greater contribution from nuclear power and hydroelectricity, and we shall begin to feel some impact from such renewable energy sources as solar, wind, and biomass.”

The government policy to which the Science Council refers has essentially been established for the next decade or so, at least at the federal level. First defined in the government’s paper An Energy Strategy for Canada in April, 1976, the policy has since been subject to some modification and refinement but remains unaltered in its main objectives. In summary, the federal government’s policy is directed toward four main areas: a vigorous conservation program aimed at reducing Canada’s energy growth and, eventually, keeping it proportional to population increases (zero per capita growth); an all-out effort to develop existing sources of energy; the encouragement of new sources of domestic energy, especially oil and gas from the Arctic and elsewhere; and the parallel development of promising renewable-energy resources.

Ottawa has termed its energy policy one of “self-reliance,” and one of its key objectives (what the energy minister has called the “cornerstone”) is to reduce Canada’s dependence on imported oil by 1985 to not more than one-third of its total oil needs.

With the federal government’s energy policy already taking shape and with future energy-demand/supply patterns beginning to emerge with increasing clarity, the Science Council is unquestionably correct in its conclusion that Canada’s energy mix for the rest of the century will not differ significantly from what it is at present. We are going to have to continue to rely on oil and gas, which currently provide nearly two-thirds of all Canadian energy, for close to half of the country’s supplies well into the 1990s. That other fossil fuel, coal, of which Canada is fortunate in having substantial deposits, will be playing a bigger role and finding some new energy uses. Hydro- and nuclear-generated electricity will make up most of the balance, with solar energy and other renewables beginning to make a measurable contribution.

However, the fact that Canada’s energy mix is unlikely to change much during the next decade or so does not mean that its supplies of energy are secure. It’s going to take a mammoth effort, vast expenditures of capital, and a fair amount of luck for Canada to find enough energy to meet its needs between now and the end of the century. To understand why it is only necessary to examine the individual components of our energy equation.

First there is the inescapable fact that Canada’s demand for energy continues to grow. Traditionally it has grown at a rate of between five and six percent annually. Recently we’ve become thirstier. In 1976 energy demand increased by just more than three percent. But even if we manage to achieve Ottawa’s ultimate target of reducing the annual rate of energy growth to zero per capita, increases in our population will still mean that demand will grow by just over one percent each year.

A decade or so ago, when Canada still had all the oil and gas it needed, we could have taken that kind of increase in our stride. But today it’s a different story. As most Canadians know by now, we are using up our known reserves of oil in this country faster than we are developing new ones. After a few years of oil self-sufficiency, Canada again became a net oil importer in 1975 and since then our net oil deficit has been steadily growing. The National Energy Board considers it most likely that supplies of domestic oil will fall short of our needs by more than a million barrels per day by 1985. It’s much the same story in gas. At the moment we’re still self-sufficient. But, says the Energy Board, unless we can bring on new supplies we may not be able to produce enough gas to meet Canadian requirements by 1982 and will certainly fall short by 1985.

How good are our prospects of finding more oil and gas and, equally important, of being able to bring those supplies to market? That’s difficult to answer and it’s the question that, more than any other, makes the job of plotting Canada’s energy future, in the words of the energy minister, “a difficult and time-consuming task.” Theoretically Canada still has what the experts call a “good hydrocarbon potential.” Translated, that means that we are lucky enough to have a considerable number of promising locations that could yield substantial quantities of oil and gas.

However, intensive exploration by the oil companies during the past decade in the frontier areas of the Arctic and elsewhere has brought mixed results. The official federal-government verdict on the results of oil exploration in the Arctic to date is “disappointing.” “There is none in sight,” says Deputy Energy Minister MacNab, “other than the possibility of relatively small tanker deliveries from the Bent Horn district in the high Arctic.”

So far as natural gas is concerned it’s been a rather different story. Significant amounts already have been discovered in the Mackenzie Delta region of the western Arctic. Construction of a pipeline from the delta could allow this gas to reach Canadian markets in time to offset the decline in production from the western

In full operation Syncrude will yield more than 125 000 barrels of oil per day

The Review, Number 1, 1976
There's one word that sums up the task facing the federal government in framing and implementing a national energy policy. Toombs, the government's senior advisor on energy policy coordination, whose job it is to formulate policy recommendations amidst the plethora of uncertainties, is the current scene.

With The Review: Toombs discussed some of the problems that face federal planners. Take, for example, the basic and crucial question of just how much oil and gas we have available for consumption in western Canada. The extent of Alberta's reserves is an oil and gas play, for instance, is subject on which there are "mixed views," not only within the government but among various government departments. And the same question exists when we look at gas supplies. Recent discoveries are encouraging but we are expanding the frontiers of our reserves and we are merely delineating existing reserves at a faster rate.

The government also faces the question of how much of the country's capital resources should be allocated to areas that we see as being important areas of energy development. According to Toombs it may be technically possible for Canada to produce all the oil and gas it needs if sufficient money is allocated to the task.

"But the question we have to ask ourselves as a country is: is it worth investing energy development so much in that we could find ourselves diverting money from other equally deserving areas -- social services or agriculture, for example, in the provinces? If we are to get energy development to the point where it is a major industry at some point, we need to be able to do it at a price that is competitive with the world's prices. We need to make sure that the energy development is done in a way that makes sense for Canada's future." Toombs says it is time for Canada's energy policy to focus on the environment and the economic needs of the country.

He believes that Canada will be able to keep its growth in energy demand below the government's target of 3.5 percent per year by 1985 and feels that we should be able to do that better than that. "But the trouble is that if you move too fast in conservation or in reducing the amount that you gain in energy, we have to go more slowly." Toombs says that the final problem is that Canada's energy picture is constantly changing and that the government must be able to adapt to changes in the world scene and here at home. Discoveries, disappointments, new technologies, a floating dollar, inflation, and the overall health of the global economy all contribute to Canada's energy future. Planning an energy policy in such an environment is rather like trying to lay railroad tracks ahead of a train approach per hour. In fact, says Toombs, events are moving so swiftly that the government's energy blueprint, An Energy Strategy for Canada, published in April, is already out of date in some areas. "We used to think," he says, "that once every three years was an adequate period for updating policy. But we're beginning to feel that an Energy Strategy needs to be updated every two years or so."

Imperial Oil, which is a partner in Syncrude, has been experimenting for more than 10 years with another method of recovering oil from the sands that are too deep to be mined. The method involves using a steam-injection method and the company has applied to the Alberta government to build a full-scale plant. With a steam-injection rate of 120 000-140 000 barrels of synthetic, high-quality crude oil per day from such sands. And, altogether, the federal government's onshore reserves of 300 million barrels per day from Alberta's oil sands and other heavy-oil developments by 1990, according to the federal fossil fund, was first discovered in Canada in more than 300 years ago and turns out to be something that we have lots of -- about 15 million tons in recoverable reserves, equivalent to about 45 billion barrels of oil. Once a major ingredient in Canada's total energy supply, coal got the cold shoulder a couple of decades ago as a result of the price of crude oil, its climate and the environmental disadvantages. Now coal is making a worldwide comeback. Production in Canada could more than double between now and 1990, from 30 million tons per year to about 100 million tons. Most of this additional coal will go for the thermal generation of electricity and coal demand is also increasing and could double by 1990.

There are also some promising new uses for coal on the horizon, one of them is to use the coal in the steam to heat the heavy oil so that it will flow to the wells at such oil-sands plants as Cold Lake, Alta. So far oil and gas haven't been available for making steam for "in situ recovery" but the advantages of using a less scarce commodity are obvious. Imperial Oil is leading the way in assessing the economics of using coal to generate steam at Cold Lake, a notoriously expensive fuel to transport, could be made a competitive one if it reduced costs and conveyed, believe it or not, by pipeline. (The coal is combined with a liquid to form a "slurry.")

Another use for coal now being investigated is for the production of gas. The technology for this already exists but its commercial feasibility in Canada still remains a question mark. A new process, the Solvay coal gasification, is an economic proposition -- and this could happen in the 1990s -- coal could come to play an even more important role in Canada's energy future. There's scarcely a Canadian who doesn't rely on electricity in one form or another. In 1978 electricity was meeting more than one fourth of a nation's needs, most of it being supplied by hydro projects. Several major new hydroelectric projects are in the course of construction, ranging from British Columbia's massive James Bay development to smaller but still substantial undertakings in Newfoundland, Minnesota, and British Columbia. But Canadian nuclear capacity is also being expanded, and when these projects are completed, we will have just about exhausted this country's accessible major hydro sites. There is, however, a number of smaller sites that can be developed economically.

We are, therefore, going to produce much of our future electricity from non-generating plants. Quebec is looking to coal as a major thermal fuel and why it is banking heavily on nuclear development. In 1976 nuclear stations provided only half of Quebec's power, and, according to the federal government, by 1990 nuclear's contribution, in terms of electrical output, could increase almost tenfold.

Do we have any reason to believe that the development of the peaceful uses of nuclear energy, increasing dependen-
In Canada just now we have many forces that threaten to divide us, some of them economic, some of them geographic, some of them political. In the years just ahead, each of these influences is almost certain to become more intense with the danger that we may become, not just a disrupted country, but one in which the spirit has hardened against races and regions.

Is such a time many Canadians look to the country's churches, hoping that in a divisive period in their history they may help us maintain a climate of community and charity between east and west, French and English, so that no matter what the future, we may enter it with goodwill among all our people. That, according to the eminent Quebec editor Claude Ryan, may be the most valued gift the churches can bring to the great issues of the day. Naturally if the churches are to make this contribution, it is helpful if they are seen by people on all sides as credible, as institutions with concern for all Canadians no matter what their view, politically or economically. This is never easy for large institutions, particularly in a time like this one when convictions are so diverse and so deeply felt.

The difficulty has been made clear in the last couple of years as the country's major churches have become more and more outspoken on the stewardship of businessmen in Canada and overseas.

The churches — or more correctly, many of their leaders — have been deeply critical at times, leaving businessmen with the impression that they and their companies are thought to be immoral and rapacious. The result is that the relationship between the church and business — once rather close — is now strained and troubled.

In the eyes of many people, who believe in the church's place in society, this is an unfortunate outcome, one that may hurt the church's credibility and therefore its effectiveness. They regret what they believe to be a growing political bias in the church's leadership, one that approaches the issues of the day with a partisan ideology. One person who has observed this is Robert Neilson, a columnist of The Toronto Star, who says that in the past few years the leadership of the churches has been heavily influenced by those he describes as graduates of the 1960s' radicalism. "The leftist trend," he wrote in one of his columns, "is most pronounced at the top and in the central bureaucracies. Many lay members as well as local ministers and priests are dubious about it or opposed to it. It has provoked sharp dissonance within the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches. Canadian businessmen are naturally perturbed to see the church assailing an economic system they helped to build up, and which they regard as imperfect but benign."

Nielsen may be right but it is important to realize that the businessmen he mentions are not upset at criticism by church leaders so much as they are at the methods some church leaders have taken to achieve confrontation and, at times, inflammatory charges. A publication distributed by the Anglican Church, Moretonium, makes the comment in reference to energy companies and northern development: "Nothing must stand in their way. If the Natives are upset, pay them off, ply them with books. James Omnston, the United Church minister in Yellowknife (and a former missionary in Africa), says that such a charge is not only unjust but may do harm to the future of all people in the North who, in his opinion — and the opinion of many clergy in the North — stand to gain from its humane development.

There are others who are anxious that the statements and tactics of recent years be seen for what they are: the sincere grievances of a minority. One churchman who has given serious thought to what has happened is Dr. Harold Vaughan, one of the United Church of Canada's leading figures. For many years he was head of the church's board of ministry, personnel, and education and he is now secretary of The Ecumenical Foundation of Canada, which includes the major denominations and seeks to assist in financing the training of clergy for work in hospitals, drug and alcohol rehabilitation centres, and prisons. One afternoon in his office on St. Clair Ave. in Toronto, he talked of what has happened between the church and business and why the two must not remain at odds.

"Both institutions — the church and the business community — try to support and benefit humanity," he said. "And that means that both have problems to solve in society. They cannot be solved in an atmosphere of conflict and hostility. I have to be rather critical of some tactics used in recent years by some of the church task forces. They have contributed to a loss of credibility by the church and its declaration of the gospel suffers as a result. Mind you, I must add that the response to this by some businessmen — who have left their churches — strikes me as adolescent."

Vaughan feels that much of the conflict — through confrontations at annual meetings and quarrels in the press — might well have been overcome if the churches had included on their task forces studying businessmen, a significant number of men and women from the corporations under review. "These are the people," he says, "who must make the major business decisions. I know a good number of those in the senior ranks of business and I believe quite firmly that, for the most part, they try to make decisions conscientiously and morally. If, after they do that, they are told by church leaders who haven't consulted them that some of their decisions are immoral, they are bound to feel injured and angry. This is particularly true when the suggestion of immorality comes from their own church leaders. They expect their religious leaders to understand the ethical complexities that business faces. To say the least, this makes for divisions that are as unfortunate as they are unnecessary."

He is also concerned that the tactics of some church leaders are not nearly as effective in changing society as those who practise them would wish. "You cannot change society to any significant degree," he says, "without changing people. And I doubt if head-on confrontations are experiences in which either side is changed very much. In fact, the opposite may be the sad truth — attitudes may well harden. In addition, there's a sad irony here. The attitude of some of the church representatives — at the annual meetings of corporations for example — force the businessmen into forms of hypocrisy in which they handle the churchmen with a courtesy and politeness they don't really feel. It's too bad that through the current strategies of their churches, businessmen are led to this kind of polite posturing, which may mask their honest feelings. This isn't a constructive relationship."

This being the case, Vaughan suggests that the issues on which the church feels strongly can be dealt with best in discussions that are more informal and less polarized. "If, for example," he says, "a national church group feels that the policy of a certain corporation raises profound moral questions then I would think that a sector church leader — the moderator, the primate, an archbishop — might call the president of such a corporation, who is very often a member of one of the churches, and ask if he might solicit a few of his peers to mail in a discussion with a few church executives. I believe that when such an approach is made, the churches should be represented by persons in responsible positions of leadership, who have some detailed knowledge of the subject under discussion. For their part the businessmen should be open to the church and treat its approach as an opportunity for constructive experience by both sides."

Along with Vaughan many people hope that the disputes do give way to dialogue. For both business and the churches have contributions to make to the Canadian future. The institutions themselves and the public will benefit if they approach each other in ways that are reasoned and humane.

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