THE WALKER'S WAY

Through snow and sleet and summer's heat...

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

One Saturday morning a while ago I watched a whole family, with a poodle, jog past my apartment balcony (the poodle wasn't exactly jogging; it seemed to be gliding along on tracks), and a little later a girl of about eight, in a red track suit, trotted past, pigtails flying, accompanied by a man on a bike — her father, or trainer, or agent — and I started wondering if anybody just goes for a walk any more. Walking used to be a part of life, a kind of morality and a sign of strong character, like keeping your pants pressed or paying your debts.

"That boy is a great walker," a woman would say with admiration and approval of some neighborhood youth, as if thinking he'd make a good son-in-law, and she would say the same thing of some plump, bald, bachelor brother of 50 — "Willy loves to walk" — as if finding it hard to understand why he hadn't been snapped up by some woman with a sound sense of values. Doctors prided themselves on walking to see their patients in all kinds of weather, and I can see our family doctor yet, coming up between the drifts, wearing a gray Persian lamb hat and a pince-nez and a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. He'd stomp the snow off his feet in the vestibule and come up to the bedroom and tap your chest with long, cold, clean fingers, smelling faintly of chloroform, and say, "There's nothing much wrong with that boy," and tell my mother to rub some Sloan's Liniment on my chest, give me some hot lemonade, wrap my neck in red flannel and keep me in bed for the rest of the week, leaving me with the delightful prospect of sitting there at the bedroom window, smelling of liniment and watching the kids go down the lane to school. "I hear you're a great walker," the doctor would say on the way out to my father, who would be waiting at the bottom of the stairs.
restful winter night reading bits from books that had been part of my life for years. "The Heart is a Lonely Hunter," "No time a day passes over the earth, but men and women of no note do great things." What are they? I asked, again about Becky Sharp throwing Doctor Johnson’s lexicon over the garden fence. I’ve been hearing for years ("So much for the dictionary")—the pages dimly lit with the remembrance of the lights of the topless bars one street over. And I remember when I was a kid and my parents decided that knowing Christmas was over for another year and enjoying the feeling of peace and serenity, maybe a dog barking over on Arundel Avenue (a sound that, at a distance, is strangely melodious and melancholy)."

The last time I walked up that part of the street on a winter’s night was when my father was in his mid-eighties, and while I was wondering how he was, I heard the soft (e-er-r-r) sound of a small internal windup clock ticking away in the small, intimate room that voices have after a fall of snow or at a Sunday community meeting in the little church on the eastern lake. And I remember the after-supper walk I took with a next-door neighbor, a woman accountant who loved going out in storms. As soon as snow started drifting against the windows and piling up on the street, the phone would ring. "Do you want to go for a walk?" Our wives would make us dinner and put us in the next-door rooms as we disappeared down the street, like two figures from War and Peace.

One of the few times I’ve been on TV, when I was put up at a midtown hotel and had to go out for a walk, there were no hotel branches. There was a bookstore with an outdoor bin and a box to put your newspaper in. It was standing in the doorway on a sloppy

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Street view, including people walking on the sidewalk and street. The street has a sloping slope, with buildings and trees lining the sides. There is a road sign with the words "One Way" visible. A pedestrian is walking on the sidewalk, carrying a shopping bag. In the background, there is a building with a clock on it. The sky appears to be clear, with no visible clouds.

The street scene shows typical urban elements, such as sidewalks, buildings, and people. The signage "One Way" indicates traffic direction, while the pedestrian carrying a shopping bag suggests everyday city life. The building with the clock could be a landmark or a historical structure.

Overall, the image portrays an ordinary city street scene, capturing the essence of daily urban living with its typical elements and activities.
THE DISABLED

Give them a hand up, not a handout

BY EILEEN PETTIGREW

"When we ride the trails I don’t even feel I have MS. My outlook has changed completely, just from being with people and doing things, and my balance is so much better that I even feel confident when my favorite horse, Molson, goes at a trot.”

Riding is part of her physiotherapy program. She tries to exert pressure with her knees to guide her horse, but because of the lack of sensation in the legs, she is never sure whether or not she is succeeding. One volunteer runs in front and another on each side in case she falls, but she never has. “Once Molson stepped in a hole and went down on one knee. I was frightened, but I just flung my arms around his neck and hung on tight until he got up again.”

Phil Crowson, totally blind since 16, skis with the Sons of Norway blind skiing program which the CNIB describes as the best on the continent. Since the group started six years ago, 75 blind people have joined, and every weekend, each accompanied by a volunteer instructor, they can enjoy the fresh air and exercise along with their sighted friends. Crowson has progressed so well that this year he came second in a 10-kilometre race held at the National Championships at Lake Louise. Afta. Annar Jacobsen, director of the program, was a skier from early childhood in his native Norway, and he and his fellow instructors derive great satisfaction from the time they spend with the blind skiers. “We get just as much pleasure as the blind skiers,” he says. “It’s a 50-50 proposition.”

Going shopping, finding a job, renting a new apartment or taking a vacation trip are all ordinary, everyday things to do for most people. For the approximately three million handicapped Canadians they are often impossible. People in wheelchairs have to deal with such architectural barriers as stairs, pay telephones that are too high to reach and air or rail carriers that do not accommodate wheelchairs. And, always, there are landlords and employers who are unwilling to take a chance. In this International Year of the Disabled, for which Canada acted as seconder at the United Nations in 1976, the picture looks brighter than it ever has. The government is studying a 150-recommendation report by a special committee on every aspect of the lives of the handicapped, with a view to implementing all or some of the changes suggested. As well, the federal government has assigned $1 million to fund projects that will help open doors and make the public more sensitive to the needs of the handicapped.

More, there is a new attitude among the disabled themselves; they are making it plain that rather than have things done for them, they want adjustments made to allow them to do things for themselves. It shows in a rash of new slogans: “Give us a hand up, not a handout,” and “Don’t help us out, help us in.”

Stan Barker of the New Brunswick division of the Canadian Cancer Society feels that Terry Fox, the young amputee whose hold attempts to run across the country was cruelly interrupted by a recurrence of cancer, has had a lot to do with this surge in confidence. “Terry didn’t see himself as handicapped, and now other people are seeing, ‘Let me do it myself, let me try.’ Terry made them think, too, that if he wasn’t ashamed of his artificial leg showing, why should they feel uncomfortable or embarrassed about their own differences?”

Many of the disabled say their biggest handicap is the attitude of the able-bodied. Len Seaby of Edmonton, who has only part of one arm because of a birth defect, travels a lot by air with his wife and infant son, Jesse. “When we go into the airport I manage the luggage, partly holding it under my arm and partly pushing it along with my foot, and my wife carries Jesse. As we stand in line at the ticket office people come up to my wife and say, ‘Does he need any help?’ Why can’t they ask me directly?”

Seaby understands and appreciates that the questioners don’t want to hurt his feelings, but still it rankles. “Take a chance,” he advises. “Speak to disabled people. Maybe you’ll be rebuffed, but on the other hand, maybe you won’t. It’s worth the risk.”

Of the employable disabled people in Canada, it has been estimated that 80 percent are unemployed. Sometimes it’s because they can’t find a job, sometimes because they need training to equip them for the marketplace, and sometimes because it’s physically impossible for them to get from home to the job. Tim Louis of the British Columbia Coalition of the Disabled says that between 3% and five percent of the public is transportationally handicapped. “If municipalities could be persuaded to spend that percentage of their total transit budget on the needs of people who can’t use regular public conveyances, there would be no problem,” he says.

The city of Edmonton planned its Light Rail Transit System with these considerations in mind, equipping every station stop with elevators and
escalators. A new addition to the system is being outfitted in the same way. In Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Newmarket, Ont., a senior citizen has taken on the transportation of the disabled as her personal project. Pat Rogers, a former library technician, works as a volunteer with St. John's Ambulance and frequently deals with requests to move groups of handicapped people around the island to conferences and meetings. "That ties up the ambulances," she says, "so I decided to buy a van myself."

So began the now-familiar Pat and the Elephant service. She had the brown and white Chevy van decorated with turquoise elephants and "by working on it myself, by relitigating the aid of neighbors, and by gish and by gosh," adapted the inside to accommodate four wheelchair-in-the-back and a handicapped person in the passenger seat. There is room, too, for crunches and Rogers' English setter, M'gog, who watches protectively over all and nudges her owner to remind her of regular stops.

On the road seven days a week from 8:15 a.m. until midnight, including Christmas and New Year's, Pat and the Elephant, handicapped people to classes, to doctor's appointments, to church, to stores and to visit friends. Where they go, they go, the van goes. It's almost a labor of love for Rogers. Taking only a subsistence salary for herself, she makes ends meet with a subsidy of $2.00 per ride from the provincial government, donations from the public (she's now incorporated as a nonprofit organization with a board of directors) and the minimal $1.50 she charges her riders. "The $1.50 is important," she says seri- ously. "That's the business of coming back into society is a two-way street." She sees her vans -- a second was added in 1981 -- as more than transportation. "We're helping to bring people out of their shells." She credits M'gog with providing a very special warmth. "I picked up a woman at the senior citizen's home one day; she was being helped down the ramp, she kept her hand on M'gog and screamed without stopping. Calling M'gog over, I asked if she liked dogs. She stopped screaming at once and asked, 'Puppy?'" With her hand on M'gog's head, she was happy and smiling the whole time. So many older people leaving their own homes have had to leave the family pet, too, and that's rough." Working out of her own home on a demand-reservation plan, she takes calls on a bedside telephone from six in the morning. "I get a little more when they call me at three a.m.," she says with good-natured resignation. Negative attitudes annoy her, and she finds humor in most situations. "People often forget to put the 'and' in our name," she says. "I get lots of calls asking if this is Pat the Elephant." Other people ask why she named her van the Elephant. Because elephants are big, they're associated with circus and joy and happiness, they are known for knocking down barriers in their way -- and my elephant hardly ever forgets." With Dinsdale as state, Conservative member of Parliament for the Brandon-Souris riding of Manitoba, is vice- chairman of the special committee reporting to Parliament on the problems of the disabled. He has more than a passing interest in the subject. He's stricken, by a brain tumor at the age of 16, lay unhearing and unseen in a Montreal hospital for a harrowing six months. At last medical authorities recommended Gunnar's discharge from the hospital to re-enter society. Gunnar told them he refused to enter society. "This is a bit like the old拿出 industries," he explains, "except that we do not take in the entire business from without. Here our own people design our products, make them, market them through our retail shop and at gift shows twice a year, package them and send them out.

Many of the young people working with Claryfayers had finished school and were sitting around at home, unable to find a job, lonely and handicapped, as a friend of mine, a Mrs. Enzer, 25, who moulds the tip of her left hand by hand from locally purchased clay and puts on the finishing touches with a pin tool before firing them in Claryfayers' own kiln, is one who moved through the group home set- ting and then into an apartment on her own. "So many have learned to handle their own money and their own lives," Taylor says with quiet pride. "They have blossomed."

In March, over 125 travel agents and other interested parties from all parts of Canada and from Holland, England, France and the United States attended the Canadian seminar on easing the way for the disabled traveler. "Being seated at the B.O.S. Travel Service, which specializes in tours for the handicapped, finds the picture encouraging. "Airplanes now in the design stage will have accessible washrooms, and all aisle seats will have collapsible armrests so that the disabled person can move his wheelchair easily."

"With the difficulties of rail travel, VIA has hired a disabled consultant to design a five-year, $16-million program involving reengineering train service, panoplies in braille and large print, and a training program to help staff deal with the problems of the handicapped without embarrassment on either side." The debate over the use of "dis- abled" and "handicapped" was settled in Canada with the decision that here the term could be used interchangeably. "We were using it much more energy discussing it," says Jim Decker, founder of the committee and chairman of the Coalition of Provincial Organizations of the Handicapped. "Our American counterparts don't feel disabled; losing their conclusion on the World Health Organization's definition that a disability is a condition of being unable to do a specific thing, while a handicap is situational -- a person in a wheelchair is not handicapped until he encounters stairs."

Whatever the term, it covers a broad range of difficulties including blind- ness, deafness, mental retardation and more. Problems associated with them cover an even wider ground. Complete acceptance of disabled people -- in the job market, in housing, in everyday commerce -- is not going to happen overnight, but as more and more able-bodied people begin to understand the problems, barriers should come down. It was with this in mind that the Lucie-Bruneau Foundation developed the Accessibility Display in Quebec. Funded by the Canadian Organizing Committee, out of the $1 million made available by the federal government, and designed by wheelchair-bound professor of architecture Patricia Falta and her colleague, Peter Franta, it offers an opportunity to experience some of the harassement the disabled encounter every day. The wheelchair is set into a wheel- chair at the bottom of a ramp. After he has wheeled himself up successfully, he is confronted by a door which he must open alone and then close behind him. After rolling up an ever steeper ramp, he spots a window -- but it's too high for him. After so much exertion he may want to comb his hair; the mirror, placed for able- bodied people, is also too high. So is the telephone. A washroom entrance is too narrow for the wheelchair. Next, ready to leave a mock supermarket with his purchases held awkwardly on his knee, he must wait patiently while a clerk calls the manager to unlock and remove the centre post.

"These are only some of the archi- tectural frustrations experienced by the handicapped," says coordinator Ann Gagnon.

She has worked tirelessly to get the project under way, and she is delighted with public response such as the 100,000 visitors in four days at the Olympic Velodrome. Even more rewarding, she finds, is the con- tribution made by inmates of the Leduc Institute at Laval. This group, calling themselves the Disabled, got spe- cial permission from prison authori- ties to build all the components of the display from an actual plan Falta's plans. "When Accessibility moves to another town, as it has done all through 1981, the Friends of the Disabled dismantle it and load it onto an eight-meter truck provided free by Steinberg Inc., unload it at the new locale and set it up again. "And they do it with such love," Gagnon says.

Perhaps the most positive note in this International Year of Disabled Persons is that more and more handicapped people are refusing to believe that they have to sit at the back of the bus. They are determined to make their position clear to the rest of society and to find their own solutions to their problems. With goodwill on all sides they will succeed.
THE FINE ART OF ILLUSTRATION

BY DANIEL MOTHERSILL

We begin with the way things used to be. The setting is Toronto, the year is 1970, and for James Hill, if is the end of long-distance calls, of flying visits to New York. A major contributor to American magazines, even while living in Canada, the winner of numerous art directors’ awards and a two-time gold medal recipient from the New York Society of Illustrators, Hill has won a place in the pantheon of such greats as Maxfield Parrish, N.C. Wyeth and Norman Rockwell.

But the golden age of magazines in New York was ending. With the outlets for his work growing physically and fiscally smaller, some even disappearing entirely, Hill had decided to come home in an artistic sense.

On the day when our story begins, this dean of illustrators is sitting in the office of a young Canadian art director, who is clearly upset by Hill’s presence. “What are you trying to pull?” the art director challenges. “James Hill is an American artist.” Hill’s name and those of other contemporary Canadian illustrators are far from well known. Indeed, given the high visibility and popular appeal of their illustrations, it is ironic that most people remain unfamiliar with the artists themselves.

For illustrators, it seems enduring public acclaim is hard to come by. As Steve Heller, art director of the New York Times Book Review, says with a touch of chagrin, “We have come to accept the notion that illustration does not have the same historical or aesthetic value as painting and sculpture.” Artist Harold Town, a friend of Hill and a one-time illustrator, put it more strongly a few years ago. He was commenting on a one-man exhibition by Hill at the United States consulate in Toronto, but his remarks could easily have applied to a number of Canadian illustrators. “I find it remarkable,” Town said, “that his work is on display at the consulate, while artists who aren’t good enough to carry Jimmy Hill’s shoes have exhibits at museums and art galleries.”

Hill remembers Town’s comments as he shares a drink in the home of a friend. Despite his success he’s a modest man, and he gives Harold Town’s conundrum a good bit of thought. Then, blowing a great cloud of white smoke from his cigarette, he offers a partial explanation. “Illustration,” he says, “is a relatively new art form, born with the advent of the magazine in the late 19th century. Since that time it has gone through some dramatic changes, and not all of them have been good.” Then he gives a history lesson.

In the beginning, magazines and the great publishing houses that were built around them became the new patrons, succeeding both church and court as benefactors of artists and illustrators. Until the early 1960s, books and periodicals were the predominant public entertainment. Consequently, illustrators assumed an importance of unprecedented proportions. Their prominence, however, was short-lived.

Television was to overshadow the magazine. Its pervasive presence began to seriously affect the budgets of the most popular periodicals, and with the decline came a division, unfair and unwarranted, between art and illustration.

Back in the golden age of magazines, the twenties, thirties and forties, “Magazines were my art galleries,” Hill recalls. “Publications like The Saturday Evening Post were filled with four-color illustrations, an inspiration to the continent’s best illustrators. When I was growing up in Hamilton, Ontario, during the Depression, there weren’t a lot of galleries. In fact, I don’t think I was ever in one until I visited New York in the late 1960s.”

The influence of magazines on the visual arts in Canada during this period was immeasurable. Every member of the Group of Seven, for instance, worked as a commercial artist while establishing a reputation...
as a painter. "Browse back through old copies of any major Canadian magazine," says Hill, "and you will find many illustrations by Canadian artists such as Oscar Cahen and Jack Bush." Most artists, however, used illustration only as a springboard. Most but not all.

It's been said that Hill was probably the first artist in Canada who started out to be an illustrator and remained in that field, putting his art into illustration. The first but not the last. Yet today the classic conflict between applied and fine art persists. Not so strangely, it is a conflict that exists more in the minds of the critics than among illustrators, for whom illustration is an equal form of art.

Consider, for example, Heather Cooper. At 36 she is the most financially successful illustrator in Canada. Toronto-based Burns, Cooper, Hynes Limited, the communications and design firm in which she is a senior partner, has won some 250 international awards for its posters, brochures and business campaigns. Cooper's personal accomplishments are also immense, with gold medals from such respected groups as the New York Society of Illustrators, the art directors clubs of Toronto and New York and a bronze medal from Czechoslovakia.

Her romantically intriguing posters for such institutions as the National Ballet and the Canadian Opera Company have become collectors' items. And so the line between fine art and commercial art becomes blurred, perhaps even irrelevant. "Cooper is an enormously talented artist," asserts art expert David Silcox. "She is working in a tradition that goes back to Aubrey Beardsley, Edward Lear and Touhouse-Lautrec." Like Lautrec, she's best known for her posters, a subtle blending of the sensual and the refined. And like her contemporaries, Cooper has never believed that an artist is compromised because a work is commissioned. "If it has integrity, it's a work of art," she says, "whether it's done for someone else or for yourself.

But her current acclaim did not come easily. Cooper laughs at her pretensions in thinking herself trained as a commercial artist after a few high school art lessons. "After graduation I went around from studio to studio with life drawings and pretty watercolors, and the art directors would say, 'That's very nice, but we can't use anything like that.' But if the school I went to didn't teach me commercial art, its students taught me to be tough.

It was a necessary lesson for any young illustrator facing rigorous competition and demanding clients. Cooper persisted and got a job as an apprentice at the graphic design firm of Hathaway Templeton, alternating between helping the designers on small projects and typing. "A month after I started, I was called into the boardroom and in front of all the staff was presented with a certificate saying I could type three words a minute. That ended my typing career.

She was taught package design, from brightening matchbox covers to decorating cereal boxes, and did bit illustration assignments whenever she had the chance. That continued for four years. Then came another year as a free-lancer. Then a partnership with designer Robert Burns in 1969, which cemented her business success, a success founded on a merciless work ethic (a typical workday stretches into 13 or 14 hours) and her evocative illustrations, full of tension and fantasy, foreboding and mysticism — illustrations that demand a response.

A strikingly intense woman, Cooper feels the catalyst for this appeal is an element of mystery in her work. "Mystery is to illustration what surprise is to writing. If I read something particularly haunting, it keeps coming back to me for years and years. It's the same quality I try to create in my illustration. I want people to remember; I want them to think."

The same observation, of course, could be made by many painters. Yet there is a distinction between fine art and illustration which can be summed up in one word — the intent. "The work," says Cooper, "must be pleasing to the public, pleasing to the client and pleasing to yourself. An illustrator doesn't create in a vacuum; the intent is to communicate to your client's audience. And for illustrators that's a positive force.

In virtually every region of the country, new illustrators are appearing, some seeking to follow styles used by established practitioners such as Heather Cooper, others working hard to give their work a new and individual touch. To cover the entire community of illustrators in Canada would take a volume — perhaps two — but the work of even
the few individuals mentioned below is a measure of the quality and diversity of illustration in Canada. In a white stucco house with picture windows that frame the Vancouver skyline, Robin Arkell echoes Heather Cooper's view that illustrators do not diminish their art by working for commercial organizations. "The classic artists had patrons who dictated their subject matter," she explains. "The difference between commercial art or illustration and fine art is simply a matter of patrons. Instead of working for a cardinal or king who wants a portrait painted or a tomb decorated, you are working for a corporation or a magazine." Michelangelo's art didn't suffer because he was told what to paint or what to sculpt."

With that philosophy and a finely honed talent for drawing, Arkell in the last six years has built up one of Vancouver's most successful freelance illustration businesses. It's not unusual for her to be working on four or five major projects at one time, for clients who range from McDonald's to MacMillan Bloedel to the British Columbia government. There are long days, often stretching into 24 hours straight, laboring over her pencil and watercolor sketches. "Deadlines are one of the major differences between fine art and applied art," she says. "If you take on a job, you get it done by a client's deadline."

And when the ideas don't come? "You simply work the problems over and over again in your mind. And that's especially true with watercolors. You can't cover up your mistakes the way you can with oil. The illustration must be done in your head beforehand, and to do that takes tremendous discipline developed out of experience."

Attractive, feisty and blond, Arkell took a peripatetic route to learning her art, graduating from the Vancouver School of Art, studying lithography and photography in Mexico, working at Penthouse Studios in Montreal and free-lancing for several years in England. But with her apprenticeship over, it was time to return to Vancouver.

From those years of travel, Arkell learned two valuable lessons. One was about trends, the other about business. She explains: "They say that the golden age of magazines is over, but more and more specialty magazines are being started and more illustrations are being used. It's true that for many years photography has eclipsed illustration. However, trends are changing so quickly that it would be very strange if illustration in magazines wasn't rediscovered in a big way." And about business? "To succeed as an illustrator, you have to be as good a businessperson as you are an artist. In short, you have to be creatively tough." It's a lesson that a growing number of emerging young illustrators have learned quickly.

In Calgary, in a small frame house sandwiched between two apartment towers, 25-year-old Marie Podbielski sits in a blue-gray business suit hunched over her art board, preparing a composite drawing for a major developer. She works quickly, drawing clean, strong lines on the paper. "I'm just a farm girl from Prince Albert, dressed up in city clothes." And then she flashes a beguiling smile, making you feel that you've been taken, just a little bit. But when the conversation turns to business, it turns serious. "This is not a profession for the timid; many don't survive," she says and then goes on to explain that being a woman has been one of her biggest assets in starting her art studio, One Plus One. "Most of my clients are men. A female in this business surprises them at first, and they assume that if I've gotten this far at my age, I must be more than competent."

A graduate from the Alberta Art College, she free-lanced for a few years, hired two full-time artists, renovated an old house and at the same time gathered clients and perfected her illustration. Because of her need to compact a great deal of work into a short space of time, Podbielski uses a system of team illustration. "One of the illustrators might start on a rough sketch, I might do the layout and then turn it over to another illustrator to finish. It's a highly democratic way of working. For us it seems to work."

Bruce Johnson shakes his head, "Democracy in illustration — what next?" Johnson is one of Montreal's most successful and talented artists who, like most illustrators, sees his art as something highly individualistic. "It's a very competitive field. Only a minute percentage of the commercial art students who graduate will be successful as illustrators. But then people told me I'd never make it when I began 30 years ago."

Those people probably didn't realize that Johnson was the kind of
person who believes in beating the odds. "If somebody says I can't do something, it just makes me more determined." That determination began early. At the age of 15 he went to sea and then joined the RCAF as an aerial gunner during World War II. Receiving his discharge in 1945, Johnson worked as an apprentice artist in a Toronto engraving house. Instead of attending formal art classes, he chose to learn at the drafting tables in commercial studios. In 1959 he married and moved to Montreal — for him a "gentle, gracious and flexible" atmosphere. He quickly established himself as a freelance artist, illustrating for all the major Canadian publications and a variety of U.S. publishing houses. When Johnson is asked how Canadian illustration compares with work being done in other parts of the world, his eyes instantly brighten, his voice becoming excited. "First, much of the illustration that's being done in this country has reached the point of fine art. I'm not necessarily talking about myself (although he could well be), but there are countless illustrations being done right now that could hang in galleries anywhere in the world. Second, I think that illustrators like James Hill have helped young Canadian artists to understand that there is no need to feel inferior about working or studying illustration in Canada."

Another Quebec illustrator, Andris Leimanis, has no doubts about the validity of his art. In Pointe Claire, Que., just outside Montreal, he works on an illustration for CN Rail, a dreamlike landscape that could hang in any Canadian gallery. A graduate of Loyola and Syracuse universities, Leimanis has been an illustrator for more than 20 years, a craft that in recent years has brought him such clients as Air Canada and the Royal Bank. And along with his art, he has perfected a philosophy about illustration. "I respect the art of illustration, and I love to try to create a work of art out of every illustration," he says. "It should be a painting ready to be framed after it has fulfilled its commercial purpose." That understanding of illustration grew gradually as he worked for a variety of art studios in Toronto, Montreal and Brazil, until he went freelance in 1976. "It's the classical values of a painting that give the right mood, a quality that is so final to a real work of art."

At the Ontario College of Art in Toronto, Huntley Brown stands before a class of some of the brightest and best would-be illustrators in Canada. He's a burly, religious man with an appreciation of the spiritual. "Illustrations must go beyond transforming something from nature into a two-dimensional design," he says. "The illustration must reach inside people and touch them in their hearts and in their heads."

Philosophy finished with, the subject of his lesson is creating an effective and exciting illustration. He starts with a basic lesson on shapes, explaining that they have a life of their own. He demonstrates how a long, horizontal shape can evoke a peaceful feeling and how tension can be created by placing a vertical object in the illustration. Then he introduces other vertical objects and by shifting their position — some nearer, some farther — a whole series of different relationships can be established. "It's important to remember," he says, "that the eye is always looking for contrast and excitement. You read a book because it involves you. It's the same with a good illustration; it may look very simple at first, but study it for a while and it begins to grow in its complexity and visual appeal."

Brown, who has illustrated for such magazines as Maclean's, Saturday Night and Reader's Digest, has taught both basic and advanced illustration at the art college periodically since 1959. "I try to provide my students with the methodology I have learned over the years. Had someone taught me when I was starting out, it would have saved me much grief."

He adds that for promising illustrators — "and there are many of them currently enrolled in art colleges in Canada" — the future is extremely bright, especially with the increase in specialty magazines. Brown talks about the possibilities, about the skills involved in researching subjects, about clients who insist on tasteless approaches and about art directors who hand out impossible deadlines. And then he stops, reflects for a moment and says, "The only reason anyone would be an illustrator is because he loves it."
THE WAY WE ARE

Coping with the changes in gasoline marketing

BY MARTIN JONES
ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUNTLEY BROWN

Quite an aficionado of whatever persuasion, and you will quickly discover within the time-clock of his heart a special time slot ever to be altered by argument or facts. What devoted base-ball fan would ever describe the 1950s as other than the greatest days of the diamond? For those who love jazz, there will never be any period to rival the twenties. And as for the North American motorist, the golden age will forever remain the 1950s.

And perhaps that is as it should be. The 1950s was a time of rapidly growing prosperity, surpassed only by expectations for the future. The automobile was at the heart of it all, and the automobile in turn permanently changed our lives. It made possible a new lifestyle, built around the suburb and the shopping plaza. Highways and expressways were thrown across the landscape to link city to city and suburb to downtown. And on every other street corner, or so it seemed, gasoline stations appeared.

In fact, between 1945 and 1962 the number of service stations in Canada increased from about 24,000 to almost 67,000 — and most of that growth took place during the fifties. (Today there are as few stations as there were in that last war year.) The gas stations of the era were simple and predictable, all providing much the same service and facilities, with a couple of service bays and one or two pump islands. And every service station, at least in the blur of memory, was manned by a friendly neighborhood attendant who pumped gas, cleaned windshields, fixed the car and often knew his customers by name.

Times change, of course. The neighborhood station is just as likely these days to be a self-service gas bar or to have disappeared entirely. And the motorist himself does not feel much loyalty for one brand of gasoline over another. He can not only select from a wide range of gasoline grades, but can choose whether he wishes to patronize a full-service brand dealer, a self-serve or an independent dealer selling gasoline at discount prices. And today when his car is in need of maintenance work, the neighborhood gas station is only one among many repair shops competing for his business. But he is just as likely to take his car across town to a much larger service station, with many licensed mechanics, or a shop specializing in muffler or transmission work.

The stunning transformation that has occurred in the marketplace has not only been surprising to the motorist, it has at times been difficult and painful for the industries that service and fuel automobiles. Over the past 15 years the unpredictable has occurred with almost predictable regularity, and business has responded in ways that have changed the marketplace beyond recognition. Today the gasoline retailing and repair business is more diverse, efficient and competitive than ever before. And despite the occasional nostalgia for the neighborhood gasoline station of the 1950s, no one has benefited as much as the motorists.

As Norman Scott, a marketing analyst with Esso Petroleum Canada (a division of Imperial Oil), explains, the pattern of industry growth in the early post-war years reflected what the motorist wanted: reliable car maintenance from a dealer he knew, high-quality gasoline for his increasingly powerful car and, above all, convenience of service station location. “For the industry,” Scott recalls, “conditions were such that to meet the growing market and serve the expanding suburbs, more and more stations had to be built. So the gasoline business, while retaining its structure, simply grew until stations were about as common to city corners as banking branches are today.”

Early in the 1960s, however, gasoline marketers noticed some new and striking consumer trends at work. For one, a new market segment was developing — motorists who cared little for the service “extras” which the majority of consumers still valued. These new motorists wanted low prices and were prepared to go farther to get them. As a result, two new groups of gas retailers emerged in the late 1950s and early 1960s. One was the enterprising “independent dealer,” who bought surplus gasoline directly from refineries, then resold it to motorists. By spending little on services for customers, the independent was able to keep prices below those offered by the well-known brand dealers. The other was the mass merchandiser, who already owned large retail outlets at Canada’s growing numbers of shopping centres. Now, the mass retailer began opening gas bars and repair facilities to capture the large market that had made the independent dealers’ success a reality. And like the independent dealer, the mass merchandiser was able to undersell the major brand dealers.

All in all, the 1960s was a decade of intense competition. A number of innovative services were introduced as the oil majors fought to hold the market for those customers who still valued customer service and were willing to pay a bit extra for it. The major refiners, for example, successfully cross-linked car washes with service station operations. But for many motorists a decade may chiefly be remembered for its marketing flairs. How can anyone who owned a car in the mid-sixties ever forget Imperial’s advice to “Put a Tiger in Your Tank”? And today, when oil companies and consumer alike are preoccupied with conservation and costs, the memory of such gasoline giveaways as free dishwashers strikes a rather quaint note.

But the majors also recognized that they could no longer afford to cater just to that segment of the market that was willing to pay for the best in service. They also began wooing the growing number of cost-conscious motorists, who were being won away by the aggressive independents. Thus, later in the 1960s, some oil companies began introducing “second brand” gas stations that copied the independents both in appearance and in offering fewer services and lower gas prices. An even more important development, however, was that the oil majors realized that, because of changing consumer preferences, success in the future would lie in fewer...
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Imperial Oil, which led the way for many of these changes, was the first oil company, for instance, to introduce fuel-efficient motor vehicles to increase mileage by an average of three percent per year. That same year, 1978, Imperial also introduced the premium unleaded gasoline in Canada for motorists experiencing knock problems in their engines. This year the company embarked upon an ambitious pilot project to test a new brand concept in some retail service locations. At present "Auto Tech" companies, with 73 service stations and 20 service facilities in the Hamilton-Burlington area of Ontario. At Carter, strategic planning is more in the hands of the Department of Esso Petroleum, which describes the new facilities as offering the most sophisticated, state-of-the-art electronic equipment available for analyzing automobiles. "Each building has about six service bays, each monitored by the best technology available. With that equipment the franchise owners and their employees - who are highly trained - can pinpoint malfunctions in the car. That means they can keep costs down, because only those parts that really require it will be replaced. That's a precise tuning that has never been possible before, because until now there had been no way of detecting or servicing a car's powertrain system. The strict code of ethics, and each customer is given a comprehensive guarantee.

As Carter points out, Auto Tech is so revolutionary and so ambitious a project that only a large and successful company like Imperial Oil could attempt such an undertaking. In that way, Auto Tech is an excellent example of how large companies can benefit consumers. But size also has its detractors, and the large oil companies, such as Imperial, have been accused at times of using their large scale to control competition in the gasoline retailing market. There is little disputing the fact that gasoline retailing has been a "robust and ruffled" business. Some independent have switched suppliers to buy at the lowest price and were the first to suffer when super-premium crude oil became tight. Ken McCarmon, general manager of Top Valu Gasmart, one of Canada's most successful independent gasoline chains, would agree with most of these sentiments. Top Valu has been in the gasoline business for 20 years and now operates 110 stations in Ontario and Quebec. McCarmon

The relationship between Suny's and Imperial Oil permits Suny's to be very competitive in the marketplace. He explains: "Suny's is in business to maximize volume and profit. Its independent network operates with the permit to be very competitive in the marketplace and still make a profit." But Suny's is not the only company that are optimistic about the prospects for the independents. Suny's says a big advantage of the Suny/Imperial Oil volume locations which should ensure the company's prospects whatever competitive circumstances descend. The present layout of its stations also permits easy and economical conversion to self-sell. For Top Valu one of the keys to future prosperity will lie in further modernization of its facilities and more sophisticated management systems, and indeed the company is constantly looking at methods for improving its efficiency and cost control.

Those last two concepts — efficiency and cost controls might well be the watchwords for the gasoline retailing industry in the future. There is little doubt that oil crises continue to rise in Canada, the emphasis for the retailer and motorist alike will be on price analyses, vice-president and general manager of marketing with Esso Petroleum, suggests that the oil companies will continue to shift toward discount gasoline and self-service, as well as a further consolidation of service stations and the least productive stations being eliminated. Other factors that should try the patience of independent are that gasoline prices will be a continued demand in decline for gasoline, coupled with a growing interest in alternative fuels that are more efficient than gasoline — and other alternative fuels.

Imperial is preparing for that competitive marketplace of the future. The company, for example, is presently adding "fuel analyzers" for passenger cars and plans to begin advertising diesel fuel service later this year. It is also experimenting with using propane as car fuel. All in all, there should be a host of new avenues for the "pumps" in the future, as companies, large and small, jockey for position to be the leaders in efficiency and competitive industries. But then for an industry in which the unpredictable is the only predictable, that's really no surprise at all.
What's going on these days in the Northern District branch of the Toronto Public Library would no doubt shock people who haven't been in their local library for 10 years or more. Even to neighborhood residents who are slightly more frequent in their visits, the changes come as something of a surprise. The building itself is the same as it's always been — on the outside. But gone from the inside is that heavy, lugubrious air of intimidation that libraries — all libraries — used to exude. Gone, too, is the old-fashioned notion that libraries should serve but one function: the simple lending out of books.

The people in charge of the Northern District Library, like those running an ever-increasing number of such institutions all across the country, are making a two-fold attempt to render the places less aloof, more practical to more people and just generally better integrated with their communities. Part of the progress involves diversifying into other areas besides books, but part is also tailoring the sort of volumes one has to the needs of the people in the neighborhood.

For instance, the public library of St. Leonard, an independent municipality within Montreal, and the Dufferin-St. Clair arm of the Toronto Public Library are both located in areas with immense Italian populations. Accordingly, both have made a point of acquiring all manner of works in the Italian language, much to the benefit of their public image and public usefulness. The Northern District, by comparison, is the library of an area that's home to a disproportionately large number of people over 65. "Therefore," says Trudie Town, an administrator for the Toronto Public Library System, "we've very successfully started a number of programs for seniors." The response has been such that the library has literally had to turn people away. And turning people away is the last thing librarians across Canada wish to do these days, for a complex series of reasons.

"What it comes down to," says Anne Woodsworth, the director of libraries at York University in Toronto and a veteran of the public library system, "is that libraries have had to become community-oriented and politically aware in order to survive." The citizens' movement that began in the 1960s, she says, turned attention on what were formerly places run by a sometimes small elite for the benefit of a somewhat larger elite, the traditional book-borrowing public. Budget squeezes that began in the 1970s only underscored the lesson. "Librarians now must cater to what the public wants," she says. "That's the big change. Every library-science graduate used to come out of university with a sense of what was right and good for people; now they're taught to go out and find out what people want." It's a big difference, and it's transformed the very role the library, whatever its size, performs in the community.

In its barest outline, there's nothing new about the principle. Almost every public library in the country is likely to have been collecting filmstrips, records and special literary material (such as children's books or works in braille) for quite a few years now. In the larger cities of the East, in fact, this tradition, and the custom of letting out library space for purposes not strictly literary, go back much further than most people realize.

A predecessor of the present Toronto libraries, for instance, had a music hall and a large lecture room as early as 1853; and the Toronto Public Library System as presently constituted has had strong collections of French- and German-language books since 1869; braille came 10 years later, followed by phonograph records in 1915 and films in 1947. But such activities were always mere appendages, little frills. The difference is that today the frills
are coming to seem more and more important, the very fibre of what the libraries represent. What's more, the whole philosophical underpinning of the library has been altered so that the library users help decide what the library shelves should contain and what other purposes the structure should be used for.

At Toronto's Northern District Library, for instance, a special department supervises the rental of library space to various outside organizations, both commercial and nonprofit. The former category includes a reading-printing service, which the library patrons indicated would be useful and which it was thought would help in making the building more of a community clearinghouse — the kind of informal meeting place we associate with the parish pump or the general store of the 19th century. Among the noncommercial tenants are various social-work organizations, including the Advocacy Resource Centre for the Handicapped. And book-borrowers and nonborrowers alike can nip in for a tea at the library, another of the outside services.

But though the Northern District Library has more than 300,000 books made available to the public through its process of library democratization, it's by no means the only one — or the only obvious one. Indeed, the whole point is that each library should remake and extend itself along lines suggested by the needs of its particular community and no other. Partly this involves exercising wisdom. The public libraries of Halifax, for instance, are only now starting to acquire many textile volumes and “talking books,” says John Murchie, who's library director of the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and a keen observer of library practices in the Atlantic region; the reason is that more visually handicapped people have been concentrating on the area because of the recent expansion of federal and provincial institutions in the area. The town of Moncton recently opened a library branch in the community by what they don't have; the Yellowknife Public Library, perhaps alone among major public libraries in Canada, has never had a film projector or even a slide projector: it's not a case of having no room for them, according to Jeanette Fish, the librarian in charge; it's lack of demand. Yet the most obvious way to illustrate the process of library specialization and custom tailoring isn't by listing what a few refrain from doing but by showing what many of them do or more uniquely.

The library headquarters in Truro, N.S., for instance, seems from the outside a typical tourist centre. The new building, erected in 1968, is in the heart of the downtown business district. It has three branches and two bookmobiles, and the staff has always tried to make the public aware of the library. People interested in film, for instance, if they write to the library through interviews on local radio and contributing book reviews to the local newspaper. The library also has a collection of films second only to Toronto's, and last year attracted an attendance of 1,500. While the library clearly goes beyond the practice of the classics and such. Not until 1975 did it begin actively seeking the advice of the Italians in literature and more people. And the only way to do that is to extend on what has already been the traditional role — which in turns make more money to do, in a big, vicious circle. Yet in another light, such a small library writer, write, what they're doing is not casting their nets as wide as possible or trying instead to find much that the library's own venues — to their own particular public — instead of operating on the basis that "the world is our oyster." The public library is not the same as the use of the materials more than doubled.

Marshall says, "and that of the public services libraries. For some years the total circulation of all books in the public libraries of the country had gone up. But since the mid-1970s the circulation totals have been out on their own were. And no doubt due in large part to the size of some of the other sectors, is called magical. The fact that the public library is more. Like most advances, of course, this one opens up whole new problem spots. Problems the word has given up, even thought to. The essence of the courses, he says, is to look at community problems libraries have identified themselves with. For one, the interests of small business to those of ethnic groups or senior citizens. For I have discovered that what's needed as much as community-action programs is knowledge about the community the programs serve.

As an example, he cites the case of a small Toronto library branch whose staff noticed a large number of businesses run by Southeast Asians. Were these people who ran stores in the area but "lived" only among their community and "public participation." His comment recognizes the view that holds that librarians are trying to ingratiate themselves with their communities simply to save their budgets or to achieve some vague political ends, and it's hard to deny there may be some truth in that.

The library has had to compete with sports facilities such as arenas when it comes to public money, but, says Diane Mittermeyer, a lecturer in the Graduate School of Library Science at McGill University in Montréal. It only stands to reason that librarians should be used to fighting. They're probably used to fighting for their neighborhoods.

In a city not blessed with repertory or art cinemas as Vancouver, Toronto and Montreal are, Regina's library is the alternative. It operates a theatre, catering to local film buffs, as well as a noon-hour series of films for the lunchtime public. The library has a collection of films second only to Toronto's, and last year attracted an attendance of 1,500. While the library clearly goes beyond the use of the materials more than doubled.

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The premier of Alberta was aflame. His province had endured so many economic setbacks in past decades, he said, that it deserved to reap the full benefits of the current energy boom. As wise to be expected, the prime minister did not agree. Rising to his feet, he told the delegates that Ottawa needed a greater share of oil and gas revenues in order to enrich the entire nation.

The exchange between the two leaders had all the earmarks of a heated conflict at a federal-provincial conference — except that both the prime minister and the premier were teenagers. The debate was part of an innovative project staged in a Calgary classroom earlier this year. Entitled the Oil-Pricing Game, the project involved having nine Grade 10 students assume the roles of political policy makers engaged in a head-on confrontation. "We had some very lively sessions," says social studies teacher John Graham. "The kids not only had fun playing the roles, but the whole class learned about energy issues in an exciting, dramatic way."

Graham created and staged the game with more than just his St. Francis High School class in mind. It has become his contribution to the far-reaching programs developed by an Edmonton-based foundation that is striving to help young people gain a better understanding of energy and environmental concerns. Launched five years ago, SEEDS (Society, Environment and Energy Development Studies) provides comprehensive classroom materials for elementary, junior and senior high schools.

“Our main goal is to provide objective information for tomorrow’s citizens,” says SEEDS executive director Robert Westbury. “The educational philosopher Norbert Weiner has said, ‘To live effectively is to live with adequate information.’ The aim of the foundation is to ensure that young Canadians have the knowledge to make wise personal and social decisions about energy and the environment.”

Westbury and his two co-workers, program director Hugh Phillips and executive assistant Lynn Bushey, have a heavy workload. In addition to coordinating the preparation of the classroom material, they also develop teaching aids such as posters, bibliographies and field-trip guides, as well as arrange teacher workshops and conferences across Canada. All on a $255,000 annual operating budget derived from public institutions and 135 private companies, including Esso Resources, a subsidiary of Imperial Oil.

Most of the private companies are in the energy field, but SEEDS takes great care to ensure that the material it presents is unbiased and shows the many sides of every issue. The material is, in fact, the result of an exhaustive, four-year research and writing task carried out by members of the teaching profession. Under SEEDS guidance, 60 western-Canadian teachers, working in teams of five, interviewed acknowledged authorities in private industry and government as well as university professors and environmental-group spokesmen.

By January 1979 the teams had completed the development of the materials, and the foundation was ready to embark on the pilot testing phase. To make sure the testing was effective, SEEDS set special guidelines. “We felt that in order to get the best program, we should involve as many people as possible in a thorough evaluation,” explains Westbury. Before beginning the program, pilot teachers met with the writers to examine the materials and discuss how they should be used in the classroom. Then, during the 1978-79 school year, 133 teachers used the program with approximately 5,000 students. Once they had completed the program, the teachers were encouraged not only to report on their experiences, but to send in their suggestions for improvements.

Evaluating the whole process was an independent team of educational experts from the University of Lethbridge, headed by Dr. Eric Mokosch. According to its report, the teachers and students were enthusiastic about the SEEDS program, but there was still room for improvement. Industry, environment and education experts also suggested changes. Four teams of teachers combined these suggestions, plus the teachers’ comments, into a revised manuscript.

This careful attention to details has led to a wide acceptance of the SEEDS materials. Teachers across Canada are now using them in their classrooms. Major sales have been made in the United States, and the international firm that handles SEEDS, Science Research Associates (SRA), also plans to market the program in Britain and Australia. “It is quite successful,” says Westbury, “that SEEDS could become the most successful independent curriculum project ever developed in Canada.”

“The Americans have told us that we have the best course of this kind on the continent,” says Westbury. “After all the years we’ve put into it, that was extremely gratifying to hear.” Westbury has been with SEEDS since its inception. A native of Sydney, N.S., he has a full slate of academic credentials, including a Master of Curriculum from the University of Oregon and a PhD from Florida State. He taught in Alberta for 20 years and was director of curriculum for the Edmonton Separate School Board before he was chosen to head SEEDS.

The biggest problem confronting SEEDS in its formative stage was avoiding the stigma that it was a propaganda outlet for energy corporations. The foundation was, after all, originally proposed by a utility-company president, Marshall Williams of Calgary Power, whose staff received so many requests for data from teachers that he realized a full-scale educational program was sorely needed.

“There is a great deal of interest in energy and environmental matters, but in many cases there is a real deficiency of useful materials in school systems,” says Brian Hay, formerly Esso Resources’ senior public affairs advisor in Calgary and now at Imperial’s head office in Toronto. “Because it recognized the need for improved materials, our company was among the first to join the foundation.”

To date, Esso Resources has spent $120,000 on SEEDS projects, and Hay is currently on the board of directors, a nine-member volunteer group.
consisting of three representatives from education, three from industry and three from economic, labor and social-science fields. Besides having a balanced board of directors, Westbury has successfully reduced suspicion that private industry is calling the shots by bringing teachers and environmentalists into the planning process. He has also initiated a series of regional and local workshops where opposing views can be and are presented.

National workshops, sponsored by Shell Canada Resources Limited, have also been held at the University of Calgary, one in 1980 and another in 1981. Each year 27 teachers traveled from every province to take part in the four-week program. The topics ranged from nuclear power plants and biomass energy to coal mining and wind generators, with over 60 speakers from across Canada involved in the presentations.

"We've tried to develop a spirit of trust and openness at the workshops," says SEEDS program director Hugh Phillips. "As a result, our sessions can be lively and spirited, and many different viewpoints emerge. Our purpose is to expose people to fresh ideas and concepts in the areas of energy and environment. Our hope is that through sharing ideas and views people will work together toward a solution of the energy and environmental problems Canada faces." Brian Hay adds: "Most people think energy developments and good environmental practices conflict. In reality they go hand in hand — for example, using waste gases for fuel rather than releasing them into the atmosphere."

The workshops were also taken on field trips to Imperial Oil's Strathcona refinery near Edmonton, Atomic Energy of Canada's Whiteshell nuclear research station at Pinawa, Man., and the Kaminiski solar and wind research station west of Calgary. Westbury believes field trips are a vital learning tool, and he encourages teachers to take students to energy-resource sites whenever possible.

"Most people have trouble understanding a technical field that's outside their sphere of experience. A visit to an oil refinery or a solar power station can create an immediate and broader comprehension of the enormous problems involved in dealing with our shrinking energy sources."

But as Westbury explains, there are many sides to the energy and environment question. "Part of the problem lies in the fact that we tend to divorce what we do from the issues. In brief, we have the 'other person syndrome': someone else is always the bad guy."

However, if we are to solve our problems," Westbury continues, "it can only be through an understanding of our personal responsibility. In the words of Buckminster Fuller, There are no passengers on spaceship earth, only crew members."

The materials for Grades 1 through 6 are geared to fit regular science, social studies and language arts courses and can be taught in four- to six-week periods. For Grades 7 through 12, SEEDS provides separate four- to six-week units for both science and social studies.

Role-playing is employed throughout the materials. Grade 1 youngsters perform charades to learn how people use energy and how it is essential to the life cycles of plants and animals. A Simon Says session has children walking, jogging or jumping and a teacher relating their movements to home appliances by determining which movements require a lot of effort and which don't. Films strips, poetry and hands-on experiments are also used. By Grade 6, students are familiar with renewable and nonrenewable forms of energy, their sources, their uses and their environmental impacts. In Grade 7 the focus is on electricity and its production from renewable and nonrenewable sources. Students examine nonrenewable energy supplies in Grade 8 and grapple with the economic and socio-political issues associated with the development of renewable resources in Grade 9.

By the senior high school level — Grades 10, 11 and 12 — students are ready to delve into the technical aspects and complex social and environmental interrelationships of energy resources and conversion processes and uses. They also examine the related social, economic and political factors involved in major national and international issues — and this is where the Oil-Pricing Game comes in.

Using SEEDS material, a social studies class probes the pricing issues for two weeks. Then, simulating a federal-provincial confrontation, nine students are chosen to face each other across a table, some putting forward the point of view of the oil- and gas-consuming provinces, others taking the case for producing provinces.

One student represents the Maritime provinces, another the prime minister, and the teacher serves as a moderator. "The students sometimes become so enthusiastic that they do a tremendous amount of research on their own," says game originator John Graham. "The only complaint I've had was from a parent saying his son was having so much fun looking up facts that he was neglecting his other chores at home."

Graham and the Calgary teacher who helped him write the SEEDS material, Doug Ramsay, both feel the game has more impact than textbook lesson would have because when they are mentally stimulated by the role-playing session, the students tend to remember the facts better.

To supplement the classroom material, the foundation has prepared field trip guides for each of the 10 provinces, a series of 16 posters with guides illustrating key topics and a Canadian energy and environment bibliography listing all useful materials available for students and teachers. "There are an estimated six million students in Canada," Westbury says. "They deserve the best information available to help them come to grips with the social, economic and environmental problems our country faces."

The SEEDS materials are about many things — leather for shoes, wind for ships, oil for sealing wax. But most of all, the SEEDS Foundation reflects a concern for spaceship earth and the belief that education will help young Canadians steer it through the tough years ahead.Ø

An energy-wise architect explains his plans for a solar home

Yesterday's news becomes today's recycled paper

Indoor and outdoor experiments give students the knowledge to make wise decisions about energy and the environment

In Closing

it is Friday in Rome and I have been here a week. It is very early in the evening, a time when the air, which is hot and close all day in Rome during summer, begins to stir slightly, so that by dusk the sidewalks will be refreshed and filled with sounds — echoes of arguing, echoes of laughing, echoes of history being remembered. For now, though, the street alongside my old hotel, Via Due Macelli, is still hot and I am walking with my wife, slowly and aimlessly for I have time to put in, stopping to look into the windows of stores on our street and others in the neighborhood, which is just up from the Piazza di Spagna and the Spanish Steps, the extravagant stairway of 156 steps.

We are not in a hurry, for we are on our way to dinner, and in Rome dinner will not be early. It is as if the Romans, who close up shop and take a nap through the heat of the afternoon, are waiting to make sure that everyone is up and about once more before they spread the tables at the Caffè Greco, where they say Keats are, or at the Pala di on the Mone Mario or at the restaurant I like best of all, the Ranieri, which is on Via Mario di Forni and which, according to the stories told of it, is the oldest continuing restaurant in all of Rome — a place where cardinals have dined and where, for well over a century, the floors have been worn smooth by waiters carrying trays to those seeking a quiet corner of history when they dined in one of the world’s old and great cities. We dined there on Monday evening, and so tonight — when we are taking a friend who lives in Rome to dinner — it is natural to seek out a familiar place and to ask for a familiar table.

Our friend is waiting when we get there, standing on the sidewalk outside the modest, curtained doorway you can miss if you aren’t careful. He is a man of medium height, with a thoughtful, scholarly manner — which is true, I think, for he is a scholar, the Reverend Robert Robidoux, who grew up in Verdun, Que., studied at the University of Montreal and later in Rome at the Angelicum, first in the fifties when he took moral theology and later in the sixties when he took liturgy. He is a doctor of theology and has been, at various times, a lecturer in ethics at the University of Winnipeg (to Catholic and Protestant students) and secretary to the apostolic nuncio in Ottawa, which is the embassy of the Holy See in Canada. Since 1978 he has been living in Rome for the third time and has been serving as Rector of the Canadian Pontifical College — which was founded in 1888 by the Sulpician Order and where Canadian priests reside while taking theology in Rome. He has been a great help to us during our summer visit to Rome and the Vatican to research an article for a Canadian magazine, The United Church Observer, with which we’ve had a long and cordial relationship.

It has been, in many ways, a spring and summer of levity and anxiety in all of Italy — a national referendum on several contentious issues, followed by a political scandal (the P2 Affair) which shook the country and, rightly or wrongly, brought down a government. But neither of these was as overwhelming to Italians, even those who regard themselves as entirely secular, as the event that preceded both occurrences on May 15, when an assassin made an attempt on the life of Pope John Paul II, thus carrying the cruel idea of violence against public figures to its ultimate incredibility.

The incident, which was a preoccupation of the press and people for many weeks after, could, as Father Robidoux mentioned when we first met him, have had the effect of restricting the papacy of the present Pope and could persuade future popes to act otherwise. He suggested that this fact would be unfortunate not just for popes, but for all of us, including Canadians, since it is hoped the Pope will soon, upon full recovery, visit Canada.

“Do not think Pope John Paul II,” Father Robidoux tells us, “will change his approach and become more insulated from people. He is above all, a great pastor; I think, in fact, that this may be the major characteristic of his papacy. And of course, as everyone acknowledges, he has a great gift for this, not just because of his personality, but because of his talent for languages; he is fluent in several, able to speak a bit of several more — about a dozen in all. Before he went to Japan last year, he was celebrating masses in his chapel with Japanese-speaking people so that he could learn, if not the language, then many of its words.”

The Ranieri restaurant, which has been in one family almost since it was founded in 1815, was a favored dining room of one of the Pope’s predecessors, Paul VI, when it was run by Giovanni Battista Montini. He was elected Pope in 1963, and while he had a reign that was sometimes difficult — following the much revered John XXIII and reaffirming the Church’s opposition to artificial birth control — he and John Paul II are sometimes seen to have certain conservative attitudes in common. Is John Paul II a conservative? Father Robidoux does not reply quickly, and when he does he is very precise in what he says.

“I think it is natural for people to seek to categorize the various popes — this one liberal, that one conservative and so on. But of course, they do not fit into these categories that easily. After all, what is liberal in one time and place may be seen by some to be conservative later on. The question of conservatism and John Paul II seems to come up because he has reminded priests in some parts of the world that while the Church may offer guidance, counsel, suggestions, it should not seek to be the government. And it certainly should not forget, after all, that its mission is to foster communication with God. I think that is what John Paul II has been saying to the Church and to the world, that we must be sensitive to our priorities. And I doubt if doing that can be categorized as conservative or liberal.”

The same week in which we arrived in Rome and met Father Robidoux, the Pope returned to hospital for corrective surgery. In the newspapers and on television, attention focused on the Pope’s politics but on his person — he is referred to by many Italians as ‘Papa Wojtyla’ — as if there was a need on the part of people to remind themselves that behind the august position was a man who was frail and in danger.

“Last spring, on the first of May,” Father Robidoux recalls, “he sent an invitation to the priests from Canada who were at the Canadian College to come to his chapel to celebrate mass with him. There were about a dozen. You can imagine, I am sure, that it was a memorable occasion. After mass he met everyone individually and spent time asking about the college and the country. I had met him once before — at a meeting of the various rectors of the ecclesiastical colleges in Rome — and was struck then by his gift with people. He is a great listener.”

Late that evening, after we say good-bye to Father Robidoux, we begin walking slowly back toward our hotel. The sky of the city seems the color of sapphire. We pass once more through the Piazza di Spagna which by now, near midnight, is filled with young people, talking, singing, crowded in a stairway to the very top. In some ways they seem far away from the life of John Paul II, who by now is back in hospital in another part of the city. Perhaps some of them think of him. But it is natural for some of us to believe that whether they do or not, he is the sort of man who will think of them, no matter if they are of his faith, another faith or no faith at all.
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