CONCRETE VISIONS

A West Coast architect who became an international star, Arthur Erickson is inspired, intellectual, dashing — and controversial.

BY JENNIFER WELLS

It is nearing the close of the day. From a vantage point high in the British Properties, a patch of blue breaks the Vancouver sky. These once-forested lands, purchased by Britain’s Guinness family during the Great Depression, are mountainous and topographically tough. The Guinesses, who made their fortune in brewing but saw the economic possibilities of real estate, built the city’s Lion’s Gate Bridge before the war to lure residents to this unblemished part of West Vancouver. They called it Capilano Estates, the locals, logically enough, redubbed it the British Properties after its owners. It was the Guinesses who funded the area’s roadways, running hither-thither, hugging the contours of land that would seem an architect’s nightmare.

Yet it is here, at a lovely high site, keeping company with the high-priced homes of the well-to-do, that an uncommon vision appears. It is a structure, three stories high, that seems a staggered cascade of glass, rimmed in steel, dropping from the mountainside. As the sun shoots through the glass it plays on this masterpiece in glass, this steel against rock, this tribute to landscape and light. Technically, it is a private residence. Artistically, it is the vision of its creator, an architect who perhaps better than any other knows how to glorify, to pay homage to, the West Coast terrain.

Far below, in his office overlooking Vancouver’s False Creek and the Expo lands, Arthur Erickson pours himself a cup of black coffee. He reaches for the honey—“How primitive,” he says, faced with those finicky vacuum-packed containers that fast-food outlets and all-day-breakfast restaurants favor. He thought, he says, that the office had a nice big pot of honey, but then again, though his Vancouver office is home base, Erickson isn’t there much. In fact, on this day he’s suffering from jet lag after a recent trip to Tokyo. Yet he’s eager to settle into a conversation about architecture, about the house he built in the British Properties for Hugo Epich, about himself.

At 65 Erickson is handsome, impeccably dressed in fine grey worsted, a small-check shirt—nothing out of place. He leafs through a recent copy of a local magazine. There, in a photo essay, is the Epich house. Though recently finished structurally, the home, says Erickson, is not truly complete. Epich, a manufacturer of steel products, will eventually have the house filled with custom-built steel furniture.
with custom-built steel furniture. When it is, Architectural Digest will run a full-length feature on the project.

In a career that has spanned more than 30 years, Erickson still revels in such delights, such boons to the ego. Others in his profession are right—if Erickson himself is right—there will be much more to come. Some anticipate that the creator of Toronto’s Roy Thomson Hall, Canada’s stranded in Washington and Vancouver’s Simon Fraser University and Robson Square is just approaching his finest work. After all, says Erickson, American architect Frank Lloyd Wright produced his best efforts after he turned 65. He likes the architectural process to painting, to the way in which a painter’s expression evolves over time. Or perhaps it can be compared to a mastery of the piano. Look at a piece of music by, say, Erickson, miraculous in his last years?

What’s true about Erickson is that he has always seemed an uncommon man. In his boyhood days in Vancouver he thought he might become a painter. What separated him from others with similar notions is that he seemed to have talent. In fact, Lawren Harris, one of the Group of Seven and oftentimes patron of that collection of artists, invited Erickson to submit a painting to an art exhibition he had organized. Erickson was just 16, yet from that point on he was included by Harris and his wife in what he calls their “Saturday night so- lons.” Most 16-year-olds have other ideas of what constitutes a good time on a Saturday night, yet Erickson loved the refined talk, the intellectual agility at play. Though he ultimately rejected painting, his social abilities, perhaps honed during those evenings, have be- come legendary. Doug Shadbolt, director of the school of architecture at the University of British Columbia and a university classmate of Erickson’s, puts it this way: “Archer is excellent at handling people. Not many architects do it with panache and confidence.” People skills matter, says Shadbolt, because Erickson competes at such a high level. He has to lure power brokers, corporate titans and top-level bureaucrats to his designs. “He’s absolutely confident in what he’s doing,” says Shadbolt. “Some people call that ego.”

Erickson didn’t vault directly from high school to architecture. The Second World War intervened, and Erickson found himself one of 10 Canadians in the intelligence service attached to a secret force of the British Army. Asking him today what his wartime experiences were like and he replies, “Have you seen Catch-22?” Erickson took a Japanese language course through the army and gained a reasonable command of the language. He became a translator, al- though, he says, he was never given the opportunity to translate. He was posted to India and Malaysia and ended up as head of programming for Radio Kuala Lumpur, broadcasting in nine lan- guages. The trouble was, Radio K.L.’s didn’t broadcast in Japanese. “I had no knowledge of any of them, except En- glish,” says Erickson.

They were not, however, hardship posts. In fact, Erickson says he lived the life of the British raj. He swears he went on tiger hunts on Thursdays. He spent an “extraordinary month” on the Hooghly River in north-eastern India, living with Japanese pris- oners of war in the “villa” of a former rajah. The objective was to learn to speak Oriental Japanese. But given that Erickson’s commander was a Swiss-Japanese Zen Buddhist and that the second-in-com- mand was an Oxford don who had au- thorised more than one book on eastern philosophy, it is an amazing story that would instead spend his time discussing eastern philosophy.

The experience spawned Erickson’s love of travel. This wanderlust drew him to consider a career in the diplomatic corps. It was a short-lived flirtation. Erickson says it was the very boredom of preparatory refresher courses in eco- nomics and history that ultimately dis- suaded him. In earlier days, Erickson’s father, a commissioned agent for vari- ous manufacturers, had suggested archi- tecture as a pursuit. Oscar Erickson was in many ways an inspiration. He lost both his legs at the battle of Amiens during the First World War. Yet he worked a full life and pursued sport fishing and watercolor painting as hob- bies. His son, however, didn’t choose architecture merely on his father’s urging. He confirms a now legendary anecdote that it was a Fortune magazine article on Frank Lloyd Wright that ultimately convinced him that his abilities and architecture might make a match.

Which they have. Erickson began his career in 1955, teaching at the Univer- sity of Oregon and then at the Univer- sity of British Columbia. Gradually Erickson began immersing himself in res- idential projects that were artistically fresh and exciting. In 1963 he and a fel- low architect, Geoffrey Massey, started a firm, and that year they won the design competition for Simon Fraser Univer- sity. The duo had ignored the design guidelines for the competition, which in- structed entrants to conceive of separate buildings for separate faculties. Instead, the Massey-Erickson design called for a multidisciplinary structure.

Simon Fraser University was Erick- son’s entree and still sits high on his list of accomplishments. As when it was built, visitors to the university don’t know what they’re getting until they get there. The low-lying campus is virtually hidden from view as cars, cyclists and ambitious joggers push to the mountainous- top site in Burnaby. Then, suddenly, there it is, concrete, grey and sleek. In fact, it sits in the middle of the mountain. Steps rise from the entrance mall to an outdoor quadrangle, where students sit on finewoven-weather days. Elevated around the quad are seminar rooms and staff- fice, also in concrete. The lecture the aces are buried underground. More than a quarter-century after its inception, Simon Fraser University seems ul- tramodern.

Erickson loves concrete. He talks of its purity. Some concrete is “gorgeous,” he pres- umably means the concrete has be- come part of the Erickson trademark. As have waterfalls and water pools. As have enormous outdoor concrete planters. As have strong horizontal lines. Erickson himself maintains, however, that he doesn’t have a discernible “signature.” “I’ve always said that if you’re really sen- sitive to a site, people should not be able to recognize your work.”

Some of Erickson’s peers don’t neces- sarily agree that, for instance, he is sensi- tive to a project’s location. But then, as in all artistic endeavors, criticism is largely subjective. Some simply don’t care for Erickson’s style. “Find his vision of urban architecture problematic,” says a member of the architectural depart- ment at the University of British Colum- bia. “He denies the street’s presence. His attitude to the surrounding buildings is quite irresponsible.”

Such criticism has often been level- led at Roy Thomson Hall, Toronto’s concert-hall successor to Massey Hall. It is, in fact, an extremely well-sited building, sitting in an exterior glass skin that appears to have been created by an archi- tect’s pen with diagonally cross-hatched lines.

Andrew Grant is an associate profes- sor of architecture at the University of British Columbia. While Grant says you won’t find agreement in the ar- chitectural community on anything, he echoes what others have said when he says that Roy Thomson Hall doesn’t fit downtown. You can’t drive very well to Roy Thomson Hall stands as an example of the anguish of his profes- sion. The building was designed to fit in with a much larger development that would have complemented the concert hall. In the end, Roy Thomson Hall was the only part to be built. “It’s going to look like an oddball in perpetuity,” sighs Erickson. This isn’t just anguish, he says, it’s continual anguish. It would be futile to suggest that Erickson could ever hope to please all of the people all the time. He has always stuck to his guns,艺术i- stically and even his critics admire him for it. His philosophy is per- haps best captured in his book The Architectures of Arthur Erickson, published in 1988. In its preface Erickson says this: “Beyond the provision of shelter, archi- tecture, if it is to function mate forms with meaning. A building, like any other work of art, if it would speak cogently across time, has first to be true to its own cir- cumstance and place. Reflecting on what he has tried to accomplish in his career, Erickson in person makes this point: ‘I’ve never compromised design to get a project. To do that takes an enorm- ous amount of bullshit.”

He doesn’t mention thick skin, but he must have one. It would have been extremely difficult otherwise to deal with all the controversy over the Canadian chancery in Washington. It was difficult enough that Erickson faced accusations that he had unfairly been awarded the project (the Cabinet of the day over- turned the selection committee’s recom- mendation and awarded the contract to Erickson). Then he had to suffer the complaints of those who didn’t like the finished product.

The sharpest barbs may have come from the Old Guard and Mail and Globe, and the reviewer, who went on to com- ment that “conglomerates have nicer lobbies.” Well, says Erickson, “every- body knows that Canadians have a ten- dency to tear down their own people all the time. Every artist—every ev- ery painter will tell you that.” As for the building itself, he maintains that it “will be one of the distinguishing landmarks

Imperial Oil Building, Summer 1980
in Washington. "As for getting the project off the ground, it was the Cabinet's right to overturn the recommendation of the Select Committee."

Universal acceptance was never in the cards for Erickson. On back to McGill University, where he and Doug Shadbolt studied architecture together. There they were, these westerners, with such different ideas from their eastern counterparts. Erickson says he found them "hidebound." What was more experimental, he says. They had to be, given the tough requirements of the landscape, which meant designing a building to be constructed on top of a creek bed or in a mountain face. Anyway, disagreement in architecture is not considered a bad thing. "If a building receives no comments, or only good comments, you wonder what you've done wrong," says Erickson. If it's controversial you know you've done something right."

The personal pleasure that comes from architecture is not quantifiable and has little to do with the opinions of historians. You either like what Christopher Weid did in St. Paul's Cathedral or you don't. The Chrysler Building is a New York Art Deco favorite of many; others hate it. The Eiffel Tower was widely derided as an eyesore. And it weighs as much as an average weight of 9.5 tons.

For Erickson, it is too early to speak of legacies, though Doug Shadbolt believes he's building for history and that "his stuff is going to be around." Certainly, the mansion at West Mount Hall, the chancery in Washington, the towers in Toronto — stand as good a chance as any contemporary architecture of becoming long-term parts of the design landscape, to be loved or not by future generations. To an innocent eye Bay Thompson Hall is likely for its shape, for the fact that it's not obscenely tall, four-sided and void of personality, as much of downtown Toronto is. It seems to sparkle at night, an appealing feature, given that it is, after all, a concert hall. Inside, the concrete walls and grey carpet can seem cold and unwelcoming. On a dull Vancouver day, Simon Fraser University and all its concrete can have the same effect, but even on bad days there buildings seem at the very least austere and thought-provoking. Shadbolt, who met Erickson just after the war and has observed his professional progression over a half-century, has also watched the criticism. Some of it of fate comes from what Shadbolt calls the "young bucks," the up-and-coming architects who have produced grand designs on paper but haven't yet executed their concepts. "It's easy to denigrate," says Shadbolt. "It's damned hard to do." Shadbolt believes that Erickson is a superb architect. "He has a very particular point of view," he says. "He has an eye for the monumental." Somehow, says Shadbolt, Erickson fashioned himself as a "clearly intended architect from day one." He set his career trail to pursue the kinds of projects that would result in arresting, photographic, memorable images.

To do that, Erickson had to reach beyond the confines of his home country. More than any other Canadian architect he has established an international reputation that took him to projects in Saudi Arabia, the United Kingdom, Shanghai. The pursuit suited perfectly Erickson's love of travel, of history and of foreign cultures. Periodically, he would make a splash with something markedly Canadian, such as the country's pavilion at the Oslo Fair in 1970. He became, simply, an international star. He hobnobbed with the likes of then prime minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau. He won numerous awards and was appointed an officer of the Order of Canada in 1973. The visual eloquence of his work was matched only by the eloquent way he found to describe it. "A viral design is beyond style," he has said. "It should be as unappable and unique as the time and place of its emergence."

But something went wrong with the grand design. Erickson's empire succumbed to two fronts. There were projects in the Middle East for which he was paid; there were too few assignments in eastern Canada to justify the office of designers that Erickson had established in Toronto. Erickson has never laid claim to savvy business senselessness, and financially his practice ran into trouble. Erickson now says he'd blame it on us. "We were so busy with Saudi Arabia and Iraq that when all of that collapsed we were left exposed." The problem overseas was the oil crisis. Erickson's Toronto office was big and expensive. In 1971, when the firm had drawn just two major contracts, Boy Thomson Hall and King's Landing in Toronto, a new young partner over 30 years old was still created as if we were an out-of-town architect," says Erickson.

The profession is not immune to turf wars and expressions of jealousy. Bing Thom, a Vancouver architect who worked with Erickson for 10 years and spearheaded the Boy Thomson Hall project, says Erickson was the "wrong man in the wrong place for the kinds of things he wanted to do." Thom says every city has trouble accepting outsiders, and Toronto is no exception. "Toronto is a mercantile town," he adds. "Every dollar counted, every minute counted. That's not Arthur's style. Arthur doesn't care about money." In the fall of 1989 Erickson closed up shop in Toronto to concentrate on his Vancouver and Los Angeles operations. He now acknowledges that he was unrealistic to be traveling among three offices on a weekly basis. It was, he says, "just crazy." Back in Vancouver there are numerous architects, such as Thom, who studied under Erickson at the University of British Columbia, who went on to work for him and who are now trying to forge the architecture of the future. "He was a great mentor," says Thomas of Erickson. "He gave me a free hand to make mistakes. Not many architects are able to do that." Erickson always said that any of his employees who were half bad would end up on their own, and one, now Erickson is noting some interesting things of his own. There are many who fear he was left exposed.

The competition for the Canadian pavilion for the 1992 world exposition in Seville, Spain. In a way, the art of architecture is built on disappointment. "The numerous international projects and large competitions are to explain an architect's path," says Erickson in his book. "Most he developed from one project to another, why he designed one way and something else another." Andrew Grant, at the University of British Columbia, takes on the role of architectural critic for a moment and says that in his mind Erickson has been trying to develop his style in the manner suggested by his early work. While he likes the "conceptual clarity" of Erickson's early works, he feels that his recent creations have seemed "stultified." Perhaps, suggests Grant, Erickson was searching for something through his experimental work. Perhaps, he says, we are now changing.

Erickson's high profile makes him an obvious target. He earns the taunts and journalist's pokes with a smile. "I'm an architect," he said. "If you're not a rationalizer, you're a misfit." Erickson has said that "there are an awful lot of architects and architects with his accent in Toronto, having fun." It's not just Toronto, says Erickson, but a wide scope of Canadian work that's "infused with his northern tendencies." In the same sense, his "corkscrews" are unmissable. For Erickson, there was a period of intense confidence in architecture in this country. "There was a rush," says Erickson, "a rush for confidence in architecture. Everyone is so confident building being designed, anything being done in America it's good." Confidence is tough to come by, especially in American and Japanese architecture.

Although criticism has been heard on the design of the chancery in Washington, Erickson feels his work still stands as one of the city's most imaginative landmarks.
CORPORATE ERRANDS OF MERCY

Thanks to an organization called Mission Air, spare seats on corporate aircraft are being used to carry patients to much needed medical treatment

BY NICHOLAS BRADBURY

It had all started with a simple cough. Derrick Smith had woken up one day in his home in Mount Pearl, Nfld., with a cough that wouldn’t go away. For 18 months Derrick coughed while the doctors tried to figure out what was wrong. Finally, they discovered the problem—a malignant tumor in his chest cavity. He was rushed in for surgery. For the seven-year-old child and his parents it was obviously a severe blow; yet another was to come. Complications developed. He was not healing as he should. Records were sent to the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto. Finally, on a Wednesday this past March, a specialist from the hospital called Derrick’s mother, Joann, to ask her to bring her son to Toronto the following week for an examination.

The relief Joann felt at her child’s finally receiving the expert treatment he needed was followed immediately by worry. How would she get him to Toronto? Her husband, Ray, had lost his well-paid job as a crane operator on an oil rig three years before, and since then the family had survived on a fraction of its former income. The airfares alone would run to between $2,000 and $3,000. In a state of agitation Joann went to her weekly meeting of the Candlelighters, a support group for parents with children suffering from cancer.

Another member suggested she contact Mission Air, an organization that arranges, free of charge, air transportation for people in financial need who must travel for medical reasons. The next day, rather dbguingly, she called the Toronto-based organization.

A week later Derrick and his mother were sitting in the velvet seat of a corporate jet belonging to Toyota Canada Inc., on the second leg of their journey, as it rose above the clouds on its flight from Halifax to Toronto. Derrick, his skin pale and his body weakened by his illness, was smiling as he proudly spotted a Toyota cap that a member of the flight crew had given him. Joann, charmed to some of the executives on board, who were flying to meetings in Toronto, explaining that in addition to this flight, Mission Air had also arranged for her son and her to fly the first leg of their journey, from St. John’s to Halifax, with Air Nova Inc. At Montreal, where the plane made a brief stop, Joann and Derrick accepted an invitation to lunch with the co-pilots, Jane English, who later offered Joann a place to stay while her son was in hospital. None of this had cost the Newfoundland woman so much as a cent. It was all, according to Joann, “too good to be true.”

But her story is not unusual. Since its inception in November 1986, hundreds of patients a year have taken flights arranged by Mission Air. Using empty seats on corporate planes and a limited number of passes for free flights issued by commercial carriers, people are able to travel free of charge from all parts of Canada to hospitals in the country’s major cities, which can provide the type of specialized treatment not offered in more outlying areas. The only criteria are that the patients must be able to travel without medical supervision, be in need of financial assistance and be going to a recognized treatment facility. The number of flights arranged has grown steadily each year; in 1989, 752 passengers took advantage of the service.

For would-be passengers all it takes is one phone call to the Mission Air offices in downtown Toronto. But for those who run the offices, that call is just the beginning of their work. "It can take from 30 minutes to three hours to arrange a flight," explains Shauna Penwick, general manager of Mission Air. "We take the details of the illness, the treatment required and where that treatment is to be given, with the names of the referring and treating physicians. These doctors are then contacted to confirm the medical details. Then the schedules of the corporate flights are consulted to see if a suitable flight is available. If it is, we contact the corporation to see if any seats are free. If not, we check the commercial schedules and see if we have any passes we can use."
With a 1990 budget of only $125,000, the organization was primarily on generosity, both corporate and individual.

Reinick is one of only two paid staff members at Mission Air. With an annual budget of only $125,000, the organization was primarily on generosity, both corporate and individual. About 100 people work voluntarily half a day a week answering the phone, dealing with correspondence and helping to make flight arrangements. The office is shared with the Canadian Cancer Society and is leased for a peppercorn rent from the Cadillac Fairview Corporation. The furniture was donated by the Canadian Cancer Society. The telephone belongs to the Cancer Society, which also allows Mission Air to use its long-distance service.

The Webber Foundation and IBM Canada Ltd. put up funds for the recently installed computer system, which will make keeping track of flight schedules much easier than it has been up to now. Not too shabby for a corporation in its infancy. The 20 key board members that were recruited are in Canada in aviation history and his name was often enough in some hake ads to establish the legitimacy of Mission Air—Russell Banach, a retired World War II pilot who commanded two RCAF Mosquito squadrons and flew the daring, low-level raids against enemy airfields known as night-intruder missions. After the war he became chief pilot for the De Haviland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., and he served as its president for four years until retiring in 1975. "I tried to become a pilot on board, with the idea of still being a pilot. The corporate jet pilot has a lot of like-minded clients, but the ones I was looking for were with a long history in aviation," says Banach.

The financial situation was not as necessary as what is remembered most fondly by some who have contributed to Mission Air. It has helped in a whole host of ways. Before the first flight, with an estimated cost of $15,000, it was determined that the cost of medical flights could not be estimated. This is, however, not necessarily the case. The co-pilots, who have worked very actively, have been able to estimate the cost of a flight with a reasonable degree of accuracy. The flight was a success, and the people involved were very happy. The pilots are paid, and they are able to use the plane for personal purposes. The flights are also used for research and educational purposes.

Mission Air is now working toward the limits of its capacity and is very happy to add that more corporations will add their names to its roster.
SALUTING CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS, THE ORDER OF CANADA HAS SERVED AS A MEANS TO PAY TRIBUTE TO THE NATION'SBest BY ROBERT COLLINS
regularly lambaste Government House for alleged errors or omissions in the honors list.

"THIRTY YEARS AGO RITA MACNEILL BEGAN TAKING SEVERELY RETARDED CHILDREN INTO HER HOUSE. SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN FOSTER MOTHER TO AS MANY AS 16 CHILDREN AT A TIME.

To a Grand Total of 108..."

RITA MACNEILL
INVESTED 1983

...regularly lambaste Government House for alleged errors or omissions in the honors list.

"THIRTY YEARS AGO RITA MACNEILL BEGAN TAKING SEVERELY RETARDED CHILDREN INTO HER HOUSE. SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN FOSTER MOTHER TO AS MANY AS 16 CHILDREN AT A TIME. TO A GRAND TOTAL OF 108..."

JOSHDUB
INVESTED 1985

"A PEDAGOGIC, HE IS A LEADER.

1. MEDICAL, IN THE WINNIPEG
2. CHINESE COMMUNITY, AND
3. THE GUIDING FORCE IN THE
4. DEVELOPMENT OF A MAJOR CHINATOWN
5. RENEWAL PROJECT.

HE... IS ALSO ACTIVE IN REFUGEE AND IMMIGRANT ASSISTANCE AGENCIES..."
the award. Five staff members devote their entire effort to administering the program, including answering such ques-
tions as "Why do you pick up my mail? Is this legal?" and "Why don't more women receive the award? A frequent critic is, "You're picking the wrong person in our community." "Truly, there may be more deserving people out there than who receive the award, but somebody has to recom-
mand them," Richard points out. "Every candidate must be interviewed by three people or one else. The only way of not being chosen is to nominate oneself, which some people do." The chairman cannot judge on whether a nominee is the most deserving person in town; simply whether the person is deserving.

Anyone can make a nomination, us-

ing a simple form available from Govern-
ment House. The program's staff mem-
bers then open a file and begin exhaustive research on the nominee. Usually it starts with interviewing the three sponsors noted on the nomination form—the chairmen or committee chairmen. The nomination isn't an easy task for the advisory council. It must aim for fair representa-
tion and must be composed of at least 60 percent women and 40 percent men, chosen in a way that is fair to both sexes and represents the various ethnic and age groups of the community. The nominee must be at least 18 years old, and must have been a resident of Winnipeg for at least 15 years. The guidelines also require that the nominee be a Canadian citizen and have made a significant contribution to the community in which he or she resides.

Nearly all the nominees for the award take a year to 18 months to complete, although a high-pro-
file candidate might be vetted in six months. On average, about 500 nomi-
nations are examined for preparation of the compilation of each of the two-yearly honours. Each submission is a two-page document, which is sent to an advisory council. "We don't screen the list," says Richard. "We can tell our contributors what we think but it is decided who measures up." The council has six permanent unpaid members: the Chief Justice of Canada, the undersecretary of state, the chairman of the board, the president of the Royal Society of Canada, the president of the Association of Uni-
versities and Colleges of Canada and the clerk of the Privy Council. The final decision is made at the Governor General's discretion. They meet in Ottawa twice a year to attend the investitures at Rideau Hall and then sit through two days of meetings, at which they culled 500 to 500 nomina-
tions down to just over 70. Thus, only about one out of seven candidates is ap-
pointed to the Order, but even that adds up to roughly 455 a year. Some-
thing! "I don't think we have enough," says Richard. "It works out to an award being given to approximately one citizen out of 170,000. In Britain, the much larger Queen's honours list cites one person out of ever 20,000." Selecting recipients is no easy task for the advisory council. It must aim for fair representa-
tion and must be composed of at least 60 percent women and 40 percent men, chosen in a way that is fair to both sexes and represents the various ethnic and age groups of the community. The nominees must be at least 18 years old, and must have been a resident of Winnipeg for at least 15 years. The guidelines also require that the nominee be a Canadian citizen and have made a significant contribution to the community in which he or she resides.

"Former President of the Canadian association of Chiefs of Police. For his years of Service in fostering the highest standards in Law Enforcement agencies in Canada"
THE ENTERTAINERS

They fight to help needy children. They fight for a clean environment and peace.

They are Canadian. They are also among North America’s most popular singers

BY BARBARA WADE ROSE

Whenever they travel, which is oftec, these are reports’ questions to answer and handouts to attend and occasionally the lies of the city to accept. Through this handful of Canadian men and women the United Nations Children’s Fund (UNICEF) collects money for its projects to help the children of the developing world. Through them an environmental group promotes its work to save beluga whales from extinction in the St. Lawrence River. Through them a national program to help create a love of reading among children progresses and grows in scope.

In their own area of expertise they are extremely well known, familiar names to children of their own and grandparents of 70. They are often stopped on the street and asked to give autographs. When any of them arrives in town to perform people line up for hours to buy tickets. And for whom do these singers perform? For children.

Over the past five years it has become evident that the most popular children’s singers on the North American continent are Canadian by birth or by patriation. One is simply called Raffi; he writes songs from his home in Toronto. Then there is a trio of two women and one man in their late forties and early fifties named Sharon, Lois and Bram (Sharon Hampton, Lois Lillianstein and Bram Morison) who have been singing together for more than a decade. Fred Penner is a Winnipeg native who now appears daily on American cable television with his half-hour CBC show called Fred Penner’s Place. Eric Nagler is Canadian by adoption, a New York bluegrass artist who came north during the Vietnam war and stayed to compose and sing and make musical instruments.

That this handful of Canadian performers should lead the children’s music industry both in Canada and in the United States is pleasing and more than a coincidence. Their styles are similar. When any of them appears outside Canada it is usually with just a guitar or a keyboard or a few tambourines for company. The children’s television programs that feature them resemble simple but well made home videos in an era when even the most educational of American children’s programs, Sesame Street, is a high tech production that has increased the speed and frequency of its jingles and cartoon vignettes in the belief that today’s children need greater and greater stimulation.

By contrast, one recently broadcast episode of Sharon, Lois and Bram’s Elephant Show featured nearly four continuous minutes of Sharon’s relaxed singing of “I know an old lady who swallowed a fly,” every verse intact. First rejected by American producers as “too Canadian,” the Elephant Show, now in reruns, has collected one million viewers in Canada and two million in the United States. Fred Penner begins each of his programs by climbing with his guitar through a hollow log in the woods to emerge at a secret hiding place where he sings by himself and introduces children to new words. Raffi has managed to become what Canadian critics call “the king of children’s music” without a regular television program at all. His success is entirely the result of his concerts, record albums and a couple of videos, which he urges parents not to play too often. Television, he says, “is not a friend of children. Children are natural doctors.”

The similarity in their performing styles may be a result of their all being former folk singers. Some, like Sharon, Lois and Bram, have always sung to children. Others discovered a vocation in singing to children after many of their adult followers turned their backs on folk music during the 1970s. None of these performers wears a costume on stage or on television. They are not professional actors. They don’t try to project personalities other than their own. And, curiously enough, none has a particularly powerful or unusual voice. In a highly competitive industry, all have found success by being ordinary folk.

Raffi can remember family parties from his childhood when his father, a portrait photographer, pulled out an accordion and played as everybody sang along. His family moved to Toronto from Cairo when he was 10 years old. In high school he listened to the music of such Canadian and American folk singers as Bob Dylan, Gordon Lightfoot and Joni Mitchell and aspired to be a folksinger, hoping “to change the world.” In the 1970s he sang for adults but that career was short lived. In an era of heavy rock, the side in the music industry was already turning against folk songs, and Raffi, one Toronto critic noted, “came across as ultra-clean as a time when cleanliness was next to dullness.” In 1974 he was asked to sing for a group of children at a local nursery school and had to ask his wife to suggest some songs—he couldn’t remember any. He found the experience “delightful” and it served as the foundation for his career as a singer for children and led to the recording of his first album, Singable Songs for the Very Young, in 1976. More than five million copies of his nine albums have since been sold throughout North America. “Raffi,” said a critic in The Christian Science Monitor, “is the kind of children they can listen to.”

Raffi has long been involved with children’s environmental groups. “I think some of the best songs I’ve recorded are those about the environment,” he said. “You can’t talk about rain forests and recycle and clean up the oceans without talking about the children who will inherit this world.”

In contrast, Raffi may sing “Vagina Ray,” his adaptation of a song about a dollies, switch to a Quebec chansonnier, then go on to a Japanese song, “Haru Ga Kuru,” traditionally sung by Japanese children to welcome the birds and flowers of spring. As they respond to his inviting style and stage antics, children are exposed to a world of different cultures through his music. In the songs he writes himself Raffi distills complex ideas into simple language. One of his songs, “All I really need,” was written for the International Year of the Child in 1979 and says simply: All I really need Is a song in my heart, Pasted in my belly

And love in my family.

His most famous song, “Baby Beluga,” earned a personal concern about wildlife into a cheerful song about a baby whale “curled up snug in your waterbed”
that children could imagine and love. After the song became popular Raffi was contacted by Canadian Ecology Advocates to sponsor a camp for the preservation of beluga whales, which was named an endangered species in 1983. He agreed to become their spokesperson. His next album would be devoted entirely to songs about the environment.

The children's songs that are sung in Canadian schoolyards are some- times the result of an advocation to generation to generation. Very few, however, were composed in Canada; most arrived along with the immigration or the stabilization. But today Canadian youngsters can sing along with Lois the lyrics of "Fabulous Whales," a nonsense song that goes: 

Saw a cross, flying low, 
i saw a whale 
West to Gulf, saw an elf.

If you want anymore you can sing it yourself.

Lois and her colleagues Sharon and Bram sing such songs and hundreds of others to audiences all over North America. Their first album, One Elephant, Two Elephants, was released in 1975 while the three were living individually with an Ontario educational program, Mariposa in the Schools, which grew out of North America's biggest annual folk festival and Canadian institution, the Mariposa Folk Festival. Sharon, Lois and Bram have recorded a total of nine albums.

All three have solid backgrounds in education. Sharon grew up with a folk singer Joe Hampson of the Travelers, was one of the founders of the Mariposa school program, Lois once worked as a volunteer piano player in a nursery school and introduced a music program for preschoolers to Toronto's North York libraries that is still offered today. Bram was a teacher with the North York Board of Education. Working with Mariposa in the Schools was in-depth training for the three; they would sing to five young aud- iences each day, ten times a week. How their repertoire includes, says Lois, "songs from our childhood, songs from our parents' era -- from everywhere. We're always listening for good songs."

"The world has changed -- the electronic media took over so strongly -- that one of the ways people entertained themselves was through music," says Shaw. "I think the role of a folk artist is important, a role that has been neglected. A tutor, a partner, a friend.

On the Canada Weather Bureau's 1978-79 report to the government, emphasis was placed on the importance of the arts in providing a means of releasing the tensions of childhood. But the report also noted that children's music was often of inferior quality. It concluded that children's music should be taken more seriously and that the government should support the development of high-quality children's music.

In the last two years Sharon, Lois and Bram have helped UNICEF Canada to increase the annual funds it has raised from $15 million to $117.2 million.
PEDAL NOTES

MUSINGS ON THE ELEMENTAL PLEASURES OF CYCLING

I was late in the day, and the woman looked tired. "Lots of good stuff left," she said, without much conviction. "Real bargains." Usually, I ignore lawn sales unless I come across them shortly after they begin, when there's still a chance of finding an under-priced piece of Depression glass or an out-of-print biography I've been curious about. But the weather was warm, the sky a stunning blue, and investigating the sparsely filled tables and boxes spread over the grass lawn seemed a reasonable diversion that Saturday afternoon.

There was no Depression glass, no intriguing biography. In the open garage, though, among the rusty tools and electrical appliances, I spied something I wanted: a CCM bicycle, 1950s vintage, with missing spokes, faded blue and white paint, and a generally tormented look that implied it had endured a hundred spills, a thousand rainstorms. The woman selling her unwanted possessions was middle-aged, and I wondered whether it was she or perhaps one of her children who had ridden it to near-destruction before moving on to a newer model. I didn't ask. She said she wanted $30 for the bike, but when I turned away she dropped the price to a more acceptable $20. The front tire was flat, so I walked my new purchase up the street and across a main road to the Victorian brownstone where my wife, Jessie, and I were renting the ground floor.

Jessie was in the backyard, weeding the garden. She laughed when she saw the bike. "Why did you buy such a wreck?" she asked and then added, "Oh, I know why—nostalgia. You had a CCM when you were a kid, didn't you?"

That was certainly true. I did have a CCM, and my immediate response when I spotted the shabby relic was slightly sentimental. Yet there was another, more profound reason I'd bought it. It had to do with independence. As so many Canadians, the bicycle has entrenched itself securely in my psyche. It has always represented independence to me—freedom of movement—and a way of slowing the world down, a particularly useful function in the feverish world of today. I definitely not what you'd call a cycling fanatic, one of those rigid souls who feel they can't survive without a bike and think automobiles and public transit are for the wickedly insensible. But every few years the bicycle becomes a welcome part of my life, whether I'm living in a traffic-clogged city or in a remote rural setting where

BY TED FERGUSON
I practically have the roads to myself. Oddly enough, I’ve never deliberately set aside money to acquire a bicycle, although I imagine one that was anywhere near new. Old bikes have a habit of thrusting themselves upon me. Several years ago, when I was living in northern Alberta, a farmer who was returning from the city drove 30 kilometers to bring a weathered Glider to myConsider a page out of a book
aged son. The farmer mistakenly thought Alex didn’t have a bike, and, as a matter of fact, I hadn’t a bike at the time, and so I reluctantly agreed to take the Glider back home, gave it to me. What he also gave me, neither of us realized it at the time, was a summer-long challenge to myself.

Named after a Sean Connery film in which military pilots are forced to climb an agonizingly high slope, the Alberta version of The Hill was a steep grade on a dirt road that pierced two rows of dense poplars. It lay a few kilometers from our farm. Being able to reach the summit without stopping was, I suppose, some sort of coming-of-age test for Alex. For me it was another way of sharing a close experience with a boy who would be leaving home in a couple of years to attend university.

I don’t remember how many times we tried to ride The Hill. A half-dozen, perhaps more. We didn’t have a regular schedule; the farm chores, cutting firewood and the like, kept us pretty busy, and we only thought of when we needed a temporary escape. I wish I could say I made it to the top, but it wasn’t to be. Alex, did, he pushed himself repeatedly until the triumphant afternoon he varied his form, lasting past his father sitting on the ground three-quarters of the way up.

I have other memories of country rides. Sometimes my own kids would ride their bicycles or ask me to suggest a range that, with flat, sandy soil, the great wild blueberries possible. And sometimes we’d go to the lake, 10 kilometers distant that had been the local swimming hole before a municipal pool opened in town. Jesse would drive over in our Mercury pickup, and after a lazy swim, alone in the little-splashed lake, we’d picnic under an aged pine tree.

For a long time I believed I was the only male adult cyclist in the region. Pickups, motorcycles and run-down cars were common. Once, one day, I rode to the neighbor’s to use his phone, and a 10-speed Dragor was propped against the barn. My neighbor’s visitor was a Mr. Henderson, a solidly made, white-haired man in his late sixties, who had ridden 60 kilometers the previous day to reach the farm. He was a retired sales manager. Over coffee he told me how much he loved cycling. In my mind’s eye I could see him, five or six months after he retired, sit at his front room sitting out of the window at a suburban Edmonton street, anxious for his favorite rivet. The window opened on a glimpse of a house that immobile, in mind and body, was another form of escape. He joined an exercise club, learned to ride a bike and became a member of the senior group around Canada and the United States. He began building log cabins too, not for the profit, although he did sell them as weekend retreats, but for the personal achievement, the creative process, gave him a sense of purpose.

While I didn’t wait as long as Mr. Henderson did to take my first bike ride, I did take my first ride. Other children in my neighborhood were riding two-wheelers in their preadolescent years, I was 14 before I got my first bike. I grew up in Victoria, and selling the Victoria Daily Times on the steps of the main post office in school, I stuffed a民生 with savings. I can’t recall what I wasted the money on, but I do know that it wasn’t for a bicycle. One afternoon, however, while walking along my street, passing lines of well-remed and stucco houses, I spotted the for-sale sign a boy had attached to a CCM bike displayed in his front yard. I went home, counted my savings and decided that I could afford to buy it. That was the bike.

The CCM was a joy. It had a sturdy frame, a three-speed derailleur, mudguards and fenders. I rode it everywhere, almost everywhere.

I rode to the corner store. I rode to softball games. I rode to visit my grandmother. I rode to school on deep snows, to a wooded creek where I fished with trust in mind but invariably caught earthworms. The journey to the creek is drawn in my memories, I’d pedal unerringly across fields patched with daffodils and violets and down a deserted, weed-clad road that ran beside a railway track. At one point, just before the tracks, I had to stop and@@. I pushed my bike on what had become tracks. There was a fence, a high tangle that spanned a bulldozer-ridden ravine and, crossing it, I was forced in the sound of that roar came, a locomotive suddenly sounding the course ahead of me.

One of my horses in those days—racing right up there with the horses on which I’d ride—was Peeta. In 1992, when I was a young rider, I placed second to a horse named La Rue—was the Victoria native Tonyeden. He had a bicycle shop on Broad Street, a busy place with framed pic- tung his name. I can’t recall seeing that horse, a big, friendly off-white that had retired from competing in an event that was all the rage in the 1930s, a six-in- door races. Peeta took first place in 38 out of 148 races, a world record. He blasted around North America and European tracks on a CCM Flyer. I remember how astonished I was that, riding a bike equipped with a wondrous 12-speed mechanism, he had once sprinted a record-breaking mile at seventy-three and a half miles per hour. Wherever I was on Broad Street, the bike shop or the University, I would pitch a CCM bike against a bike. I can’t recall ever being asked to do that. I preferred the bike that I rode just because it was different, a little bit of encouragement, I guess. I wasn’t just Peeta’s riding counts as that owed me. It was the fact that a local boy had left the island for the vast, enchanted mainland and the world beyond and had returned a golden hero.

What I didn’t realize at the time was that he had emerged from a long-established Canadian tradition: skilled cyclists who had been competing successfully here and off the foreign parts since the turn of the century. No one can say precisely when the first bike race was staged in Canada, but, riding Freewheeling, a book by sports historian William Hunter, I found that the first recorded race was staged at a fair near downtown Ottawa, Ont., in 1899. Fifteen years later a cycling asso- ciation began keeping official records. Humber’s book, I read, mentions that three of our finest professional compet- itors were Nova Scotian Beno Pierce and Nat Butler and Toronto’s Willie Spencer. Pierce won the North Ameri- can championship three times between 1906 and 1912, during a six-day event, rode 667 miles in 24 years without getting off his bike. Butler defeated leading French and German riders in 1903 and 1905, and, during the 1920s, Spencer captured three world titles.

It was the introduction of the factory-produced two-wheeler in the 1920s that made cycling accessible to us. I can’t recall how many times, over the years, there were 10,000 bikes in Toronto alone; 10 years later, one out of every 12 Canadians owned a two-wheeler, and that’s a bike that would be a near certainty today. Bicycles cluttered corridors, blocked aisles and lined building fronts. In his 1949 book, Cycling, Canadian author W.A. Robertson forecast that the machine would end all marital strife because, he wrote, “everyone will feel so well and good humoured and disinterested so qualified that no one will go to war.”

The bike was a symbol of the postwar period, a symbol of the power of the new young people and an important tool for the women’s suffrage movement, and it was a encourage others whooped at the sight, and my next stopover was a music from a musician’s studio, perhaps engage in a cozy street exchange, and did recently with a knock on a door, no discussion necessary. "To- do Western Hospital is a nice place to visit but don’t drink the coffee.

Cycling was a means of escape to move closer to nature too. I like the spring rains, the pleasant outlook on my face in June. One night, while biking home from a thoroughly wet ride, I noticed the 1890 CCM at a stoplight, and I could see the light, on my why, if I could have a bike, I would. What I remember most is the feeling of freedom that I’d been, it was in terrible shape. It had belonged to my mother, and she had ridden it to school for many years. The woman told me she was a cycling activist, something I hadn’t known. Her mission was to move more bike lanes downtown, to banish the fine for locking bikes to parking meters and to educate motorists about cyclists’ road rights. "It’s a war zone downtown," she said. "There are more than 100,000 adult cyclists in Toronto, and they have to fight for cars: for me, not a single dollar to rent a bicycle. Many cyclists like to ride mountain bikes, the path to nowhere, and the paths the maps directly, but, keeping an open eye for the worst hazard, a parked car.
Exotic assignments

From Cairo to Kuala Lumpur, Imperial's exotic employees are far flung in the global quest for oil.

The Malaysian monsoon season is just about over, and Earl Scott is getting restless. He's watching the sky for the telltale shift in wind that will signal an end to the charting of the ocean. Then this prairie boy, a self-confessed hockey nut from the Alberta community of Three Hills, will suit up to pursue his new winter passion—scuba diving. Sometimes he finds lobster, as fresh as it comes, to take home for dinner. Life in Calgary was never like this.

Scott is a drilling engineer, assigned to Esso Production Malaysia Inc., working out of Ketam, a remote fishing village on the east coast of the Malaysian peninsula that is home base for the nearby offshore oil operations.

Two years ago Scott was bitten by the adventure bug and joined a small band of modern-day explorers, the men and women who are flung far and wide around the globe in the quest for oil. He accepted a one-year foreign assignment, rented out the house he'd just bought in Calgary, said goodbye to his Imperial Oil colleagues and headed halfway around the world with his wife and baby to live in isolated splendor at the edge of the Malaysian jungle.

In some ways it has been tough. This is no Singapore, Sydney, Brussels or London, with exotic surroundings and entertainment. This is sometimes achingly loneliness and isolation. But it is also exhilarating and exciting. The Scotts live a stone's throw from the beach, a source of endless fascination to their daughter. "We really love the beach," says Scott. "We just can't get enough of it." He's now a certified scuba diver and excels in this new-found pastime, availing himself of the sparkling coves of the underwater world of sea turtles and coral.

But certain Canadian traditions just won't die, even at the jungle's edge, and Scott's favorite brother at the moment is the one who would film video tapers of his beloved Calgary Flames hockey team in action. "It's therapeutic for me to watch the games," he says. "It reminds me of who I am."

There are currently about 140 Imperial employees posted around the world, lending Canadian expertise and know-how to a variety of affiliated businesses and government enterprises.

These foreign postings, or exotic assignments, generally fall into two categories, says John Lang, Imperial's manager of executive development. "We use them to develop managers by broadening their business experience and expanding their network of contacts or to provide professional and technical skills to affiliated companies that request assistance.

Imperial employees have been involved in the global quest for oil for most of this century. In the earlier days, hardship was the hallmark of postings to remote corners of the world. The reminiscences of J.E.B. O'Sullivan about his years serving on the expatriate, published by the Imperial Oil Review in February 1927, detail the horror of continuous attack by "a vermin, which carry all the ills of man and beast," the scourge of flies, gymnurian snakes, understaking tropical fern and the back-breaking effort involved in trying to build back encroaching vegetation to keep the jungle trails open. "A task of Sisyphus" it termed it. "A task of Sisyphus," it termed it. "As the end of the day's attack of this nature, exhaustion, both mental and physical, becomes almost unbearable, and one presses deliriously for a few weeks of solid forty-below weather."

But, despite these enormous difficulties, the excitement of the challenge sooner or later wins out, as O'Sullivan wrote, "the work goes on indelibly, whilst in the brain...the temperature is always at boiling point. There are never many convulsive moments of peace from flies or mosquitoes, and there is the ever-present danger of catching fever or dysentery, yet it is of all that the interest and exhilaration of a job of such unknown potentialities helps one through the moments of despair and inexpressible weariness."

It is the "potentialities" that continue to draw Imperial executives today. They relish the opportunity to be at the leading edge of oil exploration and production and to help build businesses in developing countries. And they derive tremendous satisfaction from passing on their skills and knowledge to young people in the host countries, particularly in the Third World, where they believe their contributions have the most value.

"The most important part of my job is training employees," says Barry Drew, a reservoir engineering advisor assigned to Esso Production Malaysia Inc. in Kuala Lumpur. "The transfer of technological knowledge is key to ensuring that the business continues to be well run. It's a great feeling to be a part of that—to see a young staff learning the skills my experience of 30 years and I can bring from our broad experience."

For some expatriate employees, the opportunity to work overseas on large projects in smaller organisations enables them to round out their managerial experience. "Foreign assignments are excellent career development moves," says Phil...

BY JANE PENNISON

EARL AND SHERRY SCOTT
AND THEIR DAUGHTER
JENNIFER LIVING AT THE EDGE
OF THE MALAYSIAN JUNGLE.
Dingle, who spent more than six years in Malaysia and is now Imperial's vice-president of corporate planning, based in Toronto. "Both the individual and the company benefit. You can really grow professionally and personally."

For the most part, the living is easy—certainly much easier than in the days of which LeDoux writes. Overseas, particularly in the Far East, Canadians become part of an international expatriate community that shares a comfortable lifestyle, which often includes year-round golf, tennis and sailing. And apart from economizing a relocation allowance, Imperial expatriates receive an annual vacation allowance that covers the cost of a trip home. Many families, however, use that allowance instead to travel extensively in their area of posting.

Dingle and his family, for example, did just that. During their years in Malaysia they visited Australia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Greece, Peru, Austria, India, Indonesia, the Philippines, Singapore and Europe. The three children were to an international school in Kuala Lumpur and traveled to various school tournaments and activities throughout Southeast Asia. Dingle's wife, Donna, and their two other expatriate employee joined together to raise newcomers on shopping and gaining insight into the culture.

"The best part of living in Malaysia," says Donna, "was being able to travel in their spare time.

Phil Dingle and his family moved to Kuala Lumpur from Edmonton. Phil's first position in Kuala Lumpur was as manager of the engineering division of Esso Production Malaysia Inc. He then accepted a posting as manager of the company's offshore operations. "I decided to stay on because the National Energy Program was in effect in Canada, and as a result opportunities at home were limited. In Malaysia I was involved in the development of several significant offshore oil fields. The oil business was just booming then in there."

It helped that the entire Dingle family enjoyed the Malaysian city and had been accustomed to moving around in Malaysia. But Phil recalls feeling somewhat overwhelmed during his first flight to Kuala Lumpur, on the 15-hour flight to Hong Kong. "I looked out the window of that plane and the enormity of the move hit me. I didn't have doubts, just an appreciation of the enormity of being brought half way around the world to something unknown."

The Dingles were soon captivated by the cultural diversity that exists in Malaysia. "Three distinct cultures—Malay, Chinese and Indian—are food habits are food, says Phil, and "there is always something fascinating to see, something different to get used to." Donna became involved in a number of groups, including an Asian bowling league and the Malaysian Cultural Society. With the language school she attended a school dance party and also lunches with her Majesty Sultanah Zainab, Queen of Malaysia.

"Look back at the events of my life, Kuala Lumpur is definitely one of the highlights," says Phil. He ponders a little and says, "It was in Kuala Lumpur that I was moving to Toronto. "It is quite a change from Malaysia, where the weather is warmer and the flowers always are blooming."

The lure of the hoth tropical climate is compelling enough to those of British descent that the distance from family and aging parents is a common worry. Another worry concerns the interruption of a spouse's career. "Dual-career couples weigh the advantages of an international assignment against the problems of interrupting a career," says Calgary-based Betty King, who deals with Esso Resources' expatriate employees from women's groups. "For some couples, however, the two or three years away is the perfect time to start a family or pursue educational interests."

This was the case for Barry Davis and his wife, Nancy. They went to Malaysia nearly three years ago, when Nancy was three months pregnant. Their daughter, Anne, was born in Kuala Lumpur in January 1988 and a year and a half later Eliot was born. For Nancy, a community worker at Caritas in the Philippines, the opportunity to be teaching with COSO in the Asian power was of the kinds of opportunities she was looking for. "It was the perfect time to start a family," says Nancy. "It was the perfect time to start a family while we were still young."

Apart from enjoying the cultural life of Kuala Lumpur Nancy enjoys playing tennis and bridge and is also a member of a women's group made up of the spouses of expatriate employees. "I feel there's a lot of value in what we do," she says. "The employed spouse meets people on the job and has a purpose for each day. I find great joy in socializing. We are left to make friends and form the roots of living here. We try to make it easy to have children. We have been here."

Bill Bains is taking advantage of his wife's two-year posting to the Netherlands to pursue MBA studies at the highly ranked Rotterdam School of Management. Glynnis Carling is a chemical engineer, currently working as a process engineer at Esso Production Nederland at Holten in Rotterdam. Before going to the Netherlands she worked with Imperial Oil Ltd. in Edmonton and had also been a chemical engineer, worked for Imperial in Calgary prior to taking a two-year educational leave. Before mov- ing to the Netherlands the couple enjoyed a five-month summer vacation in Europe—Paris and London. "It was a great trip and we hope to do it again," says Glynnis. "We hope to do it again," says Glynnis. "We have come to appreciate the Netherlands and enjoy the efficiency of the place. "They have a two-bedroom apartment in The Hague and have adapted readily to a European lifestyle of shopping daily, waiting for the hot water to heat up and cycling a lot. I'm starting to feel at home," says Carling, "especially now that we have some Dutch. Now that I can read the local newspaper I feel a part of the community. In retrospect, I wish I had learned the language before coming over."

Bains has learned enough Dutch to get by, to be able to ask directions and pur- chase his monthly train pass. At school, however, classes are taught in English, which is the common language in his class of 94 students, representing 17 nations. For him, the big adjustment has been not getting paid, but he likes being back at school and thrives on the internationalism of his class. "I had been planning a career change (from engineering to the organizational behavior area of human resources) and knew I wanted to go back to school. I hadn't planned on doing it full-time, but then along came this option."

For some it is a challenging experience for others to see such a small and densely populated country has taken some doing after enjoying the wide-open spaces of Alberta. But Carling and Bains have come to appreciate the Netherlands and are impressed by the efficient use of land. "When you reclaim your land from the sea and put so much effort into pro- tecting it from floods, as the Dutch do," says Carling, "you can't help but be very conscious of land use."

The Bains and Carling's experi- ence away from Canada is changing their point of view about home. "When they returned to Toronto for a family Christmas Carling was struck by the communication and size of the shopping malls. She also believes she and her hus- band have now a different perspective on Canadian political issues, such as free trade. "When we see European countries moving toward economic integration in 1992 we realize how much more we could be done in Canada to facilitate economic integration among the provinces."

A highlight of their first year away was a trip to Winner Ridge for Remembrance Day services. "It was a somber, powerful event," says Bains, "it was very hum- ting to see Canadian flags flying in these small French and Belgian towns. I was very proud. I felt more Canadian than I had ever felt in Canada." Some postings are not so cardine. It takes a certain type of person to survive in some countries, says Roussene Bourou, an accounting manager who moved from Toronto to serve as vice-president of finance and planning for Esso Egypt Limited. "When you come to a non-Western country there is a huge cultural shock. You've got to learn new rules, cus- toms and laws, which seems to change frequently. In Cairo there are no super- markets as we know them. Instead there- are small grocery stores, but many items must be bought and bought from a variety of different vendors. It's very time-consuming to do your daily err- ands. Household help and a driver are required to look after the language gap and get around in this complex city."

The Bengoum—Roussene's wife, Dilia, and their children, 14-year-old Anahita, 12-year-old Cyrus and six- month-old Natasha live in a com- munity of expatriates from around the world in a suburb of Cairo called Maadi, an old Egyptian colonial town about 25 kilometers from the centre of the city.

Nine months after moving to Cairo Roussene thrives in his class, but his wife and two children are not yet as fully adjusting. "They have been in a lot of a state of shock since we came," says Roussene. "To a person, at first I wasn't a com- pletely sure what the right decision to be being."

But that sentiment does not mean Roussene doesn't appreciate the virtues of Egypt. He is impressed by the history of the ancient, the sense of all that has gone before. "A 20-minute drive allows him to enjoy the tranquility of stamps- ing in the desert, totally away from the constant dust and noise of Cairo and its 12 million inhabitants. "It just feels so different. I feel as if we can see something above those leaves. They hang so clear, and you feel so small look- ing at them."

The pyramids, the Sphinx, the oasis and the "illegal" (sassy-hooded wooden boxes with cars, etc., designed to look like real cars) were 1000 years ago, plying the Nile for trade in the famous nursery of ancient Egypt. "It's very hum- bles in a city that can't keep up with itself. Cairo is a concrete jungle, all grey dust and very discouraging when you first ar- rive," says Roussene. "Life here is constant inconvenience. The infrastructure is dependant. There are frequent power shortages and problems with wiring and hot water. You go to bed every night and wonder whether there will be hot water for a shower in the morning."

As well, it's difficult to get certain items—meat, sugar and super top his Pho-
A town and gown affair

Business has taken me to the University of Connecticut on several occasions in the past few months. It’s always nice to get out of the office for a change, and what better place to get reminded of that than at the University of Connecticut. The library, the beautiful Collette Center for the Performing Arts, and the greater campus area provide a perfect setting to enjoy a town and gown affair.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.

As a relative newcomer to the editor’s chair, I found attending last year’s series of lectures at Western an interesting first-hand experience. On a soggy day last October, John Polanyi and I drove from Toronto to London to launch the series. Despite the miserable weather, there was an impressive turnout of town and gown supporters, and the presence of the town and gown community. It seems to be bostered by an erosion of ethics in virtually all fields of everyday life, and it is of course of critical importance to the future of our world in general and of our universities in particular.

The Review’s point of view is that the lecture series has been a successful one and worthwhile because the effort of the presenters and the audience has been worthwhile. It is an important part of our role to provide a platform for discussion and debate on important issues, and the Review has provided that platform through its coverage of the series, its editorial comments, and its coverage of the public discussions that followed.

Since then the series has visited 10 other University of Connecticut campuses from Michigan to Nova Scotia and included a francophone series at Laval University in Quebec City.

The lecturers themselves have been drawn from a variety of fields, including literature, law, economics, the arts, business, and the media and have included such luminaries as internation- alist scholar Norrnorte Frey, political scholar Harold Town, jurists Willard Estey and Julian Courchard, Nobel laureate John Polanyi, former language commissioner Keith Spicer, musicologist Keith MacMillan, newspaper editor Norman Webster and book critic William French. Speakers on business topics have been drawn from the ranks of senior Imperial Oil executives.