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Imperial Oil art collection
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Beginning this fall, a travelling retrospective of
paintings by Canadian artist David Milne will
visit Kitchener, Ont., Vancouver and Ottawa.

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SCHOOL WITH A DIFFERENCE

Vancouver Island's Pearson College teaches an international curriculum to students from around the world
BY PAUL GRESCOE

Angie Shuter was deeply troubled. She was surrounded by her friends, 200 of her fellow students from 75 countries, their faces a spectrum of virtually every shade of skin imaginable. Angie's own complexion reflected her parentage; her white mother and native-Canadian father, a member of the Thompson band of the Interior Salish in south-central British Columbia. And here, on stage in the high-ceilinged cedar-shingled meeting hall at Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific, was this articulate but angry man—Bill Wilson, chairman of the First Nations Congress—talking to the students as if they had personally betrayed the native peoples of Canada.
One of seven world colleges, Parrison offers a total education aimed at producing “involved, active, educated citizens, whose attitudes of understanding and service will be a force against bigotry and hatred between peoples.”

LINDA VAN SUWEGEM, P. CLAYTON, B. ANGELE SHIN, STEVEN ST. JACQUES, ELIZABETH BARLOW, DONALD WATERS

As a native Canadian, Anglo agreed with many of Wilson’s criticisms of government handling of native issues, but she also felt strongly that he had misled his audience and perhaps even demeaned them. Afterward, the 18-year-old student sat down and typed a long and simple eloquent letter of protest, which she read on the notice board at the college cafeteria. It read: “I was very upset with Mr. Wilson’s use of the term ‘you’ when he was talking about non-native abuse of native Indians. He may not have meant to accuse anyone of this but he allowed his hostility to make him prejudiced toward others, the very thing he was so upset at. We do not live in the past; I was not abused by non-native Indians. You did not abuse me, it is time that native Indians, especially men like Mr. Wilson, stopped pointing the finger at others. Change must begin from within our own society. Using his own concepts, we are all equal — you are just better than me and I am not better than you. No matter what anyone says, it doesn’t matter what ethnic group either one of us belongs to.”

It was a remarkable act of courage for a young woman — the eldest of three children of a welder and a school custodian from Merritt, B.C. — who had found it difficult to speak out on any subject just 18 months earlier, when she had first come to this cosmopolitan campus on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Here she was a particularly telling document to appear during a school year that had begun in the wake of the standoff at Mohawk Indian and Canadian soldiers at Oka, Que., and was in the midst of a fierce American assault on the students — five percent of them Pakistanis, Jordanians, Egyptians and Israelis — during the brief but bloody Gulf War.

By speaking of peace and equality, Angie Shun’s letter symbolized the very ideals that Parrison College had been created to foster among its international student body. The second of seven United World Colleges established around the globe, it was named for the Canadian prime minister and winner of the Nobel Peace Prize who was its early champion and first honorary chairman. Its aim is to offer a total education, “which will produce involved, active, educated citizens, whose attitudes of understanding and service will be a force against bigotry and hatred between peoples” and “to provide a practical demonstration that international education and work that make this possible. We believe that what can be done today will be the seeds for a better tomorrow.”

In its first year, 1974, about 1,600 students have graduated with their international baccalaureate, a diploma with standards roughly equivalent to first-year university in Canada that is accepted by more universities in the world. Of these studies, all four faculties are supported by donations from corporations, foundations, students and other individuals and communities in countries whose students attend the college. Imperial Oil has been involved from the beginning, as a capital donor and a funder of a marine science program — and, more recently, as the endorser of the Eco Scholarship for native Canadian students.

Angie Shun was the first person to win the scholarship, but she was not the first native Canadian to attend Parrison. Over the years a number of her competitors have passed through the college, many going on to pursue careers that are often people in roles in the community. Angie’s excellent record of high-school involvement and the strong recommendation of her principal helped her stand out from the 100 others Parrison has served as a president of the student council and a member of the student council.

The low-budget, student-run academic building, set on the edge of the campus, which accepts students from any country. In the fall of 1984, the college received its first group of students from the Northwest Territories.

Angie heard about Parrison from the principal of a junior high school in Merritt, whose daughter had attended the college. Angie, who was born in a small cabin in Merritt and educated at first in a two-room school, had immersed herself in senior high, earning good grades while debating, writing on the yearbook, joining Students Against Drunk Driving, and helping found a native youth group. It was during a visit to Parrison with other native students that she vowed to apply to the college.

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white South African, and my first reaction was, how could he be here? When I got to know him, I realized how ignorant I was.” She learned that he was “strongly against apartheid as she was. “Being at Pearson made me rethink my own ideology. I’ve started to see people as individuals.” Herself included. Back home in her small-town high school she was near the top of the class, and she was disdainful of anyone indifferent to academic studies. At Pearson, where she was an average student, she says, “I learned to be myself more, not to compare — I realized we still have our own abilities. There’s so much more to people than you see on the surface.”

Angie was also awestruck, to use her word, by a faculty of 125 that includes a science teacher from India who has scaled several peaks in the Himalayas and helps run Pearson’s lead search-and-rescue service; a Finnish film instructor heavily involved in the college’s screenwriting and drama programs; and a Canadian specialist in Canadian and English literature who also teaches scuba diving and Ukrainian dancing. The fact that faculty members insist on using their first names and form friendships with students helped harness her awe. The college offers a wide array of extracurricular activities — from painting to mountain climbing and current affairs. As well, students participate in more than 20 social-service programs, ranging from home visits with elderly people and those with mental and physical disabilities to forest management and stewardship of a nearby underwater ecological reserve, Race Rocks. In her two years at Pearson, Angie sang in a 132-voice choir that performed in the community, did pottery, joined the astronomy club, earned an instructor’s certificate in first aid, helped strip the bones of a beached gray whale and assemble its skeletal as a permanent college display — and, perhaps most important, worked at a local museum, where she learned to appreciate a past she had ignored. Which is why she studied ethnology in her second year, along with 20th-century European history, biology, math, English and French.

Some of her most meaningful learning took place between classes, in the dorms and on the lawns, in group discussions and casual one-on-one conversations. She had to confront the realities of a world so much wider in scope and sheer scariness than her town of 6,180. For a start, Angie had to confront the unfortunate fact that her own nation was in crisis. She couldn’t utter platitudes about bilingualism and separatism, not when faced with such vocal students as David St-Jean, a Quebecois from Laval.

David’s older sister had attended Pearson, and through her and a number of her fellow students who had visited Quebec he learned about the college. Attracted by the richness of its nonacademic pursuits, he learned to scuba dive and helped teach the sport to disabled people in the community, helped raise 19,000 chum fingerlings in a salmon-enhancement program on campus, sang in the choir, and — in almost a parody of the Pearson cultural stew — studied Slavic and Spanish folk dancing in a troupe directed by a Polish-Canadian English teacher.

Inevitably, in his history, economics and English classes and in regular international affairs and world focus sessions, David had to reek his point of view about Canada. “When I arrived I was strongly separatist, but I believed we should maintain a good relationship between Quebec and Canada,” he says in his softly accented English. “The biggest change in my thinking is that I now understand how people from outside Quebec feel. I also understand how Bill 178 [which outlawed English on exterior public signs in the province] is perceived in English Canada. In Quebec, Francophones feel it was a compromise; I didn’t see it as against human rights. . . . I still feel the best solution would be separatism, but I’m a little confused, especially about the economic issues.”

“Most of the Canadians at Pearson — not all of them were against Quebec separatism. But we could talk about it without throwing rocks.”

Angie was one of his peers who believed the rest of the country should try to help Quebec stay in Canada. What Pearson has done is make her realize that this must be accomplished through informed understanding and responsiveness to the province’s needs. On an international level, her views on South Africa — thrown into question during her first week on campus — have moderated to the extent that she no longer holds every white person in that troubled nation accountable for apartheid. The college has also allowed Angie to ground her opinions in reality by meeting students like Ruanne Barnabas, a South African of Indian ancestry.

Ruanne, tall and elegant with long, Modigliani features, moved to Pearson from a strict British-school system in Durban. She’s the eldest of four children of a physician father — assistant superintendent of South Africa’s largest hospital — and a botanist father, who was an spatbacterist at Clemson University of Waterloo during Ruanne’s second year. At first she found the college’s freedom as challenging as Canada’s society.

“At home all my friends were Indian,” she says. “I knew I was equal and I believed in it. But I thought maybe it was really pointless to struggle against apartheid. My two years at Pearson gave me so much hope that I now think it might not be pointless. I remember Desmond Tutu’s words, ‘Never forget how our forefathers used to eat an elephant—one piece at a time—because what you do does matter.’”

At the college Ruanne taught ocean diving to paraplegics and marine studies to grade schoolers, formed close bonds with a mentally handicapped teenage girl in the surrounding community and made best friends with a white male student — an American who was as devastated as Ruanne was that shattering night last January when the Gulf War erupted.

As Angie Shuter recalls, “The night they declared war was the worst night of the year. Knowing people from countries involved made it so much more real.” Among them were first-year students Lina Eder of Jordan and Itay Klaz of
Israel. As war approached, Iray and Lana had more reason than most of the students to participate in the making of L00D paper cranes—origami symbols of peace—that they sent hopefully to President George Bush.
The evening of January 15 the college held a candlelight peace vigil; when the U.S. deadline passed for Iraq's withdrawal from Kuwait, students silently blew out each candle, one by one. Many then gathered to tape their reactions to the inirmesse of war for CBC Radio's Morningside.
Iray Klaw had been in a lecture theatre watching a video of The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich. At the on-screen moment that Hitler invaded Poland, students arived to announce that the United States had attacked Iraq. Iray immediately called his home in Haifa, where his father is a medical administrator, his mother owns a lingerie shop and his 15-year-old sister attends high school. They told him his bedroom had become the family's sealed shelter from chemical attacks. "I felt stupid thinking, what did they do with my posters?" he recalls, a little smile easing his lean, intense face. He spent the next couple of days, as Iraqi SCUD missiles struck Haifa, alternating between long-distance calls and watching the war on television with his schoolmates—including Lana, his close Arab friend.
Lana's parents are doctors in Amman, Jordan—her father a Jordanian Palestinian origin, her mother Greek. While Lana's accent and colloquials are all North American ("Oh, wow, she'll say, flushing a 17-year-old's wide-open grid), her sympathies remain pro-Arab. Despite this, she admitted weeks later, "Iray and I are very good friends—some people think we're going out." When war broke out, she feared that if Israel retaliated, Jordan would become involved. She arrived in the lecture theatre "angry and crying. Everything was black. My nose started bleeding." Later, when the missiles hit Israel, she saw Iray crying—"and he's not a typical croo." For the first couple of days, confused and frightened, she found it impossible to speak to him, even though she knew how he was feeling. Finally, they shared their fears.

Not long after, they, two Canadians and a girl from England went to British Columbia's Sunshine Coast, north of Vancouver, to discuss the Gulf War with high-school students. Both Lana and Iray returned with a deeper comprehension of each other's stance. "I gained more insight into the other side's view," says Iray, "and now accept some of it." And Lana says of Iray, "He was born in Israel. They gave him an Israeli passport—and I can't just tell him that there's nothing called Israel in the Arab world. That's the same thing as someone telling me I'm not Jordanian."

"Iray and I ended up being close," says Lana. But after Pearson, she paused, reflecting on a thought she has had many times. "We won't see each other, I guess. I don't think I can visit Israel, and he can't visit Jordan. It makes me feel very sad. But I'm going to try to tell Jordanians that there are people in Israel beyond the government and the army."

Months after the Gulf War ended, this message of idealism, laced with pragmatism, continued to be delivered at Pearson by students from other countries. One in particular: Daniel Mitmer, a passionate 18-year-old from Germany, where his father is chief librarian of the University of Göttingen and his mother a classical musician and music teacher. Daniel organized a five-day fast for peace involving 23 students and one teacher. The fluid-only fast attracted a lot of attention from the Victoria media. Fifty students also attended a peace rally in Victoria. To support a walkout by Canadian secondary-school students, Pearson rescheduled a school day to include a ceremony of readings. Daniel, wanting to do more, raised $2,000 in funds to publish 1,000 copies of War No More, a book of prose and poetry by students from Pearson and Victoria high schools ("Maybe we are the last generation. Maybe all of our resistance comes too late... But we believe war is not inevitable," Daniel wrote in the introduction).

Even Daniel, who was considered something of an anarchist on campus, believes in the Pearson ideal. "The education we get from our teachers—many of whom are incredible—is special. You learn how to think and solve problems. And you learn more from the student body at Pearson than you could in a regular school." After only one year at the college, he can imagine himself becoming a creative writer or a journalist, getting involved in politics or perhaps doing public relations for an organization like the United World Colleges.

Pearson has this habit of transforming students' lives. Says Jordanian Lana Badir: "We are all trying to live together beyond our political barriers. I have more confidence to change things at home because I know it can happen."

The college can mean as much to Canadian students. David St-Jean arrived thinking his future lay in science; today, he expects to study political science, particularly Middle Eastern studies, at university and then earn a master's degree in business administration before plunging into provincial politics in Quebec.

As for Angie Shuter, who became fascinated with driving into the past at the little local museum, she wrote her final extended essay on alcohol abuse among native Canadians in British Columbia, focusing on her own hand. Her immediate plans were to attend university and study cultural anthropology and archeology. "I'm more interested in native culture, and I'll take some courses in native studies. I know nothing of my culture. I can't speak my language and I'm not really involved in the tradition. But when I came here and experienced all the different cultures, I realized how important my own was."
Every day, unless his activities take him away from the city, Roland Arpin travels to an office in the heart of Vieux Port, the oldest section of Quebec City. There, in a magnificent 18th-century house, he watches the comings and goings of a neighborhood that witnessed the early days of France’s presence in North America.

In Vieux Port the finest architectural jewels from Quebec’s past blend harmoniously with newer buildings. Artists’ studios, antique shops and cultural institutions combine to make the area one of the liveliest in the city. "Vieux Port played a central role in the history of Quebec," says Arpin, "which makes it a perfect location for the Museum of Civilization."

When Arpin was appointed director of the museum more than four years ago the building, itself a combination of old and new, was still under construction, and the philosophical direction the new institution would take had yet to be decided. "The house was an empty shell," recalls Arpin, who at the time had no staff – not even a secretary. Undaunted, he shaped an impressive and challenging vision for the new museum in just one week and then immediately set to work to recruit a team that shared his vision.

Officially opened in October 1988, the museum sits near to the historic St. Lawrence River. Two striking brick and glass structures, which house the exhibits, are linked by the Maison Eureka, the elegant 18th-century house that contains most of the museum’s administrative offices. From the spacious modern lobby one can look through a glass wall to the 18th-century – to the Maison Eureka and the old wharves uncovered during the building’s construction – and to a remarkable sculpture, created by Astrid Bouchard in 1988, that depicts the spring breakup of the St. Lawrence.

It is Quebec’s rich history that serves as the backdrop for the exhibits, explains Arpin, because that is where the museum is located. But the museum is much more than an examination of civilization as it pertains to Quebec. Indeed, says Arpin, there is no such thing as a Quebecois civilization. Rather there is a culture that has a 300-year history. "Our challenge is to define that culture in all its unity and diversity and to situate it in relation to other societies, other forms of civilization. We want to establish a dialogue among cultures, to open windows on the world. If we are to understand the world, we must begin with what we are." The museum includes four permanent exhibits: Memories and Objects of Civilisation.
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Illustration, both of which examine Quebec's past: The Barge, a 250-year-old barge — the oldest of its kind in North America — that was discovered when the museum site was being excavated; and Messages, which traces communication through the ages. As well, the museum features up to eight temporary exhibitions each year, such as The Bible and Food for Thought, which looks at the eating habits of Quebecers. Arpin calls it a manifold museum and indeed it is just that.

The exhibits, which are based on five main fields relating to the human experience — the body, matter, society, language and thought — are not static displays but enriched with dramatic displays, video presentations and opportunities for participation.

A humanist in the core, Arpin, 57, wanted the museum to be not merely a collection of objects but a place where the emotional and intellectual aspects of life are aroused and explored. "Objects are the truest of many museums," says Arpin, "but here the focus is on the human being." Objects are important indeed, the museum's collection includes more than 60,000, but their significance, he explains, comes from the human activity they reflect. "The museum is a center for interpreting the human adventure. It helps people answer three fundamental questions: Who am I? Where do we come from? Where are we going?"

On a clear day in October 1987, just five months after Arpin was appointed director of the museum, more than 5,000 people passed through the doors of the building, then in the midst of construction. It had opened temporarily with three exhibitions that brought an astounding 36,000 visitors to the museum over seven days. One exhibit was itself a collection of exhibits, one from each of the other five museums in the province. Another explored the new museum's vision. And the third traced the various stages in the building's construction. "It was," says Arpin, "a tribute to the workers on the site and a way of saying, this will be a museum for people."

People are very important to Arpin, who is obsessed with bringing average Canadians to the museum and, indeed, taking the museum to average Canadians. "I want to take exhibits to factories and shopping malls," he says. "I want to take culture to the streets." Arpin and his staff work hard to make that happen. In 1988 they invited the 1,500 members of the Association des Electriciens du Quebec to attend an exhibit that examined how electricity has transformed our existence and invited people working in beauty salons to visit a show that explored the role of fashion in women's lives. And during the first two years they have distributed free casual passes to all non-drivers (or household members) to thousand of working-class households. "There are people," says Arpin, "who never visit such cultural institutions, but they're happy to come here. Where they walk through our doors they recognize their selves, they feel part of it, which is to be expected, since the museum is about them."

One of the most successful permanent exhibitions is Montreal, which includes nearly 1,200 pieces, each representative of Quebec's history. A visit to the exhibition is a journey into the exhibits, "A society without memory is a society with no future." It is an exhibition that unifies memories and gives history a personal face. Among the pieces on display are a traditional loom, a propeller-driven seaplane, a first curried in 1885 by Louis-Joseph Papineau, while Saint-Jean-Baptiste day, a child's coffin, holy pictures, the palettes used by painter Jean-Paul Lemieux and the eyeglasses that belonged to the poet Paul Leclerc in 1988 Remembrance Scarfe. Many of the exhibits are tied to current issues. "The museum is a place of enjoyment," says Michel Cout, director of exhibitions and education, "but we also want it to be a place for asking questions, for reflecting on society, even for provoking reactions. We talk people as they are and make them change. They will evolve and we will change."

Autopsy of a Green Container Drag, which addresses our behaviour as both consumers and producers of household garbage, was first in a series of exhibits on the environment that will be presented over the next five years. The next in the series will focus on water and the St. Lawrence, while theverted of the planet will be the topic for the following exhibit. "We want each exhibit to be an event, on something that is part of everyone's experience," says Cout, "there must be something that is universal in scope."

From the eastern Arpin demanded that the exhibits be varied and popular. In contrast to those that examine current issues, the museum features such whimsical exhibits as Come to Canada, which explore national games, from computer games to pinball games. Visitors much enjoy the games — in them, play the games. The exhibit is aimed at children and is very popular with them, which makes Arpin particularly happy. "It's for the next generation to attract to a museum," he says, "This is to get all those young people coming here, to use the museum as a base for school trips, it would be unfortunate for Arpin to design museums that did not give special place to younger. Contributing to education and culture have always been priorities for us; he says. "The two go hand in hand. Culture is needed by society, so we must support culture — people determine culture and schools develop people. Those who organize events at the museum report a great deal of time learning about school programs, so they can design exhibits that can enrich them."

In an article that appeared in, "Le Soleil in January 1990, Arpin was quoted as saying, "There's a love affair
LAST MAY, 150 YOUNGSTERS WERE GIVEN THE CHANCE TO SPEND A NIGHT IN THE MUSEUM, WHERE THEY GOT A LOOK AT THE NIGHTTIME ACTIVITIES OF THE STAFF

Going on between young people and the museum." The truth of those words is evident to all who visit the museum and see the hundreds of children who swarm into the building each day. They can be seen listening intently to every word of a guide or surrounding Mon- sieur Olivier, a life-size puppet that discusses the exhibits or taking part in workshops, games and competitions.

To say the museum caters to children is an understatement. Last May, 150 youngsters, swaddled in their sleeping bags, were given the chance to spend a night in the museum, where they got a front-row look at the night-time activities of guards and maintenance staff. "It was so much fun," exclaims 10-year-old Lawrence Sophie, who visits the museum regularly with her class and always leaves laden with quizzes and pictures to colour. "Often," says Arpin, "it's the children who bring the adults." Arpin's interest in education is understandable. At 19 he began a career as a teacher in a working-class area of his native Montreal and spent 12 years teaching in elementary and secondary schools, college and university before becoming principal of Collège de Maisonneuve in Montreal. In 1975 he joined the Quebec government, serving as an associate deputy minister of education until 1980. During that time he helped develop school programs and played an active role in school reform, writing articles and giving speeches on the subject. As well, during those years he served as a member of the board and then vice-chairman of the Organization of Economic Cooperation and Development's education commission in Paris. From 1980 to 1984 he was deputy minister of cultural affairs for Quebec and in 1984 was appointed secretary to the treasury board of Quebec, a post he held until 1987, when he was named director of the Museum of Civilization.

Today Arpin is a much sought-after speaker in both educational and business circles; last year he gave about 40 speeches on topics ranging from education to culture. "I have trouble saying no, much to my secretary's dismay," he says. "I'm curious about people and events. I feel like a satellite dish." In cultural circles Arpin is seen as a leader. Jacques Saffran, director of museums for France, has called on him for help in reviving the Musée des Arts et Traditions Populaires in Paris, which has been in decline for 20 years. Created in 1931 by the French ethnologist George Henni Rivière, it is one of the world's largest ethnological museums. Many believe that the Museum of Civilization will mark a turning-point in how museums in Canada are designed and operated. "The day will come when people will talk about the time before your museum and after," François Labbé, director of the arts centre at Baie-Saint-Paul, Que., once told Arpin. A recent assignment for Arpin to draft Quebec's new cultural policy is undoubtedly related to the success of the Museum of Civilization.

That success, the envy of many cultural institutions, is illustrated by statistics: 100,000 visitors were expected to visit the museum during its first year—the actual figure was more than double that, one in two adults in Canada have been through its doors; half of its visitors are children; and, to the delight of its director, more than one-third of its visitors are not regular museum-goers. "In 1989 more than 800,000 people came to the museum," says Arpin with obvious satisfaction. "That's more than twice the number who visited Montreal's largest museum." An avid traveller, Arpin has visited many parts of Europe, Asia and Africa, where in 1966, barely eight months after their marriage, he and his wife adopted three Mauritian children, aged 14, 18 and 19. Arpin shares his taste for travel with museum visitors. Since it opened the museum has hosted several foreign exhibits—on Tibet, the splendours of Turkey, Danish design, the art of Japanese pottery, contemporary Greek photography and images of Transylvania. "People in Quebec love getting to know other cultures," says Arpin. "They like to have windows open on the world." Arpin is also pleased to see Quebec culture visit other countries. The Museum collaborated with a museum in the U.S.S.R. to produce Tundra, Tiiga, which examined the differences and similarities between the cultures of northern Quebec and Siberia and was exhibited in Moscow and Leningrad. The museum also collaborates with other Canadian museums, presenting an exhibit on Ontarien at home over the last 200 years in 1989 and one on contemporary trappers in the North-west Territories last year. The museum is currently working with the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts on an exhibit of Victorian furniture. "In a country as vast and culturally varied as ours," says Arpin, "we have to share our knowledge and our skills." Part of the museum's success, believes Michel Côté, derives from the novelty of its exhibits. "We want to avoid the predictable," adds Arpin, who hopes one day to produce an exhibit on death. "Our exhibits may have ordinary subjects, but we try to present them in extraordinary ways." In the exhibit on the Japanese art of weaving, for example, visitors took part in a calligraphy workshop, he explains. In a Valentine's Day exhibit visitors were invited to write love letters. And in Tundra, Tiiga they dressed in Inuit fashion, learned a few words of the Inuit language and carved in soapstone. "All are tools that help people explore culture, that extend curiosity," explains Côté. And exploring culture is what the museum is all about. "Culture is the common denominator of society," says Arpin. "It is what holds a society together."
Stewart James is past 80 now, but his memory of that historic day more than half a century ago is engraved on his mind as if etched in steel. James is a magician. Near the end of August 1939 — when he was barely more than 30 and regarded by other magicians as a man of great promise — he left his home in the village of Courtwright, Ont., and travelled to Fort Erie, Ont., near Buffalo, New York, to perform, for the first time ever, a trick he devised himself. He could not have imagined that it would become a legendary feat of magic.

There, in Fort Erie, on September 1, a sealed box was to be opened in public by A.E. Griffin, the local police chief. Months before, also in public, James had taken a slip of paper, written an audacious prediction on it and handed it to the chief. Griffin had taken the paper and placed it in a box, which he had locked and kept. It was, said James, the headline that he predicted would appear on the front page of the Buffalo Evening News on September 1, 1939.

That September day the police chief opened the chest and read the prediction. Onlookers gasped. James, as the Canadian Press reported that day, had, it seemed, predicted, almost to the word, one of the century’s greatest headlines: “World War Threatened, Germany Invades Poland.” James, a sensitive man, never did the trick again. It was, of course, a masterful bit of legendarism, but too many people in pathetic circumstances, believing he had actual psychic powers, begged his help. Around the world for the remainder of the century, however, hundreds of magicians would predict tomorrow’s headlines, following the incredibly ingenious method devised by James, regarded by many serious conjurers the world over as the Einstein of their rank.

As Allan Slaight, a Toronto businessman and noted amateur magician, puts it: “James is the greatest creator of magic in the entire history of magic.”

Certainly Slaight’s opinion of James is well-founded. Last year, after working with the late Howard Lyones, another scholar of magic, he published a major text on James, Stewart James & Print: The First Fifty Years. It is the largest book on magic ever written, 1,045 pages, with descriptions of more than 600 tricks devised by James between 1926 and 1975. But James has been so prolific that even this massive book can’t contain all his work. A second volume is under way.

James, a tall retiring man with a full head of white hair, is still inventing tricks at the house in the village near Sarnia, Ont., where he has spent virtually his entire life. The house, beside the St. Clair river, is called Aberystwyth, after the seaside town in Wales where his great-grandfather was born. It is a big, dark home said to have an invisible stairway dropping from the attic. Here, as seriously as a composer, in rooms full of remembrances of yesterday — a citation from 1929 honouring him for his devotion to magic, showcards of legendary magicians he has met, such as Howard Thurston and Harry Blackstone, Sr. — James is at work, devising magic. “I regard myself,” he says almost diffidently, “as an explorer of unknown principles. I didn’t go in for performing all that much though I’ve done a fair bit, especially overseas in the war with the Army Show, but I guess I am too magic as a playwright is to theatre.”

At events held to honour James, magicians often come from as far as Japan, for he has not simply created effects but, most important, worked out principles
of magic, that have been used by magi-
cians everywhere. An American magi-
cian, Martin Gardner, author of the Es-
magic series, once said simply, "When he
gives his ideas is one of those
mysteries of creative energy. It's like
saying the weather on the last day
of June."

James may be a brilliant creator, but
he's not alone on the stage. He has
several assistants. One of them is
John Booth, a leading magician in
the United States and author of the
author, Lorraine, and is a Canadian
magician. The audience erupted. "The il-
lusions should be constructed by a magi-
cian, because he understands magic," he
said. "He should know what he's doing.
Thousands of illusions throughout the
world use the secrets and tools of the
magician."

One man in Washington, George Bush
of Pennsylvania Avenue, is said to have
told a story about his assistant: "He was
magnificent!"

Three of the female magicians in the
very hot of the summer, Celeste Evans
of White Rock, B.C., who earned a
globe in a computer program and is
known as the Queen of Magic, still
turns the ragers. "When I was a child," she
said, "I loved to do some
ternal prization for creativity, to watch
him demonstrate a recent inven-
tion, a three-card routine that some re-

herited performance stands out among
the thousands."

But that's not all. There's Dennis
Bertram, Ros Bertram of Toronto, who
is recognized as one of the most super-
high-impact illusionists of the century.
Bertram was so impressed with the
young Ben that he became his mentor;
today, 12 years later, Ben has given up
his law practice to work full-time as
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An innovative program helps Imperial employees, present and past, to support community causes

BY JANE PENNISON

Out of the blue, Priscilla MacKerrie got a troubling call at work from a client she had talked to over the phone a few times but had never actually met. "I'm calling you," said the strained voice, "because my doctor just told me I have cancer and I've got no one to talk to."

MacKerrie was shocked. As director of volunteer services for the Surrey Lambton branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses she figured she was more attuned than most to special needs in her community. "It really hit me that this person was alone and afraid and really needed somebody."

That call gave MacKerrie the idea to expand the branch's volunteer services to include home visits to the terminally ill, and she started a palliative-care training program for volunteers. This past year Imperial Oil has funded the training, through a volunteer program that helps current and retired employees and their spouses contribute to worthy projects in their own communities.

Like many corporations, Imperial is constantly looking for imaginative ways to help its contributions to worthwhile causes make the most impact. It's a serious issue in an era of declining corporate and private contributions and visibly increasing community needs.

Imperial's philosophy is to support a broad range of worthwhile causes in the areas of education, health, welfare, community service, culture and sport. Nearly 2,000 organizations across the country benefited from the company's donations in 1990, which totalled more than $10 million.

Imperial chairman Arden Haynes calls it "giving something back to the community as a way of doing business." He is the cornerstone of his view of corporate social responsibility. "We believe that a healthy community is a prerequisite for business success. That's why corporate giving makes sense. It's a sound investment on many levels."

For Haynes, the notion of giving includes donating dollars and time, and he has knocked on a lot of corporate doors over the years in search of both. Lately, however, he has been thinking more about what he calls grassroots needs. "Every community has its own specific needs, and the people who live there know and understand them best. Sometimes all they lack is a little bit of funding. That's why he's an ardent booster of the Volunteer Involvement Program, developed last year by Susan Young, Imperial's corporate contributions manager. The program — known as VIP — provides grants to a maximum of $1,000 to individual Imperial employees and annuitants and their spouses (and up to $5,000 to a group) to support the volunteer work they do with charitable and nonprofit organizations in their communities.

"The time was right for VIP," says Young, an impassioned advocate of volunteering. "It gives Imperial the mix it strives for — rational contributions and support for local activities in the smallest of communities." Last year, the company set aside $500,000 for the program.

Young, who began volunteering as a teen candy-striper at Edmonton, now devotes her time and skills to several community-service organizations in Toronto. "People want to get involved in a declining economy, because they feel valued. Their reward is the tremendous satisfaction of seeing results. That's the simple beauty of VIP an individual can make a difference."

To date the program has helped more than 600 Imperial people contribute more than $500,000 to projects underwritten by the groups they work with.

CLYDE BLENMAN: BLACK ACHIEVEMENT

An amateur theatre group's interest in inspiring black children to be proud of their heritage — and themselves — has grown into an annual achievement awards program in British Columbia that will celebrate its 10th anniversary in October. Last year, more than 800 people attended the presentation dinner at the Hotel Vancouver. The Junior Black Achievement Awards are the brainchild of Black Theatre West, which entertains in communities in the Vancouver area, the group's shows, which focus on Afro-Canadian history and life, include drama, musical comedy and gospel singing. Clyde Blemman, who worked as a dispatcher and a process technician at Imperial's lodo refinery in Port Moody, B.C., for 11 years, has spent a decade as a volunteer with the theatre group.

He got the idea to help motivate young black kids when he was a mature student at the British Columbia Institute of Technology in 1981. "I saw all sorts of kids from various racial and cultural backgrounds, but there weren't any black kids. I wondered where they were and why they weren't trying to get ahead." Nine years later, dozens of 11- to 18-year-old students have won awards for scholastic achievement in essay and creative writing, performing and visual arts, sports, music and community service.

"Our guest speakers and presenters are high-profile, well-established individuals in the black community, who can show young people what they, too, can aspire to and achieve. Being a teen is tough at the best of times. Being a black teen can be much tougher," says Blemman, who has three children — two of them teens. Blemman is especially proud that the achievement awards have helped kids to get together British Columbia's diverse black community, which has roots in Africa, the Caribbean and eastern Canada. "The common ground," he says, "is that we all have the kids' interest at heart."

For Blemman, whose $1,000 VIP grant supported last year's awards ceremony, satisfaction comes from "knowing we've reached a community and encouraged kids to go on. If we've only helped one of them, it has all been worth it."
DIANE DAHLMAN: FIGHTING DRUGS

Calgary teenagers in trouble with drugs can talk to other teenagers who have been in the same situation on a special phone line at the Calgary District Centre/Drug Centre.

The dozen volunteers who staff the line are former drug users who make the commitment to work at the centre for at least a year as part of their own recovery program. They are trained by professionals.

I had been listening to a little voice in my head for quite some time telling me that I should be giving something back to the community.

The centre’s work dovetails nicely with Dahlman’s special professional interest in employee counselling programs. "It was a familiar sphere, well suited to my knowledge and interests." But she has found her experience enriching for other reasons, too. "I’ve learned a whole different set of skills working with many groups and levels of government. And I’ve made friends with people I would never otherwise have had the chance to meet."

JACK SMITH: CARING FOR THE DYING

Jack Smith, a chemical technician with Imperial and a director of the Sunrise-Lambton branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses, was enthusiastic when the director of volunteer services, Priscilla MacKenzie, suggested that the branch start a program through which volunteers would visit dying patients who choose to remain at home. "I scored a perfect 500 in V/P funds to sponsor it."

Through the program, volunteers spend 10 evenings learning about dying, death and bereavement in our society. "I was Curve with families needing their help," says Smith, a member of the visiting committee. "The volunteers learn that palliative care aims to provide essential comfort. The idea is to control pain first, then tend to the spiritual and emotional needs of the terminally ill. They watch videos on chemotherapy and radiation treatment for cancer patients. They learn about pain and the various medical means used to control it, adds Smith. They talk about the role they will assume as members of caregiving teams. They get advice on how to talk to somebody who is dying. How to understand the range of emotions experienced by the family and patient. How to build trust. How to be a listening ear."

"Most of the time you need to be a good listener," says one of the volunteers. "The patients pour out their hearts to you and talk and talk and talk. You just need to be there. In the latter stages they seem to need to touch. They take tremendous comfort from simply holding your hand."

Equally important is the emotional and physical break volunteers can give the family, whose members often feel emotionally overwhelmed. They need to have someone to talk with, says Mackenzie, to be able to get away. As well, volunteers, who often become extremely close to those they work with, require emotional support. "When the patient dies, it is often like a personal bereavement for the volunteer," says MacKenzie. "They also need care and support."

ISABELLE BEAVER: HANDMADE COMFORT

Once a month for the past 22 years, Isabelle Beaver has met with other members of the Westphal Branch of the Women’s Institute of Nova Scotia to do projects that make life a little better for the elderly in the Dartmouth community.

"I’d like to provide small touches of handmade comfort, such as knitted lap robes for wheelchair-bound seniors or game prizes for children in hospital. They also devote time to two special community projects each year — usually at Christmas and Easter."

Their number may be small — just five members now, down from 12 — but their efforts are anything but. For example, they assembled, decorated and delivered big boxes of fruit, nuts and candy to brighten the holiday for people staying at five group homes affiliated with the Nova Scotia Mental Hospital. Another box went to the local nursing home the women had recently "adopted." An ongoing project is to buy new linens for the home.

Beaver — whose husband Murray was an Imperial engineer, as was her father before him — says the $500 V/P grant she received for the Christmas-cheer project gave the group a real boost. It was such a pleasure to see the delight of the recipients, she says. "It feels good to help other people this way." And Beaver and her friends were even more pleased when a bit of charity in you, you wouldn’t be too good for much, would you?"

When Beaver joined the group at the urging of a friend she became part of a national federation that was founded almost 100 years ago by a mother whose son died after drinking contaminated milk.

The original aim of the Women’s Institute organization was to teach house hold sciences and to improve community health by teaching people about sanitation, water purification and immunization. Today there are Women’s Institutes throughout the world. "It has been called the rural woman’s university," says Sandy Stewart, executive director of the 1,700-member Women’s Institutes of Nova Scotia. "It has a fine history of bringing women together who don’t have the benefit of urban support systems. This was true ‘networking’ long before the term ever became fashionable."

JEAN-GUY LARIVIÈRE: SUPPORTING SPORT

S o many people retire and say they have nothing to do. Well, just send them to me. I’ll keep them so busy they won’t believe they ever had time to wonder about it," says Jean-Guy Larivière, who should know. He’s a lifelong rower and since retiring eight years ago has embraced voluntaryism as a second career. "I guess it’s just in my blood. I’m a born organizer," says Larivière, who worked for almost 40 years at Imperial’s Montreal refinery.

He helps organize sporting meets for the disabled, including an Olympic-style event last spring at which more than 1,000 athletes competed in such sports as wheelchair basketball and rugby. He also does volunteer work at hospitals and travels in Canada and abroad, escorting senior-citizen tour groups.

One of Larivière’s current special interests is Comité organisateur des Championnats canadiens d’aviron, a Montreal rowing organization affiliated with the Canadian Amateur Rowing Association. Its main event is the national rowing championships, held each August at the Olympic Basin, in Montreal. This is the project Larivière’s $500 V/P grant helped.

Larivière is not a rower, but he admires the self-discipline, concentration and teamwork the sport requires. "It’s very demanding, and the personal effort of those young people is tremendous. That’s my reward, to see them working so hard and coming along."

His role with the group involves a "little bit of everything" on the administrative side as well as recruiting other volunteers. Says the group’s president, Peter Jepson: "Jean-Guy is the model, the epitome of the volunteer. He’s the guy who’s just smiling and trying to pull an event together when everyone else is frustrated."

Initial Oil Review, Jan 1991
Dr. Fewer Mustard's eyes light up just a little, and one can sense that the information he's poring over is of more than passing interest. He's talking about population health, one of the programs spearheaded by the nonprofit centre he runs, the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research (CIAR). Mustard, who made his career mark in medical research, is particularly interested in the determinants of health, a subject that the population health program has been exploring for the past four years.

Paperwork in hand, Mustard scans some astonishing data that compares a country's economic development to an individual's life expectancy at birth. Look, he says, at the way in which the health of the populations of Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and Bulgaria started to decline after 1980, as the economies of those countries began to fall. Compare the increase in life expectancy of the newly prosperous Japanese with that of the populations of England and Wales. Between 1955 and 1986 very nearly 12 years were added to the life expectancy of a Japanese male at birth; his British counterpart saw his life expectancy increase by just four years.

Mustard is the kind of man who finds inspiration in breakthrough research. He is, by turns, enthralled, excited and intrigued. If one accepts that a more prosperous economy makes for a healthier, longer-living population, then one must accept as well the imperative to push for increased Canadian wealth. To achieve prosperity at home in these global times is to advance the country's competitiveness abroad. To do that, says Mustard, is to support the institute he runs, whose mandate it is to push the country to heightened status on the global research and development stage; to draw from that technological expertise to enable the country to compete more effectively in the world marketplace; and at the same time to affect government policy at home.

Mustard uses the example of the population health program to explain why this is imperative. We must, he maintains, change the way we think in this
the population health program, which explores the determinants of health, is uncovering some astonishing data, pointing to a relationship between a person's life expectancy and a country's economic health.

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Clause on the front page of The New York Times for challenging an aspect of the "big bang" theory of the creation of the universe, scientists involved in the cosmology program, like those involved in many of the institute's programs, are among the world's top people in their field.

Indeed the CIR's network extends beyond Canada's borders. Mustard himself suggests that to open the idea exchange to foreign countries is to forsake any proprietary hold the CIR could have on the ideas generated. He puts it simply: Not to be at the frontier of science is to be doomed. To get there requires accessing all available information. "If you shut yourself off from the rest of the world you're in trouble."

Each CIR program has won renown. The cosmology program, for example, has been lauded by many and this year hit the front page of The New York Times as a result of its breakthrough findings. The so-called cold dark matter model of the creation of the universe, which postulates that slow-moving matter created the clustering of galaxies through gravitational pull. After extensive analysis of satellite data, CIR scientists learned of the existence of galactic "superstructures" which are too enormous to have been born in this way. The revolution caused a great deal of commotion in academic circles, and scientists are now hunting for a new theory to explain how the universe originated.

William Urrich, a professor of physics at the University of British Columbia, who is director of the cosmology program, a program of pure scientific, or what Urrich calls "fundamental", research, was the one to take the initiative in such a project. "It's the most intellectually demanding area the world has to offer," says Urrich. "If one can understand the universe it can give the confidence to tackle more mundane problems and set clear goals, no set paths to follow. Just the kind of ground-breaking discovery that can set the world on its back."

Of the six fellows in the cosmology program, four had been working outside Canada before joining it. Dick Bond had been at Stanford University and Ian Allan at Princeton, both are Canadians who had gone to the United States to pursue better research opportunities. The fact that these men were lured to the CIR, says Urrich, is a testament to the institute's ability to draw the top people in the world. Thanks to the efforts of the CIR, Canadians now have what Urrich believes to be one of the top two or three programs in the world, a niche in the world.

Urrich's cosmology program, like all CIR programs, costs approximately $1 million annually, including salaries of roughly $100,000 for each of the fellows, a pay scale that puts them on par with researchers at Canadian universities but below their American counterparts. Last summer, in fact, an American university offered the post of director. The cosmos program was scrutinized by an independent group of internationally renowned scientists chosen by the CIR. Each program has a year's clause, and only those programs that satisfy the most rigorous standards of international competition will be renewed. Urrich's group was given the "A" grade.

The review process can be nerve-wracking. Ford Doctleff, professor of biochemistry at Dalhousie University in Halifax and director of the CIR's group in evolutionary biology, greeted an eight-person review panel -- five members of the University of British Columbia, from France and two from Canada -- last June. It was, he says, the biggest final exam he had ever taken. Doctleff's job was to convince the experts that he was running the best program in molecular evolution in the world; the panel then analyzed the work of other program fellows at the University of Montreal and the University of British Columbia.

Like cosmology, Doctleff's program is less tangible than that of, say, artificial intelligence and robotics. What then can Canada hope to gain from such programs, and how can the CIR keep itself from being forced to strive to create the kind of world-class program that would need to be to provide a kind of a base of operations.}

Moreover, Mustard is reluctant to discuss the practical application of the institute's programs, but explains that the evolutionary biology program could lead to the development of teaching organisms that could draw metals out of rock or work at soil decontaminates.
benefits for both the mining industry and the environment. Only through a study of biological reactions and an understanding of how to change living matter can such advances be made possible. Such advances are aided by the CIAR’s creation of common bonds among scientists—mind-spinning collaborations. Ford Doolittle says microbiologists tend to create fiefdoms. “It has encouraged us to be friends,” says Doolittle, which is not, he adds, an easy thing to do.

Some of what the CIAR does can, admit the principals involved, seem soft at times. For a scientist, Doolittle sounds poetic in defense of the esoteric. “Science has informed us on the way, even untargeted science,” he says. “I’m willing to die for the claim.”

As Ron McCullough points out, it is such programs as geochemistry, which aids our understanding of what we are and where we came from, that can form a critical component of becoming a technology-based, literate society. He talks about the frontiers of science, about how Canada has to be there if we’re not to miss out, about how corporations have to be there to form the “diary of the bottom line” and look toward the future.

Prosperity tomorrow, he says, lies in picking appropriate areas of concentration, as the CIAR has done. “The world says advanced silicon microchips are the way to go. But that is not an area that is competing with the Nipponos, the Toshis...we can’t do it.” But if we don’t understand that need for expertise, the situation becomes a parlous game. “Forty percent of the Ontario economy is tied into the auto industry,” says McCullough bleakly. “Forty percent of the national economy is Ontario driven.” The CIAR, he believes, is the kind of seed or catalyst needed to dig us out of this situation.

Without exception, the CIAR group agrees that it’s Mustard himself, his energy, his sense of commitment, that has taken the institute this far. “Thank God we’ve got someone with as much courage and staying power as Fraser Mustard,” says Spa’s Clarke. “He’s an extraordinarily dedicated man.”

All in, the institute under Mustard has drawn nearly $30 million in funding to far from provincial and federal governments, corporations such as Imperial Oil and private individuals. But Mustard says that in only two of the institute’s nine years has it been fully funded at the start of the year. Dr. Reva Gerstein, chairman of the CIAR’s board, has taken it upon herself to help build a more solid financial base for the institute through 1,000 pledges of $1,000 a piece from members and friends of the institute. “It’s tough stuff to get across,” says Gerstein. “It’s tough stuff to get your hands on.” She’s not yet halfway to her target. “We hope we can dance fast enough to finance it as we grow,” she says.

Clarke says smallness of the country’s capital base and the way in which the economy has been stretched so thin may mean that the institute will always have to live dangerously, on the edge of sufficient funding. “The desire to have a trust fund that would provide a flywheel of continuity to the institute is not realistic,” he says.

That’s the practical side of life. To counter the shrinking of the institute’s financial base is a need only listen to Gerald Heffernan, vice-chairman of the CIAR’s board of directors and the founder of Co-Steel Inc., the Toronto-based steel company that has become a model for its industry through its use of small, efficient mills. In a recent CIAR newsletter he said this: “As a small boy I had a fascination with tales of early explorers and felt cheated that I would never have the opportunity to make a great new discovery — to be the first to find a new ocean or mountain range, come upon a lost jungle tribe or bring your ship home laden with exotic treasures. But now I find myself exploring the new and exciting frontiers of the intellect which potentially measure as much as my wildest childhood dreams.”

It is this—the fascination of the new frontiers and the technological means to help Canada reach those frontiers that Fraser Mustard and the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research are all about.

If you would like to know why I have recently become the proud but somewhat sheepish owner of a 19th century country residence, a barn burle and an antique croquet set the answer is that I have been to yet another country auction.

It’s true that my life does not stand in critical need of any of these items. I had gone, in fact, merely to考察 whether my better half would consider something more in line with our household could certainly use. But, lest you should think that I succumbed to foolish impancipation, I will point out in my defence that I sternly resisted the temptation to acquire a horse, a collection of bird’s eggs and an old wooden plough, all of which had caught my fancy.

And while I may not have any immediate use for my new-found possessions, I’m sure that they are going to come in handy one of these days. In the meantime there’s lots of room for them in the barn, along with some of my earlier purchases: the various items of pine furniture that I intend to restore when I find the time; a saw-bench that doesn’t really require too much fixing; and a set of kitchen chairs that will look quite at home when they are stripped and repainted.

The fact is, while I am not one of a few fortunate people who can give free reign to passion in the rage in the city these days, there are still a few things that I enjoy more than a good old-fashioned country auction.

The sale at which I made my purchases was a good example of its kind. It had been adequately advertised in the local press, sufficiently so to attract a good attendance of local buyers without bringing in too many out-of-town speculators, that was nearly up to my wilder childhood dreams.

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Country life

A daughter in the nearby town. The land and the house had already been sold. So, too, had the livestock—except for the horses, a family pet. What remained were mostly what the auctioneer in his adverstising had called “household effects.”

It was a hopelessly inadequate term to describe an astonishing collection of artifacts, a lifetime’s accumulation of articles of all shapes and sizes gathered by two people who clearly had been incapable of throwing anything away. These comprised of furniture everywhere; an array of pictures and prints; grandfather clocks; mantel clocks; pots and pans; box upon box of china; a fine selection of children’s games; a large collection of locally made glass-stone crooks (highly regarded by the experts present); a pennfarthing bicycle; newspapers and magazines dating back to the Second World War; a sack of period dresses; a bookful of old school primers; a bagful of picture postcards; two antique pistols; carrot after carrot of what looked at first glance to be junk but each of which, on inspection, yielded some treasure or other.

After an hour spent inspecting this incredible collectors’ cornucopia, we all walked out to a cheerful stripped-down bus, nary up to our knees in mud. There was no place to park the bus near the auction but to circle a little clearing in the middle of the field for the action itself. There was cold lemonade and there were sandwiches and hot dogs. The auctioneer talked cheerfully and exchanged much good-natured banter with those in his audience, most of whom knew each other. There was some chitchat, mostly of agricultural matters: the weather, crop prospects (good) and prices for farm produce (poor). But most people paid close attention to the business at hand, and there was much coming and going as prospective bidders checked on the condition of some specific item. The bidding was brisk and purposeful, and the auctioneer was definitely in the groove—telling the story about someone wanting a horse or a barn or an antique croquet set. The auctioneer set the price and some unexpectedly high prices, including those marked by the glass-stone crooks. The horse, to everyone’s relief, went to a good home and was let away to much applause.

By midsummer the sale was over. The auctioneer thanked us courteously for our attendance, and we made our way back to our respective homes. It had been, one of my neighbours as he loaded the milling machine he had just bought into the back of his truck, a good auction. It had indeed.

Some people, I suppose, could find such an event an occasion for sadness, another intrusively and unwelcome reminder of the passing years and yet further evidence of accelerating rural decay. But there is another view: the country auction is an important continuity to the rhythms of rural life, a phenomenon as natural as the seasons themselves.

Not that many of us old auction-goers have much time for such Olympian thoughts. We are too busy scanning the advertising columns of our local newspapers in search of upcoming sales. And now that the fall, the best season of the year, is finally upon us, it is nearly up to our knees in mud, quite an important not to miss the many opportunities that are sure to present themselves. I see, for example, that there’s some promising furniture coming up at a sale soon. Surely, there’s a good chance of picking up a harvery table at one of them.

But even if they don’t have just what I’m looking for, there’s bound to be something interesting going for the right price. After all, there’s still lots of room in the barn.—Wayne Thomas