By Tanker to Resolute

Every year an Imperial Oil tanker battles ice and weather to deliver vital supplies of fuel to a remote Arctic community

BY WYNNE THOMAS

Professional sailors tend to be a matter-of-fact lot, not much given to displaying their feelings. But there was a sense of expectation in the air when the oil tanker Imperial Acadian slipped its moorings at Imperial Oil's refinery in Dartmouth, N.S., one Wednesday morning last August and headed out of Halifax harbour towards the open sea. For this was the annual voyage with a difference.

For 11 months of the year, the Acadian plies Canada's eastern seaboard, delivering petroleum products from the Dartmouth refinery to a dozen or so ports in the Maritime provinces. But once a year it ventures farther afield and into deeper waters. For two or three weeks every summer, the ice that covers much of the Arctic Ocean recedes sufficiently to allow the more remote northern communities to have their fuel and other supplies replenished by sea. And every year for the last two decades or more, an Imperial tanker has formed part of that annual operation.

Which is why we were headed on a multheaded for a sea that one morning not just for the Arctic but for the High Arctic and Resolute on Cornwallis Island, one of the most northerly of all Canadian settlements. Twenty of the Acadian's 22 cargo tanks carried a total of about 55,000 barrels of jet fuel (enough to keep Resolute's airport, an important Arctic staging post, supplied for the coming year) and around 20,000 barrels of Arctic diesel (especially blended to reduce pollutants and designed for the community's electricity generating plant).

The remaining two tanks—those located each side of the bow and therefore most vulnerable to damage by ice—were filled with water, a precautionary measure.

It was going to be a long voyage: some 4,400 kilometres that would take us east through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle Isle, north through the Labrador Sea and Davis Strait to the top of Baffin Bay, and then west through Lancaster Sound and Baffin Strait to our destination. It was a journey that few Canadians have ever made, retracing, in its later stages, the route of the early Arctic explorers in their search for the Northwest Passage.

How long it would take depend on weather and ice conditions. The Acadian held the Imperial fleet's record for the voyage—18 and a half days there and back—but on that trip it had encountered exceptionally fine weather and very little ice. Most of the smart money at the supper table that first night was on a 21- or 22-day trip. As events were to prove, this was an ambitious estimate.

One could not have wished for more experienced sailing companions. Most of our 18-person crew had made this annual Arctic voyage at least half a dozen times. The master, Captain Dennis Keating, who'd been with Imperial's fleet for 20 years, was the veteran of a dozen tanker voyages to the Arctic, half of them as master, and before joining Imperial had spent time on Arctic icebreakers.

In fact, there was scarcely a crew member who had not served some demanding maritime apprenticeship—in the commercial fishery or as a tugboat captain or a member of the Royal Canadian Navy or the Canadian Coast Guard. Many came from generations of seafarers: the captain had first gone to sea as a child on his father's fishing boat; Seward Barlett, the Newfoundland-born chief officer, had followed a long family tradition, leaving school to become a commercial fisherman; and the father of Abe Phillips, the third officer, was a crew member of the Theresa E. Connor, the last dory schooner to sail out of Lunenburg, N.S.

Three days of smooth sailing found us in the Strait of Belle Isle, skirting the remote white-painted outports of Newfoundland's western shore, with its lovely lexicon of place names: Fish Point, Daniel's Harbour, Flower's Cove, Current Island, Parson's Pond, Sally's Cove, Plum Point, Crow Head. That morning we saluted a sister tanker, the Imperial Redford, which was returning to Dartmouth after delivering a cargo of jet fuel to Goose Bay, Labrador.

So far, the weather could scarcely have been better. As we headed out past Belle Isle into the
Labrador Sea, the sun alone, gannets and short-waters skimmed the waves, and a school of friendly porpoises played around the bow. There were also early signs of less smooth sailing ahead; the barometer was falling steadily to the accomplishment of a roughening sea. We had already seen our first icebergs and the daily ice chart coming off our ice machine—based on reconnaissance flights and sounding reports by the Canadian Ice Service—indicated an unusually large concentration of sea ice in Baffin Bay to the north.

The weather continued to deteriorate, and by mid-afternoon of the next day, in the middle of the Labrador Sea, we found ourselves in a full-scale storm. With a "not out" gusting to 70 kilometres an hour, the Acadia was rolling in heavy seas and taking solid waves ("green sea") in sailors' parlour over its bow. Captain Keating watched the sheets of sea water sweeping the long expanse of deck that stretched far ahead of the ship's after-mounted bridge. "No point in trying to fight this," he said cheerfully. The head was down the wheel and the icebreaker was sufficient speed to allow it to answer the steering, and we spent the next 12 hours riding out the storm.

By morning, the storms had abated but the weather had turned gloomy. We were on course for the Arctic Circle at latitude 74° north, a long stream of ice appeared a kilometre or so to the east. This was the edge of the pack ice that now filled much of Baffin Bay, and it did not portend good news. Of all the barriers of the sea, ice is what sailors dislike most. Ice has a vocabulary of its own: "true" or "false," "large" or "small"; and it has all their specialized meanings and connotations. Colour reveals a good deal about ice: first-year ice is white, second-year ice stands higher out of the water and is greyish blue; multiyear ice, which has survived all but two summers, is blue and almost salt-free.

Icebergs, calved off glaciers, are the most lethal form of ice to shipping. But sea ice, which consists of floating ice crystals frozen together, is also a serious hazard. Despite its often innocuous appearance, a raft of second-year ice can trap a ship in a hard-packed steel bed with the ease of a cat opening a window of a five-story building. "The only way to pass through ice safely," said our ice-savvy captain, "is very, very slowly—and with the utmost caution." And, indeed, we spent most of that day threading our way at little more than walking speed through a mixture of icebergs, berg bits and sea ice.

Not far out there, the lookout had sighted a large island in the mid-storm, and the forecast of the Canadian Ice Service was very optimistic for the next few days. "We're not going to give up now," he said. "This is a game, and we're not going to give up now.

Few stretches of water in the annals of exploration can compare in notoriety to Lancaster Sound. Named for an early British ship, it is one of the most treacherous places in the world. Lancaster Sound is known for its "ice monster"—a huge iceberg that can travel at speeds of up to 10 kilometres per hour and break up into smaller pieces, threatening vessels and seamen alike. The sound is also home to many marine species, including polar bears, beluga whales, and walruses. Its ice conditions are legendary, and its treacherous conditions documented in many journals.

And yet, when we first entered the sound the next day, passing between the towering mountains of Peel Inlet in the south and the fog-shrouded promontory of Cape Warriner on Devon Island to the north, things went fairly well. There was some ice around, but the sea was calm and the visibility improving by the hour. With luck, we could reach the vicinity of Resolute within a day.

But luck was not with us. The storm that hit us in mid-afternoon came out of nowhere. In little less than an hour, a following wind was gusting to 70 kilometres an hour, the sea was a mass of churning foam, and driving snow had reduced visibility to near zero. We suddenly found ourselves in an extensive patch of sea ice. "Time to turn around, I think," said our ice-savvy captain, and we did, retracing our morning's course until we were free of the ice and able to gain a degree of shelter in the lee of the shoreline to our north.

In the ship's gallery another remarkably imperturbable member of our crew, the bakers' apprentice, was cutting his bread with as little a touch as if he had been on dry land instead of on a rolling and pitching sea. Copenhagen-born Moller, a former apprentice cook, had served on ships in the Arctic for the past 22 years. In all that time he has never once failed to serve up a hot meal for the crew, even in the worst of weather. "But in this kind of weather," he said, "you don't get too amb-
Few stretches of water in the annals of exploration can compare in notoriety to Lancaster Sound. It has lured more ships to their doom and more explorers to their death than most places on the map.

You also have to remember that some food can be difficult to eat. I've learned not to serve spaghetti in a storm like this.

By morning the storm had subsided, and we were able to resume our journey, keeping to the southern shore of the channel, close to Prince Leopold and Somerset islands, to avoid the worst of the ice. Rich in plankton, Lancaster Sound and adjoining Barrow Strait teem with seals and other marine life and are among the best of places to see polar bears in their native habitat. We saw seals in abundance and Resolute (including bowhead, a narwhal, rare ivory gulls and an even rarer pink Ross's gull) were plentiful, but we scanned the passing ice floes in vain for polar bears. "Look for a yellow patch on the snow," advised the captain. "Polar bears aren't white at this time of year, they're yellow." Still no luck.

"Supper that evening (that all-time crew favourite, home-made pizza) was interrupted by the breathlessly arrival in the dining room of a messenger from the bridge: 'Polar bear in the water on the starboard beam!' Plates flew in all directions as we scrambled for the right-hand rail, but few were lucky enough to catch sight of the bear as it disappeared astern, swimming strongly. It was at least 15 kilometres from the nearest land.

Finally, early the next morning, the community of Resolute appeared in the distance. Through binoculars, the cluster of fuel tanks - the intended

broadside photo of the Acadia, with its eight-metre-diameter, would have only a metre to spare. If there was a grounded iceberg in the channel, the task would be impossible.

It was clearly time to reassess the situation. Over the satellite telephone, our captain conferred with Imperial's man-on-the-spot, Otto Holloway, manager of the company's Goose Bay and Resolute operations, and with the company's marine headquarters in Dartmouth. One possible option was to deliver our cargo a day's journey to the southeast, to the Inuit community of Arctic Bay, which was free of ice, and to unload the fuel there. To Resolute. Also, it turned out that Arctic Bay did not have sufficient available storage to take our cargo. Neither did the nearby mining community of Nanisivik. Another possible solution was to return south and unload our fuel at Iqaluit (formerly Frobisher Bay), but afting it from there would be a formidable task.

The final option was to wait for conditions to improve. There was a possibility of improvement, said the weather forecasters, in four or five days, when winds might shift to the northeast and help clear the harbour of ice. On the other hand, we could not wait for ever; bad weather had already delayed us more than a week. We were well into September and the days were shortening. We had, perhaps, 10 days in which to discharge our cargo and scuttle south before the Arctic winter set in with a vengeance and ice locked us in for the duration.

In the meantime, Resolute was running out of fuel. It had enough diesel to generate electricity for several months, but it had less than a month's supply of jet fuel left. And keeping the airport operating was crucial, not only to Resolute itself but to the other communities in the High Arctic that were served by flights in and out of Resolute.

The ultimate decision lay with our captain, who calmly summed up the situation. "It's not simply a question of being able to get into the harbour," he said. "We must be able to do it safely and to discharge cargo safely, with no threat to the vessel or the environment. If the weather changes, that may be possible. We can afford to wait for a few days and see what happens."

It turned out to be a good decision. After three days (which the Acadia spent patrolling the width of Barrow Strait between Cornwallis Island to the north and Somerset Island to the south) conditions had improved to the point where the icebreaker was able to lead the Lady Franklin into Resolute harbor – it took most of a day to cover some 20 kilometres of ice-covered sea. From a distance, we watched with more than usual interest because the next day (is Thursday) we were to attempt the same thing.

Early next morning, the icebreaker sent over a biggy to pick up our captain for a helicopter inspection of the harbour. He returned in an optimistic mood; because of heavy ice, the Acadia would not be able to berth in its usual spot adja cent to the shore (Resolute has no dock), but there was open water in the harbour where we could anchor. Discharging our cargo would be a challenge, but it could be done.

At 10 a.m. the Acadia took its station behind the Sir John Franklin to begin its long struggle through the ice. It was snowing and bitterly cold. Our progress was agonizingly slow, requiring constant changes of course to make our course board 10 degrees," the captain instructed the helmsman. "Steady as you go... port five... hard open... steering... board 10..." After four and a half hours - at high tide as planned - we reached the harbour entrance and began cautiously rocking our way through the shallow channel. Drifting snow obscured the markers, but we knew from which we were taking our bearings. "The weather's not cooperating," observed a voice dryly on the icebreaker's radio. There was a bane as we headed into the ice flow with our bow, no room here to manoeuvre around it. On the bridge, eyes were glued to the depth sounder: five metres to spare... four metres... two, one, zero and 15 centimetres. The Acadia dropped through heavy seas onto the fast-ice and its journey to Resolute.
It was time to leave: the weather was getting colder by the hour, and a new layer of ice had formed on the sea during the few hours of darkness that in these latitudes pass for night.

west of Resolute and needs help. But you shouldn't have any more trouble.”

And so it came to pass. We were not yet in ice-free waters, but the thirming ice was now more of a nuisance than a serious hazard.

As it turned out, we had a final treat in store. Towards mid-afternoon, when we were passing to the north of Prince Regent Inlet, a small ice floe drifted by; fresh polar bear paw prints clearly visible on the recently fallen snow. A little later, on another piece of ice, more signifying evidence: the snow stained with fresh blood, almost certainly marking the demise of an unfortunate seal. Then, on a distant floe, a telltale smudge of yellow.

The bear, had to discern with the naked eye, was clearly visible through binoculars. It was absorbed in some uns sanctioned task of its own, nosing around among mounds of ice. As we drew nearer it watched us with fearless interest, paddling along the edge of the floe for a closer look. Eventually Michael Prowse, our second officer, took the ship’s whistle by way of greeting. Affronted but unafraid, the bear turned and lumbered away, cover ing the unseen ice at incredible speed.

Somehow the encounter seemed to be a fitting farewell to the High Arctic. The return journey was largely uneventful: although we ran into lots of fog, it proved long enough to afford spectacular views of the towering mountain ranges of eastern Baffin Island. We encountered our share of icebergs, but the sea for the most part were calm, and we made good progress.

Nature, however, was keeping one trick up its sleeve. One day out of Halifax, the weather office upgraded a forecast of strong gales into a full storm. We didn’t need the confirmation, because we were already in the middle of it. But it didn’t bother us; the Acacia sailed serene, and besides, we were nearly home.

At noon the next day, precisely 28 days since we had set sail, the Acadia dropped anchor in Halifax harbor. It was a perfect day to end the full sail. A couple of us who had no duties to fulfil prepared to disembark. We climbed down the rope ladder and into the Boston whaler for the last time and headed for the Halifax shore. We landed at a wharf alongside an immaculate sailing ship. A bearded seaman, engaging in polishing a brass rail that already gleamed in the sunlight, watched with interest as we lifted our luggage onto the deck.

“Been far?” he inquired.

We summed up much more as we could manage. “Resolute,” he said.

“Resolute,” he echoed. “That must be some voyage.”

Yes, we agreed, it had been some voyage.
When Chips Replace Neurons

With computers taking over more and more routine tasks, the work world is being reshaped. This and other issues affecting the fabric of the nation were high on the agenda of the most recent Governor General's Conference.

BY ROBERT FULFORD

Withdrawing a book from the Robarts Library, the great research centre at the University of Toronto, you can glimpse one of many signs announcing the arrival of a terrifying new era in history. On the way out you stop at a machine and place your library card under a beam of light. The machine reads your personal bar code and displays your name on a screen to prove it has properly identified you. Then you pass the bar code on the book you are borrowing under the same beam of light. The machine records the information and prints out a slip of paper to be inserted in the book, reminding you of when it must be returned.

Momentsous changes in civilization sometimes reveal themselves through tiny, routine details. Seeing my name appear on that machine in the Robarts Library one afternoon was a revealing moment for me. It set me wondering again about something that many others have wondered about on similar occasions: will machines take all the routine jobs? This particular device will replace at least some of the library clerks who have, in their many manifestations, been part of my life for half a century. Some, of course, will be retained to perform other library functions, but the simple fact is that with a machine checking books out, far fewer clerks are needed. They will join the telephone operators, secretaries, book tellers and many others for whom — because of the microchip — there is much less demand. People in positions we used to take for granted are becoming increasingly redundant — for instance, the meter-reader who comes to the house to check gas or electricity consumption will disappear when utility corporations install devices in our homes that automatically record and report the amount used.

Wassily Leontief, who won a Nobel Prize for his economic theories, noted that the role of human beings in the workplace is diminishing "in the same way that the role of horses in agricultural production was first diminished and then eliminated by the introduction of tractors." In the service industries, whether in libraries or phone companies, the same unstoppable process is at work. In what Governor General Roméo LeBlanc called "the remorseless march of change" at the 1995 cross-country Governor General's Canadian Study Conference in Quebec last summer, low-skilled jobs that required the routine exercise of brainpower are now done by computers. Says Dr. Fraser Mustard, president of the Canadian Institute for Advanced Research: "We are substituting chips for neurons." What will happen to those whose neurons are no longer required?

Most of us have been aware for a long time that, as the business theorist Peter F. Drucker puts it, the biggest shift of the late 20th century is the shift to the knowledge economy. We know that those who want good jobs must be well educated and that knowledge now has become the real capital of a developed economy. This oft-told story can be, depending on one's point of view, either exhilarating or intimidating. But it is only part of a much larger and more unsettling transformation, one that Mustard calls "the most devastating change humanity has ever gone through."

The history of industry provides a certain measure of reassurance. We know that technological change has usually expanded rather than contracted the need for labour. Between 1811 and 1816 in the English city of Nottingham and the counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire, workers inspired by Ned Ludd destroyed newly introduced textile machinery because they were afraid it would take away their jobs permanently. Their fears were justified in the short term, but over the years they proved groundless. Employment in England and elsewhere vastly increased as new equipment was introduced. But fear of technology nevertheless became a permanent part of our culture. In 1852, more than half a century after the Luddites, Samuel Butler, in his satirical novel Erewhon, described a society that had destroyed all its machinery. The people had come to believe that machines not only were growing more efficient but were actually evolving as a new species and were so powerful that, if not harnessed, would make human beings slaves.

Over the years, "Luddite" has been the descr
sive term attached to a person who resists technological change or remains willfully ignorant of technological progress; Robert Peterson, Imperial Oil's chairman, reminded the participants in the 1995 Governor General's Conference "that over the past 200 years there has been no long-term trend towards higher unemployment or less attractive jobs because of new investments in machines and technology. On the contrary, the number of people working has expanded greatly. And the workplace has generally become a cleaner, healthier, safer and more pleasant place throughout that period. But it is possible that the computer chip will be the exception to the rule established by history."

Certainly the latest revolution is moving faster than any of its predecessors. As Robert M. White, president emeritus of the National Academy of Engineering in Washington, says, "The pace and intensity of technological advances are without historical precedent." And no other technology has out so swiftly through so many fields of commerce more or less simultaneously. Moreover, it appears that the power of macroscopics is still unfolding and may now be only at a primitive stage. Perhaps the changes we are currently experiencing will seem minor in a decade or two, after all, the performance of microchip-driven devices now appears to double every 18 months or so. What we are seeing now is that creation of new industries may not provide enough jobs fast enough to replace those lost to technology -- and there are those who think the new jobs will never appear. Jeremy Rifkin, president of the Foundation on Economic Trends in Washington, expresses the grimiest position in his recent book, The End of Work. "While unemployment is still relatively low, it can be expected to climb steadily and measurable over the next four decades as the global economy makes the transition to the Information Age."

Beyond question, the information society offers great challenges and benefits to those who have acquired, or can acquire, the right kind of education. But are there not among us many people who -- through lack of native intelligence or desire or for some other reason -- cannot be educated for the new economy? The public school system begins with the assumption that everyone can be educated, and in the distant future this may well turn out to be the truth. Common experience suggests, however, that for the foreseeable future there will be masses of people for whom society has no obvious use. A society that prides itself on being compassionate, we may nevertheless be in the process of consigning large numbers of our fellow citizens -- possibly even a majority -- to a permanent life on the economic margins. We may be creating a two-class social system made up of those who can learn and those who can't. Democracies may wake up and discover that their populations are divided between those who have some control over their lives and those who have none. This is the outstanding "unintended benefit" of capitalism, as Peter Drucker puts it. It may be the greatest social test faced by developed societies in the next century.

Who will take charge of dealing with it? Only 10 or 15 years ago, we had an obvious answer: government. If this change had been evident in 1980, say, we would all now be talking about urgently needed radical reforms in public policy: a guaranteed annual income, vastly expanded training facilities and an increase in government-sponsored social services such as daycare for children and the elderly. Many such reforms would have been labour intensive. Probably we would also be discussing the organization by government of more creative forms of leisure for those entirely or partially deprived of work.

But government is in no position to provide such answers -- not now and not in any future that most of us imagine. A former federal cabinet minister, Governor General LeBlanc, after listening to a report at the conference from a team that had studied eastern Quebec, commented on the fact that the group had said nothing about political leaders. "We get the feeling," he said, "they have dissociated from the face of the earth." But few now look to government for broad social direction; the information reported at Quebec City included no proposals for large government schemes. One reason is that government has seldom proved competent as a long-term job creator. Another, more pressing, is that most governments are hobbled by debt, which they optimistically acquired in periods of apparently boundless growth; the public seems to understand the need to reduce deficits and therefore no longer expects governments to fund such schemes. In Quebec, for two generations, the provincial government was seen by many as the prime generator of economic health. But last August, four Quebec social scientists, after analysing polls of Quebec citizens over many years, reported: "In the common consensus...the state no longer seems to be as powerful a tool of development as it was several years ago.... For most people, the state is no longer this privileged tool of development; it has lost its raison d'etre; it is no longer the heart of great pro-

**Communitarianism** is a political philosophy that offers a way of analysing and extending the we're-in-this-together mood.
They want to work to make events eventually have. "They want to stay in Cape Breton," one participant said. "They are going to stay where they are because they offer a way of understanding and extending the we're-in-this-together mood that the participants brought back.

Individualism dominates much of what people across the western world feel, think and do—or probably it will always will. Clearly, however, it is unequal to the problems raised by the new economic. On the other hand, the state, once the hope of much of the world, has been rendered neutral on most great issues by its own manifold failures. Communitarianism suggests a way, though by no means a clear way, beyond those two different forms of failure. It holds that we can arrive at a workable morality only through the meeting between the self and others: a moral life begins to flourish in the interplay between the self's demands and the awareness that the self can be fulfilled only in a community. Some leading political philosophers—notably Charles Taylor of Montreal's McGill University—hold that since our lives are inevitably embedded in communal life, we derive a crucial part of our identity from community. We should not accept that the community into account and should find some of our main goals by reference to communal values. Doing this—in Jeremy Rifkin's view, for instance—we must develop a new ethic of the communization philosophy cannot be imposed by large-scale social organization. Nor is it simply a choice we can make of our own individual will. It is a process, a slow, and often only in the face of necessity, discover. Will Kymlicka of the University of Ottawa, in Contemporary Political Philosophy: An Introduction, summarizes one strain of such thinking, "The good for...members of society is found by a process of self-discovery—by achieving awareness of, and acknowledging the claims of, the various attachments that make up our personal identity. Conversely, it holds that we fulfill our individual destinies only as we understand the larger scheme of which we are a part. That, though stated in quite different ways, was the message of the Governor General's Conference.

Sometimes in history, great problems produce great solutions. We may be moving into such a period now, but at the moment the solutions are far less obvious than the problems. Perhaps we will slowly develop a new way of life, embodying the rhetoric of sharing and cooperation. If so, it will have to emerge from the people rather than be imposed by elected or appointed leaders. How can this come about?" First, says FraserMustard, "we must accept the idea that we need to make decisions on the future of Canada. The title given to the 1995 conference was "The Employee and Employer: Role of the Employee in the Working Relation for a Better Canada."

They met in Saskatoon for a two-and-a-half-day plenary session and then divided into 15 study groups, each of which travelled to a different region of Canada. They visited factories and community centres and talked with trade unions, business and government leaders. Then they came together again in Quebec City to present their findings. The goal was not to produce definitive answers to questions of employee-employer relations, much less to solve the problem of too many employees and not enough jobs. The purpose, rather, was to educate participants in the workings of Canadian society so that they could pass on some of that education.

Much of what they brought back was more or less what they had expected to find. Unions and management made reasonable attempts to overcome mutual suspicions in order to cooperate; unions continue to view new technologies and even worker involvement with some suspicion, pitting themselves against management. Underlying much of what was discussed was the issue of diminishing jobs and the change this is bringing to the way we live. The groups found that in many regions of Canada, people are anxious not to leave home but fear that if they want to work they may eventually have to.
Placing the Seeds of Better Health

A little-known organization, Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief, is quietly working to make the planet a healthier place

BY MARCIA KATE

Dr. Paul Haragave can’t take a disposable latex glove from his seemingly endless supply without being struck by a vivid memory from half a world away: a pair of disposable latex gloves hanging on a clothesline at an Ethiopian hospital, used and washed dozens of times, not sterilized but wanting to be used in the next operation. Latex surgical gloves, throw-aways in Canada, are a precious commodity in the sub-Saharan, where they are frequently used until they develop holes. Likewise, disposable needles are hoarded and reused until they become too dull to pierce skin. Floors and bed sheets are often filthy, as clean water is scarce. Hospital beds are full of children with infectious diseases, while hospital shelves remain empty of the antibiotics that could cure them.

"I was appalled by the shortages," says Haragave, who visited Ethiopia on a three-week study tour in 1993. "Here in Canada, our concept of shortages is that you wait three months for an MRI scan. We actually pay people to come and take our expired pharmaceuticals away."

Haragave, a general practitioner in Leduc, B.C., was so disturbed by what he saw in Ethiopia that the following year he started the B.C. chapter of Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief (CPAR). Says Haragave, "It’s an organization that can make a difference."

And it has – but in a very quiet, typically Canadian way.

Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief bears little resemblance to the high-profile, medical-based relief organizations whose doctors parachute into war zones, drought-ravaged regions and other disaster areas, becoming, for a short while, the focus of media attention and public donations.

"When the bright lights are turned off and the TV cameras have left, public attention fades and the money dries up," says CPAR’s president, Dr. Mark Dodge. "But the problems of Africa are deep-rooted and chronic. Real solutions come from harnessing the determinants of poverty: poor water, inadequate and uncertain supplies of food, poor education, failure to exploit the potential of resources, lack of economic activity."

For the ill of the developing world, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. This is where CPAR comes in. As a Canadian-based international development organization, CPAR’s goal is, quite simply, to make the planet a healthier place by helping to provide basic public health requirements: drinkable water, adequate sanitation, immunization for children and a steady food supply. Establishing clean water and good sanitation can do far more to promote health than sending an x-ray machine to a rural health post, where there may well be no electricity.

Established by Dodge in 1983, CPAR has worked with the poorest and most vulnerable communities in Ethiopia, Rwanda, Malawi, Angola, Sudan, Uganda, Lesotho, Kenya and the Philippines. It operates not by accomplishing things for people, but by helping people accomplish things for themselves. In the 15 years since its inception, CPAR has helped 215,000 people gain access to clean drinking water, promoted better farming practices among half a million farmers, facilitated the immunization of 35,000 children, trained some 2,500 community health workers, water system caretakers, and supported the construction of more than 100 health clinics, 3,500 kilometres of soil-conserving terraces and 130 kilometres of rural roads.

Canadian Physicians for Aid and Relief is small, as non-governmental organizations go. It has an overseas staff of 285, with another 12 people working at the head office in Toronto, and there are CPAR chapters in British Columbia and Alberta. Of the 40 physicians associated with the organization, most work to raise funds and awareness of global health issues. More than 4,000 physicians donate money to CPAR, and several of them, like Haragave, have gone on CPAR study tours or longer-term placements. As Dodge says, "We have tried to build a core of deeply committed
health care practitioners, and there’s no better way to do that than to let people see the situation first-hand.

Now a family physician in Toronto, Dodge was a medical student when he founded CPAR. In 1985 he was profoundly moved by news of the Ethiopian famine and worked with the United Nations to help launch CPAR’s first project, a tent city and emergency feeding programme for refugees pouring into the Sudan. While Henry Gold, CPAR’s executive director at the time, ran the operation there, Dodge worked mostly from this end, recruiting doctors, obtaining supplies and raising money. But when CPAR moved into what Dodge calls “the belly of the beast” — the source of the refugees in Ethiopia — it became apparent that without fundamental changes, refugee camps, no matter how numerous, could not cure the problem: “If you don’t do integrated community development to deal with the root causes, you end up with nothing but Band-Aid solutions,” says Dodge, who recently received a National Practice of Excellence Award, given by the periodical Family Practice to honour Canadian family physicians for their charitable work.

A cornerstone of CPAR’s community development work is the Plant a Tree in Africa programme. Trees may not be a high-tech part of medical care, but they’re essential to human health in farming communities because they prevent soil erosion, improve crop yield, act as windbreaks, produce fuel and nuts, provide building materials, supply food and improve rainfall and generally increase the wealth of a community. Kevin Perkins, a CPAR programme manager in Toronto, says, “I’ve seen a few hills in Ethiopia where, when there were no trees, the soil used to be completely washed away every rainy season, but now there are trees twice my height.”

The programme, each participating community chooses its own representatives to be trained in woodland management, determines what kinds of trees it wants and devises ways to use the trees to increase its local wealth. For instance, in the Philippines, one rural community chose to plant an orchard of amanito trees, whose seeds yield a dye that the community now sells at a profit in Manila. Another community in Ethiopia started a woodylee, sold some trees as building poles in the market, then used the profit to buy a grinding mill to make flour from locally grown wheat — some of the flour is sold. Once woodlots have been established in a community, it’s easier for CPAR to develop other projects, such as agricultural training to increase food production, water and sanitation initiatives, health units and immunization programmes.

In the past 10 years, CPAR has helped people plant an astonishing 33 million trees — but it’s vital that communities themselves take ownership of the programme. Says Perkins: “We don’t want to be planting trees in the same location from now to eternity, so for the programme to work, communities have to make it their own.” When an Ethiopian community selected Brown Mountain, a high bald hill, for forest planting, it saw the dramatic changes that the trees caused, village members renamed the hill CPAR Mountain. “We were uncomfortable with that,” says Perkins, “because it didn’t convey our ownership.” The people then gave the hill a new name that satisfies everyone: Green Mountain.

The CPAR philosophy is that if local people invest their own time, labour, ideas and materials into a project, their chances for long-term success are greater than if they simply receive charity. If a community wants a well, CPAR may provide the pump, but the community members must decide where the well will go and who will run it, and they must contribute cement, sand, bricks and labour. “We try as much as possible not to give things away,” says Ginaw Shibru, an Ethiopian civil engineer based in Kampala who has been with CPAR for eight years, the last three as country director for Uganda. “Otherwise people start to think of it as their right to receive things instead of working for them.” CPAR has a Food for Work programme that not only reduces people’s dependence on charity but harnesses a massive workforce — mostly farmers who have nothing to farm during a drought — that gets trees planted, wells dug and roads built.

Shibru says that even though CPAR has been in Uganda for only three years, the changes that have been made are obvious and dramatic. Hundreds of farmers have been trained to raise seedlings, and there are many new wells and regional health clinics that vaccinate children. “It is a very small organization, but its strength is that it is very much field based,” says Shibru. Of the 48 people on staff in Uganda, only two work in administration. In fact, of CPAR’s total annual budget of $4.5 million (10 percent of which is contributed by the Canadian International Development Agency), with the remainder coming from the German government, United Nations agencies, African governments and private donors, only six percent is used for administration.

Since CPAR focuses on long-term, sustainable development, it doesn’t follow disasters. But if a disaster occurs in an area where the organization is already established, it will respond. Last year, in response to a drought that devastated Malawi, CPAR established a programme that distributed 32,000 tonnes of maize to more than 800,000 malnourished people. It also created a supplementary feeding programme for children under the age of five, through which they received a high-protein maize and sorghum porridge.
ridge. "The suicide distribution programme was one of the most successful feeding programmes in the country, especially in terms of targeting the poorest people," says Wayne delong, deputy executive director of finance for CPAR. Origini- cally from Ontario, delong currently lives with his wife and three children in Malawi in a house with limited telephone service, only sporadic running water and no television. "The kids like living here a lot," he says. Before moving to Malawi, the family lived in Ethiopia, where delong’s wife, Marcia, ran a feeding programme from their home.

While the long-term results of some of CPAR’s work may not be apparent for several years, delong finds examples every day of the effect the organization is having on the local population. "People tell us that incidences of diarrhoea have disappeared since their well was installed," delong says, "and they proudly show us the crops they’ve grown using the seeds and advice we gave them." An illustration from Ethiopia shows how important CPAR is to local communities. During a chauvinist guerilla war and government upheaval, when looting of grain reserves was widespread, CPAR workers were forced to abandon a tree nursery, grain-storage building and their office. But community members voluntarily took it upon themselves to guard the facilities, keeping up an uninterrupted vigil that lasted until CPAR could safely return two years later. Says Kevin Perkins: "They had no reason to do it other than they wanted CPAR work to continue."

The organization’s programme for sending Canadian physicians overseas exists not so much to enable Canadain doctors to share their medi- cal expertise (after all, few Canadian doctors have ever seen malaria, leprosy and many other illnesses that African physicians deal with regularly), but to allow them to see the extent of health problems in developing countries. The hope is that they will then educate their col- leagues, helping to build a solid understanding of global health issues, and become committed to providing some of the much-needed resources.

Lauralee Morris, a family physician in Brampton, Ont., thought she knew what to expect before she embarked on a three-month placement in a rural Ethiopian health centre in 1994. She says now, "You can’t help but be constantly surprised by how little the people have there in comparison to Canadians. People travel for days to get to a health centre. People die because they don’t have $10 to buy medicine." Morris (who paid her own airfare to Ethiopia) worked in the clinic with three local physicians and shared a house with 15 Ethiopian women and men.

Her most vivid memory is of a woman in the final stages of pregnancy who came to the clinic bleeding and in pain. In Canada, at the first sign of trouble the woman would have been whisked to hospi- tal, where an emergency Caesarian section would probably have saved the baby’s life. But here, where home deliveries are the norm and ambulances are a rarity, the woman was unable to get to the clinic quickly enough to save the baby when her delivery went awry. The doctors and nurses concentrated on saving the woman — which they managed to do. But, says Morris, "we were covered head to foot in blood and had no gowns. It’s a scary thought in a place where AIDS is an enormous problem. In some areas of the sub- Saharan, one in six people is HIV positive."

I have a list of admiration for the people there who work against such big odds, and I’ve thought many times that people in Canada really don’t have any idea of how much they have."

Edward Chung, who went to Ethiopia for more than three months last summer after comple- tion of his medical training and a year of short-term positions in Toronto and Northern Ontario, was equally shocked by the conditions, despite having studied international development. "You can’t believe that Canada and Ethiopia are on the same planet," he says. In a country where one out of five children dies before reaching the age of five and where the average life span is about 45 years, people rarely live long enough to de- velop the illnesses that most commonly afflict Canadians: heart disease and cancer. Mostly, Chung saw cases of tuberculosis, sexually trans- mitted diseases and intestinal worms. At the Fiche health centre, where there were doctors and about eight nurses serve 1.2 million people, the lab equipment enabled staff to do little more than urine and stool analysis and only the most basic blood work. "A lot of time was spent looking for the centre’s one blood pressure cuff," says Chung, who now works at a hospital that serves a largely native population in the Northern Ontario community of Sioux Lookout.

The physicians who return from CPAR place- ments overseas often talk of and slide shows of their experiences to increase awareness among other health professionals. They help raise funds and serve on committees with the aim of making CPAR the charity of choice for Canadian physicians.

Paul Hargrave, who not only started the B.C. chapter of CPAR but is a member of the national board, keeps in contact with the health workers he met in Ethiopia, sending them what they crave: medical textbooks, professional journals and sup- plies, including boxes of latex gloves.

Since Canada has already dealt with its major public health issues, says Hargrave, it needs to help those countries that are still struggling. "We in the developed world have an obligation to help," he says. "We’re the only ones who can."
The Climate Conundrum

Scientists are divided on whether potential long-term changes in the global climate pose a serious threat. Imperial’s chairman discusses the issue

by ROBERT PETERSON

In the United States alone, climate change research is now $2 billion-a-year industry, and billions more are being spent around the world. Compounding the problem is the fact that the countermeasures proposed by many who believe global warming does present a major threat would themselves give rise to enormous social and economic hardships.

It is generally agreed that the accumulation of water vapor and so-called “greenhouse gases” (primarily carbon dioxide), which trap solar heat within the earth’s atmosphere, is one of the key factors in determining the earth’s climate. Emissions of carbon dioxide from human activities such as the burning of hydrocarbon-based fuels account for only about four percent of total carbon dioxide emissions to the atmosphere. The vast majority of such emissions occur from natural processes such as respiration in plants, decay of biomass in soil and the release of carbon dioxide from the oceans. Even so, some believe that increasing levels of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere resulting from human activity will ultimately lead to global warming and that the only way to avoid what they feel are potentially catastrophic consequences is to reduce, and perhaps eventually eliminate, the consumption of these fuels.

This is the view of a number of environmentalists, and many of the world’s governments have adopted it as a basis for action. Under the so-called “Rio Treaty,” an international agreement reached at the United Nations Conference on Environment and Development in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1992, Canada and the other members of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD), as well as 11 former Soviet Union countries, were required to prepare plans to stabilize emissions of greenhouse gases from industrial and other human activities at 1990 levels by the year 2000. Developing or non-OECD countries, however, were required only to “monitor” their emissions.

These plans were reviewed at a second UN conference, held in Berlin in March 1995. While no specific actions were taken, participating OECD countries agreed to try to negotiate further initiatives aimed at reducing their greenhouse gas emissions beyond the year 2000.

A key element of Canada’s plan to stabilize its emissions at the 1990 level by 2000 is voluntary actions by industry. Imperial Oil supports this voluntary approach and has told the federal government that based on current business plans, emissions from its operations are forecast to be no higher in 2000 than they were in 1990. Many other companies and industry groups have made similar commitments.

Whether Canada as a whole can meet this goal is, however, uncertain. Some believe it cannot.

Natural Resources Canada estimates that greenhouse gas emissions in 2000 could be as much as 12 percent higher than in 1990, depending on certain assumptions. Consequently, environmental groups and some government representatives have recently been calling for compulsory measures to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, including additional taxes on all hydrocarbon-based fuels.

So far, proposals to go beyond a voluntary programme have not been adopted in Canada. Nor should they be, in my opinion, for reasons I hope to make clear.

I realize that for an oil-industry executive to oppose proposals to reduce consumption of oil-based fuels is to risk being accused of promoting commercial self-interest. But the stakes are too high to not speak out what I believe is a balanced view of this issue.

As a citizen, parent and grandparent as well as a businessperson, I support reasonable measures to avoid serious threats to humankind and the earth’s ecosystems. But I feel compelled to question the adoption of measures that future generations of Canadians—and, indeed, citizens of other nations—might greatly regret.

Stripped of rhetoric, the debate about climate change is a debate about risk, and responsible risk management requires a clear-headed assessment of probabilities and consequences before reaching irrevocable decisions.

We must first ask ourselves how conclusive the scientific evidence is that climate change is occurring, and if it is occurring, what role human activity has played. I believe the findings to date are inconclusive. We simply don’t know the answers. For every scientist willing to predict global warming of potentially damaging proportions, another of equal prestige can be found to assert the contrary. Some people cite extremes in local weather conditions such as unusually hot summers or even cold winters as evidence of global warming, but many scientists caution against confusing short-term variations in the weather with long-term climatic trends.

There is also some strong evidence that human activity may not be the villain it has been made out to be. For example, while the level of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere today is much higher than it was 150 years ago, it is not clear whether the global climate is changing as a result of the release of carbon dioxide caused by human activity.

While some scientists contend that it is, others maintain that various natural processes have offset the potential warming effects of increased carbon dioxide levels, keeping the world’s overall climate more or less constant. The climatologist Sherwood Idso has written that “it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that...the planetary climate system actively counteracts both heating and cooling...to perpetuate the long-term climatic stability of the planet.”

Consider, too, the fact that although carbon dioxide has been building up in the atmosphere for more than a century, no warming has occurred beyond the normal historical range of variation. Indeed, the trend between 1940 and 1975 was towards global cooling, despite the increased emissions.
There is a growing body of scientific opinion that asserts that even if the global climate is changing, we have some time before having to embark on remedial action.
The Unsinkable Molly Johnson

Rock singer, jazz diva, composer and social activist, Molly Johnson is the inspiration behind Kumbhaya, the annual music festival to raise money in support of AIDS victims

by Shona McKay

She comes through the door, her arms full of spring flowers. Around her ankles, two busy, black-as-midnight cocker spaniels wag their bodies. With a wistful backwards glance at the “glorious day,” a motion that causes her mop of ringlets to come alive, she closes the outer door of her home, the ground floor of a three-storey Victorian house in midtown Toronto. Turning to a waiting visitor, she proclaims with a smile, “Hello. I’m Molly.” • It’s an entrance that assaults the senses; one worthy of Molly Johnson’s considerable reputation. A Juno-award-winning rock star and a jazz singer who has been compared to Billie Holiday, she is also a tireless social activist whose efforts on the AIDS and literacy fronts have improved the lives of needy people across Canada. Johnson is a character whose talents have won her starring roles on many a stage. • To begin to understand Molly Johnson, know that music is what feeds her soul. June Callwood, a well-known Canadian journalist and Johnson’s good friend, makes the observation that “Molly’s heart is with her music.” Music has been central to her life since she was four years old, when she worked as an understudy in a production of South Pacific at Toronto’s O’Keefe Centre. • Now a songwriter and the lead member of a five-person rock and roll band called Infidel, Johnson has high hopes that her group will make it big on the North American pop scene. The band’s first album was released in 1994, and so far Johnson estimates that about 40,000 copies have been sold. • Johnson’s very contemporary, very high-energy performance as an Infidel is a world away from the singer’s other musical persona as a jazz diva. “I was first drawn to the jazz of the thirties and forties because I thought that studying that wonderful music – with its strong sense of melody
and harmony — would help me as a songwriter," she says. Johnson's interest revealed a natural affinity for the genre, something that's evident when she performs. With her trademark mane, coiled on top of her head and her body in a shiny evening gown, she wooed her audience with a voice that's as cool as your mash on ice.

It is a sight and sound spectacle that has inspired many admirers and friends to urge Johnson to forget rock and concentrate on jazz. Yet, with characteristic independence, Johnson insists on keeping that side of her musical life partly in the wings — for now. "Jazz is something I can do later, when I'm 50," she says. "Today, my focus is on rock.

Rock music has propelled Johnson since she was a teenager. She was a mere 15 years old when she joined her first band, A Chocolate Affair, singing disco favorites like "Love to Love You Baby" in strip clubs and other less-than-salubrious spots. She does not cherish the memory. "In hindsight, it was demeaning," she says. The period proved to be the first of many career trials. True, Johnson has experienced a measure of success. For almost a decade, from the time she was 19 years old, she was the star performer with Alta Moda, a funky Toronto pop band that enjoyed a large cult following. However, her accomplishments have been offset by the challenges that so often beset individuals in the music business. "There have been many bitter twists in Molly's career," says Callwood. "There have been contracts that weren't honoured, deals and betrayals."

But from all this she has also been economic handicaps: for a number of years Johnson paid for her room and many a soup supper at the Cameron House (a down-scale but trendy-bum-food Tamborine Street neighborhood) by performing there. She has also experienced the indignity of eviction for failure to pay the rent.

Johnson simply shrugs off these kinds of self-reviews. "They are, she says, part of life as a rock musician. What's more, thanks primarily to the "incredible money" she receives from doing commercial jingles and voice-overs — a new and lucrative sideline for her — she is currently making a decent living.

Given her significant talent and unrelenting commitment to music, it's perhaps ironic that Johnson is best known in her home country for her good deeds. For Molly Johnson, doing good is like breathing — it's natural and ongoing. Even in the midst of an intense performance, she manages to find a way to see to the needs of others. During the 1980s, when she was a member of Alta Moda, the singer routinely celebrated other contemporary Canadian artists, wearing the works of local fashion designers and adorning the stage with the canvases of young painters.

"Her inherent desire to make life better took Johnson to Rankin Inlet, N.W.T. There, along with a select group of writers and entertainers participating in the PIGs, Golf Tournaments for Literacy (founded by the broadcast journalist Peter Gzowski), she discussed the importance of communication and language with high school students and adult learners. During her three-day visit she also sang songs with native elders, encouraged local young people to make a public service video about AIDS and gave advice to performers belonging to a fledgling theatre troupe.

"There are two reasons I went to Rankini," Johnson remarks with a smile. "The first is because Johnson knew I wanted to be successful. The second is that I love to read. I'm the kind of person who reads the back of toothpaste boxes. Books give you somewhere to go, somewhere to go when life is overwhelming. Books can save you.

Apparently, Johnson was able to relay her belief in the power of the written word — not merely to her enthusiasm for her music — to her high school audience. Recalls Linda Penik, director of the community learning center at Nunavut Arctic College in Rankin Inlet and one of the Literacy event organizers: "Molly was magic. She was always sharing and encouraging. Someone, she made us feel like we had known her for ever."

By far Johnson's best-known cause is the Kumbaya Festival. Conceived and developed by Johnson in 1991 and now an annual event, Kumbaya is a day-long musical event on Toronto's Ontario Place. Featuring scores of Canada's musical stars, including Tom Cochrane, Murray McLauchlan, Mary Margaret O'Hara, Blue Rodeo, Barenaked Ladies and the Rankin Family, the September event raises money for Canadian and international organizations dedicated to helping people with HIV. To date, Kumbaya, a name taken from a song of hope sung by slaves in America, has contributed more than $750,000 to some 53 AIDS groups.

Johnson's motivation for founding Kumbaya reflects her inherent concern for the young people who come to hear her sing and buy her records. "I felt very strongly that not enough was being done to get the AIDS message across to kids," she says. "The gay community mobilized quickly to serve its members, but there was no organization that was targeting teenagers. When I was 17, the consequence of unprotected sex was that girls got pregnant. Today, the payback could be death."

Johnson's involvement with Kumbaya also points to her impressiveness with the efficient infrastructure that too often blights charitable organizations. "I suddenly found myself being involved in about 60 fund-raising events a year," she says. "I began to feel resentful because not enough of the money seemed to be going to the people who needed it."

From what I see, too much money was being spent on administration."

Johnson's solution was to create a nonprofit organization that would cut out the bureaucracy. It operates with a three-person board of directors and one part-time administrator and funds a wide range of organizations from coast to coast.

One of the beneficiaries is Kali-Shiva AIDS Services, a Winnipeg group involving 45 volunteers who provide home-support services to people living with AIDS. Says Danie McCaffrey, the organization's founder and director: "The money enables us to do special things that we otherwise couldn't do for our clients, many of whom live in poverty. We were, for example, able to buy a second set of sheets for an individual who was experiencing chronic night sweats. We also use the funds to buy groceries for people who run out of food and to pay for doctors to take people to medical appointments or to the hospital when none of our volunteer drivers is available. Kumbaya has been a godsend."

Given the positive results, it's not surprising that Johnson's fans are legion — and effusive. June

Callwood, herself one of Canada's most high-profile and indefatigable fund raisers and a member of the Kumbaya Foundation board, can't speak too highly of her friend. "Molly is funny, affectionate, honest and loyal," she says. "She moves through life with an open heart. Callwood adds "integrity" to the list of accolades. It's a trait that the Canadian country singer and Kumbaya regular Cassandra Vauti also singles out. "I hope Molly understands that the reason so many musicians are willing to donate their time to make Kumbaya succeed is the respect for Molly as a person. She's constantly proving that a single individual can make a difference."

Johnson herself is aware of her specialness. Yet

Molly is funny, affectionate, honest and loyal," says June Callwood. "She moves through life with an open heart" the recognition has less to do with age than it does with an acknowledgment of what she calls her "blessings." "When people tell me that I'm okay, that I'm good, my answer is, 'Man, considering what I've been given, I'd better be!'" What Johnson is referring to specifically is the advantages given her by her parents. Molly Johnson is the youngest child of John Johnson, who retired several years ago from his teaching position in the arts in the department at Toronto's Ryerson Polytechnical Institute (now Ryerson Polytechnic University). A black American who was raised along with his seven siblings in the Philadelphia ghetto, he defied the challenging environment of his childhood. A Second World War veteran who was refused entry into a number of American colleges because of his colour, he worked his passage to Europe and eventually earned a master's degree in physical education in Switzerland. It was there that he met and married Suzanne Clark, a white American and the granddaughter of a former army general of the state of South Dakota. According to Molly, whosecolourful and facial bone structure pay homage to both parents, her mother and father paid the price for their bold afford to the status quo. "They got a divorce before the movie Gaye Who's Coming to Dinner made interracial marriage a bit more acceptable," she says. "I know my parents had a tough time."

Part of that "tough time" involved rejection by Suzanne's establishment family. It proved to be a
The summer after inaugurating, Rupert Daves invited his three sons and their families to come from Canada to spend the summer with him and his new wife at Leighton. The weather was excellent. The Long Islands and the Town of Rye were more famous (both looked out over the magnificent walled rose garden), and one morning I was startled by the sound of a distant steam boat being blown out of an operatic arias fortissimo to a grand-piano accompaniment that was even more fortissimo. I was the only one in the room, no one else was watching the piece, it was more fortissimo. I was doing something, my ears were hurting. I nearly screamed "Help me!"

Rupert Daves' influence on the arts, his son, Rupert Daves Jr., and his family were a great part of the cultural scene in New York. His main role was that of a charlatan and an imposter (having grown up in the area, I knew it intimately). As a result of his works, he was named a "Charlatan and Imposter," and his works were described as "farcical and sometimes bizarre." However, his influence on the arts was undeniable, and his works continue to be studied and discussed today.