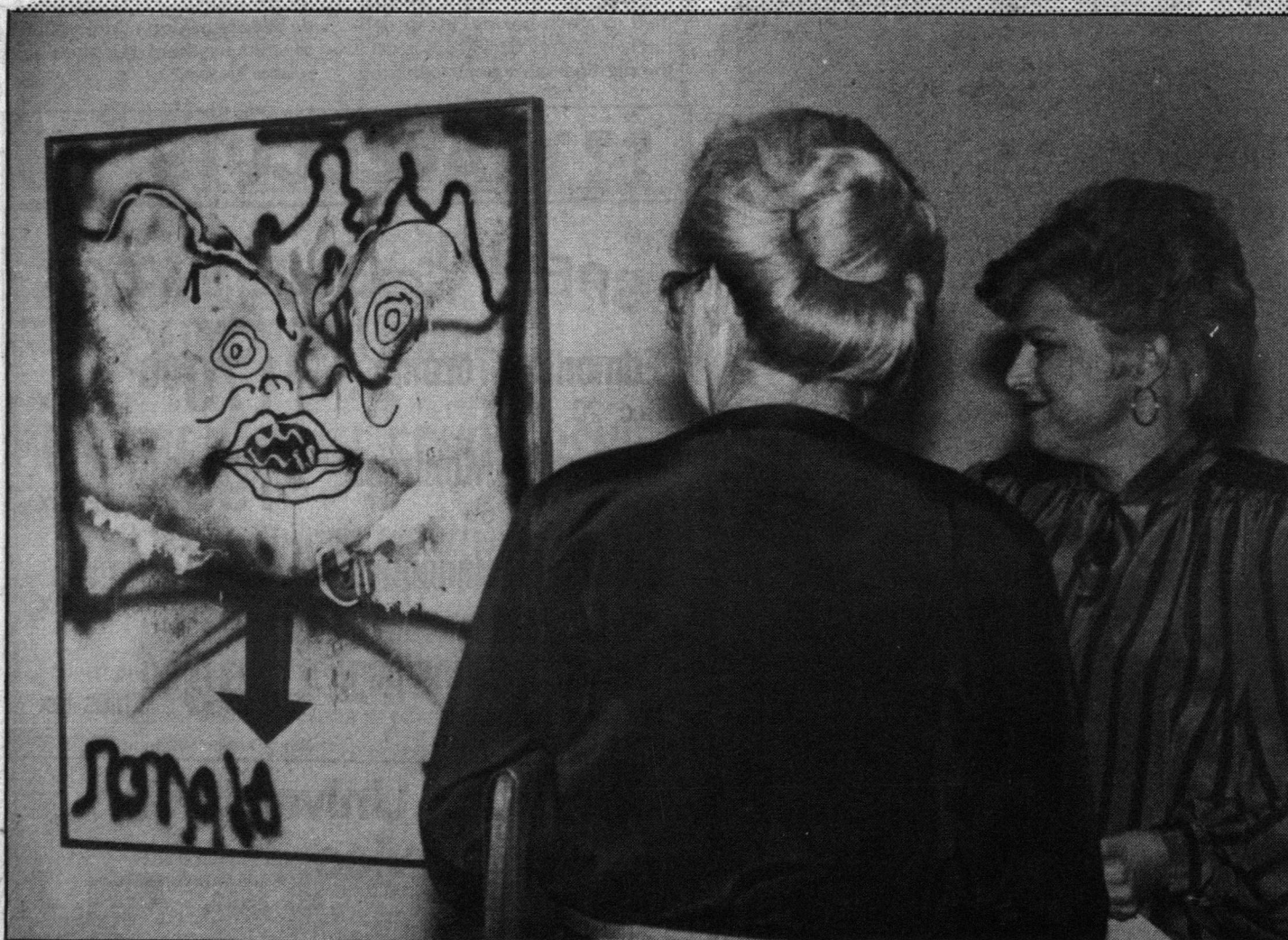


Two viewers discuss symbolism of Trudeau portrait.

I am a painter. I was born in a small Ontario town. I've always had a certain advantage. I've looked at the large world with a small town wonder, the large world of men on stage, taking hold of their own destinies by the scruff of the neck. I love men and women who take hold of their destinies. So, a few years ago, I decided to paint the portraits of sixteen such men, the Prime Ministers, the men who had ministered to this country. The idea filled me with a sense of wonder. Who were they? What had they done? How had they shaped me, and how would I shape them? I began to read and read. I wanted to read through their worlds and come out the other end, to the nub of their character and how I saw them. I am not a historian, but along the way I put together little histories so I'd have a sense of their place in time, the face of how things had happened to them. And then, as each began to inhabit me, I painted their portraits. They live in me. I live in them. The portraits and those little histories are here, and also short reflections on each portrait, what I think I see when I see how I saw them.

William Ronald, preface to *The Prime Ministers*



With a few squiggly lines, Ronald captures the wrinkled visage of John Diefenbaker.

story by David Jordan

photos by Bill St. John