

"There was one, a scientist who was so important I really wanted him for my book on great men," he told Michael Kernan, of the *Washington Post*. "A miserable person. I said I would want to ask him some questions, and he said, 'Put them in writing.' So when I got there he wrote down the answers and then told me I couldn't use any of it. Then he scolded his son for a wrong note on the piano. And then went after his wife because the coffee was cold. I said, 'Can you tell me why I should take your picture?' And told the assistant to pack up. And left."

Harold Horwood

MC 29/06/79

When Harold Horwood began to write in earnest, he left the hurly burly of St. John's, Newfoundland, for the serenity of Beachy Cove nearby. There he wrote a novel, *Tomorrow Will Be Sunday*, a nature book, *The Foxes of Beachy Cove*, and a book called *Newfoundland*, which outsold all others in the Macmillan Canadian Travel Series. By this time his disciples, young anti-establishment people, were dropping in, so he went off to hide in Toronto and write *White Eskimo, A Novel of Labrador*, which Farley Mowat has called "The best to come out of Canada in generations."

Frank Augustyn

OC 29/06/79

In 1972 Rudolph Nureyev, a driven perfectionist, noticed a young dancer with the National Ballet of Canada floating effortlessly through the air and picked him as his replacement in the role of Prince Florimond. From that point on Frank Augustyn (for it was he) took Nureyev as his model.

In Winnipeg in the autumn of 1973, when something snapped in his knee in the second act of *Giselle*, he danced on. Afterwards a doctor found that a cartilage had crumpled. It was removed at a Toronto hospital and placed in a little glass jar by Augustyn's bed. It looked, Ballet Mistress Joanne Nisbet noted, "like a badly gutted shrimp."

Nature restored the knee, but Augustyn could not dance for a year and did not regain his full skill until 1976. Since then he has surpassed himself — dancing to critical raves at home, at the Met and in London.

He still drives himself as hard as Nureyev: "When I perform now, I do it for totally selfish reasons. I don't want to impress the critics or the audience of a gala performance or the Queen if she happens to be there. I can dance for myself alone and be on stage because I want to be there. In that way I'll give good performances."

