

J. Fenwick Lansdowne may be the greatest painter of birds since Audubon. He is entirely self-taught. He began as a child — while slowly recovering from polio — and as a youth he worked as a laboratory assistant at the British Columbia Museum, dissecting birds and mammals to learn their anatomy. He works painstakingly, borrowing bird skins from museums and reproducing the feather structure and colour tone precisely.

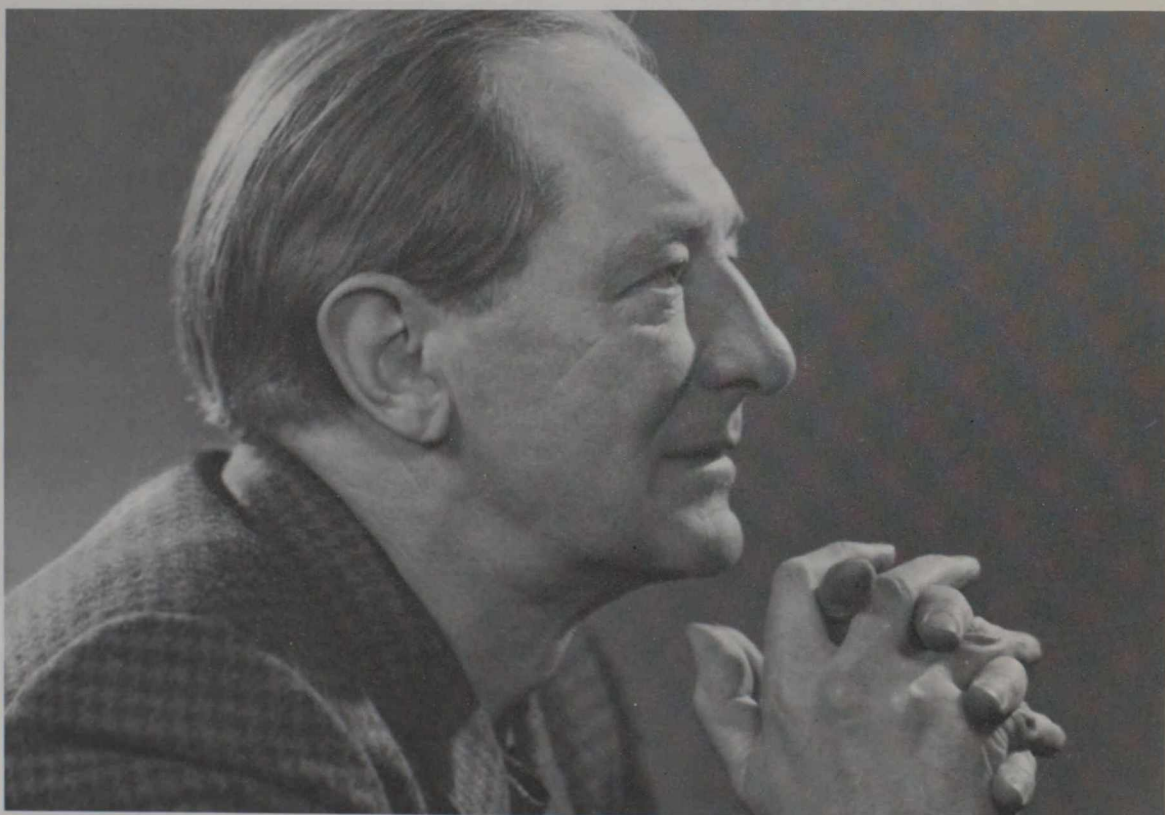
When he was 19, John Livingston, director of the Audubon Society of Canada, saw his paint-

ings, was overwhelmed and arranged a one-man exhibition at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum. Since then Lansdowne has had shows in New York, Washington and London.

He is modest and shy and resists admirers who say he is as good or better than Audubon. "Audubon's paintings have a stunning freedom, nerve and technical competence that mine do not yet and may never have, though I expect my work in its maturity to be much better than it is now."

Hugh MacLennan

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Hugh MacLennan is the most Canadian of novelists. *Barometer Rising*, 1941, was followed by five books, including the classic *Two Solitudes* in which the French-Canadian/English-Canadian division that has shaped the country's history is examined.

MacLennan was born on Cape Breton Island, lives in Montreal, thinks of himself as a Scot (though his family has been Canadian for generations) and has been called didactic. Below is an excerpt from "If You Drop a Stone," an essay in which he displays a conviction that good writers grow up in small towns.

"We knew in our town, and we knew in detail, how our wealthiest citizens had made their money. Although we did not know a neurosis from a psychosis, we understood, and made allowances for, the family conditions which caused

one man to be aggressive and another subservient, one woman to be charming and another to be a shrew. We had a sixth sense which the more intelligent city-dwellers lack — a sense of time. We knew that a family, like Rome, is not built in a day.

"We would look at one family and remember hearing about the grandfather, now dead, who used to sit in his galluses on a stool outside the livery stable chewing a straw and occasionally reaching up with the thumb of his left hand to scratch his head. It had been a matter of interested speculation whether he scratched because he was nervous or because he was lousy. The father, still with us, was a middle-aged man doing fairly well in a hardware business. He never scratched his head, but it was noticed that he had a curious habit of stopping suddenly while walking down the street to lift the right leg of his trousers and scratch