

like Blackpool or Miami. There is no reason to doubt that it will always be there, and so long as it is there Canada will not die." Blair Fraser wrote that. The Wilderness is still there. As Fred Bodsworth points out, if two neighbors, one in Detroit and one in Windsor, started traveling south and north respectively, the Detroiter would be wading in the steamy headwaters of the Amazon while the Windsorite was still on Canadian soil, Ellesmere Island, on the edge of the icecap. Almost all of his journey would have been through uninhabited wilderness, a solitude bigger than Australia; forest and tundra, 3 million square miles — the North Woods, spruce, balsam, fir, tamarack and jack pine and the tundra's dwarfed flowering plants, lichens and mosses. The book has pictures of the unbelievable land, beautiful and awesome.

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Among the country's man-made monuments are the neo-gothic Houses of Parliament in Ottawa. *Stones of History, Canada's Houses of Parliament*, was produced by the National Film Board.

"It seems like an act of insanity to have fixed the Capital of this great country away from the civilization, intelligence and commercial enterprise of the Province in a place that can never be a place of importance." So said Lord Monck, Governor of the Province. The city and the Houses of Parliament have survived — the latter rose from the ashes after they were burned to rubble on a cold winter evening, Feb. 3, 1916. The structure was rebuilt during the years of World War I, and it formally opened in 1920. It is a handsome complex, night lighted against the cold sky, one of the best examples of Gothic revival in the North American continent. Gothic revival is not everyone's taste but it works here, dramatically high above the Ottawa River. It is a stone structure with a frame of steel. The floors are principally tile. The exterior walls are backed with hollow tile and brick. The courts, air towers, light wells, chimneys and penthouses are built of Wallace sandstone from Nova Scotia. The focal point is the Peace Tower which towers as a tower should, high above the mass. Within it is a fifty-three bell carillon; at its door massive stone statues, the Lion and the Unicorn; and behind it the parliamentary library, a separate structure which survived the fire, wonderfully intricate, topped by a cone roof, a three-tiered cake at once solid and fantastic. The buildings of Parliament are a symbol of the country; they suggest a freedom of dignity, a special warmth and a reticence that is very much a part of the Canadian character. The Film Board has photographed it beautifully, in color and black and white, in day and at night and in infinite detail. The book almost surpasses the building.

Look at the book and then study (or study anew) the buildings.

This is a reasonably good season for fiction in Canada. For example, Leo Simpson, who was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1943 and who now lives in Queensborough, Ontario, had his comic novel, *Arkwright* published last fall by Macmillan of Canada. It is about an uncle named Caspar Arkwright, who blundered into financial success and on one occasion bought a TV station, WKOB-TV Channel 3, Selkirk County, with the intention of allowing it to go bankrupt for machiavellian reasons of his own. He first simply ran the dreariest movies, serials and situation comedies he could find. He failed in his purpose. The station made money.

[MORE RECENT BOOKS]

Canada has 202 publishing houses, large and small. Some, like Macmillan and Prentice-Hall, are branch offices of firms based in the United States or the United Kingdom. Others are exclusively Canadian and still others, such as the French-language press in Quebec, are even more targeted. What follows is a sampling, selected with care, which does not attempt to include all worthy books. It is, as is this issue of *Canada Today/D'Aujourd'hui*, heavily tilted toward English language publications. Canada is bilingual, more or less. Our readers, for the most part, are not. Still there are a great many people in the United States who would be interested in reading of Canada in French.

[THE MOSAIC]

There is My People Sleeping, Sarain Stump, Gray's Publishing Ltd. Mr. Stump is a full-blooded Indian — Shoshone, Cree and Flathead. This handsome book has his strong, fluid line drawings, some mystic, some hard realistic, and his poems. "And there is my people sleeping/ Since a long time/ But aren't just dreams/ the old cars without engines/ Parking in front of the house. . ."

Indians, A Sketching Odyssey, Joe Rosenthal, Clarke, Irwin & Co., Ltd.

A Toronto artist with a grant from the Canada Council visits ten tribes from Northern Ontario to British Columbia. The text and the sketches are emphatic and clear.

The Other Canadians, Profiles of Six Minorities, Morris Davis and Joseph F. Krauter, Methuen, Toronto.

Detailed examinations of the social and political problems of Indians, Eskimos, Negroes, Orientals (Chinese and Japanese), Doukhobors and Hutterites.

A Time To Pass Over, Life With a Pioneer