euble qui se trouve aussi être une fonction la couleur bleue et porte
et excentriques qui lui donnent des
dire que leur premier contact avec
fait, elle les a terrifiés un soir de
plonges dans la plus totale
Béatrice, ils avaient pris Beatrice,
un danger extrême qui, en fait,
etaient pour une fois les victimes.
es excentricites de la magicienne
mt qu'elle ne devienne leur amie.
its coinces dans l'ascenseur, alors
nouvelle fois le reel
Béatrice doit bien confesser
C. Claire L. Malarte-Feldman est professeur de français à l'Université du New
Hampshire à Durham. Plusieurs années de recherche sur les Contes de Charles
Perrault ont tout naturellement poussée à s'intéresser à la littérature de
jeunesse d'expression française.

EYE-CATCHING COSIMO CAT


Cosimo cat is a success for all the right reasons—the story is charming and
magical, and the illustrations are a perfect match.

The story follows a young boy who one day dusts off his adventure gear in
response to a missing cat notice. Cosimo the cat, he is told, has cobalt eyes. As he
leaves, Rowan asks his father what colour is cobalt. His father's answer—"deep,
depth blue, ocean blue, summer sky blue"—becomes a rhythmic refrain throughout
the book.

Rowan soon finds the charcoal grey cat with such distinctive eyes, but he
cannot catch him. The cat leads him on a merry chase through city parks, subways,
and underground shopping malls and finally into a museum. In the stillness,
Rowan hears purring and follows Cosimo into the Egyptian exhibit. There he
finds two stone cats on the same pedestal.

One with deep, deep blue eyes and the
other with...
emerald green eyes, deep, deep green, seaweed green, summer grass
green." As Rowan leaves with Cosimo, he is sure he sees the whiskers on the stone
cat move.

The mystery and magic in this story is very subtle, perhaps requiring a slightly
more sophisticated reader. Beyond the obvious question—was the statue some­
how Cosimo's mate?—the story is significant because it makes the power of the
past come alive. It may even make kids want to explore museums to discover their
own magic.

The illustrations are rich, lush, and beautiful. It appears that the original
medium may have been watercolour. The richness is partially attributed to motifs
in the illustrations. Each illustration looks like a miniature Baroque painting—full
of details that together create a panoramic view.

My only quibble, and it is minor, is that like so many books published in
Canada, someone decided to hide the Canadian identity. This story clearly takes
place in Toronto; the skyline is unmistakable, the subway signs are in the shape
of TTC, and the park and museum are the Royal Ontario Museum, but names have been withheld. Why?

Terri L. Lyons, a librarian, is the head of a department consisting of adult and young adult fiction, as well as Children's Services at the Whitby Public Library.

BROWN BAG BLUES: A NEED FOR BALANCED LITERARY NUTRITION


The battle against Victorian mores seems to have resulted in blatant concentration on sex by the media. Will the Van Krugels' tilting against physical-emotional repression of children result in blatant focus on boogers, belches, bowel movements and between-toes accumulations? If the TV cult cartoon "Ren and Stimpy" is any indication of entertainment fare for school-age children, it is a trend with which our authors here are definitely in touch.

Isn't vulgarity, like spice, better used in pinches to keep life from becoming prissy and bland? Why must great doses of crudeness constitute the healing measure?

Must we accept negative vulgarity, technological twaddle and pseudosociology as influences? Much of life can be tedious, indelicate, harsh. Somehow we learn to cope with less than pleasurable experiences. Yet, to concentrate on the shocking and gross, to exclude the fantasy, adventure and antic humour of high spirits is to deny children the development of subtlety, of finesse. Are children not capable of a variety of responses, acknowledging grossness and horror and moving on? In devoting so much time to this trivia, these artists neglect other more enriching experiences.

As to form, why are these and many other authors intent on setting children against learning rules of writing which have evolved in our language? Have we reached a sudden plateau, a place to rest on the way to Olympus, an experimental station to test the strength of these guidelines for expression? There is an attitude that spontaneity is stifled by knowledge of grammar, spelling, rhyming and rhythmic structure. Yes, test the holds but on with the ascent. Neglect of the structure which shapes poetry results in too much slack as in this book-tape production Brown bag blues.

Be wary of granting yourself or the young too easy a poetic license. Caution does not preclude patient acceptance of a child's fresh hopeful writing. With models of excellence the young will absorb and produce great things. Exposed to crass cartooning, undisciplined writing, unexceptional music and repeated grossness, they may develop into crass, undisciplined, unexceptional gross people.

It is a great challenge, privileging them a variety of ways to giggled ourselves into raptures over, also ran under rain-drenched trees back porches in the mysterious, crying to the calls of mosquito.

The wondrous stories of Andromeda the little mermaid because she longs for new, unexpected, hopeful worlds.

On the tape are heard two quatrains of accompaniment. But the music lack of the verses is, for the most part, flat.

This is low stuff, glibly done.

Patricia Vickery is an educator and anthologized and published in schools. Award for Children's Literature collection in 1994.

LE CRI DU PÉLICAN


Dominique Demers est actuellement reporter. Ses reportages lui ont valu prix. Elle a écrit deux autres ouvrages. collection Premier Roman de l'échelle: Valentine Picotee et To.

Le présent texte s'adresse aux adolescents.

Le roman est localisé au Québec Saint-Jovite et suit l'itinéraire des douleurs d'une adolescente au pied de Marie-Lune, trois grands père Sylvie et son amoureux Antoine nerveuse, aigrie, et sa fille a grand...