

Caught in the current

Christie Harris, with an introduction by J. Kieran Kealy

Résumé: *Christie Harris présente sa carrière littéraire, qu'elle a consacrée en très grande partie à la jeunesse; elle rappelle le rôle de pionnière qu'elle a joué dans la sauvegarde et la recension des légendes et des récits amérindiens.*

Introduction

Christie Harris is one of British Columbia's most respected and honoured children's writers. Though she has written biographies, fictionalized histories, and was in fact, one of Canada's first fantasists, she is best remembered for *Raven's cry*, her award-winning account of the near extinction of Haida culture as a result of the European invasion of the late eighteenth century, and her seven collections of West Coast Native legends, particularly her highly celebrated Mouse Woman stories, the first of which, *Mouse Woman and the vanished princesses*, won Ms. Harris her second Canadian Library Association Book of the Year award.

The following paper, previously unpublished, was originally presented at Serendipity 90, a Vancouver Children's Roundtable/IBBY conference, on May 18, 1990. In it she examines her career as a writer, focusing particularly on her lifelong interest in Native lore. More particularly, she both defends her role as a non-Native collector of Native legends and celebrates recent collections, like those of Kenneth Harris, in which Natives are collecting and publishing their own family stories, stories that she clearly suggests should be considered "personal property."

Ms. Harris's importance in the history of the dissemination of BC Native culture is perhaps best established by Robert Davidson, a descendent of the tribal chiefs chronicled in *Raven's cry*, who co-authored the foreword to this recently republished text. In it Davidson commends the sincerity and feeling of Harris's history, concluding that it is ultimately "a very good attempt at trying to look at history from a Native point of view." It makes "a beginning," he argues, "for a novice who wants to look at the background and history of the Haida," providing information that simply was unavailable when the book was first published in 1966.

Davidson's remarks conclude, however, with a call for Natives to regain control of the telling of their legends. As he says, "It's time for us to start breaking our own trail," a suggestion with which Ms. Harris obviously agrees. But her summary of her lifetime association with Native lore also suggests that this non-Native has, in her own way, played a significant role in making all of us aware of just how unique and wondrous a culture these trails can lead to.

Christie Harris

Any of you who are visitors to this coast must be noticing that the roots we dig into to decorate our strip of the Pacific Rim are the roots that produced the totem pole, the raven and killer whale sculptures, and startlingly articulated dance masks.

But there are visitors who really don't know which culture produced them. The first day I arrived away up north at Prince Rupert, just south of Alaska, in the region that is the home of Northwest Coast art, I went to the museum. I was standing out in front admiring the totem poles when a woman doing the same thing said, "I just love these old Chinese things, don't you?"

Well ... I came here in 1908. I grew up on this strip of the Pacific Rim unaware myself of the stories that go with those totem poles and those dance masks. I also grew up here thinking that mythology was something that belonged in ancient Greece or ancient Ireland, something that had very little to do with me and my world. And if I've helped to change that situation for today's children growing up here, don't expect me to say that I shouldn't have retold the stories of a culture not my own.

But I will tell you that I didn't do it deliberately. Talk about go with the flow. As a writer, I seem to have been like a floating branch repeatedly caught in the current of a river. In my newspaper and radio days, I was swept along through every other kind of story, for grownups as well as for children, until I was fifty. I had decades of radio scripts and one junior historical novel behind me when that current really caught me and swept me over the falls for the plunge into Northwest Coast Native myths and legends.

I had heard of our First People. In fact, my earliest recollection is of me as a little girl standing by the road in front of our upcountry homestead watching the Native Shuswap families drive by in their democrats, with dogs walking under the wagons. The children in the back just stared at this white girl who lived in that log cabin back there in the pine woods. But their elders always smiled at me and called out, "Hello, little papoose!" I liked the Indians, and the prettiest thing we owned was a beautifully beaded cloth, the work of one of those gifted women. Once my Irish mother gave them tea. She was like that, and they were neighbours, sort of. Anyway, I liked them, an attitude that has never changed. Over the years I've been with a lot of Natives, and I've never talked with one whose eyes didn't get round to twinkling. They have a great sense of humour, something I treasure in their stories, especially in the stories involving Raven or Mouse Woman.

My first real contact with Native lore came about through my children. In my radio days I was raising five children out in the Fraser Valley. An old friend recently reminded me that she once came upon me in my back garden with my typewriter on an apple box, one child in a playpen, another child up an apple tree and two more in the sandbox. (The fifth had not yet arrived.) And those were the days of a wood stove, a clothesline that kept breaking, a lot of floor and no vacuum cleaner. So believe me, I learned that, as a writer, I had to go with the

flow or I didn't go at all.

These children had graduated from playpens and sandboxes when my discovery of Native lore happened. The kids were into hiking, especially up Sumas Mountain to Lost Lake, a gloomy little lake that people said was bottomless, or perhaps it had an underground channel to the sea. Whatever, if your kids fell in there, they would never come up again. And that wasn't all. A very old neighbour came over one day to tell me that the oldtimers called that lake "Devil's Lake," because that lake was "bad news." Even the Indians wouldn't go there. Well, I knew an Indian, and I decided to ask him about the lake. I had interviewed him, and he lived halfway up Sumas Mountain. So, one day, the Harris family called on him and his twinkling-eyed wife.

I asked him if that was Lost Lake or Devil's Lake. He said neither, it was Stlalakum Lake. Stlalakums were the unnatural beings of the Fraser Valley. That lake was stlalakum with supernatural power, and, right, the Indians didn't go there except in the case of a shaman seeking more spirit power, or maybe in the case of a boy—a young brave boy—out on a spirit quest. So, the Bigfoot or Sasquatch everybody talked about was stlalakum. The two-headed lake snake that could make you spin about until you dropped dead if you ever turned your back on him was stlalakum. And then there were also the invisibles, the little mischievous stlalakum sprites that could get into you the way light got into water and make you do things you hadn't thought of doing.

Well, the lake didn't look great for the kids who wanted to hike there, but it looked wonderful to a storyteller. Somehow I had never been able to put fairies or elves or goblins or whatever into a Fraser Valley story. They just didn't belong there. But stlalakums! This was my first real glimpse into the magic there might be in our Natives' lore, though it was years before I wrote the book *Secret in the Stlalakum wild*, a fantasy adventure with young characters who go hiking up Sumas Mountain. Of course I didn't identify it as Sumas Mountain. After all, this was way back in the late fifties, more than thirty years ago. But maybe that's good because Sumas Mountain has now been developed for Boy Scout camping, and the boys may have enough to worry about without thinking about two-headed lake snakes, though the invisibles might be useful in making up excuses.

But to get back to the flow that swept me into my retelling of Native myths and legends. At this time most of my children had left home, but I was still busy turning out radio scripts when one day my husband came home and said, "How would you like to live in Prince Rupert?" Prince Rupert? Away up there near Alaska? "Fine!" I told him. I'd had only one historical novel published, and CBC Radio wasn't much of a market for children's writers, which was why I was writing so many school broadcast scripts, which took so much research. And now they were beginning to threaten my artistic integrity. Before, they had always let me put living in other times or the history of the fur trade or transportation or whatever into dramatic form, with a story line for adults as well as children, but a new teachers' committee was now vetting my scripts and suggesting that I should

cram in more information even if it did ruin my story line. But in relating a story, you can't belabour the message. You must first be a storyteller.

So, I went happily into the CBC office in Vancouver to announce: "No more scripts! I'm moving to Prince Rupert." The director positively leapt out of her chair: "You're going up there? We've always wanted to do a series about those great old Indian cultures, but we've never had anybody who knew anything about them." "Including me," I pointed out. "No problem," she answered. "You're so good at research." And just to be sure I would be very good at this particular kind of research, she showed me a letter. A Toronto scriptwriter had adapted a Haida legend for National School Broadcasts and everyone was delighted with it until a letter arrived from an obviously well educated and angry Haida man. The letter listed 39 errors in that adaptation, 39 things that could not have happened to those people at that time in that place.

I was warned. But I also remembered how I had been intrigued by those Coast Salish *stlalakums* and that being commissioned to write a series that would be carried on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation would let me move around up there, allowing me to be as nosey as I would probably want to be. So I said, "All right. One more series. Just one more."

Of course I wouldn't just be retelling Native legends for this series. With that teachers' script committee on the job, this would also have to be a highly informative series, brightened, I hoped, by touches of the magic and the monsters.

My husband, my youngest son and I went north by coastal steamer in sunny May weather. And I was overwhelmed by the magnificence of that coast and by my feeling of belonging. The snow-capped mountains, the forests, the islands and the beautiful inlets excited me. And finally when I got to Prince Rupert I found those great old Native cultures and the most gripping research I had ever done.

I had never really understood that those totem poles were Native heraldry; they were family crests that carried the identity of the various groups of people, and their startling emblems came right out of their mythology. There was a story to go with every eagle, beaver, killer whale and bear. And in the old days those startling images had decorated every house front, every canoe and every wooden feast dish. Those people had once had one of the most art-oriented, story-oriented cultures in the world. They also probably had had the handsomest houses on the continent and certainly the finest sea-going canoes. And there was a good reason for this: theirs was a culture superbly adapted to an incredibly rich environment. They had leisure with northern vigour.

They seem to have been our first immigrants, and they were good ones for, through thousands and thousands of years of occupation, they kept this strip of the Pacific Rim in almost pristine condition. They probably arrived here from across the Pacific, some say by chasing the mammoth over the northern landbridge; some say by chasing the salmon just south of the northern islands. But, however they came, they found rivers teeming with fish, mountains and forests lively with animals and sweet with berries. They found seas so full of

salmon, halibut, crabs, clams, seals, sea otters, sea lions and whales that they had a plenty that allowed them to devote part of their mild winters to great potlatch gatherings. At this time huge cedar longhouses were filled with visitors invited to witness legal claims in a non-writing society, and these visitors were paid for this witnessing with lavish gifts and feasts and by entertainment that was truly a festival of the arts. The towering pride of the chiefs was clearly involved in their potlatch displays, and their regalia and the spectacular “dress up” of the hosts and visitors only added to the splendour.

But it was the entertainment that most stirred the people: the dances and the drums and the stories. The dances were as wild as the animals and the supernatural beings that they honoured; the costumes and marvellously articulated dance masks also drew in spirit power from those animals and supernatural beings, while the stories reminded the people of their past and of the code and the customs they lived by. Dramatically performed to a vigorous and responsive audience, those stories were full of magic and monsters, adventure and daring, and fun. But the amusing trickery of Raven was also a reminder that gluttony made you ridiculous, that greed was the bad thing, a lesson that I’m afraid the children of today’s consumer society are not learning from their TV shows.

Though as full of magic and monsters as stories of the Old World, these stories did not feature Good versus Evil, the light versus the dark. These people living so watchfully close to nature knew that everything had potential for good or evil, depending on what you did. If you did not move out onto the sea with proper respect for what the wind and the waves told you, the Great Whirlpool Maker might stir up a whirl that could suck down even the greatest of the great northern canoes. But if you respectfully scattered eagle down (the symbol of peace and friendship) on the waters and if you never, never spat into the sea, then the spirits of the ocean would be kind and helpful to these great sea-going people.

Inland, along the rivers, you learned that if you treated the salmon with disrespect, the salmon might leave the rivers and that if you mistreated the mountain goats, the goats too might leave the hills. Even disrespect to a snail could bring on some calamity, and these are lessons that the children of a threatened planet must understand. And I think they do understand, and that is why they love the Native stories.

After all, everything—a tree, a stone, a river, even a snail—had a spirit self as well as a physical self. So, if you needed to cut down a cedar tree to make a canoe or get planks for a house, you went respectfully to the tree and explained your need; you apologized for the hurt; and you thanked the tree spirit for its great gift of wood. And then you honoured that matchless gift by decorating this wood with what is acknowledged to be one of the world’s great art styles, an astonishingly complex, sophisticated and powerful art that found its motifs in its stories.

But tragically these stories were beginning to vanish from the villages a century ago, and so the great museums sent expeditions up our coast to record what they could about a culture that had once been so great, a culture that had

kept our forests magnificent, our seas and our rivers clean, until greed came to the coast, the greed of the fur traders, then greed of some Natives who, seduced by the traders' goods, began to slaughter the sea otters, only to find that their magnificent world was beginning to fall apart.

These wonderful pre-fur trade stories would have been lost for us and perhaps lost to the Native people if some of the world's great museums, alarmed by reports of what was happening on our coast, hadn't sent these expeditions almost a century ago. Every expedition carried an ethnologist who sought out the storytellers in every village. They found that the great myths had reached nearly all the villages but that each village had changed them here and there. Always there was the basic tale, but the names and the incidents varied with the village, a bonus for the reteller. And the reteller can use a few bonuses.

Unfortunately those legends were taken down through interpreters *after* the Golden Age of Storytelling; they were also recorded by men of another culture. As a result the stories lacked detail. They didn't need detail when they had been told to a people who knew the characters, who knew the code they lived by—the code and the customs—who knew the settings, knew the dangers of the sea and the wild rivers, people who intimately knew the animals and supernatural beings of the tales. Thus, as taken down by an ethnologist working through an interpreter, those museum collections lacked both the eloquence and the excitement the stories must have had when they were performed in a feasthouse to a knowledgeable and responsive audience.

Thus, intrigued as I was by these museum collections, I often found them awfully hard to understand. And then I met Chief Kenneth Harris, a lab technician who was also one of the highest ranking of the Gitksan people. He was one of the first Natives I had ever met who still had a deep knowledge of his roots. He told me of some of the "details." But a reteller would have to find a way to slip in all that information (these details) unobtrusively so that it would never slow down the story. And I kept getting more and more information to slip in. Once, for example, when I was fortunate enough to get myself invited to an huge gathering of Natives in a Nisga'a village up on the Nass River, two young men—teachers—answered my questions for hours; they even drew pictures for me on the blackboard. In fact there always have been Native people ready and willing to help me. And always talking to them, or walking in a mossy forest, or just watching the sea from my husband's quiet sailboat, I have had this sense of belonging, a belonging I cannot explain unless you'll go for reincarnation.

It was long after my Prince Rupert days, after my almost total immersion in old Native cultures, and after several books of retold Indian legends, that I actually got interested in reincarnation. Many of the world's people had believed in reincarnation, including those old Natives. So I went to a hypnotist for some age regression. "Don't you like the age you are?" a woman once asked me. "Well," I told her, I'm not seeking the fountain of youth; I'm just looking for past lives." And I did find myself once going west in a covered wagon, being

attacked, and then lying on the ground and watching a wagon race over me. Another time I was a girl in the Middle Ages, and that time I was hurled off a battlement. But the most recurring scene was this: I was in a rather dark clearing with a strong sense of trees thrusting up on all sides. I felt young and frightened—frightened because things (bears? monsters? people in dance masks and costumes?) kept zooming at me out of the forest and then vanishing back into it.

“Maybe I was an Indian boy in a past life,” I once told my hypnotist. “Well, actually, I noticed a strange thing,” he said. “Once, in that dimly lit room, your face looked, briefly, like the face of a Native boy.” Thus he threw out the suggestion that my emotional involvement in the retelling of those stories could have been seeping in from a past life.

That sounds a little far-fetched. But if reincarnation is a fact, as many of the world’s people think it is, it does add a whole new aspect to the current confrontations about voice. Has a white woman the right to speak in the voice of someone of another race? What if all the roots are everybody’s roots? It is certainly something to consider.

On the other hand, maybe those are my roots. And maybe it’s why I was so pleased one day, after I’d been speaking at Simon Fraser University, when three older women came up to me and said, “We have to tell you that we’re surprised to find out that you’re a white woman. Your Mouse Woman is so right, we assumed you were one of us.” Of course, maybe my sensitivity to those old stories is also because of the Native people who have so willingly helped me to retell them.

In any case, I believe that when a writer gets totally involved in an area, when she finds herself leaping up during the night with ideas and insights, she has the right to freedom of speech. After all, if writers can’t get into somebody else’s skin because it’s a little different from their own, fiction is finished.

However, nobody gets more upset than I do when some writer grabs a Native story and retells it with 39 basic errors. Nobody is more pleased than I when I see the Northwest Coast Native writers retelling their own stories, but they must research them too, for it’s been a long time since anyone heard them in the feasthouse.

Nothing swept me into an understanding of the Northwest Coast cultures as much as the writing of *Raven’s cry*. It was while I was writing the school scripts in Prince Rupert that I became interested in Charles Edenshaw—Haida Eagle Chief Edinsa—whose carvings and sculptures were treasured in some of the world’s greatest museums. But great as he had been, there was simply no information up there apart from what a few oldtimers could tell me. He seemed to have died in poverty and obscurity; I couldn’t even find out enough to devote a half hour dramatized broadcast to him, and that really bothered me. Someone should write his biography so that we would know something about a man who had obviously been a very great artist.

Later, in Vancouver, where I was now living after my husband had retired and we had left Prince Rupert, I met Bill Reid, now an internationally famous Haida

artist. He had left his job as a CBC Radio announcer to plunge himself into Haida art. No one appeared to remember the principles of Haida art, and Bill felt compelled to rediscover them. He told me that it was his Great Uncle Charlie who was compelling him, none other than the ghost of the great Haida Eagle Chief Edinsa. Bill rediscovered these principles by studying the bracelets and other treasures of the older women in the villages and by studying Haida artifacts in the museums. And always he felt that Great Uncle Charlie was making him do things this way and not that.

He told me that he had always wanted to write that biography I was talking about, but he was a little busy and "writing was too much work." He said that if I really wanted to write that book, he was willing to act as my art consultant, and I knew I couldn't write about a Haida artist without a lot of advice about Haida art. He then suggested that I start turning up at his studio so that he could get on with his work while telling me about the Haida people as well as the Haida art.

Well, those sessions with him were wonderful. Bill had a beautiful voice, a passion for Haida art and a deep understanding of what had happened to the people who produced it, and especially to Great Uncle Charlie.

The Canada Council was willing to pay Bill's consultant's fee and my basic travel costs back to the Queen Charlottes, but as word of what I was planning seemed to get around, people began telling me that the Edenshaws, the Davidson family, would never tell their family stories to a white woman. They had me so nervous that I was afraid to write and ask. As I said to my husband, "What if they write back and say, 'Don't bother'?"

So without telling anybody up there, one day we drove to Prince Rupert, flew over to the Charlottes, rented a car and drove up to the Native village at Masset. I knew better than to go in to Indian Affairs to ask where I could find Florence Davidson, Charles Edenshaw's daughter. Instead, I asked someone on the street, someone who said, "Isn't that strange? There she is now." Well, I went up to her and said, "You're Florence Davidson? I'm Christie Harris." I had opened my mouth to say more when she said, "We've been expecting you. We had planned to have a reception for you tonight at my home, but there's been a little fire so we're having it at my son's house."

Well! I was stunned. And a little terrified. What could I say to that gathered clan to make them willing to help me do what I just had to do? The first thing I did do was show them the very brief account of Charles Edenshaw in a National Museum booklet. Well, I learned that the photograph was not of Charles Edenshaw. It was of somebody else, and the brief text was full of errors they seemed to feel strongly about. So rather quickly it was agreed that Florence Davidson would tell me the treasured old family stories.

It was wonderful that summer. Every morning our hotel packed a picnic basket and my husband and I picked up Florence and her husband Robert Davidson and drove to wherever they suggested. And, day after day, that very high ranking, charming and articulate lady told me how it had been, and sometimes she told me

who I could talk to in Skidegate to find out even more about this or that.

Gradually I could see that many of the best stories were of incidents that had happened before her father became Chief Edinsa. The uncle and great uncle he had succeeded as Chief Edinsa had also been great artists, and I found that I also needed to consider the episodes that occurred during the span of years when they led their people, a period when a great culture was dying after contact with the white man. I saw that this couldn't be a biography. This had to be the story of three successive chiefs, all great artists and great chiefs, men who had tried to save their people from the terrible things that were happening to them.

It was the most deeply exciting field research I had ever done. More and more I began to discover that Charles Edenshaw had been a driven man, driven to record a dying culture in the carvings he was doing for the great museums. He was a worthy chief, too, trying to inspire his people to hold on to their old beliefs and their old dignity in the face of ever more widespread degradation. And he was the last of the three great Haida Eagle chiefs, all of whom had wonderful family stories.

Now everything had to be put into context. And, clearly, my book could not be a biography of one man, for this was a story of the tragedy of culture contact, here, on our own coast. It was the saga of three great Haida chiefs.

Once I had gathered all the tales my informants could tell me, I needed to be in Victoria where I had the archives and the museum and my good friend, Wilson Duff, the provincial anthropologist who seemed to be *the* authority on the Haida. So we took a beach house on Cordova Bay for a year, and I plunged into the story while my husband undertook a scanning of all the logs of all the old sailing ships that had called in at Haida Gwaii.

And something began to happen, something mystical. Again and again I would run into a blank spot. Then I'd go to sleep wondering about it, and again and again I'd wake up knowing what had happened in that blank spot, just as if some old Haida spirit had come to me in my sleep and told me. I'd check it out, and it would seem to be so. When I told my family about the old Haida spirit helping me, my scientific son, Michael, said, "Mom, you know that the subconscious is like a computer. Feed in enough good data and it's going to come up with some pretty good answers." Well, maybe, but I still favour the spirit help.

As this manuscript was growing, my New York editor, Jean Karl, kept saying, "Can't you get this Bill Reid to illustrate it?" I kept asking him. He kept saying, "I'm a carver. I'm a jeweller. I'm not an illustrator." But when I finally had it finished, ready for him to check for errors, he came over to Victoria for a weekend. He read the manuscript in silence, laid it down and said, "That's not bad. I'll illustrate it." He went out to his car and brought in this killer whale pin and presented it to me. It's my treasure—a gift of his jewellery from the great Bill Reid.

Well, the book was reviewed as historical fiction. It won awards. Most importantly, it pleased my Haida informants, and when they started the rediscovery program for young people up there, *Raven's cry* was adopted as the basic book. When I went to a big potlatch there a couple of years ago, I was publicly

honoured for that book, and when I went to the Charlottes this April on a reading tour, a teacher handed me a "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN" letter to send on to somebody who can get it back into print, for, after nearly a quarter century on the shelves, *Raven's cry* has gone out of print.

So what do you think? Sometimes, perhaps, a Caucasian should move into the skin of a Native? Thomas King, a Native Indian writer, recently said he doesn't believe that anyone can tell writers what to write about or that any particular group has a right to ownership of a voice. All he asks is "that anyone who writes in a voice of a people like Native Indians is that they do it with respect." I agree.

I admit, though, that all this talk makes me think twice about retelling any more Native stories. So I'm very glad I didn't hear the squabbles before I found Mouse Woman.

The Mouse Woman stories are full of magic. They're fun to work with. When I had finished *Mouse Woman and the vanished princesses*, Jean Karl asked me to look for more Mouse Woman stories, and more, until we had *Mouse Woman and the mischief makers* too, and then *Mouse Woman and the Muddleheads*.

Then I stopped hunting for more Mouse Woman stories because I'd come up with an idea about storytale princesses. Now, princesses are very big in the Old World tales, so I wondered. I then spent a summer reading, reading, reading, and by the end of the summer I had decided that princesses were nothing but trouble: falling into dire straits, getting carried off by supernatural beings, giving adventurous young men an awful lot of trouble (riding up a glass hill). When I had decided on seven main troubles, I began searching the old museum collections for Native princesses involved in those particular troubles. I found them and wrote *The trouble with princesses*, setting the New World princesses into the context of all storytale princesses. And that book won the Canada Council Children's Literature Prize, now the Governor General's Award.

And of course, after devoting all that time to the girls, I began to wonder about the boys. What was *The trouble with adventurers*? The only trouble was deciding which, because that coast is full of adventure and adventurers. And I haven't even mentioned my earlier collections of retold legends, *Once upon a totem* and *Once more upon a totem*, but, in conclusion, there's something I'd like to say about somebody else's.

I mentioned Ken Harris who helped me so much in my Prince Rupert days. Well, that knowledgeable, high ranking Gitksan man finally got around to writing his own family's stories for the U.B.C. Press. He translated them from audiotapes made by his mother. And they are great—good stories, very well told. I saw so many things in that book I would love to have picked up. But this was a case of personal property. Those stories still belong only to Ken's family group. They weren't picked up nearly a century ago and put into the public domain by some museum, so they can't be retold except by special permission. And clearly there's no need for anyone else's involvement in those stories. Ken has done a beautiful retelling. I really treasure the inscription he wrote on the

copy he gave me: "To my long lost cousin." I wonder if he knows something about reincarnation that I don't know.

And now, if you would like to challenge this floating branch that seems to keep getting swept along by a series of strong currents into the retelling of stories from a culture not my own, I'd be happy to join a discussion.

Christie Harris is probably British Columbia's most honoured children's writer. This previously unpublished paper was originally given at Serendipity 90, the Vancouver Children's Literature Roundtable and IBBY conference, on May 18, 1990. Since that time, *Raven's cry* has been republished by both the University of Washington Press and Douglas & McIntyre.

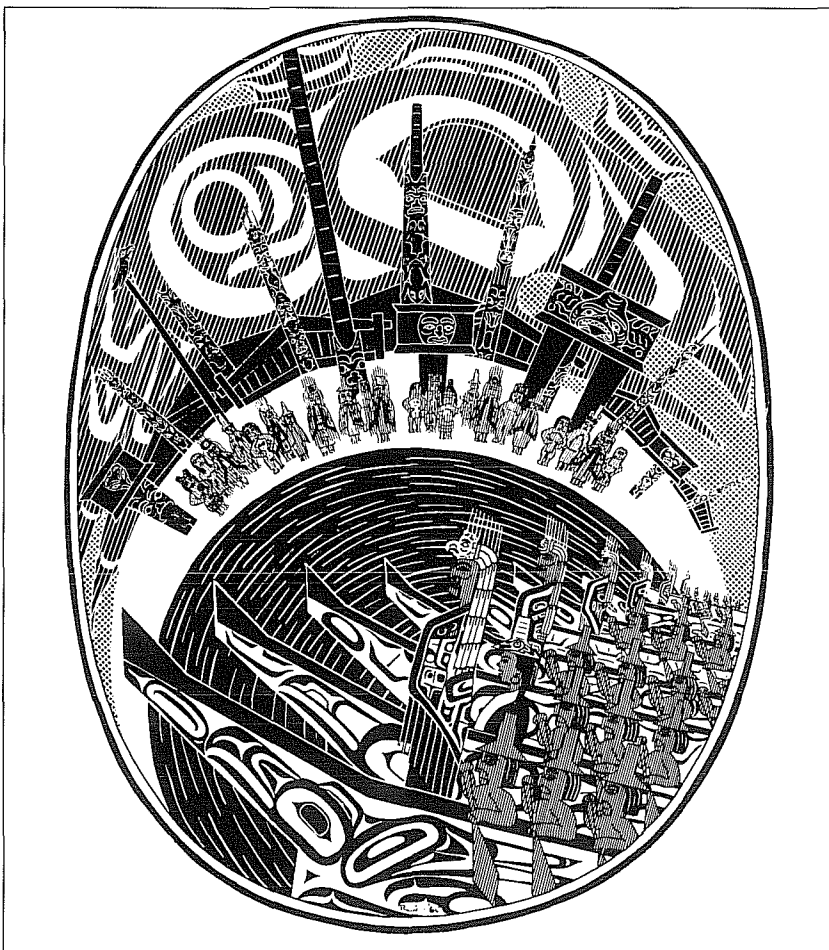


Illustration from *Raven's cry* by Christie Harris. © 1992 Bill Reid.