

Marvellous meals from McNair

Sometime this spring a person will walk into a book store somewhere in North America and purchase James McNair's millionth cookbook. In Canada, a "best seller" is one that sells a mere 5,000 copies...in the States, it's 20,000. But 1,000,000 cookbooks! I hope that his publisher, Raincoast Books, has the sense to have one dipped in solid gold for this modest, imaginative southerner.

Last autumn I had the privilege of showing him around Toronto for a day. We ate "Canadian" at both Metropolis and Nekah. It was his first experience in eastern Canada. Jet-lagged and frazzled from the book tour, he loved the city, its food and its people.

McNair now lives in a quiet

Anita Stewart

Notes from a country cook

neighbourhood in San Francisco. Quiet, that is, until the earthquake hit. Running into the hall, he says it was somewhat like being inside a washing machine.

Teamed up with photographer Patricia Brabant, he has created over a dozen books, all reasonably priced at \$14.95.

Two recipes follow, one for a hearty Salmon and Corn Chowder from his Salmon Cookbook. The Citrus Cream Pie with Coconut Crust is from his latest, "The Pie Cookbook" which contains the most of the basic information any pie baker will ever need. By mastering McNair's pies, one will

become expert enough to create any number of new pastries.

SALMON AND CORN CHOWDER

Use fresh corn if possible, but canned or frozen is satisfactory. For those of us who can't obtain salmon, this basic chowder recipe is good with this winter's Georgian Bay whitefish or splake.

3 tbsps unsalted butter
2 medium sized leeks,
including any portion of the
green that is tender, thinly
sliced
1 large potato, peeled and
finely diced
2 cups fish or chicken stock



3 cups whole milk
2 cups heavy cream (35%)
1 lb salmon filet, skinned and
cut into cubes
1 cup whole kernel corn
Salt and pepper, to taste.

Melt the butter in a large saucepan over low heat. Add the leeks and cook, stirring frequently, until very soft but not browned, about 8 minutes.

Add the potato and stir to coat with butter. Pour in the stock and simmer uncovered over low heat for 15 minutes. Add the milk and cream and simmer for 10 minutes more. Add the salmon and corn, simmering until the fish and corn are done, about 5 minutes. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Serve immediately.

Serve 4.

CITRUS CREAM PIE WITH COCONUT CRUST

James says that "any citrus fruit can be used to make the smooth, rich filling for this pie. Adjust the amount of sugar to suit

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Why there are no lady hermits

Feminists are always screaming around about how there isn't any difference at all between the male mind and the female one; but, last time I looked, I didn't see no lady hermits in sight.

So, what's that got to do with anything? Everything. 'Cause it surely points up the fact that there must be a heck of a difference to make a man hike himself off to the nearest mountain top, or desert, or bush wilderness, there to happily commune with his Maker, Ground-of-Being, or just plain navel in search of the ultimate spiritual experience.

But catch a woman doing that? No way.

First of all, she couldn't stand her own company for more than twenty-four hours (if that!), before she'd be either talking to herself or to all the little birds, bees and animules. A woman is a born gabber, and she needs peo-

Olga Landiak

Life, According to Baba

ple to gab to, and there ain't peoples on mountain tops or in wildernesses.

Next, with all her nesting habits, she wouldn't be the least bit satisfied with just a fox hole, a cave or even a log shanty (providing she had the strength and know-how to put one up, that is) as a place of shelter. What, all that dirt and dust and messy detritus, and her without a vacuum cleaner let alone a lousy old broom? Would drive her nuts. Not to mention the lack of a chair, table, bed, frilly curtains and spreads, cushions and carpeting, an all other such modern-house etceteras.

And what about the lack of mod. cons.? Ah hah, that would

really drive our lady hermit crazy to have to lug water from the nearest stream. Providing one wasn't in the middle of a desert and no place to do a Moses-like act, that is. And what about having to make do with all of Mum Nature's great outdoors in which to ...ahem...well, you know what I mean. And not a roll of toilet paper in sight either. That would be the crowning inconvenience.

Well, next door to the lack of change of clothing. Can you imagine our lady hermit being content to wear the same raggedy, shabby, dirty old robe day in and night out? No fashions to follow, no shops to prowl through, no 'buy-a-new-outfit-and-lift-me-out-of-the-blues' kind of thing.



Horrors! And what about no make-up and no weekly hair set? Make do with plain washed face and let the hair hang-a-down any old which-a-way? More horror.

And the car, what about the car? You expect our lady hermit to hot foot it around on her bare little tootsies while pan-handling for a bowl of rice and a veggie or two? And her what's never set

foot to pavement since the day she was born?

And food, what about food? Between you and me and the doorpost, I don't think our lady hermit would last too long on a diet of grass, berries, nuts and locusts and all such other 'natural' foods. Mind you, she'd be nice and slim and the envy of her once-upon-a-time Health Club, but she wouldn't be very happy.

But hermit men can live like this. And they do. All over the place. They disappear into mountains, forests, jungles, bushlands and even deserts for months, years, at a time. Sometimes even forever.

But, like I said, last time I looked, I didn't see no lady hermits in their company. So don't tell me there isn't any difference between the mind of a man and that of a woman.

There most surely is.

'Not in my back yard' syndrome

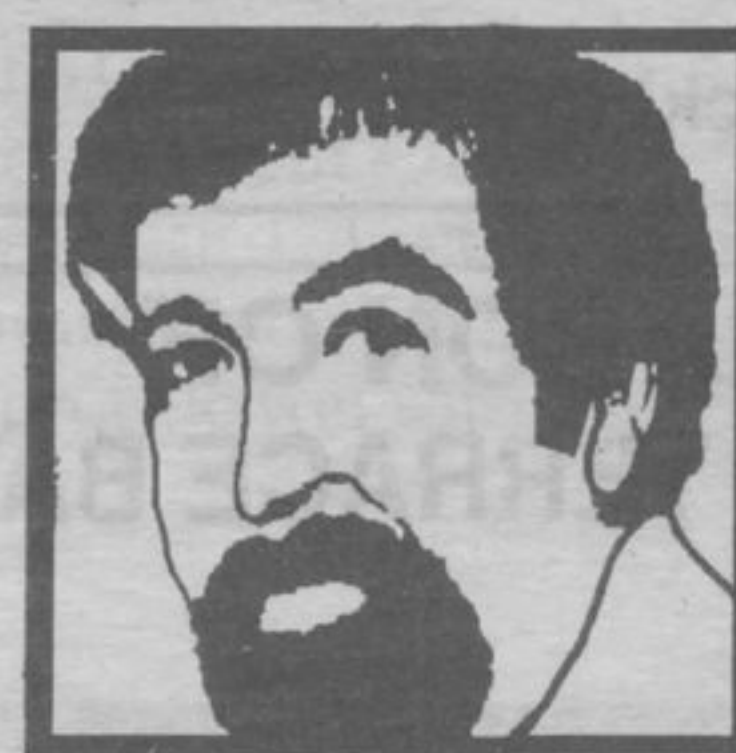
John Sewell, the crusading reformist former Mayor of Toronto, no longer wears long hair, a leather jacket and a necklace, like he did two decades ago. When he addressed the annual Lakehead Social Planning Council recently, he was wearing a conservative blue business suit. His hair has all but disappeared from the middle of his head, except for some thin wisps. The man I knew over 20 years ago when we were both community development workers in the poorest downtown sections of Toronto, now lectures to law students at Osgoode Hall. But Sewell has not lost any of his wit, or his knack for penetrating analysis.

His address to the Social Planning Council was called "Why Not in My Backyard?". It was part of a panel discussion on the growing resistance from middle class neighborhoods to any "social housing" projects - such as half way homes for recovering alcoholics, psychiatric patients, juvenile offenders, or group homes for disturbed adolescents. According to Sewell's analysis, this resistance has its origins in the 1950's. When E.P. Taylor, Canada's most famous multi-mil-



NORTHERN INSIGHTS

by Larry Sanders



lionaire at the time, introduced the concept of "suburbia" to the Canadian housing market by building Don Mills, on what was then rural pasture land in the north end of Toronto.

The suburbs of Don Mills created a model for all future middle class housing development - streets were laid out in confusing patterns of crescents and curves, instead of the traditional grid pattern. Residential areas were clearly segregated from commercial malls, instead of allowing corner stores to spring up. Only nuclear families were allowed in the suburbs, since all the bungalow's were made to contain only one family. Grandparents and borders were restricted by space, and discouraged through zoning laws.

But the real selling point of suburbia was "exclusively". Only

safe, middle-income families were allowed in. Lower income families could not afford the monthly mortgage payments, and were discouraged from living in suburbia by the absence of affordable rental suites. The concept was enshrined in Canadian consciousness that it was alright to choose to live somewhere where "undesirables" are not allowed.

Sewell's argument is that the unwillingness of middle class neighborhoods to tolerate social housing projects - a phenomena called NIMBY, or "Not in My Back Yard" - comes from this social exclusivity, now perpetuating itself in another generation of affluent Canadians. Social planners have a major problem on their hands, because, despite thirty years of relative affluence in Canada, the percentage of poor people has increased, not

decreased. Unemployment remains entrenched at over 10% of the population. Yet, in order to break the poverty cycle, the planners have to build decent, affordable housing somewhere for people who need it. And that means proposing developments in someone's backyard - including the suburbs.

Two days after hearing Sewell's speech, I participated in a workshop in a small northern fishing village, called Rosspport. Its a pleasant two hour drive east of Thunder Bay, along the beautiful north shore of Lake Superior. Rosspport is not only geographically far away from Don Mills, its socially isolated as well. Rosspport does not show any evidence of NIMBY. Its total population is under 200. Rosspport started as a fishing port in the 1930's, when commercial fishing

was strong enough on Lake Superior to support many families. In the 50's, the sea lamprey and excess fishing nearly wiped out the lake trout population. Rosspport nearly died. Lately, its been going through a revival. Families who wanted to move away from the smells and Don Mills-like sterility of nearby pulp and railway towns have built "dream homes" in Rosspport - some on gorgeous lake front lots. Rosspport is a "suburb" in one sense, or bedroom community, for people who work for the CPR in Schreiber, the Minova mine outside Schreiber, or the Kimberly Clark pulp mill in Terrace Bay.

But the "suburban mentality" Sewell complained about is not evident in Rosspport. The workshop was called to look at Rosspport's future. A local development committee has launched a major study of the tourism potential of the area, since Rosspport has been picked by the provincial government as one of the "Five Star" tourist attractions in the Lake Superior corridor. So the Rosspport Conservation and Development Group decided to

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