

BOOKS *in* CANADA

the independent book review magazine

VOLUME 2 NO. 1

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BOOKS FRENCH & ENGLISH '72—TO BEGIN WITH—MARSHALL ON FORUM—
DE POE ON EAYRS—HEARD & TOLD—WRITE-IN—BI-FOCUS ON WOODCOCK—
BICKERSTAFF ON BUCKLER—CANADIAN STAGE—WIEBE ON CALLAGHAN

LAYING CANADA BARE

THE NUDE IN CANADIAN PAINTING

JERROLD MORRIS

new press

cloth \$10.00; illustrated; 89 pages

reviewed by Walter Klepac

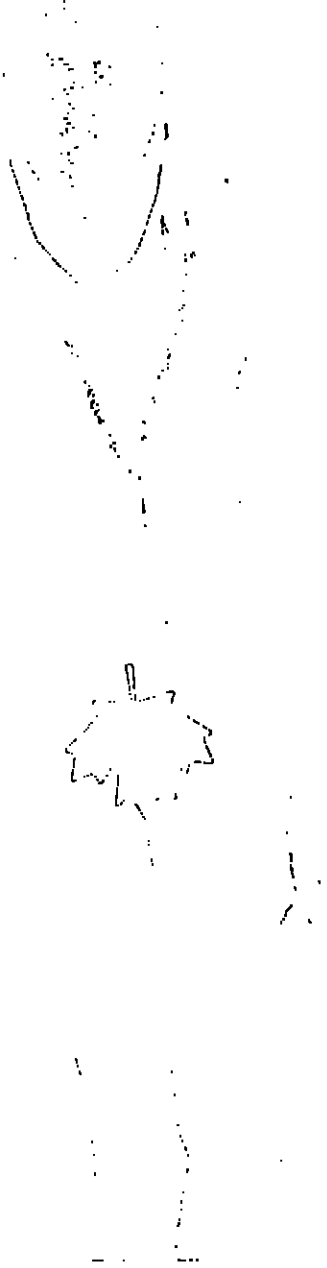
IN THIS latest book, Jerrold Morris provides a genial, lucid and highly entertaining guide to a subject that has remained, for well over a century, a largely uncharted territory of Canadian art. Mr. Morris, a Toronto art dealer and former art museum curator, credits this unfortunate and undeserved obscurity to the stern and narrow moralistic sensibilities of Puritan ancestors. It is almost as if, one artist is quoted by Morris as saying, the human body were regarded as an object of disgust.

Morris believes that because of this attitude, nude paintings often spent the best part of their careers outside the artist's studio decorating the walls of some private gentleman's billiard room. For the most part, however, they were to be found in the personal collection of the artists themselves, i.e., they remained unsold.

This reticence about accepting the nude as a proper subject for "respectable" art may also account to some extent for the difficulty Mr. Morris encountered in simply finding any

record of certain works, let alone actually locating them. But the real value of Morris' book is that not only does it allow us to see a number of hitherto unknown paintings, it also, because of its subject matter, offers a fresh and stimulating perspective on the development of Canadian painting since the time of Cornelius Krieghoff. (And what a welcome relief it is from all those goddamn landscapes!)

Through most of the 19th century, figure painting both in Canada and in the United States is locked securely into the conventions of European academic art. It isn't really until the late 1890s and until the lessons of the Post-Impressionists have been absorbed that Canadian artists gain a command of style and thereby are able to discover for themselves a mode of personal expression. Very much influenced by Matisse, the figure paintings of William Morrice introduce to the Canadian art scene a bolder use of colour, a more sumptuous handling of paint, a fluid, more sensuous articulation of form, as well as a pro-



nouncedly expressive treatment of the subject. John Lyman's paintings of the nude take up many of Morris's discoveries and continue to extend the emotional range of this erstwhile staple of the academic regimen. Later, Group of Seven artist Frederick Varley brings to the genre the subtlety and psychological complexity of his outstanding portraits.

It is only after Alfred Pellán's return to Montreal from France in the 1940s, however, that Canadian artists are confronted with the full scope of the dilemma and challenge of contemporary art.

The major developments in the visual arts in this century have largely been confined to the domain of the formal and the abstract. Increasingly, the thrust of "advanced" painting has been away from a figurative or representational art towards one exclusively preoccupied with purely formal problems and various internal relationships. Refusing to depict, or "be a picture" of something, contemporary painting has, with astonishing rigour and singleness of purpose, refined itself down to the point where it is exclusively concerned with its most basic elements: paint on a given size and shape of canvas. In short, the means once employed by an artist to create an illusion have become the ends.

Morris feels that to restrict one's view of contemporary art to only the abstract is very narrow indeed. In the last half of his essay he argues that the only way to gain a proper appreciation of the richness and diversity of recent art is to set aside the concept of the mainstream (i.e., the so-called modernist tradition) and look at the corresponding developments that have taken place in figurative painting over the past 20 years. The figurative artists have responded to the rapidly changing times by creating new images and, as such, Morris feels, have produced a body of work that may justifiably lay claim to being a valid contemporary art form.

This section of the book deals with how figurative painting, and specifically the paintings of the nude, have absorbed the influences of Pop Art, experimental film, heightened social awareness, Op and conceptual art. While stimulating and often loaded with intriguing impli-

cations, quite a number of the main ideas and insights of this section are not sufficiently worked out or are rather lamely stated. Only rarely does Morris' commentary degenerate into the distressingly pedestrian and superficial as in the case of his notes on the New Realism and the use of metaphor and symbols. On the whole, one comes away wishing that these last 12 pages of text could have been expanded into a full-length book.

No doubt, however, the author and publisher intended the book to be primarily an introduction and not a major systematic study. Considering the number and quality of illustrations (both in colour and in black and white) and its modest price, *The Nude in Canadian Painting* can be highly recommended to the general reader. □

WALTER KLEPAC, whose main interest is contemporary art, has written for *Guerilla and Artscanada*; a native of Detroit, he has now settled in Toronto.

COME ALL YE...

THE NEW REFUGEES: American Voices in Canada

Edited by JIM CHRISTY
Peter Martin Associates
cloth \$7.95; 151 pages

reviewed by H. G. Leitch

THIS ANTHOLOGY examines the phenomena of 60,000 to 100,000 bright-eyed and bushy-headed young Americans who apparently switched rather than fight. Does their presence in Canada mean anything more? Surely they didn't all arrive here by coincidence?

The United Empire Loyalists fled the 13 rebellious colonies without waiting to see what they'd make of themselves. Whatever these New Refugees may be, they represent an extreme response to those original American ideals that briefly flared in the last decades of the 18th century, and perhaps through the first quarter of the 19th century, before going into a coma

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BOOKS in CANADA

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THE FINAL REPORT Of the Royal Commission on Book-Publishing has been delivered at last to the Ontario government. It is not possible at this late hour, with the magazine about to go to press, to attempt a detailed review of all its components, or even of its long list of recommendations. It is enough to say that in general the report is an anthology of conventional wisdom about Canadian book-publishing, useful in that it includes in a single volume detailed discussion of many, though unhappily not all, of the concerns of the book community.

At least some of the Commission's recommendations relating to trade books (those books that we review and you read) must also be described as conventional and, in a few cases, as unimaginative. Since the bulk of our distribution is free and not liable to taxation, the controversial recommendation that magazines be taxed to finance projects of support for book-publishing is not a matter of direct concern to us. What does concern us greatly, however, is how such revenue might be used.

One use would be to create an Ontario Book-Publishing Board, with the ostensible purpose of fostering Canadian authorship. This purpose would be effected apparently by the further guarantee of low-interest loans to Canadian-owned publishing houses, further duplicating dubious policies already being pursued in Ottawa and in Ontario. There is little evidence to suggest that the front-loading of unproven publishers with capital, be it by grant or loan, does much beyond inducing more and more Canadian writers to share the hopeful penury that tends to result from publishing a book with a small Canadian house. And there are grounds for suspecting that in certain cases the capital so obtained is being used to proliferate titles, irrespective of their salability, as grounds for further milking of the public purse. Unless the projected Board can ensure that participating publishers undertake only books that they can edit competently

and promote effectively, many of the proposed loans will never be repaid and will become wasteful charges on the taxpayer.

Too many of the smaller and more nationalistic publishers, lost in their posturing as cultural heroes, seem out of contact with the reality of what is demanded of them as nationalists, as publishers, and as businessmen. The Commission is to be commended certainly on its insistence that Canadian publishers should be obliged to have their books printed and manufactured in Canada. Unlike the Canada Council, it does not turn a blind eye on the hypocrisy practiced by some Canadian-owned houses in sending their books for manufacture abroad, thereby denying Canadian book-manufacturers (equally oppressed by the exigencies of the book business) their fair share of public support. Nor does the Commission shrink from condemning the unworthy-attempt by some publishers to misuse grant money by disguising it as advance royalties due to authors under their contracts. Such frankness may underline the sincerity of the commissioners' concern for authors, but it scarcely compensates absence in their recommendations of any scheme that might bring about an immediate and substantial improvement of the Canadian author's lot. Their scheme for insuring authors against non-payment of royalties by their publishers, for instance, seems unlikely to help the authors most in need, those who through the editorial and promotional ineptitude of their publishers have little in the way of royalties to collect.

Poor editing and poor promotion are the most crucial of the ills endemic in Canadian publishing and yet, while the Commission takes note of them in passing, it makes no recommendations that might provide a cure. Publishing executives in Canada earn substantially the same as their opposite numbers in comparable businesses. And yet editors (who represent the creative spark in publishing) and promotion staff (who represent its commercial spark) subsist

on average earnings that barely surmount the legal minimum. Is it any wonder then that Canadians tend to remain either unimpressed by or ill-informed about Canadian books?

The editorial competence and promotional effort of Canadian publishing houses is naturally of prime importance to this magazine, for we (like the Commission) see publishing as "the interface between a nation's writers and its readers." Unlike the Commission, however, we seem to base our activities on a much wider attention to the needs of the ordinary Canadian reader.

While the Commission's obvious thoroughness in most of its research compels some admiration, its consideration of the book-reviewing media in general and of this magazine in particular strikes us superficial, if not cavalier. It singles us out for this description: "... the commendable, but in some respects inbred, review, *Books In Canada*, with its limited and consequently repetitive cast of contributors . . ." And it goes on to remark: "... we think — and have found agreement among many people in the book industry — that *Books In Canada* has indulged too often in what almost appears to be authors assassination for its own sake."

Such slighting comments, as vague as they are damaging, seem to us unworthy of the commissioners, speaking as they do from a privileged position. And it seems to us that they might seriously prejudice against us any reader of the report who is unfamiliar with this magazine, since he might assume such opinions to be as well-founded, as thoroughly researched and as soundly based on relevant comparisons as the rest of the report. Our own experiences with the Commission did not lead us to make any such assumption.

Our first encounter occurred during the Commission's initial year of research. We responded to its general appeal by submitting a brief and were in due course invited to appear before the commissioners at a public hearing. Our examination by only two of the

three commissioners was, as their own records must show, cursory and irrelevant. Little interest was shown in our aims, our function in relation to the book industry, or our operational problems. During last summer, those problems, acute at the time, were again brought to the attention of the Commission through the good offices of its Executive secretary. The commissioners' response was to ask publishers what they thought of *Books In Canada*? The result of their enquiry was as ambiguous as one might obtain by asking defendants what they thought of judges.

Had the commissioners bothered to study our brief or many of the editorials published here, they might have discovered that we feel our responsibility is primarily to the writers and the readers of Canadian books. Whether this proves of service to Canadian publishers or not is incidental.

To our knowledge the Commission made no sustained attempt to find out what writers or readers thought of *Books In Canada*. And yet it is a matter of record that it did conduct subsequently a survey of some 2000 readers

belonging to the *Readers' Club of Canada*, many of whom are readers of our magazine. Having in the meantime conducted our own more extensive survey of readers, we are now happily in the position of knowing what they do think of *Books In Canada*. Their verdict does not coincide with the joint verdict of the commissioners and the publishers.

We are as much aware of our shortcomings as we are of the limitations imposed on us by our lack of resources. But we are grateful to those many readers who, while expressing a general and predominant satisfaction in their replies, have suggested ways in which *Books In Canada* might serve them even better. Our attempts to respond to some of those suggestions should be evident in this issue.

In response to the Commission's comments, however, we can only suggest that the commissioners should reexamine the grounds on which they were based. Even a cursory comparison will show them that our roster of reviewers, considering the number of Canadian books we review, is no shorter

and no less varied than that of any book-section in a Canadian magazine or newspaper. Moreover, despite shortage of staff and funds, we have achieved a far wider geographical spread in our list of reviewers than any other book-section in the country. Since our aim is to review as many Canadian books of as many different kinds as we have space for, we do not skim off the cream of current books. And so it is inevitable that we do publish more adverse reviews of Canadian books than anybody else. But in any event, when one of our reviewers fairly concludes that a book is badly-written or ill-conceived or poorly-edited or shoddily-produced, we regard it as our duty to our readers, as consumers, to advise them of that conclusion.

If the commissioners then, or the publishers, wish to sustain their charges that we have "assassinated" any Canadian authors, let them produce the bodies. We suspect that the hopes and talents of far more Canadian authors will be killed off by inadequacies of Canadian publishers (and even of Royal Commissions) than by our reviewers.

VAL CLERY

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IN THE CASE OF HARD-TO-FIND
CANADIAN BOOKS

69 Bathurst Street,
Toronto, Ontario
M5V 2P7.

FIRST TO PROMOTE CANADIAN BOOKS ABROAD

BOOKS IN ENGLISH CANADA: 1971

Never judge a book by its cover, so the saying goes. And never judge a book by one review, we say. We're happy with the thought that many of our readers in larger (and some smaller) cities can compare our judgments on Canadian books with those in a newspaper book-page or column. With the idea of letting all of you see how the Canadian book scene seems from different parts of the country, we invited a widespread selection of book columnists and editors to set out their literary reflections on 1972. Here, belatedly, is what they had to say:



calgary herald

Reg Vickers

ONTARIO with its nationalistic young publishers and its Royal Commission on book publishing showed the way, but last year the West caught the wave of Canadiana that is rolling across the country and appears to be riding it for all its worth. The evidence:

Mel Hurtig quit the bookselling business in Edmonton to devote his time entirely to book publishing and already the results are impressive.

In September nearly 130 delegates turned up in Vancouver to see what benefits for regional publishers could be obtained by banding together. With federal government help they hope to publish a joint catalogue this year and work toward a significant increase in the production of regional-interest books.

The third significant move in the West was the launching of a search for a new Alberta novelist. The \$1,000 prize and promise of a \$1,500 advance on royalties if the work is publishable, brought more than 25 first novels into the office of John Patrick Gillese, the head of the province's new creative writing division. He hopes to make the competition an annual event. Gillese also started a program of bringing the author to the student. Last fall he had several "established" Alberta writers visit schools across the province encouraging the kids to write and write well.

There were other encouraging signs. The first course devoted to studying the prairie writer was held at the Calgary university and at the same campus, a Canadian conference of writers and critics was held this February.

Calgary authors James Gray and Herbert Harker were both on the national best-seller lists with their *Booze* and *Goldenrod* books. Gray's *Booze* was a highly-readable follow-up to his *Red Lights on the Prairies* and stamped him as the West's leading writer of popular history. Harker's story of an over-the-hill bronc rider trying for a comeback in southern Alberta turned out to be the sleeper success of the year. Another Calgary writer, Hugh Dempsey, did amazingly well in the West with his biography of Chief Crowfoot.

Edmonton author Ruby Wiebe's *Stories from Western Canada* prompted Toronto G&be book editor William French to wonder: "Why does the area between the Red River and the Rockies produce more writers per acre than any other part of Canada?"

Wiebe's book was interesting for another reason: it contained a chapter from W.O. Mitchell's new novel, *The Vanishing Point*, due out this fall. Mitchell's book could well be the most significant Western book this year.

Hurtig's winner last year was James MacGregor's *History of Alberta*, the first such attempt in 50 years, and the interest was so high that 300 copies went in one day at an Edmonton department store. Another prairie writer to make an impression was Regina's Ken Mitchell whose first novel, *Wandering Rafferty*, had a young rebel wandering across the West. One reviewer called Mitchell's book "the Canadian *On the Road*" *On the West Coast*, Victoria novelist Alice Munro received national acclaim with *Lives of Girls and Women*, which was judged the best Canadian book last year at the Canadian Booksellers' Association convention in Ottawa.

Bill New, a professor of English literature at the University of British Columbia compared the literature of Western

Canada with that of the East in *Articulating West*, which **John Gillese** said "surpassed anything I've seen pertaining to the broad Canadian literary scene."

Something is obviously stirring on these **Prairie** flatlands and west of the Rockies too. Tiny publishing houses are sprouting up like **crocuses** in the springtime. Regional **publishing is** the coming thing in the West and there appears to be no shortage of authors to do the job. □



halifax chronicle-herald

Lorna Inness

WHAT CAN YOU say of a year which saw the popular taste of readers dominated by Jonathan *Livingstone Seagull* (an *American* book, by the way) on the one hand, and more about the CPR from Pierre **Berton** on the other? Not **that** best-seller lists are the whole answer to what is being read, but they do point the way the wind **is** blowing.

Looking at the output from Canadian publishers in 1972, one senses a **little** less of that militant Canadian nationalism (It's a Canadian book, by a Canadian, so there!) so evident a few years ago. Canadians are **writing, designing** and publishing some first-rate books which can face the international markets without any sense of inferiority.

Small Canadian **publishing** companies from coast to **coast** have added to their **lists** and **widened their** markets. new press, for example, sent several of its **authors** on **drum-**beating missions to the **Maritimes** and intends to repeat the 'process this year. McClelland and Stewart **followed** the lead of **MacGraw-Hill Ryerson** and opened a **business office** in **Halifax**, covering the Maritime provinces. The **mushroom-like growth** of the **Mariner Book Shops** chain, **the Maritimes' first**, in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is an indication that a booming market exists down east.

Concerning the 1972 **crop**, it has been our national good fortune for the past few years **to-see** the publication of at least one superb addition to the general Canadiana classification of heritage **of** home and hearth. **Una Abramson's** *God Bless Our Home* was one; *At Home in Upper Canada*, by **Mihinnick**, was another; as was *Heritage*, by **Symons / De Visser**. In 1972, *The Barn*, by Eric Arthur and Dudley **Witney**, was an exceptional work, a timely study of a fast disappearing feature of our landscape. Equally good in its way, though of a **narrow interest**, was the **University** of Toronto Press's *Keep Me Warm One Night*. *The Railways of Canada*, by Nii and **Helma Mika**, served to remind us that there is railway history in eastern Canada, too.

One of the **Maritimes' outstanding writers**, Hugh **MacLennan**, was represented in *The Color of Canada*, writing the **text** of the revised edition of **another** of those armchair cross-country **colour** tours with, guess?, Peggy's Cove and the Cabot Trail.

Will R. Bird, with two dozen titles to his credit and **now working on two more** books, wrote not about his native Nova Scotia this time, but about Newfoundland. His **collection** of short stories set in a remote Island **outport** in the 1920s, *Angel Cove*, was widely popular, even registering on 'the national best-seller list.

Veteran New Brunswick newspaperman Stuart **Trueman** contributed My *Life as a Rose-Breasted Grosbeak*, a **collection** of columns with the gentle **humour** for which he **has** become known.

Helen J. Dow's book **dealing** with the work of New Brunswick's Alex **Colville** was long **overdue**, but it would be **nice** to see other studies of this artist, **whose** work merits **long-range** views from a variety of directions.

One of the most exciting books to be lured out of the **Maritimes** by a national publisher was The *Eastern Panther*, a **real-life** detective story in which Prof. Bruce **S. Wright** of Fredericton sets out the results of some 20 years of study on the trail of a **magnificent** animal long thought **to be extinct**.

For all its colourful association with the sea, for **all** its tradition. of **wrecks** and rescues, Nova Scotia has failed to produce a sea-adventure novel writer of the **calibre** of **E. J. Perrault**. And if there is a Margaret Atwood in this part of the country, she has yet to surface.

History remains the thing **local** titers tend to do well. And, in a province where the **literary** tradition includes the **first** dramatic presentation in North America (**Theatre** of Neptune, Port Royal), Thomas Chandler **Haliburton** and Joseph Howe, the latter quoted widely **even** today, **this** is hardly surprising.

The development of sophisticated offset printing **processes** has made a distinct impression in Nova Scotia. Not a

decade ago, the publication of a **made-in-Nova Scotia** book was a major event. More likely, a Nova **Scotian** author had been **recognized** by a central Canadian publishing company. This Upper Canadian badge of acceptance was an accolade **keenly-sought**, but **rarely** achieved.

Now, two small publishing **companies**, **Petheric Press** in Halifax and **Lancelot Press** in the town of Windsor, do a **thriving paperback** business. Each **year** they add to their **lists**, mostly **historical** studies or biographical **material**.

Halifax was once **described** by **Hugh MacLennan** as a city **Dickens would have loved**. That **atmosphere**, which persisted **until** recently, is fast **changing**. The historian **seeking** to preserve **something** of the traditional **19th-century** waterfront aspect of the city frequently finds **himself** at loggerheads **with** the developer **with** visions of concrete and **glass** **soaring** into the **heavens**. The environment **and** city **planning** for the future tend to be subjects of major interest. A local group, the Heritage Trust, added to its published works this past year **with** **Seasoned Timbers**, a study of historic houses in **several counties** of western Nova Scotia. The Pictou Heritage Society, with the help of an LIP grant, produced a book of artist **LB. Jensen's** meticulous **pen** and ink sketches of the town's **highly** distinctive architecture.

In addition, **small printing** companies **will** print privately at a reasonable cost **manuscripts brought** to them. So it is easier **now** for the budding author, whose work might never have seen the **light** of day if sent to a national publisher, to get into **print**. The quantity is **no** longer the problem; more attention might be given to quality.

Another by-product of the offset process has been **that** it has made practicable the reproduction of facsimile editions at a **fraction** of the cost of the out-of-print **volume**. The **latter** part of the 19th century saw the publication of a **succession** of Nova Scotia county histories **with** a wealth of local lore about early settlers, county development and genealogical notes about leading families. These volumes, long **out** of print and **scarce**, in some instances have been banded **down** carefully from father to son. The **Mika Studio** of **Belleville, Ont.**, reprinted about a dozen of these histories during **1972**. They **plan** to do **more** this year. **Thus has** had the virtue of making the books **available**, especially for schools and **libraries** lacking copies and for those people with a special interest **in** them. A **first** edition of an out-of-print volume remains a **first** edition and **will** **finds** its own price, but the **facsimile** editions **have** a useful purpose of their **own** to **serve**.

Maritime books sell well here, especially during the tourist season. One looks at the books about the West and the North on the shelves here and **wonders** why Maritime books are not **more** readily available **in** other parts of Canada. Surely there is a vacuum **that** somebody could **fill**?

Looking **ahead**, let's see some **more** books about the **Canadian** outdoors, about **the** wonder of the **land** itself. Let's see some more books on the changing nature of our cities and **their** problems.

Glossy picture books of the North and of Indian and **Eskimo** art are **fine** and we **have** had some **excellent** ones, but how about more **first-hand** personal accounts about what is going on in the North now, **written** by knowledgeable people — and not at the university study **level** with

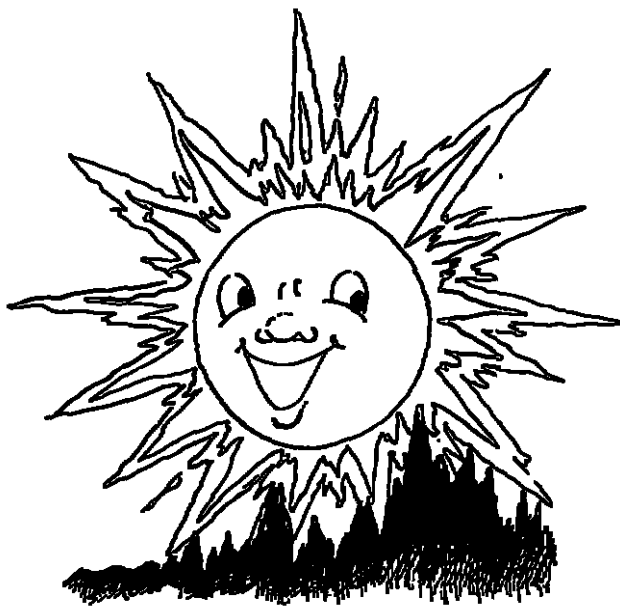
every page with its **lengthy** footnotes and **references** to **obscure** studies and **papers** not available to the average reader.

Let's stop **relying** so much on **Indian**, Eskimo **and** other **ethnic** legends and **folk** tales and let's have some **children's** books that either **mine** the lode of historical **background** or **deal** with contemporary issues — with **life in the** suburbs, in the cities. What about an **Eskimo** boy **living** on the edge of an oil **drilling** site, an Indian youngster **in** a **British Columbia** **fishing** community, an Acadian boy on a farm in New **Brunswick**, a young **girl** growing up **in** **Stratford** in the shadow of **the theatre**?

What about more biographies, at **the** young modems' **level**, of distinguished contemporary Canadians, in **other** fields besides **sports**?

What **the world** needs now, as much as "love, sweet love," is some rib-tickling **humour**. I used to **think that** the suggestion that Canadians were a people without much **humour** was a national **libel**. Now I wonder. Without more or less annual presentations **by** **Eric Nicol**, **Robert Thomas Allen** and **Stuart Trueman**, **humour in** Canada **would** be **in** a worse way. At least they keep some semblance of it on the book shelves. The hayseed **wit** of **Charlie Farquharson** goes down best **in** small **doses**. What we need is a new **humourist** with topical subjects and a national **appeal**.

After **all**, it is not **only the** task of a book to educate, **to** explain, to preserve a tradition. It **can also** be **entertaining**, and there are still readers who ask **plaintively**: "What can I read **that's amusing**?" May 1973 keep **them in** mind. □



vancouver sun

Alan Fotheringham

THERE WAS a time in the distant past when **all** the **grubby** ink-stained **wretches** of the press' had a vast resentment toward the **toffs** who **laboured for Time, Inc.** The contempt for that brand of journalism was justified, but what really.

irked the pencil press were the outrageous salaries that the Luce empire foisted on its minions.

Those of us who toiled for what we assumed were more worthwhile goals thought it somehow evil that Time men were as well-paid as their counterparts in the business world.

The years have disabused us of those opinions, since it has been made apparent that the high-flown salaries paid the journalists at Time merely served in the long run to drag up the salaries of those beneath them. They set the pace and Canadian newspapermen everywhere now benefit from the scale they established.

There is a similar lesson, I suspect, in the Canadian book world at the moment. The ogres in question are, of course, Mr. Pierre Berton and Mr. Farley Mowat with — by reflection — Mr. Jack McClelland. There seems to be much moaning and threshing about on the pillow over the fact that these two showmen, who also happen to be able to write rather well, seem to monopolize that share of the Gross National Product apportioned to the literary world. McClelland, it is complained, not only blusters and bullies his way into grants from the taxpayer but dominates the media to the extent that the public hardly knows other publishing houses exist.

There is, one suggests, a vast fallacy in this weeping indictment.

Mr. Berton and Mr. Mowat (as if anyone could stop them) should be given their head. As the great vulgarizers, they've done more for Canadian books in the past decade than all the literary seminars and Canada Council grants in Christendom. If both of them, like Hemingway, teeter on the brink of becoming caricatures of themselves, that is their own personal matter.

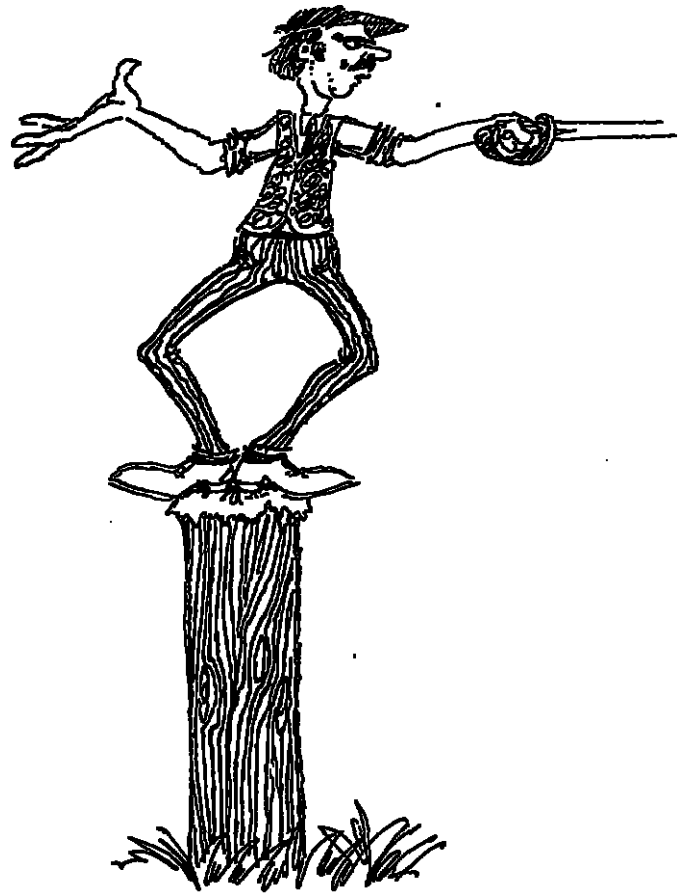
The point is that they are masters at self-publicity and so, perforce, publicity about Canadian books . . . and Canadian authors . . . and books. Period. Books. I note in my travels that both Ottawa and Victoria now have thriving bookstores that deal only in Canadian books. I do not know how many other cities have the same but if they do not at present, they will in the future. That would not have happened — not this quickly at any rate — without Berton and Mowat, the superstars of aggrandizement.

One notes a recent Toronto Star list of best-selling books in Canada. Every book on the list was Canadian. That has never happened before. It was greatly boosted into being by the two aforementioned gentlemen who are merchants who can also write, writers who can also merchandise.

As for the first of the red-hot publishers, shy Jack McClelland, his gimmicks and his extravagances offend the more delicate in the book world. His grandstanding is deplored. He has even gone to the extent, now that every gossip-column drop has been squeezed out of the New York-genre publishing-party trick, of announcing that he has a new gimmick: he will give no more publishing parties. He gets news even out of each swing of the pendulum.

McClelland is merely the literary version of old Luce — setting the pace for the less adventurous to follow. His publishing pyrotechnics in fact do not monopolize the market, shutting out obscure poets and creators of thin books of whimsy. He succeeds only in enlarging the market, with benefits to all.

There are times when one must say something good about vulgarizers — and about old Luce. □



regina leader post

Max Laidlaw

A REVIEWER cannot hope to read a year's full output of books, even those produced in a limited field such as Canada. Observations, critical or complimentary, therefore must be restricted to those books that were selected for mention in my weekly Prairie Bookshelf column.

Looking back on 1972, I did manage to review some 250 books — but precious few of these were Canadian.

I select books for review on the basis of variety of interest — a wide selection of publishers being a secondary criterion.

A review column has to have a fairly wide appeal. It if has not, few people will read it and it loses the first requisite of a regular newspaper feature.

Canadian books did not score highly in the numbers reviewed by me largely because they seemed to lack reader interest. As far as books published in the western provinces are concerned, few indeed rated reading at all, far less mention in a column.

Some time ago Canadian publishers pulled a long face about the odds they encounter in business competition — and as the result of favourable hearings in Toronto and Ottawa they gained some monetary support.

This is perhaps the worst possible evil that could have befallen the Canadian **publishing** industry. **Since** government grants have become available there has been a spate of poorquality books, badly written and **almost as badly** produced.

There has been a plethora of books, copiously dotted with four-letter words, so that even **getting** rid of review copies has become **something** of a **problem**. **I**, for one, **dis-**Bke sending pages **filled with filth**, in word **quality and** sensual situations, to any old **folks** home!

I have refused — and **will** continue to **refuse** -to review books written by **authors** so poverty-stricken in vocabulary and devoid of artistic **imagination that they** descend to the gutter for expression

In one stroke, then, a good many — in fact a depressingly large number — of Canadian books are cast into **the category** of not-worth-reading.

The sooner **governments** and **councils providing** grants cease giving away the herd-earned tax **dollars** of the average Canadian to feckless, insensitive and often obviously **in-**competent publishers and authors, the better it **will** be for the whole art of **Canadian** writing.

Of course, I feel this also about **music** and painting. Writers, musicians **and** artists **should** be compelled to work for their keep like the rest of us **and be** **thrown** off the welfare wagon of Canada Council grants and other hand-outs.

Not all Canadian books are **filled with filth**. The **vast** majority are **simply** poor **stuff** — badly written text **and** shoddily produced.

Just a few of them are worth reading — but **even** a considerable percentage of the few are **spoiled** either through **inconsistency** of style, poverty of expression, lack of **imagination in** development, or **failure on** the part of the author to check on **details**.

This matter of checking **details** is **all** important — much more important than the average author or **publisher seems to realize**.

For instance, **some** time ago I read Prof. Arnold **Toyn-**bee's *From Niger to Nile* and although I enjoyed his work immensely, it rankled that he had made an error in placing one of the **more** inaccessible African rivers which I had visited.

I **wrote** and pointed **this** out to him and he courteously replied, remarking **that** he should have checked his **geo-**graphy. He said he had received **several** letters fmm across the world pointing out the same error and that a correction would be made in later **printings**.

Not so a Canadian author named **Adrienne** Clarkson. When her most successful book, *Hunger Trace*, was **criti-**cized because, despite interesting situations into **which** her **heroine** fell, she had spelled a Regina street **incorrectly**, she wrote back in **an** injured tone.

Newspaper writers quickly discover that no matter what subject they **write** about, there is always someone among the readers who knows a great **deal** about the subject and that **checking** detail is a daily requisite — not merely for good writing but so that their job on the newspaper may be retained.

Authors of books should **impose** on **themselves** an equally rigorous regimen of **checking** and **double-checking** for the correctness of details.

What then were the outstanding Canadian books of 1972?

Many reviewers were kind to Pierre **Berton** for his railway tomes. **In** point of fact I found Nick and **Helma** **Mika's** pictorial *History of the Railways of Canada*, published by

McGraw-Hill Ryerson, adequate to **meet my** interest **in that** particular subject.

Some reviewers, too, **were** kind to James Gray of Calgary for his two books, *Booze* and *Red Lights on the Prairies*. I found both books inadequate since they whetted the **ap-**petite in subject matter but fell sadly short of **possibilities in** execution.

These two subjects then, in **my** opinion, are still **await-**ing **distinguished** authorship.

Ken Mitchell's *Wandering Rafferty* failed to excite and **although** it did not fall into the **slough** of sentiment **in** which James M. **Minifie's** recollections of his younger days stumbled, it, **like** the books of Gray, whetted rather than **satisfied** interest

In passing it might be remarked that **Shaun Herrop** of **Winnipeg** started bravely **with** his Mim books but **succeed-**ing **volumes** never came up to the narrative standard of the **first**.

The past 12 months have seen the usual spate of books of personal **reminiscences**. That by Fred **Mendel** of **Saska-**toon was the best of those in the West. The worst was **un-**doubtedly a badly written, boring book by another **Saska-**toon businessman which should never have got past the publisher's reader.

Bob Symons of **Regina** was praised for **some** of his books **published in** the last year or two — the best of them in 1972 — but these; for me, were spoiled by amateur **philosophizing**.

Canadian publishers, if they wish to pull **the** poor quality of **Canadian** authorship up by its bootstraps, **will** have to be much **more critical** at the **fundamental** reader's level -the fellow who samples the manuscripts.

What **then**, did I like **in** the 1972 publishing **field?**

The answer is — **precious** little.

One of the best books of its **kind** was a **little volume** by Doubleday, Dr. **Fredelle** Maynard's *Raisins and Almonds* which told of a Jewish family in a **Prairie** village peopled by **mid-European** ethnic groups.

Perhaps **the** book I enjoyed most, however, was David' **Plowden's** *Floor of the Sky*, published by Clarke Irwin, a Sierra Club volume of **pictures and** text about **the** Great Plains south of the border and much of which could apply so well to the Canadian **mid-West**.

Here, then, is another **field** for a Canadian author to t a c k l e .

Mel **Hurtig** of Edmonton deserves great credit for his **Canadiana** reprints, particularly **the** **presentation** volumes. **Coles** reprints, on the other hand, are of a **specialist** nature **and** **cannot** be expected to have the same **appeal**.

Of all the **Canadian** books I received, I got most pleasure, fmm Jean **Sutherland Boggs'** *The National Gallery of Canada* and, on the international publishing scene, perhaps more **than** any other book I **valued** the new **single-volume** edition of Arnold **Toynbee's** *A Study of History* published by the Oxford University Press. It may be more than a coincidence that my top choice for 1971, but **reviewed in** 1972, was *Milestones of History*, edited by S.G.F. **Brandon**, a Norton of New York book **published** in Canada by George J. **McLeod**, Toronto.

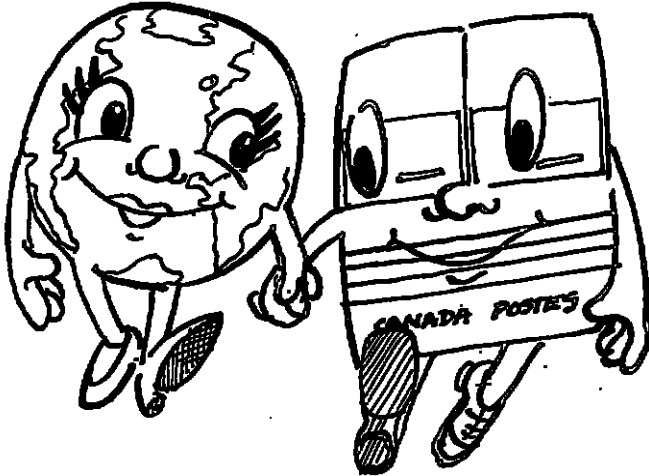
Although not perhaps of such general appeal, as **Karsh** of Ottawa's *Faces of our Time*, published by the University of **Toronto Press** some **time** ago, **Longman** of Canada's *In a Sacred Manner We Live*, a book of text and photographs of the North American **Indians** by Edward S. **Curtis**, will **long** hold a revered place in my personal **library**.

What **would** I like to see **in 1973** in the publishing world?

Frankly, I don't know.

I see no future for Canadian writers so long as they are spoon-fed by **grant-gorged** publishers. First **thing**, I would **like** to see is Canadian art standing on its own legs— **writers** who have their books published because they can write, **publishers** who **meet** the competition because they publish better books than the others, musicians who create music that **contributes** to the art of music, and **painters** who put artistic work on canvas.

Possibly **this fundamental** change would produce writing, books, music and **painting** which would **contribute** to the artistic development and cultural **achievement** of this young nation. □



the globe & mail.

William French'

SOME **EXCELLENT** Canadian books were published during 1972, and; as always, **some** bad books appeared **too**, but **the** year's output **was overshadowed** by political developments in publishing. Government intervention in the **cause** of nationalism reached unprecedented levels, and the **foreign "debbils"** in the publishing business **were given** clear notice that from now on **they** are **second-class citizens**.

For better or for worse, Canadian publishers greeted their new status as partial wards of Ottawa with enthusiasm. If any of them had doubts about **their** ability to maintain their independence **while accepting the government's favours, they** weren't expressing them. And **although** there **are** laws against **all** kinds of discrimination in this country, they obviously don't apply to publishing; no civil rights **group** protested the separation of **publishers** into Good Guys and Bad Guys.

The federal government's big move came **in** February, when **Gerard Pelletier**, as secretary **of** state, outlined the

master plan. It included 51.5 million in direct and indirect subsidies for 1972, with more promised **in** successive years. About a third of that amount was earmarked to set up an export corporation jointly with the publishers to make a vigorous effort to **sell Canadian** books in 'the rest of the world — especially the United States, Britain and **France** — which **has** heretofore studiously ignored them.

The balance, about \$1 million, **will** be administered by the Canada Council which, I suspect, undertook the **responsibility** with some reluctance. And **so it should;** its traditional **independence from** the **government in office** has been seriously compromised.

Ontario's **Royal Commission** on Publishing, meanwhile, offered **low-interest loans totalling** just over **\$800,000** to four Ontario publishers to give **them working** capital. (At least one of them, Peter Martin Associates, sent back its **\$12,000** as being worse than nothing. Martin wanted considerably more.) The Commission's **final** report is expected **momentarily;** it's hard to **imagine** what else it can **recommend**, short of **closing** the border to **all foreign** books.

No one can deny that Canada needs a **healthy** indigenous publishing industry, but some of the methods now being taken to ensure it, I think, **raise** serious questions. In the first **place**, there should be some concern for **quality**, yet **the** kind of force-feeding now taking place not only won't guarantee better **Canadian** books, **but** is almost certain to produce a **flood** of mediocre **Canadiana**. Good editors, who must provide **quality** control, have always been scarce **in** Canadian **publishing**. But aside **from** that, the pressure will be to produce **more** books, without regard to **merit**, to qualify for higher **grants**.

There's the **ludicrous** aspect of the system which pretty much guarantees that the bigger the publisher, the bigger the grant. This **will** put the wealthy & clean-Hunter company, which may soon own Macmillan of Canada **and** already owns a major **share** of new press, near the head **of** the **line when** the charity is dispensed.

Another aspect of the **grant program** that is questionable is the government's apparent insistence that any book purchased by the Canada Council for free distribution (a dubious part of the scheme, but that's another story) must be printed in Canada. Canadian publishers frequently have their books printed **in** Europe **and** Hong Kong to hold **down** costs; Oberon Press, for example, would probably have been unable to survive if it had not done so. If publishers are forced to print **in** this country, the subsidy **in** effect **will** go not to the publisher, as intended, but to the printer. There's no **evidence** that the Canadian printing industry is **in** trouble.

A further step reportedly being considered by the Canada Council is also cause for concern. Authors have always **received** grants from the Council with no restrictions as to who might ultimately publish **their** book. This is as it should be; the more potential markets for a work, the better. Stories are not uncommon of authors who made the rounds of as many as a dozen publishers before **finding** one who would accept the manuscript.

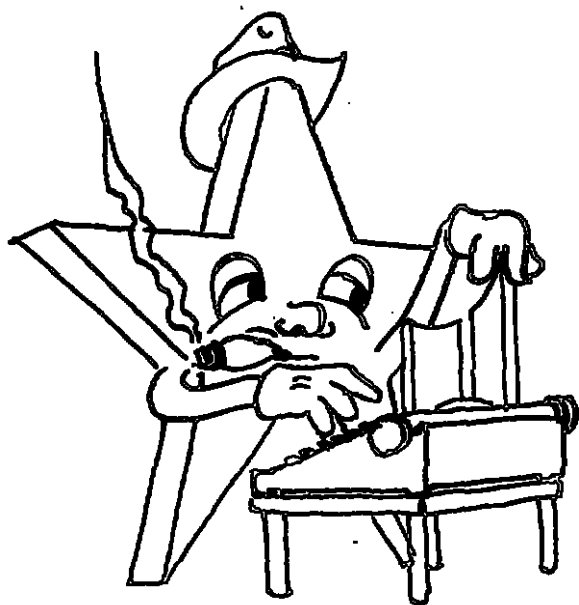
Now, at the **urging** of the Independent Publishers Association, **which** has the ear of **Ottawa**, the Council is apparently ready to **insist** that **an** author who receives a

grant must have his book published by a **Canadian** publisher. Such a step would undoubtedly be **beneficial** to domestic **publishers**, but would be grossly **unfair** to the authors, and **to the firms** such as Doubleday, McGraw-Hill, **Longmans**, Oxford University Press and so on who have — let's admit it — made a **significant** contribution **to Canadian** literature.

If Ottawa doesn't **want** foreign **publishers** operating in **Canada**, it should say so, **and kick them** out the front door, instead of **trying to achieve** the same result sneakily. It would be a ridiculous **thing** to do, in my opinion, a **Uganda-**type solution to the problem, and would be a" open invitation to Canadian publishers to become more parochial, **insular** and **inefficient** than they are.

If, on the other hand, Ottawa **wants** to take a positive approach and strengthen Canadian Literature as well as Canadian publishing, there are two **things** it **can** do. Most Canadian publishers agree that their biggest problem is a shortage of working capital, **and** the success of **McClelland and Stewart** since it got its **\$1 million** loan from the Ontario Government seems to bear this out. Ottawa should follow the Ontario example and make low-interest loans available to **all publishers** who need **them**.

Secondly, the federal government **should re-channel the** money it is now handing out to publishers to deserving authors. It is still **not** possible for an author in **this country** — with a few exceptions — to **make** a living solely **from writing**. The nurturing of a healthy Canadian literature needs to be at the source, the creative end, and there's **nothing** in the current program to encourage writers. Without writers — **real** writers — **what** will Canadian publishers do **with all their** money? □



toronto daily star

Kildare Dobbs

IN THE MAGGOTY womb of government, policy was slowly **gestating** throughout 1972. The **mountainous bureaucracies** would **labour**, would **bring** forth plagues of ridiculous mice.

The **Canada Council's André Fortier**, former assistant under-secretary of state, **announced** a program **in aid of Canadian-**owned **book-publishing** houses. A program not made in the **Canada Council**, **which cares** for writers **and scholars**, but in the academy of projectors called the Department of the secretary of state.

Secretary of State **Gerard Pelletier** meant well, **intending** no harm to writers. After all, he was a writer **himself** and a patron of writers. He **may** have been a little **confused**, **though**, by the fact that **in the smaller Toronto publishing houses** writer and publisher were sometimes the same person. Dave **Godfrey** of new **press**, president of the **Independent Publishers' Association**, had **carried off a Governor-General's Award** with his novel **The New Ancestors**. **In 1972** his partners, **Roy MacSkimming** and **James Bacque**, brought out novels of their **own**.

Everyone was watching **Margaret Atwood**. In the **fall** she had two new' books **in** the best-seller lists. **She was alert** for insults to the **IPA**. She **was** helping to initiate a **writers'** union. It was not beyond **possibility** that she's get herself elected **president** of the **IPA in 1973** and president of the projected **writers'** union as **well**. That way she could negotiate with herself.

The Ontario Royal Commission spoke sternly against. **American** monopoly of paperback distribution in Toronto. It all worked out very **nicely**, thank you, for **Maclean-Hunter**, who **patriotically** substituted native for foreign monopoly. They had had Stan **Fillmore in** as a **consultant**, to see whether the odds and **ends of** book-publishing carried **on** by the various departments could be **efficiently** co-ordinated. Whatever he told them, they seemed to **have** discovered a better way to **publish** books than doing them inside the corporation. They made a bid for **Macmillan**, a cause for **rejoicing**: a branch plant broken off and stock **into** the holy ground of Canadian **ownership**; a link with the **foreign** house that published Kipling, Yeats, Thomas Hardy and their **like**, replaced by ties with the house that publishes **Canadian Bus & Truck**.

Then there was Maclean-Hunter's association with new press, **an increasing financial** hold. **AU in** all, a promising way to get into books. **Macmillanites** had always worked for a **handful** of fish-heads and the **smell** of Sir **Harold's** breath; new press people for little more than the glory of being **in** the **same house with** novelists. None of them had been spoiled by the **Kitschy** glamour of the **magazine** business; egos might be almost **as inflated**, but **salaries, never**.

Idealogues who expected nothing but good from **Canadian** ownership would learn that take-over people are much of a muchness, whatever **their citizenship**. The only reading that interests them is the balance sheet.

Canadian book-buyers gave loyal support to Canadian books **in 1972**, to judge from the **Toronto Star's best-seller** lists. **This** was not necessarily a **result** of nationalist **agitation**, except in the school and college markets. Canadians have always **preferred Canadian** books, if they can **get** good ones.

As for the bad ones, **no** need to buy **them**. **The Secretary of State** is **giving** them away **in bushels**. □

For books in French Canada in 1972, see over.

BOOKS IN FRENCH CANADA: 1972

quebec

By Pierre Cloutier

1972 WASN'T a bad year at all. Since 1970, Jacques Hébert's Editions du Jour had been promoting Robert Laffont publications in Québec. When Laffont published the French edition of Germaine Greer's *The Female Eunuch* he expected to sell 1,000 copies in the province. Editions du Jour actually sold 25,000. From December 1972 onwards Robert Laffont co-edited Pierre Billon's "L'ogre de Barbarie", Felix Leclerc's "Carcajou ou le diable des bois", Marie Claire Blais' "Le Loup", Victor Levy Beaulieu's "Les grands pères" and Jacques Ferron's "L'amélanchier" in France. Québec literature achieved a breakthrough on the European market and it was a major event for the people in the business.

So was Hervé Bazin's recent publication of his last novel, "Le cri de la chouette" at Editions La Presse. "I publish in Québec", said Bazin, who is vice-president of the Académie Goncourt, "to decentralize francophone culture. It's everywhere, not only in Paris but in Qudbec, Dakar, Marrakech or Tananarive." You're a white man Hervé.

"La francophonie oui, le colonialisme culturel non!" replied Pierre de Bellefeuille and Alan Pontaut in *La bataille du livre* (Leméac, Montréal). The Conseil supérieur du livre and the Association des éditeurs canadiens had denounced the monopolistic approach and inflationary pricing policy of Hachette, the multi-million dollar corporate editing house. De Bellefeuille pointed to the Société générale de financement's involvement in the establishment of a Hachette power base in Québec and called the company's efforts to promote Québec books on the French market a monumental farce.

Hachette policy has been even more of a farce as there is demand for



Québécois literature in both France and Belgium. Jacques Godbout's *D'amour PQ* (Hurtubise HMH/Éditions do Seuil) was recommended to the readers of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, *L'Express* and *Le Point*. *France-Soir* critics said:

Jacquer Godbout réussit la prouesse de nous faire aimer ce roman écrit pour ainsi dire en version originale sans sous-titre. Eberlués, nous découvrons un univers verbal assez proche du nôtre mais cent fois plus coloré.

In Brussels, *Le Soir* spoke of "... Godbout, le Queneau québécois ...". In Paris, *L'Aurore* described his style as "vert, souvent érotique, puissamment imaginé", while *Nouvelles Littéraires* called *D'amour PQ* Godbout's "... roman d'amour avec la langue québécoise". Hachette has us outmanoeuvred but la France éternelle nous adore

When Antonine Maillet received her honorary Doctorate from University of Moncton last year, she said:

Tout ce que nous racontent les livres, nous l'avons connu et vécu chez nous. Nous connaissons aussi la joie de vivre, et la révolte devant l'injustice, et la peur devant le destin, et l'angoisse d'être au monde. Nous n'avons pas d'"Éliade" ou de "Chanson de Roland" mais nous avons nos contes et légendes et si vous saviez tout ce qu'ils racontent... L'Acadie cherche un héros à sa taille, qui assume ses souffrances, ses espoirs et sa vie. C'est ce héros ou cette héroïne qui nous dira qui nous sommes et nous le dira dans nos mots.

Her *Don l'original* (Collection Roman Acadien, Éditions Leméac) is a novel born of the Romantic urge to create a corpus of indigenous folk myth and fable and to embody it in the dialect of the people, the real language of real men. To wit: "Bathèche de sacordèche de godèche de hell." "La fille de Jos à Pit à Boy à Thomas Picoté-Viens-que je-t'arrache." Both *Don l'Original* and Maillet's *Pointe-aux-Coques* are the fables of a nation which will not die out.

"L'ogre de barbarie", (Robert Laffont/Éditions du Jour, Montréal, 1972) is by Pierre Billon, a young French-Canadian novelist of Swiss origin, already known as the author of a published thesis on the American psychologist Carl Rogers as well as publications on Jung, Gaston Berger and Anton Makarenko.

"L'ogre de barbarie" bls first novel, deals with the underground railway which brought Jewish refugees to Switzerland during the second world war and with the rampant, unacknowledged corruption and intrigue which are the inevitable by-products of armed conflict. The narrator is a ten year old girl whose poignant and ironic consciousness of what she sees and hears cultivates the reader's interest in ambiguity, a quality sometimes conveyed through puns which are not necessarily the lowest form of wit. A subtle book in the impressionistic tradition of James



Victor Levy Beaulieu

The” them was Marie Claire Blais with *Le loup* (Editions du Jour). When *Une saison dans la vie d’Emmanuel* came out in 1965, its litany of flogged urchins, homosexual seminarians and hunchback adolescent prostitutes made it an uncanny and, I thought, extravagant document on the pathological mystique of the battered child. As Peter Coveney points out in *The Image of childhood* a society’s attitude to children is very closely synonymous to its attitude of life. The cultural implications of the novel turned me off.

Le loup pursues Blais’ study in the physiology of evil but it is the work of a sober, disciplined and mature literary mind. Its discrete, elliptic and fundamentally Christian first person description of a male homosexual consciousness will destroy the complacent certainty of those who prefer to ignore the dark and forbidding regions of the mind which Marie Claire Blais’ black art is charting now.

Emmanuel Cocke produced *L’emmanuscrit de la mère morte*, (Editions du Jour). “I am not a real writer” says Cocke, “but a peripatetic melting pot of audiovisual sensations, a kind of extra-terrestrial space controlling all. I no longer write filmwrite and only total literature captivates me. But this is a secret between myself and I: I am the center of a circle whose diameter is elastic”.

“What if Bob Dylan knew how to write? I feel he would produce works like Cocke’s. The Cockian novel is imagination holding the reins of power at last,” wrote Robert-Guy Scully in *Le Devoir*. Gilles Racine wondered at the birth of a new Cocteau: “Il est époustouflant. Il est irrésistible.”

Editions du Jour put out two books by Victor Levy Beaulieu — *Un rêve Québécois* and *Jack Kerouac, essai poulet*. Beaulieu is a novelist whose work has been influenced by Prévert, Queneau and Réjean Ducharme. He has become one of the foremost exponents of *Joual* literature, using unorthodox typography, puns, portmanteau words as well as the force, tang and blasphemy of Québec proletarian French. Cultural Affairs Minister Claire Kirkland Casgrain and others now atwitter over the literary use of dialect should read a Little Faulkner and Tennessee Williams as a *supplément de culture*. Studies by William Labov and Raven I. McDavid Jr. are also relevant.

During the last five years Beaulieu has made his presence felt through his work as a outspoken literary journalist and editor. The director of *Dimensions*, he was fired in 1969 for allowing the publication of Yves Michaud’s article on monopolies in the media. *Dimensions* belonged to Power Corporation. In June 1971 he protested against Ottawa’s use of the War Measures Act

and asked the Canada Council to cancel the scholarship awarded him while writing his *Jack Kerouac, essai poulet*. In March of 1972 Beaulieu published his “La politique culturelle: une démission effrayante de Québec” in *Le Devoir*, castigating the Québec government for its indolent and uncompetitive policies which were no match for the Council’s “efficient” and “intelligent” approach to the problem. Québec had cut publication grants while Gérard Pelletier was promising two million dollars of the same.

I’ *Un rêve québécois* his gothic surrealism is very reminiscent of Polansky’s *Repulsion* If an urban archetype is emerging out of the Québec novel it is that of Montréal — “Morial Mort” Beaulieu calls it — as a Malebolge above which army choppers full of crack assault troops are hovering. The delirious consciousness of Joseph David Barthélémy Dupuis is at the center of the book which shifts from middle-upper to lower class dialect, the present to the past, a normal perception of phenomena to demented insanity without drawing clear cut boundaries between each, and *Les grands pères* almost becomes an objective correlative to acute psychosis. Is this a violent book? *Morial Mort’s* a mean town when you’re born on the wrong side of the tracks. Would more schmaltz be a better public relations investment for that other great founding nation and so on and so forth? Not as long as city slum dwellers are provided the substandard housing, food and education whose inevitable end-result is Barthélémy Dupuis, the pathology of physical and intellectual deprivation.

In 1970 Beaulieu traveled to New England to write a *La Presse* article on the Franco-American diaspora of Manchester, Nashua, Worcester and Lowell, Massachusetts, Jack Kerouac’s home town. Two years later he published his long essay on Kerouac. New England has produced internationally known scholars and diplomats of French origin — Will Durant, the historian, Urbain Ledoux, long time US consul in Europe — as well as countless spinning mill hands who worked seventy-two hours a week and earned twenty-four dollars a month in the Petit Canada. It is Kerouac as the defeated offspring of a culture being phased out who Beaulieu

speaks of when he writes:

... *Jack est le meilleur romancier canadien-français de l'Impuissance et voilà pourquoi il est important que nous annexions son oeuvre — Docteur Sax, c'est à mettre sur le même rayon qu'Une saison dans la vie d'Emmanuel de Marie Claire Blais car ces deux livres-litanies se répondent l'un à l'autre (puisard de nos afflictions et de nos manquements et de nos errances et de nos courbatures culturelles et de notre aliénation et de notre colonisation).*

and *Jock Kerouac, essai poulet* breaks out of the conventional essay form, to become a perhaps disparate but vivid and experiential definition of Kerouac's condition as an exile. Again, Beaulieu is "for the Mongols and against the Persians," for the street and against the ivory tower. "Il faut commencer dans la barbarie, il faut décapiter, mutiler, étriper." He speaks of Kerouac in the light of what he sees as the psychopathology of oppression in Québec society. His credibility rests on whether one shares the view that things are falling apart and mere anarchy is being loosed upon the world. That's up for grabs. Some thought the Land was Strong. But the people didn't believe a word of it.

Jacques Ferron, who also publishes with Editions du Jour, was another writer with two books to his credit — *La chaise du maréchal-ferrant* and *Le Saint-Elias*. During the early sixties, Jacques Ferron described himself as a minor writer still learning his craft. In '72, Victor Levy Beaulieu called him "the most important writer" in Québec. His *La chaise du maréchal-ferrant* is a pastiche of Québec oral literature as well as a contentious and allusive chronicle of the province's political life. Québécois folk tales, like their Irish counterpart, have given the devil his due *from time immemorial and the chaise is the devil's magical chair* which travels from Cap-Chat to the artificial ruins on Mackenzie King's property and from there to the West Indies after which Satan repents and becomes, says Ferron "my uncle Emile, the Boer war veteran."

In May, L'Association des écrivains de langue française awarded Ferron the Prix France-Québec for his 1971 book *Les roses sauvages*. In September, the Doctor, wearing a djellaba and "sing a pick up truck as his podium kicked off the Rhinoceros party federal campaign

in the wilds of the Hemmingford Safari. As Eminence of the Great Horn he proposed that the War Measures Act be perpetually enforced so as to guarantee Canadian unity, and that the biggest works program ever seen in the country — the levelling of the rockies — be implemented. On October 11th 1972 the Rhinos invaded the Casanous, a coffee-house situated above the Espanola Association on Sherbrooke street. The Canadian army did not intervene. In November, *Le Saint-Elias* was published.

The novel describes history as it might have been rather than history as it was but the poet doesn't lie when he speaks of the *Saint-Elias, a sailing ship built by the people of Batiscan* so that they might go out to sea again, rediscover Europe and plant the Cross there.

Ferron's tale betrays a love of the common people, as well as of the notaries, priests and doctors who can now be looked at through the collective rear view mirror, standing out as the strikingly evocative figures of earlier, simpler times. This is what Leacock would have written had he had a sense of tragedy and Ferron's *Batiscan* is not only a little town in the sunshine: somehow, one can't help feeling that it lies at the centre of the world.

A more systematic critic would have a number of authors pilloried here



Marie-Claire Blais

because their works are not divinely inspired. fall to hold the mirror up to nature, proceed from the fancy rather than the imagination, lack organic structure or will not contribute to national unity. I say that Gabrielle Roy's *Cet été qui chantait* is about the birds and the bees and quite suitable for a pm-teen public. In André Langevin's *L'élan d'Amérique* a girl taking a shower is "... nue, livrée à l'eau chaude d'un flux intemporel..." while "... ne joie pmfonde; sauvage, sans cause, détachée de tout acte et d'elle même la submerge." and one cannot help feeling that André should keep the philosophie out of the *baï-gnoire* and simply have the d&thing thoroughly tubbed and scrubbed. Michèle Mailhot's *La mort de l'araignée* reads like a random series of rejects from Fellini's cutting mom floor. Ms. Mailhot once said that "l'écriture est mon rêve conscient" and it is. As to Louis-Philippe Hébert's *Récits des temps ordinaires*, I simply find the book unintelligible. Enough on this.

Poetry. We haven't said a word about it, have we? There was Gilles Henault's *Signaux pour les voyants* (Editions de l'Hexagone), a collected edition of works published from 1941 to 1962 by a man who has remained silent for a decade, there was also *Sauvage* (Editions des Forges) by Jean Larivière, François-Pierre Dery's *Eruc-tation* which is the second publiition of the Collection Solstice. There were Cécile Cloutier's *Cablogrammes* (Chambelland) as well as Guy Desilets' *Un violon nu* (Editions Leméac). Fernand Quелlette also published his anthology *Poésie* (Les Editions de l'Hexagone), including work written between the early fifties and 1971.

Pierre Léger, better known as *Pierrot le Fou* at the Casanous and in the *cénacles* of the counterculture came out with *Embarke mon amour, c'est pas une joke* (Mainmise), and that marijuanero Denis Vanier published his *Lesbiennes d'Acid* (Collection Paroles), which is the year's freak out. Sylvain Lelièvre, Jacques Boulerice and Robert Lalonde's work should also be mentioned. Paul Marie Lapointe was awarded the Prix David and in mid September, Rina Lasnier's complete works came out in Fides' Collection du Nénuphar. The two volume edition

write-in

FROM THE LOINS OF FAMILIARITY

sir,

Is it your policy to use reviewers who know the author personally? If so, I find this deplorable. If not, then one must assume that Gordon Black, who reviewed my book *Saturday Night at the Bagel Factory and other Montreal Stories* in the October issue of *Books in Canada*, didn't mention to you before writing his shallow and vindictive review that we knew each other rather well, from Expo '67 where we worked together, and we've had chance meetings since then in Ottawa and Toronto. Though this is the first time I've replied to a review, I find it necessary in this case if only to suggest that Black's acquaintanceship with the author, and with one of the subjects in *Saturday Night at the Bagel Factory* — who is a friend of his — prevented him from writing a fair and impartial review. Black, I suspect, wrote with a chip on his shoulder. Because he knows the Montreal painter Luigi Scarpini, from the story "The Winter Agony of Luigi Scarpini", and obviously didn't like my story on him, he approached the entire book in a smart-assed, catty, negative way. In fact, it shocked me to find Gordon Black's name on the review, and then to read it. It seemed like a cheap literary trick, journalistically — and critically — most unethical. More so if he failed to mention to the editor of *Books in Canada* that he knew me, which is probably the case since it seems highly unlikely that you would solicit reviews from acquaintances of authors.

However, since I've started to reply, let me try to answer some of Black's biting. He gathers his ammunition from the Luigi story and uses it to nastily shoot down the entire book. Admittedly, "The Winter Agony of Luigi Scarpini" may not be the most successful of the 18 stories; however, I stand by it, and it was, incidentally, the hardest to write. If Black thought he could do better, he should have tried, but obviously he prefers being a book reviewer. Black writes: "I have

known the painter Luigi Scarpini, 'the gentleman bohemian from Perugia' since 1960. Never has he expressed the slightest desire to become mayor of his native city." I have known Luigi since 1960 as well, if not before that, and though he has not recently expressed the desire to become mayor of Perugia, he used to talk about it in Stanley Street coffeehouses. There were witnesses to that. Perhaps Black didn't know Luigi that well. He accuses me of letting "this petty ambition" dominate the whole sketch, then he refers to a passage in my story about the concubines and maidens waiting for the future mayor, and he says "this has nothing to do with Luigi." Black omits to mention that it's very clearly stated in the story that this passage is an excerpt from an earlier fictional treatment on Luigi, and was used to show how inadequate it really is to try to draw Luigi as anything other than a flesh-and-blood person. Luigi, as he is, is substance enough. There is no need to fictionalize. That I brought in a fictional paragraph in a non-fiction story — combining the two — may have shocked a crusty reactionary like Black, but invention is what makes the world tick, Gordon, pal.

Black goes on to say: "Bell should have made mom of Scarpini's Montreal harbor forays, his shipboard feasts with captains and crews, his political discussions.. ." etc. I've tried to probe a little deeper into Scarpini not to write a two-dimensional newspaper account. Fantasy journalism, Black calls. It. That term does not offend me, although I would perhaps prefer romantic non-fiction. Scratch out journalism. Scarpini once told me that he had been approached by Black himself, who wanted to write a story on him, but refused. Why? Could it be because the story would have been dull. Flat. Boring. Uninteresting. Full of lard, like Gordon himself. Not enough fantasy? Flaccid? Black seems to feel that I've done a bad turn to his friend; perhaps he feels that he is the only one capable of writing an acceptable portrait of Luigi, and is slighted because another journeyman has tried to capture immortally Luigi's rare and exquisite personality. Let me say right here and now, in case there are any doubts about where my sympathies and

includes work which had been out of print for some time, "Madones Canadiennes", "Le chant de la montée", "Escala", "Présence de l'absence", "Mémoire sans jours", "Lea gisants", "L'arbre blanc", and "Poèmes anglais".

Essays. Louis Wizenitzer is *La Presse* US correspondent. He also writes for *Le Nouvel Observateur* and *Entreprise*.

In 1971 he was awarded the Overseas Club Award for Best Reporting for his remarkable series of articles on North Viet Nam. His *L'Amérique en crise* (Les éditions la Presse), is a comprehensive assessment of contemporary America as seen by: one of its better informed foreign observers. Stagflation, welfare, the black problem, the Presidency, medicare, the military-industrial complex, drugs, Wizenitzer entitles his chapters with the household words of a society in crisis and although the kind of highly circumstantial instant history he is writing will invariably date as the political scene shifts, the book is as good a play by play account of the end of the American dream as has been published in Canada.

Violence is not as Québécois as Ms. Benoit's tourtières. The country's first political assassination in a century went far beyond the low Canadian level of tolerance for the use of force towards achievement of so-called political aims, and Jacques Lacoursière's *Alarme citoyens* (Editions La Presse), gives a meticulous account of facts known and not so well known.

What else? The first book of Naim Kattan's *Littérature des Amériques* (Hurtubise). Lemeac's edition of Michel Tremblay's *Les belles soeurs* (Coll. Théâtre canadien) and of Dubé's Manuel as well as a monumental study *La vie galante et libertine en la Nouvelle-France du XVIIe siècle; the third* tome of George Emile Lapalme's memoirs *Le paradis du pouvoir, 1960-64* and Wilfrid Pelletier's *Une symphonie inachevée*.

Parti-Pris is also publishing Pierre Godin's *Histoire politique de La Presse*, and *L'anti Trudeau* by a number of people who happen to share an intense dislike for the Prime Minister. And that's the weather picture in Québec. Salut! □

PIERRE CLOUTIER teaches at University of Montreal. His major interest is comparative literature in Canada.

affections lie, **that** one Luigi **Scarpini** is worth a **million** Gordon **Black's**. One splendidly alive and suffering artist is worth a **billion snarky** critics.

To **give** just one more example of gorgeous Gordon's pokes, referring to **my** statement in **The Balloon Man** — "**his pageant** of balloons floating in bright **ecstasy** over shoppers' heads. .. **is a** symbol of new Montreal", Black speculates **that they may also sym-**bedii "escapism **from** the cultural **clash** — *just as the author's Anti-Serious Society* foolhardily **infiltrates** the 1969 **McGill** confrontation with a sign **reading** 'After the Riot, Eat at **Joe's**.' "**Tch, tch, Gordon, do you think** that everyone in **Québec** is concerned every hour only with the "**political** reality?" **Is** that, incidentally, why you've chosen to **live in** Toronto? To escape Quebec's political reality? Don't you **think** there's room for at least one writer — **who incidentally** spends more **time in** the French **milieu** than the **English** — **to write** about something other than separatism and **economic** policies? Was the sign "After the Riot, Eat at Joe's" that foolhardy, or was it simply too flamboyant for you, too **ridiculous** for your cold, sober, dead-beat, cynical soul?

The truth is: Black isn't **against** fantasy **journalism**, but personal **journalism**. **Personal** anything. He would prefer **impersonal**. *He may argue* that my attack on **him** is personal, whereas his critique was not. True, it was **im-**personal, and **that** was the provocation, the clever, snide, snickering, **balls-in-**armor, English school-boy style. If Black didn't **like** my **Luigi** story, then he should have **come** right out and said I was a bastard. **That** would have been heroic **than** catty literary back-stabbing.

I think basically what Black objects to **in** the book *is its joy and humour, its* celebration of life and its intensity. For a dour, gloomy soul like Black, whose most **exuberant** moments every week are **probably ordering** a second **jello in** Murray's, such excitement must seem **obscene**.

Finally, **Black accuses me of fan-**tasizing people **like** The Balloon Man to death, **imagining his** pad as "**one** gigantic **balloon**." "By the same analogy," Black writes, "**he** (Bell) might see Toronto's, buck-toothed mayor as a

Continued on page 46

OF THE PEOPLE AND' FOR THE PEOPLE

HUGH GARNER (Canadian Writers & Their Works)

DOUG FETHERLING

Forum House; paper \$1.25: 80 pages

reviewed by Jim Christy

CRITICS AND **REVIEWERS** are generally disparaging of Hugh Garner and the younger generation never mentions his **name**, if indeed they know it at all; yet Garner has seven books **in print**, a uniform paperback edition of his work, his own display **cartons in Coles** and now a **bio-critical** monograph about him. Someone must read Hugh Garner but who?

I would hazard the guess **that** some of those people he writes about buy his books, that he has more than a few readers from that "whole bottom **half** of humanity" he **chronicles** so well. This **could** raise the intriguing possibility that there are book-buyers who don't want to read stories about the upper-middle class and the with-it **young**, that instead they desire stories about people like themselves **working** out their particular, **and** oh so different, destinies. If this be true, and I have no doubt that it is, where do these readers turn in Canadian literature besides to **Hugh** Garner? Hardly anywhere at **all**.

This fact probably makes Hugh Garner the **central figure** in Canadian literature. Not **only** is he consistently our best storyteller, but he is also the only established writer of popular **literature** in the country. Ultimately *it is such* fiction on which a country's literature, as **well** as its **publishing** industry, must be based. This is a fact of independence as well as economics. We can't have a full-bodied literature as long as we import the heart of it. Check the titles on the subway.

So **Hugh** Garner has heroically been providing much of the heart and the pulse of it for nearly 30 **years** and only now is there even the slimmest of volumes attesting to **the** fact. A **full-**scale critical biography of the **man** is in

order but until then the monographs, of **which** this is the **first**, will have to suffice. **This** little book is **actually** about as good a job of work as one is **liable** to **find** in a genre not exactly studded with diamonds of insight and **ornolus of originality**.

What makes this monograph **im-**portant to **other than** cribbing students is a lucid and intelligent essay chapter entitled "**The** Legacy and Sanction of Hugh Garner" in **which** Fetherling isolates two truths about the man; **first** that he **is** the only writer-doer **in** Canada and writes from that **perspec-**tive; second, that although Garner is "Canadian" to the bones" **his literary** antecedents are **all** American.

There can be no quarrel with the **first claim**. **Garner grew up in a** working class family in Cabbagetown, went on the bum during the Depression, fought as a common soldier in the Spanish Civil War (**not as an** observer **or** romanticizing reporter like other writers who have gotten more **mileage** out of that war), served on a corvette **during** the Second World War and has written **only** about these things which he has done and known.

The second truth is, if you will, slightly **less true**. Garner's **literary** traditions while certainly not Canadian have antecedents in **Irish** as **well** as American literature. There are similarities in Garner's writing with those Americans he is **usually compared** to: Hemingway, Farrell, **O'Hara**; but, of **course**, there are obvious differences. **Fetherling**, however, sees Garner **aligned** more closely with Nelson **Algren** because both are city writers **and** both literary populists. Both, however, have **shifted** their characters to **rural settings; in** **Algren** to mediocre effect, but I would **argue** that some of Garner's best stories

FROM SNICKER TO SCREAM

SCHMUCKS

SEYMOUR BLICKER
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$5.95; 128 pages

reviewed by Greg Gatenby

THIS IS NOT a book that cries out for profundities. With a" insight into the human condition about equal to that of a" astigmatic fish in muddy water, its pretensions to greatness are those of the hyperbolic writer of dust-jacket blurbs rather than the author's.

Simply a story of two drivers, each of whom has had a tough day, confronting each other's car in a laneway and refusing to backup to let the other pass, it is no deeper than a racist's thinking.

But.

'It is very, very funny.

Blicker has a fine sense of stage in his storytelling. With the two principals facing and glaring at one another like gunfighters from some modwestern, the author employs flashbacks from the lives of each to augment the body of the book. Whereas in a novel of more serious intent such reminiscences would necessarily highlight idiosyncrasies of a character to make him more credible for the reader, in Blicker's case they are mere anecdotes that, though funny in themselves, tell us nothing we did not know already from his straightforward introductions.

Schmucks' stereotypes suffer from bad editing. At different points, Levin, one of the drivers, states that he has been "in several bar fights, actually breaking the skull of a" opponent on one occasion. Yet nowhere is there a mention of retribution or revenge for these out-of-the-ordinary incidents.

And even more alienating is the sniggering bathroom humour which rears its ugly head from time to time. The old woman of the book who puns unknowingly about her "hole," her "bags" and "being pricked" bears out

are located in the country or on the road, particularly the story "Step N' a Half" and the novella "Violation of the Virgins." The latter part of the analogy is even less valid. Although both may "disdain the artsy," Algren wears it like a badge while Garner just goes along being true to his subject matter. Algren is the sophisticates' literary populist; I don't know of anyone else who reads him. Furthermore Algren is a better word man than Garner who, because of the simplicity of his language, never betrays his milieu. The biggest word he's ever used is "copacetic" in Silence on the Shore.

Fetherling could have made a better case for Jack London and Jim Tully, but actually the writer Hugh Garner most resembles is the Irish tramp storyteller, Jim Phelan. Both men have similar backgrounds and write about the same kind of people in the same way, after which, by the way, they both have been known to go out on a long toot. What makes Garner a better writer is that even in his cups he would "ever dare succumb to Phelan's sentimentality. Though Phelan was good, he turned out stories that, with a change of place-names, could be slipped unnoticed into a collection of Hugh Garner. I could still swear Jim Phelan wrote "Another Tie, Another Place, Another Me."

Fetherling has unearthed a mother lode of those literary morsels which scholars feed on and which keep the Ph.D mills turning. For instance, he has noted the repeated occurrence in Garner's work of a lonely older man who serves as counsellor to another, such as George Lightfoot in Silence on the Shore and Noah Masterson in Cabbagetown. Although poor Noah would be chagrined in his Wobbly's heart at Fetherling's mention of the International Workers of the World, it must nevertheless be said that Fetherling has provided a worthy summary of Garner's work. It is hoped that some high-school or college student, scanning the chapter synopses for a" illicit book report, might be sufficiently stimulated to consult the originals. □

JIM CHRISTY, an expatriate American who has settled in Canada, edited the recently-published *The New Refugees* and is at work on several other books.

OJIBWA SUMMER

Text by James Houston
Photographs by B.A. King

James Houston, who spent much of his youth in the central Ontario locale of this book, recounts his personal contacts with the Ojibwa, along with a penetrating history of their accomplishments and beliefs.

100 superb photographs portray the pride, the vitality and the metamorphosis of the Ojibwa. They capture individual moments in the summer of 1971 but in each moment thousands of years are mirrored.

Ojibwa Summer records the Ojibwa's journey from an ancient heritage to a strange new world.

Hardcover \$14.50
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NIGHT OF THE SASQUATCH

TED ASHLEE

Ted Ashlee takes the crewmen of *Voyage into Danger* on yet another spell-binding adventure, this time in the Sechart Peninsula region of the British Columbia coast. When a wealthy industrialist decides to do some mining in the area, the Gabriola assumes the task of delivering men and supplies to the remote site. There, they are confronted not only by human intrigue, but by sub-human intrigue as well. The mighty sasquatch, legendary forest ape-men of B.C., oppose the invasion of their territory by miners, businessmen, crewmen, conservationists, and Boy Scouts. With disasters both natural and supernatural springing up at both ends of the delivery route, there's never a dull moment for 16-year-old Jim Ormiston and his mates.

Illustrated by Alan Daniel

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Johnson's remark that **paronomasia** is the lowest form of **humour**.

Ironically, **funny** for a book at ease with most four letter words, **Blicker's** studied preference for "**flatulate**" instead of "fart" is decidedly out of **place**.

Like well-done situation **comedies** that are mere manifestations of a formula to make people laugh, or like a **clown**, unreal in reality but **still** humorous. **Schmucks** **trundles along** with a snicker and ends with a scream. In that sense it is very much a success. □

GREG GATENBY, freelance journalist with a special interest in current Canadian writing, has contributed to *Grapevine* and is now involved in the founding of a new Toronto weekly.

THE ART WITHOUT THE MAGIC

INDIAN ART IN NORTH AMERICA

FREDERICK J. DOCKSTADER
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$14.95: illustrated; 223 pages

reviewed by Joe Tatarnic

FREDERICK J. DOCKSTADER'S remarkable book of 1961, *Indian Art in America*, has now been reprinted in a brand-new Canadian edition and with its **title inexplicably** changed. **Dockstader** is director of the Museum of the American Indian, **Heye** Foundation, in New York City, that great repository of the best in Indian art. (Moat of the works **illustrated** in this volume are from that magnificent collection.) He approaches his subject with a scholarship tempered **with** a comfortably readable style which often reveals his own personal preferences and **sometimes prejudices**. A practicing **artist** himself, he has a keen eye for the aesthetic values inherent in the art forms of **the American Indians**,

The incredible diversity and imaginativeness of North American Indian art has been emphasized **with great** force in this volume. The works **come** from **all regions** of the continent north of Mexico and span the period from

100 **B.C.** to the present era. The fact that many of them are undated is **unfortunate**. It would be of value to know **if an** object was made **in** 1850 or 1950. One understands the great **difficulty** in assigning definite dates, but even an approximate dating or a note on the year of collection would be helpful. The plates are plentiful and many of them are in **colour**. They support Dockstader's view that the **Indian** has not received his due as creator of **some** of the world's greatest art, **both** abstract and **figurative**.

Like all so-called "primitive" art, North **American** Indian art is **one** of the most **complex forms** of **expression** in the world. One aspect in a life of closely integrated symbol **and** ritual, the works of art were not produced simply as objects to be viewed **through** the glass of some museum case. Whether used for special **magico-religious** ceremonies or simply **as objects** in day-to-day **living**, they were **vitaly** alive and **full** of meaning, power and symbolism on many **levels** that **we** can **only** vaguely **comprehend**.

For the Indian's relationship to nature and his world was closer and more intimate and more profound than is **our**. So, the egocentric idea of "creating art" did not, **in** most cases, exist, the artist being the medium **through** which the spiritual essence passed to the created object. Ritual **was** an **integral** part of his life. It was woven into the whole fabric of his art and extended to the creative act itself. For example, the **Zuni** people **of** the Southwest carved their war-god images only from trees that had been **struck** by lightning and which had been ritually prepared for **carving**. So, when **we** see an object languishing **in a glass** case we can appreciate it only **in** a very superficial and incomplete way.

Now that the art of the **Indian** is **all** but defunct and ripe for categorization it has **taken** on a new appeal for **20th-** century urban North Americans. The **magic** has safely evaporated away, so to speak, and the objects can now be **classified** as "**art**", **harmless** and **decorative**, a safe **status** symbol for any **mantelpiece** or **museum** case. □

JOE TATARNIC, a Toronto print-maker and artist, has for many years studied and collected the native art of North America.

LEARNING & GROWING & MAKING

THE PARENT AS TEACHER

D. H. STOTT

new press

paper \$2.50, cloth \$7.95: 138 pages

CREATIVITY AND EDUCATION

HUGH L YTTON

General

paper \$2.70: 132 pages

reviewed by Stephanie J. Nynych

DR. D. H. STOTT is the founder and director of the **Centre** for **Learning Disabilities** at the University of **Guelph** in Ontario **where** he pursues research, developing **remedial** learning programs for children and the teenager. He has written a series of books dealing with human nature, problem children, their families and **their** environment. This latest book is a guide for parents of children with learning difficulties. It is written in the language of the layman and provides a variety of examples and explanations. It would **seem** that one of the prime causes for children's learning disabilities is their parents' teaching disabilities, **in** much the **same** vein as R. D. **Laing's** observation that the schizophrenic is one noticeable member of a schizophrenic **family**.

It is a fascinating book to read for anyone who is involved in education, especially with children in their early years. Again-and **again** I found **myself** nodding **in agreement** with Dr. **Stott** as I came upon confirmations of my own **discoveries** while **teaching** my **pre-** school daughter to read, write and perform mathematical operations. **Learn-** ing is a simple process of satisfying curiosity, which **is** an **innate** quality of the **human** being. (**Otherwise** how did man **learn** to fly to the moon without wings?) Curiosity, when allowed to flow **freely**, will **spur** the child on to **assim-** lation, correlation and use of data learned. Material must also be made

available to be curious about. As Dr. Stott suggests, one must **follow** the child's need and make learning a joy rather than a hardship to endure. This somewhat **short, unelaborate** book will have in time an impact on the educational **field** that **will** be equivalent to the effect of any unorthodox **view** that shatters **previously** held beliefs.

Dr. Stott states unequivocally — against all the existing statistics gathered by academic studies in **psychology** under the impetus 'publish or perish' — that there are **very few children with actual learning** disabilities owing to **mental** incapacities, such as those "perceptual handicaps" so **often** mentioned by psychologists. The majority of the one **million** young persons in Canada today who **have learning** disabilities are suffering from **behavioural** problems. **Behavioural** modification must occur before the child can use his/her learning abilities. Children with learning disabilities **fall** into **two** broad personality groups: the inconsequential child (**impulsive** and hyperactive, not **taking** time to concentrate on the task at hand) and the **unforthcoming child** (shy and lacking confidence). The **behaviour** develops out of environmental conditions such as **ill health**, emotional deprivation, instability, etc., rather than hereditary factors as such. A **process** of environmental change, particularly in the attitude of the parent towards the child can correct or modify the **behaviour** to permit the **child** to **function beneficially** in a learning situation. In the chapter, "**Training the Parent**," there is **outline** for modification of the parent's attitude to one of patience and kindness, prerequisites of any teacher. From my experience in the education system, both as a student and teacher, many teachers would do **well** to consider this chapter for their own **training**.

Those **geared** to seeking quantity above quality should reserve judgment of this **138-page** book. **There** is much to be gleaned from the unpretentious, down-to-earth advice as to how to salvage those children whom society's venerable institutions, notably schools with **their merciless** barrage of IQ tests, have **labelled** as retarded. In Dr. Stott's words: "**Lay** school board members sometimes even feel that **special** services are a waste of money because nothing

can be done **for** children who are born **dull** and **will** always remain **dull**." Dr. Stott believes children are not born **dull**. They are made **dull**. A parent who can honestly accept such an allegation against his or her **behaviour will** through this book learn how to undo some of the earlier, **unfavourable teaching** and how to equip their child with the ability to concentrate and respond **to the** testing situation of the classroom.

Creativity and Education by Hugh Lytton, Associate **Professor** of **Educational** Psychology at the University of Calgary, is a compact dissertation on what the creative process is, how it is tested and the results of these tests. Because creativity is **essentially** manifested in the "**unique** perception," its characteristics are as multifold as there are creative people. His conclusion is that standard IQ tests are **stiii** inadequate to assess creativity even when tests were given to accepted "creative people."

There are two **broad** categories of **thinking**, the convergent and divergent, and creative **thinking falls** into the latter category. The divergent thinker is least acceptable to the **teaching** profession.

Lytton cites an **investigation** carried out by Torrance (1965) on views

of teachers in **five** different cultures — the United States, Germany, **India**, Greece and the Philippines — where the observation made was that 'teachers in **all** cultures to **varying** degrees disapproved of such **behaviour** as **asking** questions, guessing, being independent in judgment and thinking, being intuitive, being **willing** to take risks, being unwilling to accept an opinion on mere authority and **approved** of the virtues of obedience and courtesy and the **like**."

AU the **behaviour that** met disapproval is **essentially** that of a creative thinker. **Lytton's** thesis is that creativity should be encouraged in schools. He suggests methods by which creativity can be nurtured in the school system but leaves the **field** open for new **discoveries** and new ideas. It makes **interesting reading** and educators might **well find** some of the ideas put forth, useful if **only in assessing whether** a problem child is in fact a hellion or a creative child requiring nurturing. □

STEPHANIE J. NYNYCH, who has educated her own daughter, recently published . . . and like I see it (Gleaner Books), which was reviewed in our last issue.

MAN WITHIN MAN

SCANN

ROBERT HARLOW

Sono Nis Press; cloth \$7.95; 307 pages

reviewed by C. Alexander Brown

IN THIS AGE of flackery and organized enthusiasm and hyperbole, **what** does a reviewer do when he comes, **unforewarned**, upon **a novelist** whom his instincts (plus **all his** years of reading books and studying literature) tell him, **is** one of the great ones? Lay down his word and hope that it **will** be believed by **enough** readers to matter. So here it is. Robert **Harlow** is a great writer, and **Scann** is one of the great **novels**. Not great Canadian, not great modern. **Just great, period, and** it is to be hoped that readers who **value** books as friends **will** not **sit** around waiting for the

paperback edition, nor for the slow tide of literary opinion. After **all**, there is some **small** pleasure to be had out of **knowing that** one recognized **high** artistry before the particular artist's name becomes public property. The truth of the timelessness of art is something past debating, but nevertheless there is something to be **said** for reading novels **when** they are written, so that **the historical ambience** is shared by writer and reader, and has not got to be **dredged up from** memory by the **reader** at some later time. This does not apply to every piece of literature,

but it applies to **enough** to make it worth **while** bearing in mind by **those** for whom books and poetry are more than **something** to pass time, or **examinations**.

Not that this applies in any particular respect to **Scann**. Written **10** years ago or **10** years hence this magical **thing** that Robert **Harlow** has wove" would stand unaffected by what was going on around in the world outside its covers. It is **the** story of **Amory Scann**, and of Linden, the **small** northern **Canadian** town where he works as editor of **its** twice-weekly newspaper **Chronicle**. An ambitious but not very good **newspaperman**, **Scann** is sent to **Linden** to cover the trial of an **ex-RCAF** World War Two ace who is accused of murdering **his** stepmother. After the trial, **Scann** decides to stay in Linden, **taking** a job with the **Chronicle**, **making** the place his **sanctuary** and **retreat**.

The novel begins with **Scann** **retreating** from **small-town** Linden into a **smaller** sanctuary, a **room** in the local hotel. (Once, **in** Mexico, I went **on** a similar **concentric** retreat **within** a retreat, so the **calm** and **deliberate** desperation which **Harlow** gave **Scann** is **familiar**.)

Scann's family believe he is at a conference in **Banff**. His publishers and friends believe he is on holidays. His **mistress-cum-secretary** **knows** where he is, but when she **comes** to his hotel door he does not let her in because, stocked out with paper and pens, he is **going** to write the **history** of the town of Linden, its people, **and**, with this act, **pass** through **an** initiation of sorts **into** some new state of self-esteem. Perhaps. It **is** not **clear** to the reader, and it is not clear to **Scann** himself, and **soon** it is not clear if what **is** to be written is history, or a novel, or fantasy. Actually it is all three wove" together, and we are **never** quite sure where one leaves off and the other begins, nor for that matter when **Scann's** book **within** a book **segues** into **Harlow's** book proper. The book slips backward and **forward** in **time**, maintaining a tension that **pulls** the reader forward through enough stories for half a dozen novels. (**Two** more books put together **in** like **manner** and we'll begin to hear **Harlow** being compared to that overrated southern gentleman, **William** Faulkner.)

Scann takes hold and never lets go. The **device** used is suspense, but movies in general and Hitchcock movies in particular, plus thousands of detective novels and **television** dramas, have **together** restricted the use of that word to a" association in the public mind with **guns**, car chases, and **villains** waiting in dark corners (none of which occur in **Scann**). Its **suspense** is associated with curiosity rather than vicariously experienced fear, and it is handled so well that it creeps up unnoticed.

At the end of the book **Scann** has lost his family, his **mistress**, and also the book he set out to write, to a **deus ex machina** that is the **only** really objectionable thing in the book. It is deliberate, obvious, **and** as arbitrary as life. It **is** **dismaying** to observe in the story, and **dismaying** to know that **Harlow** would use **such** a device to separate **writer** **Scann** from **Writer** **Harlow**. It is **like** walking out of a dark **theatre** after a" absorbing **film**, into, say, a bright midday **Mexican** sun. For the fit two **minutes** or so the transition to the reality of the hot glare is unpleasant.

It takes a" effort to review a novel without writing about its **characters**, or its plots. Those who read the book **will** understand, because any summary or **description** of some of the legion of characters would run the risk of **misleading**, because **Scann** is not a **straight-forward** book but a twisting together of **widely** disparate **tales** and situations, a bringing together of **real** and **complicated** people. In **this** respect the book resembles **Leonard** Cohen's **Beautiful Losers**. It is a tenuous **comparison**, because of the two books, **Scann** is far **more** complex, **dramatically**.

For myself, I'm **going** to read everything Robert **Harlow** has published. Other Canadian novels have come after **Scann** and made their writers into **almost** household words. **Harlow's** time **is** not yet, but if he **continues** to write as he does here, his **time** of acclaim **will** come.

C. ALEXANDER BROWN, writer and composer, was formerly a producer with CBC-TV; he is at present engaged in a federal social-research project in Ottawa, having recently completed a novel.

FRIENDS, SOB'S AND CRITICS

ERNEST BUCKLER

Edited by GREGORY M. COOK
McGraw-Hill Ryerson
paper \$3.25; 14.5 pages

If you want to tiid out what bitches there are in the world, get married. If you want to find out what sons-of-bitch there are, write a book.

-The *Cruelest Month*

ALL TOO TRUE, of course — although, judging by this selection of reviews and critical essays, **Ernest** Buckler seems to have been given his due by most of those who have deemed his work worthy of comment.

AU right, some misbegotten Dallas reviewer did write of *The Mountain and the Valley* that "Fornication between twelve- and fourteen-year-olds is going rather far;" but on the other hand, many years after the novel's first publication Alden **Nowlan** was to comment, "To me, Ernest Buckler's *The Mountain and the Valley* is not only the best novel yet written by a Canadian, but one of the great novels of the English language." Which latter **intelligence** is likely to provoke from the timid plodders of **Academe**, who thus far have paid scant attention to Buckler's output, a startled hubbub of footnoted tracts and **Fryenouncements**. For **Nowlan** is no rash Layton, though quite as important a poet. His **praise** should do for Buckler what Eliot's did for **Donne**.

In fact, at **least** two great novels have been produced in this country, although, since its author drank to excess, badmouthed Vancouver and died playing the **ukelele**, perhaps we are as well to regard *Under the Volcano* as beyond the Canadian pale. The *Mountain and the Valley*, however, **cannot** be as easily abjured. It was written in Canada by a native so" and its theme, a portrait of the artist as a" abject failure, has been identified by Margaret Atwood as **conforming** to Basic **Victim** Position Two. So there

seems to be little question about the novel's nationality. Even without Harry Boyle's help, we should long ago have stopped making fecal jokes about "the great Canadian novel," as if none such had ever been produced.

To be fair, there are any number of reasons why even as late as 1969, a reviewer for the *British Columbia Library Journal* could write, "It is exciting to discover Buckler, for he is not well-known, nor is he mentioned among the great names in contemporary Canadian, English or American literature, where he so surely belongs." The chief reason is that Buckler belongs there, again like the author of *Under*

the Volcano, primarily on the merits of one magnificent novel.

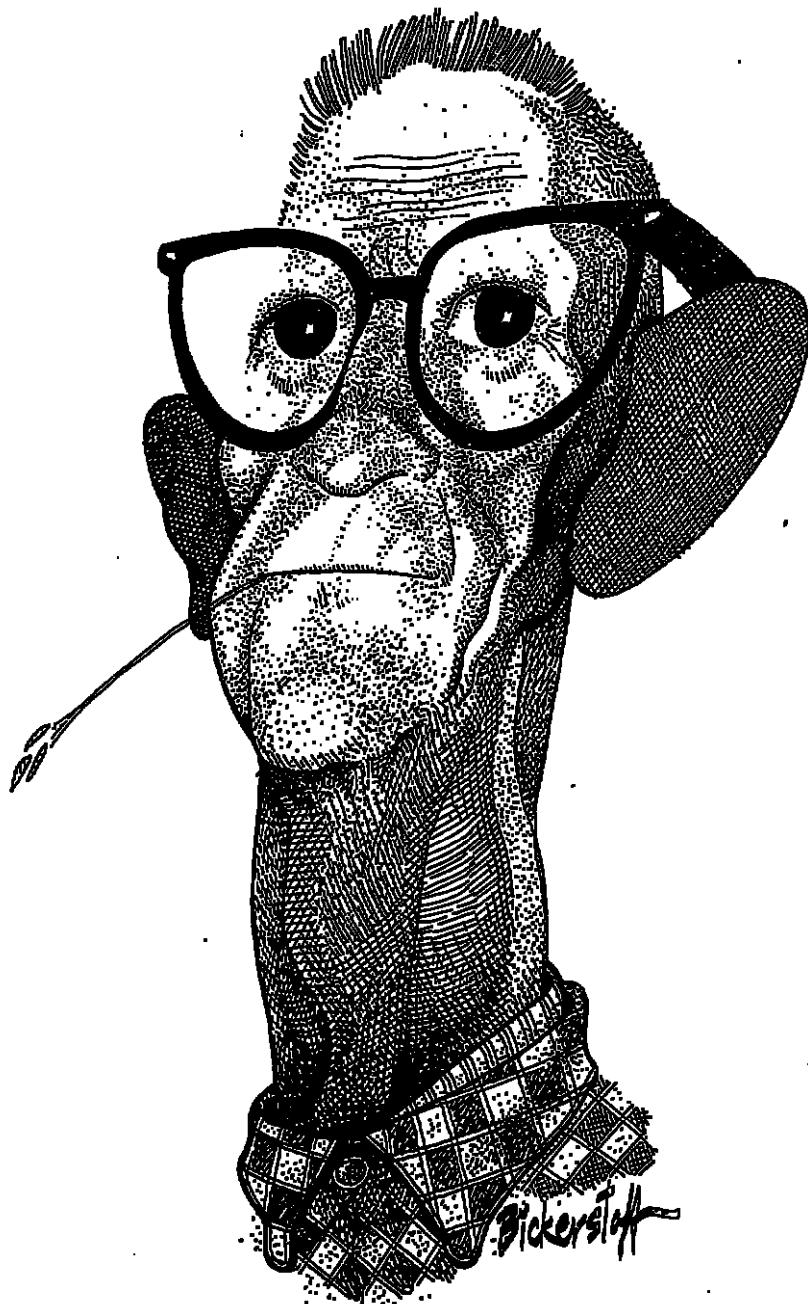
Anyone introduced to Buckler by way of either of his two later works, *The Cruellest Month* (1963) and *Ox Bells and Fireflies* (1968), might justifiably wonder what all the present fuss is about. *The Cruellest Month*, according to an unduly cruel review by Robert Harlow in Canadian *Literature*, "is not a good book; in fact, it is so bad that it is difficult, if not impossible, to take seriously." Even Claude Bissell, from the beginning one of *The Mountain and the Valley's* most appreciative exponents, had to report that, "One feels that the poetry and the vision so

beautifully captured in the first novel have not been completely captured in the second."

Ox Bells and Fireflies, described by the author as a "fictional memoir," was greeted by Bissell (to whom it was dedicated) as "one of the important Canadian books of this century," and by Harry Brown as "as beautifully compassionate, as awesomely moving, a study of our human universals and eternal as I have ever read." But Liselotte Berliner, the reviewer for the *British Columbia Library Journal*, was closer to the mark with her hope that, "*Ox Bells and Fireflies and The Mountain and the Valley* will be published in a one-volume edition, for these two linked works represent a truly outstanding literary achievement." Much the same thing might be said of *Dark Is the Grave Wherein My Friend Is Laid* and *Under the Volcano*, for there too, the later book serves to amplify its predecessor, but, if considered by itself, would be as incomplete as a modifier without its noun.

An interview with Ernest Buckler that appeared a few months ago in the *Globe and Mail* suggested that the author's current literary preoccupation is with a collection of Ught sketches and occasional essays, so it may well be that *The Mountain and the Valley* will remain Buckler's single most important contribution to our literature. To ignore its worth, to cavil that Buckler "has not fulfilled his promise," is both inane and presumptuous, and betrays a set of attitudes that might properly have belonged in the Europe of the late 19th century, when a successful novelist might reasonably expect to reap the sort of rewards that today accrue to television personalities and pop stars.

It is heartening to note that McClelland and Stewart's soft-cover edition of *The Mountain and the Valley*, fit published in 1961, went into its sixth reprint in 1972. The volume under review, edited by Gregory M. Cook, is further indication that Buckler may yet receive the recognition he is due., Ernest Buckler has little to say about the writer's short stories, poems or CBC scripts. Instead, it proceeds from Cook's elliptical introduction to a set of appraisals and analyses devoted to each of Buckler's three books in turn.



ERNEST BUCKLER

Canada has launched a program to bring Canadian books to the attention of world buyers. — booksellers, libraries and institutions around the globe.

Under the auspices of the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce, groups representing the Canadian Book Publishing Associations are exhibiting the latest books published in both French and English. Exhibits will be at major book fairs in the United States and Europe.

The subjects cover such varied fields as the legal sciences, music, history, architecture and humour. Novels by contemporary Canadian writers, collections of poetry and dictionaries are included in the list of Canadian books.

Through the display of these books, people in other countries can better understand the aspirations of Canadians, discover our country and communicate with a new world.

Hundreds of Canadian books will be available at the following major exhibitions:

5th International Book Fair of Brussels
Brussels, Belgium
March 17 to 25, 1973

5th International Book Festival. Nice. France
May 2 to 7, 1973

American Booksellers Association Exhibition
Los Angeles, California
June 10 to 13, 1973

XVIII U.S.A. International Book Exhibition
Las Vegas, Nevada
June 24 to 28, 1973

25th Frankfurt Book Fair
Frankfurt, West Germany
October 11 to 16, 1973

International Book Production Exhibition
London, England
October, 1973

Commonwealth Book Fair
London, England
October, 1973



Department of Industry,
Trade and Commerce,
Ottawa, Canada

Publié par le ministère
de l'Industrie et du Commerce,
Ottawa, Canada

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CANADA

Every section **begins** with a word or no from the novelist himself, followed by five **reviews** and three or four critical essays. Most notable among the essays are two by R. E. **Watters**, Warren **Tallman's** "Wolf in the Snow" and D. O. **Spettigue's** "The Way It Was." **Spettigue's** article, which, **like** Tallman's, first appeared in *Canadian Literature*, examines both *The Mountain and the Valley* and *The Cruellest Month* and is a model of perceptive and imaginative criticism: "[Both

novels are] intensely involved in the complexities of hurting and healing in the context of love."

From **Watters**, "The startling originality and richness of Buckler's figurative language is quite without rival in Canada and probably elsewhere." From **Nowlan**, "No one since D. H. Lawrence has created similes that are at once so fresh and true."

With sons-of-bitches like **that**, who needs friends? □ **ISAAC BICKERSTAFF**

OLD CAN-A-DA...

CROSS-COUNTRY

HUGH MacLENNAN
Hurtig; cloth \$5.95; 172 pages

reviewed by **Bill Howell**

TIME TO SET things right here. The book's a reprint from 1949, when it won a Governor General's Award. The **author** admits in his all-new preview intro that it wouldn't do so today. Fair enough. If only he'd been able to scare the hell out of himself with his writing before this. Because **all** this happened long before **the** context be **came an** official myth. At least to those of us born in **the** '40s. The book was written as **MacLennan** was **getting** into his **boxing** novel, *Each Man's Son*. The coffee-table travel books would have to wait for the '60s. The **dust** jacket now: "These **articles** were written within a few years immediately after the Second World War, and they are **valuable** indicators of how much — and how little — our basic attitudes and obsessions have changed." Question: How can man: begin to write of the personal experience of being used by the Universal Compendium without **trapping himself** in its works, especially when he's open to the possibility that the Change Machine **is** running out of silver? It all seems **so** long ago.

A Premise: there is stii no way you can **tell how a** particular piece is shaped by the context in which **it** initially **ap-**pears, or to what degree a writer may be wed or-abused by the immediate politics of that context, or even to

what extent his chance remark may be taken **as** the core of what he's trying to get across. A Possible **Conclusion:** these contextual concerns, and how **MacLennan** handled **them** as evidenced in **this** book, are more valuable today **than** anything he might have had to say back then about his mother country or his father (**Headline: DOCTOR HUNTS GAS LEAK WITH MATCH — FINDS IT!**) **accidentally** blowing up their home in Halifax on Christmas Eve, 1915.

The **distinction** between Then, when these **pieces** were written (for *Maclean's*, *National Home Monthly*, *Chatelaine*; *Foreign Affairs*, and the *Canadian Club*, Toronto), and Now, as they're **read** without a private contextual experience, is the evolution of a sensibility **largely** concerned with the realization that comfort within the **material** perimeters of life **defines** the totality of a reader's acceptance of the writer's decision to remain vulnerable. In a human sense. If it wasn't **for MacLennan's** self-discipline and **ap-**proachability, **re-read** now in an era of **placeless personal-statement-no-matter-**what, his **assessment** of **our** national character (and it is an assessment) **through** the **psychology** of abstract **mythology, based** on available research, and his cautious faith **in** the best side of our historical escapism would seem

merely quaint. But perhaps it is not entirely coincidental that there should be some connection, if only spiritual, between **MacLennan's** search for a **Canadian** context from which to write, however. literally, and the flag decals on the speaker **columns** of some of our more prominent **rock** bands today.

These pieces come from a **time** when everybody didn't know **everything**, as they presumably do now. An era when sociology **still** had a sense of **humour**, when writers tried to **justify** their words **in** terms of good reasons rather than **better** lifestyles. **Thus MacLennan** could set himself up like a huge tank **in** a **mudhole** and tackle such standby themes as his **roots** ("Not only do **Haligonians** not give the smallest damn about what **hinterlanders** think about Halifax; they don't care what **hinter-**landers think about **anything** on **earth**"), an American political **con-**vention ("The politicians **chivvied** the delegates **like** cheerful stoats"), **dis-**organized **religion** ("There is no reason why the mystical **approach** to a vision of God — the approach **followed** by **Jesus himself** — should be incompatible with modern **scientific** discoveries"), and above all, Canada ("Perpetual caution can succeed only **in** a second-rate society"). The energy **levels** of **all** these pieces, for a writer then **in** his early **40s**, are **incredibly** low; the pace is **so** peaceful. The new intro, on the other hand, zips along nicely and **provides** a revealing **contrast** in **tone**. But the big difference is not so much the distance between the-n and now; it's more between the writer and **his** subject. It's the difference **between** a stance and a distance. And **in retro-**spect it doesn't come off all **that** coldly, **especially** if you suspect the pseudo-tough instances of the New York New Journalists, with their **laughing coughs** and sociological junk lists. But let us please remember, as we move from a **sense** of social history to a sense of personal history, that nostalgia **is** the prime sign of a decaying culture.

I mean **there** he **is**, dutifully **ex-**plaining everything yet again as the style dictates, defending himself as **if** with a fiberglass **quarterstaff** on a narrow-but-vital bridge across Far Out Creek. And I don't mean **any** of **this** **unkindly**. I **approach him** quite cautiously, armed as I am with only a

solid laser **quarterstaff** and the **situation** cybernetics and coincidental **paranoia** of a friendly **grin**. He's wearing a Lincoln green academic gown, with a suit not **unlike** Peter Newman's underneath. Only my sense of **humour** will save me. I **imagine** his cloak floating quietly and reverently like a huge maple leaf on **our** metaphorical creek, and him at least with **his** tie loosened. **The** good wood of the **bridge** beneath our feet **reminds us** of the **scrubbed-down** decks **of** our forefathers and the innermost creeks of our fantasy lives. Off to the distance hangs that **misty-**

sweet-green-Canada country, **like** a **Karsh** photograph without the subject in it. I'd hoped he'd be more honest, **stating** his personal biases and **learning** processes at the time, and now I'm going to have to zap him onto his ass in' the middle of **that** creek **in** order to survive. □

BILL HOWELL, poet and Haligonian, has recently been engaged in writing a CBC-TV documentary on Canadian rock music and has written for Maclean's.

HOW TO GROW A POEM

THE COW JUMPED OVER THE MOON:

The Writing and Reading of Poetry

EARL BIRNEY

Holt Rinehart Winston; paper \$2.95; 112 pages

reviewed by Wilder Penfield III

NOTHING BEFORE Chapter One gives it away, but **this** is a book about a poem. **The** poem is "David: Earl Birney's now classic **narrative** of a **mountain-climbing mishap** in the **Canadian** Rockies. The book's title though, is not as **misleading** as it **first** seems, for Mr. **Birney** is **not** anticipating the **limelight** of posterity, but **illustrating** his **thoughts** on poetry as **communication with a complex** experience.

Part One, "Writing Poetry," sets the **first** inspiration in an **autobiographical** content, and traces the poem **through** the development of its fictional content, the **crystallization** of its form, **the** fever of writing and revision, and the long search for a publisher. **Then** its publication **is** followed **from magazine** to book to anthology **in** a path often **diverted** by stray anecdotes or asides on the economics and reviewing of poetry.

On **that** level alone, it is a good story. Moreover, **this** **amiable** ramble **is** self-critical without conventional **humility**, **allowing** us to know the poet **in a way that his poetry** — as **Birney himself** cautions — **cannot**.

It also allows us an unusual perspective on the **craft** of **writing**, not

only because the writer's memories **are** fresh and vital but also because his **writing** does **not hide the** errant thought processes that formed it. Frequently interrupting himself, sometimes doubling back, his style is a comment on **hill** style. ("Further warning: the above statements are all partly false. They are simply the momentary verbalizations of **one** very fallible **human being**, me, phrased on a **night** in August, 1971, rephrased on a September morning, and again. . .")

The section called "Reading Poetry" deals **primarily with** school-inflicted Appreciation, and **bristles** with quotes from misguided **critics** and letters from **misled** students. (There is also an **appendix** containing the errors **in** Cole's and other notes.) It is a strong attack on the institutional annihilation of the pleasure of poetry. **Birney** does not advocate banning literature **from schools**, but suggests that "the **best** teachers of poetry are . . . **those** who attempt not to teach but **to** be fellow **students and practitioners in the making** and enjoying **of an imaginative** craft."

Most of **this** part **is in** a loose form of **Socratic dialogue**. The rigged, stilted **conversation** is useful in freeing Mr.

Birney to make a number of **disparate** points **in** rebuttal; it is **interesting in enabling us** to feel **some of the frustration** of the poet **"T"** as he has **inflicted** them on his somewhat **querulous device**: MB.

In the third and last section, **Birney** talks briefly about **10 of his** best short lyrical and **satirical** poems from the 20 years following "David." (Unlike "David," most of the **selections discussed** are not included **here with** the commentary, but they **are** all widely available. One bonus replacement is the most recent updating of **his** acerbic **psychological** report, "Canada: Case History," this one dated 1971.) All **10 discussions** are stimulating **in** themselves and as examples of aids to appreciation.

The Cow Jumped Over the Moon is a little book, but properly used — that **is**, as a self-contained teaching **unit** — it should prove a major asset to high school **literature** courses or university classes **in** creative **writing**. All by itself it can **(re)ignite** the subject of poetry. Particularly valuable in "formal learning" **are** his seven "**special techniques**" that **distinguish** most **poetry from** prose, and **his** "nine personal **and** probably unsound **premises** about the **nature** of poetry." (The **Birney** Teaching Method can be well supplemented with **his** small **volume** of CBC **radio** broadcasts, *The Creative Writer*, 1966. **and with** some of the other writings and **recordings** listed in the new book's **bibliography**.)

However the scope, **of the** book is not so limited. Its "**wistful purpose**," **as Birney** states it, "**is** to persuade anyone literate in the **English** language who thinks that he does not like poetry that he's **missing** a unique.. pleasure **easily within his** reach — and anyone who **likes** poetry a little, **or** only some **kinds of poems**, that he may extend his range and his **pleasure**."

I cannot **think** of another **Canadian** who would have the gall to devote 80 pages to a **single** one of his own poems — **and** who would have the wit and **sensitivity** to make it a treat for the general reader. □

WILDER PENFIELD III is a freelance writer with a special interest in film, theatre and music; he has written for the Toronto Star, Rain-bow and Boating.

THE CENTRE WILL NOT HOLD?

reviewed by *Ted Whittaker*

I began as an internationalist anarchist. I have ended, without shedding any of my libertarian principles, as a Canadian patriot, deeply concerned with securing and preserving the independence of my country . . .

THESE WORDS FROM the preface to *The Rejection of Politics* sum up the process of George Woodcock's political thought during the last 40 years and also are a touchstone of my own difficulties in reading him. I find his beliefs cloud-cuckooish, daring and usually noble.

Woodcock equates and despises the nation and the state. This is an anarchist commonplace. He exposes what he calls compleat patriots, among whom might be numbered Robin Mathews, the cabinet of the present federal government, and the FLQ. Woodcock's patriots are nationalists, as he says in *Nationalism or Local Control*, only "in that they accept the fact that history has made us a distinct people with a common history, inhabiting a clearly defined region. They are not intent on replacing our federal-political structure by a national state. They are not exclusive in their loyalties."

Woodcock proposes that Canadians should decentralize further, making "provinces" out of the five largest cities, and changing existing provincial borders to account for geographical and economic interests, rather than for mere politics. I told all this to an anarchist friend, he laughed. "What would Michigan pay for Windsor, London and Hamilton?" he said. In *Nationalism or Local Control*, Patrick Macfadden asks, "His kibbutzim would last — how long? Perhaps a year."

Perhaps those reactions are cowardly. Only a few of his critics have realized that Woodcock's political statements are by design "impossibilist", to use Randolph Bourne's jocular adjective. A proposal that is attractively impractical invites consideration, interpretation and eventually compromise; it seduces incredulity, thereby gets smuggled into the political world. Woodcock speaks of "creeping toward the anarchist millenium". Though he researches thoroughly and argues with great calm, Woodcock offers no regimen for annihilating the state, whose health is war. Anarchist

THE REJECTION OF POLITICS AND OTHER ESSAYS

GEORGE. WOODCOCK
new press
cloth \$7.50; 192 pages

NATIONALISM OR LOCAL CONTROL: Responses to George Woodcock

Edited by ABRAHAM
ROTSTEIN & VIV NELLES
new press
cloth \$5.95; 128 pages

and pacifism recede over the horizon or under it; they are ideals. Piecemeal, they have been tried, and have more or less succeeded — in republican Spain, in Denmark. in India against the British, in various communal experiments all over the place and for hundreds of years, short-lived and long-lived, directed against any status quo available.

Nationalism or Local Control consists of an essay by Woodcock and reactions to it by a clutch of social scientists. Some of their essays are fundamentally statist, though most piously advocate devolution of federal authority. It is a different concern with power, different in kind. not da gree — administer things, don't govern men, he advises — which makes Woodcock so much more interesting and challenging than his clitics, even though he lacks a program. Some of them don't even mention him, and they ride their political hobby horses off in all directions through this slim book.

Because he believes power is a vice, Woodcock can take seriously the entire utopian tradition and fills part of *The Rejection of Politics* with discussions of the history of non-violence (especially in its relation to historical anarchism, which has not been without stain when it has turned to realpolitik), and of the millenarian theories and practices that have dotted the course of European and American civilization.

Woodcock is well-read, well-travelled and a Canadian by choice (born in

Continued on page 40

reviewed by *Walter Klepac*

IT IS EVIDENT from the wide-ranging essays in *The Rejection of Politics* that George Woodcock is at his best when functioning as what he has called the public critic. Woodcock has the experience and the political acuity to grasp the broader, social, economic and cultural consequences of what happens to a society in a period of profound transformation. He also has the imagination and sensibility to understand and convey these changes in terms of their consequences for individuals. The combination of these produces, in the case of the present volume, several poignant essays about communities and ways of life on the verge of extinction.

Throughout the last half of *Rejection* Woodcock shifts back and forth between essays about the disorienting complexities and alienation of urban life and those concerned with the dying customs and helpless assimilation of native communities into the patterns of modern Western civilization. In "Richler's Wheel of Exile," for example, Woodcock traces the careers of several of Richler's characters. Dissatisfied with all the absorbing demands of a successful professional life and its relatively shallow rewards, the exile returns to the scene of his youth, the self-contained world of the Montreal ghetto; and discovers it utterly changed. His sense of place is lost to time, his exile irrevocable, absolute. Woodcock in an essay describing his visits to three northern communities discovers that the recent advent of Western social services have rendered nomadic hunting tribes into welfare recipients, and age-old skills and customs obsolete. A restless fifteen-year-old Eskimo boy drives his snowmobile aimlessly over and over dusty gravel roads. This shifting has the effect of creating a panoramic montage of the constant changes that are reshaping contemporary North American society, especially in regards to Canada.

It is soon obvious that there is a good deal of tension between what Woodcock has very perceptively recorded of his travels and experiences throughout the country and the program he outlines in his more political essays: the problems as he has diagnosed them are far too entrenched a part

of the general social fabric for the plans he has proposed.

several of the contributors' to *Nationalism or Local Control*, issued by new press as a companion volume to the Woodcock book, point the dangers inherent in Woodcock's proposals for a decentralized and independent Canada and in the process of doing so open up the discussion on what is probably the most crucial questions facing Canada's survival into the next century.

Edward Broadbent and Patrick Macfadden among others seriously question wakening the federal government to the extent demanded by Woodcock in order to obtain the decentralization of power he so much desires. They believe that the fragmentation of the country into a co-operative association of self-governing regions and communities would facilitate complete U.S. domination. Broadbent argues that we must keep in mind that it is the U.S.-based multinational corporations that seek effective control of the Canadian economy and not be misled by peripheral issues. Accordingly, he feels that Canadians should actively seek to establish an industrial democracy in Canada as soon as possible. This would achieve Woodcock's goal of placing issues that directly affect people's lives into their hands while maintaining a federal government strong enough to act effectively in matters of common concern to those people.

Donald Smiley in his "Managed Mosaic" puts into a larger, theoretical perspective the very issues that are at the heart of the finest, most evocative essays in Woodcock's book. Smiley, like Woodcock, is very concerned about centralized power, especially in regards to recent trends he sees developing in Ottawa. What alarms Smiley is Ottawa's growing intrusion into as many areas of social activity as possible and its thorough commitment to finding out as much as it can about the goings-on and the individuals involved. Given the operational mentality evident in Ottawa, a premium is placed on smooth functioning of all "systems" and avoidance of real conflicts or disturbances. Smiley sees this as the sorest course to the creation of a monolithic state.

The trouble, then, with the majority of Woodcock's political essays is that in reacting negatively to very real evils innate to large nation states Woodcock has in fact over-reacted and created alternatives that 'simply do not

sufficiently take account of present realities. The Neeles-Rotstein book, however, offsets this by supplying a multifaceted, expanded discussion of the issues involved. [WALTER KLEPAC

THE GRAFFITI OF GROWTH

CANADA'S WATER: FOR SALE?

RICHARD BOCKING

James Lewis & Samuel
cloth \$6.95; 200 pages

JAMES BAY

BOYCE RICHARDSON

Clarke Irwin / Sierra Club
paper \$2.75; 190 pages

THE POLLUTION GUIDE

TONY BENNETT &
WADE ROWLAND

Clarke Irwin
paper \$2.95; 140 pages

A CITIZEN'S GUIDE TO AIR POLLUTION

D. V. BATES

McGill-Queen's University Press
paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.06; 140 pages

ECONOMIC THINKING & POLLUTION PROBLEMS

Edited by D. A. L. AULD

University of Toronto Press
paper 32.75; 184 pages

THE DISECONOMICS OF GROWTH

H. V. HODSON

Ballantine
paper \$1.25; 239 pages

reviewed by Tim Lush

MAJOR RIVER development and diversion projects have been national news lately — the Columbia River Treaty renegotiation, the Churchill River diversion, the James Bay hydro project. Richard Bocking's *Canada's Water: For*

Sale? shows these three to be only the most visible (since work has already started on them) of similar massive schemes across the country. What is happening to Canada's mid-north has been obscured by purposeful government reticence, and by lack of an overall view. Bocking's view from three years' research, covers the continent and is stunning.

He makes a persuasive case that "the natural flow of water and the landscape of which it is a vital and creative part" are an essential element of Canada's heritage and independence. Against this he lays a careful analysis and documentation of the mindless march of events (often accelerated by piecemeal policy) towards assigning these watersheds and the life they support to the U.S., via continental water diversion schemes, and via river impoundment to generate power for export.

These vast public projects (the James Bay project is larger than the United Kingdom) continue to be planned and launched outside public scrutiny; with scant attention to their critical social and ecological impact. Even economic benefit analysis has little to do with their go-ahead. Bocking traces the networks of Canadian and American political pressures — it's not a conspiracy, it's what is happening while no one is looking — and outlines environmental consequences. In the process, some illusions are dispelled: Canada has not bountiful surplus water to sell; a major water shortage is not coming up in the U.S.

Canada's *Water* is clearly written and well noted on sources and references, so the absence of maps is inexplicable.

Why the appearance now of so many projects? Bocking thinks "it is difficult to escape the notion that such programs... are being rushed ahead before reconsideration of the projects on ecological and social grounds is demanded by an amused public." There is ample here to become amused about. It deserves to be widely read, soon. (Colour films of CBC-TV's show on the subject are available from the Visual Education Centre, Toronto.)

James Boy is Boyce Richardson's dramatic and angry account of Premier Bourassa's political conniving in pushing through the Quebec pmject.

Richardson emphasizes the plight of the **Cree** Indians whose independent way of life, including a balanced total resource management for the region, **will be drowned**. **Bourassa's** unconcern **is close** to genocidal.

In Montreal recently, the solicitor for the **Cree** defeated **Hydro-Quebec's** contention **that they had** no legal rights in **the** matter, and hearings **are** finally being held into the project — now that the work is well underway. **James Bay** will help you **follow the** hearings.

The Pollution Guide, by Tony Bennett and Wade Rowland is **billed** as a Canadian handbook for home and cottage. Friendlier than **some** other **"what-it's-about-and-what-you-can-do"** books, it is probably the best Canadian one so far. It mentions most of the basic authors and books of popular **environmental** concern, introduces Canadian data and incidents, and has a useful, **if incomplete, list of more** than 100 environmental groups **across** the country (it misses "Damn **the** Dams: **Thunder** Bay).

One complaint: no references or **bibliography**.

One caution: **watch the** engineering mentality (Canada **should** develop atomic **power** because **"hydro-electric** sited **are** being used up. While Quebec has a number left to be developed, Ontario has **run out**") which **looks** at the environment only as **something** to be **harnessed for** man's **use**; and watch values **centred uncritically** around modern technological man (**existing** social structure in "underdeveloped" **countries** is only an obstacle to rational "advanced" agriculture, is just a lower stage in social evolution). A gentler **approach** to **what** is around us and to the **state of our knowledge** would probably be wise.

D. V. Bates, *A Citizen's Guide to Air Pollution*, is a solid and **welcome** book, **the** second in a **series** called Environmental Damage and Control in Canada, sponsored by the Canadian Society **of Zoologists**. Based on **painstaking** review of current **scientific** literature, it presents lucidly what we know and what we don't know. It **also** assesses some long-run non-problems (like carbon monoxide accumulation **In the** atmosphere) and **problems** (like carbon **dioxide** **accumulation in** the atmosphere). Dr. **Bates** manages to

maintain a cool balance without palling any punches about what is dangerous and about **some** things we really **should do**. **It is a book to trust**.

The necessary reliance on **British** data indicates the need for Canadian **research**. We hope to see a revised edition **every** few years to keep pace **with** developing information.

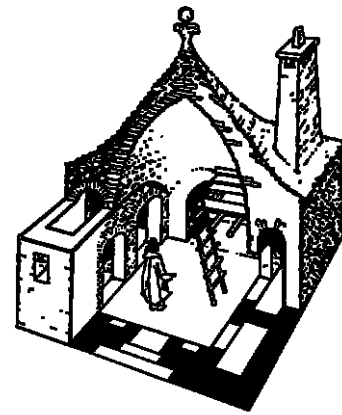
If **the** only aspects of pollution economists could think about were commercial **and industrial effluent**, and if **the** only things **they** could **think were** how best to get **firms** to pay for the social **costs they** impose, **thus** solving the problem, **then Economic Thinking and Pollution Problems**, edited by **D.A.L. Auld** would live up to its title admirably. As it **is**, the book **contains a few unmotivated pieces** (like 53 pages devoted to reproducing, without comment, **the** Canada Water Act and the Ontario **Air** Pollution Control Act), and it betrays little **sense** of the creative **strains** imposed on the field of economics by current **pollution** problem.

Some of the material is good and **useful**. The major **piece**, "Some **fiscal** aspects of **controlling** industrial water pollution" by Bii and **Waverman**, is delightful, and should be required **reading** for anyone interested in environmental politics, administration, **or** law as well as economics. **The** book as a whole is wobbly, however, and seems a bit naive about both the power and **limitations** of traditional economic **thinking**.

For a more adventurous **treatment** of **environmental** economics for laymen, try H. V. **Hodson's The Dis-economics of Growth**.

TIM LASH, currently on leave from graduate studies in Environmental Science, heads the Metro-Toronto Airport Review Committee.

**AWAY FROM IT ALL?
AND LIKES TO READ?**
Buy him a **gift** subscription
(See special offer Page 54)



Medieval Structure: The Gothic Vault

JAMES ACLAND

Hundreds of photographs and skillful drawings **combine** with an informative and entertaining text in a unique approach to Gothic architecture, tracing its evolution from primitive huts **to** the complex **fan vaults** and explaining how and why the Gothic **structure** developed. For all art lovers—and an imaginative gift for European **travellers**. \$25.00

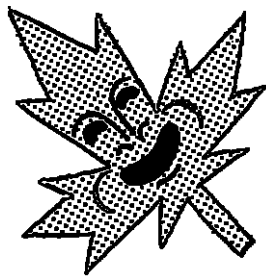


Your Loving Anna

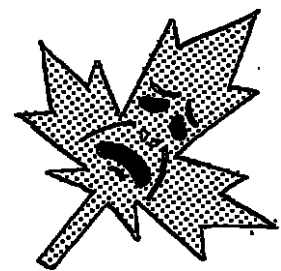
Letters from the Ontario **Frontier**
Edited by **LOUIS TIVY**

In 1883 Anna **Leveridge** and her family came from England to live in the backwoods **of Ontario**. This book is a collection **of** her letters **home**. **Louis Tivy**, Anna's grandson, set her letters to music by composing the **prose** narrative which accompanies them. What emerges is an honest **and moving picture** of pioneer life. Anna's letters **bridge** the gap of years between **us** today just **as** they spanned the gap of miles **in her own time**. They are an **unassuming** testament to the endurance, ingenuity and native dignity **of man**. **Pat Barclay**, *Victoria Times*. \$7.50

University of Toronto **Press**



THE CANADIAN STAGE



ACTING OUT OURSELVES

THE CALL OF THE WHIPPOORWILL

GUY DUFRESNE
(Translated by
PHILIP LONDON
& LAURENCE BÉRARD)
cloth; 102 pages

THE WHITE GOOSE

MARCEL DUBÉ
(Translated by JEAN REMPLE)
cloth; 106 pages

THE HANGED MAN

ROBERT GURIK
(Translated by
PHILIP LONDON
& LAURENCE BÉRARD)
cloth; 98 pages
All published by new press at \$6.95 each

reviewed by Nigel Spencer

THAT NOVELS, poetry and song have recently undergone a breathtaking renewal at the hands of the Quebec writers is no longer news. Likewise, anyone who follows the newspapers from Quebec or Europe is aware of the exciting new forms created in the theatre by people like Germain, Barbeau, Gurik and the late Jacques Sauvageau.

Quebec's lightning-quick flowering (usually called "explosion" in the Toronto press) is that of a new self that requires new ears to hear and a new tongue to speak. In such an atmosphere, one need scarcely be surprised by the invention, in fresh terms, of such a venerable form as classical tragedy. Odd? Pretentious? Perhaps, but then these things were said of Ib

sen, Strindberg and O'Neill to their time.

new press, in their New Drama series, have already published plays by George Ryga, James Reaney, Robertson Davies and David French. Now they give us translations — for the most part quite acceptable — of three plays which combine with great skill the strongest, truest features of Aristotle, Beckett and television.

The earliest, Guy Dufresne's *The Call of the Whippoorwill* ("Le cri de l'engoulevent") dates from 1960. It uses the fairly ordinary tale of a country girl captivated by a visiting American engineer to create an atmosphere in which the anger and frustration of a vainglorious father possesses us as folly as if we were witnessing the fall of the House of Thebes.

This is made possible by a fusion of everyday minutiae, broad psychological patterns and the relentless cycles of history that currently give the Québécois language such peculiar resonance. Similarly, but at another level, the lines of force characterizing power, sex, politics and language all merge inseparably. Unfortunately, the translation by Philip London and Laurence Bérard attempts to excise obvious political references in the text, and even goes so far as to censor remarks concerning politics and the language of Quebec from Alain Pontaut's superb introduction. Nevertheless, the play is strong enough to weather such interference without serious harm.

Otherwise, the translation is quite uneven, being especially weak in Act I where the emphasis is on psychology and atmosphere, rather than action. The characters seem merely angry, without giving us the colour and shading of their frustration. Later, the work is generally better, although the translation is often woodenly literal and sometimes totally wrong.

In 1966, Marcel Dube, Quebec's most prolific playwright (43 works for stage, radio and TV, not including poetry) wrote "Au retour dea oies blanches", translated by Jean Remple

as *The White Geese*. Far more complicated — and fully cathartic — this is the story of a young Electra-figure whose youthful crusade for truth not only brings down her father's corrupt house, but crushes her — and future generations — under it. As in Dufresne's play, and many tragedies before it, the key motif is that of a wild bird's brush with "civilized" man.

Poetic language and psychological realism again merge perfectly, this time with even greater resonance. The fact that a more classical French is used may account for this, and for the fact that the play travels into English so well. Yet, this translating job is not an easy one, requiring a fine touch and considerable skill, and here, Jean Remple most take credit for a superb piece of work. His preface, too, is short, lucid and well-conceived. *The White Geese* is certainly the best of the three translations.

The third play, Robert Gurik's *The Hanged Man* ("Le pendu" — 1967), is a bizarre and unsettling moral "trip". It combines the relentless logic of tragedy with the structure and social caricature of Ben Jonson and the verbal and scenic debris of Samuel Beckett. This play, more than the others, juggles precept with action to reveal the inevitable death that occurs when they diverge.

Philip London and Laurence Bérard acquit themselves rather better this time, but it is difficult to make this play real and gripping in translation, and any English production would require sensitive handling to realize its true power. In fact, directors planning to do any of these plays are advised to work with both texts in hand, because appropriate tones and rhythms can often be transposed on the stage, but not on the page. □

NIGEL SPENCER is a Montrealer now at University of Toronto as a graduate student of drama. He reviews theatre for *Toronto Citizen*.

HISTORICAL PAGEANT

DRAMATISTS IN CANADA

Edited by W. H. NEW
University of British Columbia Press
paper \$5.50; 212 pages

TRIPTYCH

JOHN REEVES
CBC Learning Systems
paper \$2.50; 96 pages

LEAVING HOME

DA VID FRENCH
new press
cloth \$6.95, paper \$2.50; 105 pages

reviewed by Dougal Frazer

Comic drama is most clearly seen in revue-type presentations — *My Fur Lady*, with the greatest sacred cow being the determined dullness of life in Canada Radio and TV have both added greatly to this genre, with Lister Sinclair and Robertson Davies prime contributors.

The dramatists most discussed in the book are James Reaney, Mavor Moore, Gratien Gélinas, George Ryga, Simon Gray and John Herbert — too about a list by many a name, but that is not the responsibility of the book.

James Reaney's plays are inspirational in growth- improvisational like Carl Hare's Company One. George Ryga's work employs a succession of devices to make his point of the loss of innocence. Simon Gray, now living in London, has fear of discovery and the necessity of masks in the social situation as the driving force behind his work John Herbert is perhaps too closely tied with, as he would feel, the real protagonist to have his play entirely succeed, but he is to be recognized as the first Canadian playwright to put on the stage what many would consider a socially unacceptable situation.

Louis Jouvet once said: "Le théâtre n'existe que dans l'acte du théâtre," and it is this problem that is perhaps 'at the mot of this book.

There are few focuses of interest to enable amateur theatre to mature in the skills necessary for the fruition of a professional tradition. It is all very well to discuss dramatists' in Canada, but until very recently they have had no opportunities to show their dramas. Certainly the situation is changing, but until a few more years pass when one can add other contributors to this type of survey, this book has the tendency to look a trifle lonely. It is well presented, however, and its historical bent gives a necessary perspective to the situation of today.

TRIPTYCH is a play designed for quadrophonic radio, but it could, very easily, be adapted for another medium. The three parts of the drama investigate the three most important dates of the Christian year — Christmas, Good Friday and Raster. The listener is caught in the middle between the traditional religio-scholastic interpretation of the scriptures and the more modern irreligiosity of the grab-bag of commerce that has degenerated the true meaning of the festival. There is a constant series of contrasts between the age of faith and

now, both here and to the Passion and Resurrection. Indeed, one might gather from the printed text that there may be too much chopping and changing around and what one gathers in emotional conflict is lost in confusion. However, Mr. Reeves has written a very interesting play fully utilizing the capabilities of four channel sound.

UNLIKE DAVID FRENCH'S other work, *Leaving Home* is a traditionally-written realistic play. It concerns the degeneration of a Newfoundland family torn apart by the pressures of living in a big city, but the real antagonist is the father, who is the central character. Mary, the mother, tries to hold together a family dangerously split by the fact that Billy, the younger son, is having to get married and Ben, the older brother, considered a sissy by his father, wants to leave home too. Jacob relentlessly hounds after Ben, taunting, baiting, grinding him down, all from love and perhaps a rueful admiration that Ben is going to accomplish what he wants while the father was never able to. The play is not all doom and gloom, however; there are some delightfully funny moments, but they are like whitecaps on a stormy sea — the real power is underneath. A powerfully written piece that has a terrible sadness about it, yet not maudlin. David French's is an unflinching view of life. □

DOUGAL FRAZER is an actor and director who studied drama at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Britain; originally from Victoria, he now works in Toronto.

*CanLit isn't
just what has
been written*

*It's what is
being written*

*Teachers, course
co-ordinators, professors
see page 54
of this issue.*

THE STATE Of theatre in Canada has never been a lively one, but part of the reason is that few plays have been written by Canadians. It is as though we are too sober a nation to be concerned with "The Devil's Playhouse."

Dramatists in Canada, the fourth volume in the Canadian Literature Series, traces the development, one is tempted to say emergence, of that very elusive species, the Canadian Dramatist. It is an historical survey but the main area of attention is on the 20th-century, the time when there have been the greatest number of outlets available to the dramatist.

The first play written in Canada was by Marc Lescargot in 1606 — *Le Théâtre de Neptune en la nouvelle France*, but another 150 years go by before another play is written. These plays are essentially closet dramas in no way intended to be produced on a stage. Charles Heavysege's *Saul* is the first major play to appear in 19th-century Canada. But, as the excerpts here chosen show, it is an encumbered mixture of *Macbeth*. Milton and more gore than appears in Poe. His literary innocence is an excuse, but not a sufficient one. Charles Mair is the first native Canadian playwright, and his *Tecumseh*, while still a laborious verse vehicle has some impressive moments, and he is the first playwright to deal honestly with the fact of Canada itself.

A LITERARY MISMATCH

THE STYLE OF INNOCENCE

FRASER SUTHERLAND

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$4.50; 120 pages

reviewed by Rudy Wiebe

IT IS, APPARENTLY, necessary to operate on the pyramid principle. If enough novels like Goldenrod (so loaded with pathos it made me feel sorry for the Calgary Stampede!) or collections like *Columbus and the Fat Lady* (so "with-it" it's unreadable) get published, presumably sometime, somewhere in Canada a truly magnificent peak of fiction will arise. In my opinion the operative verb will have to be not "arise", but "be shored up", for it seems to me that such construction is inevitably done with sand: "break-through!", "first!", "never before!". Sand is forever moving, it is forever fitting itself into the contours of the moment and can easily, quickly build peaks, true; and they last that long as well.

Criticism also, apparently, needs, the pyramid. On the one hand Canadian critical writing has discovered "The Series": every known writer must be fit into either a 64- or 128-page monograph. (Actually "The Series" has been borrowed from television where all known subjects are either 28 or 56 minutes long, depending on how they are chopped or stretched, but its mots lie deep in our (albeit classical) mythology. Unfortunately, the only survivor of the Procrustian bed became a pariah.) The other critical method is: compare the Canadian to some major writer. Again, if we only get enough such critical writing for base work, eventually, eventually...

Fraser Sutherland uses the comparison method, and it certainly is the better of the two. He does not have to pretend that two long lives of writing and the works that result from them can be meaningfully written about in a set number of words. The strength of this book is really Part One. Here Sutherland succinctly draws together the facts of Callaghan's relationship with Hemingway: their work at *The Star*, Hemingway's early encourage-

ment, the summer of 1929 in Paris. Meaningful details are sketched in swift, sharp prose; there is a sense of comprehension and building anticipation. The subject, "a study of Hemingway and Callaghan," is of course a natural, but despite Sutherland's good beginning, he makes some critical mistakes.

The first is the manner in which he handles the comparison. There is a deluge of writing about Hemingway, so any generality about him can be pursued in detail through books and articles; there is no such critical backlog on Callaghan. Sutherland himself admits this when he cites Woodcock's "Lost Eurydice" as the best discussion of Callaghan's work. That's an essay of 16 pages. In other words, work about Callaghan is of the summary kind, and by giving Hem&way equal space, all the critical weight falls to the American.

The second is more serious. In 91 pages (26 are footnotes and apparatus) Sutherland tries to discuss, comparatively, 17 novels and several hundred short stories. Inevitably little but summary can result, and there is, actually, no extended study of any one novel or story to prove the critical thesis the title implies. *Luke Baldwin's Vow* gets about as much space as *Across the River . . . or It's Never Over*. Given Sutherland's pugnacious stance (other critics are "dull" or "banal," though some "offer occasional shrewd comment"), a good deal of what might be perceptive criticism has only the impact of assertion.

A writer of Callaghan's stature and range demands his own, unhampered, study. *It's Never Over*, for example,



A SPLENDID THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE...

FORUM

Selections from The Canadian Forum

Edited by *J. L. GRANATSTEIN and PETER STEVENS*
University of Toronto Press; paper 37.50, cloth \$17.50: 431 pages

reviewed by *Douglas Marshall*

gets a quick line from Pacey in *The Literary History* and Sutherland *merely echoes* it here. The novel's opening chapters are, however, superb, and its developing relationships as exciting as those in *Such is My Beloved*. Canadian criticism needs no more "summary" for the benefit of those who must teach and will not read; we need studies in depth.

This book by Sutherland, unfortunately, despite some of its strengths, is basically a "two paragraphs per novel" book. Even with a best-of-intentions, that's unworthy of the fine novels Callaghan has given us. □

RUDY WIEBE lives in Edmonton. His new novel, *The Temptations of Big Bear*, will be published this fall by McClelland and Stewart.

CONVENTIONAL HISTORY straightens out the kinks and fills in the gullies of our erratic progress through time until the past 50 years or so become a four-lane highway running through certain selected points of interest: November, 1918; 1929's Black Friday; Munich; Sept. 3, 1939; VE-Day and Hiroshima; Korea; Suez; and Nov. 22, 1963. It's a boring, well-travelled route intended to move you from cause to effect as quickly as possible. But by its very efficiency, it is a distortion.

It is difficult to tell how much of a distortion. The reconstructionists, innocently or deliberately, have obliterated most traces of the old meandering mad that was reality. In Canada, the task of determining the byways and detours we actually took is made even harder by the absence of a vigilant and multi-voiced national press. Most journals and popular periodicals were (and many still are) shallow in their social awareness, biased toward local issues, and conservative in their outlook. How healthy is a nation in which the socialist point of view shared by nearly 20% of its federal voters and by majorities in three provinces is expressed regularly only by underground and student newspapers?

Fortunately for our self-respect, there is one literate organ of national opinion in this country that has consistently undertaken the responsibility of keeping an accurate track of our month-to-month progress. The *Canadian Forum*, bless it, has been conducting an intellectual survey of the social, cultural and political paths ahead since 1920. Leftward leadii still proceeding, it guides us by its reasoned

light. And as these selections show, the dates and points of interest the *Forum* finds important along the way are far from conventional.

For instance, there is Jan. 15, 1931. On that day 68 members of the teaching staff of the University of Toronto wrote a letter to the newspapers protesting, in the mildest possible way, the activities of Toronto's Police Commission. It seems the commissioners, representing an alliance of fanatic Orangemen and Christian fundamentalists, were then in the habit of labelling as a Communist anyone who even fidgeted during the playing of *God Save the King*. True to their nature, they had conspired to prevent a group of liberal idealists known as the Fellowship of Reconciliation from holding a public meeting to discuss freedom of speech.

The letter from the 68 faculty members unleashed a torrent of outrage from the true-blue Establishment of Ontario. Every retired colonel and his batman, three of the four newspapers, the massed canons of the United Church were all howling for professorial blood or deportation of the 68 to Russia. Thundered the *Toronto Globe*:

This matter of 'free speech' which is agitating the fellowship and which has brought forth the 'protest' of 68 college professors is but a 'red herring' across the trail . . . This tender-hearted bosh about the Bolsheviks ought to be stamped out once and for all by an indignant citizenship. It is not British Canadian, or Christian. Why should red-blooded Canadians soft-pedal before their machinations?

The past is a strange country indeed. It is almost impossible to believe that the people who were pouring out this utter



hogwash or gulping it down were our fathers. It was left to the *Forum*, as usual, to provide a perspective of sanity. An editorial almost certainly written by Frank Underhill reviews the affair and exposes the ludicrous illogic of it all. It adds:

In rescuing some samples of their [the Establishment's] outraged virtue from the oblivion which so quickly falls on daily newsprint, *The Canadian Forum* believes that it is performing a

service to the social historian of one hundred years hence.. .

For such services, we are devoutly grateful.

From its foundation by a small group of U of T professors and undergraduates, the *Forum* was designed to function as a distant early-warning system for Canadian society. It received little monetary support and less thanks. But it had the greater glory of usually

being proved right. When the war it had bean predicting all during the 1930s finally came, the magazine made its own cool assessment of the justness of the cause and counselled against the various excesses of Allied policy. Amid the patriotic clamour of total war, we find the quiet voice of F. R. Scott explaining in June, 1942, why Quebec voted "No" in Mackenzie King's vague plebiscite on conscription and predicting where it would all lead unless English Canada made some effort to understand the roots of French-Canadian discontent. In July, 1956, we find Eugene Forsey rising above the immediate insults to democracy antailed by the passing of the pipeline bill and foreseeing that the real issue would be the energy sellout that is, now upon us.

There are other treasures: Northrop Frye succinctly revealing Toynbee's massive edifice to be nothing more than a synthesis of Spengler and stupidity; E. W. Mandel gently landing a few punches on Frye's own *Anatomy of Criticism*; Norman Bethune's haunting lines from the battlefields of Spain, Layton mocking Kipling here, knocking puritanical critics there, erupting everywhere; David Helwig's small sad story about a dying spinster.

The *Forum's* taste in fiction and poetry was uneven; but at least it printed literature of quality when no one else did. The magazine's judgment was sometimes off; but it was never smug about the many times it was right. You can take *The Canadian Forum* or leave it, as you wish. But never doubt that this country has been a batter, saner place because of it. □



NEW CANADIAN TITLES FROM STARLINE PAPERBACKS

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You surely don't agree with all our reviewers, do you?

O.K. Well, let us have it.

Write-In!
(See page 151)



TO BEGIN WITH

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN

RED RIDING HOOD
THE POPCORN MAN
THE DANDY LION

Books & lyrics by DODIROBB
& PAT PATTERSON
Music by PAT PATTERSON
new press
cloth \$3.95 each; illustrated; 50 pages each

THE CLAM MADE
A FACE

ERIC NICOL
new press
paper \$1.25; illustrated

reviewed by Katherine Govier

THESE THREE one-act musical plays for children have 'been given big, brightly coloured jackets and nice wide pages that stay open by themselves so you can look at the pictures. Authors Dodi Robb and Pat Patterson have provided an introduction (the same one in each volume) and production notes that allow the reader to benefit from their experience with children, the most acute and critical of theatre audiences. Base scores and lyrics are included, as well as information about production rights. This should make them very useful to well-meaning producers of children's plays who tend to use weak adaptations of fairy tales or other mediocre material. There has been such an increase in the number of children's productions, in the past decade that I am sure good plays such as these are in demand.

Writers for children keep alive the literature of magic, fairy tales, and talking animals. We save happy endings and wish-granting for our children — it is not just that this is what they want, but it is what we want to tell them. The world encompassed by children's theatre is expansive. It has not lost the simplicity of the fable and yet it can include the television trappings of space craft and missing persons.

Of the three musical plays *The Dandy Lion* is the best known, at least in Toronto where it has become the annual Christmas production at the St. Lawrence Centre. I liked all the plays, but if I were to choose a favourite it would be *Red Riding Hood*. The authors have added some ingenious wrinkles to the old tale of sweet young thing waylaid by wolf on way to Grandma's. What actually happened, we find out, was that Walter the Woodsman and Bert Blunderbuss, the tradition's heroes who were supposed to have rescued L.R.R.H. and Grandma from the Wolf, were short-sighted, inept downs. The little girl and the old woman managed just fine by themselves, in the end retraining the vicious wolf to be Grandma's houseboy. Walter remarks that he will never worry about L.R.R.H. again, as she can take care of herself, and Bert decides that he might give up hunting since L.R.R.H. disappears. I'm not going to tell how the women capture the wolf because it's just too good an idea to give away free.

Both *The Dandy Lion* and *The Popcorn Man* have young boys as protagonists. The first is a circus show and involves a choice of lions. One is Roary, a very ferocious beast, and the other is Dandy who likes to wear bow ties end to bounce balls. At one point the audience must make its preference known. It is imperative for the rest of the script that Dandy be chosen. I wouldn't have bet on it, but I guess the authors know best.

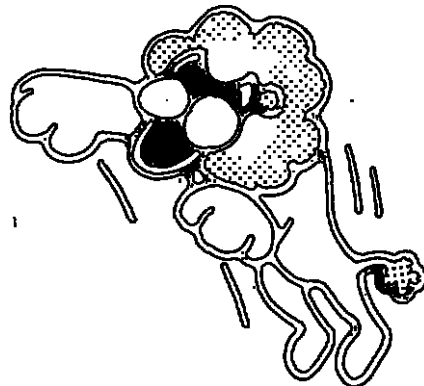
The *Popcorn Man* follows essentially the same formula as the others. Someone has a problem — in this case

it is Mrs. Kangaroo who wants to escape from the zoo — and all the characters pitch in to help solve it. In this play, the authors seem to be reaching a long way in all directions for ideas. Involved are a missing millionaire, an astro-pilot, a kangaroo, a popcorn seller, and a boy whose father is too businesslike to be any fun. Somehow it all ends up being one plot.

Each play has about eight songs, some of which are repeated, as an opening and a finale for example. The lyrics are witty and brisk and the songs come at delightful moments in the action. They look like the kind of songs that would catch children's fancies. A few samples are "The Popcorn Song", "Bake a Cake", which includes lines about cleaning up the mess you made, and a song called "I'm in a Rage". I wondered if some of the lyrics weren't more for the amusement of the adults involved than for the children. Words like "sylvan", "contemplate", and "disposition" are pretty big, but I suppose there is no harm in trying to enlarge the vocabulary during a play.

The Clam Made a Face is a more economical little volume, paper bound, with illustrations by children who have seen the play. Unfortunately, except for the drawing on the cover, the children's renderings are reduced in size to about one square inch. Nicol's play is based on the Indian legends from the West Coast of Canada. A cast of four give a dozen or more interpretations of mythical animals and characters. Among the legends enacted are the story of Siwash Rock, the native explanation for the fog that rolls down the coast, and a lovely story about the origin of mosquitoes. This starts a slapping and ouching session that I imagine would delight young audiences.

The play has been produced by Young People's Theatre and was presented at the International Children's Theatre in Montreal last June. It is a success with audiences and has the additional merit of containing some unusual myths of the West Coast Indians.



KATHERINE GOVIER, a Manitoban writer now living in Toronto, has a special interest in the theatre.

ARS LONGIS...

THE ARTHURIAD

JOHN D'ARCY BADGER

Pendragon

cloth \$6.95; 129 pages

reviewed by Clyde Hosein

*We swear we will make Man
wary as serpents, innocent
as doves: ilk Arthur renaisant.
Plan the work. Work the plan.*

SUCH IS the dialectic of the gospel according to John D'Arcy Badger. He comes after Christ as a cross between Muhammed and Merlin with an apocalyptic Magna Carta made for this Aquarian Age.

But even Kali, the Aquarian Hindu destroyer, by the determinism of "all things must come to pass" knows what Badger seems to omit from his concept of righteousness: that is, great men were great only because they recognized that they were revolutionaries in a reformist world.

Badger declares that The *Arthuriad* is the manifesto of the middleman — the political centre of philosophy and intellect. Mao is to be awakened to himself and "white magic" by Merlin to the concept of Arthur (Christ), "God's good intent," whose "maturities (will) ram/ the love of freedom and justice / back into the half-beaten world." By "the revolution of the centre" Badger means the political action of the purely conceptual radical centre, not the chicken-shit Liberalism of the West or its carbon-copy in the East.

What then is *The Arthuriad*? It is a futurist vision that sees tomorrow's man as a member of Parliament representing himself only. His political responsibilities are internally processed from data obtained from television, teleprinters and computers; and his vote registered by manipulating electronic buttons in his own home.

The Arthurian citizen, while cleaning up the mess of the world, will own shares in the business where he works. The state will be supervised by a "counter-state" run by an Auditor-

General responsible to the elected government leader. The "counter-state" will also supervise the private sector to reduce infamous capitalist waste. Because scientists have "reduced Man to masturbating ape" and "real estate" religion has condemned him to the bingo/rummage sale mystical syndrome it will be necessary to remake man. How? By upgrading his ideas. And how else but in the image of his Maker through the ethics of Arthur, the astronaut!

Somehow, without coercion (which Badger abhors) there will then occur a vast improvement in the quality of human nature — the long-awaited million-year leap into the Golden Age. This will be accomplished by genetic engineering, Round Table education and BSP. Every human being, like Excalibur, will be extracted from the grey stone of materialism; and so coming to the light will become illuminated. Thenceforth will they all charge after the Holy Grail (internal excellence) on the horse of Cosmic Revolution.

O miracle! O divine unification! Let the self join to the Self to end this bloody selfishness! Arthur and the world are yet to ride together to Communion on the truth of myth or flying saucers.

As capitalist and nasty communist ideologies (in reality identical) crumble in their waste, inflation, sewers and double-talk, the coming knights (now your oppressors, corporate tyrants, Belials in Western livery) will again defend the weak against the strong.

The *Arthuriad* is in form a kind of epic poem, a holistic vision of past and future experience. It consists of 56 sonnets, neither Shakespearian nor Petrarchan, each bolstered for meaning by free-verse commentaries that seem and sound mom like political slogans than poetry.

Yet, it is the fruit of 35 years of work by Badger; and for the love implicit in its aspirations it stands above human condemnation because it calls us to that other country when we finally realize we are strangers and exiles upon the earth. □

CLYDE HOSEIN, who was born in Trinidad, is a scientist, writer and broadcaster; he now lives and works in Canada.

FINDING A CONTINENT

VIKING AMERICA

JAMES ROBERT ENTERLINE

Doubleday

cloth \$7.95; illustrated; 217 pages

reviewed by Erling Friis-Baastad

IN THE UNITED STATES, Columbus Day is a sort of minor-league holiday. In my father's house, Columbus Day always went unacknowledged. It wasn't like missing Christmas or anything; my father and I are both from Norway and we had the innate certainty — which only Scandinavians could have had before the actual discovery of Viking settlements in North Eastern Canada — that the first pale European foot set upon American soil belonged to a Norseman and not an Italian. Until I read *Viking America*, that certainty served me in the place of any real knowledge of the history of European exploration in the New World.

Teachers in North American public schools haven't treated either the Norse explorers or Columbus very well. The Vikings in the Canadian North' purportedly behaved like their oversexed brethren who had previously ransacked England and France. When the Vikings arrived here, they couldn't take the natives for much, so they quickly left. Columbus accidentally sighted land, just as a mutinous crew was preparing to throw him into the sea.

During the past decade, evidence has appeared in the form of artifacts, ancient maps and manuscripts to contradict both these portrayals. James Enterline has checked over this evidence with carbon dating, intellect and most laudably, common sense. *Viking America* isn't simply an effort to popularize proof that the Vikings were here first; it goes much deeper to show that the Norse presence in North America had a lasting effect on both sides of the Atlantic and prepared Europe for The Age of Discovery.

Four centuries before 1492, the Catholic Church could claim two Christian settlements in Greenland. It

is likely that the settlements were only claimed and not boasted at; the Greenlanders were steeped in venial sin: they married relatives, consorted with heathen Eskimos and even substituted beer for wine in the sacraments. Their trespasses were noticed by the Christian sovereign in Norway and he despatched plenipotentiaries to guide Greenland back to a more strict observance of the faith. The Greenlanders had been making regular voyages in the Canadian North and were in contact with Eskimos whose ancestors may have migrated across the entire top of this continent. It isn't at all far-fetched to suppose that the plenipotentiaries brought news of the Greenlanders' discoveries back to Norway and that from Norway the information filtered down through the other Christian countries to eventually drop on Columbus' lap. His journey then, would have been inspired by research rather than a lucky guess, divine intervention or a sixth sense.

It's difficult to say which controversy is immediately secondary to the one waged over, "Who discovered America?" Enterline provides a" impressive list of candidates. The location of Vinland was not necessarily Newfoundland. It could have been" as far north as Ungava Bay. Virginians claim Vinland was in Virginia. Residents of Massachusetts know better. There are murmurings that Vikings penetrated as far inland as the Dakotas or Thunder Bay. Did some Norsemen wander off from their settlements to become nomadic hunters, mate with Eskimos and eventually be absorbed by Eskimo cultures? searching for Scandinavian characteristics in the faces of present-day Eskimos will keep geneticists busy for more than a field day.

Though *Viking America* is more imaginative than most history books, Mr. Enterline treats circumstantial evidence cautiously and asks only that his readers keep all the sensible possibilities in mind. Future research could reveal the full extent of the Viking legacy to this continent. •

ERLING FRIIS-BAASTAD, who lives in Toronto and has written also for *Tabloid* and *Guerilla*, was born in Norway and grew up in Colorado.

KEY STONES

MEDIEVAL STRUCTURE: The Gothic Vault

JAMES H. ACLAND
University of Toronto Press
cloth \$25.00; illustrated; 254 pages

reviewed by *Marian Engel*

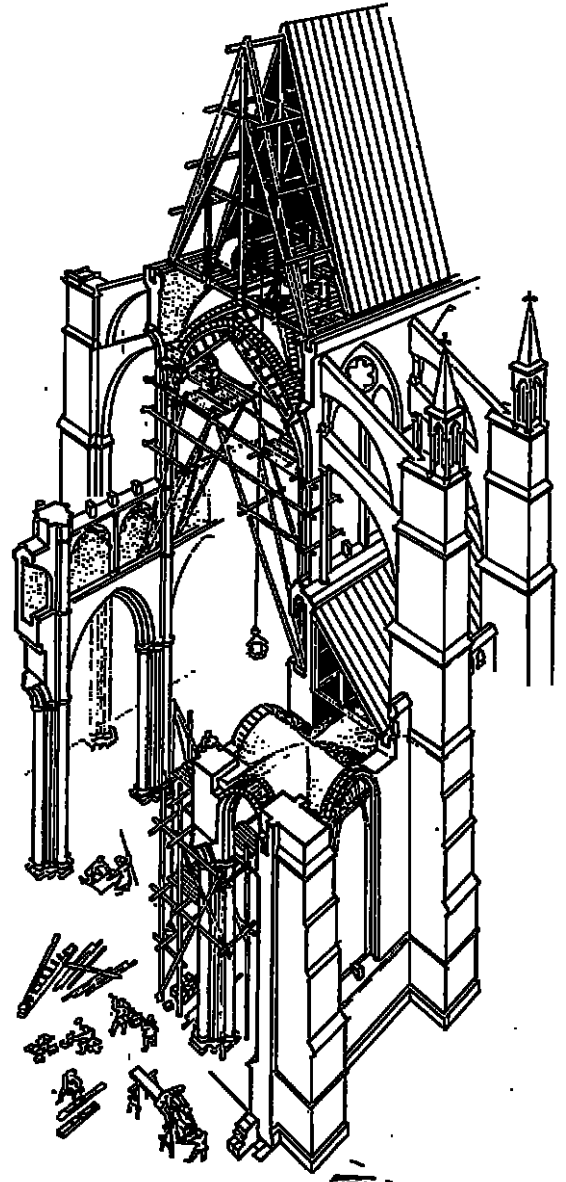
AS A CHILD in Western Ontario, I found architecture an inexplicable art. I sat in buff brick pseudo-Gothic churches counting phoney gold organ pipes, and watched, fascinated, as the church-decorators appeared every five years with their stencils and pastel paints (blue for Catholics, pink or green for United, beige for Baptists). I went to schools that were designed as schools, not monuments, and later to a university that tried hard to look Tudor, just as some public libraries tried to look Palladian. Nobody told us that barns were beautiful: beauty was the sepia photograph of Salisbury cathedral in the living room. I found what architecture was in Europe.

In his preface to this excellent book, James H. Acland recounts a more sophisticated experience, but a moving one: "Initially, my interest in the Gothic came from the vision of the web of stone wedged into the sky: from that moment many long years ago when I hopped over the tailboard of a Canadian army truck enroute to Belgium, and saw the towers and buttresses of Amiens soaring above the ruck and rubble of the tow". Later in Cologne I was struck by the obdurate strength of the crazy cathedral fabric of medieval and 19th-century stone which remained substantially intact despite direct hits by bombs, while about it steel and ferro-concrete structures lay in twisted wreckage."

As a rank architectural amateur, I should not perhaps be reviewing his book, but it is useful to point out here that it was a book produced for laymen as well as professionals, that its approach is at once historical and structural; that even if you have forgotten your geometry it is a good read.

Once you discover that buildings are beautiful you must, unless you

want to be a hopeless aesthetic cast-away, find out why they are beautiful. Acland approaches the Gothic through its roofing and vaulting, moving from very early basic forms — huts, Italian trulli, stone-vaulted Irish churches, Byzantine and Roman domes — to English and European barn and hall forms that led to the great Gothic arch. Architecture here becomes a search capable of support & the grand religious aspiration of the Middle Ages. The technical problems solved in the creation of the great cathedrals — Amiens, Rheims, Strasbourg, Notre Dame, Salisbury, Durham, Wells — I don't think he leaves any out, so the list need not be longer, are illustrated with photographs and line drawings in great number. Since I watched Dudley Witney crawling along the roofline of a



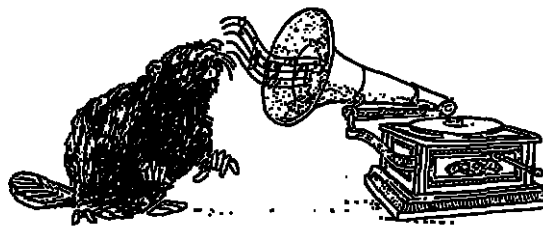
barn with a measuring tape and a camera, I no longer presume that authors acquire these illustrations from someones' archives. There are years of effort and exploration in this book and the fact that it deals with a great deal more than vaulting speaks for an indefatigable author.

Having discussed mediaeval building technique in great detail, Acland says, "The Gothic is not just the creation of an engineer; it is not explicable merely the result of hard-headed structural analysis and a commonsense response to climate, material and skill . . . At its best it can be seen as an effort to give physical substance at a large scale to the mythic dreams and ideals of a society" (p. 97). He then proceeds to show us how the dream varied in different societies — how High Gothic was northern and west-coast, how In response to warm southern climates and extreme central European climates, and to differing varieties of building materials Gothic was changed. Some of his most charming photographs deal with the ribless cellular vaults used in Churches in Saxony and Bohemia — territory well off the axis of the usual architecture book. These alone make the book worth \$25.

Once you discover building as an expression of aspiration you look differently around you. The idea of North America as virgin territory for builders — and I can see someone like Rives Tully standing on the shore of Lake Ontario and rolling up his sleeves — explains many of the strange monuments around us. Building is utility and shelter, on the other hand, created the beautiful barns and rose-brick farmhouses we delight in now.

The world of building, or architecture, is an exciting one. To appetites jaded by sociology and psychology, cult-fiction and bad poetry, books like *The Gothic Vault* come as a kind of repose. The words are beautiful — ashlar and squinch, voussoir and pendentive and corbel — and thank God groin divorced from Philip Roth — and the range, from Mexico to Mesopotamia via Aquitaine is wide and satisfying to a proper sense of realism. Nationalists should be proud that a book of this range and competence has been produced here. □

MARIAN ENGEL, who has just completed a third novel to add to *No Clouds of Glory* and *The Honeyman Festival*, and who has written for the *New York Times* and *Maclean's*, lives and works in Toronto.



THE SPOKEN WORD

HEARING WHAT IS SAID

OPEN SECRET
GWENDOLYN MacEwen
CBC Learning Systems
LP \$5.00

reviewed by Bill Howell

*I have come to possess your darkness,
only this.*

IT'S BEEN going on quite quietly for some time now, and it's the kind of thing the CBC, all personal beefs aside, does best. The idea has been to get the best of their spoken word recordings to libraries and university English departments across the country, covering the jacketting and laquering costs, but not to make an extra dollar more. Because after all and officially the CBC is not supposed to be in the commercial record business. They have had to be ascetically subversive about it. In 1967 Earl Birney read some Dylan Thomas at Scarborough College and Jim Gonsalves, who runs CBC Publications, was there to hear. Shortly (in the CBC's unique sense of timelessness) thereafter *Canadian Poets No. 1* appeared: 2,000 of eight of their best (yes gang, including the young Leonard Cohen) at \$7.50 a copy. Bad production.

Man might be a sort of charlatan, as well as a sort of god.

Since, we've had the voice of the late J. Frank Willis on *Vimy Ridge; Century*, a corny *Centennial* special; Patrick Hynan's brilliant *Hemingway*; Glen Gould's *Newfoundland and Idea of North*; and more recently Mia Anderson and Margaret Atwood's *Susanna Moodie*, Al Purdy's rural *Ontario*, Alden Nowlan's honest *Maritimes*, and

Gwendolyn MacEwen's *Open Secret*. The price of these recordings has reduced itself to a trawler apiece as the quality has improved, and by the sound of things Gonsalves is soon going to find himself in the unlikely predicament of outsuccessing the terms of his experiment. *Open Secret* is both first rate and immediate. But anyone with modern ears knows that if the CBC powers that be invested the bread necessary for half-decent machines, instead of buying carpets to haul people on, it could all be a bell of a lot better.

There is a great unspeakable wheel...

I first heard her read live at Acadia University in a large reception room under the new dining hall, early in 1969. The setting was hardly ideal. The room had hard walls and the audience arrived with leftover colds and the shuffling distractions that come from unfinished term papers, preconceived connotations, and the vulnerable isolation of every official visitor. But there she was, in a pair of white rubber boots, her voice rich and sensual with an awful comprehension of all the uncomputable but necessary mysteries. Even the coffee percolator listened, heard:

*Green with sleep the skin the skin
breathes night
— I hear you turning worlds in your
dark dream —*

The electricity in the air over this country, I am by now utterly convinced, has a permanent pattern of waves and circuits in the shape of Gwendolyn MacEwen's voice. She has read her work on the CBC so often that its broadcastability is an important textural ingredient. Few poets anywhere take as much care with how the phrase is heard, taking at least as much time learning how to graft words to the voice as planting the letters on the page. A poetry reading is a dramatic event, and it's rare to find a titer who, if you'll pardon the phrase, articulates the spokes. It's even tougher

HOW THEY STOOD ON GUARD

IN DEFENCE OF CANADA: Volume Three

Peacemaking and Detarranca

JAMES EAYRS

University of Toronto Press; cloth \$17.50; 407 pages

reviewed by Norman DePoe

to cut through the glom of a recording studio, without that audience coughing and shuffling to cover or excuse a lie kicked clear from hem to somewhere just short of the North Star. You're alone in a roomful of 77Ds, 655s, M47s, and the sound of your own voice. This poetry finds its core in that dark and mysterious zone where the written word and its tonal roots intersect.

As a poet I felt I had a moral obligation to get beyond my own private pain, and into the universal nature of suffering.

Rock music, like the Hemingway tradition, is dead. Generally this is because it betrayed the ideals of those in the 1960s who grew up on it. On practical terms this is because the Agnews in the big record companies now know what to watch out for in terms of lyrics, an easy job in such a crude verse form. People are closing up. On these terms it may be argued that written language will continue to become loaded down with ambiguous connotations so as to be virtually, indecipherable, and that recordings such as this am after the fact and should be dismissed as only entertainments. But it will be tough for the systems analysts, who can't yet get their machines to distinguish between "dose" (near) and "close" (the end) to beat down the tyranny of our psychic small towns. Gwendolyn MacEwen has always had her own. She makes each word a door, an open one.

It is not a warm voice, but it's not unfriendly either. It's close only in the sense that it penetrates the listener directly from the working distance of a performance. The listener is almost asked to face up to this recording; it doesn't just sit back and give itself to you. Nothing is spontaneous; it's disciplined art. The poems are carefully selected from three of her books, *A Breakfast for Barbarians*, *The Shadow-maker*, and *The Armies of the Moon*, and are arranged in a sequence, punctuated by short commentaries, that traces her development from the little girl sorceress, who is aware of the effect of her voice, to the mature artist with a resounding personal mythology. It is so intensely condensed that ears normally accustomed to following song lyrics will have to rest between cuts, but it's well worth the effort. □

PROFESSOR EAYRS begins the latest volume of his continuing series with an explanation of the long hiatus between the appearance of Vol. II and the present one. Not, as he puts it "creative pause (that euphemism for sloth)" but the good, grey reluctance of the East Block to decide which of the voluminous papers concerned could be declassified has been responsible. In perhaps typical Ottawa fashion, the bureaucracy solved the problem by refusing to declassify any of them. It took Eayrs from 1964 to 1970 to win a revocation of that edict. He adds "Better late — I trust — than never."

And better it is, indeed, though mom for the specialist than the general reader. As usual, Eayrs's research can only be described as compendious. Apart from the crucial documents from Defence and External Affairs, he has the invaluable insight gained from access to the papers of Brooke Claxton, who served longer as minister of National Defence than any other man in Canadian history; his wide reading has been reinforced by personal interviews with the movers and shakers of the uneasy period when we moved out of a World War into a new and nebulous rôle as a would-be "middle power." (The book covers, roughly the period 1943-1950.)

It is a truism to say that war is the ultimate extension of foreign policy — probably the ultimate proof that foreign policy has been inadequate or a failure. Less attention has been paid to the fact that a nation's defence posture in peacetime is — or should be — a handmaiden of foreign policy as well. Among other things, Eayrs traces the evolution of ours and its inextricable course from those of the devious personality of Mackenzie King; the forthright inter-

nation&m of Louis St. Laurent and Lester B. Pearson; the moribund, but active Imperial stance of Britain and Canadian resistance to any revival of centralized policymaking in London; equal Canadian insistence that the post-war world should not become totally subordinate to the U.S., the Soviet Union, and Britain, with or without the Imperial setup. He also points out how purely domestic attitudes (as they were, or as they were conceived by a failing and possibly out-of-date Mackenzie King) influenced both the size and composition of the armed forces.

There is a clear contrast here with the American situation, where the Pentagon too often has seemed to make foreign policy than the other way about. Canada, given the almost complete stand-down of her armed forces between the two World Wars, was incapable of producing political generals: certainly we have had no one with the national status of a George Marshall or a Douglas MacArthur. Our commanders emerging from World War II were mostly pre-war civilians; most of them returned to civilian life. The long-service men simply did not have the clout to wag the dog. The only one who really tried, Lt-Gen. G. G. Simonds, was widely regarded as insubordinate or dangerous in the inner circles of government.

It follows, then, that much of the present volume is about the evolution of foreign policy rather than defence policy, which necessarily becomes a follower rather than a leader. Eayrs gives us much new material on attempts by External Affairs to create a coherent Canadian policy even while our diplomats were more or less convinced that all we could do was react to each situation as it occurred, His book reflects

this in its division into topics: reforming the services, **Canada** and the United Nations, Canada and Europe, Canada and the **Commonwealth**, and so on. There is a long and valuable section on how we wrestled with the problems of atomic warfare, sitting as we were on the only readily available supplies of uranium, and with Britain and the U.S. suspicious of each other, eve* at **times** of Canada.

It may sound like **something** an academic (perhaps eve" **Professor Eayrs**) might write on a student's term paper, but a summary **chapter** attempting to weave the disparate **threads** together would have been **valuable**. What does come out is rich enough: some better impressions of the perceptiveness and prophetic instincts. of "MU&Pearson the diplomat than anything this reviewer has seen" yet; the overall and undoubted brilliance of the **External Affairs** department of the

period; some new insights into the always fascinating character of **Mackenzie King**; some equally **fascinating** glimpses of the inner workings of government. By implication, what **emerges** as Canadian foreign and defence policy is **complex** and sometimes contradictory, but is strung together by one vague and sometimes frustrating goal: to preserve **independence** of thought, and 'insofar as possible in a world of superpowers, independence of action.

It is to be **hoped** that Professor **Eayrs** is already **leafing** through the documents of our participation in the Korean war, and on into the Suez crisis. □

NORMAN DePOE, doyen of **CBC-Newsmen**, became during the '60s a **visual symbol of federal affairs** far better-known than most of the politicians he reported on; his beat, from a **Toronto base**, now ranges to all points of the **Canadian compass**.

IMPLOSION EXPOSED

LIES

JOHN NEWLOVE

McClelland and Stewart; cloth \$4.95; 96 pages

reviewed by Doug Fetherling

IT HAS NO been **10 years** since **Vancouver's** old **Periwinkle Press** brought out **John Newlove's** first major (and now scarce) poetry collection, **Elephants Mothers & Others**, at a time when they were many obviously **important poets** in their early and mid-20s. In fact, what with **Newlove**, **Atwood**, **MacEwen**, **Bowering** and the rest, there were probably more ripening than than now. But what in retrospect **seems** remarkable — in light of the **Zieroths** and **Musgraves** and **Flanagans** — is that so many of them had, and still **have**, so much in common. As diverse as **their chosen** directions sometimes seem, they **all wrote** and continue to write **on** pretty much the **same** principles and with basically **the** same intent. And with few exceptions they share a tone of detachment they have perfected and **intensified** in **wildly** different ways while still keeping **their** **common** lineage clear. Perhaps it is

because the modernist tradition from which they derived now seems to be **wearing thin** that the new poets, **groping**, seem less a group. Perhaps this is **for the better, perhaps not. Whatever** the case, the **1960s** poets I speak of sometimes **seem** like a **Siamese chorus line**, all the members kicking in **different** directions but each one joined to the next at the ear lobe and heel. The one who is **kicking** highest, at himself — and this is a recent development — is **John Newlove**.

In his new collection, **Lies**, one sees a **sharp break** from his other books. Where he once **wrote** largely outside himself, he now is very contemplative, in a **somehow** violent kind of way; and **where** once his poetry was explosive it is now **implosive**, going deeper into its **own** structure as the poet goes deeper **within** himself. The change from **even** **The Cave**, published in 1970, is **striking**. In that **collection**, more so

than in the earlier **Black Night Window** but in a **clear** progression nonetheless, he was **concerned** with poetic **neatness** and had an understated epigrammatic quality ha now seems to be **throwing** away. The **65** or so **new poems** in **Lies** are starker by reason of the **roughness of their revelations** and are, in general, tougher, harder, **more** against the **grain** — and this **from** a poet who was never in the **first** place dull-edged, meek or **pussycattish** in the least. **Technically** the effect is that the **poems** are more **fragmented and** disjointed than earlier ones, but this makes them sound less accomplished. The change, however, is for the better: these **new poems** seem to be **wrung from** the mind, **dripping** on the pages, and when they work they work **powerfully** indeed.

But it is not all **plumbing** the **ullage**, so to say. **Lies**, I think, is the result of a tension between, on the one hand, the **struggle against inarticulation** every **real poet** must face, and, on the other, the desire to **bring back something** from the Other Side, to return to **the** conscious with, in clear form, what in the subconscious is merely code. **This** is **common** enough, I suppose. The **difference** is that **Newlove** does it better than most, and the **result** causes a pain that rings horribly true to **the reader** equipped with the **proper** moods.

And yet **all** the poetry in the book is not **essentially** this indoor poetry. **Newlove** still writes openly about what have become his **recognizable** themes. **The** **cruelly** ironic love poetry. **the** poetry of the derelict, the poetry about **the** haunting purity of the **Indians** — it is **all still there**. So too are found **poetry** and translations. But still the **most** effective is the poetry about other people's **and** by implication **Newlove's** hopelessness.

In the sense that it is his most nearly unique, **Lies** is **John Newlove's** most **important** book to date. And while it **contains** many of what will be **recalled** as his best individual poems, it is too early to **make** any **larger judgments**. For if **Newlove** is true to this sudden shift in poetic temperament his next **collection** will take us down somewhere we have not been before. □

DOUG FETHERLING, a West Virginian who has transposed himself to Toronto, is a poet, journalist and editor of **Tabloid**; his study of **Hugh Garner** (Forum House) is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

PAPERBACK RACK

To Understand Jews (Stuart E. Rosenberg; Paperbacks; \$1.25): Published originally in 1966 under the title *Judaism*, Dr. Rosenberg's book is a warm flame of reason. Recognizing that Christianity is beginning to understand its essentially Semetic roots after 2,000 years of intolerance, he undertakes to explain the religious civilization of the Jewish people in terms Christians can comprehend. The book is written "in the ardent wish that it will lead to respectful and humane Jewish-Christian encounters." Amain and Amen.

Northern Realities (Jim Lotz; new press; \$1.95) is a highly readable report from the hard-headed Grinch who stole the Christmas glitter from Ottawa's vision of the North. Lotz describes the true North (mainly the Yukon Territory) from the point of view of the people who actually man the harsh frontier north of 60. it's time, he argues, that we stopped applying southern solutions to northern problems and no one who reads this book can doubt the permafrost foundations of his case.

A Complete Guide to Crochet Stitches (Mary M. Dawson; General Publishing; \$1.98): Inspired at first by the see-through fad and later by the rediscovery of granny squares, crocheting is making a comeback. No longer just a doily craft, it's now the "in" stitch for every garment from Party dresses to bikinis. Trouble is, granny is not around any more to teach the technique; so those who want to get hooked have to rely on books. This one, with clear diagrams, large type and comprehensive photographs, is better than most. And unlike a lot of instruction books of this sort? it can — with a little effort — be made to lie flat.

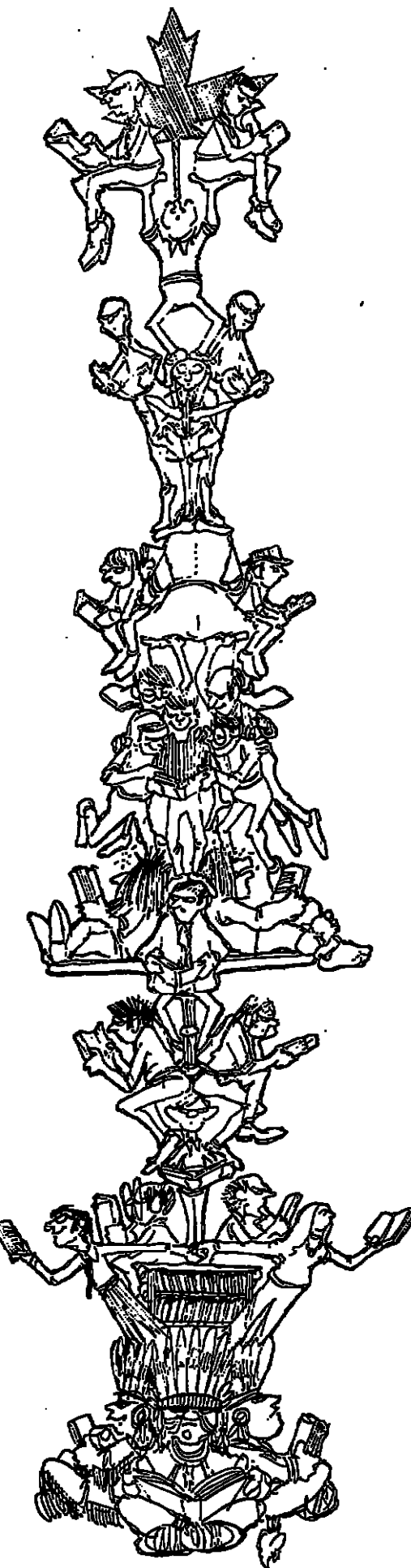
Pollution Probe (edited by Donald A. Chant; new press; \$1.75): When a dozen or so young adults formed Pollution Probe at the University of Toronto in 1969, they were convinced that man had one generation at most to save himself from either extinction or biological devastation. They could detect only one ground for any opti-

mism about our chances: "If ever there was a nation that could pull itself together... and protect the environment, it is Canada" If this country does meet the challenge — and it's still far too early to give even a progress report — it will be largely because of the powerful impact of this excellently documented exercise in vital polemics.

Rat River Trapper and Run Indian Run (Thomas P. Kelley; PaperJacks; 51.50 each): mel'o-drama, n. [fr. Cr. melos song + drama drama.] A variety of drama, commonly romantic end sensational, with both song and instrumental music interspersed. Some critics suggest that Kelley, author of *The Black Donnellys*, has a flair for melodrama. He doesn't. He has an absolute infatuation with it. The two factual epics he here embroiders with boy's paper prose are certainly the stuff out of which legends are made; one is the sad mad tale of the trapper known as Albert Johnson and the other is the earlier tragedy of the hunt for the elusive Kispiox Indian, Simon Gun-anoot. Not content to invent improbable dialogue, Kelley also peppers us with heroic doggerel. The result: a couple of North West East Lynnes.

The Only Good Indian (edited by Waubageshig; new press; 51.75) is a collection of essays by Canadian Indians on the Indian condition, interwoven with some haunting poems by Duke Redbird. Listen carefully as you read this book. What you hear isn't the rustle of the wind but the fizzle of a fuse.

Rights of Youth (Malcolm Levin and Christine Sylvester; PaperJacks, in association with the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education; 91.25): While most thinking adults are aware that the role of secondary schools in our society is undergoing a fundamental re-examination, few have anything more than a simplistic grasp of the issues. This study, based on actual conflicts throughout Canada, explains the situation and then asks some tough questions. Since the answers are up to us, we have a moral obligation to do



our homework. (One issue raised, incidentally, is a legal ruling that schools have no authority to set homework.)

Notes from the Century Before (Edward Hoagland; Ballantine Books; \$1.25) is a lyrical and faintly melancholic record by a New Yorker of a summer spent in the Telegraph Creek region of northern British Columbia in the mid-1960s. It captures the last strains of the area's romance before the machines moved in to erase the past. A good book marred by an inadequate map.

Continued from page 25

Winnipeg in 1912, he grew up in England and returned here in 1949). He notes that North Americans don't theorize much about utopian communities; that is for Europeans. We have merely made them (or failed to make them), in the space that once was new to us. One of Woodcock's favourite communes is the little-known Sointula, a Finnish social experiment on an island off the coast of British Columbia. It went according to plan for a few years before the First World War, and thereafter its inhabitants maintained a less close and less rigid form of organization. (A Sointula anecdote, from my anarchist friend: Some Sointulans once sent a letter to the B.C. government. "We, the 15 car-owning and car-driving members of Sointula, demand that you, the Minister of Highways, pave our roads." The return came soon '1, the Minister of Highways, am happy to hear from you, the 15 car-owners and car-drivers of Sointula. Among you there are three licenses.")

This sort of bravado delights Woodcock; Canada is usually the peaceable kingdom (he cites with approval William Kilbourne's booktitle more than once) and he hopes we stay forever as free as possible of the virus affecting Greedyguts the centralizer, in any of his forms — governmental, military, capitalistic, educational.

There are essays on other cultural matters in *The Rejection of Politics*, all informed by Woodcock's libertarian prejudice. He praises Northrop Frye, heaps a bit of dirt on the coffin of McLuhanism, puts in some needed good words for unfashionable Mordecai Richler, rhapsodizes about the Noah and laments the effect of meddling bureaucrats on native civilization.

Woodcock is least credible when he gets his teeth into a principle. He believes the government that governs least is that which governs best, and thinks that a paring down of the Criminal Code would solve a lot of problems: "The Code must cease to concern itself with all acts in which there are not demonstrably victims." True enough. But then he goes on to call for the legalizing of prostitution, claiming it has a long and honourable tradition, and that really it is a form of physiotherapy, and should be treated as such. It would be more truly anarchistic to say that we need as much personal liberation and love as prophylaxis, and the de-legalizing of prostitution (and of non-addictive drugs; Woodcock recognizes this). When women respect themselves, men have to respect them; and payment for sexual intercourse becomes unnecessary and demeaning. (Woodcock is not often given to such a lack of vision, but there is a final essay in *The Rejection of Politics* drawn from *Visions 2020*, a popcult collection of predictions assembled a few years back; and there is Woodcock, sounding like a Unitarian who has read everything but Genesis 3.)

Woodcock is most useful when dealing with present problems and proposing solutions that utilize present resources, solutions that twist, however, our notions of how problems might be solved, so that we see light through the cracks in our own dark glasses.

Pay attention to this last example. Woodcock admits ruefully the need for social restraint — of thieves, molesters, murderers, polluters, generals — and suggests a better use for money now spent on &ping down petty crime and also sin, keeping up armies and letting governments and the corporations run amok. Were this money used for some imaginative research, there would be fewer prisons (though there's always the worry about who's going to watch the watchers) and "a number of curious schools where the directors of pulp mills might sit beside defrauders of little old ladies and molesters of small boys and silk-stocking stranglers to learn the elements of mutual aid and respect for living beings, which primitive peoples have often understood so much better than we have done."

TED WHITTAKER has been associated with the University of Toronto newspaper *Varsity*.

IT'S ALL DONE BY MIRRORS

ON HOLOGRAPHY AND A WAY TO MAKE HOLOGRAMS

J. PETHICK

Belltower Enterprises (in co-operation with the Umbra Foundation)

illustrated; 25 pages

reviewed by C Alexander Brown

JERRY PETHICK'S 25-page mimeographed handbook, of which eight pages are filled with straightforward and easy-to-understand diagrams, is a good basic guide for those who want to make holograms, or to understand how holography works. Holography, and lasers which make holograms possible, have been around for several years now, but both are still popularly regarded as being in the realm of scientific esoterica, and relatively few artists have experimented with holograms, especially in this country.

In fact, it is now possible to get quite inexpensive laser light generators,

and with this basic piece of equipment plus a sandbox, bits of wood, metal tubing, mirrors and easy-to-get lenses, to make three-dimensional holographic images.

In summer of 1970 the Finch College Museum of Art staged an exhibition of holograms that generated a fair amount of excitement. I think the exhibition went on a tour, which, unfortunately, did not cross the border.

In the almost three years since that exhibition there have been quite a number of advances in laser technology. Perhaps one of our museums will consider staging an exhibition. Jerry

Pethick, who was born in London, Ontario, and who is an Associate of the Royal College of Art. would most certainly be happy to help arrange it. **Alas**, we wig probably not see **anything** of the sort, because, with the possible exception of the Vancouver Art Gallery, our galleries, **including** the National Art **Gallery** in Ottawa, are **unenterprising**. Indeed, some of them, notably the Montreal Museum of **Fine Art**. operate as if **they were still** in the last century. So we hare never had in Canada anything **approaching** the **Art** end **Technology experiment** that a few years ago in **California** resulted from collaboration between **high technology companies** such as IBM, and artists, nor **the Plastic as Plastic** exhibition that the New York Museum of Contemporary Crafts staged in 1969.

Missing fmm the book **is** a section on safety precautions. This **is** needed, because although the **lasers** suggested by Jerry **Pethick** are several thousands of times less powerful than, say, **the** gas lasers developed by the National Research **Council** in Ottawa, they can **still** cause permanent eye damage, if one looks **directly** into the beam. □

Continued from page 2

after the death of Andrew **Jackson**, then reviving a bit for **Lincoln**, but rarer than the **dodo** in this century. The large numbers of expatriate Americans in Canada **sometimes** seem to have almost nothing at **all** in common with one another, and yet, these draft dodgers and **deserters**, collectively, hare expressed the strongest doubts, fears, **misgivings**, and rejection of the **American Way of Life** since the outbreak of the American Civil War.

Irony — and an appreciation **for** paradox — **are** only incidental, fringe **benefits**. The draft dodger or deserter who **was born of immigrant** parents can proudly announce that he is heir to an **honourable** family tradition — he comes from along line of draft-dodgers.

We might consider the distinction between two contradictory ways of **describing** the decision **taken** by the new **American exiles**. Thus, **“exile”** connotes a loss, **like** a punishment, or even **“expulsion”** — **like** the **Expulsion** of the **Jews** from Spain in 1492. Sounds **pretty grim**, but maybe they **deserve** it?

Needless to say, few **Americans** in

Canada wear hair shirts to expiate and do **penance** for their sins. Quite the contrary: they themselves don't see their decision as **“exile”** or **“punishment.”** Rather, they regard their emigration from the US. as a matter of active rejection — rejecting an **unsatisfactory** way of life. Thus, cold and bitter **exile** didn't somehow *happen to them*. They **left** the **U.S.** of **their own volition**.

The New Refugees is not going to be the last word on this subject. Nor does it pretend to be **definitive**. But it does assemble a **valuable collection** of personal statements and **interviews** that represent a fair **cross-section** of the **draft-dodgers** and deserters in Canada. They don't all sound **alike**, and they **aren't** all ex-Boy Scouts. In a way, this book has a peculiar sanity **all** its own.

The editor, **Jim Christy**, has nicely **réfrained** from **polishing** the syntax; the upright may be out of **tune**, but the rag sounds authentic. □

H. G. LEVITCH, who is himself a **“new refugee”** from Tennessee, now lives in Toronto with his collection of jazz recordings; he has written for **Saturday Night** and the Government of Ontario.

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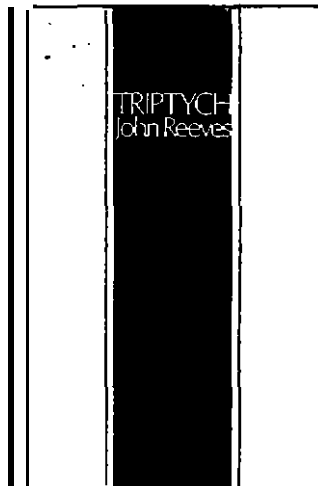
TRIPTYCH

A dramatic work written and produced by John Reeves, "Triptych" was broadcast on CBC radio in 1971 and 1972.

Mr. Reeves is also the author of "A Beach of Strangers" which was broadcast by the CBC in 1959 and won an Italia Prize.

The form of "Triptych" is basically a series of contrasts. On the one hand, it attempts to portray the three major days of the Christian calendar (Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter) in a devout light, as seen in the style of medieval drama. On the other hand, the same occasions are portrayed in their modern guise, es secular holidays, commercial, end often gross; these passages are written in modern prose.

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JOURNAL OF AN EGO TRIP

BOTH SIDES NOW:
A 25-Year Encounter with

Arabs & Israelis

REUBEN SLONIM

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$7.50; 176 pages

*Rows and flows of angel hair
And ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons ev'rywhere
I've looked at clouds that way
But now they only block the sun
They rain and snow on eve'ry
So many things I would have done
But clouds got in my way*

*I've looked at clouds from both side now
From up and down, and still somehow
It's cloud illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all*

— Joni Mitchell, *Both Sides Now*

MY OLDEST sister once lived in Germany for 3½ years. When she came home., I asked her what it was like. She said, "Babysitters ware very hard to find. The TV was boring because all the programs were in German. It rained a lot."

Reuben Slonim has been to the Middle East 20 times in the past 25 years. For 17 years he was the Middle East correspondent for the Toronto *Telegram*. He covered the Arab-Israeli wars, elections and current affairs. He interviewed Nassar, Hussein, Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, Abba Eban, Moshe Dayan, ad dozens of others on both sides. When I read his book to fild out what was happening and what it was all about. Mr. Slonim (who is also an ordained rabbi) said:

Israelis care less about what the world thinks than do Jews in other countries. This is natural. They are a majority in their own land and act with the self-confidence of such status. Jews abroad still retain the old fear of 'what will the Gentiles say?' and 'how will it affect our position? Israelis are also less tense about making mistakes. They know that to be human is to be lea than perfect.

The above is an excellent example of how to match a banal sentiment to a hackneyed expression, transcending

the common-place by leaping into the mundane. Unfortunately, such passages are rare exceptions for Mr. Slonim. More typically, he speaks for himself — interrupting one page after another with his insistent pleas and strident counterattacks directed at his “critics” and the infinite multitudes of careless readers who have maligned his personal character, his professional reputation, etc., etc. For those readers, like myself, who never saw Mr. Slonim’s original newspaper columns, the scent of yesterday’s cooking has turned a bit rancid. This book is not a broad history of a period; rather, it is a rather sour and embittered autobiography of Mr. Slonim’s failures to influence history — an unsuccessful backseat *Zeitgeist*, or, in Mr. Slonim’s own, distinctive prose: “When I praised the object of love (i.e., Israel), I was deemed a proper relative. But when I noted the beloved’s pimples, I was condemned for tactlessness, disloyalty, bias and plain cussedness . . . It mattered little that I was getting it in the neck from my co-religionists for being a maverick. In the eyes of editors the journalist in me could not be disentangled from the Jew or rabbi. I was caught between the pursuing pharaoh of Jewish criticism and the Red Sea of the news profession’s disbelief.”

Obviously, with problems like those on his mind all the time, you can well imagine he hardly seemed to know what was going on or who was shooting whom. It was all the same to him: and he seems to have personally resented most of it. Not surprisingly, then, when he interviewed Nassar and Ben-Gurion and all the rest, he had so much to say to them, that he didn’t bother much with what they were saying in reply. After all, the reader may suspect what Ben-Gurion, Golda Meir, et al, had to say was nothing but flimsy excuses for not following the reasonable and sound policies that Rabbi Slonim had in mind. His frustration was self-evident.

For example, Slonim was there for the Eichmann trial. And being a kind of compassionate logician, Slonim deftly pares away the distracting emotionalisms of those concentration camp survivors who testified to the suffering Eichmann was responsible for. Slonim is too civilized to believe in vengeful

punishment. Thus, Slonim analyzes Eichmann:

In Eichmann’s case it was important not to temper justice with mercy but to understand him. He should have been imprisoned and studied carefully in the context of his cultural and social background to determine what forces were at work in Germany which allowed such a situation to develop where a Hitler and an Eichmann filled a need. And needed they were or they would not have flourished.

I rather like the way Slonim uses that last sentence to emphasize a telling point. This chapter, like so much of the book, teems with phrases and whole paragraphs that can be read again and again. One quality we can admire is the unexpected flashes of earthiness and homely plain sense: “Israel should have tried to find out the reasons that drive a man to violence. Eichmann was once a child with a clean slate.” such lines can illuminate

by expressing ideas that can startle us, even though the concepts themselves are not too hard for newspaper readers and other folk.

When an experienced and worldly observer like Rabbi Slonim summarizes his thinking about Eichmann, we can expect to find all those special qualities that inform this book and tell the alert reader that this is not Hannah-Arendt: “Alive, Eichmann would probably never have been redeemed as a constructive human being again.”

*But now old friends are acting strange
They shake their heads, they say I’ve
changed*

*But something’s lost, but something’s
gained*

In living every day.

*I’ve looked at life from both sides now
From win and lose and still somehow
It’s life’s illusions I recall*

I really don’t know life at all

— Joni Mitchell, *Both Sides Now*

H. G. LEVITCH

JUST KIDDIN’ KIDS

LISTEN!

HOMER HOGAN

Methuen

paper \$4.50; illustrated; 166 pages

reviewed by Greg Gatenby

THE ENTERPRISING Homer Hogan writes in the introduction to his latest anthology that “*Listen!* does not pretend to represent the best known songs and poems of young Canada. . .” but rather is the result of an informal survey of our youth and their compendium of “the Canadian songs and poems that really speak to them.”

He tempers this enthusiasm for the jejune diapason of rock radio stations with the inclusion of poems by “older Canadian poets” that are “intended to present poetry that young people may discover genuinely belongs to them since it helps them to answer their main questions to life: Who am I? Where do I come from? Where am I going? What can I do?” Quite how a poem like Layton’s “Keine Lazarovitch” answers these questions is never really explained.

What *Listen!* amounts to then is a literary misfeasance disguised as “with it” anthologizing — an act akin in many ways to the concerned cleric who smokes grass in the pathetic hope

of understanding his younger parishioners.

If *Listen!* is intended to be a textbook then surely its primary function is to instruct. In a country where there are more radios than people and where one would assume young persons of the age likely to read this book form the largest listening audience, the incorporation of lyrics by Lightfoot, Cockburn, the Guess Who, Lighthouse, Joni Mitchell, Nell Young, and Leonard Cohen is not only carrying the proverbial coals, but is laughable in a book that is trying to convey some sense of a serious cultural heritage.

In a sense the collection is a confession by high-school teachers that they are either ignorant of modern Canadian poets and poetry and therefore unable to “teach it” (Bliss Carman was still designated as a major Canadian poet in high schools up to five years ago), or that they are possibly familiar with modern Canadian letters, but through some inherent inability in themselves or the system of

both are unable to guide young minds towards the demotic values of poetic works by Birney, Layton, Bisset, and Ondaatje, and hence find it necessary to surround and candy these legitimate artists with pop star lyrics.

A confusion of function seems elemental here. No one who has thought much about the subject will deny the superiority of the singers encompassed by *Listen!* to most of their confreres Canadian and foreign — at least by today's standards of taste.

But songs are songs and not poems. And it is here where the unjustified concomitancy begins. When ML Hogan writes "song poetry is generally simpler than spoken poetry . . . it is essential however, to hear the music

behind each song poem," he should be prepare! either to include LPs "to his work or refrain from publishing song lyrics.

Twentieth-century poetry set to music has yet to win a" appreciable audience primarily because of this non-existent duality or dual function" thrust and imposed by some on what is really a singular art form.

As it stands *Listen!* is a nicely set end logical result of an illogical premise. But as a collection of good poems it is weak. Perhaps its most worthwhile function will be to elucidate the need for a" excellent and inexpensive anthology of contemporary Canadian poetry. □

were made by the coming of the white ma", at least had their reservations. The white settlers found life in the West much harder than they ever dreamed it could be, and they may have joined forces with the Métis in mutual pleas of aid from Ottawa had not Riel sided with the Indians. And Indian massacres were too fresh a memory.

To save the West, Canada rounded up a force of 3,000 militia. and in six weeks — from the beginning of April to the middle of May, 1885 — the whole shabby affair was ended. By the end of the year Riel had been tried and hanged, but like John Brown to the south, his soul went marching on. *The Last War Drum* makes it plain that the Great North-West Rebellion wasn't at all great as a military campaign and not much of a contest. The poorly equipped, under-trained militia wouldn't have fared well in a real war. but it didn't take much effort to knock out the Métis. But that isn't the point of this book. What Desmond Morton has done, without archly looking for heroes or villains, is lay bare the stupidity, the hypocrisy, the blundering ignorance and the general lack of compassion that blemishes this period in Canadian history. It's an admirable piece of de-mythology.

The *Last War Drum* deserves a prize on the basis of its illustrations. The text covers fewer than 200 pages - would that all history books were the same — but every turn of the page brings at least one photograph, drawing, cartoon or map. each one neatly captioned and never duplicating the text. Desmond Morton, a graduate of the Royal Military College and 10 years in the Canadian Army, is now an associate professor of history at Erindale College, University of Toronto. I hope his teaching of history won't interfere with him writing about it. For his next project I would like to see him tackle the farcical War of 1812. I've long been confused by Canadian claims that we licked the Americans when the Treaty of Ghent marked the outcome in their favour. What was it really all about, Professor? □

TONY THOMAS is a broadcaster and writer with a special interest in the histories of Hollywood and the Old West; he recently published a biography of Peter Ustinov.

OUT OF THE MYTHS OF TIME

THE LAST WAR DRUM

DESMOND MORTON

Hakkert

cloth \$9.00; illustrated; 193 pages

reviewed by Tony Thomas

ANOTHER BOOK about Louis Riel and the North-West Rebellion of 1885? Yes, indeed — and about time too. Here's one that calls the shots as they were really tired and not as the super-nationalists like to hear them in the caverns of their imaginations. If there is anything to be learned from a study of Canadian history it is that we're a mixed bag of people struggling to operate as a nation and not doing very well at it. Desmond Morton's *The Last War Drum* is a lucidly written, dispassionate examination of the situations that lead to Ottawa sending a small army to the western plains to quell a" uprising that might have resulted in a chunk of the new dominion becoming a self-governing territory. The cynical might well ask, "Plus ça le change, plus ça le même chose?"

Early in his book Prof. Morton captions a photograph of Sir John A. Macdonald: "Long years in politics had persuaded him that inaction was often as useful a response to problems as any.

In the North-West at least, history would prove him wrong." It was that kind of attitude that allowed the population of the Red River colony of 100 years ago, mostly people of mixed French Canadian and Indian blood, to fear they had no rights as adventurers while merchants from the East barged into their lands and took whatever they wanted. English-speaking settlers were given land grants, whereas the Métis, born to the territory, were classified as squatters. Louis Riel had been defeated in his first attempt to lead his people in an organized stand and he afterwards fled to the United States, where he made a living as a schoolteacher. By 1885 things looked so bleak for the Métis that they sent for Riel and persuaded him to lead them in armed resistance to the intruders. By then the great buffalo herds had been slaughtered and the Métis could turn only to farming on land they could not claim as their own. The Indians, miserable as they

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

BORDER OF DARKNESS

JOHN L. A. TIMER
Doubleday
cloth \$5.50; 184 pages

reviewed by Juan Butler

WITCHCRAFT, according to Roy Dymond, a 50-year-old Toronto physiotherapist, in a feature article that appeared in the Oct. 21/22 edition of *The Canadian*, "is mainly a religion, with strong elements of psychic sensitivity: designed to raise and manipulate the psychic power [in order to] help people find a harmonious existence; knowing themselves and the universe as well as respecting the balance between the forces of nature and man."

To which he further adds, as if sensing our silent disbelief at that mollifying description, since the term witchcraft conjures up a quite different image in the general mind, that only 10% to 20% of the several hundred practising witches in North America are of the black (i.e. black magic) variety "because witches believe that there is retribution for all acts and thoughts. Good or evil alone, or wished upon another, will be returned three-fold," and that a coven — a witches' group of no more than 13 members — is in essence little more than an occult version of a mutual-aid fraternity with nothing else in mind than its members' happiness and prosperity. ("Suppose Brian is facing an operation and is worried and depressed. We might dance around in follow-the-leader style chanting, 'Brian-get-better, Brian-get-better, Brian-get-better.'")

Nevertheless, despite Mr. Dymond's reassurances to the contrary, one can't help but think of *Rosemary's Baby*, Charles Manson and other contemporary manifestations of that mere 10% to 20% whenever witchcraft is mentioned — and shiver.

In *Border of Darkness*, John Latimer, also a Torontonionian, deals specifi-

cally with that shiver by removing it from our wholesome peaches-and-cream Canadian atmosphere and placing it in its real environment — Europe — in this case the wild and savage Hartz Mountain region of Northern Germany where, since the early Middle Ages, witches have gathered together to participate in the infamous Brocken Mountain Sabbaths which Satan Himself (usually in the form of a he-goat) presided over.

Unfolding in the last quarter of the 19th century, when horse-and-carriage was the commonly recognized mode of transportation and silver stakes were still hammered into sleeping werewolves' hearts, Miis Joanna Elden, young and pretty English schoolmistress, is approached by a mysterious Mr. Leroy who offers an attractive position as private tutor to the 11-year-old son of a certain Anton Körner who lives in splendid isolation in a magnificent chateau deep in the mist-enshrouded Hartz Mountains.

Captivated initially by the civilized gentility of her new life (Latin and history amongst her duties, chess and invigorating hikes in the countryside for relaxation), our tender yet determined heroine is slowly caught up and

drawn into a dark and fetid whirlpool of terror, madness and death against which her main defence is the rock-firm goodness and wisdom of Father Heinrich Schiller, a nearby village priest who joins forces with her in a life-and-death struggle against the unseen evil powers that tear and claw at their beings with such overwhelming hatred that their very souls cringe under the relentless onslaught of the invisible enemy that desires nothing less than their total defeat.

A defeat they have no intention of submitting to as they fight back with every weapon at their disposal, until, in a blood-chilling, mind-jarring climax the two forces finally meet face-to-face amidst the abomination of a Brocken All-Hallows Eve Sabbath, a confrontation that, Roy Dymond notwithstanding ("We don't even believe in the devil"), suggests witchcraft is not only very much alive and well in this age of nuclear energy and space travel, but its chief appeal is still the black variety — the colour of death. □

JUAN BUTLER, who lives and works in Toronto, is the author of two novels — *Cabbagetown Diary* and (published last year) *The Garbage Man*.

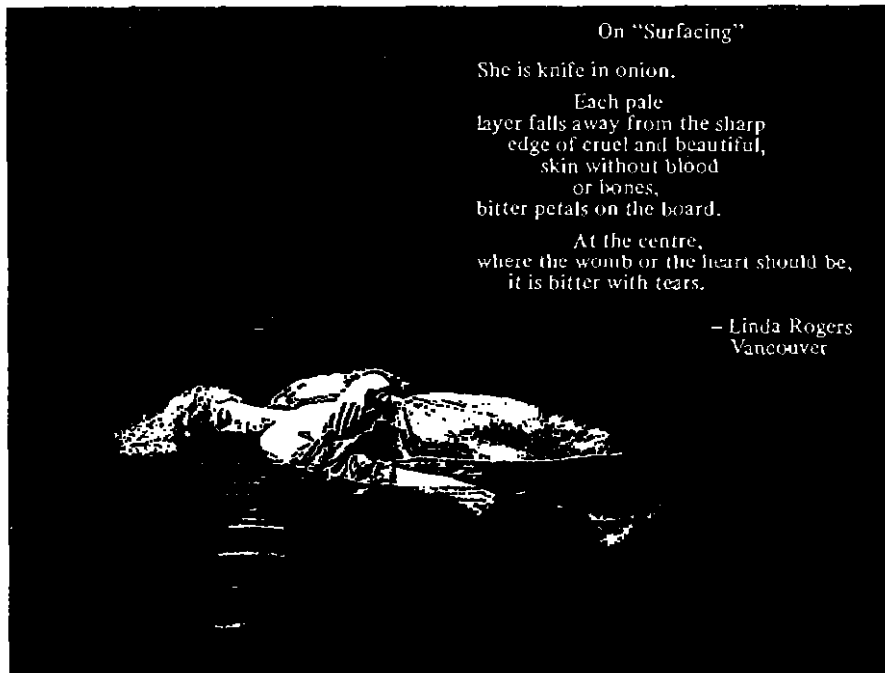
On "Surfacing"

She is knife in onion.

Each pale
layer falls away from the sharp
edge of cruel and beautiful,
skin without blood
or bones,
bitter petals on the board.

At the centre,
where the wound or the heart should be,
it is bitter with tears.

— Linda Rogers
Vancouver



rabbit living in a hutch, indulging in a nightly lettuce orgy." Possibly, and to go a step further, I can imagine what Cordon Black's digs looks like: walls all white, a chair in the middle of an otherwise empty room with a pair of dirty old drawers hanging on it, and inside the refrigerator is one stinky old dried cuttlefish.

Don Bell
Montreal

If we were to confine our reviews to Canadian writers who don't know each other, we'd have a very thin magazine. If we were to confine them to English-speaking Montreal writers who don't know each other, we'd have no magazine.

EDITOR

DAYS OF WINE AND LAURELS

Sir,

This is not a protest about the review of *The Great Canadian Novel*. Your critic gave his impressions, and I am pleased.

What I wish to speak about is the dismissal of what might be called a technical point. It concerns the ability of alcoholics to function while drinking. This is the most frightening aspect of alcoholic abuse and I know it is difficult for anyone who hasn't studied it to understand that a great many alcoholics do function, routinely — often brilliantly — and then have no recall of what took place.

I examined cases, spoke to people and verified situations. They include a municipal official who conducted a meeting, negotiated tricky legislation and had to go back to read the minutes of the meeting to discover what had happened. A judge presided over cases; a contractor discovered an architectural error; a doctor diagnosed and treated patients; a man drove to another city, negotiated a complicated deal and came awake in a different hotel, and so on.

I was in contact only with people who had been frightened enough by the experience to go for treatment. What remains however is the fact that many, many people are still doing it.

There is another aspect. After meeting so many of these people, I wonder if some of their accomplishments could ever have been achieved without stimulation. I was struck by the review's "philosopher-king" because many of them become that, in a sense.

A lawyer admitted to me he had avoided court work because he was too shy. His partner became ill and he had to do it. Fortified with vodka, he sailed through the case. Even the judge was complimentary. From then on he prepared himself in the same way, and was brilliant. He couldn't do without alcohol in court. Finally it took over and most of the time he was hopeless without it. His personal hell was to finally go into court one day without it and prove he could function just as well — which he did, and in a much more satisfactory way because he didn't need the court transcript to be aware of what he had said.

This is my only point. I do not set up arguments with reviewers. I write. They criticize. In this case I felt constrained to point out the phenomenon. It is, in fact, a serious problem in dealing with alcoholism in business and professional classes, and even with housewives.

Harry J. Boyle
Ottawa

WHAT OUR BUTLER SAW

Sir,

Juan Butler should have read... and like I see it, by Stephanie Nynych, before he attempted to review it. His description of Ms. Nynych and her book as angry, unforgiving and self-destructive are clear evidence that either he did not read the book through, or that he chose to absorb only those sections which were "safe" for him to acknowledge. Mr. Butler seems unable to recognize compassion, love and understanding which are equally present with anger and frustration and pain — all human responses, intelligently presented by Ms. Nynych in a powerful, honest blend of prose and poetry.

Or could it just possibly be that Mr. Butler's masculine identity was threatened by a woman who not only

thinks four-letter words and enjoys sex, but who writes candidly about it on PAPER? Whatever his reasons, Mr. Butler devoted one column to ... and like I see it. and four columns to his own books. What garbage from *The Garbage Man!*

Vivien Rogers
Toronto

THE FREE-FLOATING BUCK

Sir,

For a long time I have been puzzled and bothered by differences in prices of books in Britain and in Canada. The most recent edition of *Books In Canada* and a catalogue from Blackwell's of Oxford, England have afforded an opportunity to make a study of the situation and I would like to quote you a specific case.

Books in Canada reviews *Sculpture of the Eskimo* by George Swinton, published in Canada by McClelland and Stewart, and quotes its price at 818.50. Blackwell's price for this book is X7.75, which, at current change rates, is approximately 518.00.

Books In Canada carries an advertisement for the English book *The Age of Rembrandt and Vermeer* and quotes a price tag of 528.75. The published price in England is £6 or approximately 314.00.

Thus, Canadian books sell in Britain at roughly the same price as in Canada, while British books sell in Canada at roughly twice their English price.

Please do not think that I am in any way pointing an accusatory finger at *Books In Canada*, I am simply saying — do you know why? And, what, if anything, can be done apart that is from shopping by mall at Blackwell's and watching yet another Canadian bookseller turn to greeting cards and pens to supplement his income?

Elizabeth R. Peters
Toronto

Perhaps one of the more worldly publisher/importers could explain. They're far more familiar with money than we'll ever be.

EDITOR

HOCKEY EXHUMED

Sir,

I would **like** to comment on Stan Obodiic's **review** (in the November/December issue) of Kidd's and Macfarlane's *The Death of Hockey*, a review not even approaching your usual standards.

In the opening paragraph of his review it becomes painfully obvious that Obodiic does not know how to review a book or even how to make a valid point. He writes:

The title of this book is most unpalatable, ludicrous in fact, particularly since its authors, Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane, have "ever played the game at any significant level.

This **is** a ridiculous argument. What would Obodiic's reply be if I decided to deride his article by **stating** that "this review is particularly ludicrous, since, one, Obodiic has never reviewed books to any significant level, and two, he has not played hockey at any significant level (i.e. not scored fifty goals a season)!"

The whole piece suffers from **illogical** statements such as the above, and, most absurdly, is not a review of **the** books in any sense at all. Minor **inconsistencies** are **pointed** out, such as **inaccurate figures**, but there is no consideration given to the theme and **principle** aim of the volume, except in the **"triumphant" final lines** ("Death of hockey? No, the LIFE of Canada!")

which somehow leave a lot to be desired.

And, though it has **been** my intention to point out that one should not employ forms of the invalid ad **hominem argument**, I feel it necessary to mention that the **defensive** Obodiic sounds too **much** like a mouthpiece for exactly those corporate business **interests Kidd and Macfarlane** have been attacking.

The Death of Hockey, in my opinion, is a **poorly** done piece of work, but does **that** imply that it is deserving of **even** more unintelligent reviews?

László Pándy

T o r o n t o

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FOR HAPPIER HOOKERS

THE FISHERMAN'S HANDBOOK

JOHN POWER and JEREMY BROWN
Pagurian-Press/Scribners
cloth \$6.95; illustrated: 200 pages

FRESHWATER FISHING guides seem to be a dime a dozen, at least as books. Many are either too **scientific-sounding** or read as if they'd been **translated** diictly **from the** original Beothuk. Others get bogged down in the ponderous **anecdotes** and **leftover memories** of once upon a tie. Still others lack **all** but an obtuse hard-core Rotary **Club** appeal. The **worst** assume that the reader is a retired duke with a **huge** pension, and forget that cities are **full** of folks **who actually** only get to **fish** three or maybe four times a year, though they **always** seem to have their spinning rods ready **but** gathering dust on the back window ledges of their imaginations. **While our** lakes and streams are **finally** slowly being cleaned up and restocked with **new sensibilities**, **very few** outdoor writers have taken careful time **to see** that the woods **are** opened up to as **many different** kinds of people as possible.

The **problem** hovers over the absolute privacy of the fishing art itself, **like** a properly repelled mosquito in a dream. The **fisherman** may be a quiet sort, ideally, but above **all** he's an escapist. Even **your** casual angler has his own impossibly particular lore based on personal experience, and as **such** is hard to advise. What's needed, it **seems** to me, is a tone that's friendly without the **cutes** or the shouts, an approach **that gives** you more than enough practical suggestions of ways to do the whole **thing** without crashing in on either the innovative aspects of the art or a real and personal identification with the **wild: a fishing** guide that's hip without talking about it. *On these* terms, this one only makes it as a good start, though it's a **big im-**

provement on its direct predecessor, *The Canadian Fisherman's Handbook*.

And; since freshwater **fish** presumably don't have nationalities, only spawning habits., you have North American coverage. Informatively too, through a fairly complete **charting of general** locations, the quantity of available species, average and **record** catches, and specific local angling tips. Here, though, authors Power and Brown sometimes can't help sounding **like** tourist bureau employees, and they admit that the veracity of this section of the book is perhaps hugely depen-

dent upon both the informed **imaginations** and inadvertent enthusiasms of state and provincial wildlife officials, who supplied most of the figured facts.

Nevertheless, this book stands up fairly well as a general introduction to its subject, **especially** forth&e who want to **turn** their minor piscatorial pursuits into a major hobby, and **even** more especially if you object to those **highpowered** angling **rags** but **still** enjoy the best of this highly preoccupied sport. I **sure** hope that if it comes out in paperback **it'll sell** for less than half its current price. □ **BILL HOWELL**

OUR WILDERNESS? JUST WILD

ARTICULATING WEST

W. H. NEW
new press
cloth \$7.50; 282 pages

reviewed by Chris Scott

IT WOULD BE impossible to discuss Canadian literature without some **awareness** of the land, and W. H. New's subtitle, "essays on **purpose and form** in Canadian Modern **literature**," subsumes **literary** criticism and theory under the brute fact of continental topography. Attempts to "**create** a rhetoric of landscape," to articulate a sense of imaginative identity, and, **recently**, the "**exploration** of artifice: **provide** New with his key terms. **Commenting** on the confusion between East and West in Canada, and aware of the romantic appeal of the West to the **European** mind, he **follows** Northrop Frye's observation that the Canadian titer's task is **to define** "where **here is**" — a question also **raised** in Margaret Atwood's *Survival*.

At this level of generalization, however, the same could be argued of most literatures in a world **homogenized** by mass culture. While some Canadian writers are undeniably concerned with a rhetoric of **landscape** (Sinclair Ross is a good example), the formula's critical use bears **little** examination. What **literature** (British, Russian, German, etc.) has not at one time or another shared the rhetorical

aims **proposed** by New as distinctively Canadian? It is perhaps far more **significant** that when his criteria **are** applied to just such a book as Ross's *As For Me and My House*, the crucial point of whether this is a good, **bad, or indifferent** novel is studiously **avoided**.

The problem, of **course**, stems from an **uncomparative** approach to literature, part of the all too human desire **to** present oneself as different **from** or better than the next **fellow**. **Elitism** in the name of democracy, intellectual **tyranny** disguised as liberation, these have always been the **devices** of treasonable clerks. Not **that** New is treasonable, though he is certainly **clerkly**: "AU attempts to tame the Canadian wilderness or, that **is**, to structure and codify the 'Canadian imagination' ultimately fail, for implicitly they contradict the nature of what they purport to **define**."

The **analogy** between "imagination" and "wilderness" — admittedly **qualified** by New — **used** to be fashionable in the United States. Could it be that **Canlit**, dressed up in its latest set of clothes, is in fact wearing Yankee cast-offs? Or did our **tailor**, the critic,

learn his **trade** elsewhere? Maybe a **change** of metaphor is **in** order. "We have begun to unpack," New quotes Margaret Atwood's line, and it is **in** the quality of these **unpackings** as well as **in** New's critical **talents** that *Articulating West* **both** stands and falls.

It is a" ambitious and comprehensive book. Of the major **prose** writers, Morley **Callaghan** alone receives short shrift. Otherwise, **almost** everyone who has ever put pen to paper in English Canada receives **some** notice, and it is no surprise **that** New sometimes adopts **a** **diffident** tone toward his material. An essay **on** Frederick **John** Nii announces that he "**is** today **almost** completely unknown:" and continues: "That fact alone would warrant a **critical** investigation, but a **study** thus **mounted** would end by being merely a" arid exercise." That "that fact **alone**" **might** warrant a rather different conclusion does not deter New. So **with** Carol **Coates Cassidy**: "Though never a polished writer, [she] did possess a talent for poetry, **and** **Pratt** was quite justified when he accepted her work for its **occasionally** arresting **line** and its frequent ease with imagery." Faint praise indeed. But then **one** wonders what else there is to be said.

This **tentativeness** is elsewhere paralleled by a" academic caution, a" **unwillingness** to compare and evaluate eve" where the opportunity is clearly presented. Of Ethel **Wilson**, New **writes** that she "**has** in various places **and** ways been likened to **Willa Cather**, **Jane Austen**, **Proust**, **Defoe**, **Blake**, and **Bennett**," which is, as he observes, "**an** awesome group." It is also **an** **heterogenous** group, infuriatingly so. In what places and ways were **these** comparisons made, and by whom? Does it really matter? For to **imply** that Ethel Wilson's "concern with time" **justifies** comparison with **Proust** is scarcely arguable in **itself**, since **most** **novelists** are **similarly** concerned.

More disturbing is the tendency toward paraphrase which inevitably turns the discussion away from critical judgment. New rightly acknowledges the sophistication of **recent** Canadian **writing**, but his treatment of Robert **Kroetsch's** *The Studhorse Man* **consists** partly of **re-hashing** the plot and partly of exploring the classical allusions. Such phrases as, "**an** **entertaining** and clever narrative," or "**a** **provocative** fable for modern man" sound **more** like dust-jacket copy than **serious** evaluation. And although I recognize that **no** work of **this** nature can ever be **complete**, I was saddened to see

that New does not **discuss** the fiction of **Larry Garber**, a writer whose work surely deserves **more** attention than has hitherto been" the **case**.

Finally, I suspect that **all** attempts to define **Canlit** are not **only** **anachronistic**, but — as New himself asserts — futile. Or, as Dr. Johnson said, "We **all** know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is." The physicists **continue** to argue while the **rest** of us see.

CHRIS SCOTT has published a first novel, *Barleby*, and is at work on another; originally from Britain, he has taught both here and in the U.S.

CASE HISTORIES

THEY GOT TO FIND MEE GUILTY YET

T. P. SLATTERY
Doubleday

cloth \$10.00; illustrated; 414 pages

THE LIMITS OF SANITY

LARRY STILL
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$5.95; 190 pages

reviewed by Ronald Hambleton

THESE **TWO** books, both of **which** deal with **crimes** of **violence**, and both of **which** raise questions about the verdict delivered upon the accused, are **nevertheless** as different as the rack and the rope.

In the first, Montreal lawyer T. P. Slattery continues his **probing** into the murder of Thomas **D'Arcy McGee** for which **James Whelan** was tried. It is an interest he has maintained since 'first hearing about the trial **from** his **father** when he was a boy of **10**. In the second, journalist Larry Still gives a cinematic, **almost** a **single-snapshot** account of a murder trial he attended in his **professional** capacity. **His** book is the product of intensive work over a very brief period.

Then again, McGee was a" important political **figure**, and Whelan's culpability has been debated many times in the 100 years **since** the trial. I" **Still's** book, both the murderer and his

eight victims came into prominence out of the great mass of individuals **only** because of the particularly bloody perversion of the murder; and the trial **concerned** itself not with the guilt or innocence of the accused (for he, **through** his **counsel**, **made** all the **necessary** formal admissions of guilt), but whether or not he was legally insane.

In Ottawa, the Crown **maintained** that **Whelan** shot McGee dead at his **very** front door; and Whelan went to the **gallows** **proclaiming** to **the** end that he had been framed. In **Cranbrook**, B.C., both Crown and **defence** **accepted** that **Dale Nelson**, in a bizarre freak-out of **behaviour**, had killed, mutilated, and outraged the **bodies** of **two** women, one **ma**", and **five** children in one dark **night** of horror; **and** after listening to close arguments by psychiatrists and counsel, **the** jury found the **man** sane.

The arguments in both cases are to be found **in** the books, but though they have been lumped together **in** these opening paragraphs, it is not **likely** that both books will **find** the **same** audience.

Slattery obviously loves his material **and** his subject, and it is clear that to **him** no detail is **insignificant**. The book is a fairly thoroughgoing transcript **of** the trial, constructed (as Slattery is careful to **point** out) out of newspaper reports of the day, much as one might adjudicate **variorum** editions **of** a Bach cantata.

While it is good to have available such a comprehensive survey of the **Whelan** trial, a lot **of** it — particularly the examination of **minor** characters — is very easily skipped. There' seems so much that **could** have been **condensed** into brief narrative, for a counsel eliciting details from a series of **witnesses** is bound to fall into repetition; and every word of those repetitions **Slattery** faithfully records.

The Still book has no such longeurs. After a swift-moving narrative **in** which we **follow** Nelson through the hours **preceding** the murder, **then** through the murder itself to his arrest, the trial is set out day by day, the author keeping to his **novelistic** narrative **in** such a way that only **certain** testimony is selected for quotation, other testimony being abridged **into** continuing narration.

These comparisons between the two books suggest that **Slattery has written a historical account, while Still has written a contemporary report; and this is an index not of the dates of the two trials, but of the two different approaches to writing.**

You would, I think, need to have an **already-aroused** interest in Whelan's conviction to find **Slattery's** book absorbing on every page (the lazy will read maybe the **first 100 pages**, then skip to **Slattery's interesting theories** in the last 100 pages); but it is doubtful that **anyone** could **begin Larry Still's** account of the Nelson murders without being carried forward with **increasing curiosity** to the very end. □

RONALD HAMBLETON, novelist, poet and biographer, lives in Toronto and last year wrote a book on CBC-TV's *Jalna* series, deriving from his earlier biography of Mazo de la Roche; he recently completed another novel.

A WOMAN FOR ALL SEASONS

THE TWO SEASONS:
Collected Poems

DOROTHY LIVESAY

McGraw-Hill Ryerson
cloth \$6.95; 368 pages.

reviewed by *Linda Rogers*

DOROTHY LIVESAY'S collected poems represent a diary of **more than 40 years** in the life of a poet. It is a journey of the soul that she **calls** a psychic autobiography. The map is a collection of more than 300 poems arranged chronologically so that we may follow her route **through** the seasons and participate in the revolutions of the life **cycle** that have taken **her from** innocence to experience. **This** book contains much unpublished material that adds flesh to **her** bones, leaves to her metaphorical tree. What emerges from them is the portrait of a woman made whole through joy and suffering.

The book is also a history of **20th-century** Canada narrated by a **woman** whose experience is analogous to its

unfolding. The shadow she **casts** is solid and reel. It **fits the** Canadian land&ape because **Livesay** the dancer **listens to the rhythms** of her own growing, which are the **rhythms** of nature.

*I walk beside you where I grew
amongst the flowers
and retain
in the scent of the sweet-pea
my mother's scissors snipping
in the musk of nasturtium
my father's thumbs, pressing
heart planted then
and never transplanted.*

The story of her life is a documentary that records the growing pains of a country, a **depression**, wars, **mechanization**, the loss of **innocence**. She **wakes up to find herself in the Garden** of Eden and, as each flower is picked, each tree cut down, **she** bleeds.

The Two Seasons is **also** a literary **history reflecting** attitudes and friendships **changing** and growing **over** the years. In poems dedicated to Malcolm Lowry, **Earl Birney** and **AM. Klein**, we **share the joys** and agonies of an **emerging** creative experience. A stanza from the poem "For **Abe Klein: Poet**" manifests her compassion and understanding not only of Klein, but of the paradox of creation, which is a **function of suffering**.

*And in the hive, your head
the golden bowl
bees buzz and bumble
fumble for honey amidst empty cells
where the slain poems
wingless, tremble.*

Because she is a woman, inextricably bound to **the** life cycle, **Livesay** **assumes** the **persona** of **earth mother**. **She** is dedicated to the life **giving principle**, **refusing** to accept **the finality** of death or the corruption of experience. Like Blake, from whom she takes **her** title and epigraph, **she is** a romantic. **Death is** a prelude to **regeneration**, experience the medium for a **return** to innocence. The **funeral pyre** warms the ground for **the coming** season. **Livesay, the Christian**, **rejects the notion** of original **sin** and returns to innocence, even at **60**, in **the celebration** of physical love. The two seasons are self **perpetuating**. There is no end to **her innocence**.

Dorothy **Livesay** is a **dancer** of the modern **school**. She moves where **her** head and her feet, rooted in **earth**, direct her. She is **at her best** with a partner, **dancing through** the woods or around her mattress. It is **in** dialogue, **whether it be with man or child or machine**, that she excels.

*One step forward
Two steps back
Shove the lever
Push It back*

She is not at home with rhetoric, **with** the language of the crowd. Some of the early poems and **those** of the period of greatest social involvement **are almost** embarrassingly punctuated **with** apostrophe. There is no doubt of her sincerity in the documentary poems, but **their** best moments occur when **she** abandons evangelism for the private event, as "In Green Solariums".

*Well I remember the spring. A girl
alone
Has cause to remember the green
roots shooting pain,
The small sick leaves that sprout, the
heavy growth
Inside the belly, suddenly made plain.*

As a dancer, she is concerned with the interpretation of **the** body and **the** mind. **Livesay** has been called anti-intellectual. She is only against **the** severing of **the** head, an image she **uses** to describe grief in **the "Widow"** poem, the **intellectual** pose, the "fabrications, **shreds** of tissue" that **interfere** with truth. The poem "Houdini Eliot" is a bitter attack on what **she** considers to be **an unnatural art form**.

*Magician, necromancer, fraud
he sang of sex, but had no bawd.*

Her dramas, "Prophet of the New World", about **Louis Riel**, and "Cell My People Home", a radio play about the Japanese Canadians **interned** during the Second World War, **are** more effective **than** some of the documentary poems. about the Spanish Civil War and the **Canadian depression**, **be cause** she **is** working with **characters**, listening to their **conversation**. **She** has referred to her voices, **the** words that come out **involuntarily**. some times **they** are harmonious and sometimes **they** betray her. In the plays, they **work**. "Call My People Home" has **the** austere elegance of Japanese life and language.

In her seventh **decade**, **Livesay** considers **the** seasons, the **changes**; "My breasts **are** withered gourds, my skin all over stiffens" and, the **unchanging character** of **the** heart, **still** innocent, **still** vulnerable, **still** loving. She is **still** experiencing life and **experimenting** with verse. **As the years** progress, we can imagine her raging, like **Margaret Laurence's Hagar Shipley**, **at the closing of the light**. I can **hardly wait** to hear from her again. □

LINDA ROGERS lives in Vancouver where she **writes poetry** for friends, **letters** to editors, and **articles** for *Canadian Literature*.

ORIGINAL CURES

STRONG MEDICINE: A History of Healing of the North West Coast

ROBERTE. McKECHNIE II, M.D.
J. J. Douglas
cloth \$8.95; 194 pages

reviewed by C. M. Godfrey

"THIS DAY of raising serious questions regarding the quality and quantity of delivery of medical care, it is interesting to look at a culture that has been in the business for several centuries. Dr. McKechnie does this in chronicling the activities of Shamans of the West coast Indians. These practitioners were gradually replaced by the pioneer physicians who arrived on Vancouver Island and surrounding territories with the early explorers.

It is from these practitioners that much of the information of medical and sanitation practices in the Kwakiutl is drawn. Birth and burial customs, various magic remedies and rituals make interesting reading. On many occasions the practicality of these customs are realized when regarded in their social context. For example, the matter of "filth" as seen by the European takes a more meaningful context when it is realized that in many cases the grime consisted of a tomade of whale grease which had been dusted with ochre and finely powdered charcoal. This gave some protection against the inclement weather and at the same time acted as a deodorant. The native girls were truly astonished when, "their chosen squires (sailors) put them in a tub and scrubbed them with soap and water to remove their make-up before proceeding with the love-making."

This state of cleanliness is oftentimes associated with considerable stench, particularly with fish. This reflected the dependence on fish for food. However, fish is not a complete food and the Kwakiutls compensated for this by boiling thousands of oolichan fish and skimming off an oil which was gradually rendered into a buttery consistency. This "oolichan grease"

was a rich source of nutritional elements which compensated for some of the nutritional deficits.

Surgery was practised by certain members of each tribe with poulticing of boils, trepanning and occasional amputation being performed.

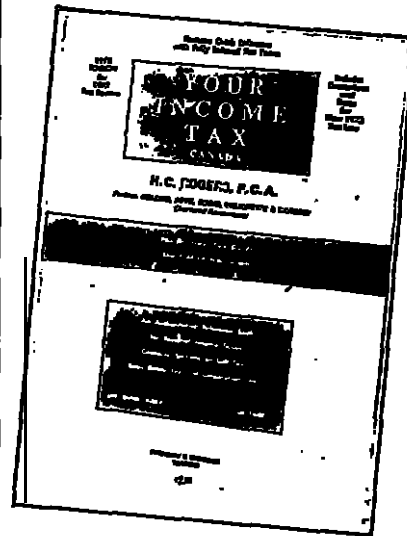
Much of the medical practices were lost as there was no written language for the Indians to record procedures. With the coming of 18th-century science in the person of Dr. Tolmie of Glasgow and Drs. Kennedy and Helmcken there was a more careful record kept of medical care. Although the European physicians did not reach the area until the mid-19th century, they rapidly extended their fiefs and within a very short time were active throughout the whole province. Many of their observations provide food for present day clinicians. For example, Clarke in an early journal of the Indian men of Nootka noted they had large knees, contracted calves and protuberant "ankles". This suggests Collagen disease which has been reported in recent journals as being more prevalent in the Indian population of the West Coast.

As in many other areas of Canada of the time, the physician played a prominent part in political activity. Of the seven members of the first House of Assembly to sit in Victoria, two were medical men. One of these Helmcken eventually claimed to be "the leading practitioner from San Francisco to the North Pole and from Asia to the Red River of the north". This colourful practitioner made house calls by horse or canoe. He epitomized the self-reliance of the pioneer physican with his earthy comments to patients and his insistence on the practical solution of the many problems of the developing colony. One of these problems echoed well into the latter half of the 20th century when it was realized an epidemic of smallpox had been introduced from a cruise ship, the Empress of China. The newspapers of the day carried many stories of the hardships of the passengers who were quarantined to ship - just like a couple of years ago. □

DR. C.M. GODFREY is Head of Rehabilitative Medicine at Wellesley Hospital and has written articles on Canadian medical history.

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NEW FOUND ISLAND

NEWFOUNDLAND

CHARLES P. de VOLPI

Longman

cloth \$24.95; illustrated; 280 pages

reviewed by Harry Brown

THERE ARE very few Of the so-called coffee-table books which have more to recommend them than this latest, the seventh; in an iconographic series on Canada. Called a "Pictorial Record," it is more than that and it captures so much of the turbulent and long history of this oldest part of Canada, that even Newfoundlanders who have considered themselves learned in their own history will find whole pages of new material.

Charles de Volpi discovered somewhere the work of Rev. William Grey, for example. There are 24 full pages of this man's work, drawings of early Labrador, of St. John's and of several of the tiny and sublimely beautiful villages near it which he produced for *Sketches of Newfoundland and Labrador* printed in Ipswich, England by S. H. Cowell 10 years before Canada became a nation. Presumably, Mr. Grey was a missionary. Probably an Anglican, sent from his native England to seek the unsaved in the vineyards of this forbidding land. Cartier said Labrador was the "Land God Gave to Cain." Grey's warm pen and perceptive eye returned the land to its Maker and we are left with a magnificent collection of two dozen quite beautiful pictures with a quality of quite magical realism. This is certainly a highlight of the de Volpi book.

The book begins with 17 pages of Newfoundland history in chronological order. It is not, nor is it intended to be, a complete story of Newfoundland, but if the reader refers to these pages as he turns the pages of pictures, drawings and engravings, he will find himself becoming more totally immersed in a fascinating story. Au of the facets of the history of Newfoundland are pre-

sented. whole sections are devoted to the cod fishery. Evidently *Harpers Weekly* had a lively interest in the island for there are several drawings about the fishery, the transatlantic cable, and the seal fishery published at various times by that magazine. *The Canadian Illustrated News*, circa 1875, also used to send special artists to report on Newfoundland.

There is a collection too of drawings by one W. R. Best. This, perhaps more than the others, provides us with a clearest impression of the cultural and commercial life of the island. The incredible laws that prevented permanent settlement of any kind on Newfoundland delayed for a great many years the development of native design and architecture, depriving the community forever of the artistic heritages enjoyed by the other British colonies along the Atlantic seaboard. Yet, scarce though they are, hen in Best's drawings are shown examples of Gothic building that still exist in St. John's and in Harbour Grace, for a

time the second most important town on the island. The Great Cathedral of St. John's, the Court House and Market, the Custom House. Government House, Colonial Building, St. Thomas's Church (built of wood in 1834 and still serving the faithful in 1972), St. Andrew's Church and others still surviving in a St. John's which has changed so much around them.

They are drawings too of ships, and many varieties of the naval architecture of the Atlantic from 1480 to 1880. And ice, the bergs too huge and terrible not to leave a permanent imprint on the eye of the artist and the life of the people. The people, Indian, Innu and planter-fishermen, drawn by artists like W. G. R. Hind with compassion and truth.

In showing the past in this way, Charles P. de Volpi has produced a vivid, remarkable book. □

HARRY BROWN, a native Newfoundland, is one of the best-known of CBC's voices, long-time co-host of CBC-Radio's *As It Happens*.

BREAKING OUT OF SOLITUDES

FACE TO FACE: Conversations between Solange Chaput Rolland & Gertrude Laing

new press; cloth \$6.50; 152 pages

A WOMAN IN A MAN'S WORLD

THERÈSE CASGRAIN

McClelland & Stewart; cloth \$7.95; 192 pages

reviewed by Beverley Smith

WITH THE current emphasis on women's liberation, the larger issue of the liberation of men and woman as human beings often tends to be obscured. Two books which seek to remedy this situation and promote a greater degree of understanding between the French and English cultures in Canada, in particular, and a working toward the "common good", in general, appear, significantly enough, in this season of "good will" and "brotherhood".

Face to Face, conversations between Solange Chaput Rolland and Gertrude Laing, and Thérèse Casgrain's *A Woman in a Man's World*, while differing in

their orientation, outline the concern and endeavour of their authors who have dedicated themselves to dealing with some of the pressing problems facing this country.

Solange Chaput Rolland, a well-known political commentator and journalist, and Gertrude Laing, a former member of the Commission on Bilingualism and Biculturalism, and currently a member of the CRTC, seem eminently qualified to undertake this task. Neither, however, pretends to have all the answers regarding French-English relations; nor do they offer any pat solutions to Canada's consti-

tutional problems. Admittedly, as Solange Chaput Rolland points out, they may, in *Face to Face*, have achieved nothing but an assemblage of "magnificent clichés". But, what they have succeeded in doing, is bringing an open-mindedness and candour to their discussions, which should serve as an example of tolerance to people of all cultures.

In discussing the semantic difficulties of referring to Canada's two main cultures as two "collectivities" or two "nations", or in dealing with the thorny question of "special status" for Quebec, the two women interlocutors are often at odds, as the title, "Face to Face" might suggest; however, the confrontation is never hostile. Each woman makes an attempt to understand the other's feeling about these sensitive issues, and finds a common denominator in her own culture that helps her to appreciate the other point of view.

Though a large portion of the book is devoted to such problems as federalism versus regionalism, and the future of a united Canada, a substantial part of the text is given over to women's rights, and women's role in politics, both of which also form the main subjects of Thérèse Casgrain's autobiography.

The difficulties and frustrations of women in politics are all too clearly pointed out by the three women-writers. In reading Madame Casgrain's detailed account of the bitter and determined battle for women's suffrage in Quebec, one is astonished to discover that this breakthrough was not achieved before 1941. It is even more incredible that women such as Thérèse Casgrain persevered that long, in view of the prejudice, hate and intolerance they encountered at every turn: from the Church, government officials such as Taschereau and Duplessis, and a narrow-minded male populace, anxious to retain control.

Madame Chaput Rolland reveals her own difficulties in obtaining Lesage's support, when she did, in fact, show an interest in actively engaging in politics; while Madame Casgrain makes it quite clear that, though often a candidate in Quebec elections, she had no chance of succeeding: as a woman the odds were against her; later, as a CCFer, the best she could hope for was publicity for the cause she espoused.

Both Madame Chaput Rolland and Madame Casgrain are impressive not only as women fighting for their rights in areas where few women are to be found, but as French-Canadians determined to fight for the survival of their culture. All too keenly aware of the inferior legal status of Quebec women and their disadvantaged position vis-à-vis their "sisters" throughout the rest of Canada, Thérèse Casgrain has built up an impressive number of credits in her struggle for human rights: through *La Ligue des Droits de la Femme* in her efforts to obtain the vote; as the founder of the Quebec branch of the Voice of Women; as the first French-Canadian representative of the CCF; as the founder of Quebec Medical Aid for Vietnam; as a leader in a host of other women's organizations; and as the first French-Canadian woman senator.

It is evident, as well, that while Madame Chaput Rolland is deeply concerned about keeping Canada together, and is proud of being a "Canadian," she is, first of all, a Québécoise, rooted in "la Terre Québec." While both women share a feeling of what they would term "positive" nationalism, and are frustrated by those who refuse to listen to "what Quebec wants," they are quick to reject its negative forms, terrorism and violence, as a means for solving problems. Though Madame Chaput Rolland is less enthusiastic than Madame Casgrain about such laws as the War Measures Act, she shares her concern about the growing trend toward intransigence and intolerance among French-Canadian youth, and the increasing polarization into "Two Solitudes," as events seem to pass them by.

Both books are most refreshing in their fine touches of humour, and in the little personal anecdotes which brighten the otherwise serious subjects discussed. At one point, Madame Chaput Rolland remarks to her English-speaking friend: if the Francophones and Anglophones are determined to keep Canada together, they'll both probably have to give up something; but, she adds, the French-Canadians will no doubt be the first.

Similarly, Madame Casgrain retorts to a narrow-minded newspaper editor who felt a particularly ferocious hatred toward the CCF that if Chiist were a

revolutionary and returned to earth the ma" in question would be excommunicated and banished from the rectories.

It is interesting to note that in both *Face to Face* and *A Woman in a Man's World* the point is stressed that there can be no liberation of women without that of men. Thus, it is not just to a female audience that the authors of these two publications address themselves. Their over-riding concern lies with encouraging a greater understanding among all people, and with fighting injustices and inequities that mar the ability of human beings to live together in harmony. □

BEVERLEY SMITH, a writer and translator who now lives in Toronto, has studied in Quebec and France.

heard & told

THE ANNUAL convention of the Independent Publishers' Association, at the Park Plaza in Toronto, has just ended. The convention included a series of workshops on various aspects of publishing; these were staged in the hotel's Gold and Dominion Rooms (symbolic of federal fleshpots, perhaps?). Significant, too, that the rival Canadian Book Publishers Council chose to hold their recent annual general meeting in the far less classy and very unCanadian Holiday Inn in downtown Toronto?

THAT LINEAR TROIKA, the Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing, managed to upstage the Independent Publishers by releasing its final report midway through their Convention. Early press response proved so negative that Dalton Camp, one of the commissioners, felt obliged to devote his weekly column in the Toronto *Star* to a" apologia. Despite the recommendation of a number of gift horses to Canadian-owned houses (see EDITORIAL), some IPA members were complaining that the measures suggested to the Ontario government were virtually toothless.

AT ONE of the IPA workshops, on writers and publishers, Matt Cohen the writer was identified with a Union Of

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Canadian (Fiction) Writers. He retorted that he could speak for the UC(F)W because it didn't really exist. It seems that 0 to 30 fiction writers from all over did (or didn't) meet in Toronto recently with the idea of forming (or not forming) such a union. It certainly does make them sound like writers of fiction. We're shaken by the reflection that ACTRA, the Canadian Authors' Association, and a Canadian Writers' Guild already claim to be representing pen workers. With the Liberals still in Ottawa, are we faced with the prospect of a literary Hal Banks being imported from the States to straighten our Writers out, union-wise?

MANY READERS in their response to our Survey asked if we couldn't review books closer to their publication date. At another of the IPA workshops, Shirley Gibson, president of Anansi, also wondered why the review media were so slow in reviewing books. We can tell her one reason. *Eleven Canadian Novelists* by Graeme Gibson, which is published by Anansi, is already in the stores. We haven't yet seen a copy to review. Likewise another Anansi Spring book, *Greenpeace* And *Her Enemies* by James Eayrs, which has already been reviewed in two Toronto papers. And we're still waiting to see it. And believe us, Anansi isn't the worst house for this kind of promotional delinquency.

FOR TWO months now, returning questionnaires for our Readers' Survey (Nov./Dec. issue) have been piling up. As we go to press, 1,600 of them from all over Canada await processing and analysis by our research specialist, Robert Farrelly. To the best of our knowledge, the survey is the most extensive ever undertaken amongst Canadian readers. The results will be included in a series of special features on bookstores, libraries, publishers and writers in future issues of *Books In Canada*. It is hoped also to make the collected data available in booklet form. Thanks are due to both the Secretary of State, who funded the project as part of *International Book Year*, and to our readers, who have responded so enthusiastically.

IN A RECENT promotional handout for its forthcoming publication of Donald

Jack's two-novel *Bandy Papers*, Double- & rightly attributes the phrase "Bandy Lives!" to *Books In Canada* and goes on to say:

Lady Chatterley, Lester Pearson, Lloyd George, Renny Whiteoak, Winston Churchill — they're all in there with Sopwith Camels and Bulrush Stew and a malicious hone named Marshall in *Three Cheers For Me and That's Me In The Middle*...

Our Managing Editor, Douglas Marshall who revived interest in Donald Jack in a profile last March and who advised Jack to submit his novels to Doubleday, wishes to make it clear that he is "either equine nor malign. To prove that he is no mere neighbour, he will review *The Bandy Papers* in our next issue.

JANUS

DIGGING OUT A POT

VOICES UNDERGROUND:
POEMS FROM
NEWFOUNDLAND

Edited by HAROLD HORWOOD
new press
paper \$2.95; 81 pages

reviewed by Ann Howell

DON'T LET Harold Horwood's introductory assurance that "Some of these poems were rescued from waste paper baskets," deter you from finding the poet netted in this slim anthology. Horwood, with phrases like "truly contemporary", "the total sensory-input of the rock phenomenon" has done his best to suggest that these poets are another trendy lot. There is confusion in his further assurances that the poets are "completely uninvolved in the 19th-century culture that is still being peddled by the education establishment" and that "all play musical instruments ... as did the writers of the Elizabethan age, whom they so much resemble," and this confusion immediately lends the hope that Horwood doesn't know what he is talking about. He is rendering these poets the service of anthologizing them but the dii service of surrounding their work with

his decade gone jargon, of which his inability to distinguish 'trendy' from "contemporary" is typical.

The poet hiding in this book is Michael Wade, the one who "may even end as a" English professor." That "may" connected with Horwood's allusion to the Elizabethans sheds a glimmer of the notion that poetry is good when it is in the mainstream of tradition, carrying with it all the echoes of the attempts and all the shadows of the imperishable shapes of literature. The notion is accidental. It is certainly not one of Horwood's.

There are, all told, four men represented here. Des Walsh's poems draw from the old stream of myth. He can be heavy and obvious in his allusions. 'The Beast' reeks of the usual reading of 'The Second Coming':

*The beast is now at hand
restlessly turning in your dreams
or waiting outside your door
while the eyes of a child
shed tears that cover
the palm of your hand.*

Most of his poems balance on a "intimation of the poet living in "a place of fantasy and misunderstanding." Their tension lies in the imperceptible shifts that happen when the composite world of fantasy is cracked by perceptions of reality. The poems are worth reading when the tension holds as it does in "Unwanted Journey":

*Beneath the sound of the waters
and below the levels of the graves
a lady wrapped in turf lies drowned
and I alone can reach her
and share the story of her dead flesh*

Horwood disclaims any obvious influence of other Canadian poets on his Newfoundland poets, but there is in Des Walsh, at his best, not unpleasing facets of Leonard Cohen.

Fantasy is the poor cousin of vision in poetry however, and it is Michael Wade who has the vision. Wade is currently studying English at Memorial University. Hence the set up for Horwood's expected question "Aren't you afraid you'll be spoiled by all that academic hair-splitting? You wouldn't want, surely, to turn into the kind of poet you meet in post-graduate English." The deadening assumption that poets anywhere are of "a kid" is a insult to Wade's craft. Consider "This morning I ate the sun"

*just a sprinkle of sugar over the corona
and it went down like a raw egg.*

*Then I walked out into the dark street —
aside from a slight heartburn
I felt no ill effects.*

*so now if you wonder why I go around
shitting on everyone, it's because I like to
spread a little sunshine wherever I go.*

He moves from this wistful humour to the lyricism of his tribute to the ants, the cataloguers and the scholars in 'Cultivating Butterflies'

*The old owl wails
it must be cold tonight
yet someone is sitting
in the flower garden
counting the frozen petals.
Perhaps it is the man
with the icicle nose —
all last summer he numbered
every rose that grew
and finding now and then
a frozen caterpillar
would gently place it in a bag
so he could have butterflies
when they burst and died
and he with pride would show them
the frozen meadows.*

Wade's deftness with quick sketches of people and animals are scattered throughout this small selection:

*all the pain and joy
of being a boy
overcomes the torment of years
and heaps images of youth
upon a slope-shouldered middk? age*

*The cat curled into a haiku by the fire
forgets with an unattainable perfection*

Always there is his sense of muttering ages surrounding each moment and it is this resonance that protects his poetry from the pigeon-holing of Harold Horwood:

*In a moment's mist
when the wind hangs softly
about the leaves of a gnarled and aged
tree
and the promiscuous sparrow
flies in a tight spiral
to his only nest
the laws of a thousand centuries
burn underground.*

The two remaining poets suffer Horwood's ramping ignorance kindly. They are part of the generation gap and of the other hoary gaps that went bump many nights ago. From Eric Hoyles' 'Jesus Christ and Jesse James' —

*too bad our parents
couldn't get into their trip
of digging others
like you dig yourself.*

One quote is enough to sling the reader back into the mainstream of Michael Wade, safely out of the murk of "counter culture", grateful to Harold Horwood only for bringing him into print. □

ANN HOWELL is a poet and is press officer of the People Or Planes committee in Toronto.

HOW PARADISE BEGAN

HISTORY OF B.C. FROM ITS EARLIEST DISCOVERY TO THE PRESENT TIME

ALEXANDER BEGG (1894)
The Ryerson Archive Series
McGraw-Hill Ryerson
cloth \$12.95; illustrated; 568 pages

THIS HISTORY, first published in 1894, is the most complete history of British Columbia up to its publication. No subsequent work has touched with such wholeheartedness all the abundant skeins of life that made up the early tapestry of the province.

The book is divided into four sections: early discoveries, the fur-trading period, the colonial period and the confederation period. The section on early discoveries is the shortest by far as there is the least documentary evidence for this period. Begg relies most heavily on the log of the voyages of Captain Cook to Nootka, but it is of interest to note that even at this early juncture there was an absence of that atmosphere of distrust which so discoloured the relationship between the Indians and the white men south of the border.

The second section on the fur-trading period is, necessarily, very concerned with the Hudson's Bay Company. Often criticized for being a monopoly, of not giving fair bargains, it is largely due to the company's continuous quest for new fur-bearing grounds and the sending out of traders to cultivate these areas that much of the totally-unknown hinterland was opened up for eventual colonization.

The last two sections of the book cover the colonial and confederation periods. Blanshard was the first governor of the Vancouver Island colony, but Begg is not terribly impressed with his record — as neither were the colonists. Blanshard's task was very difficult for he was not of HBC stock and Victoria was. The man who replaced him, however, was of a much subtler mettle; James Douglas oversaw the emergence of a united colony in a manner which few others could have

emulated. Although his hands were most effectually tied in the San Juan boundary dispute, he handled the very complex problems inherent in the gold strikes on the Fraser and in the Caribou which together brought such an influx of settlers that for the first time the fur trade was superseded as the prime industry. Along with the miners delving for gold came missionaries delving for souls and Douglas had to deal with the Hydra of a state-religion. In recognition of his services to the colony he was knighted in 1863 and it was perhaps because of his outward-looking regime that British Columbia joined Confederation.

Its joining was most particularly dependant upon the construction of a trans-continental railway, but that endeavour was so long delayed that there were quite active motions in the province to secede from the federation. However, on Nov. 7, 1885, the last spike was nailed "well and truly in," and Canada was a united nation.

With Confederation, there was introduced into the province a whole host of missionaries of various persuasions to carry on the good work of those early exploratory missionaries who had done so much in the early days of the region. Neither was education overlooked — a long roster of schools was established in all parts of the province. Begg concludes his history at the eve of the 20th-century with the visit of Lord Aberdeen, the Governor-General of Canada.

He also covers admirably every other point of dispute — the extravagant claims of Spain to almost the whole of the Pacific coast, the union of the North-West and Hudson's Bay companies, the conflict between the island and mainland settlements; and every small point — differing mining techniques, average earnings of miners for various years, members of various legislatures, what happened to the descendants of various notables, etc. In fact the modern reader is almost i&dated by the welter of facts at his disposal.

One point though: I would have placed a higher value on this book if the present publishers, at the cost of historical verisimilitude, had included an index, the absence of which is very distressing, especially if it should be used as a work of reference. However, as a photo-copy of the original edition it is a commendable addition to any one interested in the period. □

DOUGAL FRAZER

HOW IS IT WITH YOUR CANLIT COURSE?

In the past year Books in Canada has had a number of requests for supplies of the magazine from co-ordinators of courses – CanLit and Library Sciences, at high schools, community colleges, and universities. Because of heavy demand for every copy we can afford to print, we have not been able to respond very generously to such requests.

The high percentage of students returning questionnaires to our Readers' Survey reinforces our belief that Books in Canada, and what it has to say about current writing, can have a great pertinence both to personal reading and study. Prompted by this belief, we are considering a new form of subscription by which we could mail bulk orders of every issue to educational subscribers at a reasonable rate. But before we can complete our planning, we need to know what demand there might be for such a scheme. If you are the co-ordinator or professor in charge of a CanLit or Library Science course, and are interested in a regular supply of Books in Canada for use by your students, please complete the form below. Its aim is to elicit information and it will not place either you or your institution under any obligation to subscribe.,

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STRAIGHT LEFT AND RIGHT CROSS

MORE POEMS FOR
PEOPLE

MILTON ACORN
NC Press
paper \$1.75; 112 pages

reviewed by John Oughton

THIS NEW collection by Milton Acorn provides an updated documentary on the dialectical process of poetry and Marxism meeting lo one man. Acorn recommends in the polemic "On Not Being Banned by the Nazis"? that one "include in every possible poem one line or passage designed to give acute physical pain, or its equivalent, to any reactionary who might read it." Although that prescription obviously provides ammunition for firing back at critics, Acorn does have the discrimination to allow that some poems simply cannot embrace politics.

Some of the new longer poems are admirable combinations of art and *la lutte*; in "Gentle Goddess" and "The Universe and I" Acorn makes his own personality serve as the bridge between Marx and Art. Form and content are inseparable, and the poems work in the simplest sense of the verb. Similarly, "The Mine is Also of Nature" discovers more than coal in the pits of Cape Breton; it must be one of the best poems yet written about the mines.

However, many of the purely political poems are less satlling. Acorn views himself as a largely solitary fighter, and thus hyperbolizes from his lovely poem "You Growing": "Write something like that and you'll get on a thousand academic blacklists." The revolutionary catcalls sometimes overpower the poetry, and Acorn's comments on other poets reveal an unfortunately narrow definition of literature. Who else would state with a straight face that "Boweriog and Nichol are good colonial boys — without a thought in their heads which they will reveal." Certainly Acorn, like Quebec's Michel Tremblay, deserves

more recognition from official sources than he has yet received, but this fact does not mean that those who have received Governor General's awards are without virtues of their own.

Acorn's more generous side is responsible for the most successful poems, lyrics of the quality of "Live with Me on the Earth" and manifestoes such as "Bethuniverse" whose expression matches their sentient. Another facet of the poet's character is his fondness for quoting obscure facts and statistics concerning many things; these kernels of wisdom pop up in several of the poems, but become almost a sort of patriotic-militaristic corn in the essay "What are the Odds?" in which Acorn documents his high opinion of the Canadian fighting man.

Yet, in his own terms, Acorn has succeeded with *More Poems for People*.

The book will stimulate any reader, although not always on the plus side of the pleasure/pain line. I found the experience of reading it a truly dialectical one, in which admiration at a fine poem would immediately be succeeded by disbelief that the same poet could offer such a roughly fashioned raspberry as the next one. Acorn is the sort of poet, and man, who challenges your own tastes and commitments, while believing totally in hla own. Thus there's an affirmative flavour to most of the poems, and Acorn's persona as two-fisted poetic slugger on the side of the Canadian worker is a unique one in our literature. Hit 'em again, Milton. □

JOHN OUGHTON is a Toronto writer and poet.

THE VORTICAL MOSAIC

VORTICISM AND THE ENGLISH

WILLIAM C. WEES

University of Toronto Press; cloth \$15.00; illustrated; 275 pages

reviewed by H. G. Levitch

"Design is not art. Design is not terribly significant. Design is not always better than nothing."

—Ivan Chermayeff, quoted
by Janet Malcolm, *The New Yorker*, July 15, 1972

WHEN THE University of Toronto Press quietly unveiled its sleek new 1972 line of footnotes, bibliographical entries, and divers scholarly apparatus, it proudly noted that every citation was completely redesigned — from dazzling typographical innovations to the latest aerodynamically designed punctuation.

When your reviewer was invited to test-read a prototype model, Professor Wees' little ditty on Vorticism. I hardly expected to find the experience quite so novel. For the jaded aficionado, the newest U of T books arouse long-forgotten memories of how it most have felt back when you first learned to read. The unfamiliarity; the uncomfortable sensation of being lost; the anxiety; the fear.

I suppose my own special admiration for the Press's achievement must date from that brief instant — after spending five minutes or 80 of increasing confusion in search of the date and place

of publication for a quotation cited in the first paragraph of the Introduction — when I succumbed to misgivings about the literacy, the sanity, and the respective parentage of the author, the editor, and the eminent designers themselves, Alan Fleming and William Rueter.

Later, I asked several friends, all of whom claimed nodding acquaintance with the English language, to test their speed and skill on this academic gymkhana. Elapsed time required for one experienced Toronto editor was about seven minutes; the editor of this publication yelled "Uncle" after a punishing 10 minutes of feverish scanning and exhausted patience.

While no description can compare with a first-hand, behind-the-book spin around the track, I'll try to give our more sedentary readers just a glance at the exciting challenges offered by what promises to be the new U of T Press's policy for all future scholarly publications.

On page "3" (i.e., unnumbered), the first line reads as follows, viz.:

'Vorticism, in fact, was what I personally did and raid, at a certain period.' (Wyndham Lewis)¹

The parenthetical insertion of the speaker's name helps, but the context gives no **hint** as to either the **circumstances** in which it **originally** appeared or the date of original publication. Needless to say, a "isolated quotation, by itself, is meaningless and worthless as evidence to qualify or support the argument or claim being presented. That being obvious, one might speculate what convenience the **reader** might have enjoyed had the author or his editor merely supplied the **necessary** information in the same line. It requires **little** imagination to think of ways. Or, at **least**, on the same page, which **is where "footnotes" are** usually found. But, no, we must keep our **finger** on **our** place and **flip** pages to **the** back of the book.

'On page "229" (unnumbered), under "**Notes.**" we read:

'Introduction' *Wyndham Lewis and Vorticism* p3

No doubt, this confirms something. But it doesn't tell us much that's help fill. Where? When? **It** even **raises** a new question: Is Mr. L. being quoted by someone else and from another context? Who **wrote** the text being cited? Is it a" anonymous essay? A book by **some** other scholar (who?)? A manifesto or **Festschrift** or what? Where was it published? England? The U.S.?

Canada? **Denmark?** And when? We've reached the first **cul de sac**. Apparently, we need to look further.

Although impatient grad students **and** other persons who **might** consult **this** book for crassly expedient **purposes** of **scholarship** and literary. **re-**search **may** question the philosophy or aesthetic value of eviscerating the **contents** of a "standard" or "conventional" **first** entry, and instead, wish to keep intact what ordinarily would be **complete** and self-contained. **This** new U of T "**style**" **divides** that **information** so **that**, for **all** practical purposes, the **serious** reader most necessarily search **in more than one place** before he **can** eventually piece together, **independently**, the **completed** citation. The sense of accomplishment tends to wear after the first few efforts.

(N.B. — observant readers and professional copy-editors who had to look twice at the "Note" reproduced above may wonder where is the punctuation of yesteryear. What happened to the periods, commas, and colons we all **grew** to know and love? Ah, well, behold the **Meisterstück** of Fleming's artistic and creative Book-Design, assisted by Et Alla. So eat your hearts out, you **johnny-come-latelies!** Or despair.)

Let **us** celebrate the **memory** of that "old" and "obsolete" footnote that served **us** so well. Now, it is forever-

more banished from the U of T press, condemned to **linger** in that **unhip** typographical limbo inhabited by such lesser lights as Oxford University **Press**, Cambridge **U.** P., Harvard, California, Princeton, **Yale, Chicago** and Columbia.

In homage to the Creative **Pizzazz** of "**Fleming's Press**" (as we shall henceforth **think** of it), let us **return** to that **titillating** little note uncovered on p. "229" — that is, If you haven't lost either that place, or p. "**3,**" where we started. We plunge into the **hindparts** of the "Bibliography: p. "**243**" (un-numbered), **which** is **sub-headed:** "Books; Pamphlets. Exhibition **Catalogues, Brochures, Films.**" Of course, **many** readers may jump to the very end of **this** "Bibliography" section, **assuming** that it is coherent and continuous. They're wrong. Certainly, it is a" understandable error, for **the** designers. have neatly avoided leaving any sign or clue that might otherwise indicate two (2) additional **bibliographical** categories **under** **which** a" entry might be found. Thus, the on-warned readers who start **from** the back, on page 262 (numbered), **won't** find what they're looking for. They atop. Scratch their privates in deep contemplation. The completely demoralized may **reluctantly** begin to hop listlessly from page to page. The **better-disciplined**, organized **minds**, particularly those trained in **crypto-**analysts, ciphers and **COBAL** language

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for digital computers, will return to page "245," and intuit that this is but the initial grouping.

(Call it Section "T" or "A," if you cannot remember all the page numbers — although you may not remember all the different kinds of items listed in each sub-section either, so you might keep a bookmark there, too; you probably should keep another marker to hold your place back in the Notes, as well as something besides your too-few fingers to hold your spot way back in the text itself; if you can't mentally distinguish among the three (3) separate bibliographical sections, why not letter them in by hand? It'll give you a gnat sense of participation, like completing a children's colouring book or painting a picture by numbers, and is especially good therapy for people undertaking Jungian analysis.)

The second section of the Bibliography, page 251, is entitled: "Essays in Books; Articles, Photographs, and Drawings in Newspapers and Magazines." The third section of the Bibliography, page 261, is "Unpublished Material." We already looked there.

Returning to p. "229," at Note No. 1, we observe that the title is italicized. Ordinarily, this would be true of books, but most other items are usually placed in quotation marks. On the other hand, we don't know for sure what it might be in this case, do we? It could be almost anything, couldn't it? Perhaps, it is one of those 'Films'? Or, it might be a 'Drawing in a Newspaper.' And until, or unless, we know what kind of publication this title represents, then we must search in tom each of the three separate sections of the Bibliography — four (4) different places we must locate and examine, while still maintaining our original place, and (hopefully) remembering what exactly it was we were reading and thinking about in the first place.

Since you may not always find the required pages without rifling forwards, and backwards within each respective section, imagine how much time might have been saved if, say, the three (3) detached fragments of the Whole Bibliography were simply combined into a single, continuous section. Aren't you happy the U of T Press didn't sell out to this sort of crass commercialism?

Honest craftsmanship should never be confused with bungling incompetence. Elegant, one-of-a-kind, customized hot-rods of a book deserve to flash at the big auto shows; scholarly publishing, as Messrs. Fleming and Rueter remind us, is more than just rolling another numbing four-door sedan off the Bii Three's Detroit assembly lines. Yes, now we have the bookish parallel to those chrome fins (and those Nehru suits we secretly craved). True kitsch is timeless.

Not everyone could have figured out the arbitrary and amusingly capricious distribution of bibliographical entries among these three ad hoc categories (so wittily lacking in dreary precedent or "established practice"). Formerly, any dolt — in fact, virtually

everyone — who has ever used a footnote, or a "Note," has always managed to cram everything the interested reader could want to know, all into one self-sufficient entry. But flying in the face of convention, the U of T Press challenges this standard usage.

Only an insensitive Philistine would keep hassling about efficiency and how much time Fleming's design wastes. We shouldn't overlook the metaphysical side of this argument. Regard the Disintegrated Footnote as dispersed into phenomenological particles of cosmic information, Each a Part of the One, the Whole and Divine Bibliography; Seeking, yet Never Finding, Cosmological Unity through Mystical Reintegration of Author, Title and Place of Publication. □

AN ADMIRABLE SNOWMAN

WHITE ESKIMO

HAROLD HORWOOD

Double&y: cloth \$5.95; 228 pages

reviewed by Isaac Bickerstaff

ESAU GILLINGHAM, the great White Spirit of Harold Horwood's excellent novel, is a hem of the old school, "like Richard the Lion-Hearted, or Jason, or Gilgamesh in the epic," as another character judiciously declares. Yet Horwood makes him believable, a singular accomplishment at a time when fiction's heroes are typically rabbits or portnoys or poohs.

His epic story is recounted some years after Gillingham's death by two old Labrador hands who are among a small party on board the S.S. Kyle, en route from Newfoundland to Makkovik and ultimately to Naim. It had been to Nairn, we learn, that Gillingham had trekked, his komatic heaped with a fortune in pelts, after his first season trapping, alone in a remote northern bay thought by the Eskimos to be haunted. Immediately upon his arrival in Nairn, he had been perceived by the Innuits as a shaman, an "angekok" who had come 'by no ordinary means, out of a land where mortals did not live but where spirits were abundant -that

is to say the interior mountains of Labrador."

Soon Gii had made a sworn enemy of Manfred Kosh, the local missionary who ruled the natives like an 18th-century schoolmaster. The people were poor, Gillingham had announced, "because they follow the ways of the white men, who do not understand this land or the needs of the people. They are poor because they have been taught to sing hymns at times when they should be hunting, and to wail and recite prayers when they should be out upon the mountains." Two-thirds of the people of Naim had joined the outlaw party of the White Spirit, making long hunting and trapping forays into the interior and up the coast, in defiance of Kosh and his foreign God. Gillingham, impressive in size, Vi in appearance, skilled in hunting and trapping, utterly fearless, had led the Innuits back to the old ways, away from the crippling softness of settlement life. He had begun to reclaim and repeople the land.

At last, however, **Manfred Kosh** had exacted revenge. **He had** engineered the arrest of his upstart enemy for the murder of Abel **Shiwak**, the White Spirit's **Eskimo** hunting partner and song **brother**. **After travelling** south to be tried and, ultimately, declared **innocent**, Gii had been unable to **return to Nairn** for two years. **Then,** his sight failing, **he** had set out alone into unexplored territory on "a **journey** in search of itself." He had never returned.

Throughout the telling of the **Gillingham** saga. **Horwood limns the white dead** land of Labrador with such **skill** that it becomes for the reader, **as for Gillingham,** "a splendid land — I mean really splendid, **like** a country in a vision":

And the caribou did not fail. **Ghost-like,** they drifted in great herds across the land, over barrens lightly clothed in lichen, their hoofs making a sound like castanets, as though a thousand dancers passed, wraithlike under the yellow sun and the white moon. scudding with the clouds ad the lone wolf here and there, the arctic hares white with approaching winter scattering before them into the empty land, then gathering in little groups

again, sitting erect again, posed like kangaroos to watch them pass, the flickering lights of the sky growing above them, the white wolves pacing on silent paws, snuffing hare and caribou and mouse and lemming brought wind-travelling over the hard land, waiting always for the straggler, the weak, the old, and snatching as they went from the short, tough vegetation, the fat little rodents that had strayed too far from their burrows. The caribou moved like a force of nature, like winter coming upon the land. And they did not fail.

In such a place, it is clear, only one of **Gillingham's** "common courage and resources could have accomplished what he did.

I unreservedly recommend **White Eskimo**, especially to all those **fictionados** who, like me, find themselves emulating the protagonists of their entertainments. Imitating wastrels and nincompoops may have its rewards, but once you've tried a journey in search of yourself you'll never look back. □

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF is the nom-de-guerre that incompletely hides the identity of Don Evans, teacher, editor, writer and artist; he denies moonlighting as an assassin.



with reference...

A check list of recent and current Canadian reference books.

Antiques in Ontario: Canadian Antiques **Yearbook** 1973. Clock **House**, Box 103. Peterborough, Ont. "A **geographic directory** and buyers' guide" which seems to tell everything the antique hunter would need to know — lists of antique dealers and antiquarian booksellers, merchandise and services, directory, maps, **silver** marks and many advertisements.

Bibliographies on: **Canoes and Canoeing. Livres Français. People in Books. Louis Riel. Saskatchewan Homecoming** 71. **Union** List of Serials. Women. **All available** on 'request (paper) from: Bibliographical Services Division, Provincial Library, Regina, **Saskatchewan.**

Canada 1972 (English Edition). Year Book Division, Statistics Canada. Paper \$1.50; **illustrated**; 336 pages. **Self-defined** as "the Annual **Handbook** of present conditions and recent **progress**," this is the Weapon of the dogmatist. **Useful** for confounding **enemies**, inflating journalistic trial balloons and **tarting up** term papers. Those made dizzy by statistics may **find solace** in the hundreds of predictable pictures.

Canadian Annual Review for 1970: A reference guide and record. Edited by John **Saywell**. University of **Toronto** Press (1971). Cloth \$30.00; **illustrated**; 637 pages. With the 1971 edition due any day now, **time** to get this one on the shelf if it isn't **there** already. **Features** a well-balanced documentary on the October Crisis by John **Saywell**. And of course puts on record surveys of 1970 in every sphere of our national life. Except Publishing and Literature — an **inexplicable** and inexcusable gap.

Catalogue of Canadian Resources on the Family. The **Vanier** Institute of the Family; 1.51 **Slater Street**, Ottawa KIP 5H3. Paper. An exhaustive bilingual **catalogue** of printed and audio-

visual materials on **every** aspect of family life.

A Checklist of Canadian Literature and Background Materials, 1628-1960. (2nd Edition, revised and enlarged.) Compiled by Reginald Eyre Watters. University of Toronto Press. Cloth \$30.00; 1085 pages. "A comprehensive list of the books that constitute Canadian literature written in **English**; and second, a selective list of other books by Canadian authors that **reveal** the **backgrounds** of that **literature**." With 16,000 titles listed here by 7,000 **Canadian** authors, we have ample **confirmation** that **Canadian** literature did exist before the **new nationalism**. A veritable thesis mine.

The Corpus Directory & Almanac of Canada, 1973. Edited by James D. Hilborn. Corpus Publishers Services, 6 Crescent Road, Toronto. Cloth \$18.95; 900 pages. Formerly the McGraw-Hill Directory and Almanac has been **repatriated** and is now **published** by a **wholly Canadian-owned company**. It is the largest **annual reference book** we have. With comprehensive **sections** on Government, Information, **Communications**, Business, Education, **Finance** and what you will, it should **serve** as Bible to both fact-freak and professional researcher.

Creative Canada: A **biographical dictionary** of 20th-century **creative** and performing artists. Volumes One and Two. Compiled by Reference Division, McPherson Library, **University of Victoria**. Published by University of Toronto Press. Cloth \$15.00 each; 310 pages and 306 pages. With the publication of Volume Two, Volume One's glaring **deficiencies** become **less** infuriating. The terms of **reference remain confusing**; the allocation of vast space to some **kinds** of "artists" (**film producers**, for **instance**) and **minute** space to others (writers, for **instance**) still seems **prejudicial**; and the **capricious** division of artists **between** the two **volumes**, each with its own alphabetical sequence, is grossly **infuriating**. A shame for such an important book, but it **will** have to serve until **someone** does better.

English-Canadian Literature: A **student guide** and annotated bibliography. The Athabaskan Publishing Company. Ed-

monton, Alta. Paper unpriced; 44 page!. A neat **and well-planned guide** to primary and secondary materials in **CanLit**.

Inventory of Research in Progress in the Humanities, 1972. Humanities Research Council of Canada, 151 Slater Street, Ottawa K1P-5H3. Paper unpriced; 78 pages. A thorough (**and fascinating**) list of current research in the humanities in Canadian universities.

A Reference Guide to *English, American and Canadian Literature*. Inglis F. Bell and Jennifer Gallup. University of British Columbia Press (1971). Paper unpriced; 139 Pages. A handy tool for

the undergraduate student, list@ **essential** reference materials needed for unpriced; 139 Pages. 'A handy tool for the undergraduate student. **listing** essential reference materials needed for courses and essays in the **three** literatures.

Unitt's Canadian Price Guide to Antiques & Collectibles, Vol. Four, 1972. Clock House, Box 103, Peterborough, Ont. Paper \$8.95; illustrated; 304 pages. This **illustrated "guide** to price trends in Canada" seems to have lists and prices for just about every old thing you might want to collect for either **fun** or profit.

YESTERDAYS HORRORS

WITH WOLFE TO QUEBEC

OLIVER WARNER

Collins

cloth \$8.95; illustrated; 224 pages

reviewed by Ronald Butler

IT IS OFTEN said of Canadians that they know little, and care less, about the history of their country. In addition immigrants from countries other than England or France have little interest in learning of the past disputes between those two countries.

If *With Wolfe To Quebec* were to become required reading at our seats of learning much of this ignorance would be remedied insofar as the most vital part of our history is concerned.

The war for Quebec, in reality only skirmishing in comparison with modern wars, was equally as brutal and unpleasant for the individual as anything that has happened in Viet Nam.

The fact that only a few were mutilated and killed at anyone time in that old affair was of no consequence to the slaughtered, and the agony of the farmer, whose house was built at such expenditure of labour, when he saw it go up in flames, was as real as that of the Vietnamese peasant of today, which all goes to show that man is no more civilized now than he

was two centuries ago — he is simply better equipped technically to perpetrate his barbarities upon the weak.

General Wolfe himself appears to have had a peculiarly split personality. A civilized gentleman "off duty" and a ruthless disciple of Attila when "on duty". He was a great leader of men, a brilliant strategist and tactician, and a brave man, and his brutalities were no more than those of his times, or of now.

Few people have achieved so much in the short span of 32 years. *Regrettably With Wolfe To Quebec* suffers from a rather pedantic style which tends to detract from its interest. This is unfortunate for it is well printed with plentiful and excellent illustrations. Regardless of this it is a book to be recommended to all who are interested in the story of the formation of the Canadian nation, since, apart from its broad historical value it gives much detail of a way of life long gone.

RONALD BUTLER, whose son is the novelist Juan Butler, is an amateur of history and lives in Toronto.

Spring tonics from Doubleday

WHERE THE WAGON LED* by R. D. Symons—A classic memorial to an almost extinct way of life. After 60 years in the saddle, the author writes knowledgeably and eloquently about what a cowboy actually did. More than 70 sketches by Mr. Symons. \$8.95.

A NORTH AMERICAN EDUCATION,* A book of short fiction by Clark Blaise—*Library Journal* has called Blaise an “exciting discovery” and *A North American Education* an “intense and beautiful book” in which “the best stories’ are joltingly alive, like pieces of autobiography”. \$6.95.

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THE SAILOR AND THE FOX by Brian Burland—A magnificent suspense novel about a retired Bermuda boxing idol whose encounter in the ring with a jaunty young black produces savage excitement and a rare insight into the two men involved. \$6.95.

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“a brilliant and original comedy on the subject of the immediate present ...” *American Mischief* is a rich and unsettling experience, a reminder of the exhilarating power of the novel. \$10.25.

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