

BOOKS in CANADA

VOLUME 2 NO. 3

38 X 23

JULY/SEPTEMBER 1973

PURDY ON F.R. SCOTT - THE POST-AUTHORSHIP TRIALS OF ALAN EDMONDS - CANADA FURTHER CANAJANS - WOODCOCK LOOKS AT THE WILDERNESS - CLERY ON HERRON - AQUIN'S ANTIPHONARY - MARSHALL ON SATURDAY NIGHT - SASKATOON/EDMONTON POETRY - STOLLERY STROLLS THROUGH YESTERDAY - BICKERSTAFF ON THE NCL - MARITIME VOICES

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE?

VALIANT MEN: Canada's Victoria Cross and George Cross Winners

Edited by JOHN SWETTENHAM; Hakkert; cloth \$12.95; illustrated; 234 pages

NOT IN VAIN

Photographs by KEN BELL; text by C.P. STACEY; captions by KILDARE DOBBS; University of Toronto Press; cloth \$9.50; illustrated; 143 pages

reviewed by Val Clery

ALMOST EVERY man who has been involved in war, however he may assert a preference for peace, retains a recurrent, and tempting nostalgia for the unique emotions of the battlefield - for the habit-forming chemistry of danger, the heady moments of achievement, and the warming freemasonry of comradeship. For the ordinary soldier war in retrospect soon takes on hazy outlines of a dream and loses immediate starkness of a nightmare; not only is it the most momentous period of those involved in it, but it is usually the only period when the ever-nagging worries of everyday life have been erased by the irresistible sweep of vast events in evolution. Perhaps ex-soldiers should avoid reminders of war as stringently as alcoholics avoid reminders of drink and its heady immediate pleasures.

The seductive power of battles recalled is clearly demonstrated by the large and steady sales of books about war, whether presented in fiction or fantasy or fact. In an era where any war may prove to be our final war, when it becomes harder and harder to justify the use of armed force on any political pretext (as the Vietnam adventure showed), books that try to glorify war begin to look like martial pornography. Of these two books, it is ironic that the one seemingly so innocent in intent, a record of outstanding bravery, might be most suspect of that insidious effect.

Valiant Men is a simple illustrated record of those Canadians and those soldiers associated with the Canadian force-s, who have been awarded the Victoria Cross (end. in more recent times, the George Cross). The bluff



and stylized eyewitness accounts of how **each VC was** won tend at beat to amuse only admiration. It is only on reflection, when one wonders if **the military end of such-and-such an act of heroism** (often involving the death or disablement of the hero) justified the deed, that one feels moved by **compassion**. There are few men, however, who could read of such acts of valor without feeling some spontaneous surge of envy. And it is that **feeling**, however momentary **and slight**, that has drawn many men into war **throughout history**, and that might **still** do so. We can **only** hope that, in fact of The Bomb, **the reasons against war** are too powerful to be ignored in the itch for glory. Perhaps **from now on those** who win the George Cross, for **risking everything to save rather than** end other lives, will begin to take a proper precedence. With all that **said**, it must be admitted that **our Valiant Men** couldn't have had a more **handsome memorial** in print.

Not In Vain, for **all** its dubious **hackneyed** title and for all that it portrays war **more graphically** than **Valiant Men**, seems less **likely** to seduce with dreams of glory. It is **Ken Bell's** second then-and-now album, **in which** he counterpoints pictures he took as a war photographer with the **Canadian Army**, during its **agonized** struggle from **the beaches of Normandy** to the North German plains, **with** pictures he collected **in** a more recent peacetime journey over the same ground. The contrast of **the pictures; often with his lens framing** exactly the same location, is suitably **heightened** by the fact that the **wartime** pictures were all **in black-and-white while the peacetime** pictures are made more **idyllic by colour**. Like all good photographs (and many of the **wartime ones** must be already be imprinted in the memories of **Canadians** who saw them' **in newspapers during the '40s**), these speak for themselves: **their** message is that war, however much it may inspire some **individuals and for** whatever cause, is ultimately brutish and **demeaning** and destructive. It is a **pity** that the editors did not fully appreciate the impact of **Ken Bell's contrasting** pictures; the task **they** assigned to **Kildare Dobbs**, of **providing explanatory** captions, exhausts even **his** vast

range of literary ingenuity. His captions become irritatingly superfluous as the **book** progresses, and **while** occasionally he **manages to emphasize** the pathos of war, he more often is forced into bathos.

C.P. Stacey's recapitulations of the **battles** covered by **Bell's camera** are, **on the other hand**, minor masterpieces of **military commentary**, **succinct, factual and dramatic**, and **managing** for **all their brevity to suggest** that the **course of battles** is **governed less** by the logic of **circumstances** than by the **clashing egos** of the **brasshats** involved. Generals do not **often** die at dawn, but when they have a bad **night**, many of their me* may. □

DI SPARATE TRI NI TY

THE DIVIDED WOMAN

SIDNEY KATZ
(with **LIONEL SOLURISH**
& **JANE DORING**)
General Publishing
Cloth \$6.95: 140 pages

reviewed by **H. G. Levitch**

Fear without reason, without source
Fear of one's self
Shame overwhelming; all-consuming
Shame for one's self
I hate my guts.

WE CANNOT pass literary judgment on the above poem. Unlike **Sylvia Plath**, by comparison, whose poetry was **consciously** created and conceived as an **imaginative** work of art, to be published: and read objectively — **skillful writing** that drew upon her own tortured sensibility **emphasioned** and driven by those fears and **anxieties that** would eventually end in her. suicide — the poem written by **"Jane Loring"** (not her real name) was written while in a mental **institution**. Not as therapy, **but** as an unconscious (literally) expression of what **Dr. Solursh** diagnosed as a **"dissociative personality"**

As **Mr. Katz** describes this **bi situation**:

Most mornings, when she awoke, she was **surprised to find her bedside table** covered **with sketches, poems, and letters** that **someone** had drawn or written **during the night**. She **still** had difficulty accepting the **incredible fact** that the **'someone'** was she, **Jane Loring**.

Jane Loring was suffering from an extraordinary and rare mental **illness** that fragmented her **personality into** three separate and **distinct personae**, each with its own **name** and role. **"Teddy-the-Observer"**, who is benevolent and protective toward **'Jane'**, who **is** the dominant, external personality, and who is the object of contempt to be punished by **"Meg"**, a **hostile** and destructive agent of **Jane's** deeply repressed sense of **guilt**. In a note written by **"Meg"**:

She must suffer for **all the hurts** — the people — the **animals**. She must suffer because life has been **so easy**. She must **learn the meaning** of pain, both **mental and physical** — she must **learn fear**. Most of **all she must** suffer for her **grandmothers**.

The relationship between each of these incubi is **set forth** by **Katz** in a matter-of-fact way that **judiciously** avoids the temptation of journalistic histrionics or noisy exclamation marks:

Meg, or **Teddy** would usually appear when **Jane** was **alone**, day-dreaming. They would take **over** for varying periods — **often** for ten to fifteen minutes, but sometimes for **several hours**. **Teddy** was aware of both **Jane** and **Meg**, and tried to **protect** **Jane** from the latter. **Likewise**, **Meg** was aware of both **Jane** and **Teddy**. She **consistently** attempted to thwart **Teddy's** efforts to help **Jane**. **Jane** was in the **least enviable** position, for she **lived in ignorance** of the **two others** who dwelt in her **body**.

How **Dr. Solursh** successfully treated **Jane**, the **history** of her therapy. **the use** of hypnosis to forge the necessary reintegration of her personality — that is the substance of **Mr. Katz's** book, **which** he has assembled **from interviews with all** of the participants, and the **invaluable tapes and file** records kept by **Dr. Solursh**. **While** the book **reads like a tightly-**constructed novel, it never **vulgarizes** its subject, nor does it **neglect** the technical and medical aspects that lead to her effective **"cure."** □

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WILDLY INSPIRED

MARKED BY THE WILD

Edited by BRUCE LITTLEJOHN and JON PEARCE; McClelland and Stewart;
paper \$3.95; 284 pages

reviewed by George Woodcock

IN VIEW Of the stress that critics in recent years — led by Northrop Frye — have laid on the role of the wilderness in shaping the Canadian literary co"-sciousness, it is surprising that so few books — either studies or anthologies — have appeared in this field. Three years ago, in memory of Blair Fraser, Clarke Irwin published a handsome collection of essay* on the theme, edited by Borden Spears and entitled *Wilderness Canada*. There is a continuity between that and the present book, *Marked by the Wild*. Bruce Littlejohn, who did a splendid job of selecting the photographs for the first book, now appears, with Jon Pearce, as editor of the second.

Marked by the Wild is an anthology — nearly 300 pages long — of Canadian prose and verse that is, in the words of the editors, "shaped by the Canadian wilderness." I gather it was intended originally as a text for class work, and in this role I believe it would have notable uses — not least to introduce Canadian writing to a variety of students who may find its appeal strengthened by this sort of oblique approach.

However, the publishers appear to have recognized that such a collection may also have a strong general appeal. And so, *Marked by the Wild* has been moved on to the trade list. I recommend it, partly because there is nothing else really fulfilling the same function, but just as much because it is a well-selected and well-arranged book that proves effectively the point of the wilderness being central to our literature. The eight categories give a good idea of the scope the authors have attempted and the philosophy that has guided them: *The Non-Human World*, *The Ambivalent Wilderness*; *The Wilderness as Adversary*; *The Benign*

Wilderness; *Wilderness and Self-Discovery*; *Man in Accord with Nature*; *Wilderness as Cultural Influence*; and *Wilderness Lost*.

It is a plan flexible enough to include most of the relevant writers, and I find the selection particularly pleasing because the editors have not relied entirely on the old standbys — Grey Owl and Thompson Seton are deliberately omitted — and have included some of more interesting younger writers, notably Dale Zieroth, Ken Belford and Sid Marty.

Personally, though I gather the editors have made the omission deliberately and doubtless with good reasons of their own, I am disappointed not to find one of Grove's fine narratives of Prairie journeying. More serious, and unexplained, is the absence of the great explorer-writers; there is nothing by Samuel Hearne, by David Thompson, by Alexander Mackenzie, all highly eligible not only as shapers of our view of the wilderness but also as writers. Surprisingly, too, apart from expected fragments from Pierre Berton and Farley Mowat and a good poem by Al Purdy, there is little on the far North. I would . . . But now I'm beginning to describe my own wilderness anthology, which shows that *Marked by the Wild* is a provocative collection and hence in its own terms a good one. It might well be the springboard for some interesting studies of wilderness writing. □

GEORGE WOODCOCK, Editor of *Canadian Literature*, who lives in Vancouver, is one of Canada's most versatile and prolific writers.



BOOKS IN CANADA

Vol. 2 No. 3 July - Sept. 1973

Editor — Vat Clery

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Books in Canada is published 12 times per annum by Canadian Review of Books Limited, 6 Charles St. East, Toronto M4Y 1T2, Ontario. Second Class Mail — Registration No. 2593. Contents © 1973. Canadian Review of Book, Ltd. Printed by Heritage Press Co. Ltd.

THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

THE ANTIPHONARY

HUBERT AQUIN (translated by ALAN BROWN);
Anansi; cloth \$7.95; 160 pages

reviewed by Beverley Smith

TO READERS familiar with Hubert Aquin's earlier novels (*Prochain Episode* or *Trou de Mémoire*), and their obsession with intrigue, psychic disorders, sexual violence and complications of plot that would daunt the most determined of mystery readers, the *Antiphonary* is no disappointment.

Its richness of language, admirably rendered into English by Alan Brown's translation, combines learned references to 16th-century medical texts, excerpts from the Song of Songs, quotes from ancient treatises on the Art of Discourse and smatterings of Latin and the latest slang, juxtaposed, to create what is truly a masterpiece of prose-writing in the best convoluted, rhapsodic Aquin style.

Aquin's heroine, Christine, relates her adventures as she travels along the sun-drenched California coast in the company of her husband, Jean-William who is subject to violent epileptic seizures.

Following a savage physical attack by him, at the height of his "unfinished 9th" and most violent epileptic fit, the badly-beaten Christine seeks medical aid, by night, in a Santa Barbara drugstore, only to be dosed into passivity and raped by the drugstore's owner, who takes her for an addict.

But this is only a mild introduction for what is yet to come: Jean-William's cold-blooded gunning-down of the druggist (the full horror of which the escaping Christing witnesses), is followed by Christine's flight to Montreal to the arms of her lover, Robert and he in turn is shot by the jealous hand of a somewhat recovered Jean-William, who also threatens Robert's ex-wife, Suzanne.

Aquin, however, is not one for simplicity. Waiting for Robert to emerge from the coma which results

from J-W's attack, Christine (now pregnant by the druggist) is raped by a Dr. Franconi, who had offered it to her to his office as respite from her grim ordeal at the hospital. Christine's and Jean-William's eventual but separate suicides are finally related to us in a post-face by Robert's Suzanne, who then reveals herself to be the lover of Dr. Franconi (alias Albert). But in a typically Aquinesque about-turn, Suzanne is stuck at her moment of seeming triumph with a crippled husband whom she refuses to take back, and the suicide of her lover Dr. Franconi.

This plot, which in itself might confuse the reader is, however, only part of what the *Antiphonary* is all about. For it serves as the backdrop against which is played out the counterplot — the life-story of one Jules César Beausang a 16th-century medical practitioner and scholar, and the subject of a thesis Christine has been struggling to complete.

Beausang's story, revealed to us by Christine, has been pieced together by his double, a printer named Chigi, who in copying the doctor's manuscript and memoirs, intersperses fragments of his own life with that of the author — even to the details of their mutual syphilitic deaths.

This mirror device, used with great fondness by Aquin in this and his previous novels, provides the reader with a multi-layered fabric to unravel.

Christine, caught up in the fascinating story of Beausang, eventually takes on the character of Chigi-Beausang's whoring sife, Antonella, thus conforming to the very image her suspicious husband, Jean-William, has of her.

Just as Christine is raped by Dr. Franconi (a doubling of the rape by

the druggist), so, too, is an Italian peasant-woman, Renata, smuggling Beausang's manuscript across the Swiss border, violated by bookshop owner, Zimara, to whom she delivers it.

In another instance, this doubling effect is repeated when an earlier trip to California by Suzanne and Franconi conforms almost exactly to the later trip by Christine and her husband;

The mirror technique is used quite literally in the novel by Chigi who uses a mirror in setting down Beausang's adventures to prevent his manuscript from being deciphered by the police in Geneva, where arrests are an everyday occurrence.

The narrative technique employed by Aquin in the *Antiphonary* is extremely involved and complex. The two plots, which begin by alternating Christine's adventures and Beausang's life-story, become more blurred and fragmented and superimpose themselves on one another, as the "heroine's" vision and state of mind lose coherence.

At one point, Christine begs the reader to forgive her for introducing secondary and tertiary narration into the story, with ironic asides by Aquin on the technique of narration, and a deprecation of Christine's disjointed ramblings. One episode in the novel is even replayed in slow motion, using cinema techniques, complete with stage directions and quotes from Leonardo da Vinci on shadow and light effects.

What emerges, incredibly, from this baroque pot-pouri of Hubert Aquin's is the impression of a gifted and extremely bizarre imaginative writer, with an astounding repertoire of factual knowledge on everything from geography to medieval philosophy and religion, who tightly controls his material and achieves unprecedented effects with his contortions of language.

Aquin cannot be classed with any other contemporary Quebec or Canadian novelist. He stands alone as a sort of mad genius, holding the pieces together, and playing gleefully with the strings of his marionettes. □

BEVERLEY SMITH, who has moved from Montreal to Toronto by way of France, is a writer, broadcaster and translator.

Doubleday's fall selection of good books by Canadian authors

BATTLE FOR A CONTINENT

Quebec, 1759 by Gordon Donaldson
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NASH NULL IMITCH

CANAJAN, EH?

MARK M. ORKIN

Illustrated by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

General

cloth \$7.95; 127 pages

Wen I kemda Canda few yearsa go from the Britti Shyles I usda think Canajans talked like Mere Cans owny quitter. But I ditgovered that Mare Can is a didrdy word in Canda enifya tell a Canajan nash nulliss he speaks Mare Can heel eeja lyve. Firce thing a forner godda lern isits feudal targee that Canajan sounds Mare Can becuz heel owny gedda lech shir on paul ticks end hiss tree end Emper Loy Lists end the neefer Eh Canajan Nash Null Eye Denty. Bess thinisda plate cool end keep his mouth shut end lissen how reel Canajans talk endin no time tall heel passfer wonda rijnal found-in peepuls.

THOSE OF US who **over** the past few years have been fretting in the **waiting-room** of history, hoping for the birth of a Canadian literary identity, **can** transpose **our** sighs from despair to relief. The **gynaecological** teams sent by the Secretary of State and the Canada **Council** can pack their bags and go back to Ottawa; a **Caesarian** will not be necessary. In one fall book, Mark M. Orkin has presented **us** the essence of a national literature — a national **language!** In *Canajan, Eh?*, Orkin (a *Tronnaloya* to put it **his** way) makes possible not just a **single** infant **literature** but a **veritable** Can-litter **which** could populate every drug-store rack in the country. **Although** he betrayed not a hint of **his** ambitions in **his** earlier books, *Speaking Canadian French* and *Speaking Canadian En-&h*, he must obviously have worked in secret for a decade to perfect **this** printed image of the **language** we **Anglos** have all been **speaking unwittingly** — *Canajan*.

You can use it at once. No **waiting** period. No costly **immersion** courses or language labs. **As** a **language** *Canajan* brings to **life** the **slurring im-**



Drawing by Bickerstaff from Book *Canajan Eh?* by M. Orkin

precision, the lack of **emphasis**, the native lethargy of the **Canadian** way of **thought**. Any Anglo (or any **immigrant** who has taken **out** citizenship after **the** **required** waiting **period**) can **learn** to write it in a few **hours** of study. The sample **shown** at the **beginning** of **this** article was written after only **ONE** **READING** OF **THIS** **AMAZING** **BOOK!**

Mark M. Orkin has provided more **than** a mere **glossary** of *Canajan* words and phrases; each **definition** **dillays** his beaver-like **incisiveness** of **mind**, bites through the back that has too long concealed the wooden solidity of **our** **true** national character. **Although** the glossary, contained in **this** **slim** **volume** are **in** no sense exhaustive, students will find **that** on **mastering** the elements provided hem, they will be able to extend wider and wider **their** **grasp** of **written** *Canajan*. It seems quite possible that, before **the** next application date for Canada **Council** **grants** arrives, a dozen writers will have **ready** **sample** chapters of a *Grade Canajan Nuvel, potery* fit for an epic on the *Canajan Moundles Sintenyul Sell Braizuns, a hiss-tree of Wasp-breeding in Tronna*.

Inevitably, much more will be demanded **from** Mark Orkin. As he **points** out in his **introduction**, Canada is **in** fact a **quadrilngual** country. So

far in **his** books he has dealt with **English** **Canadian**, **French** **Canadian**, and *Canajan*. Because language is subject to provincial **jurisdiction** in Quebec, he is **disbarred** from dealing with **joual**; and in soy case the Quebec government denies its existence. But surely Orkin's **prescience** has not overlooked the effect of a post-Watergate **influx** of immigrants **from** the south? It is not beyond the bounds of **possibility** that *Mare Can* too will have to be accorded **official** status. And a book **from** Mark Orkin.

The **illustrations** for this *Canajan* primer are drawn by Isaac Bickerstaff, trenchantly **familiar** to readers of *Books In Canada* as both a **writer** and a **caricaturist**. Somehow (and this may seem like editorial bias) he seems not so entirely at home in a bound book. **Or** perhaps the clean-cutting lines of his draughtmanship are **essentially un-Canajan**; something **fuzzier** in style, vaguer in concept **might** better portray our *nash null imitch*. It goes without saying that he **still** manages to be spitefully **entertaining**. □

VAL CLERY

(The possibility of publishing a Canajan edition of Booksen Canda is now under earnest discussion with representatives of the Canada Council. — Editor.)

SOME OF OUR YESTERDAYS

THE CANADIAN DIARY 1862 - 1872

Compiled and edited by ROYCE G. TENNANT
Encyclopaedia Britannica Publications; paper \$19.90; illustrated; 100 pages

reviewed by Peter Stollery

THIS BOOK is a collection of news reports, engravings of sketches and photographs, and essays describing life in Canada, taken from contemporary and mostly English periodicals. The editor credits *Harper's Weekly*, *The Graphic*, and *The Illustrated London News*. My impression after reading the book and studying the very handsome pictures was that most of the material is from *The Illustrated London News*. *Harper's Weekly* did not start publication until 1867, and *The Graphic* not until 1869, which would bear out my impression. But *The Illustrated London News* has always been one of my favourites and I enjoy looking through old issues.

I found the idea of using material that would originally have been read by someone abroad unusual. That kind of perspective made the book very interesting.

Mr. Tennant starts us off briskly with some politics.

June 7, 1862

There has been a Ministerial crisis in Canada. On the 20th ult. the late Premier, Mr. Cartier, moved the second reading of the Militia Bill, and, after an ominous silence, the House divided without debate; when the Government found themselves in a minority of seven; the division being Ayes 54; Nays 61.

From this twilight of United Canada, the seventh Parliament in 21 years about to fall, the book takes us to the end of the fifth session of the first Parliament of Canada in 1872. When Canada as we know her was on her way.

Curiously, in this diary there is no reference to July 1, 1867. Evidently the date of the change from colonial government to the beginnings of self-government was not of great concern outside Canada. Sketches of the interior of British Columbia and views of emigrants at Portsmouth and Liverpool were of more interest to the British reader of the day.

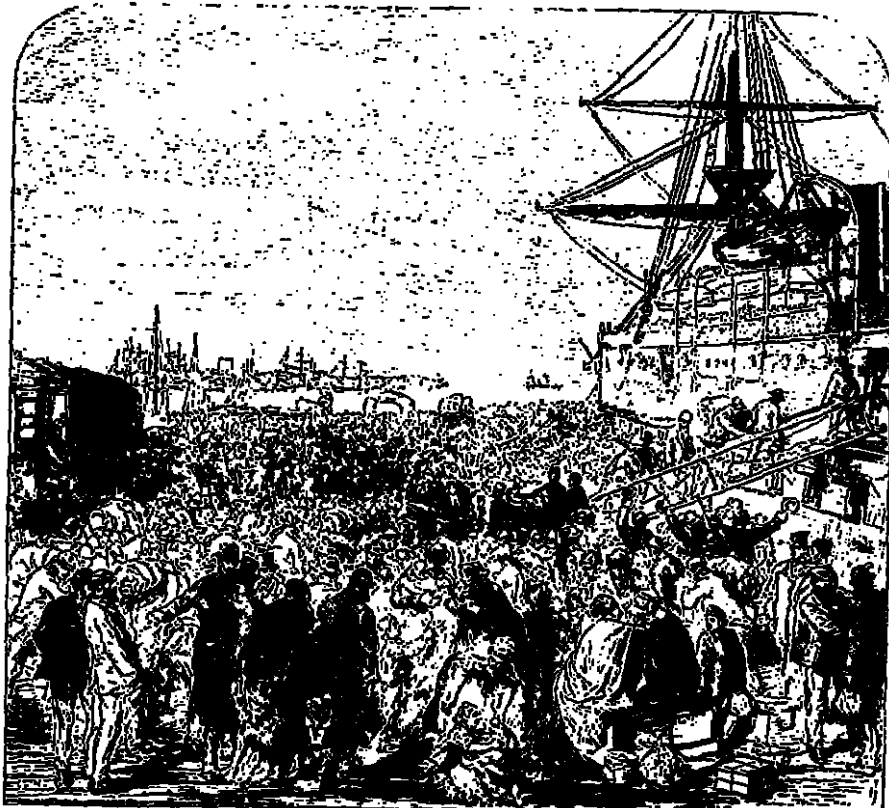
But politics is not the main subject of this book. It is a diary. The intent of the editor, and it works well, is to give us a picture of that huge chunk of geography sprawled across northern North America with all of its various names. We know it now as our quite strong and quite successful Canada. At the beginning of that crucial decade the idea of unifying such an expanse must have been seen as a kind of combination of desperation and whimsy.

Between news pieces about the Fenians and, the problems presented by serious numbers of U.S. draft dodgers escaping to Canada rather than doing service in the Northern Army, are stories about a caribou hunt in New Brunswick, a description of the Chaudiere goldfields, the obituary of Sir Louis H. Lafontaine, and the capture and recapture of the *Chesapeake*.

The difficulties of living next door to the United States at war are very well explained by this kind of contemporary reporting. For example, the *Chesapeake* was a freight and passenger steamer running between New York and Portland, Maine. In January 1864, she was seized by a party of Confederates who had taken passage on her for Portland. Imagine the embarrassment to the authorities at Saint John, N.B., when the Confederates sailed in with the *Chesapeake*. Evidently they were allowed to leave. The ship was recaptured by the Federal steamer *Ella Annie* in Sambro Harbour, N.S. The hair must have turned grey on many a Canadian official of the day. What to do? How strongly to protest when General Dix has given orders to pursue all future Confederate raiders operating from Canada across the border and into Canada if necessary?

On another note, during a fishing expedition in New Brunswick, John Francis, Chief of the Passamaquoddy Indians, was quite content with the portrait done of him by the traveller and expressed delight at the prospect of its appearance in *The Illustrated London News*.

Much of the charm of this book is the illustrations. There are 100 illustrations.



RESEMBLANCE OF INCREASED WORKING AS EMIGRANTS AT PORTSMOUTH

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We Gave You
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Electric Toothbrush!

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Other Wildlife

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tions, 24 of them full page. The celebration of the Royal Wedding of the Prince of Wales on the ice of Burlington Bay, Lake Ontario, Canada West. I confess that I had forgotten that familiar picture of The Great Eastern laying the trans-Atlantic cable from Ireland to Heart's Content. Newfoundland.

The Canadian Diary measures 11 inches by 17 inches. Because of the illustrations I suppose that size was called for, but I don't like books in such odd sizes. For too many years I have tried to find a convenient spot for my Oxford Canadian Atlas and my Reader's Digest Great World Atlas. Also there is no excuse for putting flimsy paper covers on such a large book. And I must protest at so much 6-point type. Have a heart for our eyes.

It is a delightful book though. What did become of that potential Canadian industry using the silk of the Canadian silkworm? The Rev. S. Pulein made silk stockings from the Stuff in 1759.

PETER STOLLERY, a renowned traveller to the offbeat corners of the world and an amateur of Canadian history, is Member of Parliament for a Toronto riding.

CELTIC TRAGIC

THE WHORE MOTHER

SHAUN HERRON

Evans
cloth \$7.95; 284 pages

reviewed by Val Clery

ANYBODY WHO has read Shaun Herron's earlier thrillers should expect this, his latest, to be gripping and well-written. It certainly has both those qualities. But anyone aware that Herron was born and brought up in Ulster before emigrating to Canada, and aware also that he is an experienced journalist and a perceptive political columnist with the Winnipeg Free Press, should expect from him, beyond excitement and good writing, some depth of in-

sight into the situation he has chosen as background for his story, the continuing agony of internecine strife in his native land. These latter readers will find themselves disappointed.

The story, which opens amidst the bombings, assassinations, and bloody demonstrations of Belfast, is centred on John McManus, a young middle-class Catholic recruit to the Provisional IRA, whose idealism has cooled and who wants to opt out of the underground war against the Protestant Orangemen, the British Army, and occasionally the rival leftist wing of the IRA. But the fanatical nationalism of his comrades allows for no second thoughts. Already suspect and marked down for elimination, McManus tries to escape. His sister is raped and killed by the vicious gunman assigned to execute him. Fugitive and hunter head over the border into the Irish Republic where, for a time, McManus is taken into hiding (and bed) by a motherly widow. When the avenging gunman eventually catches up with him, he again manages to escape, this time to England with a young American girl he has picked up with. But even there the implacable IRA man finds them and gorily shoots them down.

Since Shaun Herron borrows my name (judiciously misspelt) for the least monstrous of his IRA caricatures, I suppose I should be flattered. However, as a southern Irishman, even though brought up as a Protestant, I take the greatest exception to the other Liberties he takes, with the human and political realities of the Ulster tragedy.

Because he is an Ulsterman and because he has served as a Protestant minister, Herron cannot be allowed the amoral license normally accorded to thriller writers. From reading this book, it would be easy to assume that the Orange majority of Ulster citizens are the innocent bystanders and hapless victims of a war between the British Army and IRA terrorists, or to assume again that members of the IRA are with few exceptions brutish psychotic murderers. We know that Shaun Herron should know better than that, and I, for one, suspect him of using a feigned literary disinterest to cloak to propogate a view of the Ulster situation that is at best biased, at worst bigoted.

There is enough drama about the situation to tempt writers to exploit it, but there is still more than enough potential tragedy about it to demand of any responsible writer both subtlety and humanity. Herron's M-paced kinetic and simplistic treatment of the story has inevitably sold the film rights of the novel. We can only hope that it will end up in the hands of a screen-writer and director who can invest the situation and its present cut-out characters, good and bad, with the depth and humanity they are owed. □

GOTHIC COMIC

SISTER ROXY

KENNETH DYBA
November House
cloth \$7.95; 234 pages

reviewed by Sarah E. McCutcheon

IF YOU WANT to be thoroughly repulsed — read this book. You will certainly be amused but in the end it will leave you somewhat cold.

All the makings of a good novel are there but unfortunately they get off the ground.

In a style that is lushly perverse, Kenneth Dyba — in his first novel — creates an em of synthesized rococo-modern-baroqueplastic. His backdrop is one of presumably the 1950's in an insular Canadian town (probably his native Alberta). The characters' realities are fed by movies and magazines. They come across with tinselly veneers as garish and affected as the popular culture of which they are a product.

Dyba has a gift for unearthing the grotty. With microscopic vision and a passion for all that is revolting about humanity and its banalities, he writes a black fantasy and comedy par excellence. The real heroes are those demons of human nature that only show their faces in the privacy and

secret corners of bedrooms, bathrooms and attics. These amusing parts, at times merging on burlesque are so perverse they sometimes make you laugh out loud.

Immediately you realize you're getting a version of reality through the smoked-up glasses of the Z&year-old retarded-narrator, Christopher. The big event of his life (which centres around his beloved sister) is the advent of Sister Roxy. The climax of the book is what she does to him — which is not much, at least the way he sees it.

Sister Roxy presents all the right ingredients for a Gothic novel — the decaying mansion of Twelvetrees, the incestuous brother and sister, and the looming presence of "the clinic" from which people appear and to whence they return.

There is something definitely sleazy that permeates from the cellar (where the narrator lives) to the attic inhabited by his sister-lover Robina. This older sister has an hypnotic control over Christopher, making him an eager accomplice to her evil exploits. Their big obsession is the movies that mould their lives.

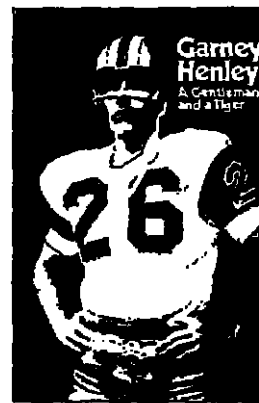
In the family house, run by wayward servants, a domineering but stupid mother and squashed father, the two ceremoniously get their jollies by acting out deadly games.

"Cousin Jelly: half-alive, in a trance with her memories (most of them phoney) is one of their favourite playthings. Besides dyeing Jelly's hair crimson (to 'do her hair a lovely colour that would cheer her up' Robina says), they play dress-ups from her trunks with her "like a rag doll" in the attic.

Using a spider, they treacherously do away with the old servant when they hear that a new one is on her way.

When Sister Roxy descends into the rats' nest, she could become the perfect pivot point for their antics.

Instead, Roxy is a movie-freak nun and just as sleazy as her charges; so the games perpetuate, only with one more player. Hardly a saint, she is taken in, at Twelvetrees — in between stints as a 42nd Street usherette and an inmate at a convent and most recently at the clinic. However, she is equal to her task and quickly establishes ground.



Garney Henley

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As the story swells within the claustrophobic confines of the Twelvetees mansion, the reader is left gasping for relief. But it is not them.

Dyba has produced magnificent characters with consistently swift "one liners" but they are out of his control. Sadly, he is unable to direct them towards any denouement.

They are only parodies of the characters they adore in the movies and flit across the screen in random but intriguing images. The gramophone is stuck playing the same note.

There is no doubt that Dyba is an excellent writer and capable of con-

·juring up delicious but revolting visions of the grotesque. His use of dialogue and turn of words is art in itself but it just doesn't add up to a novel.

He has a fertile imagination but it needs some cultivation. A second novel is due this fall, so we can hope he realizes more of his potential. □

SARAH E. McCUTCHEON who lives in Montreal, is a regular contributor to the Montreal Gazette on books and publishing.

Using their own words, Farley Mowat has, in this book, drawn a portrait of bravery and folly in the forbidding wastes of the Barren Lands. *Tundra* is the final part of a trilogy called collectively *The Top of the World* and begun more than a dozen years ago.

Ordeal by Ice (1960) traced the attempts by men to discover a sea passage to Asia across the top of North America.

The *Polar Passion* (1967) documented man's obsession to reach the North Pole.

Tundra concentrates mainly on men's efforts to penetrate and explore the vast area north of the tree line that comprises the Barren Grounds. As in the previous volumes, with their own journals and diaries, Mowat has created for us brilliantly the stories of these heroes and fools who dared challenge the tundra. These journals, judiciously interspersed with Mowat's commentaries and notes, span the years from Samuel Hearne's incredible journey across the Barrens to the Arctic Ocean in the 1770s to the equally heroic explorations in 1893 of the brothers Tyrrell to the adventures of fur trader Thierry Mallet in the 1920s.

The object of these attempts was, in the main, economic. The men who made these journeys were representatives of the commercial, military or governmental establishment in London and later, Ottawa. The discovery of new trade routes, new rivers to the northern coast, new sources of furs and metals, was their chief aim. The adventurers themselves, however, had their own motives as well, including a sense of adventure, an insatiable curiosity and a joy in discovery.

Mowat underscores the fact that these exploits succeeded or failed only to the degree by which the white men acknowledged one basic fact: one can survive in the high Arctic only on its own terms. Those who learned through the aid and know-how of the original settlers, the Indians and Eskimos, had a greater chance of success than those who stubbornly refused to accept the fact that these "primitives" could possibly teach them anything.



SOLES ON ICE

TUNDRA

FARLEY MOWAT; McClelland and Stewart;
cloth \$12.50; illustrated; 415 pages

reviewed by Joe Tatarnic

THE HIGH ARCTIC is a vast and awesome land. One is confronted, in that treeless plain, with the immensity of creation and the relative insignificance of man. The spirit soars in this land of sky and rock, ice and water, but it is also humbled as man realizes his place in the vast natural plan.

Some of the most noble and heroic chapters of the human saga have been written by men who ventured into the wastes of this land. To challenge these unknown spaces required unique men. The history of arctic exploration is full of such unique men. Some were heroes, some were fools.

The grudging mention in some of these chronicles of the guides and canoeists whose indispensable aid made possible these expeditions speaks eloquently of European attitudes of the day toward "lesser races." Mowat, in an attempt to rectify history's oversight, supplies us occasionally with the names of brave voyageurs and guides who have not received their just credit.

The selection for this volume is based on Mowat's own highly personal choice. Included are the well-known exploits of Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin and Tyrell. However, as Mowat declares, he has not hesitated to ignore famous voyagers in favour of little known ones who he felt were particularly deserving of recognition.

So, we also find the journal of George Back whose penetration of the Barrens in 1834 from Great Slave Lake to the northern ocean added a stirring chapter to the history of Arctic exploration.

There are many tales of tragedy and death in the far North. The reader will find none more poignant than the diary of 15-year-old schoolboy Edgar Christian written during the deadly winter of 1926-27 in a tiny cabin in the very heart of the Barrens.

Finally, the voice of Thierry Mallet speaks for the many silent trappers of the North who had neither the inclination nor the ability to record their experiences. Mallet, as their spokesman, evokes the feel of the North at a time when the writing was on the ice and perceptive men could see the beginning of changes that were to break havoc on the traditional way of life in the Arctic.

Mowat concludes with a plea for a sane policy of "restoring to life" the Arctic rather than brutal, thoughtless and short-sighted exploitation. (Of course man seems never to learn by his previous mistakes and as long as there is a quick dollar to be made he will probably continue to bludgeon into submission the delicately balanced environment of the tundra.) Farley Mowat has a germ of hope that one would like to share, but with man's entire history as a precedent it seems far fetched to expect a sudden reversal of sentiments.

In *Tundra*, as in the previous volumes of his trilogy, Mowat remains

in the background and allows his adventurers to speak in their own words. When he comes forward occasionally, it is to fill in the gaps that history has left and to familiarize the reader with the times and circumstances of the episodes dealt with. The result is an immediacy that makes this book a gripping document and a valuable addition to Arctic history. □

JOE TATARNIC is a Toronto artist and has travelled extensively in the Canadian Arctic.

GETTING IT ALL APART

FILE MAGAZINE: Special Double Issue

VARIOUS
General Idea
paper \$1.00; unnumbered pages.

INTERNATIONAL IMAGE EXCHANGE DIRECTORY

VARIOUS
Image Bank/Talonbooks
paper \$5.00; unnumbered pages

IS 12/13: West Coast Issue

Edited by VICTOR COLEMAN
and GEORGE BOWERING
Coach House Press
paper \$3.00; unnumbered pages.

reviewed by Walter Klepac

The decision that everything must be taken account of facilitates the creation of an image bank . . .

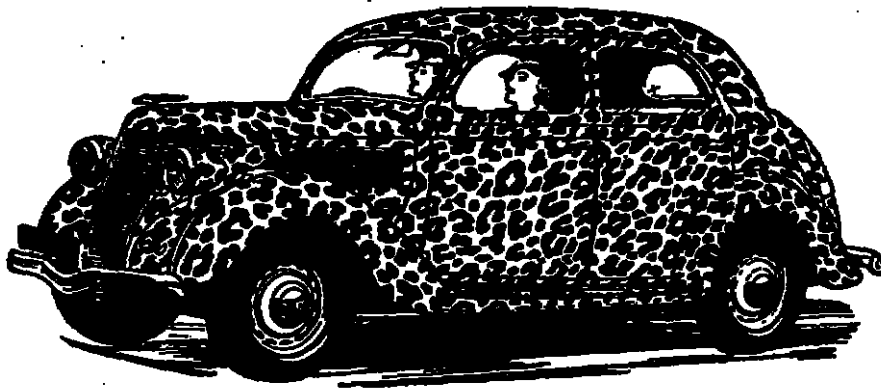
-Claude Levi-Strauss

Art is what you can get away with.
- Marshall McLuhan

THERE IS a growing tendency among certain groups of young Canadian artists to adopt art forms that reflect the life styles and the communities in which they live and work. Three recent publications, the current issue of File magazine, the special West Coast edition of the Coach House Press' sumptuous poetry magazine, IS, and the International Image Exchange Directory from Vancouver's Talonbooks, are evidence of the artistic/cultural scachange.

Decidedly more sophisticated than ordinary grass-roots art, the art in question is produced by professional artists who are thoroughly conversant in the latest international art trends. Indeed, most of the prominent artists, that is the "stars" of this informal but highly active urban folk-art network, have, as it were, one foot in the gallery door and one foot in the street. What tends to set their work apart from that of other practitioners of conceptual-event body art is the unmistakable presence of a Dada sensibility. However, unlike their famous European predecessors who, like Marcel Duchamp and Francis Picabia, brought distinctly non-art objects into the art-world context with the intention of jarring conventional values and providing fresh aesthetic responses, these artists intrude their restive, irreverent artistic consciousness into normal everyday situations in a deliberate attempt to blur the distinction between art and life.

Their best work to date includes General Idea's well-documented light research project, *Light-On*, their "social event" - the *Miss General Idea Pageant of 1971* at the Art Gallery of Ontario - and Image Bank's colour-bar documentation. The great strength of this work lies in its ability to reveal



the profoundly tenuous and problematic nature of the roles and sense of "reality" we unquestioningly assume in the course of dally life. Confronted with these artfully contrived situations, the spectator soon becomes an unwitting participant. He finds himself somehow out of control and must ad-lib his responses to his altered circumstances.

Documentation of these projects is coyly interspersed throughout the pages of *File*. The mainstay of these publications, however, is an obsession on the part the artists with subliminally provoking images of all kinds. In true Dada tradition, taste is no barrier. Most of the images are collages or doctored versions of photographs originally published in back issues of *Life*, *Fortune*, *Mechanix Illustrated* and *Vogue*, vintage 1940s or early 1950s. The artists of Image Bank and General Idea take their collage seriously. They see it as the one art from uniquely suited to the new function of art today: survival. As one artist from General Idea put it: "The ambiguity level is soaring in our culture; we have to learn how to slip into and out of meanings like clothes." These artists see collage as an attempt to create new meanings, new contexts for old images, past visions, to break through old perceptual habits. In a way, it is part of a psychological process of adjusting to change by trying out previously considered possibilities to advance. General Idea: "Collage is our lifestyle."

There is a close working relation between Image Bank (Vancouver) and General Idea (Toronto). True to, its name, Image Bank acts as the center for a nation-wide system of image exchange for both artists and others. One can request images (magazine fragments, photographs, postcards, assorted printed things) and deposit or withdraw them from the Bank at any time. This elaborate banking system is set up by the Image Bank's publishing a request list of all the image requests they have received in General Idea's *File*.

In addition to updating the image request list, the current issue of *File* contains a sampling of Image Bank's "1984" collection, news to the form of gossip about the activities of Cana-

dian artists and an interview with the London, Ont., resident Dadist, Greg Cumoe. The format of *File*, which at first reading seems to chaotic as to be non-existent takes some getting used to. While it looks very unconventional for an art magazine, it does manage somehow, issue after issue, to provide some of the most concise, best-informed reporting on artists and art events in Canada. The *Life*-like covers are brilliant.

For a graphic overview of the subculture of the Vancouver art scene the West Coast issue of *IS* can't be topped. It provides an excellent introduction to the entire cast of West Coast characters who regularly parade through the pages of *File*. Minutes from the various meeting of local artists' collectives and around in Vancouver give a vivid and fulsome picture of the survival-oriented lifestyles of many young Canadian artists. The second half of *IS*, 12-13 includes a selection of poetry from younger B.C. writers.

The International *Image Exchange Directory* is a sort of random sampling of the Image Bank and its philosophy of collage or perish. The *Directory* also includes a list of image requests. It is a handy, well-produced handbook for those seeking the blaze a few subliminal trails. □

WALTER KLEPAC, who abandoned Detroit for Toronto some time ago, has written for *Guerilla* and *arts-canada* on economics, politics, and contemporary art.



THE PICARDY WEST AFFAIR

BATTLE FOR A
CONTINENT:
Quebec 1759

GORDON DONALDSON
Doubleday
cloth \$9.95; illustrated; 288 pages

reviewed by Roger Hall

CANADA HAS always been short of good historical popularizers. Whether this is due to a scarcity of talent, an inhospitable market, or both, it is difficult to tell. Recently, however, signs of improvement have been noted as good imaginative works, such as Pierre Berton's railway monuments have made an appearance. Gordon Donaldson's engaging analysis of the fall of Quebec in 1759, while not in the first rank of popular accounts, is a useful contribution.

The book opens conventionally, with a series of prebattle portraits. The first depicts a sickly, rather diffident Wolfe, desperately awaiting the commencement of his attack, some 200 feet below the crest of Quebec's mck walls. The second examines the other principal — small, sleepless Montcalm, worrying over details of defence and troubled by his stormy relationship with Vaudreuil, the Governor and his rival for command. Other sketches follow: of Brigadier George Townsend, Wolfe's sardonic critic; of Bigot, the corrupt Intendant; of Chevalier Johnstone, veteran of Culloden and now servant of France, plus other lesser actors.

His characters presented, Donaldson delves deeply into the background to the battle — in terms of a colourful chronicle of the French Empire in North America and Britain's frequent attempts to dislodge it. From time to time the principal characters appear in the narrative until all finally meet, as men of full dimensions, at Quebec. A spirited, accurate account of the engagement follows and Donaldson successfully demonstrates that Wolfe and Montcalm were something less

VALIANT MEN



VALIANT MEN: Canada's Victoria and George Cross Winners. Ed. John Swettenham, \$12.95. illustrated, 248 pages.

The book, **VALIANT MEN**, has been produced under the editorship of John Swettenham, Curator of Historical Resources at the War Museum. This book names all Canada's winners of the Victoria Cross and the George Cross; presents them for the first time between the covers of one volume; revises previously published biographical data relating to them; and provides the best available account of the exploit as well as the finest available pictures either of the holder or the circumstances under which the decoration was won.



CANADA INVADED 1775-1776, George Stanley, 88.95, illustrated, approx. 200 pages. A lively account of the American invasion of Canada during the American War of Independence. Stanley carries the story through the development of Canadian-English resentments of the Quebec Act, the American victories in upper New York State, the capture of Montreal, and the final failure of the American effort to take Quebec City. Profusely illustrated.



THE LAST WAR DRUM: The North-West Campaign 1885, Canadian War Museum Historical publications Number 5 by Desmond Morton. \$9.00, illustrated, 193 pages. "... a sound historical scholar with a trained military judgment to help him, and he knows how to write English... this is why this is the best book yet produced on the military events of the North West Uprising... a scholarly and lively text..."

C.P. Stacey,

Toronto Globe and Mail
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Jack Richards,
Vancouver Sun

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James MacKenzie, TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL

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than **heroes** but certainly something more **than ordinary** men. Wolfe was consumed with ambition, most **certain** of his mortality, and fearful that Quebec would be his last chance to prove himself. **Montcalm** longed for his wife, his **children** and his gracious chateau, **Chandiac**, in sun-drenched **Provence**. He was hampered at every **turn** by the corruption of New France and that he **was** able to **field** and command an **army** at **all** was owing to his luck as much as his careful design.

The **ending** of the book completes the neat package. The continent has been won, the British made secure, and Wolfe and **Montcalm** tucked away in their glory-laden graves. A note of **warning** is sounded, **however**. Donaldson (correctly) suggests that British victory secured the inevitability of the American Revolution. **Without** a French **province** "to rub up against", as James Murray, Quebec's **first** English Governor put it, the American colonies would certainly go their own **way**.

It is **difficult** to fault Donaldson's work.. One could quibble that he has

exercised an **overworked** theme. Scholarly analyses abound, with the accounts of CP. **Stacey** and Guy **Frégault** being the most impressive. **Nor** are popular efforts difficult to find — only last autumn **Oliver** Warner **published** a similar, illustrated volume that, admittedly, focused more on Wolfe and the British than their French foes. Nevertheless, Donaldson has **successfully** produced a book that is witty, **well-styled** and generally informative. Yet something is lacking. The trouble is that his picture is a trifle too well-balanced, too competent, and too easily digested. Men's **lives** cannot be that easily explained. The very best popularizers — for example Lady **Antonia** Fraser in her rendering of Mary, Queen of **Scots** — incorporate sharp, penetrating **psychological** portraits of men and their motives. Donaldson's book **will** only whet an- appetite for its subject; for **real** satisfaction the reader **will** have to look elsewhere. □

ROGER HALL, who hails from Victoria, B.C. and now lives in Toronto, is an archivist.

SIXTY' YEARS ON

PARAMIND

JIM WILLER

McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$7.95; 206 pages

WE ARE approaching a point where "science fiction" and "daily journalism" cross paths so often as to be virtually indistinguishable. Mom's *Utopia*, Wells' *War of the Worlds* and even Orwell's 1984 retain some of the comforting frame that separates "art" from "life" and allows us to deal in abstractions. '

Paramind, a novel by Vancouver painter and sculptor Jim Willer, brings us a couple of steps closer to the reintegration of 'art' with "life" and "mind" with "gut". It is a scary novel. and at times hard to take, but not a cold one. For ail its pessimism, it has roots deep in a passion for living, and this should not escape the reader.



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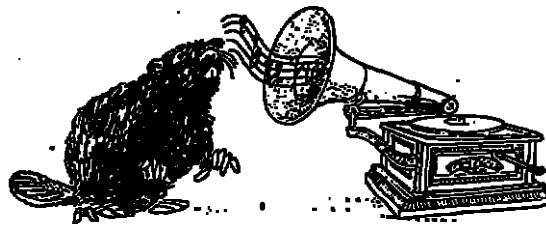
Clarke Irwin THE NATIONAL PUBLISHERS

Scarcely **fantastic**, it deals with the **time** (2031 A.D.) when Canada (Unified Zones), the U.S.A. (United Zones) and the rest of the world **live** in a liberal-federal **technocracy** where everyone is **conceived**, fed, clothed, educated and entertained by a network of computers.

The most important part of **Willer's** portrayal, however, **is** his sense of balance and realism. This is not simply a "sci-fi" thriller. nor a cut-and-dried battle **between man** and computer. It deals with **real** people, **attitudes** and technology already known **to us**. In **the** 60 years, a few **startling** but logically consistent changes **have** occurred: work is the privilege **reserved to** a **small**, talented elite **selected** and trained to technocratic standards — the mentality best suited is that of a "**prog**", an orderly disciplined, conforming fatalist; the chaotic, rebel subculture is formed of "sensates", not an inferior race, but definitely an "unproductive class". The majority are the "leisured classes", who **bear** some traits of both "**prog**" and "sensate" **behaviour**, but who aspire to the former. Their "participation" in life 'beyond the immediate, moment-to-moment level **is** nil. Computers give them holographic vacations in the pleasure-spots of their **choice**, as well as 3-D visits and discussions and a vicarious sort of mass enema-orgasm called a "bleed". This huge periodic dumping of unwanted information by the computer provides **the** ultimate **spectator-sport** — a universal **gladiatorial fight-cum-soap-open**. Oh, for a billion **Watergates!**

Willer's **critical** eye for detail and his mercurial sense of **humour** succeed **very** well in showing that the problems of computer technology catching up with human evolution cannot be pushed off into the future and simplified **into "us" versus "them"**. Bather, the problem is here and now, in the war between **Man's** thoughts and his feelings. Not just any **man**, either, . . . **the** objects of **Willer's** satire **are** English Canadians of the "Unified Zones."

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



THE SPOKEN WORD

FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED

HEMINGWAY

Written & arranged by **PATRICK HYNAN**; produced by **HOWARD ENGEL**
CBC Learning Systems LP Discs (Set of 2) \$7.50

reviewed by Fraser Sutherland

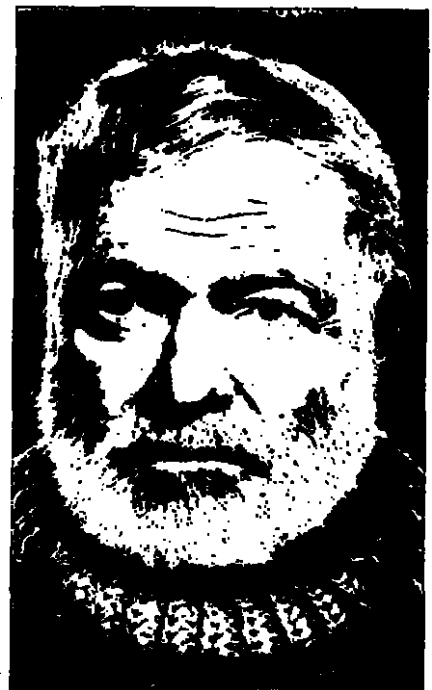
THE KARSH photograph that the CBC chose for the jacket of **its** Hemingway 'portrait in **sound**' tells **the** same story as any who here renew their **memories** of the man, and **assess** the future of his work. The bulky turtleneck sweater at **first** seems **Karsh's** affectation, like a painted sunset in the background of a Victorian photography. But **then** you notice how the sweater frames the spade of beard, that wound of a mouth, **the** scarred and **freckled** skin, **the** wrinkles around the 'eyes, and the **eyes themselves** that **show** a deep and unappeasable hurt.

The producer of **this** two-record set, Howard **Engel**, and the writer-arranger, Patrick **Hynan**, have for the most part done a good job on this documentary, **first** broadcast over CBC Radio **in** 1970. The flaws are **relatively** few — the **sombre** drone of violins **becomes** **obtrusive** — and there is one factual **error** in the introductory **narration**: Hemingway met Morley **Callaghan** in Toronto, not Paris.

But the **narrative** is mercifully **minimal** and the memories flow with ease. The **LP** is well-served by the critic **Malcolm Cowley**, who also **wrote** an introduction for it, and the poet Archibald **MacLeish**, who recalls Hemingway and **how** "fame became of **him**." Both **are** tactful and **discerning** guides. Present too **are** the engaging and **fast-quipping** Major-General **Charles T. (Buck) Lanham** and the

more sedate but every bit as intelligent Air Marshall Sir Peter **Wykeham**, two old **warriors** who were **close** friends of the writer. The wives as well: **Hadley**, that absolute gift of a wife for any writer, and the last one, Mary, **who** is profoundly affecting in telling the story of his **final** days. **Even** the ghostly voice of **Ezra Pound** is them.

The mood is **elegiac-melancholy**, as is hard to avoid **in** Hemingway's case, but I wish **Hynan** had chosen **excerpts** from **his** work that **depict** the Bvii joy his companions have often **re-**





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marked. The miracles of prose he could produce when he was going well were not all sex, violence and death but also the delights of tasting, the Mozartian music of the senses. Life had, early wounded him in some fundamental way, fear clenched his stomach like a fist, so that he could tell Wykeham that only by concentrating on doing could he overcome those terrors. But he did concentrate and overcome: to hunt and fish and write, the last and necessary sacramental act.

When he began that long sad descent into incapacity he could still muster a line of stoical reassurance to his old friend Buck Lanham that came after a "totally stilted" letter unlike any Hemingway had ever written Lanham before. "Stop sweating me out, Buck," Hemingway said, "Sweat out only flying weather and the common cold."

Perhaps Mary Hemingway's statement to the wire services after his suicide is the best epitaph that will ever be written about him. "It was, in some inexplicable way, an accident." That a man who could live so fully, so well, forever in one moment, could die is almost inconceivable. But his own death tracked him down, lay in wait for him, and pulled the trigger.

Only one person, his third wife Martha Gelhorn, refused to be interviewed for the LP. She wired from Kenya: "No never ever. Ban on that subject universal and general as far as I am concerned and I am not one of those who ride that poor, dead body." One must respect her scruples but all the rest of us who ride memories or what we know of him today console ourselves with knowing that the "poor dead body" cannot suffer in its Ketchum grave. □

FRASER SUTHERLAND is Editor of *Northern Journey* and lives in Montreal; he has recently published a collection of poetry and a comparative study of Callaghan and Hemingway, *The Style of Innocence* (Clarke Irwin).



TORONTO CHARIVARI

SKY-SAILS

Electronic music by ANN SOUTHAM;
poetry by SEAN O HUIGIN
MHIC

reviewed by Susan Musgrove

THE NAME of this record, *Sky-Sails*, is just as obscure as its contents. The liner notes call it "Canadian sound poetry" which has "no sense hem of a poet reading with musical accompaniment, there is only the piece itself." The piece itself is AM. Southam's electronic sounds blended with Sean O Huigin's words.

The second side has a dearth of lyrics — the electronics take over, which makes listening only irritating. *Sky-Sails* is the first record released by the MHIC company based in Toronto. Although John Mills Cockell is supposed to be part of a community of sound to which this album belongs, there is no resemblance of Cockell's many melodious compositions on the moog synthesizer.

Ann Southam is composer-in-residence with the Toronto Dance Theatre and an instructor in electronic music at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto. If her record is any indication of what kind of "music" awaits us in the future, covet your old fashioned records while they're popular. Not much talent is needed to change the speed of the recording tape to obtain an effect. This is done quite often to the tune of water bubbling in the background.

Sean O Huigin reads his own poetry, which sounds like a stream of consciousness in a dream although once in a while three or four lines are repeated to give the idea of a chorus. The theme of the LP is the poet's despondency over living in modern society with its corrupted values.

O Huigin's melancholy voice penetrates the listener effectively and a mood is created but nothing significant is said. Many questions are asked — the same questions that are found

hidden in Samuel Beckett's drama. Unfortunately all of O Huigin's trauma has been voiced before, but much more articulately. Anyone could become nihilistic while listening to this recording.

Here is an example of the few coherent verses it contains:

*If I walked in the rain
Would it matter
Does it ever matter what is being
done
Or do we just continue, go ahead and
Let it come about
It's too often that I ask that
It's too often that there's nothing left
to do.*

Echo is used often and only serves to obscure what is being said. Momentum builds when two different readings are heard at the same time, allowing only phrases to be heard from both voices. How can something be defined as poetry if the words are blurred by poor splicing? The noise in *Sky-Sails* is the most prevalent deterrent to deciphering the words. □

THE MEDIUM IS THE MEDIUM

**ARTHUR FORD:
The Man Who Talked
With The Dead**

ALLAN SPRAGGETT
(with *William V. Rauscher*)
New *American Library*
cloth \$9.50; illustrated; 301 pages

reviewed by *Julian Lewin*

BOOKS ON parapsychology, the occult, and the supernatural usually suffer from annoyingly repetitive arguments and anecdotes. Too many of them say little that is substantive; consequently they attempt to make up for this serious deficiency by rephrasing, restating, and reintroducing tired incidents. It is refreshing, therefore to note the absence of this shortcoming in Allan Spraggett's latest book.

Despite its provocative title, Spraggett's biography of the medium Arthur Ford is remarkably honest. One might expect that "Canada's foremost authority on E.S.P." (so heralded by the *Psychoanalytic Review*) would lean toward sensationalism in writing about what is essentially a melodramatic subject. With noteworthy restraint, Spraggett gives us a well-balanced biography of this enigmatic figure. Though occasionally given to hyperbole, the account is mostly free of such embroidery.

With the help of William Rauscher, Ford's literary legatee, the author digs deeply into the life of Arthur Ford. Relying on more than 75 bibliographic references in addition to Ford's private papers, Spraggett attempts to paint a complete picture of "the man who talked with the dead." Spraggett begins by portraying a number of vignettes that introduce us to the "powers" that Ford possessed. Then, in good biographical fashion, the author goes back to the beginning of Arthur Ford's life, tracing his ancestral roots, outlining incidents that helped shape him, and sketching his first encounters with the manifestation of supernatural abilities.

Ford's religious upbringing and study in theology influenced the medium's attitudes to life and death. More important, they led to the founding of the First Spiritualist Church of New York. The link between Spiritualism and Christianity is played-up throughout the book; it proves to be an effective way of adding credibility to Arthur Ford's claimed capabilities.

There are numerous accounts of demonstrations given by Ford. Private seances, public lectures, radio broadcasts and impromptu trances are all common methods by which Ford demonstrated communication with the dead. There are three chapters that stand out in this regard.

One of them deals with Ford's control, a man named Fletcher, a French-Canadian killed in action in World War I, who had reportedly lived across the river from Arthur Ford during his youth. When Ford went into a trance, it was usually Fletcher who would speak. Allan Spraggett presents four theories on the nature of Fletcher:

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each is examined in detail but the reader is left to draw his own conclusions.

A second fascinating chapter deals with the Houdini affair. Harry Houdini was alleged to have given a secret message to his wife on his deathbed. Houdini's widow offered a \$10,000 reward to anybody who could communicate the message agreed upon by her dead husband and herself. Who else but Arthur Ford would indeed come up with that message? The Houdini chapter is replete with theories and contradictions, each one carefully and fairly analyzed by Spraggett.

A third and most puzzling chapter deals with the Bishop Pike affair. In 1967, Ford "communicated" with the deceased so-called of Bishop James Pike on live network television. Pike claimed that Ford really had communicated with his son because Ford had revealed facts that no one could have researched or know about. Another coup for Ford? Not quite. Spraggett reveals that shortly after Ford's death, he and Rauscher were looking through some of his papers when they came across notes prepared by Ford regarding the upcoming Pike seance.

Among these notes was a detailed biographical obituary of Pike's so-called listing facts that were supposedly revealed during Ford's trance — facts claimed by Pike to prove the authenticity of Ford's communication. Clearly a case of fraud? Spraggett suggests that Ford sometimes used this type of research to combat his alcoholism-induced failure of his powers in his later years. Nevertheless, it is commendable that Spraggett deals with this problem rather than conveniently disregarding it in order to strengthen his case.

There are a number of disturbing technical flaws. One is the abundance of typographical or editorial errors, mainly in the lack of correlation of dates between the text, the footnotes, and the bibliography. Another is the inclusion of several pages of glossy photographs of Arthur Ford. None of the photos are very interesting; Spraggett would have done well to reduce the size of his own photo on the dust jacket and possibly print a few of Ford instead. By so doing, the \$9.50 price tag could have been lowered consider-

ably and many more people would have been motivated to buy the book. Nevertheless, those who do will be rewarded with a" honest, easy-reading, and entertaining biography. □

JULIAN LEWIN, a graduate in Psychology, is an Ottawa freelance writer and photographer.

ALL ABOUT EVE

MOTHER WAS NOT A PERSON

Compiled by
MARGARET ANDERSON
Black Rose (Distributed by Saanes Publications)
paper \$3.95; 253 pages

NO, VIRGINIA, Mother was not a person, at least not if she was born before 1929, the year the B.N.A. Act was amended to allow women to become senators.

Published by Saanes Publications of Toronto, this anthology groups together the writings of several Montreal women students, of all ages, involved in editor Margret Andersen's course on Women in Modern Society, given at Loyola University in 1971-72. The contributors come from varying backgrounds and levels of society, and are bound together by a common interest in exploring women's past and present condition.

To assist women readers in assessing the evolution of women in society, the essays first situate the struggle for women's rights in its historical context, by citing the achievements of such early feminists as Marie Gérin-Lajoie, Thérèse Casgrain, Emily Murphy and Nellie McClung, whose recently re-published book, *In Times Like These*, is one of the earliest Canadian feminist manifestoes.

After reviewing how women's situation was the numerous essayists proceed to analyze women's position as it appears now — with regard to education, the law, marriage and employment. How little things have changed,

how slowly old myths die can be summed up in the words of the suffragette, Nellie McClung: "Prejudices are like hardy perennials; despite efforts to suppress them, they continue to grow with vigour."

A detailed examination of several children's stories, reading primers and song books still in use in the educational system, reveals how standardized images of sexes are fed into the minds of youth from a very early age. This study parallels recent efforts along the same lines by such magazines as *Ms.* Though publishers are now trying to rectify the situation, and certain recommendations on education and socialization of children, put forward by the Royal Commission Report on the Status of Women, are slowly being implemented, it is obvious that legislation alone is quite inadequate; it is people's attitudes that must change — whether on the part of the employer who discourages women employees from taking up managerial positions, or guidance counsellors who steer women students into traditionally female occupations.

Even before the law, under the Immigration, Citizenship and Indian Acts, for instance, married women are treated as second-class citizens. In areas of custom and morality many old cobwebs remain. A prostitute, for example, is automatically assumed (according to Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary* definition) to be female. While she can easily be prosecuted if "unable to give a good account of herself", the man who does business with her goes unscathed. When applying for credit cards or buying property married women are most often still required to furnish their husband's signature: And the housewife is probably the only employee in Western society who receives no salary for her labour; yet the working woman cannot claim a husband as a dependent and is equal to her male counterpart only when it comes to paying taxes.

The institution of marriage also comes tinder fire (from a married woman), and is found to be wanting if not obsolete. The broadcasting media are attacked for their distorted and contemptuous portrayal of women, who live in homes whose floors mustn't be stepped on, and whose sole pre-

occupation is having underarms "drier than the Sahara". Extreme reactions on the part of male broadcasters, at the time of **Germain Greer's** visit to this continent for example, are seen to be indicative of the durability of the **old** double standard toward women; taking umbrage at Miss **Greer's use** of a certain four-letter word (commonly used in male circles and bestowing a certain aura of *savoir-faire* on the user) one interviewer, in particular, appeared to her like a "Daughter of the American Revolution **suddenly confronted** with Rap Brown in the raw."

In a section entitled "Women and Their Bodies," subjects such as birth control, abortion, **pregnancy** and childbirth and sexuality are examined by female doctors and laymen alike. How ignorant and fearful **many** women still are of their physicality, **how great** the need for education to overcome old myths and **taboos** is astounding, at this point in time.

While much material is now available to us about woman as physical and social beings, less **space** has been devoted to a discussion of their **intellectuality**. This anthology attempts to WI the gap in presenting the reader with examples of what editor **Andersen calls** "vulvate" writing and

criticism. 'We read the reactions of female readers to such divergent authors as Leonard Cohen and **St-Exupéry**, whose sexual mistreatment or **vain** portrayal of women invite the wrath of their reviewers. Science-fiction writers who fail to provide a betterment of women's lot in their vision of the future are also a source of disappointment. A detailed and intelligent analysis of **Margaret Atwood's** ambivalent attitude to the male-female relationship is included, as well as a plea on the part of the editor for people to stop treating literature by female authors as distinct **from** that of male writers, like "two public toilets".

"Evolution," warned an exponent of **feminism**, as far back as 1916, "when blocked and suppressed becomes Revolution." In "Women's Liberation" the reader is offered a glimpse of the dreams (or nightmares) of several budding revolutionaries who evoke a **1984** fantasy world where men are eunuchs and slaves, and women **are** the political leaders. We learn about consciousness-raising **sessions** that enable women to explore their **relationship** to men, other women and society in **general**; and we see both the delight and disenchantment of various women who have been

involved with the feminist movement. The anthology closes with a detailed critique of the **movement** as being essentially reactionary, **middle-class** and reformist, **doomed** to failure because of its failure to deal with the class question.

Margret Andersen, however, is less pessimistic. While she recognizes the limitations of this publication (an essentially middle-class one for a **middle-class public**), and readily admits to the unevenness of **quality** of the essays, owing to the varying **qualifications** of the contributors, she believes such a study to be vital. To quote **Simone de Beauvoir**, "Forgetfulness of oneself is possible only after one has found oneself." This publication hopefully will help women to take that **first step**. □

BEVERLY SMITH

PRO PATRIA

TOWER OF STRENGTH

SPENCER DUNMORE

Peter Davies
cloth \$7.95; 215 pages

reviewed by Bill Hutchinson



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MALAYA - 1942. Beaten, confused and frightened, a rabble of British soldiers, once members of pmud battalions, halted to defend a nameless **hill** feature. Cut off without orders, they turned in their **flight** at the will of one man, to face the Japanese **Army** - that awful, merciless enemy. One "**grand** soldier," Ernie Kerr, halted and turned them. Out-numbered, short of ammunition they fought. Exhausted, wounded, sick and hungry, they fought. Against infantry, tanks and aircraft, they fought - and they were killed.

Was this a **heroic** action or a fools' death? Can one man's destiny be worth 400 lives? **When** does courage become insanity? When is duty done?

Spencer **Dunmore**, author of the highly successful **Bomb Run**, asks **these** questions in his second novel, **Tower of Strength** In a fast-moving

story. he describes the battle fought on that hill, **not** only between the opposing soldiers, but **also** between **Ernie Kerr**, the **brave** professional, and David Comish, the **.not-so-intrepid** volunteer.

I" Kerr, he has **drawn** a **strong** picture of the "**ranker-officer.**" Some-time mill-boy from **Lancashire**, survivor of the **Somme** and **Passchendaele**, competent and lucky soldier, Regular Army by necessity, passed over **for** promotion because of his **birth** and tragic marriage, Kerr attains the pinnacle of **his** ambitions on this nameless hill — command of **.his** battalion against the King's enemies. He does it well.

His cunning, cultured by **experience**, lays traps for the enemy that work. His discipline, developed over bitter years, builds confidence. **Scorning** personal danger to set a" example, **he** uses his **insight** into soldiers to inspire his troops, with a joke or a **grin**. The old tricks work as this boorish, lusty and **confident** man schemes, cajoles and praises the soldiers until they become his; united **in an** abnormal brotherhood.

In **contrast**, **Cornish**, the son of wealth, graduate **of the** "right university," gentleman-volunteer. questions. He questions what they are doing, how it is done and why **are** they doing it. But, **in** essence, he questions himself, conscious of his own fears.

As the ammunition dwindles, the perimeter shrinks and **men** die, these two men **are** drawn together — one at his apotheosis. the other held back from the abyss by **hope** and reason. Together they resolve the **conflict** between duty and **common sense**, **each** in his **own** way.

It makes good reading. **Dunmore's** style is taut and. clear. The action moves quickly through flashbacks to the present. He has caught the language of the soldier and his jargon, if somewhat pure, rings true. Then an **some** technical **errors** — you do hear the "pop" of the mortars **firing** before you hear the whistle, even **in** the jungle; and the only soldiers who dig six-foot **trenches are those** seven-foot **tall**. There is the extraneous introduction of a" **incongruous American** mission priest Into the story which adds little. But, these flaws are not what troubles me.

Spencer **Dunmore** does **not**, or will not judge the issue he raised. Perhaps wisely, he has left it to you and me. Though he has **written an** interesting story. he has failed to make clear his position on a question that **will** continue to plague us as long as me" **set** out to **kill** other men for someone else. For this reason, his book reminds me of a dollop of strawberry **jam** dropped **in** a mess tin of cold porridge.

It adds a touch of **flavour** but it does not satisfy your hunger **in** the **chill** of a dawn stand-to. □

Lieutenant-Colonel W.E.J. (BILL) HUTCHINSON is a **servicing** Infantry **Officer**. Now **teaching** in **Kingston**, Ontario at the **Canadian Land Forces Command and Staff College**, he has **commanded** a **platoon**, a **company** and a **battalion** of **Princess Patricia's Canadian Liit Infantry** in **Canada**, **Germany** and **Cyprus**.

DIGGING INTO COMPANY REPORTS

A HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN WEST TO 1870-71

ARTHUR S. MORTON (new edition edited by LEWIS G. THOMAS);
University of Toronto Press/University of Saskatchewan;
cloth \$25.00; maps; 1039 pages

reviewed by Bob Ivanochko

ARTHUR S. THOMAS and the publishers should be thanked for the **re-issue** of **excellent** study of Canadian history. The **first** edition **pbulished in** 1939 by **Thomas Nelson** has **since** become a collector's item but has not gained much of a **reputation outside** academic circles. The **reason** is immediately but justifiably clear. It's a massive work with much. **detail** that is sometimes **tediuos** for a reader with little background **in Canadian or behind-the-scenes** European **history**. A **non-specialist will also** enjoy **this** book but his task is greater. Patience and **perseverence**, however, will be **well** rewarded by a" **understanding** of an integrated approach to the **history** of the Canadian Northwest.

The title *A History of the Canadian West* is a bit of a **misnomer** that is **clarified** by the subtitle. "Being a **history** of **Rupert's Land** (the Hudson's Bay Company's territory) **and** of the North-West Territory (**including** the Pacific Slope)" accurately **describes** the scope of the book. Morton's main interest is I" **pesenting** a **detailed history** of the Hudson's Bay Company and its pivotal position as the economic and **political** force **behind** the early development of the huge geographical area comprising present-day Western Canada. The

company's **influence** was directly felt **in all** parts of the country, except southern Ontario, the St. Lawrence **Valley** and the Maritime **provinces**. **This vast** territory was administered by a hired governor who answered to a board of directors made up of high ranking British officials with immediate access to the Crown and to parliament. Their objectives **were** to **make** money from the fur trade to **finance** the **discovery of** a passage to the Far **East** where the real profits were expected. They had no idea of the vastness of the **territory** under their jurisdiction, and when the possibilities of all easy **routes** to the Orient **were** exhausted, **the** English adventurers **decided** to **settle** down to do **business** on the Bay.

Their presence was immediately noticeable to the French traders **from** Montreal, who, **after** losing furs to the **English**, fought back. This trade **war** caused the **exploration and** the eventual settlement of Western Canada. The documentation of this struggle is the major content of Morton's work and his chief contribution to **Canadian** history. He **was the first researcher** to **have** access to a bulk of disorganized material **in** the **archives** of the **Hudson's** Bay Company. He spent a year and many

summers sorting the mounds of letters, reports, journals and bills saved by the company. This research was backed up with patient work in all the archival deposits of Canada. But interest and his heaviest reliance is on the material of the company and this bias is continuously present in this work.

The beginning of the book briefly describes the likely boundaries of Indian tribes in the West before the arrival of the Europeans. He discusses the population shifts and struggles caused by the arrival of the white man's technology long before the white man himself actually appeared on the scene. Morton later treats the Indians less objectively and prompts Arthur Thomas, the president editor, to comment on the author's prejudices. Thomas states in the introduction: "He (Morton) did not greatly admire the French, he had his doubts about Americans, he regarded the Indian as an inferior, and he appears to have disapproved of the traders' practice of taking Indian wives." These prejudices show more the thinking of the time than a deliberate attempt to misrepresent or degrade a people. In fact, his material represents typical English prejudices that are still apparent today.

The last section of the book deals with the "drift towards confederation", to use Morton's term. Here the centre of the stage is taken away from the Hudson's Bay Company and given more directly to the personalities and political struggles of the new settlements in the West. The author seems to lose interest here, though he brings the history competently to a conclusion. In this section he has hardly a kind word to say about Ottawa's treatment of the West and he is surprisingly liberal in his views of the Manitoba Provisional Government, under Riel, in its early stages.

This second edition of the work is of special value to scholars, since many more sources are given for location of information included in the text. The first edition did acknowledge sources of many long quotations and an extensive bibliography was included, but the majority of sources are unmentioned. After publication, Morton made extensive notes to identify the sources and these notes plus additional ones by

Thomas, have been included. The text is the very same in both editions but with Thomas' introduction, the general reader is offered a more critical approach.

The 930 pages of text are filled with characters who have contributed positively, and others negatively, to Canadian history. Radisson and Groseillier's business careers are followed in detail as they seek advantage from the French, the Americans, the British — constantly switching their allegiance to the highest bidder. Their free-enterprising spirit laid a firm foundation for the Hudson's Bay Company. Events of great and of slight importance are included. Often Morton quotes long passages directly from source material. These quotations provide in addition to their information a valuable sense of the atmosphere of the period.

This book has to be highly recommended. □

BOB IVANOCHKO, who has reviewed for the *Windsor Star*, now works at the Saskatchewan Provincial Library at Regina; his special interest is Canadian literature and history.

DIMLY CANLIT

OUR NATURE-OUR VOICES (Volume One) A Guidebook To English-Canadian Literature

CLARA THOMAS
cloth \$8.95, paper \$3.75;
illustrated; 175 pages

THIS MAY seem a nice book to leaf through at the store or library: Pamela Patrick's design is pleasing and the old photographs are delightful. But the text, when you begin to read it closely, is disappointing.

new press plans this as the first part of a two-volume set; the second will be written by Frank Davey. The authors have divided Canadian Literature chronologically between them. This is no easy task, as editors of anthologies always point out. But whereas most

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by Don Bailey

The title story in this collection was written while Bailey was still a prisoner at Collins Bay.

Women & Children
by Beth Harvor

Beth Harvor is chiefly concerned with ways in which people make use of people in socially acceptable ways, for their own purposes.

Bloodflowers
by W. O. Valgardson

An Icelander by birth, Valgardson writes of the primitive realities that determine the issue of survival.

The Governor's Bridge is Closed
by Hugh Hood

This collection of essays deals with such varied subjects as the pleasures of hockey, Toronto's ravines, Expo, travel in Ontario, the scenic designs of Murray Lauffer, separatism in Quebec, the aesthetics of realism and the nature of reality.

The October Man
by John Mills

Unlike the many writers who have agonized breathlessly over the October Crisis as a *crise de conscience*, John Mills sees revolution as a game like any other, to be played, without illusion or ill-tumour, for personal advantage.

Schoolboy Rising
by Nigel Foxell

Coppermine
by Don Gutteridge

Letter of the Master of Horse
by Gary Geddes

Flies/Flight of the Pterodactyl
by Lloyd Abbey & Gail Fox

The True Life of Sweeney Todd
by Cozette de Chermoy

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editors apologize for the inevitable mistakes, Thomas and Davey have confused the issue even more than usual by reaching an "agreement" whereby "a number of writers who might be expected to appear in the first book will be included . . . in the second."

They didn't consult their readers, though. When I read about Layton in "a guide to the history of English-Canadian Literature," I expect to see Dudek and Souster close by. But Prank Davey has reserved Dudek and Souster, as well as Robert Finch, Dorothy Livesay, Eli Mandel, and P.K. Page. Inevitably, some authors appear twice. How could Davey write about Dudek and Souster without Layton?

There are unexplained omissions: Jay Macpherson, Douglas LePan, and the two famous "birds of passage," Lowry and Moore. Farley Mowat and Pierre Berton are missing as usual, but it's hard to understand why in a book that includes Mazo de la Roche and L.M. Montgomery.

I probably wouldn't quibble about the arrangement if the text itself were good. In the first place, it contains errors of fact. Writing about Sheila Watson's *The Double Hook*, Thomas asserts:

On its simplest level, it can be read as a mystery story. The mother, Mrs. Palter, is killed. Who is her murderer?

The mother's name is Mrs. Potter and her murderer is identified on the first page of the book: "Pushed by James' will. By James' hand."

AM. Klein's "Portrait of the Poet as Landscape" is called "an early *tour de force*" and "an apprentice work." But the poem was first published in 1945, after *The Hitleriad and Poems*. Klein thought it was important enough to revise and print at the end of his last book of poetry, *The Rocking Chair*. Few would agree with Mrs. Thomas' assessment; Miriam Waddington, for example, considers the poem "the most profound statement that has yet been made about the position of the artist in Canadian society."

In this last item, I have moved away from errors of fact to errors of judgment. There are many. Thomas says, for example, that *Fifth Business is*, "on its superficial level. . . a mystery story. . . On its most memorable and meaningful level, however, the book is a superb study in characteriza-

tions. . ." She never mentions the word "saint." Her view of the ending of *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* is also eccentric without being exciting:

The end . . . is also a beginning, towards the "mensch" that Uncle Benji saw in hi alongside the brute.

I have never known anyone else to react to the ending in this way. Most people feel that it is ironic, that the victory is undercut. The boy who chooses to exploit Virgil to get his land has given the upper hand to the "beast" in himself, not the "mensch."

However, the greatest weakness is probably the style. I can best illustrate by quotation:

It is possible to dispel the shadows of our separateness as our inertia towards the works of the literary artists among us has now been dispelled.

While this sentence is particularly bad, the whole book is infected with an imprecision of diction and a looseness of sentence structure that suggest fuzzy thinking and befuddle the reader.

I thought perhaps the bibliographies would prove useful, but in fact Thomas often leaves out important information. For example, *Canadian Literature No. 41*, the 10th Anniversary Issue, is listed several times. But Mrs. Thomas never points out that this issue is now available under the title *The Sixties*. Similarly, she often cites articles that have been reprinted in *Masks of Poetry or Masks of Fiction* without mentioning the anthology. Yet reprint information is essential to students with limited access to periodicals.

The fact that this book is meant primarily for secondary-school teachers and students does not excuse its shoddiness. If teachers haven't time to do their own research, they need a truly reliable guidebook. As for the students, they are exposed to so much bad prose outside the classroom that their textbooks at least should provide a good example.

We are not after all so desperate for "a beginning, somewhere for curiosity and enjoyment, to start" There are a number of reference books and bibliographies available for those who want the facts. But to stimulate reading and discussion among students, surely such books as *The Bush Garden* and *Survival* are more effective than guidebooks such as *Our Nature - Our Voices*. □

SUSAN ZIMMERMAN

SHORT OF THE MARK

MODERN CANADIAN STORIES (Reprint)

Edited by **GIOSE RIMANELLI & ROBERTO RUBERTO**
McGraw-Hill Ryerson
paper \$4.95, cloth \$8.95; 402 pages

reviewed by Greg Gatenby

EARLE BIRNEY, in his foreword to this anthology proclaims, "I know of only three serious attempts, before this, to collect the best that *les écrivains anglais* have grown over the years".

A cursory check at a local bookstore shows how out of date this proclamation is, what with at least 17 collections of short stories by English **Canadian** authors now in print, almost all published since this collection first came out in 1966.

But the anachronism may be overlooked on the grounds that Bimey's foreword amounts to a very interesting and, in its own way, comprehensive attempt to trace, by example, the development of the **Canadian** short story.

That this book should have been undertaken by two Italian-born editors who have spent only a few years in this country, and who now teach in American universities bespeaks, however: a patronizing audacity unheard of since the ants went on strike at the company picnic. This tone is tempered however by their adventitious selection of representative authors.

The adjectives "patronizing" and "adventitious" are used here because in their lengthy introduction, which Birney calls, "in its genre, as original and insightful a piece of writing as any of the stories" included in the anthology, the editors are guilty of some seriously wrong statements.

Unfounded generalizations such as, "an unjustified sense of guilt gnaws destructively away at a Canadian writer whenever he compares his position with that of writers in other countries," surely belie a lack of

familiarity with the mood of confidence and justifiable pride among serious writers of Canadian prose that was germinated in the fifties and born in the Sixties.

Mr. Rimanelli says that in his selecting he was only trying to be "decent", and in deference to the honesty with which he explains his choice of authors, it seems almost redundant to question these choices, with one notable exception.

The reason for excluding Charles G.D. Roberts can only be described, charitably, as a dubious artistic value judgment:

In (his) stories animals move about and think like human beings but without the sacred irony that we find in say, Aesop or La Fontaine. nor do they have that tension of high adventure that we find in Kipling. Hence they founder in the grotesque and the childish, and it is at once very risky and difficult to take them seriously.

In the same vein his appraisal of Frederick Philip Grove may raise more than a few eyebrows:

(Grove) lives on, not for his unsuccessful and rather disconnected novels...but for some remarkable pages in *Over Prairie Trails*, a kind of *Canadian Walden*, and for the short story "Snow".

While the critic cannot but appear foolish quibbling over the editors' choice of authors, (though, it should be noted, some were selected solely on their reputations in other literary forms), it does seem in order to ask why five short stories by acknowledged Canadian masters of the craft are anthologized here when they already exist in the excellent Robert Weaver collection. Surely Grove, Callaghan, Sinclair Ross, Gamer, and Munro wrote stories better or as good as those previously anthologized that they need not the over-exposure of one story.

The other writers, represented by twenty-two stories, are: D.C. Scott, Leacock, de la Roche, MacLennan, Buckler, Lowry, Brian Moore, Margaret Laurence, Henry Kreisel, Adele Wiseman, Richler, Hugh Hood, John Metcalf, Daphne Buckle, Layton, Nowlan, and Bowering; some represented by their better efforts, some by lesser works.

Apparently for reasons of length there are no French Canadian *contes*, but; a failure to apologize or even mention this fact (the editors claim, "We have come to know almost every dead and living Canadian author") seems symptomatic of their blinkered appraisal of Canadian culture.

GREG GATENBY is a Toronto freelance writer with a special interest in contemporary Canadian literature; he has been involved lately with a projected Toronto weekly.

AND LONG IN THE TOOTH

CONTEMPORARY VOICES: The Short Story In Canada

Selected by DONALD STEPHENS
Prentice-Hall
cloth 83.00, paper \$2.95; 182 pages

GREAT SHORT STORIES OF THE WORLD

VARIOUS AUTHORS
Readers Digest
cloth \$9.98; 800 pages

STORIES FROM ATLANTIC CANADA

Ed&d by KENT THOMPSON
Macmillan
cloth \$10.00, paper \$2.50; 231 pages

reviewed by Jim Christy

FICTION IS -supposedly having a renaissance in Canada, challenging poetry as the reigning literary form. Now that there is no longer a dearth of outlets for fiction, we seem to be deluged with short stories, new and old. After reading some of the current anthologies I am surprised to find that the new stories being written either seem like antiquated period pieces or very slight myopic experiments, while the stories from the '50s and earlier are at best substantial in their place in time. AU this leads me anyway to believe we have our renaissances mixed up. The new poetry appears securely out front.



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HARVEST HOUSE PUBLISHERS

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It's a question of **form** and the modern world. Some poets in France realized this in 1912 and revolutionized poetry, revolutionized language. It was **really** not until **post-World War II** in America that prose experimenters woke up to **the** fact of **the** modern world and those people **are still considered** barbarians **trying to storm** the old prose manor. Poetry in Canada speeds past prose like a new monster **450-c.c.** Dodge Charger zooms by the hulk of a '37 Hudson rusting in the roadside weeds near Corvo, Ontario, or Roma, Alberta. A spot **in** the rear view mirror. Short story is an anachronism (with genre **exceptions**). **Corvo, Ontario, is** a quaint — general store with **hand gas-pump** remnant of the **first** decade of the century out front — delightful memory **and** it would almost **deserve** an old fashioned short story **but ... but**, its **sons** and daughters are **running** away to Toronto some **of** them to become **big** heroes of the **Yonge Street Strip** speed night. Rock and **roll spills** out the **kitchen window** and **Into the barn yard**. Our writers can't seem to even capture **this** Inundation **of the rural** area. so how can they capture the diversity, the image assault, the sheer pace of the current age downtown, uptown? **A new thing** is needed — (and someone **groans**, "Not this again") — but face it: most short stories, unless divorced totally **from** now by **time** or setting, seem meaningless.

From this perspective, my **perspective**, many of the stories in an anthology such as **Contemporary** Voices read **like** relics and a few of them are **Indeed silly**. A relic would be Morley Callaghan's "Let Me Promise You" or "A True Story" by Norman Levine, both of **which** read **like** dreary jobs of work, brick upon brick in the prose manor. Nothing happens.

But **downright** silly is when a **writer** attempts to portray a scene from now, has **all** the right props but flubs it with horse and buggy prose as does David Helwig in "Something For Olivia's Scrapbook I Guess" **which** is set down in Yorkville with freaks — might have come **from Corvo, Ontario** — and characters, the **police**, a pushcart vendor — (a contemporary life set) — and it doesn't **move**. Helwig has no excuse. He is a young **writer** close to the **times**,

whereas you can forgive the jive in "A Nice **Place To Visit**".

Now **Hugh Gamer**, though **old-fashioned**, isn't silly, not only because in a story such as "Red Racer" he **deals** with man in a **timeless situation** struggling with elemental realities. He stages a **drama** of human **courage** with the **first** sentence, "The sun burned a hole in the sky ..."

Writers come of age in the modern world who write like **the** founders of Canadian Literature — and only the **advance** guard of **them making** the slightest **concession** to **the times** with a touch of Richard Brautigan — are hard to take. Bay Smith" a part of who's "Cape Breton is the Thought Control Centre of **Canada**" appears in **Stories From Atlantic Canada** is almost as off-target as Helwig. Smith tries to change form but not content. He **writes compiled** fiction **but he writes** it in the same old way. Likewise Kent Thompson, the anthology's editor, experiments with form to the same result in "Window on the Revolution". **He wants you** to think in terms of a movie script thus **emphasizing** the **visual** element. It would be better to write cinematically, which Thompson doesn't.

Stories From Atlantic Canada is **interesting** primarily as a history of the **region** and secondly as proof that the most successful modern short **stories** are those concerned with the past **or** with fantasy. "At the **Tide's Turn**" by Thomas Raddall, set in Nova Scotia during the **American Revolution** is the best of the historical pieces though not nearly as **good** as the same author's "Blind McNair" a **ballad** story about a blind **prodigal** sailor returned to Nova Scotia in the **1880s** **which is** one of **three** "Canadian **selections** in the Reader's Digest Great **Short Stories of the World**. (The others aren't worth looking up: one of Gabrielle Roy's worst, "Luzina Takes a Holiday", **which owes everything to O. Henry** and "A **Priest** In the **Family**" by Leo Kennedy who lives and writes in **Connecticut** but happens **to** be a Reader's **Digest** editor). The best pieces in **Stories From Atlantic Canada** are "The Boat" by Alistair MacLeod, a moving **remembrance** of his father; the childhood **reminiscences** of Brian Bartlett in "Jay's Aviary" and Al

Pittman, "Consomme and Coca Cola;" and Stephen Boston's fantasy, "The Rape of Maysie Weekend". Bartlett, a university student is the only language experimenter in the anthology. Perhaps because he is young and closer to his childhood, he writes of it with a rush, with a force of energy.

Dave Godfrey also writes with energy in "Kwame Bird Lady Day" from *Contemporary Voices* but the length of the story, the extraneous material, and its lack of feeling deaden the impact. I sense Godfrey doesn't give himself up to what he senses. The story has the effect of a pulled punch. It's sort of musical, almost jazz-like in the beginning but over-orchestrated finally.

Too few short story writers in Canada have a awareness of the present and their craft. World War II, the Cold War, Vietnam and other hot little wars, television, televised political assassination, the computer explosion, the information business, bop, the jumbo jet, the rock and roll. All of these mean that we don't think like we did before them and therefore we cannot write as we did before them. Man stepped on the moo" and this became irrevocable. It was consciousness that leaped forward.

Only one writer in the recent anthologies seems to realize this. Jane Rule. Her "Theme for Diverse In&uments" is a cubist portrait of a family and strange that it seems so different — being as how she writes in sentence. paragraph, story and not upside down — which only shows the mileage to make up.

When poetry changed back in 1912 it didn't cease to be poetry. The same should apply to fiction, to the short story. Compiled fiction or script fiction is not the answer. It is the wrong-headed experiments as well as stick-in-the-mud writing that retards prose progress. The experiment with form has excluded content, has excluded language. Language turned loose upon the times will determine its own form. □

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

OPIATE OF THE PEOPLE

THE CASE AGAINST THE DRUGGED MIND

ANDREW I. MALCOLM, M.D.

Clarke Irwin
paper \$2.50; 204 pages

reviewed by Carl Hager

LIKE SO MANY Government reports behind it, the LeDain Commission report has come and gone. It served its purpose well in creating the illusion that the people's opinions would be considered seriously by the government in formulating its policy on the non-medical use of drugs.

To Dr. Malcolm — upset by the general trend in the liberal democratic state we live in towards what he calls the chemophilic society — the LeDain Commission left much to be desired. The commissioners tended to denigrate conservative opinions while giving credence to those who felt marijuana is a harmless drug. Its manual on treatment includes inexcusable errors and omissions that undermine its usefulness. Finally, the government rejected or failed to implement the recommendations, such as the legalizing of marijuana. A complete fiasco.

Dr. Malcolm has two things to say. First, Canada is becoming overly dependent on drugs. He proceeds to describe the wide-ranging abuses. He cites educators, pharmacists, advertisers, "the people", intellectuals, scientists, doctors and the chemists who all play part of the scenario that pushes, tranquilizers to aspirins, the pill along the mute that leads to the ingestion of chemicals.

The reasons for this tremendous demand are the tensions and pains people have to cope with in the modern world.

Now the solution Dr. Malcolm has for this seemingly gargantuan problem is to impose "controls". Some controls, like uniformity of packaging, are

suggested. But the main solution is to ban the use of marijuana. To Dr. Malcolm the chemophilization of Canada is going to be completed with the legalization of the (probably harmful) drug marijuana, which not only attacks chemically but leads to ideological conversions of people from the Protestant ethic to Eastern mysticism.

The internal problem with this book, other than its ideological obsolescence, is the exclusive attention paid to "heads" who use marijuana. While the ills of modern capitalism are used to decry the spread of drug-use, the control of drug-use will conserve the ills of modern Canadian capitalism (called liberal democracy).

One can't help feeling that the state is excused at the expense of the muddled drug-user. Again we find the liberal sociology of professional expertise dogmatically supporting the liberal state against all the evidence that it fails the people.

So The Case Against the Drugged Mind does not indict the user as much as it indicts the anarchy of capitalism. How are the multi-million-dollar drug companies going to be controlled, leashed? How are the media-men going to be convinced that profits must be secondary to the health of the people? How can educators discuss the question with any sense of dignity when their opinion is mere subjectivism, not an expression of a consensus? How are the Canadian people going to be served, not for profit, but by self-government?

These are the questions the book raises by omission. It is not a revealing book. One looks forward to a careful documentation and elaboration of an alternate society that serves the people, in health and otherwise. □

CARL HAGER, who teaches in Port Carer, Que., is especially interested in the drug culture and in ecology; he has written also for *Alive* and the *Montreal Star*.



SERIES ON SERIES

NEW CANADIAN LIBRARY

-PART 2

reviewed by *Issac Bickerstaff*

There are great numbers of people to whom the act of reading a book — any sort of book — is wondrous. they speak or the reader in the tone of warm approbation which they use otherwise when referring to pregnant women, or the newly dead.
—Robertson Davies, *A Voice From the Attic*.

PERHAPS IT would not be the case where you ensconced in some academic office where books are the medium of commerce; but, mercifully, you are not. Hence, your close acquaintances, all of whom rend for pleasure only when there is nothing better to do, deem this expedition through the New Canadian Library at least eccentric, and probably worse. The cowboy comic scoffs, the beekeeper averts his gaze, the hotel detective applies her ear to the ground, while the portrait photographer and daffy jazz drummer quickly change the subject. And who can fairly blame them? With reading as with revelling, nothing exceeds like excess.

And yet, the expedition itself provides numerous rewards. You plough through Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese* thinking you will never make it to the end, but move on to Gabrielle Roy's delightful *Where Nests the Water Hen*, then Margaret Atwood's palatable *The Edible Women*. You plunge into the venerable muck of Marie-Claire Blais' *Mad Shadows*, but find your spirits rescued by Ethel Wilson's *Swamp Angel*. Informed you are meant to laugh at Paul Hiebert's *Sarah Binks* and Mordecai Richler's *The Incomparable Atuk*, you can muster merely a sigh, but there are smiles aplenty for Samuel Marchbank's *Almanack* by Robertson Davies.

So, with compensations enough, blithely you journey on:

Odysseus Ever Returning

George Woodcock;

Introduction: W.H. New.

158 pages, \$1.95.

Masks of Fiction,

A.J.M. Smith (ed.);

175 pages, \$1.95.

Masks of Poetry,

A.J.M. Smith (ed.);

143 pages, \$1.75.

Unless you're cribbing material for an overdue essay or cramming for an exam, most literary criticism is better left on the shelves. These three lit. critturs deserve kinder treatment, *Odysseus Ever Returning* in particular. George Woodcock is Canada's most accomplished essayist, his prose as uncompromising and as polished as Orwell's. Herein he examines such aspects of our country's literature as the novels of Hugh MacLennan and of Morley Callaghan, "Brian Moore's Poor Bitches," four facets of Malcolm Lowry, and the poetry of Irving Layton and Leonard Cohen. Here is Woodcock on Edmund Wilson on Morley Callaghan:

The surprising thing about Wilson's treatment of Callaghan is that he defends him on the worst possible terrain, as a naturalistic writer to be discussed in terms of psychological probability. when actually Callaghan is, at his best, a very good writer of parables in the moralist tradition who often deliberately flout the demands of plausibility.

As for *Masks of Fiction* and *Masks of Poetry*, they are collections of essays on Canadian literature written by various hands — which, presumably, explains the illustration on each jacket of a male hand. index finger pointed approximately skyward, the palm cupping an errant eyeball. *Masks* of

Fiction contains 13 essays, notable among them Ethel Wilson's "A Cat Among the Falcons," Hugh MacLennan's "The Story of a Novel," EA. McCourt's "Roughing It with the Moodies," William McConnell's "Recollections of Malcolm Lowry," and Hugo McPherson's examination of the works of Robertson Davies. *Masks of Poetry* features Canadian critics on Canadian verse and, though you may not find L.A. MacKay's "Bliss Carman: A Dialogue" to your taste. Irving Layton's "Foreword to *A Red Carpet for the Sun*"; certainly bears tolerant attention:

And so rapturously, too, does he sing of his griefs, this poet, while the dull muttonheads pick their teeth or mount their females. Miserable clown! Can one think of anything more ludicrous? ironic? zany? Squeaking and throbbing, chittering and twittering; demon-driven or driven by their peacock vanity — so the poets, or so I sometimes see them, even the best of them.

* * *

The Canadian Writers Series:

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62 pages, \$0.95.

E. J. Pratt,
Milton Wilson;
62 pages, \$0.95.

Malcolm Lowry.
William H. New;
64 pages, \$0.95.

At approximately 60 pages and exactly 95c these pamphlets are overpriced. Those on Leacock, Laurence, Richler and Cohen are good reading. In any case, let each quotation speak for itself.

Stephen Leacock: When we talk of Leacock, we shall only make ourselves absurd if we dissect and paw his work as if it were, for instance, the painstaking composition of such a humorist as James Joyce.

Marshall McLuhan: The author has given no indication that he is not to be taken at his word; the perfect McLuhanite must believe that the invention of movable type is the cause of such things as the rise of national states, the Reformation reinterpretation of the pest (both pagan and Christian), the exaltation of technique and power over meaning and empathy, the introduction of perspective in painting, and the blank verse of Christopher Marlowe.

Margaret Laurence: Rachel is as different from Hagar as Prufrock is from Lear; an awesome redistribution of the balance and deployment of weight was required, as Mrs. Laurence skirts the very edges of our becoming impatient with Rachel and deserting her.

Earle Birney: Footed or footless, the second hemistich of each line feels different from the first hemistich; there is a reel tension between the two halves. And one may note that secondary stresses complicate the four thumping beats per line.

Mordecai Richler: And [Duddy Kravitz] is one of those liberated works — rare indeed among Canadian novels — in which the characters metamorphose as the novel proceeds until by the end they fly free of the cocoon of situation and live in our minds as autonomous beings whom one can imagine even outside the particular context of action in which their author has set them.

James Reaney: What interested him were magical transformations that allowed eternity to break through a linear, logical, timebound structure to reveal a brazen nature in its original golden form.

Leonard Cohen: It is interesting to note how close Cohen is in this habit to two other artists who are not unlike him: Norman Mailer and Rob Dylan. All three are public artists and as a result all three rely heavily on their ability to be cynical about their egos or pop-sainthood while at the same time continuing to build it up.

Northrop Frye: In the discussion of Symbol and Image, after pointing out "that all commentary is allegorical interpretation, an attaching of ideas to the structure of poetic imagery" (89), Frye presents "a kind of sliding scale" (91) of allegories, which seems to work out to six types, though this is explicitly linked, in the Archetypal Phase, to a five-part scale of conventions and archetypes (103-104).

Hugh MacLennan: Yet Penny's child, born out of wedlock, was sufficient to bar the doors of many schools to *Barometer Rising*, and MacLennan's love scenes, which may now appear sentimental or sometimes gauche, were arch that one critic of *Two Solitudes* advocated the author's giving notice in future when similar sinful situations were pending. **Frederick Philip Grove:** And when he was not being ignored, he was being praised for the wrong reasons, or damned for no reason, or dismissed with the comment that he could not be understood because of the awkwardness of his style.

E. J. Pratt: In introducing an edition of Melville's *Moby Dick* for high-school courses, Pratt once remarked: "the appeal of the comic element in the work, strange as it may seem, is irresistible. It follows hard upon the trail of gloom, and sometimes mingles with it in the weirdest fashion." He then adds: "the more boisterous the laugh, the more bronchial the accompaniment." In Pratt also, no tone of voice is too hoarse to be funny.

Malcolm Lowry: But despite Lowry's increasing affection for the country and his obvious sensitivity to Canadian society and landscape, Canadian literature has no private hold upon his work, just as North Vancouver has no local rights on the man. Ignoring and harassing him in his own way, the municipality first hesitantly recognized that the rest of the world thought him a genius, and so constructed in Cater Park the "Malcolm

continued on page 52



WHY GOYS AND CHURLS LIKED SATURDAY NIGHT

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCRAPBOOK

Edited by MORRIS WOLFE; Introduction by ROBERT FULFORD
new press; cloth \$12.50; illustrated; 193 pages

reviewed by Douglas Marshall

SOME TIME AGO my father wandered into a London auction hall, twitched an innocent eyebrow, and found himself the owner of a complete set of *Punch* for the years 1895 to 1934. There are nearly 80 semiannual volumes, each splendidly bound in red morocco, the spines imprinted in gold. For a social historian, they are treasure trove-half a ton of droll commentary on an ebbing empire, Juvenal with line drawings. They are also a damn nuisance. Once a guest stumbles across them, it is extremely difficult to get him to leave.

I suspect *A Saturday Night Scrapbook*, a slim but fascinating volume covering the years 1887 to 1972, will cause the same sort of problems.

Aside from some atrocious political cartoons, a long way after Tenniel or well beneath Low, *Saturday Night* had and has nothing in common with *Punch*. The magazine Edmund Sheppard founded, and which reached its influential zenith under B.K. Sandwell, viewed the world with a high-mindedness that was only inadvertently comic and abhorred anything so vulgar as wit. As current editor Robert Fulford notes in his introduction, the magazine's credo was "a summary of the Anglo-Canadian religion." What we hear in these pages is not the jangling charivari of *Punch* but the passionate anthem of Blake's Jerusalem, transposed from England's green and pleasant land to the old Ontario strand.

And yet, like *Punch*, *Saturday Night* is a continuous record of the prevailing mores of the times. Covering all but 20 years of Canada's existence, it is the most complete and least distorted record we have. We would be impoverished without it. Whereas

the recently published selections from *The Canadian Forum* (Books in Canada, Jan./Feb., 1973) caught the still, small voices of a handful of liberal academics — *Saturday Night* called them, and everybody else left on Bay Street, Bolsheviks — this is the dominant bellow of middle-class English Canadian majority. Pompous? Yes. Bigoted? To a turn. Petty, ridiculous, infuriating? Those and more. But above all, authentic.

Well, perhaps there should be one note of caution. The scrapbook is just that — snippets of editorial copy nicely counterpointed by contemporary advertisements to form a highly condensed chronology. (The production end layout are superb by Canadian standards and the decision to reset editorial matter in easy-to-read boldface columns nothing short of inspirational.) So obviously we are seeing what Morris Wolfe wants us to see. By cunningly ignoring contexts, he could have pasted up a dozen perverted versions of *Saturday Night*. However, judging by the internal consistency of tone and other evidence, he has been scrupulously fair in trying to capture the magazine's muddled but true soul. That was the weekly that was.

It was excruciating — not professionally but philosophically, not by its lights but by ours.

For a third-generation (or more) Canadian liberal, flipping through any pre-World War II *Saturday Night* is like waking up hungover and guilty on Sunday morning, wincing with anguish at the howlers of the night before. It is hard to escape the conclusion that most of us are descended from a long line of jingoistic male-chauvinist white-supremacist reactionary bastards. The



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The British Bull Dog Watching at the Door

MONDAY, 8:00 to 9:30 MATINEES, 5:00 to 8:30

magazine and its presumably contented readers were anti-black, anti-Oriental, anti-French Canadian (the Ottawa River is frequently referred to by Sheppard as "our Mason-Dixon Line"), anti-refugee, anti-Mennonite (and all other non-conforming sects), anti-women ("Hubby has gone to war and they are having the time of their dear lives spending the money of a deeply generous and grateful government" - 1916), anti-change-of-any-sort, and abidingly anti-American.

The racism was neither delicate nor sporadic. It was overt and constant. Even after 70 years, there is enough coiled venom in some lines to sting the eyes:

The average peasant Jew has no place in the agricultural catalogue of the world... To talk of putting the Jew back in Palestine is to converse with regard to a topic which would land an unagriculturally disposed hybrid on soil which could not possibly be made to produce him a living.

By the 1920s *Saturday Night* was protesting the arrival of 317 immigrant Polish Jews ("Canada can not afford to be the dumping ground for the scum of Europe") and arguing that Jews who did stay should not be allowed to adopt Anglo-Saxon surnames: "A good name is something to be proud of and not a thing to be handed out to any ignorant Continental immigrant that might apply for its use." Apparently the only mental advance made by the magazine between 1903 and 1924 was to begin to comprehend the difference between "which" and "that".

It wasn't until the early 1940s and the war that *Saturday Night* began to show some faint flickerings of enlightenment. (Significantly, its power soon started to wane.) The comments became more rational, almost humane. It counselled against wartime hysteria, deplored the treatment of Japanese Canadians, and sympathized with the French Canadian point of view. It even came up with a solution for the Jewish problem in the Canadian force:

If Jews are not to be admitted to commissions in units composed for the most part of Gentiles... one method of utilizing their unquestionable abilities... is to constitute Jewish units, officered by Jews.

Maybe not full equality, already; but as former scum of Eumpe, you've come a long way, Levy.

What makes this streak of racism in our heritage more depressing is that it must be reconciled with the second major revelation provided by this scrapbook: there is nothing new under the maple leaf.

From its inception, *Saturday Night* has been a megaphone for cultural and economic anti-nationalism. Most of the time it proclaimed the Canada-for-Canadians line with a stridency that would make a veteran Waffler blush. In fact it becomes clear that in its present mood the country is returning to something resembling normal and that the Grit venture into C.D. Howe's brand of continentalism was merely a freakish aberration.

As early as 1888, the magazine was complaining that nobody read Canadian books. Ten years later it was praying that Spain would humiliate the U.S. in the Spanish-American war. In 1918 it pointed out that the \$8 million worth of pulp wood Canada exported to the U.S. the year before would have yielded \$40 million had it been manufactured into paper here. In 1922 it heralded the arrival of the Canadian film industry. Arid nearly every week of its life it bitterly denounced the intrusion into Canada of U.S. periodicals. It's all hideously familiar.

There was one remarkable exception to this cultural boosterism. Hector Charlesworth, who took over the editorship in the late 1920s, evidently detested the Croup of Seven. His reasons were curious:

This school of painting is not of the soil, but of the rocks. The sections of Canada which [sic] its votaries in their harsh, uncompromising style... delight to depict... constitute Canada's gravest problem in an economic sense and the most serious barrier to her social and political unity.

But then they were all a curious lot, the *Saturday Night* editors: Sheppard, the former cowpoke: Fred Paul, an American who flushed out the boiler-mom operators to keep Bay Street pure; Sandwell, a sort of round-headed Royalist; and puckish Arnold Edinborough. And they produced a curious magazine - dour but never dull, prejudiced beyond modern belief but still somehow honourable.

Wolfe's scrapbook deserves to be read for the advertisements alone.

They give a wicked and hilarious insight into middle-class Canada's queasy hold on taste. But there are thousands of other nuggets here. Did you know, for instance, that in March, 1937, the vogue word was "allergic"? Did you know that Toronto's statue of Egerton Ryerson, which has become a shrine for those opposed to branch-plant publishing, was cast in New York? And did you know that the great urban crisis of June, 1888, was caused by the "selfish thoughtlessness" of those "feverish, restless, happy-go-lucky" pedestrians who persisted in cutting across corner lots?

FROM THE ISLAND

PORTRAITS & GASTROSCOPES

FRANK LEDWELL
& RESHARD COOL
Square Deal Publications
(Charlottetown, P.E.I.)
paper unpriced; 79 pages

ISLAND PROSE & POETRY: An Anthology

Edited by ALLAN GRAHAM
P.E.I. 1973 Centennial Commission
paper unpriced; 226 pages

L.M. MONTGOMERY: A biography of the author of Anne of Green Gables

HILDA RIDLEY
McGraw-Hill Ryerson
cloth \$5.95; 137 pages

reviewed by Roger Worth

A TOTAL quietness, interrupted only by the sound of the sea, is one of the endearing qualities of Prince Edward Island, thus it is not unusual that these three Island books include large slices of that peaceful serenity.

Yet the sea can be a hard master, and not only for fishermen. On P.E.I. the ocean permeates every facet of life, for even farmers and storekeepers must relate to its pervasive message.

The sense of isolation that the sea generates in Islanders is perhaps best

conveyed in the anthology, *Island Prose and Poetry*. It provides an insight into Island society before the ferry ran — the farmers and fishermen, their wives and families, their successes and failures.

The anthology, published to help celebrate the province's 100 years in Canada, honors many "Islanders who made good" in the literary world. Of course it has selections by Lucy Maude Montgomery and Milton Acorn, but it also includes works by poet John Hunter-Duvar and prose by artist Robert Harris (who painted the famous "Fathers of Confederation") as well as an interesting group of writers covering the period from the early 1800s to contemporary times.

While a majority of the writings are in English, the anthology includes works in French and Gaelic. It provides an inside look at life on the small island (population 100,000), especially during the 1800s and early 1900s.

The roar of the waves and the effect it has on people's lives also breaks through to *Portraits and Gastroscopes*, a series of 10 profiles on Islanders.

The subjects run the gamut from a wood turner to a wool miller to an ex-premier, but the book lacks continuity. The profiles appear to have been selected at random and it seems odd that profiles of farmers and fishermen — two of the Island's leading occupation groups — are omitted.

Many of the articles are also long on verbosity and short on facts. The reader is left with a desire to know much more about the people involved and one suspects additional information could have been included if many of the profiles were not so grossly overwritten.

And then there are the illustrations. While a few of the photographs are of excellent quality, the majority are at best mediocre and the book would be more saleable had several not been printed at all.

Which is not to say that the book is entirely without redeeming features. Several articles are highly readable and a section entitled *Gastroscopes*, written in this rich Island vernacular, provides a homey, down-to-earth look at the province and its people.

The reprint of Hilda M. Ridley's 1956 biography of Lucy Maude

Montgomery is by far the best of the three books. The author has obviously taken pains to write in the straightforward and simple Montgomery style and the attempt has worked. The biography reads like *Anne of Green Gables* and the 21 other books P.E.I.'s Lucy Maude Montgomery wrote between 1908 and 1942.

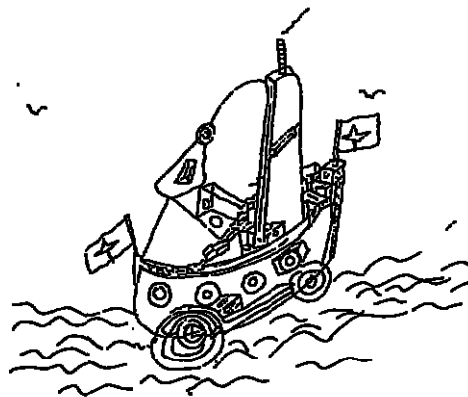
And some of the material in the well-researched book is fascinating: the stories about her childhood; her life during 1902 when she wrote for a Halifax newspaper; the publishers' rejections of her first book, *Anne of Green Gables*, which she typed on a poor second-hand machine that wouldn't make the letter "w" at all; and finally, the acceptance of *Annie* and her rise to literary fame.

There are also other little-known facts: like the silent movie of *Anne of Green Gables* which she disliked because P.E.I. was ignored when it was filmed in the United States; or the talkie that pleased her; or the fact that the Emily trilogy is more autobiographical than the Anne books.

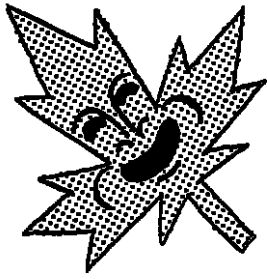
But for Islanders, at home or abroad, the high point of the book is a quote from a letter Lucy Maude wrote friends on one of her visits to P.E.I.

Peace. You never know what peace is until you walk on the shore, or in the fields or along the winding red roads of Prince Edward Island in the summer twilight when the dew is falling and the old stars are peeping out and the sea keeps its mighty tryst with the little land it loves. You find your soul then. You realize that youth is not a vanished thing, but something that dwells forever in the heart. □

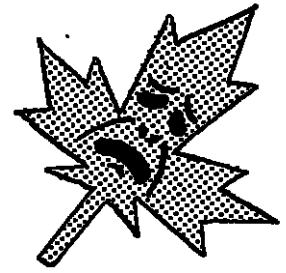
ROGER WORTH, an editor with *The Financial Post*, grew up in P.E.I. and remains an Islander at heart.



— drawing by Joe Rosenblatt



THE CANADIAN STAGE.



TEACHERS OF creative drama will be interested in the experiences of **three** young teachers in **British Columbia**. **Renee Silver**, **Barry Friesen** and **Anne Avery** have documented **their** goals, techniques and results after **working** with **children** and adolescents over a period of time and under a variety of **workshop** conditions. The principal **aim** of *Beginning Drama* is to provide an effective teaching tool for **instructors** who **are** often ill-equipped and under-trained — especially **in rural** areas.

By far the strongest portion of the booklet is Renee Silver's day-by-day lesson plan. It treats creative writing and physical play as two interrelated **parts** of the process of **self-discovery and** — expression. There are 14 well-explained lessons geared to Grades 2 and 3 (although adaptable to other age-groups), with the emphasis on relating physical sensations to word-meanings, musical sounds and patterns of **behaviour**.

The second portion by **Barry Friesen** is intended for work **with** adolescents and adults. It is less **specific** and serves mainly as a stimulus and source of ideas for further **development**. **Basic** warm-up exercises are spelled out (although illustrations are poor, owing to the **rudimentary** duplicating process used). The **emphasis** is on two **kinds** of games: "sparks" to draw out reluctant students, and "conditions" to provide minimal limitations **for the more aggressive** ones.

The underlying theme is social **responsibility**, group dynamic-s and the range of actions possible in a given theatrical situation. However, one may have reservations about using the "status," "war" and "master-slave" games, which seem to **treat their** subjects with dangerous **superficiality**. The same might be **said** of parts of

BEGINNING DRAMA

**RENEE SILVER, BARRY FRIESEN
and ANNE AVERY**
*Oliver Creative Arts Workshop,
R.R. 2, Oliver, B.C.
paper unpriced; 52 pages.*

THEATRE ON A SHOESTRING

ADRIAN WALLER
*Clarke Irwin
paper \$4.95; illustrated; 158 pages*

reviewed by Nigel Spencer

Friesen's minirituals: they are sensational and seem to **reinforce**, rather than **explore** destructive **behaviour** patterns.

The **final** section, "Growing Together" by Anne Avery, **builds** on the **first** one by refining the principles **into** a more sophisticated stage discipline and adapting it to **various age-groups**.

The booklet **concludes** by **giving** basic **information** on resources and **organization**. Carefully used, it **can** give the beginning **drama** teacher a great helping hand. □

EVEN BEFORE the recent **surge** of "official" interest in the **theatre** on the part of **governments** and universities in Canada, the shelves were bulging with "how to" books, most of them **severely** limited by their lack of a definite Focus. Some **were** intended as a general introduction **to** be **tippemented** elsewhere; **some** addressed themselves to specific technical **problems** as encountered in professional British **and American theatres**; **others** were hopelessly sketchy. A few managed to hit a useful middle **range**, but these were, by their nature **and** that of the subject, **of only sporadic** help.

Adrian Waller, now of the **Montreal Gazette**, has **wisely not** tried to solve all these problems, but he has taken good account of them. **This** is the **essence** of **his** advice to practitioners of Canada's predominant form — the Little **Theatre**: assess **realistically** the possibilities and limitations of what is **available** and make as good use of them as can reasonably be expected. **Waller's** extensive experience as an actor-director in the "**provinces**" (sic) **allows him** to pose a number of **very** basic **problems** common to small Canadian **amateur** troupes: type-casting, abundance of very young or very old **actors**, rehearsal schedules, British and American accents, **restricted** costuming and technical **facilities** etc. In fact, he **never** wanders too far into either anecdote or theory, but manages to tie experience and its application clearly **into** each example.. **Here lies** the strongest feature of the book, its ongoing push to **develop** practical **theatre-sense in** the reader. Indeed, when it comes to basic common sense **concerning** production values and backstage **manoeuvres**, **Waller's** advice could well be headed by Canada's "Establishment" **theatres**. A careful reading of the book will give anyone interested in, but not **particularly** familiar **with**, **theatre** practice a good i&a of what to look for, where to seek it and what to expect.

Each of the chapters on practical functions, **from producer** to prop ma", gives a good general notion of what is needed, plus a **lucid step-by-step** guide to **fundamental** tasks. The problems and solutions **are** presented in such a way **as** to supply the technique and **motivation** for attacking others **independently**. Where this is not sufficient, fairly extensive **bibliographies** fill the gap, although too many of the books listed tend to dwell **on** biography and reminiscence.

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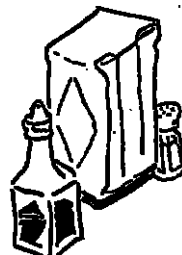
338 Brunswick Avenue
Toronto 4, Canada
\$12.95 each.

The great difficulty in making specific but flexible recommendations occurs invariably in the chapters on highly technical subjects, such as lighting, costumes, and make-up. Waller freely admits that what is an "essential and basic" make-up kit to one actor is useless to another. Still, even here, he spells out basic principles clearly enough to bridge the gap.

There are really only two important areas in which the author's assessment of Canadian Little Theatre is not on solid ground. First, in discussing available spaces, he mentions conventional theatres on one hand, and "open-area" staging on the other. What he omits to mention is that most groups in this country are obliged to perform in the combination gym-auditorium monstrosities so often foisted off on schools. These supposedly multi-purpose creations almost never succeed in fulfilling any one function well, and of course, theatre comes last in the order of design priorities.

The second major problem not referred to by Waller is the fact that even in properly fitted theatres (of course, even these may not have usable dressing-rooms, few do) the lighting equipment is abysmal or non-existent. Often; the fuzzy "all-purpose" outlook has also dictated that the more modern schools will have expensive but totally impractical lighting facilities. Invariably, they have enough lamps but insufficient dimmers, or vice-versa. I recently performed in a \$1.1-million "pilot" school in Ottawa which had 88 dimmers but only 12 lamps.. . We had to bring in our own lighting! Waller's solution to the problem is to find a professional lighting man and have him assemble homemade spots. Sure! Have you ever tried it?

These two major reservations stated, Theatre on a Shoestring still remains the kind of book that anyone setting out on a new Little Theatre project should digest thoroughly. □



-HEADING ABOUT

LOOKING FOR
PHILOSOPHY

F.E. SPARSHOTT
McGill-Queen's University Press
paper \$3.25; 171 pages

reviewed by Robert E. Czerny

A. E. HOUSMAN'S celebrated standard of poetry involves reciting while shaving: if your bristles stand up, the poem is good. In my own experience of recent Anglo-American philosophy, few books can even keep me awake for more than 20 minutes. It is amazing and gratifying to find, as I do in this book that philosophy can still be highly interesting and entertaining, without loss of competence or wisdom.

Instead of accepting and regurgitating part or all of the discipline's lore to answer the question "What is philosophy?", Sparshott, professor of ethics and aesthetics at the University of Toronto, asks himself why he is a philosopher and a philosophy teacher. He examines various ways of philosophical speaking and concludes that philosophical speaking does not express "the truth" any more than poetry does. What can be said clearly turns out to be trivial; what is important is beyond saying. (One of philosophy's greatest figures, St. Thomas Aquinas, concluded that his sweeping explanations of man, God and world "look like straw" compared to the vast inexpressible domain opened up by faith. Sparshott respectfully concurs — but puts the remark in the mouth of a crabbed academician peering into the back of his head by means of a complicated telescope.) To do philosophy is to search continually for new critical and reflective methods of approaching the boundary that separates us from the truth.

Except for one tedious chapter, where he proves that he can do "standard" philosophical writing, Sparshott's prose and poetry are de-

lightful. This book would be particularly **beneficial** to those who have studied philosophy for a **while**, and **cannot** pin down why they do so. Nevertheless, although **Sparshott's** **satirical** intent may not be always **obvious** to the **novice**, any intelligent and attentive reader of **this** Outstanding book can **learn** much about what **philosophy** is — or could be. □

ROBERT E. CZERNY, who is engaged in postgraduate studies in philosophy and education. lives and works in Toronto.

A QUIET HUMAN VOICE

ARCANA

FRANK DA VEY
Coach House Press
paper \$3.00; 77 pages

reviewed by Don Bailey

IT IS HARD to believe that Frank Davey is living in Toronto. I have just returned from that place and found that **Primal Scream** therapy was all the rage. People in Toronto are paying out **large** sums of money to sit in small blacked-out moms until their minds soap and they cry out **obscenities** to their **mothers** who abandoned them in their play-pens for half an hour to **join** the lady next door for a cup of tea. Primal Scream therapy created a context for the **individual** to vent his anger and frustration **against** those who are responsible for his **maladjustment**. The **walls** of the **small darkened** moms where **these** cathartic **experiences** take place are padded so that **not** only are you able to **scream** but also you are free to **vent** your feelings through the tips of your toes and banging fist. The **walls** are insulated of course so the **neighbours** won't be **disturbed** by the noise.

It is hard for me to imagine Frank Davey living in this atmosphere and

writing the **fine**, and **gentle**, poems that are in this book. Perhaps though **gentle** is not right **unless** you understand that gentleness is not real if it is not **in** tension with strength. So these are lovingly **crafted**, tough poems. As in 'The Knight of Pentacles':

*Again the leaves conceal,
but the 'copter
flattens the ground, its blades
lift above fear.*

*& so the bear is murdered,
brought down by rifle volleys from
above,
ended by a magnum shotgun shell
fired ten feet from its staring skull.*

*On alighting from the copter
the lead hunter, blind in one eye
from another claw,
walks into the back rotor with his
brain.*

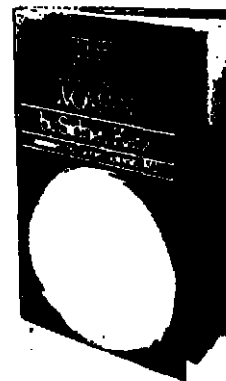
His poems contain a **fascination** and offer clarity to the ongoing process of **living and dying**. The **fascination** is not unusual but the clarity is sharp and **fresh**, sometimes **startling**, as in 'The Waiting':

*& in this carbon world
where dying surrounds us
where humus fuels the ground & man
toils for destruction, we await
our child.*

*Who dies, is dying
that he, her
might live?
We cross streets only at corners, listen
for objects falling from the sky.*

Davey, is 'a poet of **discernment**. His poems are **not** attempts to define or **explain** things but rather recorded travels through the mysterious land of human **relationships**. His eyes end ears **seek** out, **recognize** and **distinguish** **familiar landmarks** but **he** takes us **further**, or maybe a better way to say it is, he **takes** us back into the circle of **irony** in which we live. And he **celebrates** this ever growing larger and smaller circle. Perhaps "His Father bad Bought him a Used Ford":

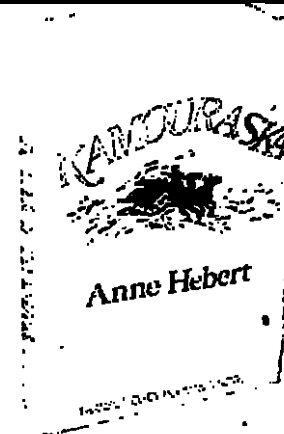
*We last saw them, newly married,
at the junction.
Hope, B.C. They were headed north,
Boston Bar,
Cache Creek, Prince George, Pouce
Coupé. We
were headed east, Oliver, Lethbridge,
Ottawa, Montreal.
Along the road there were dead
porcupines,
several wives, Bob and I.
They thought to go north on a
honeymoon. Later
returned to Vancouver? Nine years
ago. That*



THE DIVIDED WOMAN

Sidney Katz
"Sidney Katz, Toronto Star Writer, has done a truly fine job in writing this book, so that it is much more than just an ordinary case study. The characters come alive... In the end... I felt like celebrating, too. It's just that kind of book, interesting, unusual and in parts, quite moving." *Edmonton Journal* \$6.95

GP GENERAL
PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
30 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario



KAMOURASKA

Anne Hébert
4 powerful, best-selling novel set in Quebec in 1842, **KAMOURASKA** has now been made into a major motion picture in both English and French. "Kamouraska is a brilliant flame of a book... If one is looking for a flesh and blood Canadian novel pulsing with drama and life. Kamouraska is it". — *Halifax Mail Star*. "A literary triumph." — *Edmonton Journal* \$6.95

MUSSON

BOOK COMPANY
A Division of
GENERAL PUBLISHING CO. LIMITED
30 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario

was the last. I think they were having car trouble. Friends? We left them there, assuming. They left us, heading. The porcupines had also intentions.

His poems operate like spinning trick lariats that cowboys use in mdocs. Sometimes they hang suspended in the air, held up only by their own motion, the loop of the lasso is lost in the movement and you almost forget the circle is designed to catch something, you forget that is until you feel this thing tight around your throat and wonder where it came from.

This is a very good book. It is a book that gives the word honesty new currency in a time when most of us think to be honest is to confess loudly or sit in a small darkened room

scream at ghosts. In Frank Davey's own words from 'Habit':

Let me not read poems. Let me not learn poetics. Let me detest images of my words in journals, anthologies, in all those places where habit is habit, let me not love competence, heroism, idealism, I am not competent, not heroic, not idealistic, I cannot change a goddam tap washer, or cry upon a photoed corpse - I am only a writer, struggling to hear his own words speaking.

It's refreshing to read an artist who's art is made up of the struggle to be more human. □

DON BAILEY is a poet, novelist and short-story writer from Toronto who now lives in Winnipeg.

AN EYE CALLED SPARROW

PANDEMIC

TOM ARDIES; Doubleday; cloth \$5.95; 240 pages

SOMEONE clearly bored or unemployed, boiled down all of literature into seven basic plots.

In one of these, a man of infinite wealth and untold secret powers, lays his hands on that universal solvent which can, in a whiff, "save" mankind only by destroying a large part of it. With this kind of fellow in charge of things, it becomes academic whether the Ruskies or the Yanks go first; we all get it in the end.

But for every invincible plan, there must be someone around who can ruin it, and that's where the thrill usually comes in.

In a spy thriller such as Tom Ardies' *Pandemic*, however, where the lines between good and evil are drawn up pretty quickly, getting there is only half the fun. It's stumbling across the details that makes this novel so highly entertaining and truly attractive to read. I mean, if you ever found yourself caught some evening in a missile silo, wouldn't it be useful to know you could get out of it simply by sneezing a certain way?

Wouldn't it?

But to the point. Canadian thrillers aren't likely to take their place at the

fountainhead of our literary consciousness for a number of pretty obvious reasons.

One: spying. Canadian spying is not of the myths we were brought up on. We still have to import from Europe and America a great deal of our psychological fantasy. And as for all those Canadian spies toiling secretly in the service of their own country, I suspect we could count them on one finger.

So *Pandemic* is a Canadian spy story only insofar as the author, a former journalist and public relations consultant, happens to live in Penticton. And he admits in the novel's opening scene:

Whoever heard of starting a case by watching a girl play shuffleboard in the beer parlor of the Three Gables Hotel in Penticton, British Columbia, Canada? If anyone wanted my opinion - and, as usual, nobody did - it somehow lacked the organ sound of international intrigue.

The speaker here is Charlie Sparrow, recently dispatched from CI-2's top-secret headquarters in Washington to track down William Horatio Orsovin, the weird little billionaire with all the funny gas hidden away.

After the opening slugfest in Canada, quick forays down to Hollywood, one harrowing trip to a standard-issue underground laboratory, three deaths, and untold punishments to the mind, body and cynical soul of our hero, after all this, there's heaven too, because Charlie steps in at the last possible moment to save us all from certain genocide, using nothing but his wit and cool head.

The two great things about Charlie Sparrow are that he is everything we always wanted to be but were afraid to grasp, and that his mouth is capable of producing the most peculiar verbal combinations ever inflicted upon the page.

To wit:

***Charlie is a ladies man - a very polite ladies man.

"It looks like the game's over: I told Packer. Finish your beer. Let's go somewhere and screw." Finally she found her voice. "I beg your pardon." Oh Christ, I thought "All right," I told her. "Have it your way. Let's go somewhere and screw, please."

***Charlie is well-travelled and observant.

There's one consolation to chasing off in an entirely different direction from the rest of the crowd. You may get lonely, but at least there's no one to trip over.

***Charlie has no problems with the boss.

Wining your spurs from Morley is something like going to heaven. You have to die to learn whether you've made it.

***Charlie does not wilt under pressure.

"You know the kind of thing we're after," Franchot said, still turning the knife. "The way the world is going to be destroyed. The time, the place..." "Oh," I said, "that kind of stuff..."

But Charlie, above all, is very very funny - in an old-fashioned, strictly consciousness-one sort of way:

Does anybody know who was the first Libber to bum her bra? I would like to shake the lady's hand. She made a gift to the world. A real gift.

And in the end, with soft-guy cynicism and infinite jest, Charlie tells his boss he needs another raise, presumably so he can laugh his way to success in his next adventure.

which all goes to prove, in Charlie Sparrow's world at least, that he who laughs, lasts. □ H.G. LEVITCH

RUNNING BLUE NOSES

NOVA SCOTIA: WINDOW ON THE SEA

Text by **ERNEST BUCKLER**
Photographs by **HANS WEBER**
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$12.95; illustrated; 128 pages

MEASURING approximately 10% inches by 11 inches, printed on heavy, glossy stock, designed with impeccable taste. Nova Scotia: *Window on the Sea* is a picture book with text. The photographs are in both colour and black and white. The prose strives for a descriptiveness beyond the ordinary bounds of language; Pictures and text are only tenuously connected. One's expectations are disappointed.

Ernest Buckler's text, set among generous swatches of white space, occupies 40 pages. Some of it is reminiscent of his magnificent novel of childhood and maturity and family and pride, *The Mountain and the*

Valley. Most of it is not. 'The first section, "Amethysts and Dragonflies," presents Nova Scotia and its people in general, introductory terms:

Nova Scotia is nearly an island, nearly the last place left where place and people are not thinned and adulterated with graftings that grow across the grain. Yet what saves it from insularity is a peninsularity lib that of the heart. The arteries go out to the Main, but the beat is all of itself.

The third section, "Man and snowman:" is a fine short story about an old farmer whose body, "twin of him, has betrayed him," so he lies abed now, paralyzed. remembering:

smoke rising, dew falling, wheels turning, sun, rain, snow... with Ellen them., it was having all the good things in the year's teeming calendar as near to hi as the touch Of hi own blood and all the stony ones a flint-proof skin apart.

Another, "Faces and Universes," hymns a few of the province's lyric particulars:

The clink of the cider mugs against the spigot when two neighbours, sweating together in the potato field, take fifteen minuted recess in the cellar cool as wells. The sound of snowshoes on the woods trail. hardly louder than snowing; and the sound of bonfires, rustling as summer.

The last short section, "Counterfeit and Coin," wonders whether the essential Nova Scotia will survive progress, "the advance spy of Babel and steel." All in all, despite several images crafted with an excellence that is Buckler's hallmark, the text falls short of its intentions. It is like a patchwork rug, brilliant in some places, ragged in others.

Hans Weber's photographs are uniformly competent. rarely striking. Nicely displayed (except when a black-and-white shot faces a coloured one), they depict seascapes and lobster pots, landscapes and picket fences, faces and fields. They are good to look at, but do not invite more than a couple of inspections.

Nova Scotia: Window on the Sea will interest the province's many expatriates, but the rest of us might well heed Ernest Buckler's own words:

A land as exhaustively detailed as this is like a person. And so, like a person, unencompassable by any net of words the tongue throws out. Neither by any mode of dissection or addition.

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF



GUN POINTS

CANADIAN DEFENCE PRIORITIES: A Question Of Relevance

COLIN S. GRAY
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$9.30: 293 pages

reviewed by Ernie Regehr

IN A THOROUGH and occasionally tedious analysis, Colin Gray confirms what most Canadians have suspected for some time: there is no convincing military justification for Canada's Armed Forces.

The rationale traditionally deferred to — recited again in the Trudeau Government's 1971 White Paper on defence policy and relying, as it does, on cold-war rhetoric about surprise Soviet bomber attacks — is effectively dismantled by Gray on its own terms. Canadian geography alone effectively militates against any sure defence, and in the deadly syllogism of nuclear deterrence, Canada's modest surveillance and conventional fighting systems have long since ceased to be a serious premise.

But Ottawa's military strategists possess sufficient canniness not to rely exclusively on such, dated logic, and, indeed, Gray's major effort in *Canadian Defence Priorities: A Question of Relevance* goes toward developing acceptable roles for a military establishment that has been robbed by strategic realities of any obvious purpose. What both Gray and official strategists seize upon is the notion that a military establishment is essential for any nation that desires access to international political intelligence, and to purchase influence in world councils.

Without a military presence in NATO, the argument goes, Canada would be cut off from the pooled intelligence of the alliance. And without a military contribution to NORAD, Ottawa would lose any influence it has in Washington regarding the defence of North America.

It is an argument that has been effectively discredited by Prof. James Eays. As for the need for intelligence, Eays calls on the testimony of Henry Kissinger: "Our policy-makers do not lack information; they are in many respects overwhelmed by it. They do lack criteria on which to base judgments." And as for the purchase of influence, says Eays: "The foreign minister of a small state may not be able to summon a gunboat in aid of his diplomacy, to carry a big stick let alone to brandish it. But he can carry a briefcase well enough, and stock it with proposals."

Gray argues for the withdrawal of Canadian forces from European soil — (forces based in Canada, but committed to NATO service, would accomplish as much) and warns against Canadian forces performing tasks that do not serve specifically Canadian interests within NORAD. But all arguments are so hedged in the service of the non-partisanship pledged in the preface that the reader finds it almost impossible to attribute any final conclusion to him.

But for all the balance and equivocation in the analysis, the author's claim that "there is no writing in the



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book of a political partisan nature" is specious. The arguments are thorough and purport to be balanced, but it cannot be denied that they are advanced from a particular perspective. The rationality of nuclear-deterrence logic is never questioned, the legitimacy of an arms industry is assumed — "Canada does have the option of becoming a more serious competitor in the world armament business" — and, indeed, the acceptability of military force in the affairs of men is taken as self-evident.

In these assumptions the author may well reflect majority opinion, but that is not to say they are non-partisan and value-free positions. It would certainly not have been more partisan to begin from the premise that the stockpile of nuclear weapons as a deterrent against their use is an absurdity into which only the completely irrational would willingly enter. Or that defence itself is a sham, being nothing more than a euphemism for counter-attack.

Effective analyses from the perspective chosen by Gray are obviously necessary, and in this case we have a thorough and ambitious effort. But to consider it non-partisan is to suggest that it actually sums up all that there is to be said on the subject, or at least that all arguments and considerations have been given a fair hearing. This is obviously nonsense. Too much of military and foreign-affairs writing implicitly accepts the basic premises of the partisan interests of those whose policies are under review. The result is a great deal of quibbling over details and attention to questions of timing and degree, with the implication that all radically different orientations are b-relevant.

Colin Gray is a competent reviewer of defence-policy questions as seen through the eyes of traditional strategists, but Canadian Defence Priorities is only one of several ways of addressing those questions. □

ERNIE REGEHR, who lives in Ottawa, is international editor of *World Federalist* magazine, a political columnist with the *Mennonite Reporter* and a research assistant for the Canadian Council of Churches.

ROOT, TRUNK AND BRANCH PLANTS

GREAT BRITAIN'S WOODYARD: British America and the Timber Trade

ARTHUR RN. LOWER
McGill-Queen's University Press
Cloth \$16.50; 271 pages

THE RUSH FOR SPOILS: The Company Province, 1871 - 1893

MARTIN ROBIN
McClelland and Stewart
paper \$5.95, cloth \$10.00; 318 pages

THE AMERICANIZATION OF CANADA (Reprint)

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT
University of Toronto Press
paper \$3.50, cloth \$10.00; 124 pages

reviewed by Glen Frankfurter

THESE THREE books are about loot. The first two consciously and the third unconsciously set forth the ways in which powerful societies ravage their colonies and hinterlands at the behest of their greedy masters.

With *Great Britain's Woodyard*, Professor Lower, who is in his 84th year, completes one of the monumental achievements of his life's work — the study of the destruction of the great Canadian forest and the impoverishment and degradation of the Canadians who thoughtlessly did the job. This work began with his masters thesis, continued with his doctoral dissertation and resulted in the three major forest books: *Settlement and the Forest Frontier of Eastern Canada (1936)*, *The North American Assault on the Canadian Forest (1938)* and now, after an interval of some 35 years this final work on the genesis of Canada's timber industry and its first

development in the imperial service of Great Britain.

What Professor Lower has given us here, with all the authority and experience at his command, is a cautionary tale from the days when the world was made of wood — wooden ships, wagons, carts, wheels, casks and fuel; when great sea powers lost and won empires depending on whether or not they could secure a steady supply of ship's masts, when wood was to politics what oil is today.

Early in this study he quotes from Peter Fisher, New Brunswick's first historian (1825) who even then saw clearly where indiscriminate cutting would lead:

A stranger would naturally suppose that such a bade must produce great richer to the country...large towns...commodious and elegant houses, extensive stores and mercantile conveniences...But here he would not only be disappointed but astonished at the rugged and uncouth appearance... There is not even a place that can claim the name of town. The wealth that has come into it has passed as through a thoroughfare to the United States to pay for labour or cattle. The persons principally engaged in shipping the

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timber have been strangers who have taken no interest in the welfare of the country . . . whether they won or lost, the capital of the country has been wasted, and no improvement of any consequence made to compensate . . . Instead of seeing towns built, farms improved and the country cleared and stocked with the reasonable returns of so great a trade; the forests are stripped and nothing is left in prospect, but the gloomy apprehension when the timber is gone, of sinking into insignificance and poverty.

At the end Professor Lower sounds his own sad but hopeful note:

The only dependable defence against the ravages of a great staple trade is the growth of a community in the hinterland being depleted. . . rarely from the locality directly affected. Our thought here must be of a community in a wider sense, a community mounting up towards the status of a nation. Such a status brings pride, even love — 'love thou thy land . . .'

In between he explores the whole fabric of the trade; the imperial necessity, the private greed, the rigging of the markets, the creating of an artificial shortage, the use of emigrants as outward ballast. And he examines the lives of the men who shaped the industry and were in turn shaped by it.

We meet the speculator John Caldwell who stole 219,000 pounds from the public treasury, Philemon Wright of Hull, the Prices of Québec, the Egans and the Booths of Ottawa. And we glimpse the lives of the shantymen, the *draveurs, les rafsmen*, who did the hard and dangerous work, "Like the sea, the woods gave rise to their own manner of life and their own manner of men." A not inconsiderable bonus is a 16-page album of photographs and prints at the centre of the book that indeed shows the manner of these men.

'Great Britain's Woodyard' is a graphic example of the uses of history. It illuminates not only the past but also the present.

Professor Robin's book begins, in a sense, where Professor Lower leaves off. This history of British Columbia is the instructive tale of a society that chose "railway-owned governments rather than government-owned railways." It is the story of the looting of British Columbia by the junior metropolis in Eastern Canada and by its betters in the United States and Great Britain. Professor Robin tells the tale

with irony and wit, with incisive character sketches of the clowns and predators who swarmed over the province like a plague of locusts. *The Company Province* brings this tale of feckless, enthusiastic, mindless theft, racism, and civil oppression down to 1933 and the age of Pattullo, Hart, Johnson and "Wacky" Bennett; to the suicide of the old parties, and the era of Social Credit and the NDP. Professor Robin's second volume, on the apotheosis of B.C. as the sell-out province, is ready for the press. I, for one, can hardly wait.

And finally we come, not to history, but to an historical object, a fascinating fossil embedded in the historical geology of the Social Darwinism and Anglo-Saxon supremacy that gripped England and America at the turn of the century.

Moffett's book, his doctoral thesis at Columbia first published in 1907, explores relentlessly those forces, social, economic, political, cultural and demographic making for the inevitable alloy of a North American union.

And' what a boon to mankind it would be! All the existing conflicts and suspicions, the obstacles to a perfect understanding 'between Great Britain and the United States would disappear. The ultimate triumph and hegemony of the Anglo-Saxon world would be assured. Virtue would reign.

Even the statistics are fun. In 1901 Boston had more Canadians than Quebec. Chicago more than Ottawa.

New York more than Halifax. Massachusetts had the densest Canadian population in the world. Greater than any province.

Moffett was a careful man and his book is fascinating for its picture of the American view of Canada in 1909 and the revelation that it hasn't really changed very much in 65 years.

But where Moffett, in spite of his carefully prepared brief for the American dream, came a cropper was precisely in his lack of imagination, in his failure as a dreamer. He was blind to the separate Canadian experience, physical and social, that had parted these North American societies at their birth. As a result when the court brought in its verdict only two years later — at the Canadian general election of 1911 — it was thumbs down for Reciprocity and the Americanization of Canada.

But since the argument is still going on it is instructive, useful and even entertaining. To have handy this relic from the high noon of the American dream. And not the least of the virtues of this edition is the thoughtful and thorough critical introduction, by Professor Allan Smith of the University of British Columbia which, in itself, is a valuable essay on Canada and its imperial neighbour. □

GLEN FRANKFURTER is the author of *Baneful Dominion*, a history and *A Stranger in My Own Country*, a novel. He has just completed a new historical work to be published shortly.



the last course super

Drawing by J. Rosenblatt

DIARY OF A MAD AUTHOR

When Alan Edmonds finished writing his book, he thought his work was done. It wasn't

WRITING BOOKS isn't easy, and the wisit to find out whether the book sells well shreds the nerves. But both are much easier to take than the intermediate stage, which is called schlepping the title. I have just finished a schlepping tour of Canada, and this is my testimony of having survived it.

Etymologically speaking, schlepping is Yiddish for wearily dragging something from place to place. I practice it means dragging yourself (and a copy of the book) from Halifax to Vancouver on a city-hopping promotional tour that involves blowing your own trumpet on any radio or TV station that has vacant air time waiting to be filled with free Canadian content, which is just about all of them.

Not all books are schlepped. Very few, in fact. So the author may feel complimented if the publisher thinks he has a property 'hot enough' to justify picking up air fares, hotel bills and drinks tabs to put you into promotional orbit.

There's a price to pay for all compliments, however. My digestion was once good, but I now suspect I have a ulcer in genesis. In my memorabilia file there's a schedule of the logistics of which would appall Clausewitz. I have learned that to be a "Instant Celebrity, or at least a VIP (Visiting Interesting Personality), on regional radio and TV shows you must be both egocentric and yet humble enough to withstand confrontations with interviewers who aren't quite sure who you are or why you're there. I also have a scar on my temple (I was knocked out in Edmonton) and now know what it is to play supporting act to Jesus and to North America's best loved prostitute.

For all this, however, I didn't actually crack until confronted across a microphone by the formidable Judy LaMarsh in Vancouver. Ms. LaMarsh, lawyer, former cabinet minister and

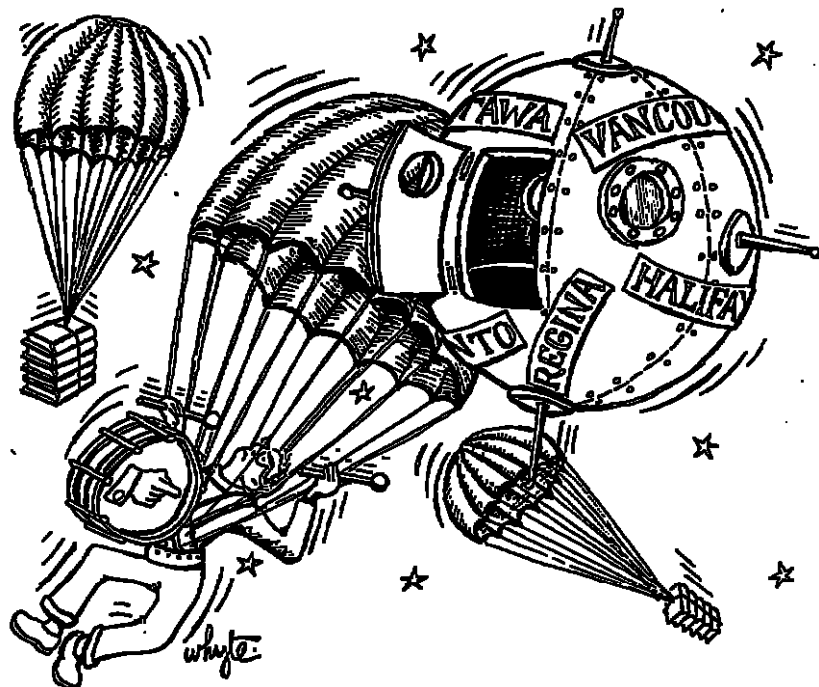
now a \$60,000-a-year broadcaster, is one of a trinity of talk-show hosts in the most loquacious community on earth. I had appeared with the first two — Jack Webster, who splutters, and Art Finley, who smokes odious cigars — before I met Ms. LaMarsh. She hadn't read the book I was schlepping, which was no surprise since many interviewers in the preceding week hadn't.

What was rather disconcerting, however, was her greeting. On the way in to the studio I passed a Jonoesque Nordic blonde who was a Yoga expert and had been the previous guest. I faced Ms. LaMarsh across the microphone, and she hefted the by-now-bated book and said she hadn't read it but had heard it was good and what was I going to talk about for the next 90 minutes?

I almost walked out; but Pat Sloane, the publisher's nubile Vancouver representative — the publisher being McClelland and Stewart; Jack McClelland is not nubile — looked

anxious so I compromised by trying to interview Ms. LaMarsh, asking whether after talking four hours a day to The Great Out There, where the people are, she went home and wallowed in silence. (She does.) Then I started telling a story about a cook-book I once wrote that, lo mid-monologue, I realized was a slander on Pierre Elliott Trudeau and the Macmillan-Hunter publishing company, so I rather lamely tailed off. Ms. LaMarsh said that it wasn't very funny. For the rest of the 90 minutes I talked about my confrontation with Toronto women's libbers who seemed to have elected me Public Enemy No. 1 after a recent article of mine in The Canadian magazine, but Ms. LaMarsh didn't think that was much fun either, and neither did anyone else since the phone-in show phones didn't ring once.

Publisher's representative Pat Sloane bravely said it didn't matter because the other shows had been good, and anyway it was exposure.

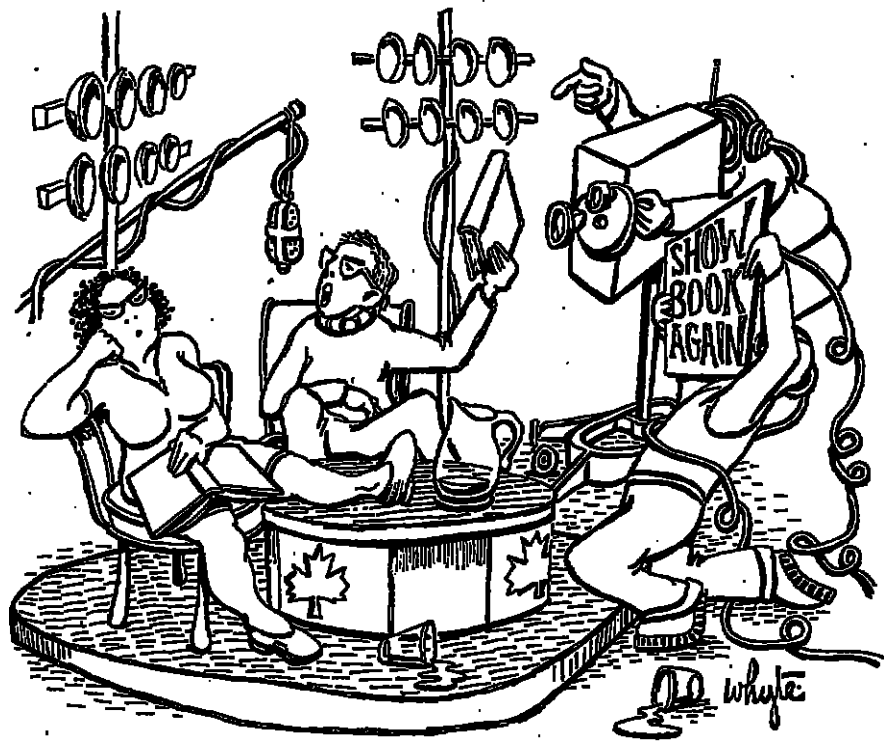


Exposure — **schlepping** — is important to English Canadian publishers. To them, Canada is a land of roughly **10 million** people, the rest **being either** French or so recently **ethnic** they don't read English. The appetite for books in this half-nation is largely **satisfied** by American and British publishers who have unbridled access to Canada, though Canadian publishers **are** denied the **right** to sell their books freely in the U.S. and Britain.

Only about 1% of **English Canada's** population regularly buys hard-cover books. As a result, 2,500 is considered a good sale for a Canadian book and **5,000** is — eureka! — a best seller. But when a publisher thinks he has a product with a wider-than-usual sales potential, he puts the author into orbit. "Routine book reviews are important but **they'll** only sell books to established book buyers," said **McClelland** the day he **annointed** me for the **honour** of a **book-schlepping** tour. "**We want** to hit as many of the general public as often as **possible**."

McClelland and Stewart provided basic training in schlepping at their spring sales conference. Sales and promotion 'people from across the country gathered in a Toronto hotel for a **hype-session** about The Product — 40 titles on the **spring list**. I gather such **affairs** are not significantly different from a meeting of detergent **salesmen**, but there was one evening set aside for meeting those strange people, The Authors, or at least those authors whose works are to be **promoted** hardest. This **particular** literary **soirée** took the shape of a cocktail party and **dinner** in **February**, and the authors included Betty Lee (a history of the Dominion Drama Festival), lawyer-patriot Richard **Rohmer** (a book about the need to establish ourselves in the Arctic) and a Hungarian lady who had produced a book on her unique keep-fit philosophy and had two other nubile Hungarian ladies in black leotards to provide a post-prandial demonstration of the exercises which publisher McClelland had apparently tried as a hangover cure. Electronic oracle Charles Templeton was **also** there, and so **was** I.

On doctor's orders I hadn't had a **drink** for three **months**. I **fell** off the wagon that night, and I **now** justify



my **behaviour** on the grounds that I wasn't used to the stuff. I insulted at least two important **sales** people. When Templeton was midway **through the** after-dinner speech about his book, a modern **vernacular version of** the New Testament called *Jesus*, I had to leave the mom. I tried to pretend that six-foot-three and 220 **pounds** of me was not walking out on Templeton, but as I passed **by** he paused **and** looked my way. Weakly, I said: "Charles, Jesus may have walked on water but if I **don't** go now I may drown in it." As I reached the exit Charles sat down. My own speech was incoherent and poet John **Newlove**, my editor, said the salesmen **might** not remember the book but they'd remember the author. He also suggested the working title for my next **book** should be "How to Lose Friends and Eradicate People."

In late March I was in Halifax; a logical place **to** start cross-country schlepping since my book **is** the story of a 'Canadian **oceanographic** expedition that left from **there and** returned there a year **later**. A **CBC** television producer decided I should be **filmed standing** on a sun-stippled 'docksides with the scientific expeditionary ship Hudson in the background. The resultant 36 minutes of TV exposure may have sold books; **making it** gave me a **filthy** cold.

During the next 10 days I began to regret **ever** having **written** the book. Then are tricks to the **schlepping** trade that one must **learn** the hard way. **The first** is to overcome any absurd belief that you have any claim to inherent modesty because up there on the local **radio** or TV **public** affairs show you are quite clearly on hand to blow your own trumpet. Second, the author must learn to **master** the "**initial flash**," **which** is promotional jargon for "get the cover on the tube, and say the title slowly and **clearly** on air." **The first** involves developing muscles in the **fingertips so** you can hold the book by the edges and not obscure the title **or** cover picture. The **second** tenet proved vital because half the interviewers called it *Voyage to the End of the World*. It **really is** *Voyage to the Edge of the World*.

Not all authors are burdened by modesty or shyness. Across the country, publisher's representative told me with awe of the **schlepping** talents of veterans **Pierre Berton** and Parley **Mowat**. **Berton, they** said, was genuine celebrity material: placed in a bookstore he would never suffer the **agonies** of **sitting** unnoticed. **Mowat's** name **is known**, but not his face. Even so, it seems that when out schlepping he has never had **to** resort to his famous party trick showing what he's

wearing (or not wearing) beneath his kilt.

In orbit, you are always **crossing** trails with other authors. I **began** to feel pursued by Maria Campbell, the Edmonton girl who wrote *Halfbreed*, which deserves to be the season's best-seller. Miss Campbell, who I never met, had a slightly less desperate time than I and the rest of the author's chorus **since** she's **insists** on **travelling** by **train**. She also got a better rating from TV hosts than I did. Perhaps **that's** because she's prettier.

Public reaction is unpredictable. In Halifax it consisted of a phone **call** from a woman **angry** because while being **filmed** on that **dockside**, I had tossed a cigarette butt in to **the harbour**. She **said** she **wouldn't** read anything by anyone so **careless** of the environment. A Montreal lady who phoned angrily because of a recent article of mine in *The Canadian magazine* which she **said**, poked fun at women's lib. She said publishers should blacklist me. In Edmonton, four of the **prairie** fundamentalists, an open-line show with Jim Roberts developed into a two-hour **debate** be-

tween callers and **myself** about **evolu-**tion and a life hereafter. They seemed to think man was not an evolved creature, but was made **from** whole cloth by God. They **also believed** in the life hereafter, **and** I hope it comforts **them**.

Throughout the **West** I was **always** a day 'or so **behind** or ahead of Charles Templeton and **Xavier Hollander**, the Happy Hooker and poet laureate **of the whorehouse**, also on a promotion tour. Jesus and the most **celebrated** hustler since Nell **Gwynne** are **both** tough acts to **follow**. A8 I had to talk about was scientific evidence that tends to disprove the Old Testament, **and** the sex life of a curious sea creature about the size of a pinhead called the *Cosomatous pterapod*. **In au those** fuggy broadcasting booths I felt haunted by Templeton's mastery of the electronic media, and by Miss **Hollander's** rather **pleasant** perfume.

At least half the interviewers hadn't **read** the book arid would ask one question and gaze at me **hopefully** and I would prattle on **inanely** about **hav-**ing written a scientific adventure story and that **I thought** that **in** their own

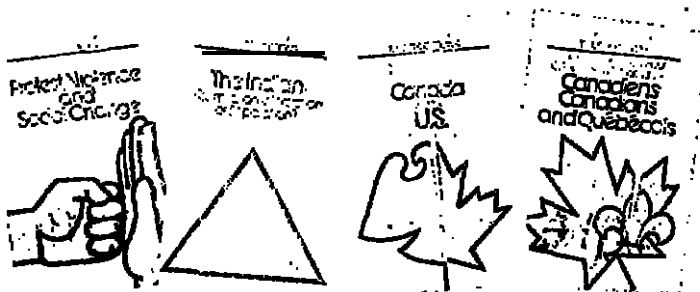
way scientists are every bit as **adventurous** as Champlain. One exception to this **parrotting routine** was Jack Webster's Vancouver **open-line** show. He hadn't read the **book**, but Webster talks so much **himself** it's hard to get a word **in** edgewise **yourself**. He does it **so well** that I believe reports that he **gets** \$100,000 a year.

The agony of such shows is: **Will the phone-in phones ring?** On Webster's show they did-but only to talk about an article I had **written in Maclean's** some years ago and long **since** forgotten about an outbreak of **typhoid** aboard the liner **Oronsay** in Vancouver **harbour**. But after 45 minutes on **Larry Bronton's open-line** in Edmonton during **which** the phone did not **ring once**, one lady called to say kindly: "Don't, be upset. We **Edmonton** people don't **like** to interrupt a **guest** when he's really **interesting**."

The early-morning shows were the **worst**, **largely** because I'm somewhat sluggish **until noon**. My concentration is poor. **Interviewed** Ly Alice **Poiper** on an 8.30 a.m. CBC show in Wipeg, I **lost** track of the questions

'CANADA: ISSUES AND OPTIONS

Editors: R. P. Bowles, J. L. Hanley, B. W. Hodgins W. N. MacKenzie, G. A. Rawlyk



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and found myself trying to count Miss Poyser's freckles. And I used to like Percy Saltzman, host of CTV's *Canada A.M.* show, until he demanded my presence at 7.30 a.m.

The hazards of schlepping are considerable. As the guest of interviewer Suzanne MacDougall on a Hamilton cooking show I was told to show great gusto while eating the food prepared by the visiting chef. Just before the fade-out I dropped a pot on my foot, which hurt. But then I also dropped the book on my toes on at least six TV shows.

Yet perhaps I protest too much. When a woman recognized me in the lobby of the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa I felt an enormous glow of pleasure. I promptly had my hair styled by the same man who does Berton's, bought a suit from Templeton's tailor and have commissioned by dentist to cap those ugly teeth that show up on TV but not in the shaving mirror. I'm all ready for the next schlepping session.

Trouble is, I have to write another book first. □

WHAT WAS AND WAS TO BE

THE BEGINNINGS OF NEW FRANCE 1524 - 1663

MARCEL TRUDEL
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$12.50; 323 pages

reviewed by R. A. O'Brien

THIS HISTORY shows clearly how the French failed to set their sights firmly enough on New France to enable them to expand their influence to any real significant extent. From the discovery of the Atlantic coast between Florida and Newfoundland by Verazano in 1524, the French effort proved only a succession of more or less prolonged failures until the more

energetic English finally took it all away from them.

Not that this history goes as far as that. It was not until the early 17th century that the French narrowed their aims to include only the north-east part of the continent where they had first established themselves. There were only about 3,000 of them in New France by the middle of the century. The New England colony by that time had grown to almost 50,000. In Virginia, English settlers could now be numbered as high as 30,000. The Dutch in the Hudson River valley by this time had reached 10,000.

There is evidence, in this book and elsewhere, that the French efforts were split by the ever-present religious element in their planning: While such rather more independent and worldly figures as Frontenac were able to put up some resistance to the priests, who were always liable to dissipate the colonizing and exploratory efforts of the colony by wanting too much attention to their own soul-saving efforts, it was mostly a matter of high-level disputes and delays.

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As for French **colonizing**, not **only** was it feeble compared to that of other nations on **the continent**, but it suffered from a strange ambivalence in the course its planners set with **relation** to the Indians. **The French could** be very good with the Indians. Their fur traders and early **explorers were** generally without racial bias and, because **they had** to live with Indians, learned to treat them with respect, **But the official policy too often ruined this rapport** and in the end the Indians **turned** repeatedly against the French, remaining markedly loyal for the most **part** to the English.

Politically, also, the French **regime** was **primitive**. This situation was the result of the French **failure** to keep up with the times politically and **was** exacerbated by the notorious **reluctance** of capable citizens to leave the home country and **their equally noticeable tendency to return** unexpectedly once **having** arrived.

It was not until **the King** took the colony more or less under **his** personal control that stagnation lessened. But nothing could **save** it as long as the **Crown** remained **unwilling** to pour money and men into **the venture**. **The real tragedy of Quebec lies right here** — modern **French-speaking** Canadians **profess** a lot of feeling for the motherland but they forget that **their** colonial ancestors **were all** but abandoned by France, and certainly **grossly** neglected for long periods.

Of **course**, Mr. Turdel has concentrated **on** the earlier **years**, the earliest journeys in the 16th **century** and the complete **history** of **exploration**, settlement, and **commerce** during the **first** part of the **succeeding** century. The foundations and their development **to this** point, are here carefully **set forth** in a detailed, reasoned and thoroughly capable **manner**. The author is well **qualified**, **having** had a long academic career devoted to the history of New France **from its beginnings to the 1760s**. This book supplies a concentrated and **lucid** exposition of the fatal **early** days during which the French **missed** the chance to set the seal on their **claims** to a huge, **rich** tract of **country** stretching from **Labrador** to Louisiana

R.A. O'BRIEN is the Editorial Page editor of the *Kingston Whig-Standard*.

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THE EFFIGIES AND THE AGONIES

ANTHROPOMORPHIKS

ROBERT FONES

Coach House
illustrated; pages unnumbered

THE MARTYROLOGY

pp nichol

Coach House
paper \$6.00; illustrated; pages unnumbered

reviewed by Fraser Sutherland

THOSE UNACQUAINTED with *Bibendum* will need to know that this particular anthropomorphik is the Michelin ma" with the spare-tire torso, usually depicted doing unlikely things in the French countryside. *Bibendum* and his fellow creatures of the industrial imagination are collected in Robert Fones' consistently clever, rather endearing book.

Fones distinguishes between two kinds of anthropomorphiks; "humanoids" are "inanimate objects endowed with human qualities" — such as arms and legs. "Mannamorphs," however, are "an assemblage of homogeneous modules built into the shape of a man." To illustrate, he has assembled collages, poems, drawings and logos that owe something to Dada and Surrealism but have a life of their own. Certainly one can forego theory and literary history in the face of such a visually delightful collection. So beautifully crafted is this limited edition of 750, in fact, that the poems tend to get lost among the ravishing illustrations, which is at times a pity. Fones' verse is often as impressive as his artwork. Consider, for example, this perfect, pure image:

*empty eggshells
waiting for the sun
to fill each one*

One inclusion puzzles me: a photograph of a hand holding a condom. The caption reads: "If the condoms slips [sic] off the penis, it should be removed from the vagina immediately, with the open end held tightly closed."

On the facing page, "I will not let the condoms slips off the penis" is repeated 24 times. A useful If ungrammatical piece of information, no doubt; followed by a brave resolution. But what has it to do with anthropomorphiks? Perhaps Fones ought to do a companion book to be called *Anthropomorphiks*, and dealing with personalized pm-phylactics.

All jokes aside, the book is a delight: one meets Bertie Bassett, the liquorice

allsorts man; Mister Softee; the Quaker Puffed Pals' ("I'm Puffed Wheat" 'I'm Puffed Rice') — not to be confused with Puffy Pete the popcorn man; the Heinz tomato people; the Can-D-Man; and of course the cheerfully zappy lightbulb of Nova Scotia Light & Power. Nor should we forget *Bibendum* himself, a Pompidou-like figure.

Victor Coleman, introducing the book, says that "Fones' poems and collages make up a vision of pure

artists

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contemporaneity in which the figures in the landscape are real people possessed by the *idea of* mechanization in a world that *disallows the personal.*" But the moral to be taken from the book, it seems to me, is a little less pretentious — a good artist like Fones finds his material anywhere: the billboard and letterhead, the junkyard and the town dump.

bp Nichol's *Martyrology* comes in a two-book set, bound by a purple band and decorated with fresco-like drawings by Jerry Ofol of the saints themselves: an anagrammatic bunch with names like Saint And, Saint Reat, Saint Orm, and Saint Ranglehold. So, in a sense, the set is a parody of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. But the hagiography reads much like autobiography. The saints are used as a symbolic framework, or to ferry the narrative. Saint Orm, for instance:

*you were the pilot i took on board
slept on the steps of dezso huba's place
the night dare & barb weren't home
coming down with the flu
didn't know what to do*

The poems, written between 1967 and 1971, are filled with a curious gabbliness which sometimes trails into wispy lyricism. But Nichol may not be guilty of the set's most tedious exercise: an "Afterword" that is almost unbearably silly. A sample:

*Our hearts go out to St. Retch, who
was martyred on the rack, but we are
not inclined to sympathize with St.
Ingy, least of all with St. Encht And
we had better pass lightly over the
unsavoury activities of St. Ole and
the notorious St. Rawberry, better
known as St. Robbery.*

And so on and on. The afterword's author is David St. Alwart. The whole article smells like an inside joke and, to use one of Nichol's lines, "the puns are obvious & seal the mind."

The Martyrology offers good lines, even good sections, like hidden springs beneath the rocks. But take along a canteen.0

FRASER SUTHERLAND, editor of *Northern Journey*, has published several collections of poetry and has recently completed a study of Hemingway and Callaghan.



AN EXACT MADNESS

CRUSOE

ELI MANDEL

Anansi
cloth \$5.95; 107 pages

reviewed by Lorraine Vernon

ONE OF THE most striking poems from this collection, selected from Mandel's work by Margaret Atwood and Dennis Lee, is the striking "Houdini." The poem is particularly interesting and significant because Mandel is himself a kind of poetic Houdini, freeing himself again and again "with all his chains singing around his feet/like the bound crowds who sigh, who sigh." The poem is beautiful, typical and I can't help but admire the intricacies of the escape mechanism but I'm not sure I believe in the imposed chains.

Eli Mandel deals elegantly, with poise and self-assurance, in a dark underground life, where "the world turns like a murderous stone/my forehead aching with stars". He wants the reader to look at the "real, ridiculous self/Crouched in the unexplained interior" and I looked, with real and conscientious yearnings, for my own darkness to combine with the poet's, as readers do, but frequently found: "The room. is alien: threats uttered/where only the print and I engage/our locked dialogue."

There's a rational insanity in Eli Mandel's poems that is both the essence and the alienation. The strange end paradoxical quality could be inverted to be called an irrational sanity but whatever it's labelled (and I prefer not to label at all) Eli Mandel dates in the title poem "Crusoe," originally from *An Idiot Joy*, the Governor-General's Award Winner in 1967:

*Do not ask how I have come
to an exact madness
or what my keepers name
the frenzy of compliant sense.*

And again he says, in "Notes From The Underground": "Read in the water how

a drowning man/sings of a free green life."

His work ranges from "Minotaur Poems", *Trio* 1954, to the present. Mythological associations and Hebrew heritage diminish in the later poems that are more silent, more spare. Mandel has always known the value of silent language, unutterable speech. "The Speaking Earth" is a good example of non-verbal awareness and of fine lyricism. The Four Songs from the "Book of Samuel" are cut to two, both biblically impressive. the-second gloriously lyrical:

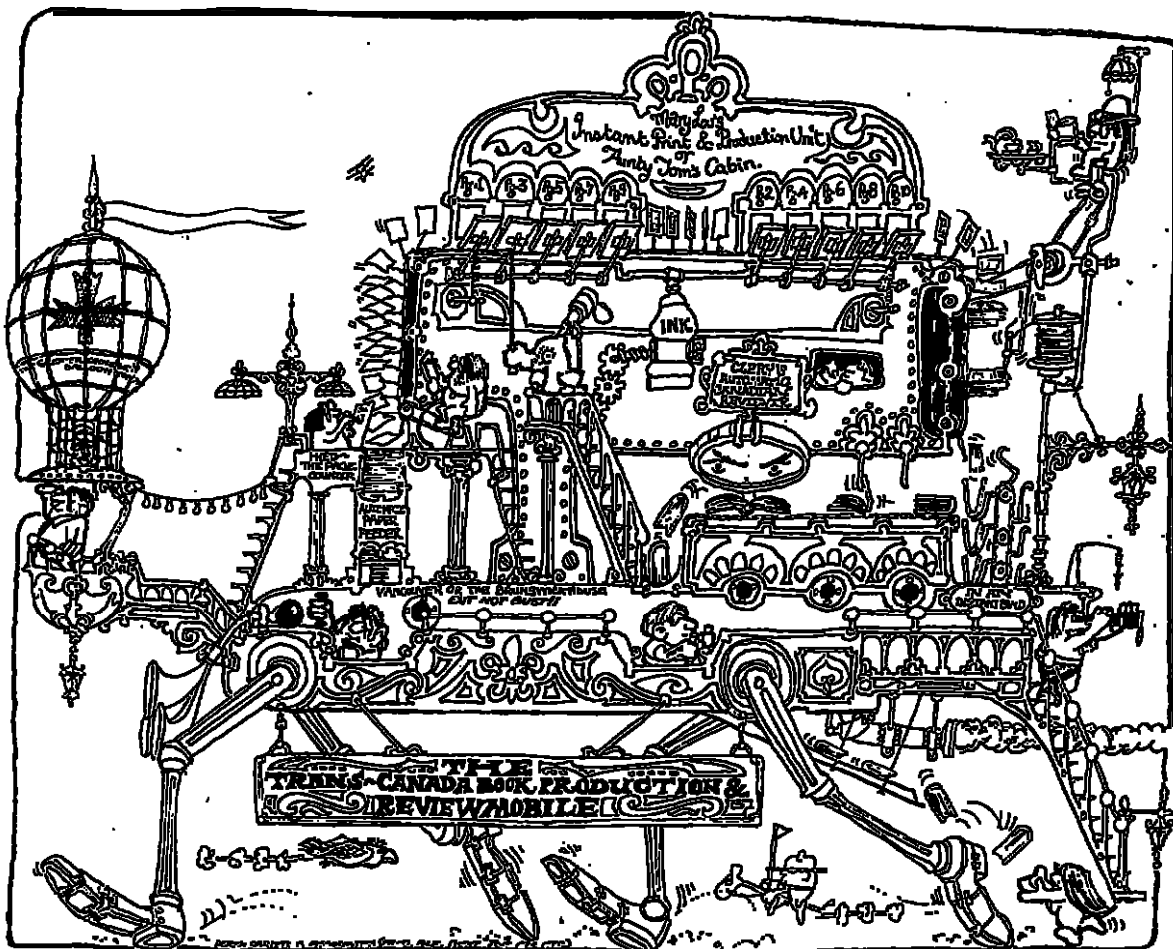
*I forgive the poet for lying about god
I forgive god for tomorrow
I forgive the arisen prophet
the man who is a weapon
the weapon
death
the song
the singer dying in his song
even myself*

The Eli Mandel I enjoy most is the one who sings in his chains like Ophelia in the flowers or writes with deadly containment of a "Doll On The Mantelpiece" or speaks with sound simplicity about "Streetlights":

*I'd like to think
they know as much of final things
as any living creature who endures the dark.*

A number of the selected poems have been pared down, with whole lines and stanzas taken out but little rearrangement of words. When Mandel pares, he takes out whole pieces. "Psalm 24" is smaller and more literal. I must admit that when he said: "It's your scripture. You read it," I went directly to the bible and read Psalm 24 because these are the little troubles I have with Eli Mandel. I'm never sure whether to be rational. I'm not quite sure, except in the singing, whether it's Mandel the crazed, or Mandel, the critic. I did learn however through devious methods the "Psalm 24" is not "the mind's clear sense of paradise" and that was important.

I would like to know why the poem "On the 25th Anniversary of the Liberation of Auschwitz: Memorial Services, Toronto, YMHA, Bloor & Spadina, January 25, 1970" was left out of this collection. The poem would have taken four pages, one of which could have been spared from the epigrammatic "News Item."



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"News Item" is a tricky little poem concerning a man who threw himself into Ottawa's eternal flame and suffered superficial burns. I would rather see a perceptual mural in blood/words or a mammoth finger-painting in this fine collection than a

kindergarten collage. Perhaps it's a matter of *Survival*. □

LORRAINEVERNON is a Vancouver journalist and poet who writes for the Vancouver Sun and for Canadian Literature.

THE MUSE THAT COMES OUT OF THE COLD

AN ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY BY SASKATOON POETS

Edited by CAROLINE HEATH
Typeset by &inter's Devil paper unpriced; 75 pages

39 BELOW: An anthology of Greater Edmonton poetry

Edited by ALLAN SHUTE & R. G. FYFE
Treefrog/Wotnot paper \$1.75; 130 pages

reviewed by Katherine Govier

THE SASKATOON anthology has a concrete poem for a cover that reads "rieprairieprairieprair.." and that folds out so that you can pin it on the wall. It is an attractive publication, the financing for which, the foreword tells us, came chiefly from the Local Initiatives Program. The anthology is "an experiment in community poetry."

The poems in the book were selected from the works of a group that meets weakly to read and criticize its poetry. The poets are between 15 and 72 years of age, and spend their non-writing hours doing such things as cold-welding, nursing, sculpting, home-making, and whatever you call what electronics technicians do. This much can be discovered by reading the "Notes."

The odd thing is that such variety is found in the poems themselves. Certainly the poets write in somewhat different styles. But from one page to another there is nothing outstanding in tone or subject matter to demonstrate that one poet is 50 years older, was born on another continent, and lives totally differently from another. Perhaps this is what community poetry reveals.

Although I didn't find the variety of personalities I expected to discover,

I found a lot of things I did like in the book. The poets seem to be searching for things to write about, and their search is part of the interest in reading them. The commonest subjects of the poetry seem to be the same as the commonest subjects of small-talk: the landscape and the weather.

Imagination applied to Saskatchewan's winter scene makes it, in Mari-Lou Rowley's eyes:

The endless snowfield
winking with a million diamond eyes
the promise of eternity
the path of blue shadow footprints
gets longer

In W.H. Fernuik's poem "Summer-fallow" the land resembles the setting for a drama:

Sunset fader and drags in a
fat, grinning, lopsided moon.
Red fox, stomach complaining,
goes silently mouse hunting.

Flipping back through the pages, I am met by a lot of dead things — dry yellow leaves, deserted lovers, and swatted flies. But there is also some irony, even some humor. Take the last poem in the book — "Robertson come get me" by Terrence Heath:

the others he killed lay under the ground
He alone lay just beneath the snow.
I dreamt he had escaped
was walking in Toronto
smiling like a prairie person
at the yielding bodies on the
sidewalks.

39 Below, subtitled "The Anthology of Greater Edmonton Poetry" (I am not sure what the antecedent of "greater" is) is a larger and different collection. It includes some well-known poets such as Dorothy Livesay and Elizabeth Brewster, and some poets who will be better known, for example Leona Corn, whose first book will soon be published by Fiddlehead. It also includes, (unfortunately, since they detract from a fair amount of good writing) some poems that probably shouldn't have been published.

For Edmontonians too the weather seems to be the chief preoccupation. Even the title of this collection reveals that the inhabitants of this city are still trying to find an identity in the fact that their winters are cold. Some of the strongest passages are about cold faces, ice breaking and snow banks. The first poem in the book, by Bert Almon, describes a wintry paralysis, and yet it makes me want to go back briefly. Sometimes the snow is nice snow, as in Douglas Barbour's "Incarnalba ill".

the continuing and silent
fall of first snow
the whole night long:
the moon, pale
pushes white light
into our mom, you
your full breasts full
of light a purely
quicksilver presence

And anyway, cold isn't the only thing that is bred in Edmonton. There is also a straightness in speech and a lack of pretense in figures such as is evidenced in Dorothy Livesay's poems about the razing of old neighborhoods for parking lots —

I see the houses
obsolete as horses

and a healthy disrespect which is likeable, as in Nella Kowalow's "Cheaper than Getting Drunk".

I don't like you
and
don't care to
like you
I kiss you
with dust
in my mouth

KATHERINE GOVIER, who now lives and works in Toronto, was born and educated in Alberta; one of her main interests is theatre.

CORPS ANGLAIS

SOUNDPRINTS

PETER SUCH

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$3.50; illustrated; 171 pages

reviewed by Ronald Hambleton

THIS IS a useful and much-needed book, but it is not by any means the book it should be.

six Canadian composers are **presented** in verbal portraits (preceded by a two-page spread: photo of music score on one page; photo of composer's face on the other) written in a style and with a presentation supposed to suggest the particular composer's individual musical landscape. John **Weinzweig** is divided up into sections, each one headed by the title of a **Weinzweig** work (we are supposed to be sitting with him at performances); **Harry Somers** is split up into acts, Like an opera; John **Beckwith** is divided into the two parts of a fairly recent work; Norma **Beecroft** is **all of a piece, and entitled** "The Suspended Sounds"; **Walter Buczynski** is a melange of untitled short episodes; and Murray Schafer is naturally **mixed** media: short sharp bursts of text in two alternating typefaces, each separated by a thick black rule. They are given **roughly** equal time, about 24 pages each, though Schafer's **space** rises to 35 pages because of inserted thoughts by the composer.

There is a six-page **catalogue** of published works, arranged by **composer**; and a three-page index.

The interesting aspect of this book is the fresh biographical material it gives, not only about their composing lives but also **their lives** as **individuals**; the whole life is **covered**, and there is a good deal of personal quotation which always helps **to** sharpen a **biographical** text.

However abstract music is said to be, it is composed by **living human** beings; and the material here packaged in book form about the family origins **and** early interests of these **composers** cannot help but provoke different

considerations of their musical speech and attitudes.

Peter Such, the biographer, has gone in for mixed media himself; and **the** worst of it is that the **worst** of his writing happens in the first biography. It is rhapsodic, sentimental, as abrupt in its **twists** and turns as Mighty Mouse; though now and again it slumps into the most **conventional** of biographical prose. It is only possible to accept the style, because the stuff being told is worth the telling; but it is a pity **that** he did not adopt throughout the reasonable biographical **prose** found in the **Buczynski** and Schafer **sections**.

It is that **outré**, yet inconsistent style, combined with the hard-to-read **sans-serif** lightface body type: that makes this technically an inadequate book. As for its content, it is good as far as it goes; but Such should have been persuaded to range farther **afield** for his six **composers**. Not that these six are in any way unrepresentative, but it seems too limiting in a group biography to leave the list of **names** to the personal choice of the biographer. The reader on that account tends to



distrust **him** for excluding any **Franco-**phone **composers** solely on the **ground** that "Quebec deserves its own volume." It is quite, bad **enough** that he **carves up** the musical society of this country by limiting the book to people he knows, **and** who are **inter-**connected by many a teacher-pupil relationship; **surely** it is actually harmful to suggest that there is **such** a **thing** as musical separatism. □

GULF STRAINS

In Medusa's Eye and other poems

RESHARD GOOL

Square Deal Press, Charlottetown, P.E.I.
paper unpriced; 48 pages

Pommes de terre; an album of pommes

JIM HORNBY

Square Deal Press, Charlottetown, PAL
paper unpriced; 57 pages

reviewed by Jan Michael Dyrhoff

SOMETIMES **AN** i&a, however **excel-**lent, miscarries in the execution. The motion, or rather the actuality, of the Square Deal Press for **P.E.I.** — is Prince Edward Island, with the publication of Reshard **Gool's** *In Medusa's Eye and Other Poems* and Jim **Hornby's** *Pommes de terre: an album of poems* falls into this category.

In theory, poetry should **not** be an aloof, **only-for-the-few** endeavour. Thus the establishment of local or regional presses devoted to the output of 'a particular area — as with the Square Deal Press for **P.E.I.** — is laudable. And should be continued, encouraged, and undertaken **in** many places. But, and this is a significant **qualification**, the greatest **care** possible should be taken in the selection of manuscripts for publication. It is **difficult** to believe that these two volumes, though attractive 'in format, are **Charlottetown's** best in content.

In *Medusa's Eye* by Reshard Gool (who is, incidentally, general editor of the series) is the more solid 'of the offerings. For the **most part though**, the poems are overly caught up in **dealing** with the totems of Western civilization (witness "Penelope," "South African Intellectuals," "Homage to Charlie Parker"). **Gool**, in the long run, seems more concerned with what one ought to think and feel **than with** the rawer emotions that poetry should spring from.

Gool's versification tends to be heavy-handed, with a predominant

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leaning towards blank verse. This selection from the title poem is typical:

*Thoughts like pipesmoke add your face
To universal mirrors of reason; rob
Identity of outline rather as
A factory city ages with pollutions
Nearby yellows of cornfields . .*

His most successful efforts, however, are in the poems based on the death of his daughter Lam ("After the autopsy" and "Generations have looked").

The second of the books, Jim Liombly's *Pomes de terre: an album of pomes*, is, despite a puffing introduction by Gool, unbelievably weak. Hornby is obviously a young writer, and most of his poems display a strong immaturity in style and content. When faced with such "poems" as the following (and I quote in full):

Poem for the Masses
massurbation

and,
quick poem for readers in a hurry

()
one is tempted to cry "Fraud!" These are neither clever nor witty. They merit what? A shrug of the shoulders?

For the record, most of Liombly's poems are more than one-liners. But they still lack a certain quality that permits them to be capable of analysis (i.e. rereading), without, unfortunately, a sense of lyricism to compensate for such a lack. The opening of "Fire Moon Scapes" (a longish effort) is illuminating:

the moon and you and I are two
and know not who is who
you are me or I am I . . .

Perhaps the question admits no answer.

Though these two books seem to get the venture off on the wrong foot, the ostensible goals of the Square Deal Press are noble. And, in fairness, Hornby and Cool both show promise; each needs to get out of their current "traps" — Good listening to his masters' voices, and Hornby following the avant-garde's more limiting trends. There is hope for the future. □

JAN MICHAEL DYROPP is a poet and teaches creative writing and Early English literature at Lakehead University.

THE AGE OF F.R. SCOTT

THE DANCE IS ONE

F.R. SCOTT
McClelland and Stewart
cloth \$5.95: 95 pages.

reviewed by AI Purdy

AFTER ALL the accusations of literary putdowns in the reviews that have appeared in this journal, I wonder if I'm expected to do a hatchet job on Frank Scott? Or the opposite, in order that some kind of balance of praise and put-down may be achieved? Well, it would be hardly the point to rank him with Eliot, Yeats and Dylan Thomas. Scott is his own man arid, as Milton Wilson said in the University of Toronto Quarterly: "He's one of the few poets I could sit down and read at any time and at any place." I agree. It's a pleasure to read him, and superlatives of praise or blame are unnecessary.

The essence of Scott's literary credo is that he wants to be understood. At least that's an important point in his own mind. Years ago he asked me how I understood one of his poems called, "For Brian Priestman." I didn't understand his intent, therefore he intended to change the poem's subtitle. Which surprised me — that a poet should pay any attention at all to somebody else's interpretation of his poems. But more than that, I learned something: it isn't shameful to be understood nor is there necessarily a loss of literary integrity. Before that incident I had been writing private poems. Two weeks after their composition I had difficulty understanding them myself; 15 years later I can't.

Just below the top rank of poets are a great number not recognized as being in these upper echelons. They're all over the place, in any country you want to name: England has Larkin and Hughes, the U.S. Bly and Lowell. In some ways I'd rather read Larkin, Hughes, Bly, Lowell and Scott than those with big literary reputations. Such poets, and Scott particularly, an

not continually straining, as some, certainly are, with war-club adjectives, to knock your reading glasses off and make you murmur in tense soliloquy, "Eternal truths have been revisited to me through this man."

Among Scott's equipment is sardonic humour (the cutting chuckle-kind, not the j&smith clown's); and while not a confession poet, he does not shrink from opening some aspects of his personal life. As others have remarked about him so many times, he has a keen sense of social criticism. And urbanity, which is perhaps rare these days. As well, techniques and craft, an interesting mind, aspects or a poet who is rarely monotonous.

Of course I can't prove any of these things without quoting the whole book, in all its variety. And that's impossible. But I will make a positive statement about one of the poems, "On Saying Goodbye to My Room in Chancellor Day Hall." It's a good, good poem, and I'd love to have written it. I quote the fit verse, which absolutely doesn't prove my point about Scott?

*Rude and rough men are invading
my sanctuary.*

*They are carting away all my books
and papers.*

*My pictures are stacked in an ugly
pik in the corner.*

There is murder in my cathedral.

I think: dear, dear; the poor boy, those rude and mu& men, it really is dreadful of them! The sheer desecration; I should live to see the day! And that litref to Eliot! And worse, the whole thing sounds like an echo of John Glassco's "The Burden of Junk."

But there are IO verses. Few images, but some good metaphor, if one can separate the two. And you know, the damn thing adds up, makes a poem, in fact makes one of the best poems I've read since the last time I was too scornful of anybody. What I thought was a bad beginning (and I swear it is a bad beginning) is typical Scott, part of his stately idiosyncrasy, method, skill and subtlety. I might even think he anticipated a reader like me, who would say exactly what I've said. And then double-crossed me.

The Dance — has a lot of variety, including a sentimental love poem ("Question") that one hardly forgives in such a cynical worldly-wise public man as Scott. (What's that bit fmm

Yeats: "A sixty-year-old smiling public man"? Well Scott was 94 last birthday.) The point is, he can change gears and surprise you, and the surprise is like a **douche** of good rye **whiskey**.

Also included is the poem-sequence, "Letters from the Mackenzie River." Oh **migawd**, I think not another paean to our glorious U.S.-exploited North. Well, it is — and it isn't. A kind of travel diary, without the abiding curse of **dullness** connected to that term. And **here again**, it's difficult to quote. It's the whole, not the parts. But a **man** with a sense of history wrote it, a **man** with **fine** command of stripped-down language. The poem says "It's a lonely life for me **now/I** tried to get along with the **missus/But** she made my **life** a hell" If you thought **Scott** was speaking with his own voice you **might** say **shit**; but he's quoting. After the quote Scott himself says, "Outside the Slave **rolled on/Farther** end farther **from** home." No hell, but a good contrast. The poem-sequence ends with **a line** about the **big** river: "In a land so bleak **and** bare/a single plume of **smoke/is** a **scroll** of history."

And a bunch of translations. Some I like, some I don't. But in either case, I would bet my like or **dislike** is because of the original author, not Scott's translation.

I suppose that — like George Woodcock — I **dislike** and distrust **politicians**. In many ways Scott has always been one of those. Others have written poem after poem **about him I've never** understood their reasons, nor felt the least **inclination** to rhapsodize the man. Because what he writes himself is far better than anything written about him. Sure, along with his admiring poem-writers, I **admire him** too, applaud things he has done. (Among them: **being** at least **partially responsible for breaking Duplessis'** padlock law: **his writing** and social philosophy **strongly** influencing the **original CCF** credo. the Regina Manifesto ...) **He is the 98-year-old smiling public** man, and seems to have been here forever.

But I don't **mean** to make the guy sound perfect, or even close to it. — a **strong** danger in **writing** about a poet you admire. Scott won't "shake the reader with storms of uncontrollable emotion or intellectual insanity, or

anything like that. What he will do is that rare thing, make you feel like he did when he wrote the poems. Not a **politician's** craft or sullen art. Not really. But the poems of a **man** who has lived a long end **full life**; and **communicated** it admirably. **Ruminating** jealously, I say: What couldn't I have written if I'd lived a life like that? But it's his. □

(Note: *Al Purdy's estimates of F.R. Scott's age are of course poetically licentious. — Ed.*)

AL PURDY has been described as our "most essentially Canadian" poet; from his home base in Ameliasburgh, Ont. however, he ranges the globe.



FLUE BOG

Drawing by J. Rosenblatt

KEEPING 'EM ON THE FARM

RURAL LIFE IN CANADA
(Reprint)

JOHN MACDOUGALL
University of Toronto Press
cloth \$12.50, paper 83.95; 248 pages

THE ORIGINAL edition of this book appeared in 1913 and it is something of a mystery why anybody thought it worth **reviving**. The key question asked by **MacDougall** is "Why is rural Ontario unable to keep the girls on the farm?" as **paraphrased** from the **Globe in** 1911. Shortly **after** that, a **Presbyterian minister** asked the **same question** at **Lake Couchiching**: "Have all our women the vagrant heart?" Of course, it wasn't just the girls and women who **were** heading for the **bright** lights. The boys and men were **departing even** faster — and most Canadians were worried about the trend.

SOME MEN ARE MORE
PERFECT THAN OTHERS:

Merle Shain

"If you've ever been in love, or thought about yourself in love, been married or separated or divorced, or been involved in an affair and deserted. And if you think these experiences are more important than your career or your bank balance or your social status or your car or your dog or house, then this is the book for you". Val Clery, CBC \$7.95

MUSSON

NOOK COMPANY

A Division of
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30 Lesmill Road, Don Mills, Ontario.

The original publication of this book was under the auspices of the Board of Social Service and Evangelism of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. This sponsorship was not calculated to impart a spirit of free inquiry to any social endeavour and MacDougall's work is full of pulpit adoration and moralizing.

Not that there was no problem. Canada at that time was mainly rural, and the rapid depletion of the country population naturally caused some concern. But that depletion has been going on steadily ever since without having caused any great social revolution. Evolution, yes; but hardly revolution. The trouble then was much the same as it is now: reaction against the narrow confinements of rural life — social, economic, personal.

Beyond being "an interesting period piece," as the publisher's blurb puts it, *Rural Life* has very little significance. MacDougall himself, although he graduated from McGill in philosophy and English (a gold medal), ended up at the Presbyterian

College in Montreal and served that Church for the rest of his active life. In spite of his academic distinction in English, he wrote in a formal, didactic and totally uninspired way and sprinkled his text with oddments of verse, at their worst doggerel, at their best rising to Archibald Lampman.

From the standpoint of its factual content, which is considerable, backed up by an array of statistics, the sources of which are doubtful, this book may claim to be a necessary addition to the history of a period. There are also some period photographs, always interesting, and in this instance one of the best features of the book.

On the whole, though, this seems an example of having strained rather too hard to produce "another example of that abundant "Canadiana" that our publishers have been turning out so enthusiastically since Centenary Year. This trend in itself is worthy, and the appearance of an occasional failure should not in any way blind us to the excellence of the crop at large.

R.A. O'BRIEN

THE NEW CANADIAN LIBRARY
continued from page 27

Lowry Walk". Lowry himself would have enjoyed the irony and perhaps wryly observed that the directional sign to it has been defaced.

Canadian Literature Examination, Fall Semester

Section A (Sight Passages)

THE CANDIDATE MUST ANSWER QUESTIONS ONE (A) AND ONE (B):

QUESTION ONE (A): Selecting any five of the passages given above, discuss the critical methods of each critic and examine his/her ability to deal adequately with the subject matter in the ridiculously limited space provided by the publisher.

QUESTION ONE (B): Define ONE of the following:

- (a) a "thumping" beat.
- (b) "a brazen nature in its original golden form."
- (c) \$0.95.

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Wild Geese.

Martha Ostenso;

introduction: Carlyle King.

239 pages, \$2.50.

Where Nests the Water Hen,

Gabrielle Roy;

introduction: Gordon Roper.

160 pages, \$1.95.

The Tin Flute.

Gabrielle Roy;

introduction: Hugo McPherson.

274 pages, \$1.95.

The Cashier,

Gabrielle Roy;

introduction: W.C. Lougheed.

217 pages, \$1.95.

Wild Geese, so the cover blurb insists, is "A brilliant study of human cruelty and human love. This book achieves a new dimension in Canadian literature." Oh, come on now. In point of fact, *Wild Geese*, though it won a lucrative American literary prize in 1925, is awkwardly written, badly structured and boring. If (as they should be) all the "new dimensions in Canadian literature" were laid end to end, *Wild Geese* would survive only as a single ruffled feather.

Like *Wild Geese*, Gabrielle Roy's *Where Nests the Water Hen* is set in a pioneer mid-Western farming community. First published in 1951 as *La Petite Poule d'Eau*, Ms. Roy's joyful little novel is in its seventh NCL reprint and should be placed on the reading list of every Can. Lit. course by government edict. Its heroine, Luzina Tousignant, uncomplicated and uneducated as she may be, will win your heart:

Luzina wanted to cry out. She had shifted the chubby baby from her right arm to her left; she pressed it to her sturdy breast and prepared to extend her free hand toward the teacher. she was laughing, for emotion had that effect on Luzina. The more she was affected, the harder she laughed. and then the more she laughed, the less she could control her laughter. All this elegance, this refinement, this gracious atmosphere of life in the South which was today invading her island, all this, cob stricking Luzina's heart, impelled her to a sort of robust, continuous cluck-ins.

Then, among the clutch of minor characters, there is *the* mercurial personage:

The mailman's nose was running copiously; his catarrh had become so bad that, summer and winter, Nick

Sluzick distilled a silvery liquid which hung in threads between the hairs of his nostrils and the bristles of his moustache, criss-crossing in an intricate network and supplying him with a kind of diminutive muzzle, fine-meshed yet tough.

Dickens would have been jealous.

Academic critics are forever going on about "the rural idyll" as among the most conspicuous genres in our literature and, although the term has always struck me as somehow sounding more descriptive of a rare species of fowl than of any book I've ever read, *Where Nests the Water Hen* is certainly idyllic enough to fit the category. Not *The Tin Flute* or *The Cashier*, though. Novels of the squalid, wretched city, they are both set in cynical Montreal where poverty, anomie and filth prevail. At the end of both, one of the major characters dies of cancer.

So morbidly realistic is *The Tin Flute* in its detailing of the ugly nature of urban depression poverty, that as a myopic, middle-class college student some years ago I detested the novel. Which speaks well for it. I have since read it again on a couple of occasions and have come to admire its power and understand its rage. If only because I was never made to study it, however, I prefer *The Cashier*, the story of a harried little man who cannot for long escape the cage of the city. For book readers a particularly apposite passage:

For a long while he had thought books of great aid to help you understand, fit yourself and then others. After escape into adventure, this was what he had asked of books: to be given expression by the talent of others; in the written word he had sought himself. But once you have set out along that road, you find odds and ends, unrelated aspects of yourself, everywhere. Alexandre had excerpted, numbered, and classified hundreds of articles. But there was not enough here — there never would be enough — to contain the vastness enclosed in Alexandre's little life. How elusive and scattered was mm!

The Mountain and the Valley,

Ernest Buckler;

introduction: Claude Bissell.

302 pages, \$2.50.

Judith Hearne,

Brian Moore;

introduction: John Stedmond.

185 pages, \$1.75.

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what the critics say:

about *Magic Water*

"... we see the poet as voyager, explorer, weighing anchor or blasting off from the everyday inertia of living, equipped with the magic water of his imagination."

—The Windsor Star

about *A Poem as Long as the Highway*

Douglas Barbour "talks and sings of the land and the back-roads and the spaces between the cities."

— Books in Canada

In a review of *Ernest Buckler, an anthology of criticism* of the author's three novels, that appeared in an earlier issue of *Books in Canada*, I rhapsodized at some length about *The Mountain and the Valley*. I can only concur once again with Alden Nowlan's assessment that "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.; If you haven't read *The Mountain and the Valley*, do.

Judith Hearne was written by Brian Moore in Montreal when he was en route from Ireland to the U.S. Judith is a Belfast spinster with no real friends unless you count the bottle. This is a solid, unspectacular novel, but it's difficult to work up much enthusiasm about it.

The Edible Woman.

Margaret Atwood;
introduction: Alan Dawe.
281 pages, \$2.75.

Before I ever got around to reading this one, I had read the author's later novel, *Surfacing*, and had been disappointed. A case, I am willing to concede, of being led to expect too much by too many over-awed reviewers. And when a young acquaintance had confided that many of the kids she knew at the University of Toronto were traversing the city in order to visit each of the identifiable locales in *The Edible Woman*, much as Joyceans must make a pilgrimage to Dublin before they die, I was by no means suitably impressed. Since then, however, I have read with considerable delight Ms. Atwood's tale of a young working woman who finds herself identifying first with animal flesh and eventually with all other forms of food, and I am even contemplating making a pilgrimage to the bar atop the Park Plaza Hotel. The *Edible Woman*, amusing and moving by turns, is one of my favorite Canadian novels. Once begun, it's irresistible:

Fisher decided to stand up, perhaps to give rhetorical emphasis to his last words. To lift himself he placed his hands on the card table, two of whose legs jackknifed, sending Fish's

plate slithering into his lap. At that moment the chunk of meat which Marian had just hurled was in mid-air; it caught Duncan squarely in the side of the head, then deflected, bounced across the floor, and landed on a pile of term-papers.

Trevor, a small salad dish in either hand, had stepped through the doorway just in time to witness both events. His jaw dropped.

"At last I know what I really want to be." Duncan said into the suddenly quiet room. He was gazing serenely at the ceiling, a whitish-grey trace of sauce in his hair. "An amoeba."

* * *

Mad Shadows,

Marie-Claire Blais;
introduction: Naim Rattan.

125 page*, \$1.50.

Swamp Angel.

Ethel Wilson;
introduction: Desmond Pacey.
158 pages, \$1.95.

Despite Naim Rattan's lucid introduction to Marie-Claire Blais' novel, I think that *Mad Shadows* is simply drivel, putrefaction of the scummiest kind:

As though a stranger in this tragedy which had started as a game, Patrice watched the geld cane disappear like a melting sword, and also, something which no one had yet noticed, Lanz's wig as it parted from his scalp. Moreover, saturated with blood, Lanz's false beard was falling apart.

He was decomposing before he died.

Now, in a satiric novel like *Carriere's La Guerre, Yes Sir!*, such stuff can be marvellously funny, but here we are meant to somehow take it seriously. Excuse me briefly while I consign my review copy to the trashcan.

And now for a breath of West Coast fresh air. A "Swamp Angel," so Ethel Wilson informs us, is a small revolver; and such a potentially destructive object figures significantly in her novel. "Swamp Angel" also serves to describe Maggie Vardoe, the serene and capable protagonist, who walks away from an unhappy second marriage to establish herself as an employee of a fishing lodge at Three Loon Lake in the northern interior of British Columbia.

A novel well worth reading.

* * *

More Joy in Heaven,

Morley Callaghan;
introduction: Hugo McPherson.
160 pages, \$1.75.

Such Is My Beloved.

Morley Callaghan;
introduction: Malcolm Ross.
144 page*, 51.50.

They Shall Inherit the Earth,

Morley Callaghan;
introduction: F.W. Watt.
255 pages, \$1.95.

There is a story of Morley Callaghan's, "Luke Baldwin's Vow," that I was made to read in high school and that had disposed me against Callaghan ever since. Nor am I alone in this reaction. A friend, the head of a high-school English department, absolutely refuses to read Callaghan for the same reason, even when I assure him that *Such Is My Beloved* and *They Shall Inherit the Earth* both deserve his attention. No student of his is going to have to study "Luke Baldwin's Vow."

Certain works of fiction should be experienced during particular stages of your life in order that you can respond most directly to them. Youth, unimpressed by nuance, subtlety, order, is not the best stage for encountering Callaghan's 1930s novels.

Such Is My Beloved and *They Shall Inherit the Earth* appeared respectively in 1934 and 1935, *More Joy in Heaven* in 1937. *More Joy in Heaven* is for me, the least successful of the lot, although the story of bank robber Ktp Caley's release from prison and the events that lead to his violent death a short time later is generally regarded as one of Callaghan's most effective. *Such Is My Beloved*, recounted with suitable simplicity of style, tells of a young Catholic priest, Father Dowling, and his attempt to befriend a couple of unrepentant, down-end-out prostitutes. Such misplaced concern must be discouraged by Dowling's superiors, and by novel's end he finds himself in a mental home, writing a commentary on the *Song of Songs*.

They Shall Inherit the Earth is the most ambitious of the three and provides an almost panoramic view of life in the hungry 1930s. Set in a city much like Toronto, it introduces the reader to rich men, poor men, radicals and saints, all trying to cope with the disaster of their days. There is much here that is profound:

"It's astonishing," he said. "I know why men deliberately suffer. They say suffering draws men to God."

Maybe it does, only I think it works out like this. God becomes aware of us when we suffer. That's why it may be good for us to suffer. Otherwise we may be forgotten. We have to remind God that we exist. If we suffer, God gets interested in us and has compassion and maybe we are consoled. Suffer and you have a chance of finding God . . ."

Obviously, my department-head friend should give Callaghan another try.

Sarah Binks,

Paul Hiebert;

introduction: A. Lloyd Wheeler.

155 pages, \$1.50.

The Incomparable Atuk,

Mordecai Richler;

introduction: Malcolm Ross.

178 pages, \$195.

Samuel Marchbanks' Almanack,

Robertson Davies;

introduction: Gordon Roper.

206 pages, \$2.35.

As beauty is in the eye of the beholder, so humour is in the funny-bone. There are bits and pieces of *Sarah Binks* ("a satirical gem for the world's storehouse of comedy masterpieces: according to some laugh-starved soul at the Vancouver Sun), that are truly funny. For the most part, though, this biography of a bathetic Prairie poetess (the appro-

priate term in this context, ladies) is merely bemusing. Richler's *The Incomparable Atuk* is somewhat less humorous than the Bob Dylan song about that other Eskhno, "The Mighty Quinn." *Samuel Marchbanks' Almanack* is a salmagundi of arcane considerations and idiosyncratic meanings that, if read in a leisurely fashion over a period of several weeks: is most entertaining.

People of my temperament, in the days of the first Queen Elizabeth, quite often had a skull on their desks; occasionally, for added effect, the skull had a bone stuck in its jaws. This object was called a "memento mori" and its purpose was to keep its owner reminded of the fact that he too, would die. But the modern memento mori is the insurance agent, with his pencils, and whenever I see one I mutter through the General Confession, just in case.

A Voice From the Attic.

Robertson Davies;

introduction: Robert Cockburn.

370 pages; \$2.95.

Son of a Smaller Hero,

Mordecai Richler;

introduction: George Woodcock.

206 pages, \$1.75.

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz,

Mordecai Richler;

introduction: Allan Bevan.

320 pages, \$2.35.

In his introduction to *A Voice From the Attic*, Robert Cockburn declares that "one would be hard pressed to find a more entertaining miscellany than is contained here." I can only heartily second the motion and suggest that Davies' book about the world of books is one of the New Canadian Library's best offerings.

Of Mordecai Richler's novels, even including *St. Urbain's Horseman*, his most recent. I have the highest regard for *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz*, his portrait of the con artist as a young man. Set in Montreal's Jewish ghetto and in the Laurentians, it details the ambitious protagonist's career from wiseguy schoolboy to big-time operator, along the way providing some of Canadian fiction's most vivid dialogue:

"You're some kid, Duddy, some kid, but this much you ought to know. If you ever do anything to hurt your grandfather Ill break every bone in your body beginning with the little fingers."

Son of a *Smaller Hero*, set in the same Montreal milieu, does not have a central character as fascinating as Duddy Kravitz, so is not nearly as successful. Yet, written a few years before *Duddy Kravitz*, *Son* could be considered father to the man.

. . . reading is not respected as the art it is.

Robertson Davies, *A Voice From the Attic*

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