

BOOKS *in* CANADA

VOLUME 3 No. 5

AUG.-SEPT., 1974

How the cold war is fought these

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ARTICLES AND REVIEW ARTICLES

George Woodcock: <i>Report from the Beria Reserve: The Protest Writings of Valentyyn Moroz</i>	5	Douglas Marshall: <i>Kotcheff's Kravitz</i>	8
Susan Leslie: <i>Luke Baldwin's Vow</i> by Morley Callaghan	8	Mary Jane Miller: <i>Canadian Theatre Review, Issues 1 to 3</i>	10

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Linda Rogers: <i>Faces of the Old North</i> by Cathy Wismer	13	Douglas Marshall: <i>Kosygin is Coming</i> by Tom Ardies	17	<i>Democracy</i> by Alan Borovoy; <i>Laing</i> by Edgar Z. Friedenberg; <i>Course Countdown: A Quantitative Study of Canadian Literature in the Nation's Secondary Schools</i> by Sandra Stewart	30
Pat Barclay: <i>Breathing Space</i> by John Bruce	13	Michael Smith: <i>Stories from Ontario</i> selected by Germaine Warkentin	18	DEPARTMENTS	
P. L. Surette: <i>Bus Bide</i> by Don Gutteridge	14	Chris Scott: <i>Madhouse</i> by Robert Goulet	19	Umbrage and Uncion: Letters from Val Clery, Edith Fowke, Michael Sutton, George Woodcock, Jon O'Grady, Fraser Sutherland and Chris Scott	
Mark Sarnier: <i>Yesterdays</i> by Harold Sonny Ladoo	15	Phil Lanthier: <i>Day, of Rage</i> by Herman Buller	19	Periodically Speaking by Morris Wolfe	
Carla Wolfe: <i>Survival Ship and Other Stories</i> by Judith Merrill	16	John Grubs: <i>Les Québécois violents</i> by Marc Laurendeau and <i>Le RIN et les débuts du mouvement indépendantiste</i> by André d'Allemagne	20	POEMS	
		George Jonas: <i>The Anatomy of Poverty</i> by Terry Copp	22	"A Thought on Astral Projection" by Joe Rosenblatt	
		Paul Stuewe: <i>The Life and Times of Industrial Estates Limited</i> by Roy E. George	22	"Counting the Ways" by bp Nichol	
		Ruth Brouwer: <i>The Island and Confederation: The End of an Em</i> by David Weak and Harry Baglole	25		
		Clive Cocking: <i>Essays in B.C. Political Economy</i> edited by Paul Knox and Philip Resnick	26	CONTRIBUTORS	
		Jean Melusky: <i>Inside Groups: A Practical Guide to Encounter Groups and Group Therapy</i> by Dr. Thomas R. Verney	27	George Woodcock is Canada's foremost "public" critic. Susan Leslie reviews children's books for the <i>Vancouver Sun</i> . Douglas Marshall is editor of <i>Books in Canada</i> . Mary Jane Miller teaches Canadian drama at Brock University. Linda Rogers' new book of poems, <i>Music for Moondance</i> , has just been published by Fiddlehead. Pat Barclay writes a weekly book column for the <i>Victoria Times</i> . P. L. Surette teaches English at the University of Western Ontario and is currently completing a book on Ezra Pound. Mark Sarnier is a freelance writer living in Toronto. Carla Wolfe is co-translator of the novel <i>In Captivity</i> , which appears in the current issue of <i>Jewish Dialogue</i> . Michael Smith is a short-story writer living in St. Mary's, Ont. Chris Scott is the author of <i>Bartleby</i> . Phil Lanthier teaches English at Champlain College in Lennoxville, Quebec. John Grube teaches Canadian Studies at the Ontario College of Art. George Jonas's most recent collection of poems, <i>Cities</i> , was published last fall. Paul Stuewe is a freelance Toronto writer. Ruth Brouwer, a graduate student in history at York University, is a native of P.E.I. Clive Cocking is a Vancouver freelance writer whose work frequently appears in <i>Saturday Night</i> and <i>Maclean's</i> . Jean Melusky works for the CBC in Toronto. Marshall Matson teaches Jacobean Drama at the University of Guelph. Morris Wolfe is Assignments Editor at <i>Books in Canada</i> .	
		Marshall Matson: <i>The Elizabethan Theatre, Volume 4</i> , edited by George Hibbard	29		
		Morris Wolfe: <i>In Brief: Studies in Canadian Social History</i> edited by Michiel Horn and Ronald Sabourin; <i>A Select Bibliography of Tim Buck</i> compiled by Peter H. Weinrich; <i>The Fundamentals of Our Fundamental Freedoms — A Primer on Civil Liberties and</i>			



Vol. 3 No. 5 Aug.-Sept., 1974

editor
Douglas Marshall
assignments editor
Morris Wolfe
an director
Mary Lu Toms
general manager
Susan Traer
business manager
Robert Farrelly
consultant
Jack Jensen

Books in Canada is published eight times per annum, with the assistance of the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, by the Canadian Review of Books Limited, 501 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont. M4Y 1Y4. Phone: (416) 921-4466. Subscription rates: \$9.95 a year (\$15 overseas). Back issues available on microfilm from McLaren Micropublishing, P.O. Box 972, Station F, Toronto M4Y 2N9. Second Class Mail- Registration No. 2393. Contents © 1974. Canadian Review of Books Ltd. Printed by Heritage Press Co. Ltd.

UMBRAGE & UNCTION

EMERITUS VOICE

Sir,

Since I sewed as editor of *Books in Canada* for the first 2½ years of its precarious existence, I must defend myself against the gratuitous put-down implied in Ms. Irma McDonagh's letter in your June-July issue. She suggested that until recently (presumably since you succeeded me as editor), the magazine has been a penance for her to read.

She is entitled to that opinion, and you are entitled to preen yourself by publishing it, whatever your respective motivations. I must point out, however, that the extensive Readers' Survey we undertook early in 1973 showed that the overwhelming majority of readers had found *Books in Canada* to be satisfying and useful up to that time, obviously the majority lacked Ms. McDonagh's "intelligence" and "national pride."

Aware as I am of the problems of publishing an independent book review magazine in Canada, I reserve my opinion of your editorship of this magazine and, indeed, of Ms. McDonagh's editorship of *In Review*.

Val clay
Toronto

SONGS FOLK SING

Sir:

I wish to take issue with the criticisms of *Folk Songs of Canada* voiced by Glynis E. D. Barnes in your April-May issue. She apparently adheres to the Karpeles delusion that nothing can be a folk song that has not survived for 300 years. I, is ridiculous to assume that because certain songs "are credited with an author or a known non-traditional source," they are not folk songs. Most folklorists today agree that oral tradition is the main criterion for a folk song, and on that basis "Bury Me No, on the Lone Prairie" which Barnes dismisses so scornfully is every bit as much a Canadian folk song as the thousands of old British and French ballads that have been preserved here. Surely it is the height of pedantry to deny that "Un Canadien errant," "The Kelligrew's Soiree," "Peter Amberley," and "We'll Rant and We'll Roar like True Newfoundlanders" are Canadian folk songs simply because we know who composed their words.

With the exception of Moore's "Canadian Boa, Soy," which we included for its historical interest, all the items in *Folk Songs of Canada* had passed into oral tradition, whatever their origin. ("When the Ice Worms Nest Again" circulated orally before Wilf Carter recorded it, and we used a traditional version.) I am sure that most of the "British transvestite ballads" that Barnes studies originated on broadsides — a non-traditional source. Does she therefore deny that they are folk songs?

I grant that we gave only token Indian and Eskimo songs, but the book was intended for English-speaking Canadians who find the native songs too remote from their tradition for singing. Incidentally, the Indian selection was "The Bark Canoe," no, "The Huron Carol" as Barnes charged: and "the quite gratuitous Christian

reference" in "The Eskimo Lullaby" — "Thanks be to God who sent her" — does not seem too far removed from the literal meaning: "We have the gift of a little lady." And I don't consider God exclusively Christian.

I note also that Barnes demands that the bibliography and discography in *Folk Songs of Canada* be updated. This has not been done in the reprints of the other collections she mentions and she does not make the same demand of them. Also she fails to note that we did produce a sequel. More *Folk Songs of Canada* (Waterloo, 1967), which has more complete reference lists.

A person so critical of others should be more careful in her own writing. Barnes misspells Elisabeth Greenleaf's first name, wrongly hyphenates *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*, separates Folk Lore in the title of Folklore Associates, credits Creighton's *Maritime Folk Songs* to the American instead of the Canadian publisher (Ryerson), and does not realize that the 1934 and 1970 versions of *Folk Songs from Newfoundland* by Karpeles are quite different: the first is a two-volume set of 30 songs with piano accompaniments; the second is a one-volume set of 89 songs with melody liner only. These of course are minor errors; Barnes's major error is the assumption that origin rather than transmission determines a folk song.

Edith Fowke
Associate Professor
Department of English
York University
Toronto

THE LITERARY 'SET UP'

Sir:

No one can deny George Woodcock's heroic and virtually single-handed campaign in defense of Canadian Literature over the last few decades, nor can anyone deny that the University of British Columbia has shown a wisdom rare in academic circles in providing Woodcock with a shelter for his activities as writer and editor.

However, I was dismayed to read Woodcock's scathing denunciation of my lukewarm but not altogether damning review of *Writers of the Prairies* (Jan.-Feb.). I had intended my remarks and reservations to be of use to the general reading public Woodcock invokes and to whom, as he has insisted in many places, the public critic must interpret literature. My reservations about *Writers of the Prairies* remain.

The source and linchpin of my argument is that *Writers of the Prairies* fails to achieve the lofty aims represented in the editorial policy of *Canadian Literature* which Woodcock takes occasion to restate in his letter.

"Good writing" is no guarantee against bad criticism. Most careful and interested readers of *Canadian Literature* must realize, just as editor Woodcock must realize, that the journal directly reflects the Canadian literary "set up." Two sorts of contributors account for the vast mass of material appearing between the covers of *Canadian Literature*: (1) practising Canadian writers with a critical axe to grind or an observation to make about their competitors and colleagues — in plain English, their enemies and friends; and (2) academic critics in on the belated and welcome boom in Canadian studies. The creative and critical literary community in Canada can make no claim that it mirrors England's *Spectator*. The literary community in Canada is traditionally myopic. These incestuous facts are demonstrated again and again between the covers of *Canadian Literature*; certainly *Canadian Literature* nicely

perpetuates all the old myths associated with A.J.M. Smith's theory of "regional" vs. "national" literature and the illusively liberal clap-trap surrounding "national" and "international" literature which usually merely announces the advent of some sort of stupid cultural chauvinism, whether nationalistic or imperialist in character.

D.G. Stephens' introduction to *Writers of the Prairies* reflects a sort of gentlemanly reserve which only loosely evokes just what constitutes Prairie fiction. Stephens' remarks do not describe Prairie fiction; Stephens' remarks do not delineate the subject matter of Prairie fiction and fail to rise above the level of a patronizing appreciation of regional writers writing a regional literature. Prairie writing deserves better; Stead, Grove, Ross, Mitchell, Laurence and the early Roy deserve more than passing comment on what they evoke in their images, symbols and what not. More work needs doing on what in fact they say about themselves as artists, about the land in which they live(d) and about their subjects and audience.

The literary "set up" in Canada has created a hothouse of nurtured antagonisms between Canada's writers and critics. So far as I know, no academic, journalistic or popular critic of Canadian literature has yet been able to interpret Canada's literature in its own terms and bring with his or her criticism a believably comprehensive literary, historical or sociological critique which does justice to Canada as a colonial nation or a nation of colonies, let alone as an independent nation with an independent literature. Nor has any academic or non-academic writer been able to continue or create a tradition that manages to survive a generation. Instead readers get invective-filled manifestos of radical schools, theories of pure colonial literature of the school of Northrop Frye and his often incredibly bad students and imitators, theories of a developing and ever improving regional literature with real potential in a foggy and distant future *a la* Smith's school or editor Woodcock's mildly anarchic pluralism, which now argues for a happy variety of subject matter and method of portrayal which must defeat the academic critic's inclination to formulate a thematic theory of Canadian literature.

I am skeptical that the literary public is reading *Canadian Literature* and its reprints outside of libraries usually haunted by students, and the classroom. In its Vancouver base the journal appears in no more than a handful of book stores. Certainly the issue of *Writers of the Prairies* can be praised if no backlists of the journal exist, and the new essays in the volume are very welcome indeed, but surely a less extravagant format is necessary to ensure a price within reach of the general public. I think an important book of essays on any subject deserves an index and bibliography despite whatever might be argued against the use of an "academic" format. At last, I invite Mr. Woodcock to submit whatever data he may have at his disposal concerning press runs, distribution and sales of *Writers of the Prairies* in order to determine just what public the book is reaching.

Michael Sutton
Toronto

George Woodcock replies:

Mr. Sutton's letter is like a salvo from an antiquated fowling piece, broad, inaccurate, and hitting home only by luck. Most of what he says is the kind of envious chatter which people who think they are on the out make up about people they think are on the in. His picture of the Cana-

dian literary scene is, of course, pure fantasy. In fact that scene is a far more loosely knit "world" than others of which I have had experience — the British and the French. For example, where literary activity is concentrated in capital cities and friendships and enmities really count. In Canada they do not. People are too far away to get passionate about each other, and whatever the faults of Canadian criticism, personal relationships play little part in them. Indeed, I have always been impressed with the scrupulousness with which critics here try to avoid allowing personal feelings to affect their judgment. Richlerrnd Layton have both, for example, frequently invited enmity by their behaviour towards other writers, but it is surprisingly rare that personal hostility is evident as a motive in criticism of their works.

For the rest, let me pick up two points about *Canadian Literature*. Mr. Sutton talks about "incestuous facts" being "demonstrated again and again between the covers of *Canadian Literature*"; a delightfully decadent vision, but alas, far from any factual basis. *Canadian Literature* is so far from being in any way an "incestuous" publication that during its period of publication between 400 and 600 writers have contributed. In our penultimate issue there were 12 entirely new contributors; in our last issue nine new contributors. That is hardly what one might call keeping it in the family.

As for *Canadian Literature's* readership, the fact that "in its Vancouver base the journal appears in no more than a handful of bookstores" is of no relevance. It appears in the bookstores where most people seriously interested in Canadian books do their shopping, and it is available in all the public-library branches. It has never been

our policy to seek more than a few selected book stores, for reasons of which anyone knowledgeable about the deficiencies of most bookstores as outlets for magazines will be aware. By far our largest distribution is by subscription. Twenty-five per cent of our subscriptions are from other countries, and certainly these copies are not read by students in Canadian literature courses. About another 30% are individual subscriptions in Canada, and a very high proportion of such subscribers are actual writers; this week, for example, Margaret Laurence and Hugh MacLennan have written to renew their subscriptions. The remaining 45% are subscriptions from a variety of institutions in Canada including public libraries which in the case of large cities take a number of copies of each issue. Such copies, of course, are read by the general literary public. How many copies are in fact read by students in Canadian literature courses or by their teachers it is of course impossible to say exactly, but I would estimate it to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of 10% to 15% and certainly no more than 20%.

LIBRARY STAX

Sir:
Regarding Jean Wright's views on the backwardness of British librarianship (Jan.-Feb.), is she aware that per capita library book circulation in Canada is less than half the U.K. figure?

Jon O'Grady
Acquisitions Librarian
Burnaby Public Library

INFLUENTIAL ERROR

Sir:
I should like to correct a mildly embarrassing typographical error that appeared in my "Montreal Letter" in the April-May *Books in Canada*.

Referring to the Montreal Story Tellers group a sentence reads, "Each pursues his own style and influences the others." This *ought* to be. "Each pursues his own style and little influences the others."

Fraser Sutherland
Montreal

RETURN FIRE

Sir
Re- Janis Rapoport's letter in the June-July issue. As far as the spelling of "Secon" or "Scicon" is concerned, that was an editorial judgment for which I was not responsible. I did *not* say that 612197361H was a tattoo number. I merely queried whether it was such. Despite Ms. Rapoport's letter, I still do not know what this intriguing piece of thaumaturgy means. *Mea culpa?* I wonder.

As for misinterpreting "every poem" cm which I chose to comment, I did not find one line, let alone assemblage of liner. worthy of the description "poem." I cannot, of course, answer for "other reviewers."

Chris Scott
Toronto

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THE BRIGHT FLAME STILL BURNS

Report from the **Beria Reserve: The Protest Writings of Valentyn Moroz**, edited and translated by John Kolasky, Peter Martin Associates, 162 pages; \$2.95 paper.

BY GEORGE WOODCOCK

THE NAME OF Valentyn Moroz has only recently come to the attention of Canadians or of anyone in the Western world, though for almost a decade he has been carrying on, in the name of **Ukrainian self-determination** and of individual freedom of speech and writing, a brave and largely isolated battle against the **tyranny** that in the **U.S.S.R. is perhaps even more** rigorously applied to the minorities than to the general **Russian** population. It is a battle that has been largely fought out of public sight, in the **prisons** of the KGB, and **this is** one of the reasons why we know so **little** of Moroz.

Solzhenitsyn, who had the good fortune during the **Krushchev era** to write one book that captured international attention, was at least able to retain the liberty to **write, even** if not to publish in his own country, until the brief drama of his **arrest** and expulsion. The **result** has been the **series** of massive works by which he is represented publicly outside and clandestinely inside Russia.

Moroz, on the other hand, has written largely in prison, which **from** September, 1965 -except for a brief interlude of nine months — has been his constant habitation: His "crime" has been the **criticism** of official policies of **Russification** in the Ukraine and the advocacy of an independent status for the Ukraine equivalent to that of Poland and other socialist states in Eastern Europe.

Article 126 of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. in fact, as **Moroz** points out in his own essay, "Report from the **Beria Reserve**," "proclaims freedom of speech, press, assembly and organization"; theoretically at least, the constituent republics of the U.S.S.R. **are sovereign states that** Article 17 of the Constitution gives a right to secede. Moroz however was tried when he **first** appeared before a court in 1965 under **Article 62** of the **Criminal Code**, which forbids "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda designed to undermine or weaken Soviet power," a clause that can be interpreted to **cover** any kind of **criticism** of the existing regime. At this time he **was** a teaching historian, and the charges **related** to the fact that in his lectures he did not **disguise** his sentiments of Ukrainian nationalism and did not **fail** to try to persuade others. While academic purists may have a case against such tendentious teaching, Communists — who unashamedly **teach** in the same way — can have no valid **objection** in principle, which **means that their prosecution of Moroz was based entirely on** the threat his **teaching** posed to the **uniformity** of opinion they sought to impose. His trial, in other words, was a **strictly** political **trial** disguised as a criminal one.

He was sentenced to four years in a **labour camp** with a strict regime, and spent his time in a camp in **Mordovia**. It was there that he **began to study philosophy**, to develop a sense of the importance of spirituality and individuality as **factors in human progress**, and to write. His "Report from the **Beria Reserve**," which is the largest essay in the present volume, was written in the **labour camp** and smuggled out.

Moroz had refused to plead **guilty** at his **trial**, and **after** his release in 1969 he began resolutely to propagate his **conception** of a Ukrainian renaissance and to write the other essays

that **form** this book. He was **again arrested**, in **June**, 1970, again charged under Article 62, **tried** and **sentenced** to a total of **nine years** in prisons and **labour camps**, plus five years in **exile**, followed by eight years of loss of civil rights.

It was because of reports of the harsh treatment that Moroz had received in **Vladimir prison**, and his consequent serious illness, that his case finally became widely known in the **West**; in May Canadian newspapers carried an appeal **signed** by about 200 Canadian **professors**, writers, publishers and editors, asking for the discriminatory treatment of Moroz to end and for him to be accorded basic human rights. As I and other British **Columbian** writers had not been invited to sign this appeal, I **wrote** individually to the Soviet Embassy, and I was interested to receive a circular in return, an essay written by a **political hack** named Valery Tkachenko that I imagine all the signatories were sent.

What **Comrade** Tkachenko had to say did not impress me. He made denials that **Moroz** was **harshly** treated (**apparently** he **asked** for solitary confinement!), and stated that he **had** been sentenced under Soviet law, which merely left one contemptuous of a legal code that could send a man to prison and **exile** for 14 years merely for expressing opinions **unacceptable** to those in power. Finally, Tkachenko claimed that the sentence on Moroz "**was met** with approval by people in the Ukraine" when they heard of it, which makes one wonder why, if such public approval was the consequence there was any need to try Moroz in **camera!**

What did impress me was the fact that it was actually thought necessary by the Russian authorities to send out such



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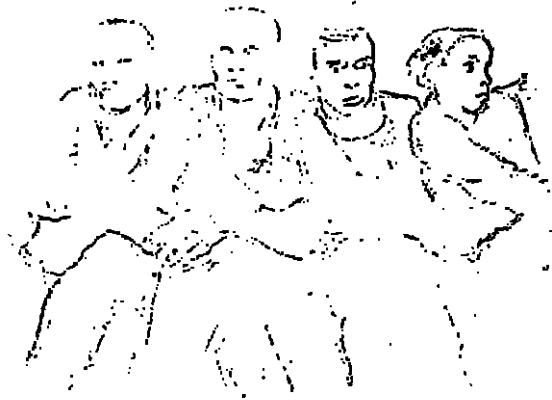
a statement. In Stalin's day, Moroz would merely have disappeared into the cellars and his name would have been expunged from history. Even in Lenin's day, the Cheka would have dealt with him summarily and attempted no self-justification. The repression is still there and, as Moroz points out in "Report from the Beria Reserve," the men who were trained in Stalin's and Beria's day are still in control of the KGB, and their attitude has not changed. What has changed is the atmosphere in which they work, so that the mass killings of the past have now become impossible, and the veil that once hung over the evils of what Solzhenitsyn called "the Gulag Archipelago" has become tattered and transparent. The fact that in the face of world opinion the Soviet authorities did not dare send Solzhenitsyn to a prison camp reminds one of the situation in the last days of Tsarist Russia, when the tyranny (from whose infamous Okhrans the Bolsheviks drew many of the first members of their early secret police, the Cheka) was prevented by Tolstov's moral stature and international fame from touching a single hair of his great white beard.

Once again the tyrants in the Kremlin are losing confidence. Not only can we at least hope that this round of international protests may ease the situation of Moroz; we may also foresee great changes in the Russian system as the present rulers, reared under Stalin's shadow, trouble the Russian people no longer.

All this is the background to *Report from the Beria Reserve*, but it is relevant, for this is a book of mental activism. Moroz represents the extreme, uncompromising wing of the Ukrainian movement within the U.S.S.R. One of his essays, "In the Midst of the Snows," is in fact a sharp rebuke to Ivan Dzyuba, a writer who had become almost symbolic of the Ukrainian renaissance in the post-Stalin era and who afterwards adopted the line of compromise with the authorities; in this piece Moroz sets up, against the "realism" of Dzyuba, an ideal of "Don Quixotes" inspired by total conviction. Significantly, Dzyuba later showed his respect for the Quixoticism of the man who criticized him by refusing to testify at the last trial of Moroz because it was a closed trial that he held to be illegal.

Such things would not have happened, or at least would not have become known, in the Stalin era, and this shows not only the crisis of confidence in the regime, but also the spirit that now exists in Russia among the critics of the tyranny and their active and passive supporters. Not only were the essays of Moroz written; they were published in an underground paper, the Ukrainian *Herald* (passed round in handwritten or typewritten copies), and ways were found by which all but five of the six issues of this paper, appearing between January, 1970, and March, 1972, reached the West. Human courage and ingenuity have irremediably pierced whatever curtain now divides Russia from the world.

One's sense of the spirit of resistance that keeps on raising its head in Russia in spite of periodic statements that it has been defeated, emerges all the more strongly as one reads the actual essays. They have all the inevitable weaknesses of pieces written hastily and under strain, but one makes allowance for this fact all the more willingly because of the revelation they give that the human spirit is ultimately undefeatable, and that individuality and spirituality are not qualities that belong to one kind of society and die in another. They can and do arise spontaneously in the most unpromising of soils, and they are obviously rising today in Russia as they rose there a century ago under a different tyranny. These essays, necessarily crippled by the circumstances of their author, nevertheless contain extraordinary flashes of original



"Solidarity — The Propeller Song," lithograph (1931-32) by Käthe Kollwitz.

wisdom, and they speak always with the eloquence of sincere passion.

To subject them to the kind of analysis one might bring to bear on a work composed with care and peace of mind would be destructive of their true value, which lies precisely in the elusive quality of a free mind that they project, of a consciousness, as Moroz himself says, that "there still remains man's spiritual world." And so, rather than discuss them further, I will give a few brief quotations that illustrate the kind of thought that is now, against all the efforts of a fusty and senile autocracy, manifesting itself in Russia:

Intellect is an individual matter. Therefore the history of progress is the history of the development of individuality. The so-called "masses" do not create; they are the building material of history.

The more a person with a developed individuality opposes all attempts to be enslaved, the greater the force despotism must mobilize to maintain the norm which earlier existed because of inertia. Despotism is no longer the norm of human relationship and must continually exert new efforts to maintain itself.

No program can foresee everything necessary for an all-round social development. Only the unfettered creative force of individuality can cope with this.

The mission of each nation is to recognize its own facet [of the truth], which only it can discover, and thus enrich mankind.

Semi-enlightenment is a universal phenomenon, or rather, a common illness. In the West it is known as "mass culture".

People are excessively developing their technical function at the expense of the spiritual, and this, for some reason, is called progress.

The essence lies in the degree of feeling with which a person relates to one truth or another. One knows something, while the other lives by it.

One's stand is more important than one's word. People no longer take words at their face value; they have been hopelessly devalued. Words must be supported by deeds.

Let us learn to carry out the daily common tasks without losing the bright flame of inspiration.

Many years ago, when I talked with despair of what was happening in Russia, the English writer D.S. Savage said to me: "I cannot believe the country of Dostoevsky will always remain in the shadow!" Events are proving him right. Dostoevsky would have recognized in Moroz a fellow spirit, as would Turgenev and Belinsky, Tolstoy and Kmpotkin. That he is Ukrainian and they were Russians would have made no difference. At its best, the spirit of Russian thought combined intense local loyalty with a great sense of universal harmony; that attitude, one hopes, is now returning. □

UNCLE MORLEY IN COLLINGWOOD

Luke Baldwin's Vow, by **Morley Callaghan**, illustrated by **Michael Poulton**, Macmillan, 187 pages, \$6.95 cloth.

By **SUSAN LESLIE**

STORIES FOR children are often fated to be morally useful, and I fear that reviewers, teachers and adults in general scan the pages of children's books, looking for a message that will redeem and justify them. I'm not sure that books for adults are expected to pass this kind of inspection. While an author's moral vision might be a consideration to some readers — I imagine we don't want to read books that are overtly racist, crude, sexist, dehumanizing — I suspect that the worst thing an adult book can be is boring.

But whether children's books are plain boring or not, we seem compelled to find them worthwhile on the basis of their moral content, not on the basis of the delight, excitement or transcendence they might provide.

Fortunately, Morley Callaghan's *Luke Baldwin's Vow* manages to tread some special middle ground. It is not boring at all, and it does present the son of vision of the world that should encourage and enrich young people.

Luke Baldwin's Vow has been out of print for several years, and Macmillan has just re-issued it with some very fashionable illustrations by Michael Poulton. The story is not fashionable at all. It relies on such staples as dogs; small towns and orphaned boys. But the combination of these standard elements is a pleasing one, and the book was well worth re-issuing.

When his father dies, Luke Baldwin moves out to Collingwood to live with his Uncle Henry and his Aunt Helen. Uncle Henry is a righteous, hard-working practical man. He is a man of substance in town, respected for his seriousness and his success. Luke is consequently impressed by his uncle, and wants to please him. But Luke was raised by a father with no such veneration for practicality or purposefulness. (It is worth noting here that Luke's mother is never mentioned; females get short shrift in this book.) Luke's impulses, particularly his affection for Henry's aged collie, Dan, are not practical either, and it is in the struggle to save Dan, useless though he may be, that Luke forges his own values distinct from the overbearing morality of his uncle.

What Luke discovers matters to him is his imagination, his affections and his feelings. These carry little weight with Uncle Henry. Even Luke's taste in books is frowned on by Uncle Henry. Luke arrives at the house with his two favourite books, one a romance about pirates on the Spanish Main, the other an old book of fairy tales. Uncle Henry finds such interests alarming in a boy of 12, and removes the fairy-tale book from Luke's room, with many assurances to Luke that it is for his own good:

How in the world are you going to adjust yourself later on in real life if you believe these myths? You see the danger, Luke? . . . Your life could be so unhappy always reaching for consoling lies, superstitious and ignorant lies. Ah, no. Luke, get into the hard, bright world. Face the facts, Luke. Always the facts.

The "hard, bright world" of Uncle Henry seems less and less inviting to Luke, as he discovers its harshness toward the

weak and the unproductive. And Luke also realizes that Uncle Henry may not have a corner on the facts, that his version of reality is not the only one. Callaghan manages to make Luke's own realm of fantasy and feeling seem not mere illusion, but a more appealing and more enduring world. So when Luke saves the old dog, after Henry's decision to drown it, the dog's rescue is some sort of moral victory, and the book ends neatly with this moment of resolution, triumph and rightness.

Luke Baldwin's Vow has a message, and Callaghan does not disguise it. He is prone to underline his characters' motives and to announce their conflicts, as if children had no powers of deduction. The dialogue in the book is good, and Callaghan perhaps should have let his characters speak for themselves.

However, Callaghan has not missed his own point. He has not sacrificed imagination and feeling in his efforts to proclaim their value. And without any consideration for the instructional purpose of *Luke Baldwin's Vow*, one can be glad that it is again available. □

HOW DUDDY MAKES A PIP OF A FILM

By **DOUGLAS MARSHALL**

JACK CLAYTON'S FLAT and disappointing treatment of *The Great Gatsby* has added new footage to the old notion that good books don't make good movies. Directors either show a slavish reverence for the original (Clayton's error) or mangle it beyond recognition (see Joseph Strick's low-budget attempt at *Ulysses* in a modern-day Dublin setting). It's the sort of wide-angle theory, however, that begins to fail apart in close-up. Presumably Cecil B. DeMille, whose film adaptations of the good book made his fortune, would not have subscribed to it. Nor would David Lean.

Any argument suggesting classic novels can never be adequately translated into classic cinema crumbles with the opening shot of Lean's *Great Expectations*. That film captured the charcoal essence of Dickens, the braziers of humanity glowing through the river mists and London gloom, the embers of hope and the ashes of decay. And it established a criterion by which all such adaptations should be judged.

On analysis, three elements combined to make *Great Expectations* work so well: the actors (John Mills, Alec Guinness) were artists consciously interpreting Dickens' characters rather than Hollywood performers playing costumed caricatures of themselves (Freddie Bartholomew, W.C. Fields in *David Copperfield*); the screenwriter collaborated with Dickens instead of rewriting him and was content to let the narrative drive of the original do most of the work; and, most important, Lean had the creative intuition to get inside Dickens' head and see how his imagination functioned — an intuition Clayton seems to have lacked in dealing with Fitzgerald.

Admittedly, *Great Expectations* was a rare exception. If all the screen adaptations that belong in its class were spliced together, the continuous show would be over in 24 hours at most. The massive Russian rendering of *War and Peace* would be part of the program. So would *Tom Jones*, which despite Tony Richardson's gimmicks is a great deal

closer to the spirit of Fielding than its critics realize. And somewhere in there we would find the Dudley Kane Enterprises (in association with M. Cohen, Inc., Metal Merchants) presentation of a Peter John Friar production called *Happy Bar-Mitzvah, Bernie!* This legendary Canadian film, which hitherto has existed only as an improbable screenplay, now has been realized by director Ted Kotcheff and appears as a film within his film of *The Apprenticeship Of Duddy Kravitz*.

To my mind Kotcheff's *Duddy* is a near-perfect adaptation, the best by far since *Great Expectations*. The three essential elements are there. The actors, uniformly professional, splendidly recreate the human landscape of St. Urbain Street in the mid-1940s. The screenplay has all the narrative force of the original novel, which is hardly remarkable since Mordecai Richler was collaborating with his earlier self and in the meantime had become an experienced screenwriter (*Life at the Top*). Finally Kotcheff, who was living with Richler in London while *Duddy* was being written and vowed then he would one day turn the book into a movie, obviously knew his subject inside out.

Kotcheff's achievement—and the bulk of the credit does belong to him rather than to Richler—gives us a chance to examine just what happens when a familiar novel makes a successful transition to the screen.

To begin with, all film adaptations are of necessity condensations. The plot must be streamlined for digestion at sitting, the point of view narrowed to include only those characters and events crucial to the action. Secondly, even the best adaptation is never more than an approximate translation. If Eliot's objective correlative can ever be invoked with precision, it is in the medium of the cinema. The director must find a formula, a set of concrete visual symbols, to convey the rich texture of emotional nuances and interior reflections from print to celluloid. In other words, he must impose certain changes on, and make additions to, the original text in order to keep faith with the novelist's intentions. The art lies in knowing—or feeling—what can safely be added and what can safely be left out.

In this instance, quite a lot has been left out. The film opens with the march of the Fletcher's cadets—that is, on the eve of Daddy's graduation from high school. Thus we never see the "small, narrow-chested boy of 15 with a thin face" who was capable of taunting his teacher, Mr. MacPherson, into a nervous breakdown. Cuckoo Caplan, "Montreal's Own Danny Kaye," is dropped entirely from the Ste. Agathe sequences, which are otherwise just as Richler described them. (Film does have some time-saving virtues: one long shot, frequently repeated, of Duddy's beloved lake supplies more motivation in a glance, than the novelist can produce in 1,000 words.) Duddy's brother Lennie never makes it to Toronto in the film. The character of Virgil, Health Handicapper and editor of *The Crusader*, "The Only Magazine in the World Published By Epileptics," is stripped of much of the ironic power he brings to the book.

Kotcheff's additions are harder to spot. Early on there's a scene in which a cart-horse lifts its tail and plops its load directly in the path of the onward non-Christian soldiers of Fletcher High. Commander-in-chief W.E. James, veteran of the Somme, marches ramrod straight—scrunch, scrunch—through the dung. Behind him, the files of cadets sensibly divide around it. That episode is not in the novel, but it neatly sums up the differences that separate 1917 from 1947 and St. Urbain from Westmount. Also, the locations of two



key scenes between Duddy and the cynical metal merchant, Moische Cohen, have been subtly changed in the film. When *Duddy* delivers his fast-talking sales pitch for the bar-mitzvah movie, the action takes place not in Cohen's office but in his scrapyard. And when Cohen later tries to console Duddy by confessing his own ruthless business ethics, they talk not in Cohen's home but in a steam bath. The effect is to underline a partnership of attitudes; Duddy Kravitz is just another Moische Cohen on the make.

But is he? I said earlier this was a near-perfect adaptation. Its flaw is that Duddy himself, as portrayed by Richard Dreyfuss and conceived by screenwriter Richler, is not the same Duddy as novelist Richler gave us 15 years ago. Dreyfuss is not at fault here. His performance, which is full of sly grins and scratchy excitement, is entirely persuasive within the context of the film. Indeed, it may win him major awards. Yet there was a streak of pure nastiness in the original Duddy, a combination of immaturity and immorality, that left us in no doubt about how to take him. We might sympathize with his situation and frustrated ambition; we might, like Cohen, even see large parts of ourselves in him. But it was hard to love him. After all, this is the guy (Richler tells us) who went on to lay the foundation of his ultimate fortune by selling tapeworm eggs as diet pills.

The screen Duddy is almost charming, a near-adult rather than a callow youth, the sort of smooth conman whose victims are always willing and usually forgiving. On the few occasions his nastiness shows through, such as the triumphant moment when he orders the Boy Wonder off his land with a crowing of ridicule and abuse, he seems to step out of character. It's as if Richler, mellowing over the years, had tried to recast Duddy as a rebellious anti-hero of the turbulent 1960s. Tried, but did not succeed. Kotcheff's firm hand, his sore grasp of time and place, and his duplication of the novel's frenetic pace, keep *Duddy* from straying too far from home.

Those who did like Richler's *Duddy*, who appreciated its humour and felt it spoke to us of universal human values, will find Kotcheff's *Duddy* equally enjoyable. The film preserves the sparkling vitality of the original. If it has a slightly different taste, it is merely the difference between ordering a Pepsi rather than a Coke in Eddy's Cigar & Soda. As Rabbi Goldstone, noted author of *Why I'm Glad to be a Jew*, observed after viewing *Happy Bar-Mitzvah, Bernie!*:

"A most edifying experience; a work of art." □

AMPLIFYING NOISES OFF

Canadian Theatre Review, Issues 1 to 3, York University, Toronto, quarterly, \$1.50 per copy or \$4.50 per year.

By MARY JANE MILLER

WITH SOME FINANCIAL and considerable moral support from York University, Do" Rubin, Stuart Ross and Stephen Mezei have started *Canadian Theatre Review*, the first periodical of its kind in Canada.

CTR, like Canadian theatre itself, enjoys "one of the advantages of its British and America" counterparts, *The Theatre Quarterly* and *The Drama Review*. It must sustain itself within the context of a largely unremembered theatrical tradition, audiences that are usually unaware of Canadian theatre outside their own town or city, and theatre criticism that is spasmodic at best.

Yet despite all that, **Canadians are** producing all kinds of plays, many of them distinctive. On that fact alone, *CTR* can justify its existence. But give" the problems faced by the Canadian theatre, and *CTR's* description of itself as a journal for the professional at work in it, it's understandable that *CTR's* over-riding concern in its early issues has been cultural politics.

Even the first editorial is divided between a traditional statement of intent and a swipe at the appointment of Robin

Phillips to Stratford. In the same issue we have George Ryga's eloquent description of theatre right now: "sabotage productions" in major theatre centres, "beggars' theatres" in church halls and barns, and "the god-give" dictum that a" artist has to answer to a committee of businessmen"; all of these things, he says, are obstacles to acceptable productions of new Canadian plays. As well, there are Powys Thomas's frank comments on actor training, and John Hirsch's thoughts on the isolation of people running Canada's scattered theatres.

Generally speaking, artists have **been more readable** in the pages of *CTR* than critics, professors, politicians and dramaturges. Peter Hay, for example, in *CTR 2*, obscures his sound analysis of the funding of the arts with cliché, and Frank Pasquill's essay in the same issue. "Cultural Senility: Funding Patterns," is marred by the jargon-ridden principles quoted from his own document, *Wooden Pennies*. However, Tom Hendry's anatomy of the Canada Council (*CTR 3*), Michael Cook's horror stories from Newfoundland (*CTR 2*), Brian Borus's Ontario lament and Jamie Portman's account of the difficulties facing the Alberta Theatre Projects (*CTR 3*) vividly illustrate the similarity of views across the country about the artists' side of things.

The case for the establishment rests with two interviews—one with Robin Phillips just after he arrived in Canada, and one with Hugh Faulkner, Secretary of State, just before the election. *CTR's* direct questions to Faulkner met with less than informative responses. But Phillips's new plans for Stratford (*CTR 3*) suggest some shift in the glacial stance of the much-better-funded arts establishments. However, as *CTR* reminds us elsewhere, we're still left with the fact that only six of 20 designers at Stratford are Canadian, and that in

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1972-73 Toronto's **Tarragon Theatre** had \$7,000 from the Canada Council to produce six Canadian plays while Stratford was given 20 times that amount for the same season.

After three issues, the **reader** may be **pardoned** for feeling somewhat bludgeoned by **CTR's cultural** political concerns. But there is some relief: Mary Kerr's delightful portfolio for **Mandragola** (*CTR 2*); **Mavor Moore's** vivid portrait of a neglected prophet of the **1920s**, Roy Mitchell (*CTR 1*); Joseph **Erdelyi** neatly skewering the inadequacies of press coverage of Canadian **theatre** (*CTR 1*); **Marc Gelinás'** insight (*CTR 1*) that in Quebec "*chez les jeunes, on ne trouve pas de rupture entre la réalité théâtrale et la réalité tout court*"; and some uneven but reasonably detailed accounts of theatre outside Canada. Most of all, *CTR* is worth having simply for the scripts it publishes: Cook's **Head, Guts and Sound Bone Dance**; **Reaney's Sticks and Stones**; *The Donnelly's* (*sic*), *Part One*; and **Ryga's Paracelsus**.

CTR 1 contained some self-indulgent, prolix and superficial **articles**. *CTR 2* and *3* were **less** balanced in content, but considerably less flaccid. The journal could be considerably improved by a **proofreader** who can spell. tightly edited articles to replace the disconnected diaries, notes and interviews, and regular contributors to the **Carte Blanche** section of the quality of Donald **Soule**. Above all, *CTR* **needs** breadth, and happily **future issues** promise a more varied range of subjects. **One** will focus on Canadian theatre before the **1960s**, another on theatre architecture in Canada, and a **third** on criticism in Canada. *CTR 4* will contain a new play by John Herbert.

CTR is a place for debate about our cultural life; it's a place for people who work in theatre to keep in touch; it's a **source** of information about our theatrical heritage and the state of

things at home and abroad. It deserves support from anyone interested in Canadian theatre. □

A Thought on Astral Projection

To spoon a silver afternoon
into a turquoise cup of mind, & fill it
with a crow's raw colloquial ...
There is a love in projecting one's self
out of a dull body to fly over the spaces,
& to see the small lovers in the high grass
in rhythm with a total earth, its gentle anarchy.
The iridescence devours the hours
until it disappears into air; there is an undertow
& a danger of being dragged out into nothingness.

It is essential to return, or go on drifting
into other worlds, past other moons
into a deathless sky; return to the source,
that furniture of self located in its unhappy mode.
We're birds of a different order, our substance
is in a cage, the door open, freedom?
But we will not fly out into that thin vapour, & light.

Joe Rosenblatt

(From *Dream Craters*, edited by John Newlove, Press Porcépic, 86 pages, \$4.95)

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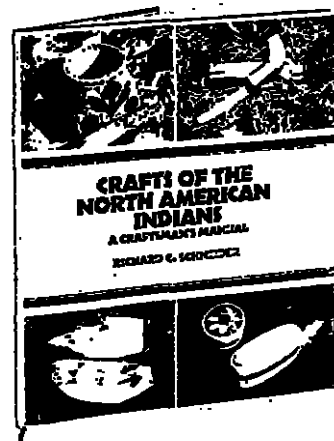
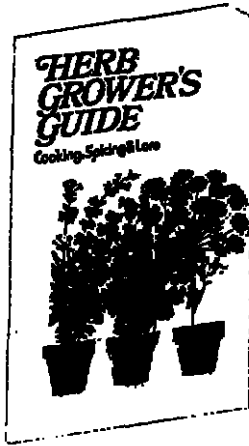
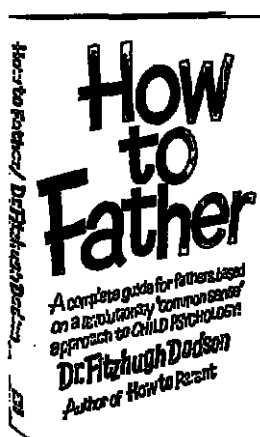
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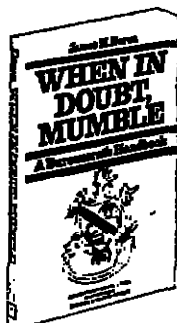
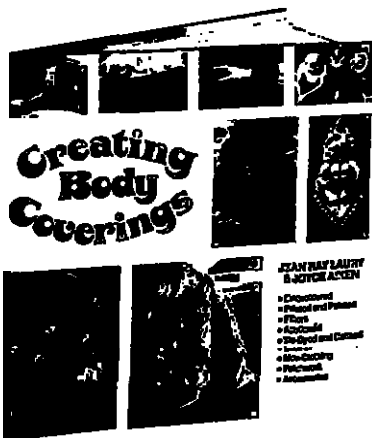


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Shacking up with history

Faces of the Old North, by Cathy Wismer, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 198 pages, illustrated, \$8.95 cloth.

By LINDA ROGERS

THEIR FACES creased and silver like cedar boards weathered through seasons of sun and snow, the characters of Cathy Wismer's new book, *Faces of the Old North*, narrate their own history of the Northern Ontario wilderness, where they have survived nature and encroaching civilization. In words and a series of beautiful photographs, Wismer, journalist and photographer, has allowed the oldtimers to describe themselves, the last pioneers.

In towns with names like Gogama, Wet Shining Tree and Moosonee, Wismer has beaten the undertaker to one-room shacks, reeking of beans and pipe tobacco, and heard stories that might have died with their tellers if she had not undertaken her special odyssey to listen and record. Some of her oldtimers are profound in their silence, in their proud refusal to communicate with the outsider, who represents, more than death, a threat to a way of life that has hardly changed since the discovery of fire. The photographs describe them well enough, the light and shadow of a lifetime marked by the dark nights of adversity and joy in the morning. Their reticence grows out of habit and fear and a quiet preoccupation with the sounds and rhythms of nature.

Most are garrulous. And Wismer, the wise journalist, gives them their heads, letting them unravel in their own wonderful idiom the knot of memories and old photographs dust-covered in lonely minds. Bella Armstrong, the miner's wife, remembers all the nights when only her substantial figure stood between the patient and the ugly spectra of pain. Alec Pope, younger son of an Irish landowner, has survived two wives and the harassment of the RCMP, who had an irritating and inconvenient interest in his whisky stills and an illegal beaver pelt hiding in the Steinway in the Pope parlour:

The Mounties were after me and the provincial police, but I was too smart for them to get me.. too good in the bush. I'd have a great big still in the bush with three or four barrels of brew and I'd run the thing off. If I

got wind of somebody cumin' along, I'd get up in the middle of the night and pack the stuff to another creek miles away. Not go over the same place twice.

Phil Lepage, only one of whose ambitions, to live to be 100, remains to be realized, is a veteran of the First World War and, he says, had an apprenticeship with the Dalton Boys and at least one meeting with the legendary Jesse James.

Some of it may be pure tonomo, which is "b.s. in Ojibway," but it is all good reading. (Wismer has even been thoughtful enough to include an old moonshine recipe.) These people have spent a lifetime watching and listening and they know how to tell a compelling story, a craft that survives beyond the menacing grasp of television and "talkies."

The faces of the old North are the masks of a wilderness. Each individual is unique but somehow bound to the others by a common toughness, independence and respect for nature. Individuals all, they are their own shamans, priests and medicine men. They have to cut themselves free from the manacles of collective society, and pride and resourcefulness are the fuel for each succeeding day.

Wismer is the shadow character, Wahbishewa, White Woman. She



never intrudes in the lives of her subjects, only existing through spare description and as a foil for the old pioneers for whom she is the outsider, the other world, when their reaction to her adds another dimension to the telling.

Her photographs are eloquent. There is love in them for the ancient faces and the accumulated memorabilia. In the weathered outhouse, the Old Ben Chewing Tobacco tin and the shiny bugle, there is history. The publishers may have served her better in the reproduction of these fine pictures.

Still, *Faces of the Old North* is a beautiful scrapbook of a time and place that is rapidly disappearing, a way of life that may not stand up to the vicissitudes of modern society:

And if you could tough it, you was tough. And if you couldn't tough it, well you passed away.

All rules and no game

Breathing Space, by John Bruce, Anansi, 120 pages, \$6.50 cloth and \$3.25 paper.

By PAT BARCLAY

"ON ONE LEVEL . . . a sinister fable, about the limits of reason, it is also a witty and stylish comedy about mature people who have never before risked self-knowledge, sympathy or love."

If them were a Governor-General's award for Blurb of the Year, this one would be a top contender. It's not just that it's better written than the novel it describes. It's also precise, positive and opinionated, adjectives that should have been applicable to the book as well but which, sadly, are not.

John Bruce, who teaches philosophy at the University of Guelph, tries in this first novel to illustrate the impact of real-life melodrama on the equilibriums of four middle-aged, middle class, middle-brained characters. It's an interesting concept, but all *Breathing Space* ever gets around to illustrating is that an interesting concept, like patriotism, is not enough.

Oliver Sapper, vaguely retired to the country, writes to three city friends in-

viting them for a winter weekend. His reasons for writing vary with each letter, which Bruce reproduces in full as though they ought to provide us with insight into Sapper's character. (They ought to, but they don't.) Intimations of machinations recur throughout the book, but finally we give up hoping for Sapper to prove himself a cunning manipulator of men, and resign ourselves to the limp truth: he is merely an Anticipator. Sapper sets up situations, then experiences disappointment, anger, and so on, when they develop incorrectly. He wants, and perpetually fails to get, "an ordered, classical, coming and going. . . a little game with chess-like rules intuitively understood."

His guests exhibit comparable symptoms of inhibition and sterility. There is a mild flurry of excitement, though, when one of them (an arthritic lawyer named Beaver) falls in love with a foot (the property of Jeanine Toff, a spinster of sensitivity unplumbed). Beaver and Jeanine are a couple more surprised than sensuous, but their relationship is probably the most interesting thing in the book. When Guest Number Three (Mansell Drake) has a meaningful/symbolic/foreshadowing/significant

(check one) encounter with a hawk, the reader is as indifferent as Drake's fellow guests.

Finally, a fugitive is discovered in Sapper's basement. He has injured a man, fatally as it turns out, but the circumstances of his crime are as vague as everything else in this novel. In order that Bruce's characters may experience their various self-developments/realizations/recognitions/maturations (check one again), his criminal is presented as a hunted victim with whom they can sympathize.

It would all be fine if only we cared about any of them. Writers who are concerned with analyzing human behaviour have a perfect right to isolate their characters in the novelistic equivalent of a laboratory situation. Country houses, desert islands, ships at sea, army outposts - there are few limits to the settings that can be legitimately employed. But because the isolated setting removes characters from their natural environments, writers must compensate for the loss. What such writers in general, and John Bruce in particular, owe their readers is a heightened drama, forceful characters, and a discernable moral point of view. □

Coy voice in the gondola

Bus Ride, by Don Gutteridge, Nairn Publishing House, 173 Pages, \$3.50 paper.

By P.L. SURETTE

HUMOROUS FICTION based upon a rather coyly ironic and familiar style is perhaps Canada's major contribution to the world of letters. Basically an eighteenth-century periodical style, the familiar style was successfully imported by Thomas Haliburton, and polished to a rather softer sheen by the amiable Stephen Leacock. More recently Robertson Davies has shown, in *Fifth Business*, the capacity of the style to embrace serious themes without losing its comic edge.

Don Gutteridge's *Bus Ride* belongs in the Haliburton-Leacock tradition, but is unfortunate in having to undergo comparison with Davies' recent work. -Bill Underhill, the hockey hem of an

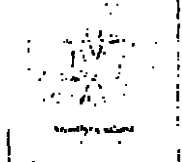
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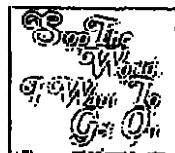
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FROM JOHN WILEY

anonymous **Lake** Huron village, although an engagingly **confused** young man of 19, is rather seriously blurred by what comes across as the prissy, interfering chatter of the omniscient narrator. No doubt the intended effect of Gutteridge's school-marmish style is to create a humorously ironic distance between the narrator and his subject, but this effect is constantly missed, and we are left wondering how this prissy individual wandered into such a lusty and outrageously disorganized world.

It is too bad that Gutteridge's style interferes so much with his story. For them is much to be enjoyed in *Bus Ride*. No one, to my knowledge, has yet successfully described a hockey game in fiction, but Gutteridge has added a fine portrait of a hockey scout to the lexicon of Canadian characters in *Stillwater*, the morose Toronto Maple Leaf scout. And the bus ride through a snow storm back from Landsend, where our village lost a hockey series, is a good variation on a well-worn fictional device. The good citizens of the village are permitted hyperbolic liberties in the seclusion of the storm-cosseted bus, driven by the village idiot, and miraculously equipped with steam-driven doors.

Bill is undergoing the pangs of the onset of manhood in the late winter of 1939. On the one hand, he's faced with the prospect of a professional hockey career and the compromising seductive advances of his girl, Penny. On the other, a psychologically crippling tour in the trenches of Europe, but freedom from his constricting village. However, he is allowed instead the unconsummated, but uncompromising passion of Lena Marovitch, European-born daughter of the local bootlegger, and the unsought glory of driving the bus home through the storm.

The novel concludes with Bill "saved." for the moment, from hockey, from marriage, from war, and from careless passion—a salvation his shadow of a Presbyterian heart perhaps desired, but assuredly did not deserve. The novel concludes with the astronaut's-eye view with which it began:

The sun, above it all, watched: audience and spectator. But up here, looking straight down, you can see his face in the mirror of the Lake. It is smiting. And in the depth of that summer smile is reflected the inherent comedy of all the seasons.

Bright flash from the dark

Yesterdays, by Harold Sonny Ladoo, **Anansi**, 110 Pages, \$6.50 cloth and \$3.25 paper.

By MARK SARNRR

HAROLD SONNY LADOO'S novel, *Yesterdays*, has been published almost a year after his unfortunate death. He was killed, according to press reports and hearsay, while in Trinidad attempting to settle a dispute involving his family there. He left behind an extensive collection of papers out of which may come more books but his death aborted his plan to write a series of novels about life in the Caribbean and in Canada. *Yesterdays* is the second installment; *No Pain Like This Body* was the first. Sadly we have to resign ourselves to the loss of Ladoo and what promised to be an important literary career.

Peter Such, a prominent novelist himself and founder and former editor of *Impulse*, first met Ladoo at a bus stop.

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To be published August 1974.

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HANDMADE HOUSES: A GUIDE TO THE WOODBUTCHER'S ART

by Arthur Boericke,
photos by Barry Shapiro

Sixty miles up a dirt road and five miles further, we invite you on a leisurely visit to some glorious homes, barns, sheds, privies and shelters which a growing number of self-taught carpenters are building to please themselves.

They became friends and Such was able to help Ladoo find outlets for his writing. Stories like this one, full of romantic clichés, are legion. Talent is forever being discovered. But it is rare that such discoveries fulfill the promise. *By V. Flanagan* Ladoo is the exception. No *Pain Like This Body* convinced even the wary that Ladoo was worth watching; *Yesterday* establishes that he is worth much more than just a look.

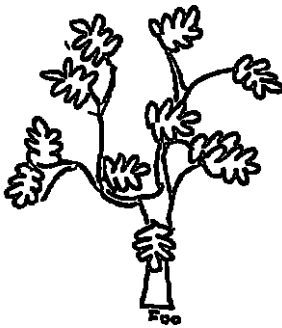
Poonwa, a West Indian of 23 with an education from a Canadian Mission school and a future on the island that he does not wish to realize, has a dream. He wants to go to Canada as a one-man Hindu Mission using the same terror tactics against Canadians in his efforts to convert them to Hinduism that were used on him by Canadian Christian missionaries. It is an expensive dream and Poonwa doesn't have the money to finance it. His father, Choonilal, does, if only he will mortgage his hard-earned home. The book describes how the whole community responds to the situation.

Fortunately it never becomes soapy. In fact, Ladoo dazzles the reader with his control. The result is a beautifully paced book. We are entertained and

enlightened by a community of charming and unusual souls, people intertwined in every sort of human relationship—financial, sexual, and religious. Everywhere in evidence is Ladoo's tender understanding of his characters.

By Arthur Hengink
so unlike our own as to be barely comprehensible and simultaneously to endear it to us.

The dialogue is hilarious, the narrative just as much fun. Ladoo creates a comic vision with a flawless sense of humour, a delicate sense of irony, and a certain sense of irony that contains within it a love for his characters. It is hard to believe that Ladoo could achieve so much in so few pages; it is hard to believe that he is &ad. □



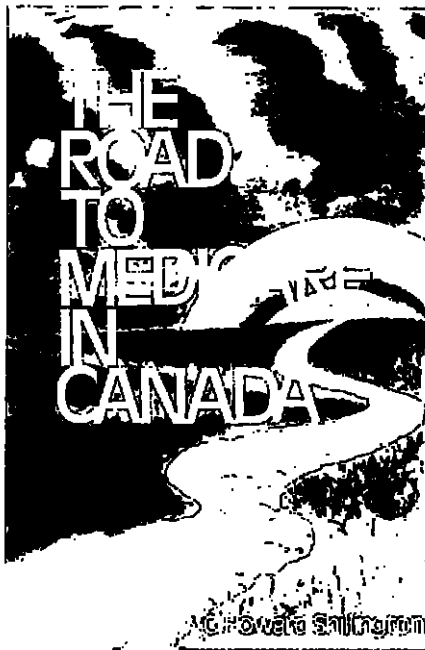
That only a woman...

Survival Ship and Other Stories, by Judith Merril, Kakabeka, 229 pages, \$1.95 Paper.

By CARLA WOLFE

JUDITH MERRIL'S first Published science fiction story was also the story that started my addiction to science fiction. It was called "That Only A Mother ...," and was, as Ms. Merril says in this book, "a rather unpleasant story... concerned with the effects, on one small ordinary family, of life during a comparatively 'clean' atomic war..." But what I remember the story for now, 20 years later, is not its social message, but its sensitive and horrifying exploration of the female psyche.

Almost every story in *Survival Ship and Other Stories* has this same underlay. They are not new stories; they were written between 1946 and 1963, and all but one (the only poem in the book)



The Road to Medicare in Canada

C. Howard Shillington

The universal medicare program established by the federal government in 1968 can be regarded as the end product of a long series of developments which took place in Canada over the previous fifty years. This book traces the history of such developments and, in particular, examines the thirty-year growth of the physician-sponsored voluntary medical care prepayment plans whose enrollment at the time of takeover covered almost one-third of the entire Canadian population.

The history of these plans provides an excellent illustration of the long march by the medical profession of Canada along the road to health insurance, beginning with their problems of the depression years, their decision to experiment with

arrangements under their own direction, and finally their concern for the future nature of health insurance, as the spectre of a government plan hung over their heads, and eventually became a reality.

The Road to Medicare in Canada deals with both the federal and the provincial areas, and skilfully describes something of the ideas, attitudes and undertakings — by government, the medical profession, and the public at large — which have gone into the task of underwriting the cost of health services for the people of Canada.

This book is the first to provide an overview of the movement to health insurance in Canada and represents an important contribution to all future documentation in this field. It should be essential reading for all who are actively involved or concerned with the provision of health services in Canada.

216 pages Cloth 11.95

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have been published at least once before. They have a variety of themes — ESP, the exploration and settlement of other worlds, the dangers and idiocies of a security system gone mad. But always, along with whatever else she is trying to say, one finds Ms. Merrill grappling with the question of what it means to be a woman, and of how men and women can reach a mutual respect and understanding.

I don't think this was meant to be a book about women, but it's turned out that way. Sometimes the theme is central, as in the one poem in the book, "Auction Pit." It's not very good poetry — Merrill's strengths are in her prose writing—but it's an oddly moving exploration of woman's position, written nearly 30 years ago but sounding like a product of today's awakened consciousness. It details the marketing of women, and the dilemma of the woman who cannot play her role.

What is curious is that Ms. Merrill could write this poem, and then write a number of stories in which the female characters are in many ways stereotypical. "Death Is The Penalty" (1949), for example, is on one level a love story that takes for granted that a woman can only love a man superior to herself. "So Proudly We Hail" (1953) tells the story of a wife who sacrifices herself for her husband's happiness. In "Wish Upon A Star" (1958), the protagonist is an adolescent boy, raised on a matriarchally organized space ship, who longs for the day when the ship will land and his society can revert to male dominance. And "The Lady Was A Tramp" portrays its one female character as a sort of spacebound Earth Mother, then primarily to relieve the tensions of male crew members.

But throughout the stories there is a kind of uneasiness, as if Ms. Merrill is struggling against the stereotypes. Her women may behave in conventional ways, but they are not flat, one-dimensional creatures. One has the sense of watching a gradual, erratic personal awakening. □

Next month in
Books in Canada

• Roy MacSkimming
on four contenders
for the poetry crown":
Lane, Coleman,
Wayman and Jonas

Horsemen of apocrypha

Kosygin is Coming, by Tom Ardies, Doubleday, 207 pages, \$6.95 cloth.

By DOUGLAS MARSHALL

WHERE DO WE rank Tom Ardies on the most-wanted list of modern thriller w-item? Near the top. I reckon, somewhere between Donald E. Westlake and Len Deighton. Indeed, with this his fourth and best novel, Ardies undertakes a bizarre literary interment: Westlake's *The Busy Body* is given a Deighton-style *Funeral in Berlin*. Such an unorthodox combination of rites is bound to have weaknesses. The humour lacks Westlake's fine polish and the jig-saw pieces don't fall into place with the same satisfying click that Deighton contrives. But overall Ardies convinces us that his oxymoron of obsequies has liturgical validity. Welcome to the klutz-and-dagger sect of crime fiction.

Like Westlake, Ardies flirts with situation slapstick, the comedy not of wit and manners but of mumbles and ineptitude. The action doesn't simply unfold; it caroms around Vancouver with the madcap unpredictability of a fleet of fun-fair dodgem cars driven by homicidal drunks. The hero — and in his wake, the reader — keep trying to discern some meaningful patter to the swirl of sideswipe-s and bumpings off. The patter that does emerge has the Deighton touch, a certain chilling authenticity in its suggestion of how the sordid I-spy game is played these days.

Our all-Canadian hero is Timothy Shaver, an RCMP corporal of moderate sharpness who is dragooned by Special Branch for an underground mission. His task is to keep Kosygin's would-be assassin, a Latvian refugee, out of circulation for a few days during the Russian leader's stop-over visit en route home from Ottawa. Almost immediately, the plot thickens (in fact, it "early congeals") as Shaver discovers that nothing is as it seems. By the time the book reaches its cinematic climax, at least five diverse elements — the CIA, the KGB, the Vancouver city police, a gang of Detroit hoods, and the Mounties themselves — are stumbling over each other's feet in a fog of uncertainty.

continued overleaf

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Ardies manages to **keep control** of all this only at some **cost to the** reader's powers of mental retention. The **structure**, if it can be called that, is episodic. To the point of distraction and the chapter divisions **are** merely a concession to publishing **convention**. To compensate, Ardies has hit on the idea of giving his characters **highly eccentric** names — Commander Petapiece, Colonel Vostik, the beautiful **Bogna Kirchoff**, and Henke, the key to the mystery. But even this **cognominal device** for keeping **track** of things sometimes gets **out** of hand:

"It's registered to a Norman Bjsgrkowski," Shaver said, slurring valiantly. "The only trouble is, that's a phony name. . . ." Manoocher's eyebrows went up. "Fake registration? That's kind of dumb. . . ." He slopped and considered. "I'm getting lost. . ."

Perhaps part of the reason for Ardies' opaque style of story-telling is that it masks his deeper iconoclastic achievement — the long-overdue depiction of the vainglorious RCMP as an **institution** riddled with **human** frailties. **To date** we've been content to mock the **Mounties** only in terms of the broadest **farce**, a technique that subtly reinforces the legend of invincibility. Ardies pops the **buttons** off that **starched** red coat to reveal **neither** a **paragon** nor a **buffoon** but **only** an ordinary bewildered cop in his sweaty underwear.

The Horsemen have lost their superman status but Canada has gained a thriller writer who indisputably belongs in **the** international big-time. □

A place too bland...

Stories from Ontario, selected by
Germaine Warkentin, Macmillan,
272 pages, \$10 cloth and \$2.95
paper.

By MICHAEL SMITH

TO READ THESE 22 stories is a bit like going to a family reunion. Year after year you **run up** against the same **crew of chatty** aunts and one or two old bores. It's comfortable enough to be among friends, but it becomes **uncomfortable** when you **start** to think that your Uncle Harry's war stories are the same ones he was telling last year. Looking back, short-story anthologies

and family reunions never seem to change.

Germaine Warkentin, a professor at the University of Toronto, opens her historical survey with Susanna Moodie and Stephen Leacock and relies on such venerable storytellers as Hugh Garner and Morley Callaghan to carry us through to Dave Godfrey at the end. It's only too bad that the stories she selects have been repeatedly collected elsewhere. Almost every schoolboy knows Leacock's "The Marine Excursion of the Knights of Pythias"; Garner's "One-Two-Three Little Indians" must be his **most** reprinted work; and both of these appear **together** with the same **two** Callaghan stories (*circa* 1929) in the **first** other anthology I checked.

Though all these stories have Ontario settings, it's hard to think of so many well-known writers in strictly regional terms. *Stories from Ontario* is itself part of a larger project, following *Stories from Western Canada* and *Stories from Atlantic Canada*, and suffers by comparison. These stories often seem anonymous in terms of place — **apparently** because Ontario lacks the intense regional character of **the Maritimes**, say, or **Quebec**, and, sadly, because the Ontario people **often** seem **so** universally bland.

The exceptions are **rural** stories — which tend to dominate the hook — **especially** the Southwestern Ontario stories of Raymond Knister and Alice Munro, and a thoroughly perplexing story by George Elliott, a Toronto advertising man, **about** a myth surrounding birth in a small town. Shirley Faessler, a painstaking writer whose work is seldom published, portrays domestic life and death among Toronto's Jewish poor in "A Basket of Apples" and Austin Clarke describes the special world of immigrant Toronto blacks in "They Heard a Ringing of Bells."

Some of the work — by Godfrey, David Helwig and Hugh Hood, among others — is newish in that it was published **within the** last 15 years, but what seems especially misting is not only **new** work, but new urban work in **the** tradition of Garner and Callaghan who, here at least, appear bereft of literary heirs. There's a nice **description** of a public hanging in 1847 by Patrick Slater, the pseudonym of a 1930s Toronto lawyer, which contrasts sharply with **work** by one or two earlier writers — **Harvey O'Higgins**, for one — who **seem** included purely for their **obscurity**.

It's always a delight to read **alternately** pleasant and disquieting stories

by Alice **Munro**, "Walker Brothers Cowboy" and "The Peace of Utrecht." She's as good a writer as Canada has, and **owes** her reputation largely to the short-story form. The unfortunate thing is that many **other good** short-story writers must bide **their** time amid the shadow world of **literary** quarterlies and "little" magazines. Their hopes of getting into exclusive little anthologies like this one **are** slim indeed. □

Loco hombre makes good

Madhouse, by Robert **Goulet**, Van Nostrand Reinhold, 142 pages, \$5.75 cloth.

By **CHRIS SCOTT**

ROBERT GOULET was born in Quebec in 1925, emigrated to the United States and then to **Mallorca**, where he now lives and writes in the village of **Fornalutx**. **Madhouse** is an autobiographical account of a few days spent in the Manicomio, the insane asylum in the island capital of **Palma**.

Booze and difficulties with his **art** are responsible for the narrator's **condition**. After a drunken night out on the town, he makes some derogatory remarks concerning the **Caufilo's** lack of fertility, gets into a Rght, and finds himself in the local laughing academy. It is **an old story, often told**, and there is no need here to recite the **list** of twentieth-century writers who have made a career out of alcoholic psychosis. Despite the **weary** staleness of his material, however, Goulet has written **an** engaging, indeed a fascinating book. It is a tribute to his art that **Madhouse** reads more like a **novel** than a confessional work. He writes convincingly of the feeling of double alienation; he is a foreigner in a strange land, and he is also a writer whose interest in the human condition paradoxically increases his own sense of isolation. **Madhouse** is utterly devoid of **self-pity** or **psychologizing**, and Goulet has even learned to poke fun at **himself**:

Thus a headache of mine was not just ordinary headache, but the same malaise which Dostoevsky suffered when he thought he might get another attack of the Grand Mal. If I had a bad row with my wife and my awful temper had been the cause of it, then I would think of Tolstoy

and his thunderous wrath. When I had pains in my chest, they must be the same pains Balzac knew after drinking so much black coffee to maintain his schedule. The dressing gown I worked in on winter nights often warmed me up with the suggestion that I might have borrowed it from Flaubert himself. And what a discovery when I read that Hemingway not only wrote longhand, as I did, but also used number-two pencils, the kind I always insisted on . . .

Goulet's fellow inmates range from the menacingly psychotic to the genially dotty. Among the former, there is one who is living out delusions of espionage but who is nevertheless sane enough to inform Goulet: "You will become crazy in here. They will see to it." And among the latter, there is one who has conceived the plan of consigning all animal life to a subterranean pit for the purposes of procreation. Unfortunately, **Ernesto**, for so he is called, can never seem to get the dimensions quite right.

Both inmates and keepers are drawn with great warmth and compassion by **Robert Goulet**. **Madhouse** is a book of self-discovery and of the discovery of others. It is **deliberately understated**, by **degrees** chilling and humane, amusing and **profound**. It is an **honest** book, free of the attitudiniring that **characterizes** so much of the genre. Above all, it is eminently readable — in every sense a success. □

Adrift in the fluvial flux

Days of Rage, by **Herman Buller**, October Publications, 277 pages, \$3.95 paper.

By **PHIL LANTHIER**

HERMAN BULLER'S hero, Pierre, is out to shoot Queen Elizabeth II in the head with a botulism-filled bullet. "Tomorrow, with this rifle," says Pierre in one of the many grandiloquent utterances with which this book is tilled, "I'll drill a hole through the Queen's skull and use the passage for a view of independence."

Needless to say, the Queen survives with her skull intact. The **royal** visit referred to is that of October, 1964, when the Queen's presence in a newly politicized Quebec gave rise to widespread demonstrations and excessive **police efforts to guarantee her safety**. In its historical-documentary aspect, *Days of Rage* attempts a profile of re-

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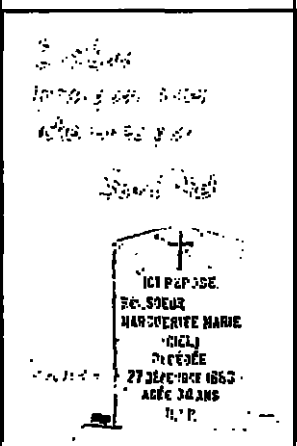
ESSAYS ON THE CANADIAN IMAGINATION

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-Peter Buitenhuis,
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Shakespeare 1971

Clifford Leech and
John M.R. Margeson, editors

This volume presents twenty-six papers presented by leading Shakespeare scholars from around the world at the First World Shakespeare Congress held in Vancouver 'in August 1971. . . a rich fare for all those interested in modern critical work on Shakespeare.' —*Queen's Quarterly*. \$5.95* (cloth edition \$12.50*)

*Prices are those suggested at time of publication.

University of Toronto Press

volutionary activity from the year of the asbestos strike under Duplessis, through the early manifestos, letter box bombs and armory raids, to the hypothetical moment of regicide.

With such fertile ground at his disposal, it is difficult to see how Buller can miss writing an effective novel. But though the book does share some of the inherent fascination of this critical period, it fails to develop its possibilities. What counts for the hero, and his author, is not really authenticity or drama, but the number of ideological poses that can be struck, given the opportunity. Buller has no taste for black comedy, one of the directions in which this subject could have been taken, but which the author, I'm sure, would regard as a cop-out. He's tried instead an ideological thriller, perhaps with Vassilikos's Z in mind. His plot, however, is not ingenious enough nor is Pierre's ultimate fate significant enough to give Days of Rage real novelistic or political impact. The assassin's manoeuvres into final firing position are interesting but not gripping. Quebec City cops may in fact be dumb enough to let an artist with an oddly extended easel into a forbidden zone, but they shouldn't be so dumb in books.

What really destroys a potentially good political novel, however, is Buller's unrestrained and unabashed pamphlet rhetoric. Pierre, telling his own story until the last split second of life, sees and interprets everything with the language of the revolutionary underground. Other characters are merely spokesmen for related or opposing views. Nothing comes quite alive under the dead weight of slogan, epigram and revolutionary announcement, though the book is certainly vigorous in tone. Buller has an Audenesque fetish for the spectacular simile: "The English have been deposited in our midst like a moraine from a receding imperialist glacier." And too often his prose sinks lamentably: "The river stood for a fluvial philosophy of flux." Few scenes are allowed to convey meaning without ideological interference, nor does the author choose to stand back from his earnest, eloquent hero. Buller's own commitment to the movement permits him no ironies and little humour.

If, as October Publications informs us, its purpose is to publish books favouring the cause of Quebec's independence, including English books that will break through Anglo-Saxon indifference to legitimate Québécois grie-

vances, then this book will not prove effective. As it stands, Days of Rage is written for the converted and is therefore harmless. □

Décret-loi d'octobre

Les Québécois violents, by Marc Laurendeau, Les Editions du Boréal-Express, Montreal, 240 pages, \$8.75 paper.

Le RIN et les débuts du mouvement indépendantiste, by André d'Allemagne, Editions l'Étincelle, Montreal, 160 pages, \$3.95 paper.

By JOHN GRUBE

UP TO ABOUT 1960, English Canadians were brought up with the idea that the Québécois were a bunch of priest-ridden habitants with a picturesque folk-lore who were also capable of keeping in power a quasi-dictator such as Maurice Duplessis. This image was reinforced each time a Toronto school child was forced to memorize a poem such as "Leetle Bapteeese" by the late Dr. W.H. Drummond. Around 1963, the stereotype began to change as the CBC and other Anglo organs began to feature scenes of Quebec "violence," whether of popular demonstrations or of bombs exploding in Westmount post-boxes. This stereotype of volatile and unpredictable Latins with a natural penchant for tossing Molotov cocktails was probably implanted in its final form by the sensational publicity surrounding the War Measures Act crisis of October, 1970.

The authenticity of that particular "caper" was doubted by many even at the time. Tommy Douglas went so far as to call the whole thing a "Reichstag Fire" — in other words, a piece of violence artificially contrived by the government to discredit radical but legitimate opponents. A slowly increasing volume of facts has surfaced since then that tends to confirm Douglas's interpretation of four years ago, although all opposition efforts to set in motion any kind of official investigation have been fiercely resisted by the authorities. The indirect effect of the Liberals' refusal has been to stimulate the production of a wide variety of books on the subject, ranging from sensational and speculative spy thrillers to heavily academic treatments. The best

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so far have been *Rumours of War* by Aubrey Golden and Ron Haggart, *Alarme Citoyens!* by Jacques Lacoursière and *Québec 70* by John Saywell; the worst have been those by Liberal apologists such as Gérard Pelletier's *La Crise d'octobre* and Gustav Morf's *Le Terrorisme au Québec*. The great contribution to this growing documentation made by d'Allemagne and Laurendeau is to put the known facts in a historical perspective and to filter them through a serious social-science discipline. This gives their interpretations a rigor and a plausibility lacking in the more popular and journalistic treatments.

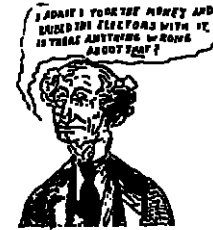
D'Allemagne was one of the founders of the nationalist RIN in 1960 and discusses this peaceful 'movement of the early 1960s as a classic pressure group, just as another social scientist might discuss the anti-Spadina Expressway pressure group in Toronto. All pressure groups appear to have certain characteristics: they are highly **fissionable**, issue-oriented, undisciplined, and if successful at all, tend to crystallize into more structured political organizations. D'Allemagne shows how this pattern appeared in the RIN, certain members laying the base for the subsequent Parti Québécois, others taking the route of the PLQ. Marc Laurendeau's book uses, as its foundation many excellent U.S. smidies of political violence that attempt to rake the emotion out of the subject, folly realizing that violence, or the threat of it, is a normal part of political change, and that governments in power use violence, even institutionalize it, quite as much as radicals do. He concludes that the PLQ did in fact increase the number of Québécois prepared to consider independence seriously and thus helped the Parti Québécois establish its current broad support. He devotes an excellent chapter to the October, 1970, "caper," evaluating without coming to any final conclusion all the evidence tending to suggest that the PLQ kidnappings were part of a government manoeuvre designed to implant in everyone's mind the idea that the independence of Quebec will be violent rather than diplomatic in nature.

The whole subject is of enormous importance to anyone following the Canadian political scene or even its reflection in Canadian literature, and while these two books will undoubtedly appear in English in a year or two, they are well worth reading now for anyone with a reasonably fluent knowledge of French. □

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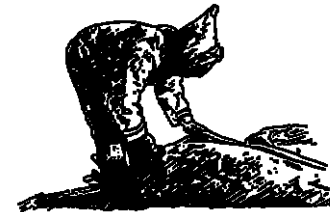


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Down and out in Montreal

The Anatomy of Poverty, by **Terry Copp, McClelland & Stewart, 192 pages, \$3.95 paper.**

By **GEORGE JONAS**

THIS LUCID, well-organized book tells about some of the mechanics of being poor in the city of Montreal between the years 1897 and 1929. The majority of people in Montreal during that time — as in most other cities in most other periods — were the working poor. *The Anatomy of Poverty* describes how the majority of people in Montreal lived.

Books of this kind ought first to be judged on honesty of intent and accuracy of detail, and Mr. Copp acquits himself honourably on both counts. He does have a point of view, but he is obviously not a propagandist or apologist for any rigid doctrine. He also tries to be as accurate as the somewhat scanty information available to him permits, and whenever he makes an educated guess he freely admits it to be just that.

Personal experience and common sense tells us that poverty is not pleasant, and this view remains essentially unchanged after reading about its anatomy in Montreal. What we may ask is how unpleasant it was compared to other places at the same, or at other times.

From Mr. Copp's data it would seem that conditions for the working poor were slightly worse in Montreal than in Toronto at the same time, but perhaps no worse than average for North America as a whole. It is also obvious that they were slightly or significantly better than the conditions of the working poor just about anywhere else in the world. The Minimum Health and Decency Budget presented by the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees in 1928, for example, would appear unattainably luxurious for the working poor in present-day Italy or Poland, not to mention such countries as India.

Having asked how unpleasant poverty was in Montreal between 1897 and 1929, the next question of importance would seem to be what caused or causes it, and what should be done to reduce or eliminate it. Mr. Copp concludes that

"The real problems facing Canadians were primarily the product of a free-market economy..." and "...in Canada, as in other countries, the working class was required to pay the price for industrial growth without receiving much in the way of benefits..." Orthodox as this conclusion is in terms of many prevailing theories: it seems erroneous to me.

The rich have been doing just fine in non-industrial societies. The middle classes were not much worse off and their relative status may, if anything, have been higher. If there was any one group of people that clearly and unambiguously benefited from industrialization it was the working poor. As a matter of fact, technology seemed so important to Lenin that he gave it equal status with socialism in his famous equation: Communism equals socialism plus electricity.

However, industrial growth appears to be more rapid in a free-market economy. Unattractive as it may seem to people of finer sensibilities, if reduction of material poverty is the aim, free enterprise and technology look like the winning combination. □

Nova Scotia's other island

The Life and Times of Industrial Estates Limited, by **Roy E. George, Institute of Public Affairs, Dalhousie university, 163 pages, \$4.95 wrappers.**

By **PAUL STUEWE**

ITS DECEPTIVELY SNAPPY title notwithstanding, *Life and Times* is a thoroughly serious attempt to evaluate the performance of Industrial Estates Limited (IEL), a crown corporation that since 1957 has been charged with promoting industrial development in the province of Nova Scotia. Although about half the book is devoted to the rather technical economic problem of establishing criteria for a cost-benefit analysis of IEL's activities to date, Professor George has also cast a critical eye at the corporation's history and practices; and despite being denied direct access to its records, he has managed to accumulate a body of evidence that suggests IEL has often played fast and loose with the public purse strings,

GOOD BOOKS FOR AUTUMN FROM LONGMAN

United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey *By Bill Buckley Jr.*

Whether your readers are pro-Buckley or anti-Buckley, you can recommend his new book without reservations. From mid-September to mid-December, 1973, Bill Buckley was himself on the "Firing Line" when he served as a United States Delegate to the 29th General Assembly of the United Nations. This is his engrossing journal of those three months when he observed the U.N., and the people who make it work, from the inside. Filled with the kind of telling anecdotes and keen insights that are uniquely Buckley's, it's one of this season's most enjoyable and important books.

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Foreword by Beaumont Newhall

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and has consistently operated in a **secretive**, confused and at **times** deliberately deceptive manner.

George traces the roots of this insularity back to the circumstances of **IEL's** creation, at a time when the **provincial** government was ready to accept any **measure** that held out the **prospect** of increased employment in Nova Scotia. Appropriating a **substantial** sum of money (\$200 million so far) and using it to attract major industrial enterprises seemed the quickest method of inducing economic growth, and Nova Scotia's leading businessmen were the "obvious" choices to administer the new agency. Entranced by visions of large corporate fish frolicking in receptive local pools, IEL forged ahead with **little** thought for the feelings of those who were the **presumptive** beneficiaries of **its largesse**. It **took** a question in the legislature to force the **corporation** to send **its** initial brochure to Nova **Scotian** firms as well as **out-of-province ones**, and IEL board members have had a penchant **for** such **public** relations gems as E.A. **Manson's**, "I'm **not** concerned with a lot of people 06 the **street** . . . I am concerned with the business community of this country." Coupled with the publicity resulting from two **spectacularly** bad investments (**Deuterium** and **Clairtone**), IEL's aversion to **outside scrutiny** has, in **George's words**, "earned it the suspicion and cynicism of the people of Nova Scotia."

One might be inclined to overlook this ostrich-like attitude if **IEL's** policies had stimulated real economic **progress** in Nova Scotia, but **after** an **analysis** that gives IEL the benefit of every doubt, George concludes that the **province** could have spent its \$200 million on welfare **supplements** or public works and achieved **similar** results. Although some of **IEL's catches**, notably the **Michelin** plants at Bridgewater and **Granton**, may eventually prove to be of great value to the Nova **Scotian economy**, the record of **IEL's** first 13 years hardly inspires confidence in its performance in the future: as of **1971**, the gap between Nova Scotia's manufacturing output **per capita** and that of the rest of Canada was just as great as in 1958, the year when IEL first began to allocate funds.

While George is quite critical of **IEL's** record to date, **Life and Times** is essentially a friendly analysis that seeks to encourage the corporation to **re-evaluate** its policies in terms of what **will bring the** greatest economic **advantages** to Nova Scotians. **He** pays only

cursory attention to such broader issues as increasing foreign ownership of Canadian resources and the **wasteful** competition among "have-not" **provinces** wooing the same firms. And despite his **several** examples of inept planning and remarkably poor judgment, he does not seriously examine the question of whether institutions such as IEL are the most appropriate **means** of stimulating sluggish economies.

In **addition** to the question of the **relative** effectiveness of **this type** of **development** agency, which from the **evidence** of both **Life and Times** and Philip **Mathias' Forced Growth** leaves a **great deal** to be desired, there is also the whole range of problems associated with what Abraham **Rotstein** describes as "twanging the old-boy network"; the disincentives to new local **entrepreneurs** are perhaps the most serious, **although** genteel graft, polite nepotism and decisions based on sentiment **rather** than **social** welfare also characterize the **careers** of provincial **development** corporations dominated by **parochial** business interests. While George **documents** several cases of what, on the face of it, appear to be flagrant misuses of Nova **Scotian tax** dollars (and which should provide local investigative journalists with a **number** of **fruitful** leads), he consistently avoids **considering** whether these may be normative, **rather** than merely dysfunctional, aspects of this system of subsidizing private **enterprise** with-public funds.

In spite of George's failure to consider the broader implications of his analysis, however, **Life and Times** contains a good deal of **useful information** about the history and methods of operation of Nova Scotia's development corporation, and will be of particular value to those readers able to place it in the wider context of the struggle to achieve a viable Canadian economy. **One** can only regret that it was not written in a similar spirit. □

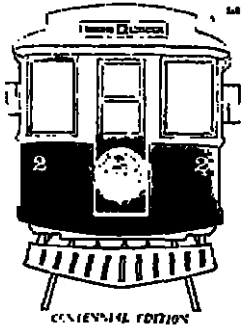
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Reluctant part of the main

The Island and Confederation: The End of an Era, by David Weale and Harry Baglole, Williams and Cruie Ltd., P.E.I., 150 pages, paper unpriced.

By RUTH BROUWER

BECAUSE THERE are so few books dealing with the history of Prince Edward Island, we should perhaps be grateful for any new ones. But unless the reader is prepared to take an indulgent or patronizing approach (a not uncommon attitude to things Maritime), he is bound to be disappointed in this Centennial-year publication.

Baglole spent 1973 poking mild fun at the Island's celebrations of an event it had assiduously tried to avoid 100 years earlier, and in this book he and Weale trace Island history from the British takeover of Ile Saint-Jean in 1763 to what they evidently regard as the Confederation denouement of 1873.

The Island And Confederation, which seems to have gone direct from authors to printer, demonstrates, by default, that the editorial function is of some value after all: explanations are frequently vague (the achievement of responsible government on P.E.I., for example), the writing inexact and, in some places, incredibly repetitive. The authors' central concern is the importance to Islanders of their colony's tradition of political independence, and their consequent reluctance to undermine its political institutions in a confederation arrangement. It is a valid enough point, but one that is repeated and restated until it is absolutely beaten into the ground. On the other hand, a number of important issues, such as the Island's frequent, and occasionally violent, religious disputes, are ignored or barely acknowledged. These omissions would be understandable if the book were dealing only with the Island and Confederation, but it's not; notwithstanding the title, only the last third deals with the Confederation crisis.

The book is most potentially interesting when its authors are dealing with the colony's social history. Several pages of reproduced advertisements tell a good deal about the so-called Golden

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Age of the 1850s and 1860s. Occasionally, excerpts from settlers' diaries or visitors' journals are used to good effect. But usually Baglole and Weale are too impatient — or think their readers will be — to let contemporary sources speak at any length for themselves.

At times they try to create a kind of Island political mythology. For instance, Walter Patterson, the colony's first governor, is styled "The Father of the Island" and given credit at one point for having "saved his 'country'." The attempt to confer heroic status on Patterson is undertaken on what seems to be the flimsiest of bases. Frank MacKinnon's evaluation of his incumbency (in *The Government of Prince Edward Island*) as a "failure [that] could be attributed chiefly to a combination of administrative difficulties and personal deficiencies" is probably nearer the mark. The authors' desire to create a mythology out of Island history is perhaps understandable in view of what they are trying to do — instil in Islanders a pride in their past so that they'll be mused to resist "the vitiating effects of standardization and centralization." But however much one may agree with their motives, the only real result of this kind of approach is likely to be bad history.

Baglole's and Weale's love for their province is evident everywhere in this book. But I'm not sure that patriotism is an asset in writing the history of a place. Maybe it's a definite handicap. □

Counting the Ways

love
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bp Nicol

(From *Konfessions of an Elizabethan Fan Dancer*, Weed Flower Press, unpaginated.)

Pink sails in the sunset

Essays in B.C. Political Economy, edited by Paul Knox and Philip Resnick, New Star Books (James Lewis & Samuel), 81 Pages, \$2 paper.

By CLIVE COCKING

THE ONLY PEOPLE to whom I can cheerfully recommend this book for reading are British Columbia's very own bloated capitalists. After all, they've been feeling pretty hard done-by lately, what with the Barrett NDP government's new mining royalties, timber charges, mat controls and farmland freeze, and they could do with cheering up. The "Marxist analysis" contained here should be just the thing to set them once again chortling over their brandy in the Vancouver Club and bubbling away that "with enemies like these Marxists, who needs friends?"

For far from revealing any tough, critical brilliance among the radical left, these essays only display boring pedantry and intellectual feebleness. Nothing to send shivers of fear down capitalist backs. *Essays in B.C. Political Economy* is a hodge-podge collection of essays, recycled journalism and poetry mad at the first conference of the British Columbia Committee on Socialist Studies held at the University of British Columbia in January, 1973. It is, in fact, a non-book that did not deserve publication.

Characteristic of the book is the lead essay, "The Political Economy of B.C.: A Marxist Interpretation" by UBC political science professor Philip Resnick. Beneath the radical rhetoric, it is simply a restatement of the known and obvious: B.C. has a resource-based economy with ties to "metropolitan centres" (eastern Canada, the U.S., Japan) and with a radical working-class tradition.

Keith Reid and Don Weaver's review of the development of B.C. forest policy, and John Addie, Allan Czepil and Fred Rumsey's facts and figures about B.C.'s power elite, might both have made good undergraduate papers (they're all UBC political science students), but they're not of publishable value. Equally, the pieces on B.C.'s breakaway unions by Pmf. Resnick, trade unionist Jack Scott and UBC graduate student Paul Knox would have

made good journalism two years ago (in fact, Knox's interviews were originally broadcast on the CBC), but they are basically too ephemeral to be preserved in a book.

B.C. poet Dorothy Livesay's account of her experience in the Depression, UBC English professor Victor G. Hopwood's sketch of early B.C. radical literature (in which he calls for more research) and the smattering of B.C. poetry are all interesting in themselves but, like the rest of the book, they do not contribute any significant insights or new ideas on B.C. political history.

Despite a colourful and controversy-filled past, there is a shortage of written material on B.C.'s political, economic and social history. And so it is depressing to see academics rushing into print with lightweight stuff such as this, when there are so many important issues crying out for solid research and closely argued interpretation — from whatever point of view. □

Getting our minds together

Inside Groups: A Practical Guide to Encounter Groups and Group Therapy, by Dr. Thomas R. Vemy, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 257 pages, \$1.95 cloth.

By JEAN E. MELUSKY

GROUP ACTIVITY is a hot topic. Everyone wants to know what happens during those rural retreats, or behind the double doors and cork walls of the psychiatrist's office. And I grimly supposed, looking at the title, that Vemy had produced the inevitable, unambitious, "how to find the group for you" book. But then Vemy is the man who initially refused to read Janov's *The Primal Scream* because he was offended by its presumptuous subtitle: "Primal Therapy: The Cure for Neurosis."

As it turns out, the title is descriptive. *Inside Groups* is a layman's book, simply written. There is no index, but one can pretty much find specifics by using the table of contents. It is meant to be read through, though, and it should be, because it is neither boring nor condescending.

Vemy underlines therapeutic points with transcripts from his groups, and includes some poems and some "Dear

Tom" letters from his patients (a few too many, actually). The end result is informative, and, at times, moving.

Vemy opens with a brief history of group activity and the forms that it has assumed since the "T-group" emerged in Bethel, Maine, in 1947. T-groups are five-day to 14-day "thinking-oriented" groups. Encounter groups (equals the human potential movement) are typically weekend deals, heavily into emotional bombardment. Group therapy, which may employ a variety of techniques, usually lasts from 12 to 18 months.

Vemy explains techniques that are used in both weekend encounters and year-long therapy. The list is long, but here's a sample: fantasy, visual and acoustic exercises, the group marathon as a drama in three acts. He describes some typical "groupies" (The Intellectualizers, The Exasperators, The Shit-Disturbers) and further explains what types patients often expect — or demand — their therapist to be (Expert, Patient, Friend, Lover). And, to his credit, he outlines what patients ought to demand from a therapist: "You are contracting for a service and you are entitled to know what you will receive for your time and money. . . . Your head is at stake."

The man who refused to read Janov finally did, and, after a primal workshop in New Jersey in 1972, changed his entire practice over to primal therapy, losing about a third of his patients in the process.

He does not insist, as Janov did, that it is the cure. But he does say that it seems to work, and work fast. Vemy generally approves of the human potential movement's "direct assault on the individual's defense system." (An assault that Dr. Andrew Malcolm, in *The Tyranny of the Group* finds not only intrusive, but also destructive and politically disturbing.)

Malcolm mentions a study that showed a "casualty rate" of 10 per cent among encounter participants at Stanford. Vemy mentions the same study, and reports that it also concluded that the leader-style, rather than the human potential movement's ideological approach, influenced the casualty rate more significantly. The "aggressive-charismatic" leaders produced more disasters. Vemy adds that if the participants had selected their own leaders (the study makes no report on this), then it would only confirm his hypothesis that "the sickest people tend to gravitate toward the sickest leaders."

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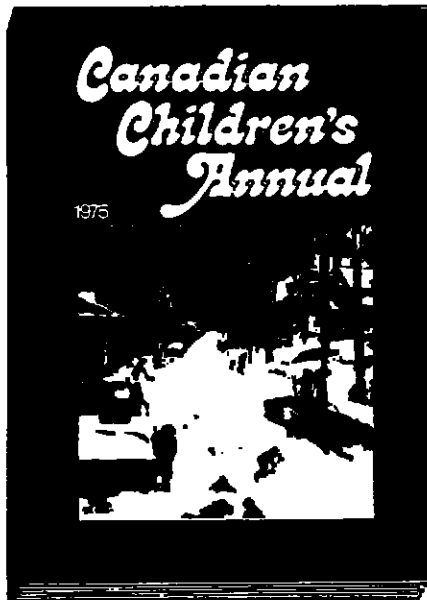
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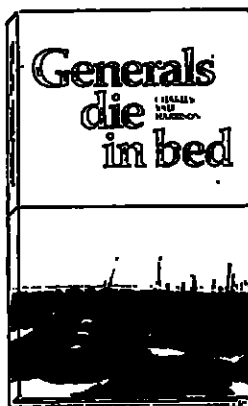


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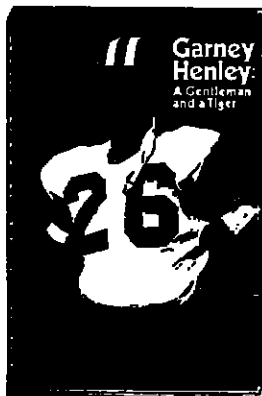


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Though Verny is a "believer;" he adds that encounter groups **are not** good for everyone. There are people who have made adjustments to life that an encounter group could shatter without replacing them with anything better.

Inside Groups makes good reading for the well-adjusted but curious, for those who wonder what might go on if they decided to give encounter or therapy a try, and maybe even for those groupies who want to know what is happening-or what can happen — in their own **groups**, but are **too afraid** to ask. □

O rare and real Ben

The Elizabethan **Theatre, Volume 4**, edited by George **Hibbard**, Macmillan, 175 pages, \$10 cloth.

By MARSHALL MATSON

A **SMALL**, friendly, and international **conference** of scholars interested in the theatre and staging of plays in Shakespeare's time has been held during the past several **summers** in the almost rural seclusion of the University of Waterloo. The papers of the conference have sometimes reprinted on the most advanced and interesting **research** into and thinking about the Elizabethan stage, and happily Macmillan has been publishing them. The **fourth** conference in 1972 was almost entirely devoted to papers on Ben **Jonson** in honour of the 400th **anniversary** of his birth.

Despite the relative popularity of **Volpone** and **The Alchemist**, many people regard **Jonson** as — in Bernard Shaw's **phrase** — a "brutish pedant," a playwright whose studious correction of vice is not only tedious but vicious. These papers formulate the **problem** of **Jonson** more sympathetically; they deal with the puzzling relation in his work of the real to the ideal, the one satirized with relish in his **plays**, the other **celebrated with unction in his masques and poetry**.

S. Schoenbaum begins the proceedings with an admittedly "light-weight **offering**" that retakes ground already won **in the theatre** by **Volpone** and **The Alchemist**. As Schoenbaum demonstrates, **Jonson's** plays **are** funny, but the demonstration is necessary because


directors impressed by solemn criticism sometimes **turn Volpone** into something seriously sick., T.J.B. Spencer and S.P. **Zitner** even find something satiric in the apparent praise of "To the Memory of My Beloved Shakespeare" and "The Triumph of **Charis**." On the other hand, William Blissett and **Eugene Waith** bring the idealizing principle of the court masque to bear **on** the sordid reality of **Bartholomew Fair** and **The Staple of News**. As in a masque, the courtly audience supplied the ideal missing from the **gross** antimasque of the **Fair**, says Blissett, and Waith suggests that the **Staple** failed because its masque-like transformation of character lacked the idealizing power provided by the staging of a **proper** masque such as **The Vision of Delight**. E.B. Partridge suitably **concludes** the book with sober and eloquent praise of **Jonson** as an heroic realist, a praiser of value whose attention to things as they are rests ultimately on faith that the ideal is real.

Two papers have nothing to do with **Jonson**. One of these, J.W. Lever's on the anonymous manuscript play **The Wasp**, is the only paper that is scholarly in the sense of reporting on the results of **research** into what is practically unknown: The others **are** more or less interesting **reinterpretations** of the relatively **familiar**. The least interesting is J. M. **Nosworthy's** revaluation (upward) of the love inter&t in **Hamlet**. □

IN BRIEF

By MORRIS WOLFE

DURING THE PAST year or two there's been a trend toward books on Canadian social **history** with particular emphasis on the working class. Barry Bmadfoot's **Ten Lost Years**, Heather Robertson's **Grass Roots** and Jack Scott's **Sweat and Struggle** are all **examples** of that trend. So are **Terence Copp's** **The Anatomy of Poverty** (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) and a spate of books about Canadian **labour** history. (Abella's **On Strike**, **Trudeau's Asbestos Strike** and **McNaught** and **Bercuson's** **Winnipeg General Strike** will be discussed by Bob Davis in next month's issue of Books in Canada.) As well, we're now beginning to get books of general readings in the subject. **Studies in Canadian Social History**, edited by Michii Horn and Ronald **Sabourin** (McClelland & Stewart, \$6.95) has **recently** appeared.




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PROGRESS BOOKS, the publishing arm of the Communist Party of Canada, is making its own contribution to the field. Recently published is *A Select Bibliography of Tim Buck* (\$2.95), compiled and annotated by Peter H. Weinrich. Because the CPC was declared illegal on two different occasions, and thus a great deal of relevant material was lost or destroyed, the present bibliography is necessarily incomplete but nonetheless valuable. (The Central Committee of the CPC is now at work on an official biography of Buck.)

GIVEN POPULAR mythology about organized labour, it's encouraging to learn that an excellent little publication by Alan Borovoy of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, *The Fundamentals of Our Fundamental Freedoms — A Primer on Civil Liberties and Democracy*, was produced at the specific urging of the Canadian Labour Congress, and was underwritten principally by the UC and affiliated labour groups. The 31-page pamphlet is available for 75 cents from the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, 1554 Yonge Street, Toronto M4T 127.

ONE OF THE best books I've read in the past several months is Edgar Z. Friedenberg's brilliant study of R.D. Laing in the Fontana Modern Masters series. Friedenberg, who now teaches at Dalhousie, is generally sympathetic to Laing, but concludes that "what is finally lacking in Laing's view of the levels of reality in human personality is an essential respect for evil and cruelty as just as real and human as love and growth."

SANDRA STEWART'S *Course Countdown: A Quantitative Study of Canadian Literature in the Nation's Secondary Schools* is the first publication of CANLIT, a research group at Toronto's York University. *Course Countdown* is a badly written, statistics-happy statement of what is regrettably obvious — that there still isn't much Canadian literature being taught in our secondary schools, and that those schools that do teach it tend to be in large centres, mostly in Ontario. Those teachers and bureaucrats who most need convincing of the necessity of secondary-school courses in Canadian literature will, I suspect, be those most unconvinced by this tedious and confusing document. □

PERIODICALLY SPEAKING

THE CURRENT ISSUE of the fine literary magazine *Quarry* (quarterly, Box 1061, Kingston, Ontario) announces that the magazine "cannot entertain any submissions until January, 1976." But if that's the case, why does *Quarry* continue to run material that's already appeared (or is about to appear) elsewhere? One sixth of a recent issue was devoted to a lengthy excerpt from Matt Cohen's *Columbus and the Fat Lady*, published a couple of years ago.

THE SPRING issue of *inscape*, a quarterly published by the Department of English at the University of Ottawa, is given over entirely to Frederick Philip Grove. It consists mostly of papers read at a Grove symposium at the University of Ottawa in the spring of 1973. My favourite piece, however — "F.P.O.: The Ottawa Interlude" by Wilfred Eggleston — was added subsequently. In it, Eggleston reminisces about his friendship with Grove in Ottawa in 1930-1931. During that brief period Grove's career was shattered by the Depression, and the distraught writer turned to Eggleston (then prominent in the Ottawa press gallery) to see what the chances were of a senatorship or a diplomatic post, for neither of which, according to Eggleston, Grove had the slightest talent.

THE PENULTIMATE issue of *Imago* (75 cents, 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver 13) has just appeared. The magazine will end with its 20th number. The socialist magazine *Canadian Dimension* (Box 1413, Winnipeg) recently celebrated its 10th anniversary with the appointment of a full-time editor, John Gallagher. The magazine now plans to appear 10 or 11 times a year. ... Its generally livelier Saskatchewan counterpart, *Next Year Country* (Box 3446, Regina), contains a curious piece on Solzhenitsyn in its current issue (Vol. 2, No. 1). Lorne A. Brown correctly points out that we're too little concerned with jailed Communist leaders in countries such as Chile. He then goes on to argue that Canada oughtn't to have offered Solzhenitsyn residence since "he was in no physical danger and is reported to be worth \$6 million." ... Pierre Vallières is now *Le Devoir's* art critic. □

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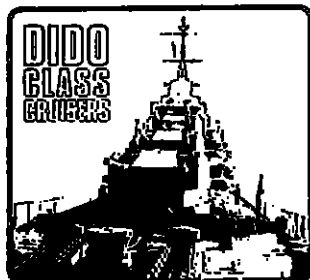
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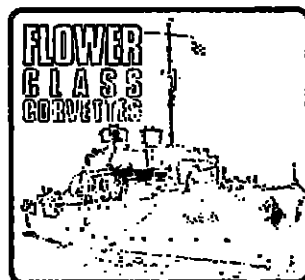
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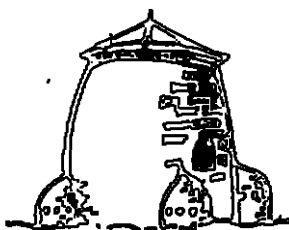
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