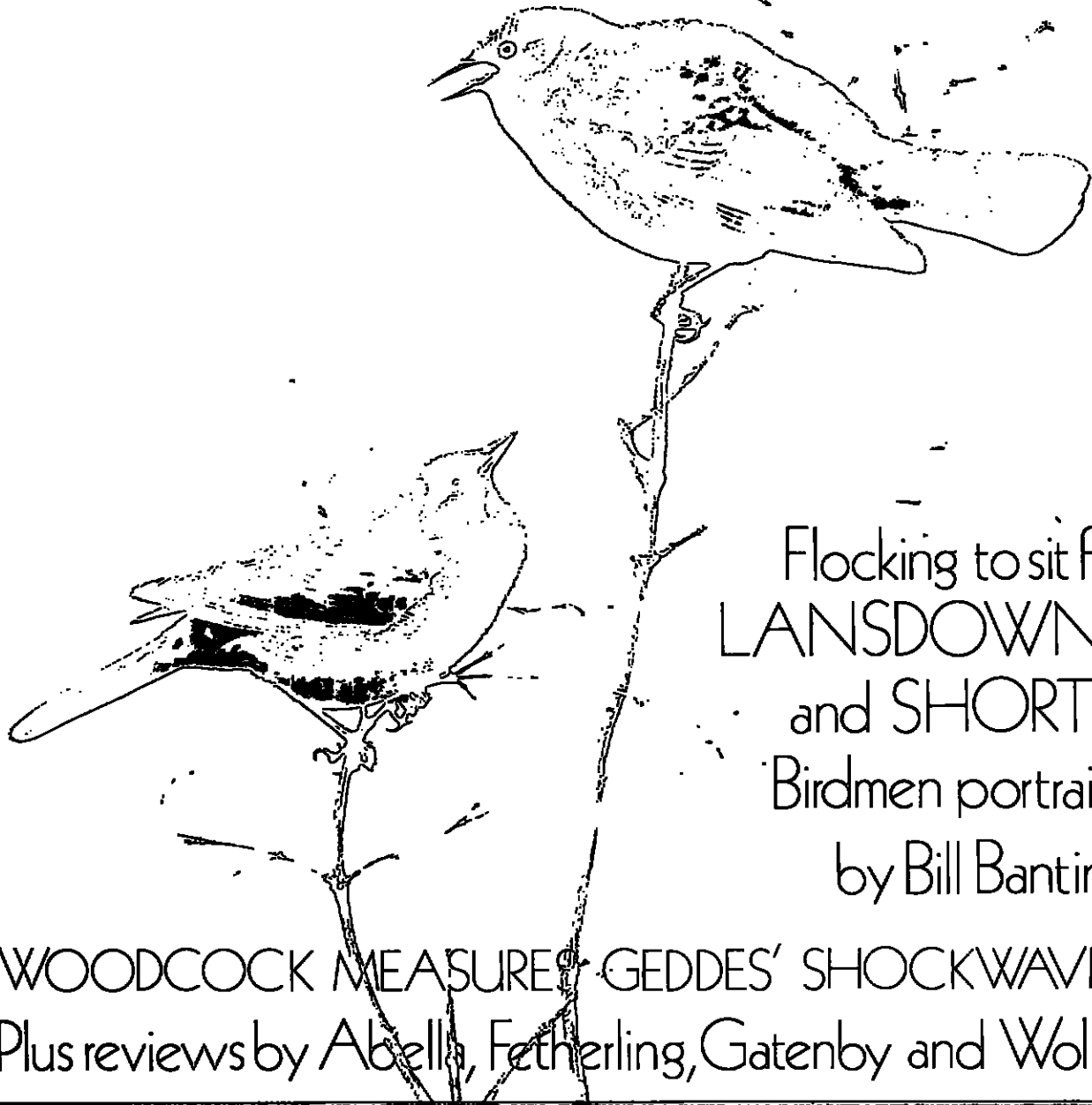


BOOKS *in* CANADA

WOODCOCK MEASURE OF GEDDES' SHOCKWAVES
a national review of books

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 8

AUGUST, 1976



Flocking to sit for
LANSDOWNE
and SHORTT
Birdmen portraits
by Bill Banting

WOODCOCK MEASURE OF GEDDES' SHOCKWAVES
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BOOKS in CANADA

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SITTING DUCKS

Why do birds migrate to Canada? They want to pose for two of the greatest artists in the world

Birds of the West Coast, Volume I, by J. Fenwick Lansdowne, M. F. Feheley Publishers (5 Drumsnab Road, Toronto), 175 pages, \$40 cloth (ISBN 0-919330-03-7).

The Complete Outdoorsman's Guide to Birds of Canada and Eastern North America, by John P. S. Mackenzie, Illustrated by Terence Shortt, Pagurian Press (McGraw-Hill Ryerson), 240 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0-97-032375-8).

By BILL BANTJNG

IT'S AMAZING HOW many special-interest subjects appealing to a semi-literate readership manage to find their way between the brass-bound covers of the heavyweight book market. As a rule, I find most of them a bore. Admittedly, some can be handsome, mildly informative, and even entertaining. But the thought of spending \$50 for an encyclopedia of weather vanes or \$30 for an illustrated record of the total output of a defunct New England glass factory strikes me as absurd. To this rule, however, there are exceptions — and very occasionally a coffee-table book comes along that is worth the price.

Such is the case with J. Fenwick Lansdowne's *Birds of the West Coast, Volume I*, which has a foreword by S. Dillon Ripley, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The volume contains 52 colour plates (four of them foldout doubles) and 45 pages of pencil drawings — studies for the paintings. Facing the paintings are the author's notes about the birds themselves.

Lansdowne's work is well known. You can't walk past a branch of the Toronto-Dominion bank without being riveted by the angry gaze of his Pileated Woodpecker (almost as fierce as the one of the manager inside). In the last 10 years, three books of his work have been published. These were done in collaboration with his old friend John A. Livingston. This book marks a turning point in Lansdowne's career, for Livingston has moved on to other things and the painter has elected to write the text himself. I think the change works very well, for although Lansdowne is essentially a shy and reserved person with a leaning towards understatement, he does know his birds. He makes no claim to having new or startling news for the expert but the average reader will find much interesting information in his observations.

These are written with the assurance of one who has spent his life among birds, and Lansdowne has done just that. Born in Hong Kong to British parents 39 years ago, he contracted polio as an infant and his mother brought him to America for treatment. Stranded here by the war, they settled in Victoria. The disease left him severely handicapped; he has the full use of only one arm but manages well on crutches and is otherwise self sufficient. Early in childhood

he developed an interest in birds, and encouraged by his mother (to whom this book is dedicated and an accomplished artist in her own right) his hobby became his life.

Twenty years ago M. F. (Bud) Feheley, a man of much energy and a sharp eye for good things, happened to be strolling by the doors of the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. Inside he found a show of sketches by an unknown young West Coast bird painter. You can guess the ending of this fairy tale: Feheley caught the first available flight to Victoria, cornered the youngster in his den, waved contracts and money about, and they've been partners ever since.

With a new book like this, comparisons with the earlier three are inevitable. Rat, the text. Livingston the naturalist and ecology guerilla has for years been telling us about the certain disaster that will befall us if we don't mend our ways with the environment. Almost every page in the old books carried a warning or a threat — some oblique, others less so. Lansdowne's message is the same but it's more camouflaged. His style is the gentle nudge whereas Livingston's is the knee in the groin. Lansdowne is no less effective for that. If he really wanted to tell us the horror story, he would paint us a picture of a dying oil-drenched seabird, flapping away its last hours on a blackened beach as the supertankers from Valdez, Alaska, sail by off shore, bound for the refinery. One painting like that would do more for the cause than anything that anyone could write-for the pictures are the book.

Here again, comparison with the earlier books is not out of place. This time the production, done in Italy, is sumptuous. The book is about an inch bigger all round than the first

Only a master, secure in his art, would paint a sub-adult Glaucous-winged Gull in a white background rather than the snowy adult against a blue sky.

three, which, if my arithmetic is working, means an extra 17 per cent more picture area. The colour plates are printed on heavy semi-matt stock that gives the pictures the faintly softened tone of the originals. Earlier books had a semi-gloss that tended to glitter back at you in all but the best lighting conditions. These pages don't do that. The drawings in the back have been printed in line and half-tone with such skill that one is afraid to touch them for fear of smudging the pencil marks.

But all this is technology. It's Lansdowne's painting that counts.

Roger Tory Peterson of bird-guide fame has this to say on the dust jacket: "It is certain that those early signs of greatness have been consummated — Lansdowne's work in its present maturity is glorious." And Dillon says this in the foreword: "A towering figure, at ease, a commanding

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assurance in the delineation of birds." Sounds **extravagant**, but it isn't. Lesser wildlife painters tend to paint mom flamboyant **creatures**. Wolves **are** always snarling, panthers springing, bears charging, and **birds** are depicted in breeding plumage, usually in display. **Lansdowne** will **have none** of this, for he paints them as he sees them, **often in the fall when** they are in their eclipse plumage. His paintings of the Homed **Grebe**, the Red **Throated** Loon, and the Pigeon Guillemot are not what you will find on the sportsmen's calendars or the **bubble-gum** cards, but they are beautiful **all** the same. Only a master, secure in his art, would paint a sub-adult Glaucous-winged Gull **in** a white background rather than **the** snowy adult against the blue sky. He is not without a touch of visual **humour**: a pair of Violet-green Swallows perch on a frazzled telephone wire; one of his shore birds, the Greater Yellowlegs, patters hunting **across** the wet sand, while in the foreground, half sunk, is a rotting crab claw. You **can** almost smell it.

Some bird paintings, especially portraits, are by their nature static. It **takes** a very sharp eye to catch the animal in a pose that anticipates its next move. Lansdowne seems to do it every time. As the big-wigs say on the dust cover, the man has arrived. And as coffee-table books go, this is a special **one** indeed.

A **NEW BOOK** from **Pagurian Press** should serve to remind us that there is more than one first-class bird artist living and painting in Canada. *The Complete Outdoorsman's Guide to Birds Of Canada and Eastern North America* by John P. S.

If Lansdowne is uncomfortable with action, Terry Shortt is the master of it. I know of no painter living or dead who can touch him when he paints a bird in flight.

Mackenzie, assisted by his wife Lois Parkhill, **admirably** fills the gap between the pocket identification guides and the bulkier life-history volumes. It's small enough to be stuffed into a big pocket or haversack (no birders **that** I know take to the bush without a little something in a flask or thermos bottle), and it gives a surprising amount of information about the 270 species one is most likely to see in **Eastern** Canada. **Its** appeal **lies in** its regionality. When using the continental guides, one is always thumbing past exotic birds that are rarely **seen** north of their **range** in Florida and the Gulf of Mexico in order to **find** the bird that's sitting-oh, so briefly -on-that-fence post over there.

The book is illustrated with line drawings by T. M. (or **Terence**) Shortt. To the **general** public, this is not exactly a household name; in fact, most people in this country have never heard of him for he has spent the past 46 years working quietly as the chief of display biology at the **Royal**-Ontario Museum. But to serious **birdsmen** everywhere, T. M. Shortt is **it**. **Probably** no bird painter living commands **more** respect in the ornithological community. He has illustrated a **score** of books about birds, among them Francis Kortright's *Ducks, Geese and Swans of North America* and **Fred Bodsworth's** classic *Last of the Curlews*. His admirers are many and widespread.

If I were to quibble about anything in **Lansdowne's** work, it would be that most of the birds are motionless. They are poised and **ready** but they **aren't** doing it. If **Lansdowne** is uncomfortable with action, **Terry Shortt** is the master of it. I know of no painter living or dead who can touch him when he **paints** a bird in flight. A glance at the coot taking **off on**

page 72 will give you an inkling of what Shortt is about. The very hert bird photographers are pleased when they get one shot in 20 capturing the movement the way Shortt does it (five times) in this one little sketch. Somehow he manages to freeze the action in sequences in his mind long enough to get them down on paper. How does he do it?

The answer, of course, is experience. He has probably watched several thousand coot take-offs and he can draw on this source when he needs it. We must remember that the same year Lansdowne arrived in Canada as a very sick child. Terry Shortt was painting a Peregrine falcon at its nest on Somerset Island in the high Arctic. It's on the back of the dust jacket.

Until now, Shortt's published work has been in support of someone else's words. But things have changed and soon he will have center stage to himself.

Recently he retired from his job at the ROM and acquired an agent and publisher. Christopher Ondaatje of Pagurian Press promptly arranged a showing of his work at a Toronto gallery and is planning to bring out a series of eight big coffee-table books. The first of these, tentatively titled *Wild Birds Of the Americas*, now is in the advanced-planning stage and is scheduled for release next spring. That will be a great day, for then this shy self-effacing man will take his rightful place at the very center of the front rank of the world's bird painters. We will all be the richer for it. □

PENNY FOR THE OLD GUY

What was Paul Chartier thinking when he blew himself up in the parliamentary washroom?

War & Other Measures, by Gary Geddes, House of Anansi. 76 pages, \$3.50 paper (ISBN 0-88784-036-1).

By GEORGE WOODCOCK

TYRANNICIDES HAVE always fascinated writers, perhaps because their acts live out the suppressed urges of imaginative men. Brutus was the counter-hero of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*; Camus wrote his best play, *Les Justes*, about the conspirators of the Narodnaya Volya who killed the Tsar Alexander II; and at least two of André Malraux's most haunting characters are political assassins. Even Henry James, in *The Princess Casanovissa* and Joseph Conrad in *The Secret Agent* wrote with fascinated repulsion on the subject, and their contemporaries, the French poets of the 1890s, reacted with almost rhapsodic admiration to the acts of anarchist devotees of the propaganda by deed who were their contemporaries. When Ravachol dynamited the houses of unjust judges, Octave Mirbeau hailed him as "the peal of thunder to which succeeds the joy of sunlight and of peaceful skies," and when Auguste Vaillant, on the Dec. 9, 1893, threw a bomb into the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, killing nobody but injuring several of those present, Laurent Tailhade hailed his act as "the gesture of a liberator and a lover of justice," and as "a healthy waning given to the 'bad shepherds'."

Of all this I was reminded when I read Gary Geddes' new poem, *War & Other Measures*, based on the case of Paul Joseph Chartier, who died 10 years ago in the men's washroom of the Canadian House of Commons when a dynamite bomb he was carrying exploded. Chartier was clearly not destined for the kind of popular fame that for centuries has followed another explosives expert who failed to blow up Parliament — Guy Fawkes — but it is still surprising that in the decade since his death Geddes should be the first writer to put him and his deed into literature. He does it in a long wire of poems, each poem a psychological moment, together forming — if one dare use so peculiarly Canadian a word — a mosaic of the mind of an assassin who succeeds only in murdering himself, perhaps his unconsciously intended victim.

Geddes opens *War & Other Measures* with a useful warning against regarding it as a piece of versified history. Its truth, he tells us, will lie "not in the 'facts,' all of which are fabricated, but rather in the psychology, which has been revealed over and over again in Canada since 1966 and which could not have been invented." Following his warning, I have not sought out to find more than I remember about the Chartier case. What I in fact remember, other than the bare newspaper details of the event on the day it happened, is a profound sense of the echoing and aching solitude in which the act must have been meditated and planned. For men like Chartier, and Vaillant and Ravachol before him, differ fundamentally from the urban guerilla type of terrorist who has become familiar in recent years.

First of all, they did not hunt in packs. They were solitaires, working on their own, involving no other people in their plans or their fates, responding to an almost mystical call. As Geddes puts it, through Chartier's mind, in Ottawa, moving towards the deed:

*Voices, voices.
We do what we must, according to
voices that speak through us.*

Then, such men are not strictly terrorists, since they are not seeking to scare rulers into acting differently; rather, they express in an extreme and practical way Lord Acton's belief that "all great men are bad," irrevocably. They are moral activists, hands of destiny and judgment, their function to deliver verdicts without argument, as in the brief poem of Chartier before the act:

*Discard the laws of cause
and effect, abolish reason.
There is nothing to be found
beyond the descriptive act.*

The moment the assassin waits for is "the vortex," with the knowledge that, one may or another, it will draw him down, and yet he sees himself as an instrument of the great plan, as in the last lines of *War & Other Measures*.

*History is being made.
I am the materials.*

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And the end is apocalypse:

*Out of this blood another rose
will burst, its fragrance
confound the universe.*

In this sense, in catching the slant of mind of the tyrannicide — whether he sees himself attacking an individual symbolic of arbitrary power like an emperor or a judge or a symbolic instrument of collective fraud like a parliamentary assembly, I think Geddes' psychology is accurate, as I think also is the construction of a plausible past for Chatter. It is a past beginning in the Second World War when, as a Canadian soldier, Chatter is sent to serve with the *maquis* in France, as an official assassin, learning his art as a dynamiter so as to blow up German officers in an effort to destroy the chains of command. To do so he must at times kill the innocent with the guilty; French hostages are killed for his deeds. He begins to see his hands, the instruments of his acting self, as something alien from his feeling self. He becomes a wounded hero, hating the cause that applauds him, the cause that he remembers, hanged Riel. And the inner wounds, the memories of his experience, haunt his relation with others, turn him to inward brooding.

*My grief is not an ocean
to be crossed, it is inside
black and fathomless.*

Lying in the hospital, he is haunted by the incongruity between the seeming sanity of the world he sees, and the cruel insanity of the world he remembers and in his heart knows to be more real.

*White sails of the nurses
glide past the open door,
a flotilla of good intentions.
Beamy, deep-keeled girls, more
stable than basic industries.*

*When the dust settled,
flesh of her breast lay red
and open, dark pool of blood
in the belly's hollow.
A ringed hairy finger twitches
on the hearthrug, then nothing.
Moonlight in the dead eyes
of the sentry.*

There is a brooding inevitability, not only about Chatter's act in real life, but also about this grim poem that concerns it, though it does not describe it, since all is in the mind that fractures with the event. More than that, as such poems must, it offers Chatter as a symbolic rather than an actual personality, and what he symbolizes is the mental ambience of the Canadian present, where the "flotilla of good intentions" sails on a sea of accumulated violence whose miasmas have inevitably infected our social and political life. It is significant and proper that Chatter is not meant to represent Quebec separatism as such, though that is part of his mental life. What he projects is more than any political malaise; it is the whole moral sickness of our inhuman, exploitative, greedy world, which poor Chatter sought to correct by the very means that world had taught him. In *War & Other Measures* Geddes has attempted that immensely difficult task, to write a moral poem in which the moralism does not destroy the poetry. By his method of building it up in self-contained vignettes, each of which is a mental episode and a step towards catastrophe, and by avoiding all didactic intervention beyond his introductory remarks, he has succeeded well. *War & Other Measures* is a good poem whose Canadian mots do not impede a wider contemporary relevance. □

Boudoirs cottages and ivory towers

No Life For a Lady, by Lotta Dempsey, Musson, 207 pages, 410.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7737-0029-3).

Expatriate, by James M. Minifie, Macmillan, 214 pages, \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1323-9).

By DOUG FETHERLING

READING MEMOIRS and autobiographies of journalists is like interpreting subtle meanings of wall posters in Peking. Journalists are accustomed to knowing more than they can publish. That presents special problems when they come to tell their own stories. The natural bent of human nature, to remember the good over the bad, is abetted by the reporter's tendency to report only what he has reported before — not what he felt or experienced. *Expatriate*, the second and posthumously-published volume of James M. Minifie's recollections, is a striking example. Lotta Dempsey's *No Life For a Lady*, while not exactly an exception to the rule, is an entertaining deviation from it.

The most immediately striking fact of Dempsey's autobiography, at least for my generation of scribblers, is that she has not always been on the staff of the *Toronto Star*. In print she has always seemed to me the sort of liberal gadfly upon whose backs the *Star* was built up by Holy Joe Atkinson and over whose dead bodies it is now being tom down. She has appeared a workaholic, with a sincere social conscience, a slightly ribald gusto and a knowledge of her fellow mammals to which justice could be done only between the lines: sentimental as a bartender but dumb like a fox. Her book reveals, yes, that she is all those things but that she brought such qualities to the *Star* from other places less associated with them.

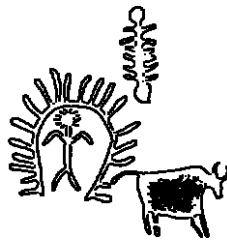
It is amazing, in fact, just how far back she does go. We are not told her age, but she began her career in the 1920s on the *Edmonton Journal* when it was, by her description, not altogether devoid of frontier spirit. Later she moved to the *Edmonton Bulletin*, by all accounts a dreadful paper that graduated many good people. It was not until 1935 that she came to Toronto, where she worked first for *Chatelaine*

and the CBC before, in the early 1950s, moving to a column in the *Globe and Mail*. Her employment at the *Star*, where she seems to fit so well as another vestige of its salad days, is in fact a relatively recent phenomenon.

No Life For a Lady compromises on the question of journalistic reticence while appearing to be candid. Dempsey does not dwell on her personal life and feelings about the business except when setting up her scenes. But she gives a good account of herself through her good accounts of others. The book contains a succinct and I'll wager quite accurate personality sketch of Pierre Trudeau. The remarks on Margaret Trudeau are only a little less perceptive. Allowing for her lesser familiarity with them, she does much the same job on Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip. The latter, so far as I am aware, has been better depicted in journalistic memoirs only once-by David Leitch, late of the *Sunday Times*, in his book *God Stand Up For Bastards*.

Dempsey in general comes off a line creature., witty, forthright and clever. Her writing manages to combine accuracy and flair in a manner rarer to the genre than most of its practitioners would care to admit. It's a pity that the General-Musson publishing group have sunk to low production values. That company has recently produced too many serious and semi-serious volumes, like this one, which look like Big Little Books, only not so carefully made.

Minifie's *Expatriate* is something else again. It has to be said in fairness that this published version is only a late draft left uncompleted at his death. Still, it was clearly written as an almost official account of his years as a foreign correspondent with, first, the *New York Herald-Tribune* and, later, the CBC. He was the kind of journalist who saw his career mainly in terms of events and sometimes issues rather than peo-



ple, and that is reflected in the writing. His style is a dry biscuit with a bit of Victorian jam on it.

His book is especially good and careful when dealing with the Spanish Civil War and the McCarthy years in the U.S. But the strengths exhibited there are the weaknesses of the sections about, for instance, the *Trib*. Minifie manages to write about Stanley Walker, one of the legendary American newspaper and magazine editors and popular historians of the 1920s and 1930s, without bringing into play anything interesting he said, did or wrote --not a thing.

Expatriate is like that. Minifie spent his days in ivory towers or, at best, conference and war moms, whereas Dempsey was out on the streets, in boudoirs, cottages and castles. She has not let the great and famous overwhelm her style; she seldom allowed them to penetrate his. □

Yes Virginia there is a...

Who's Afraid Of Canadian Culture, by S. M. Crean, General Publishing, 296 pages, \$7.95 paper (ISBN 0-7736-1019-7).

By MORRIS WOLFE

I WANTED to like Susan Crean's *Who's Afraid of Canadian Culture?* for at least three reasons. First, as a card-carrying member of the Committee for an Independent Canada, I share many of Crean's concerns. Second, the most recent cultural nationalist phase we've been in is now almost ten years old. It's time for a book-length assessment of what, if anything, has been accomplished. I hoped Crean had produced such a book. Third, I'm easily flattered and Ms. Crean not only quotes me she also includes me in a list of people she "especially" wants to thank for providing some of the information and documentation that went into the writing of the book.

For all three reasons I regret having to say *Who's Afraid of Canadian Culture?* is hard to like. Itt fact, it's a bad book. Crean's tone is strident. Her prose is dull and humourless and her analysis-what little there is of it — is simplistic. The book's title and contents suggest that there's a conspiracy to put down Canadian culture, although it's not quite clear who heads it. American multinational corporations, we're

told at one point, "are vitally concerned about the political and social environment" in Canada. Presumably it's they who arrange for people like Richard Wattenmaker (an American) to be made chief curator at the Art Gallery of Ontario.

Would that the truth were so simple. **Conspiracies** can, after all, be found out and broken. Unfortunately, the reasons for the continued invisibility of Canadian culture are much more subtle than that. It's not Americans who are at fault but our own mentality, our way of thinking. Frantz Fanon in writing about Algeria described such a mentality as "colonial". In our case that mentality has resulted in an inability, as Abraham Rotstein puts it, in "Binding Prometheus". "to muster the symbols and the political vocabulary necessary to understand the vital interests of this country and to act for its preservation." That's a much more difficult thing to do than break a conspiracy.

Instead of attempting to assess to what extent we've shucked off that mentality over the past decade, or even whether it's possible to do so, all Crean does is inundate us with almost wholly uninterpreted facts and figures. Indeed, she's a veritable Kinsey of Canadian culture — only far less interesting. We learn that Canadian phonograph records now account for 8% of the total market: that after seven years, \$20 million in tax money and 150 films, about 6% of Canadians actually get to see any CFDC backed films; that, in 1974, 79% of Canadian composers were earning less than \$4,000 a year from their compositions: that in the same year Canadian magazines accounted for 3% of newsstand sales: that in 1973, 20% of what we spent in bookstores was for Canadian material but only 3% of the educational market consisted of Canadian-authored books published by Canadian firms. Admittedly, some of these figures are useful but the cumulative effect of almost 300 pages of the stuff is deadening.

So eager is Crean to make her case, (although I'm never quite sure what it is) that her overzealousness leads her into a number of inconsistencies. It seems to depend on what suits her purposes at a particular moment. On page 127 she's lavish in her praise of the Massey Royal Commission which she describes as "a decisive turning point in federal policy of support to the arts." On page 220, in the course of an attack on the Ontario Royal Commission on Publishing, Crean dismisses royal commissions as "the preferred techni-

que of governments under pressure for putting a hot issue on ice." On page 273 Crean states proudly that royal commissions are one of the things that make Canada distinct. They are the one "forum where discussion of our national situation and future options has been frank ... a remarkable number of [these] reports are tough, at times radical documents .. reports like those of the Massey Commission, the Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing. ..." I don't know how such inconsistencies get by an editor. Indeed, I don't know how such a muddled book can get into print at all without a major rewrite being demanded. I'm afraid *Who's Afraid of Canadian Culture?* is an embarrassment to the very cultural nationalist movement it seeks to promote. □

Theodo lights

The Lost Surveyor, by Stuart MacKinnon, Oberon Press, 77 pages, \$4.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-171-1) and \$2.50 paper (ISBN 0-88750-178-8).

Pictograms from the Interior of B.C., by Fred Wah, Talonbooks, illustrated, 42 pages, paper unpriced.

By DORIS COWAN

STUART MacKINNON'S new book of poems, *The Lost Surveyor*, is about exploration and the explorer whose journey,

*starts out like a song of Couperin
one clear line tracking the ways
into the complicated figures
against together harmonies
that become rich and confused
beyond comprehension and stop
and start again
hopeful, full of care
angry, resigned*

The surveyor is the poet who adventures into knowledge; he travels into the dark consciousness of a new nation, Canada, barely past the stage of being physically explored yet already beginning to be exploited, cut up into "real estate" into "views." He is afraid, but goes on, "forcing my eyes to witness the worst aspects of human nature." "prying into public and private Belsens/until I want out." Before long he knows he is lost and it is too late to turn back: at the same time he realizes that he is not equipped to go on as he

has come. He has been spendthrift of his strength — "what I'm made of can't last." He feels alone and weak but still responsible: he has gone on ahead of friends, lovers, family, and though he cannot say where he is he knows that for their sake he must at least try to describe the terrain. He is in the difficult position of the optimist who, in order to preserve his faith that love is the root truth of human nature, must hate more and more people and institutions as corrupt, enslaved, and perverted. The poet's voice is urgent and personal as he deals with these matters in the connected series of poems that make up the first half of the book. "Looking at landscape as a view/is the end of innocence/ and the beginning of imperialism." He fears that soon we may have nothing left but "Regrets, sage regrets, calm regrets," "to be carried south in boxcars/or siphoned off by pipeline/or hoarded south in refrigerator cars."

In the second part of the book, *Afric*, MacKinnon treats the image of the explorer in a collection of memories and fantasies of Africa, but in the end tells how he,

*came home to Canada finding
The primitive violence
At the heart of our pastoral.*

These are concentrated, graceful poems made carefully and patiently in order that they may express urgent meanings forcefully.

As an epigraph to his *Pictograms from the Interior of B.C.*, Fred Wah quotes this from Coleridge: "Not the qualities merely, but the mot of the qualities is transcreated. How else could it be a birth, a creation?" Wah then proceeds to demonstrate the force of Coleridge's insight: taking Indian mck paintings, he balances each with a short poem which seems neither comment nor interpretation but in fact an equivalent expression, grown from the same mot though in a different form and time. For example:



*If I could have jumped over there further
just as he wishes he could have
we would both be over there smaller
and back here even more beautiful bigger
but now we see that we couldn't have having
crossed over.*

LANSLOWNE
BIRDS OF THE
WEST COAST



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William Pope
Harry B. Barrett



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The poems are slight and sudden. their meanings evanescent. Some that particularly impressed me seemed to have lost all meaning half an hour after I had read them. then to have regained it the next day. Some are sad, some funny, some sensual. Their tone is intimate and matter-of-fact: stories are told about trees, fish, birds, lakes, mountains, weather, battles, travels — told as jokes, as dreams, or as histories, all with the same marvellous subtlety and compactness. A whole chapter of our recorded history previously unintelligible (at least to visual illiterates like me) is here revealed by Wah as vivid, human, and touching. The book includes a complete list of the locations of the paintings. □

A FairWAC To Arms

War Letters From the C.W.A.C., by Kathleen Robson Roe, Kakabeka Toronto, 169 pages illustrated with photographs and cartoons, \$10.95 casebound (ISBN 0-919538-31-X).

By STAFFORD JOHNSTON

CORPORAL KATHLEEN ROBSON, in the spring of 1944, was confronted suddenly with a difficult choice. She was stationed in wartime England, as a member of the Canadian Women's Army Corps. It was that tension-filled period when, invasion armies were assembling for the great leap across the Channel, to open the Second Front.

She was told, first, that she had been recommended for a commission and was in line to be sent to officer training school; second, that she had been selected for transfer to a picked group of women soldiers who could expect to be soon in an active theatre of war. The choice was put to her in guarded language but the message was clear. She could withdraw from the war for a few months to be trained for officer rank, or she could remain a corporal and go where the big action was to be.

We know her decision, not from a misty recollection decades after the event, but from the letter she wrote in May, 1944, to her parents back in Canada. "He gave me a few moments to think it over, but as with coming overseas, it was quite unnecessary."

D-Day came June 6. On July 11 Cpl. Robson landed in the bridgehead in Normandy, as one of the clerical staff at a headquarters on wheels. From then on she had a front seat for a shooting war.

Published a generation after they were written, Cpl. Robson's letters to her family back home give a vivid picture of what it was like to be a woman soldier in London under bomb attack, and to be a Canadian becoming more and more conscious of her national identity in an Allied army with its inevitable frictions between Americans, British and Canadians.

Mrs. Roe is honest with her readers. She publishes her letters as they were written, altered only by the military censorship that cut out place-names and unit designations before the letters crossed the Atlantic. It is a merit, in a book of this sort, than an occasional spelling error remains in the published book. It is a reassurance that there has been no prettying-up of the text to protect the author's vanity.

Her letters begin in 1942, when Cpl. Robson had been selected for the first draft of C.W.A.C. soldiers to go overseas from Western Ontario. It continues through London air raids, leave-visits to Scotland in 1943, four weeks under buzz-bomb attacks on England in 1944, and then through the Canadian Army's battles in France, Belgium and the Netherlands. It finishes with a stretch of duty with the Canadian occupation force in Germany after war's end.

There is a sub-plot that will tantalize some readers. From November, 1942, through most of 1943, letters mention off-duty dates with someone named John. In February, 1944, she reports to her parents that, "I went to supper with a chap I have met, George.". Two months later she reports that George has asked her to marry him and she has said yes.

John reappears in the letters in the autumn of 1944, by which time she is at Canadian Army headquarters in Belgium, and John is apparently somewhere near Antwerp. His name keeps recurring until May, 1945, when the news is that if they can get simultaneous leaves to England they will get married there.

Then from occupied Germany in July, 1945: "I most write and tell you about Eddie and his background. We have applied for permission to marry on the 20th of August." A reader is not entitled to demand that the blanks be filled in that sequence, but has a right to be curious. □

- And they shall inherit the couch

Women Look At Psychiatry, edited by Dorothy E. Smith & Sara J. David, Pressgang Publishers, 199 pages, \$10.00 cloth (ISBN 0-88974-001-1), \$4.00 Paper (ISBN 0-88974-000-3).

Woman's Evolution, by Evelyn Reed, Pathfinder Press, 491 pages, \$15.00 cloth (ISBN 0-87348-421-5), \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0-87348-422-3).

By KAREN MULHALLEN

FREUD WAS WRONG. The great question is not "What does woman want?" After a decade, and millions of words of radical feminist rhetoric, it becomes clear that the correct question is "Why does woman want?" These two books present psychiatric and historical approaches to this question.

In *The Future of Marriage* Jessie Bernard demonstrated the greater mental health of married men and single women. It's a cliché now that patriarchal woman is a disadvantaged being and that the patriarchy exacts from her a profound psychic cost.

Work of eminent social psychologists, such as Asch on conformity, provides indisputable evidence that social context is more influential than individual traits in determining behaviour. To understand contemporary woman we must analyse the institutions, which order her reality. Psychiatry with its predominantly middle-class male cultural values is an obvious proving ground for such a study. And the seminal work of R. D. Laing on the destructiveness of the therapeutic process still leaves the field open for an exploration of psychiatry's sexist bias.

This is the theme of this readable collection of 14 papers. *Women Look at Psychiatry* published by the only Canadian women's printing collective. It's a useful Canadian companion to classics like *Sisterhood is Powerful*. *Women Look at Psychiatry* is not a guide book to feminist therapy, and it's without ideological bias, though it's almost uniformly critical of psychiatry. Much of what the collection has to say is not new. What is special about it is its

insistence on first-hand experience, its eclectic approach and its wide-ranging tone. Some of the essays are **carefully** documented statistical studies, others **are** cries from the asylum walls and the analyst's couch.

Discussions of stereotyping and **psychiatric** doublestandards are probably old stuff for most readers. It's no news, for example, that feminine traits **are not as** valued socially as male traits and that women have, in consequence, **a** more negative self-image than do men. Another commonplace (as old as **Ibsen's Doll's House**), is that the **characteristics** ascribed to the good child are almost identical to the characteristic of the good wife: passivity, receptiveness, servility, attractiveness, pleasantness, and hap-hap-happiness. **And** the two-sided view of women as goddesses and shrews, perpetuated by **psychiatry**, is in all the literature.

The best essay is by Dorothy Smith. "The Statistics on Mental **Illness** (What They Will Not Tell Us About Women and Why)". By demonstrating the **equal** involvement of men and **women** in psychiatry in Canada, Smith explodes the well-cherished myth **about** women's more frequent **help-seeking** or instability -depending on

whether or not you're sympathetic. More **important** yet, she insists that since **symptoms and social contexts** interact, we most drop **the** idea that we can find a **reality** hidden behind statistics. We must **recognize** what the statistics can't tell us—the individual can't be separated from her context. This collection won't change your life, but it will open **up some** windows. Nine women — **victims, patients,** therapists and theoreticians — speak for themselves, demanding we reassess our concepts of mental health and mental **illness,** madness and **anger.** Proceeds **from** sales go to the BC Women's Studies Research Association — **buy** this book and give yourself some fresh air.

Evelyn Reed's *Woman's Evolution* is a bulky tome. She believes modern **attitudes** to women are founded in ancient **customs.** Hence to understand contemporary woman we must understand the evolution of society. Until **recently,** for example, a child was considered the **product** of **years** of nurture — its parents **were** simply its nurturers. Primitive ignorance of biological paternity is well documented, hence fatherhood as a social institution used simply to be a set of maternal **functions**

performed by a man for his wife's child. So **the** roaring lion of a father enters history as a paternal mouse. **But** a tidbit like this is a mere hors **d'oeuvres** on the way to Reed's main **course,** the matriarchal banquet.

It's in the **central** argument that the major flaws of Reed's book ate apparent. She paints an idyllic **picture of pre-**historic civilization as a **collectivist,** egalitarian commune of women whose **peaceable** ways domesticated animals, eradicated cannibalism, and produced regular food supplies by gardening. Women, according to Reed, discovered fire and were the first pot-makers. Woman's "magic skills" — tier healing and growing abilities — were gradually embodied in **cult** figures like Isis, the Egyptian goddess of fertility. But Reed doesn't explain why women let men invent the wheel and take over pot-making. Reed also contends that it was women themselves who placed taboos against intercourse during menses and after childbirth. This is contrary to received opinion. Yet Reed doesn't trouble to explain what **happened** to the female sex drive, which is reputedly as **strong as** the **male's.** Although data **from** many primitive societies confirms that women **are**

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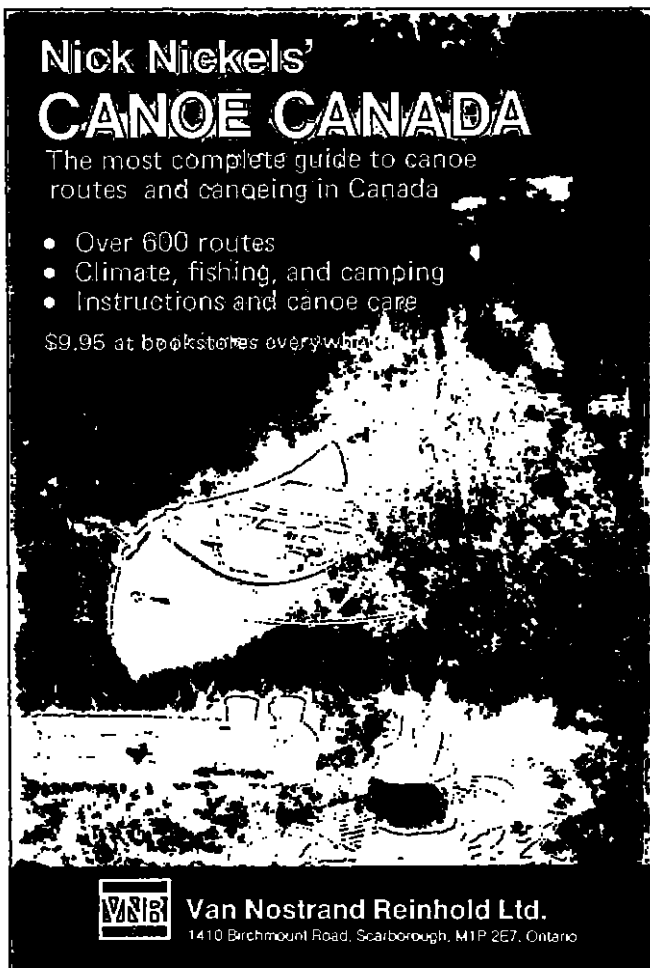
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physically as strong as men. Reed doesn't examine the effect of reducing the men to drone status.

Her methodology is also confusing. We traverse thousands of years of pre-history at a bound- and remember this is all unrecorded. oral and conjectural material, Current primitive societies. 19th century accounts and early travelers views make up a data-stew. Flotsam and jetsam buffet the unsuspecting reader, already chronologically at sea due to the absence of historical method. There's too much cavilling at rival anthropological schools and debunking 'patriarchal' anthropologists as well.

It's a pity that a work which is needed as a text should be valued chiefly for its incidental details. ironically most of them about male society. □

Buy buy Canada

Buy **Canadian**, by Pat Barclay, Simon and Schuster. 159 pages, \$1.75 paper (ISBN 671-80208-9).

By DONNA DUNLOP

ACROSS ONE corner of the cover. Buy *Canadian* is stamped in black like an excise sticker. Beneath a modestly flag-clad cover girl, whose expression is not unlike an *Evangeline*, the caption reads: "Meet Vi, .. if it isn't Canadian she won't even wear it, let alone buy it." Between the covers lies a kind of mock comic-book story of love, life, and one slice of the Canadian way. It is a success story. Written in a humorous and often wryly light-handed style, the novel clips along episodically to lay bare the cliché's of Canadian identity. Knowing that such cliché's are the accrued interest on a few familiar truths.

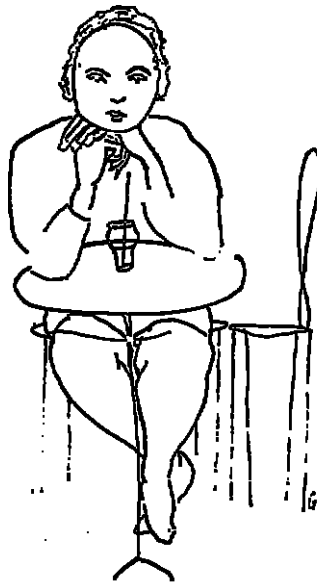
Vi Kantola is the vibrantly nationalistic and self-styled heroine of the story a "patriotic tycoon" as her boyfriend Horace, son of "Punch and Judy," describes her. Using Horace, her "unintended", as a foil, Vi applies for foreign aid from Harry, an American, one of those "tough old birds" and seasonal mate of long standing to Vi's unwed mother, Marguerite. Very generously imbursed she opens the Patriotic Shop to "capitalize on the atmosphere in this country" by selling genuine Canadian goods. *anything*,

and so furthering her own and Canada's interests. And as Vi said to Horace: "How's that for a typically Canadian idea?"

The Patriotic Shop becomes as well known as a national resource with word spreading as far as "darkest America." Those who "came to scoff ... remained to buy." Vi's roommate, the mild mannered Elizabeth Smith, "supplied just the element of respectability they needed to disarm a certain section of the Canadian public".

The power politics between the sexes are like a hard core pillow fight played to the score of instinctive moral sense. Although the story is not exactly a 'Midsummer Night's Dream' it has that element of identities taking odd turns. There is, for one example, the suspect nationality of the artistically gifted and sexually spry Matt Armstrong whose work sells like fire in the shop.

The story moves from Vi's graduation through the summer with the shop thriving on into Horace's term at law school. Each character has brought a different talent to the shop, and the shop has brought out the previously untried talents in each. The novel's moral is to know what you're selling so that unlike our national resources, you're not left empty-handed with the trusting innocents crying thief at the taker. The sentiment could run like this: "WICKED U.S. IMPOSTER EXPLOITS SIMPLE CANADIAN ART-LOVERS." But Vi and company in the process of their lively personal and political discoveries, can tell you more about those valuable growing pains and, oddly enough, the relationship between responsible government and love. □



All experience is an arch

The **Ulyssean Adult: Creativity In The Middle and Later Years**, by John A.B. McLeish, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 309 pages, \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0-07-082243-3)

By MARY SPARLING

WE'RE ACCUSTOMED to hearing that creativity is a universal resource among children. But among older adults? "You can't teach an old dog new tricks," pretty well sums up our expectations for our middle and later years. Yet McLeish, a consultant on higher education and adult learning theory, has spent most of his twenty-five year academic career refuting it.

For his model he uses the ageing hem of Homer's myth and Tennyson's poem, believing that the Ulyssean search for new adventures is a possibility within everyone's grasp. The man or woman who begins new creative enterprises in later life McLeish calls "Ulyssean One" citing names like Edith Hamilton, Benjamin Spock, Cyrus Eaton, True Davidson and Roth Caress. Roth Caress? His second category "Ulyssean Two" is for the older adult who remains productive in a "familiar arena of life and work from later middle age into the very late years". Martha Graham, Pablo Casals, Picasso, Colette, John XXIII, Duke Ellington and Sir Francis Chichester, are among hundreds of examples.

But who is Roth Caress? Nobody really — "just a housewife." But at 40 she went to school and qualified as a caseworker for a family service organization. And she, for me, is at the heart of the matter. Because at 40 the chill winds are starting to blow. Simone de Beauvoir's book *The Coming of Age* begins to haunt the mind. Is it to be downhill all the way from now on? McLeish doesn't think so and neither do I. At 40, I myself sidestepped from part-time teaching into museum education and suddenly found myself president of the Canadian Museum Association. From there I went to directing a university art gallery. As 50 approaches, I wonder "What next?"

It does take enormous self-confidence to begin new creative enterprises in later life. Rollo May, in his recent book, *The Courage to Create*, describes those geniuses, rather than

ordinary people, for whom such **self-confidence** was necessary. The **word** courage seems pivotal. Like a **self-fulfilling** prophecy, if you believe **you can**, you'll do it, and if your **environment** offers a climate of acceptance as did mine and Ruth Caress', it makes it easier.

In a central chapter *The Unfailing Mind*, **McLeish** even wonders whether older adults can "create and produce as they once did in the early years and the so-called 'prime years' — and even better?" Among the many studies of **adult learning** which **McLeish** surveys is Thorndike's *Adult Learning*. **Thorndike concludes that** if older adults find difficulty in learning something new it is "in part due to a sensitiveness to ridicule, adverse comment, and **undesired** attention, so that if it were customary for mature and old people to learn to swim and ride bicycles and speak German, the difficulty might diminish."

I've ridden a bicycle all my life and I can testify to the "ridicule, adverse comment and undesired attention" which greets a grey-haired lady on such an unlikely vehicle (although it's better in the 1970s than it was in the fifties and sixties — the counter culture had some good results for the old as well as the young). But I often wonder whether I'd have had the courage to begin to ride a bicycle as a grey-haired lady.

I believe the clinching study given is the one conducted by **Paul Cameron** at Wayne State University. There, the investigators interviewed three generations — students, their parents and their grandparents — in order to measure the differing reactions (if any) in decision-making situations.

"The older generation did express more caution when they faced decision-making situations [and] were less likely to take action under all conditions. However, it was possible to make almost all of the younger subjects as cautious or more cautious than the elders by adjusting the amount of information and interpersonal approval... By taking away information and social approval, we can establish conditions (among young adults) that resemble those in which many elders must function." Sounds a bit like Churchill's "Give us the tools and we'll finish the job" doesn't it? How take Churchill—there was an old fool... or Ulysses?

I hope the hardcover \$12.50 edition is followed by a cheaper paperback issue because the very people the book is intended to reach are often those

whose fortunes, if not their powers, are in decline. And this book should be in the hands of all older adults (from the mid-40s on) and every person who is in contact with them. □

The way she says it

In *Praise of Old Women*, by **Marya Fiamengo**, Valley Editions, 48 pages, \$5.95 cloth (ISBN 88962-016-4) and \$2.95 paper (ISBN 88962-010-5).

La Corriveau & The Blond And Other Poems, by **J.B. Thornton McLeod**, Valley Editions, 104 pages, \$4.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88962-012-1) and \$2.95 paper.

Tendencies, by **Donald Lorimer**, Broken Books, 1093 Bathurst, Toronto, 64 pages, cloth unpriced.

By **LYNN McFADGEN**

MARYA FIAMENGO's, in *Praise of Old Women* was maddeningly short; it left me wanting more. What better praise? The work of B.C. poet **Marya Fiamengo** (*The Quality of Halves* (1958), *Overheard at the Oracle* (1969), *Silt of Iron* (1971)) is steeped in her **Serbo-Croatian** heritage and her visits to **Eastern Europe**. Most of the poetry is seen against the background of wars and hatreds between different nationalities, and the suffering and loss that ultimately come from such antagonisms. Though I don't agree with everything she says, I admire the ways she says it. The intensity of her poetry lies in the apparent simplicity and economy of language, but just underneath dynamite is smouldering. **Marya Fiamengo** is very human: she hates, she is bitter.

*Don't smile at me
Gnädige Frau.
In the curve of your lips,
the glint of your teeth
I see the limbs
of murdered Partisan children
strewn across wheat fields,
and on a Balkan sea edge
bones bleaching
under the Adriatic sun.*

There is a reluctant acceptance of life in this volume, although the bitterness does not totally disallow warmth. It is

an outward looking view (like all of us she sees people filtered through her prejudices and her past) focussing on humanity with the trimmings removed. It is the view of someone born before the baby boom of post World War Two and for whom optimism is suspicious. It is a view of someone who has seen a lot of life that a lot of people would rather forget but which still haunts both them and the poet.

The universality of *In Praise of Old Women* and its expansion beyond Canadian borders and n&v-accepted "Canadian" themes is its most **un-Canadian feature and the one** that draws me to it emotionally:

*Yes, Tadeusz Rozewicz, I too
prefer old women.
They bend over graves,
with flowers,
they wash the limbs of the dead,
they count the beads of their rosaries,
they commit no murders
they give advice
or tell fortunes,
they endure.*

These poems convey that endurance. In spite of the murders, the hatred, the hard work and the "sprouting veins", we all endure.

Valley Editions also brings us *La Corriveau and the Blond and Other Poems* by **Joan Thornton McLeod**. In



contrast to the brevity and clarity of Ms. Fiamengo's work. Ms. McLeod charts a poetic course that is often unfocused and cluttered. Though she is adept at drawing up powerful images, she tends to entangle her poems with image on top of image, theme leading into new theme until the reader (at least this one) is lost in a maze.

But his. McLeod knows how to use images, her speciality being imagery of the body. Almost all of its components are considered: bones, marrow, womb and blood. I found some of the poems in this volume very moving especially when she eliminated what I felt were the "extras" in her writing.

*The habit of dreaming you too ingrained
To drop like an Opium habit you
Had flowered throughout my bones like a
vine
Who would have predicted this harvest's
drained
& butter green leaning his bottled shadow
Against the sunlight still as standing
winc?*

"Frederick-William Othello. M.D.", "Where You Are" and "Check-up" also stand out.

The title poem which fills up more than one-third of the book is a departure from the rest in its adherence to traditional form and theme. It is a ballad drawn from Canadian history and the poet's imagination in which the plot moves easily and successfully through the rhythms of the poem. But the poet has not been adequately served by her publisher. Four typos had been corrected in ink in my copy (though better late than never) and the cover couldn't be more uninspired. It reminds me of the lock of cover design of some of the textbooks I had in public school.

The best feature of *Tendencies* is the design (the poet himself is responsible) and the most imaginative writing is in the titles. These poems never go beyond the author's self and environment to have meaning for a wider audience than one. They're too personal to be entertaining for any but the hand that has penned them and lived them, and the poet lacks the skill to make them exciting for the reader.

*I will not have loneliness
Instead of you.
My mind is not always me.
Forgive it.
I know you will.
We read somewhere
In a little book
That brought smiles
To our thoughts.
That love can speak
Like nothing else.*

While I am in agreement with the idea that love can speak like nothing

else. I don't find that the most compelling way of expressing the thought. Folly though it may sound to some, I am firmly of the belief that poetry, like T.V., plays, novels and rock 'n' roll singers, should entertain. And that doesn't just mean making me laugh. □

Finders weepers

The Search For Identity, edited by James Foley, Themes in Canadian Literature series, Macmillan, 122 pages, \$3.25 paper (ISBN 0-7705-1263-3).

By RON WALDIE

REVIEWING an anthology is almost as difficult a task as assembling one. The problem is determining the shape of the forest before commenting on the trees. As this volume, like the others in the Themes in Canadian Literature series, does not include a general editorial statement of policy that outlines the type of forest the editors are trying to depict, it is necessary to begin by second-guessing the editorial assumptions and decisions about the series. I assume, for example, that this is intended to be a high-school anthology and that the editors expect that more than one volume of the series will be used in any given classroom. I also assume that the editors hope that the English teachers in the high schools of this country will have a reasonable background in Canadian Studies. The lack of biographical, bibliographical, and historical notes creates an immense gap that the teachers must be expected to fill. In a series designed, I assume, to introduce students to their literary heritage and in a country notorious, until recently, for ignoring its own culture, the decision to omit this crucial information is both irresponsible and self-defeating. (The volume does include a bibliography but the selections are random and are not annotated.)

The basic problem any editor faces when compiling any anthology is that of selecting works that are not only intrinsically meritorious but also historically representative. The problem is compounded when an editor undertakes a thematic as opposed to a chronological anthology, since he constantly runs the risk of having to include not the best or even the most representative work of a writer but rather that which

conforms most satisfactorily to an imposed and artificial editorial design. The most serious problem of *The Search For Identity* is that the thematic scheme is both artificial and unworkable. Foley points out the problem in his brief and not very useful introduction:

The pitfall that many searchers for identity fall into is the failure to realize that Canada, like each individual, is a complex and multifaceted personality. These searchers attempt to define an identity on the basis of one facet and without regard for the others, according to their own concerns.

The obvious response, then, is why compile an anthology about it? When writers, journalists, politicians, or even plumbers, for that matter, attempt consciously to discuss "The Canadian Identity" the result is always artificial and self-conscious and almost always awful. This conclusion is hardly surprising and is not confined to Canada. For all that—John of Gaunt's famous speech in *Richard II* is fine poetry, there is no denying that it is artificial and self-conscious and has remarkably little to do with the England the play is depicting.

Identity is not an abstract, mystical definition of a national character: it is an organic and inevitable function of existing in time and in place. It emerges from the tensions of discovery involved in coping with the universal processes of time — growth, love, pain, death, and so forth — in terms of the place where these issues exist. The unique realities of our place, its geography, history, and culture, guarantee a unique shape for our response to these issues. Margaret Laurence's essay "Where The World Began," the best of the self-conscious writing in the anthology, affirms this sense of identity.

I am not very patriotic in the usual sense of the word . . . But one thing is unalterable for better or worse. This is not only where my world began. It is also the land of my ancestors.

It is through her fiction, however, not this essay, that she gives universal issues a unique Canadian shape.

To be fair to Foley, he did understand the complexity of his task and the anthology includes a wide-ranging, often contradictory selection of prose, poetry, journalism, and interviews dealing with the question of identity. He also, however, included a great deal of sentimental, self-conscious, cliché-ridden pap. I, for one, am tired of having my country likened to a gawky, clumsy youth who does not yet

know his potential. Whether sentimentally evoked by Bruce Hutchison or wittily satirized by Earle Birney, this cliché provides us with an excuse that allows us to rationalize our very real national shortcomings or, even worse, overlook them. Whatever the nature of his parents or the conditions of his puberty, this youth has managed to do some pretty callous and degrading things all by himself and it's time we faced up to them. Bruce Hutchison's article "The Canadian Personality," the first selection in the book, especially annoys me. How much more important to a real sense of national consciousness are Joy Kogawa's haunting descriptions of the Japanese internment or Milton Acorn's lyric rage than this kind of sentimental meandering about finding a needle in a haystack. Hutchison is a good historical journalist who has written much better, much more important work about this country. Neither he nor the students are well served by this selection. Similarly, Charles G. D. Robert's "Canada" is a poem that should be forgotten. He has written far better than this. "Tantramar Revisited," for example, says much more about identity and is a much superior work of art. Thus we have, at the outset, two examples of the un-

suitable selection meeting the on-workable design.

The successful pieces in the anthology are those that deal with identity only tangentially - the way it should be treated. The political satire of F. R. Scott, Douglas Marshall's account of Blair Fraser's death, Hugh MacLennan's and Harry Boyle's accounts of childhood, Dan George's effective Centennial speech, Souster's "Chasing the Puck," and C.D. Minni's excellent "Roots" are examples that demonstrate that identity grows organically from experience and cannot be imposed upon it. What bothers me is that the design of this anthology is such that it encourages this kind of artificial imposition. Instead of asking, for example, what Boyle says of his childhood, the volume encourages the student to ask what he says of identity. The result of this deflection is that it encourages precisely the kind of self-consciousness that has plagued this country since its creation.

There is a great difference between achieving a real and responsible "actional" consciousness and creating a sentimental and defensive self-consciousness. *The Search For Identity*, unfortunately, serves the latter cause only to well. □

They swat mosquitos don't they?

The Judas Conspiracy, by John Ballem, Musson, 303 pages, \$6.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7737-0028-5).

By MARK NICHOLS

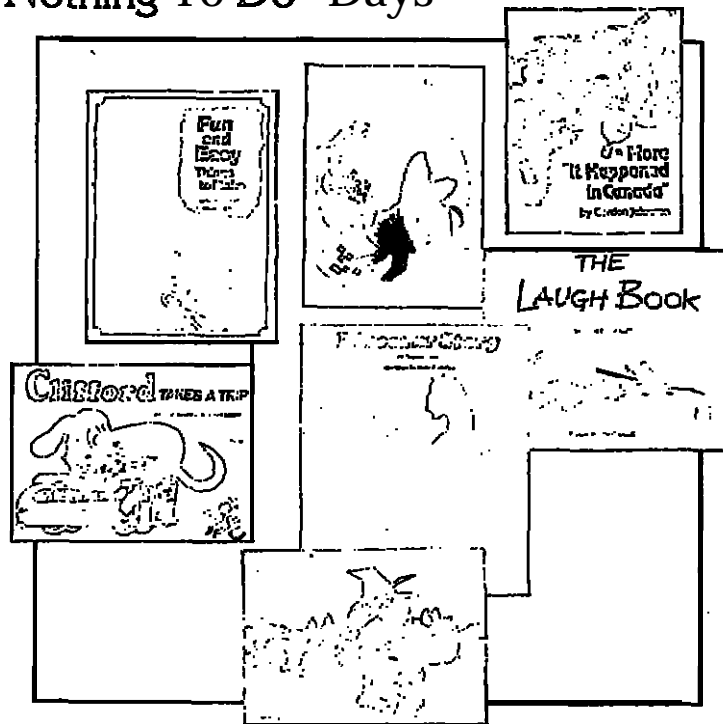
AS THRILLERS go, *The Judas Conspiracy* is about as thrilling as a week in Medicine Hat. The theme is Alberta's sense of grievance against the perfidious East, and on page 14 a drunk lurches on to a platform at a Calgary barbecue to establish the mood. "God-damit, Albertans," he tells the guests. "this is our land. It's not to be bought and sold by those bastards in Ottawa who think Canada ends at the Ontario border. This Stampede time, let's treat those assholes from the East like what they really are — goddam strangers from a foreign country." The annual Calgary Stampede is under way, and

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Albertans are feeling not celebratory, hot mean. As always, freight rates rankle and now Alberta beef has been barred from U.S. markets as a result of federal protectionism in favour of Ontario. The last straw comes when Ottawa, confronted by Edmonton's refusal to supply more natural gas to the rest of the country, tries to place the province's oil and gasfields under federal control.

Enter Charles Thompson, megalomaniac oil and cattle baron. He has long waited just such an opportunity for leading Alberta out of Confederation into a republican future and comes fiendishly well prepared. Besides his wide personal following in the province, Thompson and a group of associates have organized a covert army called Force 80. Thompson also has Dr. Leonoff, a mad genetic engineer working for him. Leonoff has isolated a deadly virus, and at the right moment will deposit on Ottawa ponds mosquito larvae infected with the virus; only Thompson and Co., naturally, possess the secret insecticide that can neutralize this monstrous threat. As if all this were not enough, Thompson's people have another weapon in hand: photographs showing Prime Minister Donald Lambert in a homosexual embrace. As a touring American bronco buster observes upon hearing of the photos: "If the public ever gets hold of those, this country of yours will go up in smoke."

Thompson's scheme is thwarted by a team of good guys who, like all of Bellam's characters, appear to have been picked up from off the shelf at the Thriller Writer's Overstocked Discount Warehouse. The hero is Peter Groves, an equestrian from the East who doubles as a feature writer for magazines like *MacLean's* (sic). There are two women in Peter's life: a rock singer called Sharon Wilson, who possesses "narrow hips ... [and a] long slim waist" and Thompson's daughter Valerie who, similarly, has "long tapered legs and narrow hips." One narrow-hipped girl disappears from Peter's life when Thompson, evidently to remove any doubts on the reader's part that he is a thoroughgoing swine, shoots and kills Valerie for trying to impede his cause.

After that, *The Judas Conspiracy* comes to a hurried denouement, as though the author, like the reader, had grown weary of such nonsense. There is a curious political ambiguity about the ending as well: with Thompson's plot foiled before the very eyes of the

grandstand crowd at the Stampede, the "first wavering strains" of *O, Canada* are heard, evidently with no great enthusiasm on the part of either the crowd or the author. Peter Ballam, who has written two previous novels (*The Devil's Lighter*, *The Dirty Scenario*), is a Calgary lawyer who also narrates rodeos and horse shows. The evidence here would suggest that he is probably very good at narrating rodeos. □

From here to paternity

Rerun, by Neil Crichton, Musson, 213 pages, \$5.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7737-0026-9).

RIP 7, by Ian Malcolm, Musson, 162 pages, \$5.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7737-0025-0).

Pretty Lady, by Blanche Howard, TrendSetter series (General Publishing), 210 pages, \$6.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7736-0048-5).

By RAYMONDSHADY

TIME-WARPS, hallucinogenic sex-drugs, and incest are, respectively, the thematic keynotes to these pulp novels. But don't buy them just for that. Characterization tends to be quite thin in each case, and their plots will never be condensed for *Reader's Digest*, but I was attracted to each author's sense of structure. All three books have something that holds them together, and makes for light and entertaining escapist fantasies.

Neil Crichton's first novel hears all the trappings of Rod Serling's *Twilight Zone*, but with a twist. The scene is Vancouver, 1990. After his wife's fatal car accident, Charles Johnson's career as an advertising man hits the skids. It is almost a stroke of luck one morning when he happens to walk through a mysterious, pulsating curtain of light, and wakes up to find himself in his home town — Edmonton — and 14 years younger. This is a common enough sci-fi plot: the everyman figure attempts to relive his life for the better by avoiding certain tragedies, capitalizing on his knowledge of the future. The convention in this formula is that no one can alter the real events of history, like preventing Booth from shooting Lincoln, for example. But Charles Johnson does change history, and this

presents a major flaw in the novel. Fortunately there is a moral in Crichton's narrative, and it lies in Johnson's greed: his problems multiply when he attempts to cash in on electronic inventions before they are actually invented in history by registering the patents in his name. (Personally, if I woke up tomorrow and it were 1876, I doubt I would try to invent the telephone before A. G. Bell, even though I knew how it worked.) So as Johnson's multi-million dollar empire goes bankrupt with copyright suits, and his wife takes to drugs and infidelity, we see the wheel of fortune come full circle. Fortunately he gets a chance to redeem his "second" life when 1990 rolls around again, by once more confronting the curtain. But Johnson's time machine is not too particular about dates, and the conclusion to the novel is quite a surprise.

RIP 7 is an outrageous hodge-podge of styles and themes. We are presented with a zany social scene of families, T-groups, university faculties, and the Mafia (all set in Toronto) in a style and tone reminiscent of J. P. Donleavy. We are also treated to a parody of the pop psychology of Dr. John Lilly and his experiments in various levels of sensitivity, a little sci-fi-fantasy, and a lot of nonsense. Malcolm must struggle through a good hit of the novel before his juggling of fragments begins to take shape. What do you make of: a Supreme Court judge who immerses himself daily in a heated guppy tank in his basement (with the fish); his Argentinian wife who lives in the attic and sleeps with her pet ocelot; and, most importantly, a mysterious chemical compound capable of sending any man or woman into a perpetual state of multiple orgasms?

Everyone in the novel is searching for peace and tranquility through some means of escape. The judge, Robert I. Primrose, finds it in the seven stages of consciousness, called *Rips*, that he experiences in his guppy tank. His son, the lucky chemist, finds it in his wonder drug, *RIP*. Finally, while the rest of the world is convulsing in fatal ecstasy (after the Mafia discovers the formula for the drug and markets it in aerosol cans, it takes the world three days to come apart, as it were), the Primrose family and friends attempt a daring escape by sea. With all the improbability of an Elizabethan comedy, they are literally flung together on the judge's boat, the *R.I.P.* And that is what it is: an apocalyptic rip-off.

The flyleaf of Blanche Howard's

novel promises "a tale of youthful passion turned to violence and tragedy, of murder and suicide." But all *this* happens in the 22nd and last chapter. Roughly the first third of the novel focuses on the ageing but still beautiful Eleanor Penman, the Pretty Lady, who has psychologically scarred her children with her selfish, manipulative, and unnecessary cruelty. Margaret and Gordon, both in their 40s, are still trapped in her sphere of domineering influence to the point that their lives are in shambles. The second part of the novel deals with the children, whose gradual recovery and psychological liberation from the power of their mother is balanced with Eleanor's decline in health, fortune, and influence.

In order to secure Eleanor's old-age Pension, the two must come up with her missing birth certificate. But Eleanor has mysteriously blocked out all the events in her life preceding her marriage to their father, and doesn't even know where or when she was born. The detective work becomes therapeutic for the convalescent offspring as they begin to unravel the mysteries of their mother's past life, and place some of her bizarre quirks and habits into perspective.

Talk about a closet full of skeletons! As horror after horror is revealed, it is easy to see why she was blocking, and why she's been so crabby. One last gothic horror is thrown in at the end for the sake of a happy ending: Eleanor suffers a stroke that destroys just that part of her brain that had been harbouring the unspeakable secrets for so long. By the last page she is simply "a dear old thing, though a trifle dotty." Actually, all three novels are a trifle dotty, or maybe just a trifle. □



She cuts off their tales

Mouse Woman and The Vanished Princesses, by Christie Harris, McClelland & Stewart, 155 pages, \$7.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-4023-7).

Khufu The Wonder Cat, by Anita Lever, illustrated by Elizabeth and Frances Smily, Blackfish, 55 pages, \$3.95 paper.

Once Upon A Time I Love You, by Dan Jason, Jezrah Hearne, Tom Perry, Nancy Jason, and Zama Jason-Hearne, Intermedia Press, 56 pages, unpriced.

By LYNDA NYKOR

A SMALL SPATE of west coast children's books has appeared in the few months since Christmas, and they range from the polished to the homely in both content and form.

Christie Harris's *Mouse Woman and the Vanquished Princesses* is a smoothly presented hardcover offering from M&S that really does live up to the amount of time and money put into it. Harris has a feel for the way the Canadian Indians perceived their towering, threatening northern environment. The stories she presents here are subtle and tangential, as one feels the native peoples must have been m survive for centuries in such a terrain.

Sheila Egoff, in her stimulating *The Republic of Childhood: A Critical Guide to Canadian Children's Literature*, remarks that Indian legends, unlike the Greek myths of which European culture is based, show no differentiation between gods and heroes, and attributes this to the intimidation of a landscape that required cunning rather than individual acts of heroism for survival.

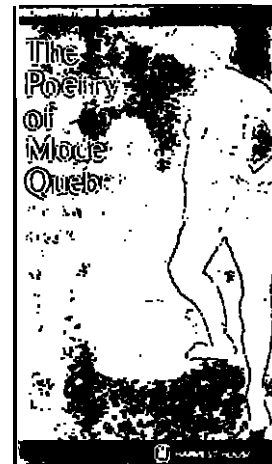
Harris's adroit compromise with this rather daunting aspect of native oral literature resides in her characterization of Mouse Woman. Mouse Woman, part god, part human, part animal, is central to the stories not through valorous deeds, but through her singular personality. So the author avoids violating the spirit of her material by imposing an alien hem-figure, yet allows for the child's natural desire to find in a book a character he can applaud. Mouse Woman is certainly someone children will warm to. Five to 12-year-olds may

find the oddly concluded stories a bit hard to fathom, but they'll read them because they're fast-paced, scary and adventurous, and maybe along the way they'll absorb some of that different way of responding to their own country. The drawings that accompany the text are by Douglas Tait, and they too have a measure of subtlety. They're dark, glowery, slightly spooky.

Khufu The Wonder Cat has a back-page blurb that says the book was "made in British Columbia without government funding." I get a mental picture of boosters of this little book hammering in vain against the unyielding philistinism of bureaucracy in order to bring a masterpiece into the light of day. This is a pleasant enough tale for children from about four to eight, but it's not really worth that kind of fuss. Much of it is in riddles, always popular with that age group. It's a paperback with thick paper, large easy-to-read print and a fairly proficient lay-out. The illustrations are by Elizabeth and Frances Smily out of *Just Mary* and the *Arabian Nights* and therefore have whatever unalloyed associations those may hold for you, if not your children.

The Poetry of Modern Quebec: An Anthology

edited and translated
by Fred Cogswell



HARVEST HOUSE
Montreal

\$3.50

The least professionally packaged volume of the three is *Once Upon A Time I Love You*. It appears to have been put together by a covey of somewhat-related people of varying ages, and has a great deal of material cramped into its 56 pages. Good intentions and honest effort have clearly gone into this endeavor. It commendably tries to tell kids that being who you are is valuable and doing what you do is important, but it never really lets go of an adult perspective long enough to find what kids will accept or find exciting. I mean to say, a monster who gets a kiss from a beautiful little girl and turns into an outstanding citizen in his community: "???" I'm not quarrelling with the efficacy of such a transformation — I just don't think it's as neat as turning into a handsome prince, and neither, I suspect, will kids.

Poetry is interspersed throughout the text in about a 50-50 ratio. It shows a little more imagination than the good-citizen stories, and even has some fun with words and line structure. Some of it is the kind of stuff adults will smile at and think is adorable long after their offspring have decided it's silly, but some of it will keep the four to seven-year-old set giggling with delight. □

Husks Of white elegance

Nineteenth Century Canadian Stories, edited by David Arnason, Macmillan, 212 pages, \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1345-5) and \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-7705-1346-8).

By LINDA SNOHET

"THE NINETEENTH century in Canada was a far more vital and lively period than we have been led to believe. Dry-as-dust history texts have created the impression of a time characterized chiefly by an infinity of dated events and documents too numerous for anyone to remember." In contrast, David Arnason suggests that stories, poetry, and newspapers offer "a far better picture of life as it was actually lived." Literature usually does have a more vital connection to the social and psychological realities of a period than textbooks. But in the past few years there have been some successful at-

tempts to revitalize the 19th century through books and film, academic and popular. Mary Jane Edwards' edition of *The Evolution Of Canadian Literature in English: Beginnings to 1867* gives comprehensive historical, bibliographical, and biographical information; the CBC-TV series *The National Dream* was certainly designed to arouse the imagination of jaded students in a way the Arnason anthology does not.

By now it should be clear that I was disappointed in *Nineteenth Century Canadian Stories*. The introduction suffers from acute generalization and unnecessary repetition. The words "elevated," "contrived," "elegant," and "conscious" are each repeated two or three times in the first two pages. We learn the importance in the early part of the century of newspapers and periodicals such as *The Acadian Recorder* or *The Nova Scotian*, whose front pages were dominated by short fiction "written in contrived and artificial 'literary' language." The letter to the editor, "brief, pointed, self-contained and complete," developed as an antidote to the "more consciously literary pieces." Yet the editor has opened the book with a typical letter, "The False Accuser: A Tale," which he describes as a secularized sermon, written in the very "elevated and contrived" language these letters were supposed to have vanquished. The tale of a beautiful young girl, innocent victim of malicious gossip, is weighted with prose such as:

Helpless, fatherless, and cruelly plundered of her reputation, she found herself hopelessly abandoned, and told him who had her soul's devotion, with conflicting feelings of pride, regret, and duty, that she rendered from that hour every claim to his hand and affections; but her fortitude was divided between her heart and lips, for with this sacrifice she almost rendered life.

Lighter in tone are "Letters of Mephiboseth Stepsure," where in the persona of a rather self-righteous farmer, Thomas McCulloch gently castigates his fellow Nova Scotians for their vanity, lack of industry, and misuse of consumer credit! "The Letters of Patty Pry" are frothier still, a series of colloquial letters from an observant young lady in her teens who recounts the tale of her Aunt Tabitha's tragic love. Haliburton's Sam Slick closes the first group of stories.

In the second section are selections from *The Literary Garland*, a magazine that published the best Canadian

short fiction during the 1840s. Here again, the introduction gives little concrete detail about *The Garland's* history, not even specifying its exact dates. As a transition in the development of the short story, these pieces are best described as "tales," "legends," or "sketches." Mr. Arnason claims:

In their loose form, their elevated, consciously elegant language, and their romantic vision, they reflect the sensibility of their writers and their audience. The language, in particular, points to a distinct difference in social class between the waders of the literary periodicals and the readers of newspapers.

Well, there most certainly was a difference in the readership of these two kinds of publication, but "elevated" and "consciously elegant" are exactly the adjectives used by the editor to describe the language of early newspaper editorials, so this description does little to clarify just what distinguishes *The Garland's* work from what came before.

The selection of stories in this section is fairly representative. Mrs. Moodie's "Brian, the Still-Hunter" has been reprinted often. One could wish that anthologists would seek out some less familiar writing. Catharine Parr Traill is mentioned in the introduction, but not included in the book. Mrs. Leprohon's "Alice Sydenham's First Ball" is an apt example of the high-Society story transplanted from the Old World with great success. As in all this author's work, overt didacticism at the end mars the form. John Richardson's "Jeremiah Desborough" is a violent tale originally conceived as the first chapter of a sequel to *Wacousta* but never completed beyond that point.

The last part of the anthology presents post-confederation writers who were exploring new themes and characters. "Old Man Savarin" uses French Canadian dialect with some condescension. The narrator watches Old Ma'ame Paradis scoop for fish off a twilight pier and as they sit back admiring the "more than picturesque" scene, she recalls how, as children, she and her cousin taught the village miser a lesson he never forgot when he fell in the river.

M'sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh a, you for let two girl rake eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain't you tink your life worth twelve dollare?

Norman Duncan's Newfoundland story "The Chase of the Tide," Roberts'

"Do Seek their Meat from God," and D. C. Scott's "Labrie's Wife" are also included. But I question the selection of "The Pantekalidescopeneropolis Coffee-Maker" (which may contain the longest word extant in **CanLit**) by "Jamix" and "My Stowaway" by Robert Barr. The first author is not even mentioned in a biographical note: the story is a memoir of a hater of fashion who committed suicide and whose paper were bought by the narrator at a New York auction. How does this tale "help to identify and define" the distinct character of Canadian literature as Mr. Arnason claims these stories do? Robert Barr, apart from having been born and raised in Canada, spent the better part of his life in England, and "My Stowaway" is an example of the well-made story in vogue in the late 19th century but with no direct connection in form or content to Canadian life.

Mr. Arnason is an editor of *The Journal of Canadian Fiction* which published a special issue on early Canadian writing in 1973 as a tribute to Professor Carl Klinck. With his background, Arnason should have produced a more definitive volume than he has. □

Ur lore is yore lore

Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, by Helen Creighton, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 176 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 07-082334-0).

By **GLYNIS E. C. BARNES**

THIS WELCOME re-issue of *Folklore of Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia* has been published by arrangement with The National Museum of Canada, since it was under the museum's auspices that Helen Creighton made the field-trips to gather much of her information. The "second edition" is a facsimile reprint of the original 1950 edition, with the sole addition of a brief author's note in which she corrects an earlier misapprehension. The inhabitants of Lunenburg County were almost exclusively of German descent (not Hanoverian as she had previously supposed), with a sprinkling of Swiss, Dutch, and Huguenot, and thus formed

a distinct Protestant cultural group within Nova Scotia.

The material collected is divided according to *subject*, each chapter being provided with an introductory note. All items are separately numbered, and often contradictory items are deliberately juxtaposed; there is no attempt to work the material into a cohesive whole. Further elucidation and analogous references to most items are provided in footnotes on each page, demonstrating an admirable breadth of scholarship. Each item is given in the original words of the informant whenever possible, and although the informant's name is never given the location is always noted.

As would be expected in a Maritime area, there is much emphasis on the sea, with related sections on weather-lore, treasure-troves, and tall stories. There are also domestic details of farming and country life, such as crops, crafts, and cures, and the local ways of celebrating holidays and festivals. Sections on supernatural beliefs, ghosts, witches, and superstitions all provide interesting chapters.

This book is the record of one community at one period in its history

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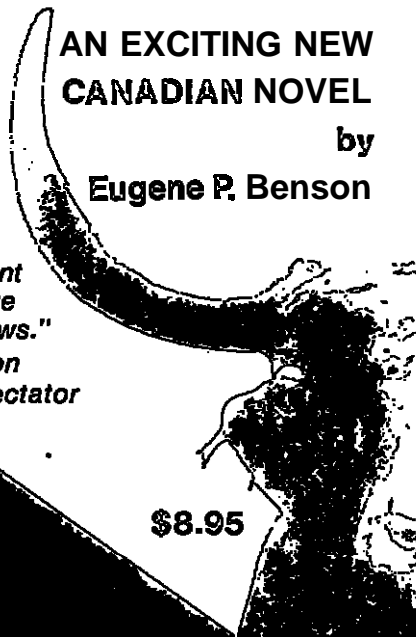
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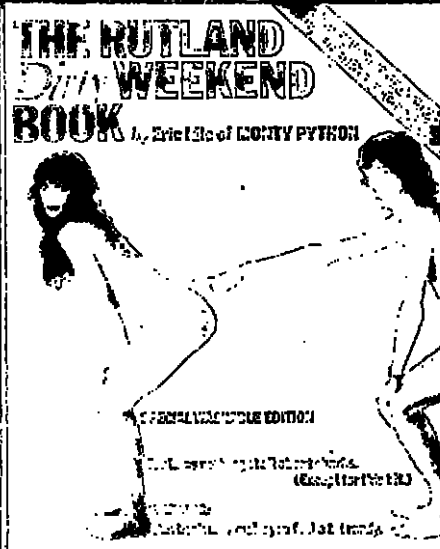
by

Eugene P. Benson

\$8.95



AVOID THIS BOOK



Methuen Publications

(1930s and '40s). Some of the material is unique, but much is both timeless and international (for example, some of the games can be traced back to classical antiquity, while many of the stories are current in all parts of the world and are daily being retold as both new and "true"). The publishers correctly emphasise the value of this book as social and historical documentation, as well as praising it for its humour. Ideally, it should have been revised to take into account more recent interpretations of the material discussed: nevertheless this reappearance makes an important collection of Canadian folklore available to a wider audience. □

Island in the storm

Miners and Steelworkers, by Paul MacEwan, Samuel Stevens Hakkert and Company, 400 pages. \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0-88866-533-4).

By IRVING ABELLA

WITH THE POSSIBLE exception of the interior of British Columbia, the labour history of no region of Canada is more colourful — and more bloody — than that of Cape Breton Island. And yet, perhaps not surprisingly given the rather orthodox — and "safe" — interests of past generations of Canadian academics, no one has yet written an adequate account of the Cape Breton labour movement. In fact, the only social history of the island is a puerile, totally inadequate, and confused pamphlet published several years ago by some students on an OFY grant. Thus to students of the Canadian labour movement, *Miners and Steelworkers* is a godsend.

Though no historian, Paul MacEwan is nonetheless peculiarly equipped to write about the workers of Cape Breton. He has lived and worked on the island for most of his life and has been deeply involved in many of its social and political activities. He now is — and has been since 1970 — an NDP member of the Nova Scotia Legislature. Because of this he is able to provide first-hand descriptions and fascinating insights of the men and events that made Cape Breton what it is today.

And what a history it is. All the standard clichés of the class struggle are here in abundance: a brutal, arrogant,

and rigid managerial class; a singularly unsympathetic and reactionary government: a steady and seemingly infinite supply of enthusiastic strike-breakers in the form of police and soldiers; and finally an oppressed, embittered, but militant group of working men and women labouring under conditions that defy description. No wonder labour unrest was endemic to the island.

The Cape Breton industrial conflicts are classic in every sense of the word, and MacEwan is at his best in describing them. His hero, J. B. McLachlan, the leader of the miners, shines through MacEwan's rather pedestrian prose as an idealistic, dedicated, militant labour leader, though clearly MacEwan would have preferred him to be a socialist rather than the very confused Communist he was.

Yet the strength of the book is also its weakness. MacEwan is just too close to many of the men and events he describes. Though this gives his study its sense of immediacy and drama, it also removes from it any sense of objectivity. There are two types of people in this manuscript and two types only: heroes and villains. There is none in between. Those MacEwan admires, he praises extravagantly; those he dislikes, he condemns excessively. Though no one writes history without a bias and MacEwan's is a bias I share — his feelings sometimes get the better of him and at points the book is more polemical than historical. Given the nature of subject and the author's identification with it, this is both understandable and forgivable. But what is less forgivable is MacEwan's apparent determination to avoid analysis at any cost.

The book is great on description, but there are few explanations. Why, for example, were labour problems so much worse on the island than anywhere else in Canada? What prompted the owners and the miners to behave the way they did? Why did the radical labour leaders of the island feel it necessary to bring in an American union — the United Mine Workers — to destroy the Canadian Provincial Workmen's Association? What was the impact of Central Canadian economic imperialism as expressed through the National Policy on the economic life of Cape Breton? These are only a few of the questions that MacEwan ignores.

Yet in the final analysis this is an enjoyable and spirited book that tells an important story that for too long has been kept from most Canadians. □

Nobody at home

Cities of Canada Vol. 2: profiles of fifteen metropolitan centres, by George A. Nader, MacMillan Company of Canada, 460 pages, \$18.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1239-9)

By ELIZABETH KATZ

FORT WHOOP UP was a Settlement in Alberta for American whiskey traders who gave the Northwest Mounted Police a lot of trouble back in 1875. So the Mounties set up their own headquarters nearby, at the junction of the Bow and Elbow Rivers. The bad guys' fort became Lethbridge; the good guys' fort became Calgary.

And the highlights of Calgary's development from a Mountie stronghold to a metropolitan centre where more than half the working population depend on the oil industry is the substance of the book. Fifteen cities are examined in this way from their first townsites in the eighteenth and nineteenth century.

The pessimism of those who analyze the urban crisis is cloaked in this well-documented summary of the major forces behind urban growth. The urban crisis is the effect that unplanned and rapid growth of cities has on people. People, individually and collectively, are barely mentioned.

No names, not of industrialists, planners, politicians or any individual who contributed, for better or for worse, to making Canadian cities what they are, are credited. Only the names of Champlain, Lord Selkirk and their contemporaries appear, with the one exception of Jacques Gréber, the French planner responsible for the look of the present-day National Capital Region of Ottawa-Hull.

Nader concentrates instead on the reasons for founding each city and on its initial growth. Geography accounts for the economic base and the reason for the wide variety of economies. The effect of the manufacturing, trade and service industries on each city are balanced with the growth of transportation and social services. He then looks at the cities; their suburbs, open spaces, residential and commercial growth. The descriptions of the city centres are so detailed they could serve as the text for a walking tour.

Much of the urban growth Nader documents took place without plan-

ning. It became apparent in the post war period that Canadian cities would need tube introduced to the planning process if they were to expand to benefit the most people. The jurisdictions of planning boards undergo changes as municipal boundaries change and as regional government replaces city and town governments. The municipal, provincial and federal departments are scrambling to co-ordinate their policies.

"The large urban region" writes J. W. MacNeill, Commissioner General of Habitat for Canada, "Is a complex, dynamic and integrated ecosystem whose political, biological and human components, and whose economic, social and other problems are tied together by an infinite web of relationships." The problems of the city, overcrowding, pollution, are a result of the overlapping of growth problems. More cities are now producing Growth Management Strategies that provide policies which are interrelated. The strength of Nader's book is that it reflects the need for understanding all the variables of urbanization.



Yet this is also its weakness. No system is detailed enough to be clearly comprehended. The book comes at the end of an era. The concept of the large city is almost obsolete. Big cities have become urban regions. This is reflected in names like Toronto Centered Region, the Greater Vancouver Regional District. If, as Margaret Mead predicts, there will be one giant megalopolis stretching from Quebec City to Detroit by the year 2000, then an understanding of cities comes too late. □

Sur realism rampant

Under The Skin, by Ken Norris, A CrossCountry Chapbook, unpaginated, paper \$1.00 (ISBN 0-916696-6)

Heaven's Door, by Gregory Grace, Fiddlehead Poetry Books, 76 pages, paper unpriced (ISBN 9-919197-83-3)

Predictable Conditions, by Colin Norman, The Quarry Press, 56 pages, \$3.75 cloth, \$2.50 paper.

By GREG GATENBY

KEN NORRIS IS the editor of Cross-Country Magazine, and his chapbook, neatly printed for the genre, is a strange sometimes humorous, sometimes uneven assemblage of about 18 poems. The bulk of them represent an infusion of the neo-surrealism rampant in the southwestern states of America, a style

"... Rarely has a writer as sensitive and observant as Schroeder come out of prison sufficiently unscarred to be able to treat the subject of prison with clear-eyed objectivity. The result is a book that tells it exactly like it is, coaching insight into the failure of the prison system and the human beings who are caught before." *Waldy G. Jones*

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of poetry never particularly popular in Canada before or presently.

Sleep, dreams, beds, domestic animals, and the evolution of poems comprise most of the subject matter and imagery, and while the dream mechanism allows Norris to make some astute, pleasantly surprising juxtapositions, often the images seem to bear no redeeming relation to one another. When this occurs, the poems are disappointing. But, fortunately, the collection as a whole leaves the impression of confidence, promising craft, and energetic talent.

Gregory Grace's poems tell of a narrator constantly disoriented in this world and wishing for residence in a better world on the other side of the wind. Poems about females with parts of their bodies and brains: missing; poems obsessed with death; poems tilted with unanswerable rhetorical questions of existence: people trapped in jobs and domestic situations where they neither see nor know their jailers or shackles.

No individual poem stands out in this collection. But once the rough edges, strange line breaks, and bizarre incongruous imagery take on their own familiarity, the book becomes more impressive in its entirety than in its parts. Many poems begin by showing great promise, but end almost haphazardly. Granted, irresolution is one of the major themes of the book, but surely even irresolution must be stated with resolve and vigour. In too many pieces Grace seems bent on castrating the work with a flippant last line or too handy a word such as "life" or "time".

These rather ponderous objections aside, what is striking about the book is the richness of Grace's language. While some of the images never made sense to me, there was no denying the pleasant cadence, honed assonance and sheer love for the sound of uniquely joined syllables throughout the collection.

Despite the delightfully ambiguous accolades of Tom Marshall and George Whalley which adorn the back cover of *Predictable Conditions*, this last book should be seen as a collection of very light verse at best, and shamefully jejune lyrics at worst. The bulk of the poems are rhymed but apart from that nothing more positive can be said about Mt. Norman's sense of poetics. He seems to have no concept of sustained rhythm this metre more than once changing awkwardly and aggravatingly within the space of a single poem), and

a logical rhyme scheme appears' to be something he discards with the same ease by which he includes strained metaphors, trite imagery, and atrocious inappropriate puns.

The nicest comment to make about this book is that it has a pretty cover. □

A gaggle and a giggle

The Canadian Poetry Annual, Press Porcépic, 80 pages, \$2.95 paper (ISBN 0-85878-067-2).

By JOHN OUGHTON

WHAT LOOKS like an underground comic book, has handset type on pulp paper, and features 14 poets you've probably never heard of before? It's Press Porcépic's entry into the select group of Canadian publishers actually willing to read all those unsolicited poetry manuscripts literary presses get, with the intention of selecting some of them for anthology use.

The book is curious in both design and editorial approach. No editor contributes a definitive introduction outlining the latest poetry scene in Canada and his own literary standing: in fact no one is named as the editor at all. Therefore one can only blame the cartoon beaver on the cover for the statement that these "14 young Canadian Superpoets" have never before appeared in book form, when at least two of them — David Rosenfield and Ted Plantos — have published books previously.

The choice of poets is catholic, ranging from the neo-Christian rhymes of Gary Willis through the confessional verse of Merrily Paskal and Aaron Rowland to the muscular Prairie surrealism of Charles Noble. Each poet is granted a separate typeface and a full page for a photograph, biography, or aesthetic statement. Ink sketches, which emphasize the comic aspects of the poems (doubtless to the dismay of some poets), appear throughout, courtesy of the pseudonymous Rudy McToots, in reality one of the type setting elves at Dreadnaught Press. They're amusing, but argue a consistency of vision not really shared by the authors: and too often fasten on

dragged-out people at the breakfast table.

The general quality of poetry is higher than in most similar "unpublished poets" collections. Certainly some of the contributors suffer from the Scylla and Charybdis of young poets — insufficient editing and inspiration. Originality of conception makes Noble's slightly mysterious reconstructions of the commonplace stand out, as do Susan Swan's sharp, feminist odes to her obsession, Barbara Anne Scott. Ken Stange, editor of the little mag *Nehula*, strikes some valid notes despite his overly pretentious poetics and titles ("Hedonic Calculus" to identify a throwaway defence of whoring?). Gary Willis and David Rosenfield redeem their other rather lacklustre contributions with their long poems, "The Enemy" and "I Want Light. How can I Hallow the Dark?" Conversely, Plantos and Ken Cathers are most intriguing in their short selections.

This is a collection worth looking at, and for \$2.95 other young writers, the main market for such an anthology, can afford to do so: if it attracts more readers than would a conservative and academic approach, it will have served its contributors well. Porcépic even includes an entry blank for its next annual; it's refreshing to see that someone out there can take unsolicited poetry both light-heartedly and seriously. □

IN BRIEF

DON'T THINK *The Olympic Games: The First Thousand Years*, by M. I. Finley and H. W. Pleket (Clarke Irwin, 138 pages, \$11.50, ISBN 0-7720-1026-X) was written with tongue in cheek. Classical historians Finley and Pleket describe the ancient Games, not Montreal, in the chapter on politics and patronage: "The money came from the municipalities, not from the imperial treasury, but the latter could not lightly permit them to go bankrupt through mismanagement, local vanity and prodigality. ..." It's a well-designed book, illustrated with drawings and photographs, describing the origins of both the modern and ancient Games. Political and organizational similarities exist between 776 B.C. and 1976 A.D., but content has changed considerably. We see no chariot races or trials of human strength designed to draw blood. Spectators

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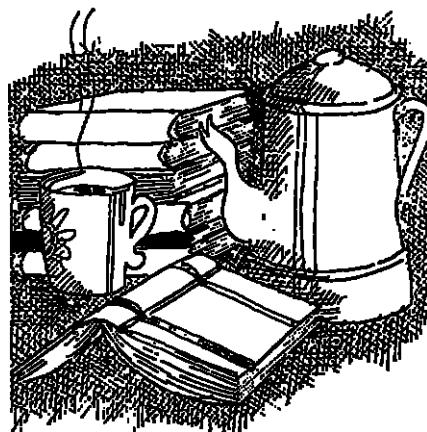
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came for blood, report the authors, and blood was what they got. The Olympics were intimately tied with the other sport of Ancient Greece—war. The chapters on athletes and trainers are particularly illuminating. Athletes were recruited from all social strata, but only an independently wealthy man or a consistent winner could afford to remain a competitor in the Games. It was quite profitable to be an Olympic champion in Ancient Greece, for a sizeable “fee” was paid for each appearance in competition. Diagrams of training facilities and methods are included. Conditions for spectators have presumably improved in the past 2,000 years but the complaints of one Stoic visitor sound familiar: “Do you not swelter? Are you not cramped and crowded? Do you not have your fill of tumult and shouting and other annoyances? But I fancy that you bear and endure it all by balancing it off against the memorable character of the spectacle.”

PEAT O'NEILL

ONE OF THE most important social changes that has occurred in this country during the past 20 years is the disruption of the close relationship that once existed between doctors and their patients. Today, technology, systems, engineering, business administration, computerized and automated methods of investigation and treatment have replaced to a large extent the human element of care and treatment. Attention is often focussed only on the physical aspects of disease. *There's Gold in Them Thar Pills* by Alan Klass (Penguin Books, 183 pages, \$2.25) describes in great detail how the multi-national drug companies have made captive the practice of medicine and replaced the doctor as the central agent in our system of health delivery. Dr. Klass, an associate professor in the Department of Anatomy and Surgery at the University of Manitoba, outlines the doctors' dilemma: they are caught between a public whose needs expand to fill the amount of health care available and a wealthy industry that sponsors most of his continuing medical education, and fills his mail with advertising. (A recent issue of *The Medical Post*, for example, has 64 pages and carries 10 full-page, four-colour ads and 38 half-page ads for pharmaceutical products.) After supporting his case with a well organized collection of examples, Klass sets forth ways in which the individual physician can thrust himself into the struggle for a rational approach to

medication. He urges that doctors stop using brand names in prescribing; that they refuse to accept medical journals that carry drug advertising and subscribe instead to publications that present honest statements regarding new drugs; and that they curb excessive prescription writing and check carefully each patient's total collection of medicine. He also suggests that universities take responsibility for continuing medical education and that all advertising of drugs in the public media be stopped.

WENDY CAMPBELL

DAVID KELLUM's *The Falling World of Tristram Pocket* (160 pages, \$7.95 cloth and \$4.95 paper) is a surprisingly good novel from Tree Frog Press. On one level it is a parody of two notable 18th-century works, *Tout Jones* and *Tristram Shandy*; on another, it is an adventure story told with the simple directness one finds in fairy tales. The hero of the novel, Master Tristram Pocket, is a small boy who accidentally leaves his present world and enters the realm of a medieval monastery. This incredible journey is the result of his curious prying, one rainy day, of a derelict cuckoo clock in the attic of his grandfather's house. Brother Procopius, one of the one-inch-high inhabitants of the clock, is a Crispinian monk who Tristram learns is writing the past, present, and future history of the world. Since Procopius is both blessed and cursed with an ability to see into the future, the entire monastery is aware of the imminent destruction of the medieval world that comes about as the result of the French Revolution of 1789. Tristram becomes the child hem from the future, and from his incredible experiences with the monks in his grandfather's clock he is ultimately responsible for the virtues of the medieval world surviving to become implanted in the future.

DWIGHT TANNER

THE WIDE RANGE of titles available from the International Self-Counsel Press is matched by some rather large deviations in quality. *How To Survive Retirement In Canada*, *Canadian Guide To Death And Dying* (both \$3.50) and *Canadian Credit Law Handbook* (\$2.95) are sensible overviews of complex situations, and can be recommended as useful introductions to matters of near-universal concern. *Guide To Starting A Successful Business*. *David Ingram's Guide To In-*

come *Tax In Canada* (both \$2.95) and *Successful Job-Hunting Made Easy* (\$1.95), on the other hand, tend to be numbingly banal and at times offensive (“Some people enjoy poverty,” Ernest S. Kelly confides in *Starting A Successful Business*) mishmashes of trivial fact and dubious fancy; you'll probably find more reliable information at your local barbershop or beer parlour. Somewhere in the middle are *How To Immigrate Into Canada* and *Canadian Consumer Law* (both \$2.95), accurate as far as they go but limited by the vagaries of the existing law and its interpretation in their chosen subject areas. What's needed? *A Guide To Self-Help Books In Canada*, obviously; but in the meantime you too can improve your very own problematic existence by casting a skeptical eye upon a series that often bites off more than it can chew.

PAUL STUEWE

THE CENTRAL aim of a chapbook is to introduce a new or relatively unknown poet to a larger audience in an inexpensive format. For this reason the books, although well-designed, are rarely well-bound. Both *The Green Dragon and Other Poems* by Ed Yeomans (Fiddlehead, 28 pages) and *The Sun In Winter* by Anne Scott (Piddlehead, 94 pages), for example, bear eye-catching cover illustrations. In order to keep the product at a low cost, however, the publishers are compelled to cut corners. Proofreading seems non-existent. And, even more importantly, because good editors are an expensive luxury, the poets themselves must fulfill this function. It is not surprising, therefore, that these radically uneven collections lack a coherent theme and indicate little purpose or direction.

Anne Scott's work, *The Sun in Winter*, seems to be the more unified of the two, but one wonders how seriously she should be taken. Her central theme (often marred and confounded by incongruous images and awkward syntax) is that “we're plugged into the sun.” Man moves at the end of “invisible wires” and, at best, he seems to be an electric kettle or master. Her most compelling material results when her poetic powers defy her all too self-conscious comers; the poems “The Drip,” and “The Verandah” prove that she can control her art. Ed Yeomans' book, *The Green Dragon*, does not show as much promise as Scott's. Too often he becomes absorbed with the larger prophetic voice and long line, neither of which he hand-

les well. Yet, when he tires of making his moral too clear, he can show a bit of humour in asserting that "God is not a white-collar worker."

ED JEWINSKI

FORTY-FOUR years Stinson carried the C.C.F. banner in Winnipeg City Council and the Manitoba legislature, and for eight of those years he was party leader in the Manitoba Assembly. *Reminiscences* and recollections of the period — and of the partisans — range in: from the Winnipeg general strike to the final triumph of Ed Schreyer and the N.D.P. in 1969 are assembled in *Political Warriors — recollections of a Social Democrat* (Queenston House, 341 pages, 82.95). Mr. Stinson introduces an enormous cast of fellow Socialists and of Conservatives and Liberals, from the Federal as well as the Manitoba political scene. Perhaps this is the main weakness of a rather untidy book, so crammed with personalities that there is little room for development of atmosphere. Rigid pruning would certainly have improved its literary merit and its value as a work of reference. The author, with refreshing modesty, downplays his own contribution as a working politician, and a judgment of his impact upon affairs is impossible from the information contained herein. What does emerge, perhaps unwittingly, is a portrait of a concerned and dedicated man who finds it difficult not to say a good word about even the most intransigent of his opponents.

W.D. JAMES

POLITICAL PROBLEMS connected with different language groups are far more common than is usually realized. In fact few of the peoples or countries of the world are not examined or at least mentioned in *Les Etats multilingues; problèmes et solutions/Multilingual Political Systems: Problems and Solutions, presentation Jean-Guy Savard and Richard Vigneault* (University Press, Laval). This huge text (591 pages) contains 20 contributions by some of the world's most distinguished social scientists — Deutsch, Friedrich, Linz, Mazrui, Rustow — as well as ● cwm leading Canadians. They deal with many aspects of language and politics: conflict and attempts to solve it, changing social patterns, national consciousness, and a host of other characteristics are investigated at length. The articles take a variety of approaches, some numerate heavily, some are much more historical or

literary. Only four of the papers are in French, evidence perhaps of what one African author calls the "globalization of English" (the emergence of 'Afro-Saxons' and so on.). Anyone interested in nationalism or the politics and sociology of heterogeneous nations (and which nations aren't?) will find much of value here.

ALEXANDER CRAIG

IN PRESENTING an historical account for children of the founding of Ottawa and Hull, author Nadja Corkum and illustrator Emma Hesse have achieved a remarkable success. Each page of *How Canada Got Its Capital* (M&S, \$4.95 paper), is superbly illustrated by accurate drawings; their detail allows for long perusal to glean the customs of a now-vanished era, an era when photographs could not preserve the authenticity of the day-to-day culture. The text reads easily. Historic events are described by the use of anecdote, which often secures an understanding that no amount of generalizations can. From the adventurous days of Champlain, through Pilemon Wright's pioneering settlement of Hull and Colonel By's Bytown and the construction of the Rideau Canal, the account of Ottawa's growth and eventual designation as Canada's capital is a scenario of film proportions. A zestful feeling of accomplishment, albeit vicarious, surges through one upon reading about the challenges and hardships conquered by the human spirit with a vision of making a home out of a wilderness in the harsh climate of Canada. Once begun, growth was rapid; "By the time the children [of Pilemon Wright] were grown, there were streets, a hotel, a ferry and all the conveniences found in most towns in those days." My one criticism is the sparse use of full-colour illustrations; 15 out of 60 just doesn't seem adequate.

STEPHANIE J. NYNVCH

FAMOUS AS A POET, Isabella Valancy Crawford died suddenly at thirty-seven some ninety years ago in Toronto. Poetry was no more lucrative in late nineteenth century Canada — even for a critically acclaimed poet like Miss Crawford — than it is now and she found herself compelled to chum out prose pieces just to put bread on the table. If this collection (*Selected Stories of Isabella Valancy Crawford*, (ed. with an introd. by Penny Petrone, University of Ottawa Press, 1975). is

truly representative of her prose output, it is not difficult to surmise that she wrote prose quite haphazardly with a mercenary muse huddling with her safe behind the veil of a pseudonym.

The editor obviously had quite a chore uncovering much of the incomplete material in this slender volume and the book suffers for it: many of the pieces are simply episodes from larger works or remnants from lost manuscripts and newspaper serials. They are little more than experimental vignettes which are frustratingly obscure to most general readers. This grab-bag of literary styles is comprised of a sentimental romance, a fairy-tale, an essay; an historical romance, a boys' story, a local colour story, and a regional idyll. The editor provides an informative introduction to these tales but she cannot bridge the gap that exists between the reader and the material — it is just too wide. Fine for a bibliographer or zealous student of Canadian journalism in the nineteenth century but for readers interested in Crawford, three words of advice, 'Read her poetry'. As a last word, it should be noted that the cover design for this volume is singularly unattractive and unsuited for both the author and the work.

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SOFT & RECYCLED

By PAUL STUEWE

THE RATIONALE FOR the introduction of the "quality" or oversize paperback was that the larger format seemed more appropriate for very long or profusely illustrated works. although a cynic might be permitted the speculation that a vision of higher profits danced behind the high-sounding intentions of its inventors. In the case of Doris Shadbolt's *Emily Carr* (J. J. Douglas, \$7.95), a generous and well-reproduced selection of its subject's paintings does make effective use of the over-sized format. and the author's succinct but penetrating biographical sketch and comprehensive bibliography complete a book that is a "quality" production in every respect. Then: are several other recent Canadian paperbacks, however, for which the adjective "quality" is merely an indication of larger-than-normal size and, of course, higher-than-normal price.

The following hooks vary widely in content and intrinsic merit, but they all have two things in common: there is very little reason why they should be issued in an over-size format. and the decision to do so will almost certainly result in lower sales than might otherwise be expected.

Traditional standards of quality are completely ignored in Macmillan's edition of Morley Callaghan's *A Broken Journey* (84.95), which is printed on paper that would discredit a bus-station washroom and in a type size whose proportions are equalled only by the extremely wide margins with which it is surrounded. One might argue that this is tilting for a book that opens with a classic example of the misused conjunction in describing a character as "middle-aged but vibrantly dominant": but even though *A Broken Journey* is earlier and decidedly lesser Callaghan, it deserves something better than the shoddy production afforded it here. Since anything of Callaghan's is presumably a candidate for inclusion on Canadian Literature course lists, Macmillan seems to have pointlessly handicapped itself with this unattractive and expensive alternative to his New Canadian Library titles.

This is all the more curious given Macmillan's edition of Lovat

Dickson's *Grey Owl: Man of the Wilderness*, which despite much higher-quality paper and several photographs retails at the same price (\$4.95) as *A Broken Journey*. Most of the photographs would fit on a standard-sized paperback page, mind you. and those that wouldn't-c&d be easily cropped or reduced; but of all the "quality" paperbacks considered here, this is the only one that makes any sort of case for its larger format. Dickson's biography of Archie Belaney (a.k.a. "Grey Owl") opens out into a warm, understanding portrait of both its subject and his age. and the expanding scope of events seems to justify their enlarged physical representation. Still, a cheaper mass-market edition might be more appropriate for a work that should appeal to a very wide segment of the wading public.

This last observation applies to the next three books considered here, each of which would be more palatable in the less pretentious mass-market format. Wilfred Pelletier and Ted Poole's *No Foreign Land* (M&S, \$3.95) is the Indian Pelletier's autobiography, affecting in its evocation of a vanished culture and disturbing in its puerile anti-White racism, but with no visual correlatives to a narrative that would certainly be enhanced by some judicious illustrations. Jean Johnston's *Wilderness Women* (PMA \$4.95) does offer a few mediocre drawings among its interesting "Brief Lives" of Canadian pioneer-persons, but again one is struck by the failure to take advantage of the possibilities inherent in the "quality" format. H. A. Hargreaves's *North By 2000* (PMA, \$3.95), finally, serves up mainstream but good-of-breed science fiction without even an attractive cover to help it survive some fierce foreign competition, and that's the kiss of death in sci-fi circles.

This sort of thing isn't "quality" paperback publishing, although it might be collective suicide. With the exception of *Emily Carr* and perhaps *A Broken Journey*, the books discussed above all have some best seller potential, but their publishers seem determined to avoid the opportunities of the

over-size format. To one who believes in the necessity of a strong Canadian publishing industry, it is no comfort to conclude that the voice of the consumer will be heard in the land. □

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ADVISING LAYTON

Sir:

Re: *For My Brother Jesus*, reviewed in your May issue.

Although I resonate strongly to many of Irving Layton's cogent accusations of anti-Semitism against Christianity, although I admire some of the fine poems in his collection, I resent, among other more specific things, his implications: (a) that all anti-Semitism today results from one Christian axiom, (b) that all Christians must bear the responsibility for Jewish genocide; and (c) that he has somehow received a mandate to speak for all of us who have Jewish cultural roots. Let Layton speak for himself. My advice to him is this:

For My Brother Layton

Reduce them
if you wish
to an aggregation of one
lie
guilt
onus
witticism.

Reduce me
to a swagger
a tatter
a skull full of smoke.

a silence.
which is the only word for Auschwitz.

Reduce me
to the strength to defend my dreams
which sprout from the dreams of my ancestors
against the corrupt and the corruptible
who weight my head with their sins,

against the
reductive
twitters
of those
who speak
for me.

Reduce me
to a smoldering ash
that will spark
the consciousness
of all
my brothers

Lela Parlow
Downsview, Ont.

WAS CASTOR KRONER?

Sir:

Read with avid interest the letters on *Resurfacing in Sarnia*. I see you don't put McClarkan's address in your journal. There appears to be a lot of disagreement on the author. He is male. I am doing my thesis on "The Disappearance of Tom Kroner," author of *Waiting for Nothing*. Some



people regard the Joyce Castor thing as a spoof. The fact is, there really was a proletarian novel called *Resurfacing in Sarnia*, published in 1939 and now out of print. It is my contention, by the similarity of styles and subject matter that after Kroner disappeared from the American Southwest, he resurfaced as Joyce Castor, hoping to get a repeat of his brief success with *Waiting for Nothing*, but now as an unknown Canadian. I hope it isn't too much work for you to have McClarkn & Newspider send me a new copy.

Robert W. Bates
New York, N.Y.

THE KOLN CONNECTION

Sir:

The growing interest which Canadian literature enjoys in Germany is reflected in a forthcoming number of *Akzente*, the literary magazine edited by Hans Bender. The June issue of *Akzente*, devoted mainly to Canadian literature, will include the following contributions:

- o Walter Pache: Auf der Suche nach Identität Strömungen der englisch-kanadischen Gegenwartsliteratur (Search for Identity. Recent tendencies in English-Canadian literature)
- o Robert Pynsent. Dreizehn kanadische Dichter (Thirteen Canadian Poets).
- o Ronald Sutherland: Sprung ins 20. Jahrhundert. Dichtung und Wirklichkeit in Quebec (Fact and Fiction in Quebec).

In addition to that, there will be Hugh Hood's short story "Getting into Williamstown" in German translation, and poems by Walter Bauer.

As a fairly regular reader of *Books in Canada* (which is a great help in ordering books for our library) I thought you and your readers might be interested in this bit of information on Canadian literature abroad. *Akzente* is published by Carl Hanser Verlag, 8 Munich 86, W. Germany, whence copies can be obtained.

Dr. Walter Pache
University of Cologne
5 Köln H1
West Germany

NEW PRESS OR OLD?

Sir:

Please accept my humble apology for using in my letter to you, which you published in your January, 1976, issue, the expression: the "now defunct New Press."

Ms. Marion E. Raycheba has succeeded with her reply in not only putting me at my deserved place, but also in giving virtually the entire list of reprints and dormant texts under the aegis of New Press. I would consider that a rather brilliant unpaid advertising gimmick.

It is a weak excuse, of course, but what I intended to state was that "New Press" has ceased to exist as an independent, and vital, voice in Canada, and become a "branch plant" for a much larger organization, an organization with somewhat different aims.

"Undefunct" as the New Press is, it seems somewhat strange to me that not one of that publishing house, but rather Ms. Raycheba, who is the Managing Editor of General Publishing, was the objector to my comment.

I am reminded of the television game show, *To Tell The Truth*. If New Press is indeed alive, would the real representative please stand up?

Rolf Kalman
General Editor
Simon & Pierre Publishing Co.
Toronto

SUCH IS TRUTH

Sir:

With regard to the identity of "P.S." and his/her knowledge of the work of Richard Farina, your correspondents have failed to note that these initials could also stand for Pat Stapleton, Paul Simon, or Priscilla Schmidlap. These possibilities are, however, unlikely. All we know is that "P.S." isn't us. Trusting that we have done our bit to clear up this mess, we remain,

Paul Stuewe
Phil Surguy

P.S. Have you checked the records of local orphanages?

P.P.S. Such a silly correspondence really should be allowed to peter out.

CanWit No.14

*He was no ball of fire as a duck
When they saw him, his siblings cried
"Ytuck."*

*But soon he was gone,
And met up with a swan,
Which ended his streak of bad luck*

CONTESTANTS are invited to retell any folk story, fairy-tale, or historical episode in limerick form. The winner will receive \$25. A similar prize goes to Helen G. Buckler of Wolfville, N.S., author of the above classic, for this suggestion. Address: CanWit No. 14, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, M5A 1N4. The deadline is Aug. 31.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 12

IT WILL ALWAYS be said of McClarkn & Newspider that they knew how to throw a good party, especially when they didn't want anybody to come. The winner of our negative-invitation contest is Michael P. J. Kennedy of Regina. He receives \$25 for this resistable appeal:

McClarkn & Newspider
wishes the honour
of your
presence
at

a book-launching party for
Resurfacing in Sarnia
A NEW NOVEL BY
Joyce Castor

to be held on Friday, 13 August, at 6:00 A.M. on the third floor landing of the BLACK CAT INN & TONSORIAL PARLOUR. Following speeches by the author's mother, sister, three brothers, uncle (on her father's side) and grade four maths teacher, the author will read extensively from the new book as well as from the manuscript of her forthcoming collection of short stories *Mannwaki Mildew* or *Things That Go Drip in the Night*. Kool-Aid and scones will be available at a cash

bar located in the utility closet (second-floor front) S.B. Please bring your own chair.

Honourable mentions:

You are invited
to a ribbon-cutting ceremony
at James Bay
in honour of Joyce Castor's
Resurfacing in Sarnia
The dam will be opened after
all the guests have
been seated in the life-rafts.
— Calvin Coish, Grand Falls, Nfld

* * *

To celebrate the launching
of Joyce Castor's novel
Resurfacing in Sarnia
you are invited to come on a
Special Cruise
from Toronto to Sarnia in a
converted World War II submarine.
Meet at 5 a.m., Sunday, July 18, 1976,
at Dock 16, Toronto Harbour
Periscopic views of Toronto, the Great
Lakes, and Sarnia.
Submarine sandwiches and Gravel
will be provided
— Joan Hennessey, Montreal

* * *

You are cordially invited to a
promotional party
for Joyce Castor and her new novel
Resurfacing in Sarnia
which we are holding June 15 in the
auditorium of City Hall. Owing to
space requirements, we are having to
share with two other groups: The
Deadly Snake Handlers of Ontario
and the AMA seminar on contagious
diseases in Bangladesh. We
hope to see you there! RSVP
— W. Ritchie Benedict, Calgary

* * *

You are cordially invited
to meet

JOYCE CASTOR
author of the brilliant novel

RESURFACING IN SARINIA
(New Edition)

a romantic history spanning three generations of one family's intimate connection with the building of the monumental Toronto-Sarnia Subterranean Bikeway.

A slide presentation will be given by Ms. Castor to illustrate parts of the historical backdrop against which this powerful drama unfolds.

Signed detective copies (lacking title pages on which the invitations have been printed) will be available at substantial discount (Courtesy: Can-Am Reminders Ltd., a subsidiary of Am-Can Reminders Inc.)

Refreshments will include a sampling of the author's own recipes soon to be published in *Castor Oil, or Fish Sauce with a Difference*

and
Tea and Chips
(Courtesy Smitty's "Deli")

Reception to be held at
the offices of

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(Below Smitty's; Side entrance, please)

NOTE: By order of the Fire Marshal more than 10 persons on the premises is prohibited

— John McCallum, Kitchener

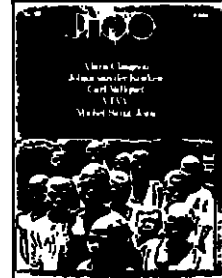
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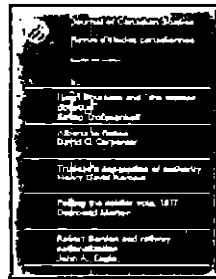
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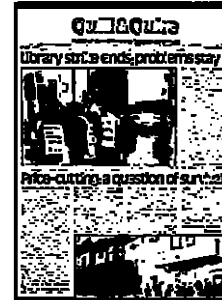
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