

A NATIONAL REVIEW OF BOOKS

BOOKS IN CANADA

THE GOTHIC WORLD OF ANNE HEBERT



All in the family: Bill Clarke and the
bankruptcy of Clarke Irwin
Novels by Lawrence Garber and Clark Blaise
And an interview with Hugh Hood

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$12.95 A YEAR

Volume 12 Number 7

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1983

New from Stoddart Publishing

*In the Shadow
of the Wind*



Translated by Sheila Fischman

ANNE HERR
TERR

A bestseller in France and Quebec, *IN THE SHADOW OF THE WIND* is an important new novel from the author of *Kamouraska* and the winner of the Prix Femina for 1982.

\$16.95

BOOKS IN CANADA

FEATURES

Queen lo Elle. A summer afternoon in Paris with Anne Hébert. *By Matt Cohen* 9
 Gabrielle Roy, 1909-1983 12
 Losing Battles. At the hub of Clarke Irwin's troubles sits an enigmatic Bill Clarke. *By Joyce Wayne* 14
 Carzal Knowledge. A review of Lawrence Garber's *Sirens and Graces*. *By Wayne Grady* 18
 Alden Nowlan, 1933-1983 21
 The Ghost of an Idea. A review of *Lusts*, Clark Blaise's "brilliant but strange" new 'novel'. *By David Macfarlane* 24

REVIEWS

Nash Harry and the Daughters of Divine Light, by Kevin Roberts; The Voice of Emma Sachs, by D.M. Fraser 20
 Twelve Newfoundland Short Stories, edited by Percy Janes and Harry Cuff 22
 The Beauty of the Weapons: Selected Poems 1972-1982, by Robert Bringhurst 25
 The Outport People, by Claire Mowat 28
 East Man, by Claire Martin 29
 Canada's Video Revolution: Pay-TV, Home Video and Beyond, by Peter Lyman 29

DEPARTMENTS

Field Notes
 Life After Applebert, by Susan Crean 4
 Newspeak, by Stanley Sparkes 5
 English, Our English, by Bob Blackburn 8
 Interview with Hugh Hood, by Geoff Hancock 31
 The Browner, by Morris Wolfe 32
 Children's Books, by Mary Ainslie Smith 34
 First Novels, by Paul Wilson 36
 Paperbacks, by Anne Collins 38
 Letters 40
 The Editors Recommend 40
 CanWit No. 85 41
 Books Received 41

CONTRIBUTORS

Toronto artist Barbara McGill Balfour's drawing appear throughout the issue. Bob Blackburn writes frequently about English usage in these pages. Vicky Barras has spent the summer as an editorial assistant at *Books in Canada* through the Ontario Experience '83 program. A new collection of Matt Cohen's short stories, *Café le Dog*, is to be published this fall by McClelland & Stewart. Freelance writer Anne Collins also reviews books for *Maclean's*. Susan Crean is a Toronto writer with a special interest in cultural politics. Critic and radio writer Ann D. Crosby, formerly of St. John's, now lives in Hamilton, Ont. Cathy Fiddich has spent the summer as an editorial assistant at *Books in Canada* through the Summa Canada Student Employment Program. Brian L. Flack's second novel, *Lifelines*, is to be published next year by Black Moss Press. Poet Robert Gibbs, Alden Nowlan's literary executor, teaches English at the University of New Brunswick. Geoff Hancock is editor of *Canadian Fiction Magazine*. Montreal writer and translator David Homel comments on the literary scene on both sides of the Boulevard Saint-Laurent. David Macfarlane is a contributing editor of *Saturday Night*. Eric McMillan is a Toronto writer who specializes in communications technology. Elwin Moore is a short-story writer in Eganville, Ont. John Reeves is a Toronto photographer, broadcaster, and raconteur. Mary Ainslie Smith writes frequently about children's books in these pages. Steven Smith is a Toronto poet. Stanley Sparkes teaches English at the Glovertown (Nfld.) Regional High School. Joyce Wayne is a freelance writer in Waterloo, Ont. With this issue Paul Wilson takes over our regular column on first novels. Morris Wolfe teaches film history at the Ontario College of Art.

EDITOR • Michael Smith MANAGING EDITOR • Wayne Grady ART DIRECTOR • Mary Lu Toms
 GENERAL MANAGER and ADVERTISING MANAGER • Susan Traer

CIRCULATION MANAGER • Susan Aihoshi CONSULTANTS • Robert Farrelly • Jack Jensen

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS • Eleanor Wachtel (West Coast) • Robert Kroetsch (Prairies) • Doris Cowan • Douglas Hill
 • Stephen Scobie • Sheila Fischman (Quebec) • D.W. Nichol (Europe)

Books in Canada is published 10 times a year, with the assistance of the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, by the Canadian Review of Books Ltd., 366 Adelaide Street East, Suite 432, Toronto, Ont. M5A 3X9. Telephone: (416) 363-5426. Available to the public free in subscribing book stores, schools, and libraries. Individual subscription rate: \$12.95 a year (\$15.95 overseas). Back issues available on microfilm from: McLaren Micropublishing, P.O. Box 972, Station F, Toronto, Ont. M4Y 2T9. Indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index, Member of the CPPA. Member of the Bulk Distribution Audit Division of CCAB. Material is commissioned on the understanding that both parties are bound by the terms of the standard PWAC contract. The editors cannot be held responsible for unsolicited material. Second Class Mail — Registration No. 2593. Contents © 1983. Typesetting by Jay Tee Graphics Ltd.

ISSN 0045-2564

Constitutional challenge: a mid-life crisis for the Canadian Conference of the Arts

Life after Applebert

MAY SEEMS to be the preferred month for annual general meetings, especially for national arts associations. This year, in the space of 10 days the Canadian Artists' Representation/Front des artistes canadiens (CAR/FAC), the Writers' Union, and the Canadian Conference of the Arts (CCA) all held their yearly get-togethers, leading off a spring schedule that lasted through June with the Learned Societies meetings (where several panel sessions were devoted to cultural studies in the wake of Applebert) and into July with the Canadian Booksellers Association convention in Toronto.

Coverage of these meetings was erratic, as usual: some were written up, others ignored. Business meetings of professional associations, even when the members are creative artists, are not notoriously eventful or even interesting to outsiders. To attract attention, the proceedings need catharsis — a good demonstration, or a strike vote, or at least some lively dissension. One thing is certain: changing your constitution is no way to get into the news (unless your name is Trudeau and you happen to run the country).

This year both the Writers' Union and the CCA introduced major alterations to their constitutions. The union, by removing the word "prose" from its membership clause, opened its doors to poets for the fit time in its 10-year history. The move might be read as a preliminary to raiding the beleaguered League of Canadian Poets, but was actually intended to accommodate those poets refused by the league (where membership is a matter of judging the quality of applicants' work) who have no professional writers' association to turn to. The CCA's new by-law is much more complicated. It was a full five years in the making, the result of some very delicate politicking within the organization — meaning that the board of 33 governors had to be persuaded that a restructuring was needed that would probably make their presence on future boards obsolete.

In essence, this change marks an attempt by the CCA to catch up to the

mainstream of Canadian cultural activity, from which it has become increasingly detached. Originally formed to champion artists' needs nearly 40 years ago, the CCA has been in the throes of a mid-life crisis, curiously unrepresentative of the burgeoning arts community — and its "any new arts organizations — over the past decade. And after Applebert, Canadian artists need all the help they can get.

The CCA traces its roots to 1944, when a coalition of artists and arts groups — including the Federation of Canadian Artists, the Royal Canadian Academy, and a contingent from the Toronto Arts and Letters Club — banded together to promote the idea of a national arts council. Taking the British Arts Council for a model, the coalition wanted to see the federal government make a serious (i.e. continuing) commitment to the arts — some serious funding to go along with the pretty words. That year the group made a historic march on Ottawa, to present a brief to the parliamentary committee on reconstruction and re-establishment. The next year the CCA was formed to lobby the idea into being.

Early efforts were directed to the Massey-Lévesque Commission, then investigating national development in the arts, letters, and sciences, and were highly successful. Not only did the commission endorse the proposal, it devoted an entire chapter of its report to discussion of a structure and mandate for the council. But even with such lofty support, Louis St. Laurent's Liberal government did not get around to creating the Canada Council until its last day of life in 1957 (and only then because the deaths of two millionaires conveniently furnished the federal treasury with \$50 million for an endowment).

By this time the CCA was 12 years old and much changed from its original form. Having started out as a loose association of artists and their supporters, it now had become an association of arts organizations — in reality a club for the charter clients of the Canada Council. Once a year the CCA brought together the major arts organizations and the funding agencies (which by the 1960s

included several provinces) to discuss policy. In practice it was an unofficial policy-making body: a forum for determining how the available funds ought to be divvied up. It was all very cosy and efficient until a new crop of theatres, dance troupes, artist-run galleries, and film co-ops appeared on the scene and began to compete for funds.

The CCA never formalized its relationship with the organizations whose interests it was representing, but continued to offer membership (and voting rights) to anyone — individuals or institutions — interested in the arts. While its board was regionally representative, it comprised a hodge-podge of practising artists and dilettantes. No distinction was drawn between creators, administrators, bureaucrats, and patrons, nor between their different and often conflicting interests. Lacking an authentic constituency, the CCA looked more and more like a clique. As the '70s dawned it represented, if anything, a cultural *arrière-garde*.

Of course, this was also a period of unprecedented growth as a generation of Canadian artists decided to stay home to pursue their careers. When they found that existing institutions could not or would not produce their work, they set about creating a parallel system of institutions that would. Along with their creative activity went a good deal of political organizing, yielding a small army of professional and trade associations eager to exact better "industry" standards (such as minimum royalties and exhibition fees) and to reform the attitudes of those dispensing the policy and the cash.

By 1972 the CCA was adrift. Without a *raison d'être* to call its own, weighed down by an unwieldy and largely inactive membership, it was fast being bypassed by CAR/FAC, the Writers' Union, the Independent Publishers Association, and others. Moreover, it was attacked for claiming to represent artists at all. Still the flow of CCA briefs continued (usually arguing for the same policy but "ore money"), and so did the annual talkfests. Eventually the secretary of state's department noticed the CCA's credibility was slipping. The minister, Gérard Pelletier, considered

cutting off its grant, **but** was persuaded to give the organization **one** last **chance** to prove its usefulness: **in** the end he doubled the **CCA's** request.

The result was a series of open meetings held across the country to develop a major statement on the state of the arts in Canada. *Direction Canada* produced a document the size of the Montreal telephone book, detailing the dimensions of the crisis the arts community felt it was facing. In the spring of 1973 a group selected from the regional conferences went to Ottawa to carry the message to the mandarins and politicians responsible for culture. The trouble was, the advice was real and credible, but the group chosen to deliver it was not. The CCA's coterie of amateurs and art-officials had intervened, insisting that they be included at the Ottawa conference. Full-blooded, practising artists numbered exactly 14 in the assembled crowd. Even counting those directly and professionally involved in creative activity (CBC producers, for instance), creators were in a minority. In reaction they chose to boycott the scheduled workshops, and to make a special report of their own.

Meanwhile Hugh Faulkner had replaced Pelletier as secretary of state, and when he came to address the CCA at its cash-bar banquet that year, he saw a collection of well-fed faces in expensive suits. The CCA might have some just demands, but its tone, he concluded, was apocalyptic.

About this time John Hobday took over as national director of the CCA, and it was largely because of his determination and diplomacy that the research and policy begun in 1972 was continued, taking increasingly radical positions. When it became apparent that the Canadian Broadcasting League was running out of steam, broadcasting was added to the CCA's list of concerns, and at the moment it is really the only arts organization keeping tabs on communications in any consistent way. Hobday was able to do this by consulting extensively with other national associations and by orchestrating an external consensus for the CCA's political actions.

In 1980, after a year's work, *Strategy for Culture*, a major policy statement covering the performing and exhibiting arts, writing, broadcasting, film-making, publishing, and the environmental arts was released. It was followed by *More Strategy for Culture* in 1981. Growing weary of waiting for the arts and culture branch (now housed in the department of communications) to produce its policy, the CCA simply began the work itself. But as it became increasingly critical of government and more

militant in its demands for change, once again it found itself falling out of favour at court.

The crunch came when the Applebaum-Hébert Committee was appointed. The CCA had been advocating a review of government cultural policy for some time, but had an independent commission in mind and was severely critical of the minister's decision to place his own deputy ministers on the committee. But if the CCA had a point about conflict of interest, it was sitting in a fairly fragile glass house. Bernard Ostry had been on its board while running the National Museums Corporation. And if it was unseemingly, as some said, for Louis Applebaum to chair the cultural review committee while a partner in a private venture seeking a pay-TV licence (the now defunct C-Channel) it was hardly less dubious for the CCA to have C-Channel's Edgar Cowan on its board while he was actively lobbying against the CRC's second-channel proposal.

Tea years after *Direction '73*, the CCA has finally brought in a new board structure. Reduced to 22, it will now have 12 governors elected directly by national professional associations and 10 elected on a provincial basis by local cultural organizations and individuals.

Hobday has been succeeded by Jeffrey Holmes, who is already at work on *Strategy III*. The CCA now has the means to act as a legitimate representative of the arts community, and with the enormous mopping-up job needed after Applebert, with the gremlins up in Ottawa busily preparing more studies and more policies on publishing, theatre, film-making, etc., etc., it is not a moment too soon. — SUSAN CREAM

Newspeak

WHEN I FEEL inclined to hear poetry I listen to drivers. By drivers I mean the men who drive pulpwood and sawmill logs down rivers and brooks in the spring. The poetry of drivers is quite as beautiful as that of great writers. Writers may arrange their word gems more artfully, but drivers create their gems more naturally from the lustre that surrounds them daily, in such ordinary things as fir trees, from which they fashion such expressions as *dry rear*, *deadends*, and *sinkers*.

Sadly, the recently published *Dic-*



THE WOMEN OF
BREWSTER
PLACE
GLORIA NAYLOR

Winner of the 1983 American Book Award
for First Novel

Brewster Place: a blind alley
feeding into a dead end.
Seven women have
made their way there, and
each has her own story in
this extraordinary novel.

\$5.95

A Penguin Paperback



tionary of Newfoundland English exemplifies once again the tendency of Newfoundland scholars and writers to ignore the poetry of the Newfoundland driver and, indeed, the language of the Newfoundland logger generally. The DNE misses many of the drive's special words, and for many of those that it includes (rattle, stem, copy are obvious examples) the slant of meaning and example is inadequate and inexpert. This is sad, indeed, for the language of the driver is pure poetry in the rich associations it conjures up and in the imaginative images it paints on the screen of the mind's eye.

The *DNE* does not sufficiently reflect the way of life of the landsman. On the other hand the seaman's way of life is well represented: 10 pages about fish, 80 entries about seals, 40 entries about ice, and so on. What caused the difference? It is true that the young people chosen to help make the dictionary — university students — were the least qualified Newfoundlanders, having been educated away from the beauty of local language. It is true that the editors used print sources prejudiced in favour of urban living. It is true that, in many respects, the *DNE* suffers from having been created in a climate of suffocating mental fogs of the type that always seems to

wrap academic people up in a little comfortable world of limited learning in a centralized system of buildings away from real life. However, these three deficiencies apply generally; they do not explain in particular why the way of life of the logger is so sadly ignored in the *DNE*.

In Newfoundland the way of the driver is not the way of the fishermen. Men in the woods end on the rivers do not live like men on the sea. The firman's lot includes an unrelenting sea end fish that often do not come near the fishermen. Death and poverty are inevitable themes for those who study the fisherman's language. A storm in a droke of tant vir is at worst a temporary irritant and vir trees do not leave their stumps to swim about. Furthermore, most loggers get regular (if not good) wages from large companies. Death and poverty are not the typical themes in any serious look at the logger's language. In these respects the *DNE* is a slanted cultural event, which emphasizes too much the unfair and narrow view that Newfoundlanders are a stereotyped people bred from a long struggle to adapt to a harsh environment by great waters.

A wider sampling of words and expressions from the rattles and backruns of the province would have

been both enlightening and entertaining. A real bonus would have been a selection of on-the-job oral quotations to embellish our perception of the drivers' language in reel life. The word *sacker* — a driver who lugs dry rear from bogs and elder *drokes* end chucks it into a river, a brook, or a sack boom — would conjure up for us a whole segment of life of muscular and jocular rivermen, bared with lugging but eagerly anticipating the glory of the rattles on the main river. *Wongon* — the supplies that are boated outriver with the drivers and include such ordinary things as beans, prunes, potatoes, bunks, axes, and files — would make us ponder. Where does the word come from? Does it suggest something of the Beothuck or Micmac times on the Newfoundland rivers? And what of coffer dam, jack ladder, specials, control tables, van, wings, centres, plugs, quickwater, tidewater, strakes, riverboat, bow, stem, bowman, stemman, bow oarsman, stem oarsman, greenhorn, ratproof, forepeak, sink, rafter up, raft down, blade cage, jump boom, and wood ploughing? AU these, and the list is short, have interesting connotations and meanings not yet sufficiently examined by lovers of the Newfoundland lexicon.

Language can reveal to us the story as

Doubleday
the Biggest Books
in the Business



GLENN GOULD: VARIATIONS,
edii by John McGreevy

\$28.00

A tribute from friends and admirers around the world. Fifty photographs, and Gould's own essays as well as contributions from Yehudi Menuhin, Robert Fulford, Herbert von Karajan and others.



THE MOLSON SAGA, by Shirley E. Woods Jr. \$24.95

Spanning two hundred years and six generations, here for the first time is the complete story of one of Canada's oldest and most private families. Woods is the only 'outsider' to have ever been given access to the family archives.



MY OWM YEARS, by Barry Broadfoot

\$22.95

The author of *TEN LOST YEARS* creates a unique new blend of autobiography and oral history. In this new book which demonstrates his great talent and for the first time reveals the man himself.

● DOUBLEDAY Canada Limited

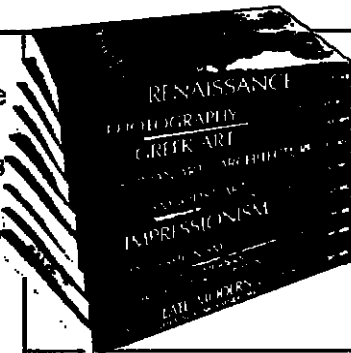
NOW, THE JOY OF GREAT SETS

Great sets make for good reading. Now, the biggest sets offer in QPB history also makes for great savings.

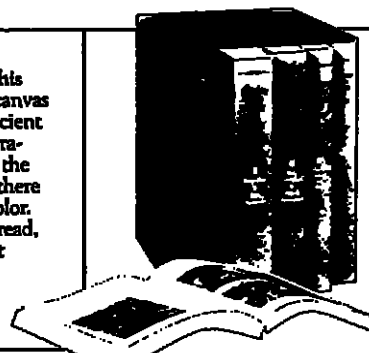
QPB books are soft-covers in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost much less than their hardcover counterparts.

And for the first time QPB is giving you a chance to get your books on tape, too.

Join QPB, and find out how great sets can be.

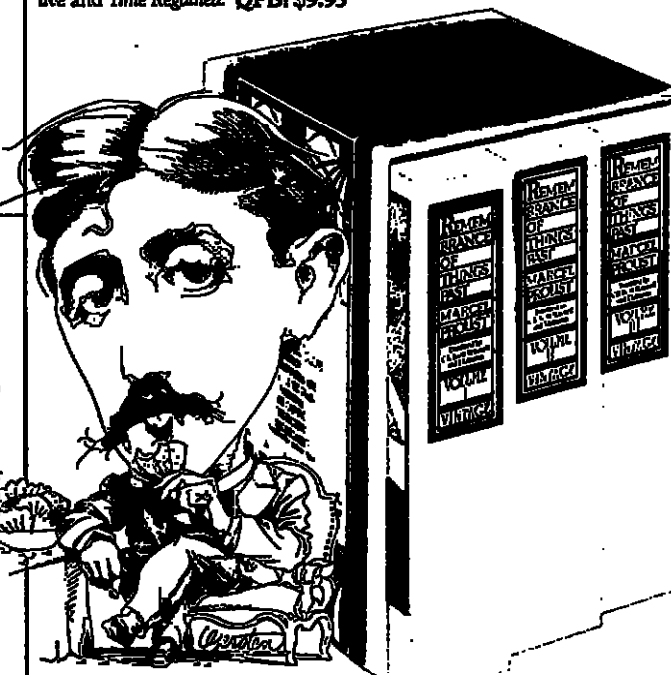


World of Art Library. This nine-volume set lets you canvas the history of art, from ancient Greece to modern photography. Elegantly printed for the Oxford University Press, there are 1848 plates—360 in color. Authoritative yet easy to read, this set is a picture-perfect choice. QPB: \$15.95



Dictionary of the History of Ideas. Here's a five-volume illustrated set filled with ideas. 311 articles by 254 respected authorities give you the essential ideas of Western thought. Cross-references and bibliography follow each article, so you can follow ideas as they develop through the centuries. Can you think of a wiser investment? QPB: \$15.95

Remembrance of Things Past. There's no better time than the present to read Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*. That's why this acclaimed translation is creating a new audience for Proust's masterpiece. Handsomely boxed, this three-volume set (3365 pages, with notes and synopsis) includes all seven parts of this modern classic—*Swann's Way*, *Within a Budding Grove*, *The Guermantes Way*, *Cities of the Plain*, *The Captive*, *The Fugitive* and *Time Regained*. QPB: \$9.95



Join now. Save big on one of our great sets with no obligation to buy another book.

- How membership works.
1. You receive the QPB Review 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new Selection, plus scores of Alternates.
 2. If you want the Selection do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
 3. Bonus books for Bonus Points. For each softcover book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
 4. Return privilege. If the QPB Review is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
 5. Cancellations. You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

QPB The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

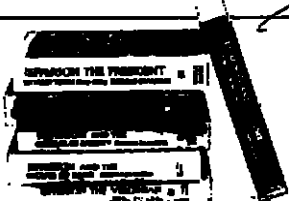
Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club®, 49 Westmore Drive, Rexdale, Ontario M9V 4M3. Please enrol me in QPB and send me the set I have checked below, billing me for the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me the QPB Review (if my account is in good standing) for six months. If I have not bought and paid for at least one book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment.

Check one box only 900. Dict. of Ideas \$15.95 901. World of Art \$15.95 902. Dickens \$10.95
 903. Remembrance of Things Past \$9.95 904. Jefferson \$10.95

Name _____ 3-11
 (Please print clearly) QB 814-9
 Address _____ Apt. _____
 City _____ Province _____ Code _____

QPB is a Division of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.



Jefferson and His Time. Dumas Malone's Pulitzer Prize-winning biography has been hailed as "one of the most monumental biographies of our time" by *The Washington Post*. Six volumes, encompassing 3346 pages and many illustrations, this definitive biography helps you find out more about America's most remarkable founding father. QPB: \$10.95



Charles Dickens: Readings. Reading from Dickens out loud was once a favorite pastime. Today, you can listen to the best of Dickens on four QPB tape cassettes. James Maron reads selections from *A Tale of Two Cities*. Roger Rees (of Broadway fame) reads from *Nicholas Nickleby* and Sir Lewis Casson and Boris Karloff read from *The Pickwick Papers*. Get the Dickens cassettes, and hear what classics are all about. QPB: \$10.95

well as the history of events symbolized by the words themselves; the changing of word meanings, the dropping of word usage, and the adding of new tonal qualities to words can help us understand the evolution of our social structure. "Can Uncle John still flippy?" (a question asked to gather opinions that tell whether or not an aging riverman can copy from junk to junk across a sack boom of fours) has nothing to do with the physical weakening that comes slowly and naturally with aging. Rather, it suggests a conception of the difference in lengths of pulpwood during various historical phases of spring driving in Newfoundland. All drivers could flippy on fiftens; most drivers could flippy on tens; quite a few could manage sevens and a half; only the greatest (and those only if lithe and light) could flippy on fours.

"Stop off the water first with a coffer dam" needs several paragraphs to

explain the complex and technical concepts embedded in it. *Corks, corkboots, and the corkboot days* generally might need as many pages as the *DNE* devotes to the words associated with fish. "Headwater, bow; sheeve, stem; backwater stem, backwater stern!" "Tomorrow, boat four, you'll spend the day plug punchin'." "Better gear up the Russell with more winches for the sack boom." These are just samples from the spring drive on the Terra Nova River — samples that show how the *DNE* missed the opportunity to reveal to the world how some English words have developed, changed, and been renewed in response to life. In the drivers' challenge to master waterfalls, rattles, and guzzles as they poked (and caused to be gill-poked) pulpwood from the stump to the train, they made linguistic history; more important, they made a story that has never been told but ought to be.

— STANLEY SPARKES

ENGLISH, OUR ENGLISH

Among a newspaper's loathsome practices, none sits out quite as boldly as its imprudent use of 'delite'

By BOB BLACKBURN

BETTY BROOKS of Detroit has sent me a clipping from her local newspaper in which the common misuse of *none* as a plural pronoun is energetically defended. It is of no interest to me, because my mind is made up. However, any among you in search of justification for slovenly habits of speech may take encouragement from it.

It cites Fowler, the *OED*, and five of those wretched dictionaries published in the United States of America. None of the citations impresses me. Fowler is quoted as saying: "It is a mistake to suppose that the pronoun is singular only and must at all costs be followed by singular verbs." In fact, Fowler goes on to say that "the *OED* explicitly states that plural construction is commoner." That cunningly omitted line makes a great difference.

Regular readers of this column will have observed that Fowler is frequently quoted here, but only when he agrees with me, and the fact is that I am getting awfully tired of hi and his everlasting laxity. His revisers are worse.

The *OED*, as everyone (perhaps excepting a few citizens of the United

States of America) knows — or perhaps it should be "as everyone know" — is for the most part a chronicle of the abuses the English language has suffered at the hands of the likes of Shakespeare and Milton, who had the ill fortune to be writing before the rules of usage had been codified properly.

No attention at all need be paid the rebellious colonial thinking of the hysterically revisionist lexicographers of the U.S.A., who take childish delight in licensing the most bizarre perversions of the mother tongue.

The author of the article flaunts the *American Heritage Dictionary* as having the best explanation: "A plural verb should be used when none applies to more than one." Now there is as stupid a statement as you're likely to find anywhere, let alone in a dictionary. None, applied to more than one? Anyway, the point is simply that none means no one, and the facts that its misuse can be traced back more than 1,000 years, that its misuse is widespread, and that its misuse is condoned by many authorities, have nothing to do with the basic fact that IT IS A SINGULAR PRONOUN.

Common commission does not mean an error ceases to be an error: it means that it is a common error. Tell me, if you will, that sometimes a plural *none* makes for more comfortable idiomatic expression and I'll go along with you. But neither you nor Fowler is going to tell me that it's "a mistake to suppose that the pronoun is singular only." Wanna talk about *neither* now? No. I suppose none of you care.

WRITING ABOUT the breaking up of families in wartime, a reporter wrote that "an estimated 10 million people were split up." What an image of carnage that evokes!

A LOATHSOME practice creeping into the entertainment pages of the newspapers is that of using *delight* in an ambiguous manner. It may be used as either a transitive or an intransitive verb to mean to give great joy or pleasure. As an intransitive verb, it can also mean to be highly pleased or to rejoice. Consider this headline on a Toronto Star theatre review: "Dunsmore delights in As You Like It." The reader is left to wonder whether what follows is a report that the actress gave her audience much pleasure or a report that she likes the play very much. The intransitive employed to mean to give pleasure is a recent development that is unnecessary and invites confusion. The prudent writer will eschew it.

By the way, the correct spelling is *delite*. The word has nothing to do, etymologically, with *light*. The erroneous spelling gained currency in the 16th century. Another lost cause, I suppose.

"ENERVATE" IS being misused more and more to denote the opposite of its meaning, which is to weaken. I imagine that lazy writers think it has something to do with *energize*. The situation is further confused by the fact that there is another word, *innervate*, that is mainly used in science and means to stimulate to movement or action.

WHILE I'M OFTEN critical of dictionaries, they are invaluable when used intelligently, and it's distressing that so many writers today use them only to justify sloppy writing. The other day a sharp-eyed reader rapped me for writing, "his



chair sits vacant," when I should have used *stands*. It took me one minute to find support (from Webster) for my use of *sits* in that context and shut him up. We all do it. But in my heart I wished I had written *stands*. □

QUEEN IN EXILE

Though now one of Canada's best-known writers, Anne Hébert still bears the scars of a long literary apprenticeship

By MATT COHEN

BLUE EYES. White hair. Fine, classic features.

Her apartment is a stone's throw from the Seine, a Left Bank wall; up that is roomy by Parisian standards, in the kind of building that might have been constructed anywhere in North America during the 1950s.

She moves with extraordinary grace. This spring Anne Hébert received the Prix Femina for her novel *Les Fous de Bassan*. Now she is riding the wave of an extraordinary success, because unlike in Canada, French literary awards are accompanied by enormous publicity and the sales of tens of thousands of books.

In North America success gives people a confidence that is hard, like metal or stone. Anne Hébert is confident, too, but what emanates from her has a different quality; she is a bit like an Oriental parable about the body becoming spirit.

The bookcases are white, filled with books I wish I'd read. On the dining room table are sample swatches for new rugs, new curtains. Even since she won the prize, Anne Hébert says, she has retained the habit of worrying about money. This week, for example, she has taken two taxis, and the figure troubles her.

She seems materially secure. The furniture, the stereo, the matched sets of books, all speak of deliberate taste: an aesthetic imposed. Her novels are the same: controlled. But, as she explains, they require many drafts. The apartment, too, is the climax of a series of poorer, less comfortable flats she has lived in since she came to Paris. But she says she doesn't think she'll buy a house, even if there is a lot more money.

When she sits, when she talks, the tiniest gesture is cleanly made. It would be tempting to say that she moves through her apartment the way a swimmer moves through water, but I already know she swam three times a week for years, at a pool just across the street. Now, however, she has stopped. She says it was partly a rebellion against the routine. Also the chlorine bothered her eyes, and goggles were hard on her skin, making the veins around the eyes explode. This possibility seems even more terrible when rendered in French. It leaps about in the silence between us like one of the violent images that populate her novels.

It's February in Paris, and the weather is brilliantly clear. The fountains play onto pools of thin, glassy ice. The sky is a bright pale blue. I am sitting at a table, taking notes. She is on a white, upholstered sofa. In her lap is a kitten, a stray taken in. She answers each of my questions, even the stupid ones, slowly and with great consideration, as though she had never been interviewed before. In fact her life is filled with interviews. I've even read some of them, and as I see her playing with the kitten remember a detail from an interview a few years ago, when the interviewer noted that she had a cat rescued

from a woodlot in the Loire valley.

ANNE HÉBERT was born in 1916, in Sainte-Catherine de Fossambault, a small town in Quebec. Her family was a literary one: her father was a critic, and Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau — considered by many to be the first modern Quebec poet — was her first cousin.

While she was still in her 20s she began to publish poetry. At first, she says, she was influenced by Saint-Denys-Garneau, but later she found her own voice and discovered that what first had seemed influence was really a shared perception and background — that extended beyond their common interest in uncommon literary works to a perception of being constricted, even

caged, by both Church and society. Although she no longer writes poetry, her career as a poet spanned several decades. The first book of poems was published in 1942, the second — *Le Tombeau des rois* — appeared in 1953. In 1960 a book of selected poems, *Poèmes*, which included *Le Tombeau des rois*, gained her a Governor General's Award. The same year she was made a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

Her first collection of stories appeared in 1950, although it had been written several years previously. As she continued to write prose she wrote poetry less and less until, she says, she no longer writes poetry as such; now she says, her poetry has become part of her fiction.

Despite the success of her poetry, it was a long time before Anne Hébert became established as a professional writer. During the 1950s she worked freelance for Radio-Canada; later in the same decade she did work for the National Film Board.



Anne Hébert

We are pleased
to introduce

WSI

WEBER SYSTEMS INCORPORATED

computer books
to our line

collier macmillan
canada inc.

Women
& Children
FIRST

Michele
Landsberg

"Every woman will see
something of herself in this book.
Every man could learn from it."

Margaret Laurence



A Penguin Paperback \$4.95

One of the films she wrote was about Hector de Saint-Denys-Garneau.

Her interest in film has endured: film rights for *Les Fous de Bassan* have now been sold and she is working on the script. The director is to be Claude Jutra, who also directed *Kamouraska*.

Since the 1950s Hébert has spent a great deal of her time in Paris. There are numerous reasons for this, but they must be said to include the fact that initially she was unable to find publishers for her fiction in Quebec.

It was 1970 when *Kamouraska*, the first of her novels to become a popular success, was published. She was then 54 years old. Since the success of that novel and the film, Anne Hébert has become one of Canada's best-known writers. Yet the scars of her long apprenticeship remain; even now she fears poverty, remembers her rejection in Quebec, and has an ambivalent relation to the Quebec cultural scene of which she is such a dominant figure. On the other hand, she says it takes a long time to learn to write fiction well: not only is the craft difficult, but maturity is essential.

Reading her work it is easy to see — in retrospect — why it was slow to be accepted. Although her novels have plot and humour, they are not comic in any sense, nor are they cast in the conventional narrative style. Her best works, especially, are almost totally impressionistic, relying heavily on dreams, fantasy, and flashbacks. It is an effect she has consciously striven for: scenes are joined not by plot but by image-like the scenes of films. For a long time she went to the cinema every week and she says that one of the alternative lives she would have been happy to live is that of a film director.

Talking about her work she is extraordinarily direct. She proceeds through intuition — although she always makes a plan for her novels she doesn't necessarily follow it — and she only really discovers what she is after as she writes.

Les Fous de Bassan was started several years ago; the first drafts of the novel were written in the third person but the novel didn't seem right, it was too distant, and she gave up on it. Then, after a year, it occurred to her to try writing it in the first person, or rather a multiplicity of first persons. Then the novel worked and she was able to finish it.

While writing, she says, she avoids all thought of the novel's future public or the success that may come. But despite the slow arrival of her financial success she has won an impressive string of honours, including two Governor General's Awards, the France-Canada Prize, the Prix Duvernay, the Molson Award, a Guggenheim Foundation Award, the Prix de l'Académie Française, and, most recently, the Prix Femina. TO SAY THAT violence and passion are at the centre of her work is an understatement. *Les Chambres de bois* (*The Silent Rooms*), her first novel, is about a young woman trapped in a marriage to a man whose real love is for his sister. *Kamouraska* is also about a woman who is trapped. It tells the story of her marriage to a violent and domineering squire, her escape into an affair with a doctor whom she manipulates into killing her husband, and the subsequent nightmare of guilt that she lives while hiding in the respectable safety of her second marriage.

Les Enfants du Sabbat (*Children of the Black Sabbath*), published in 1975, is the violent account of a demonically possessed nun who breaks out of the cloister. Hébert's digression into the supernatural — although that element might be said to be present in all of her writings — continued with her next novel, *Héloïse*. Set largely in the Paris Métro, it is about a young man who falls in love with a strangely beautiful and shadowy woman who turns out to be, literally, a vampire. And so the young man's attraction is a fatal one.

Les Fous de Bassan, Hébert's most recent novel, is the story of a small Gaspé village that becomes, one summer, the scene of a gory multiple sex murder.

In one interview Hébert said that she wants in her writing to make heard the pure voice of femaleness. Yet to the English-Canadian reader, the women trapped and violated in her novels (though she is quick to point out that men, too, are the victims of violence in her writing) seem not only to symbolize the plight of women trapped in a patriarchal society, but also of a French society trapped on an English continent.

But Hébert says that she does not write her books to demonstrate a thesis; and in any case, the question would remain — why are her books so fundamentally violent?

Although she herself has lived a life that seems relatively middle-class and gentle, Hébert says that the violence played out so dramatically in her fiction is felt by everyone, even if in more muted form. Life is the conflict between men and women. Guilt is universal.

Les Fous de Bassan was intended as a portrait of "le désir exaspéré." It opens at the beginning of the summer of 1936, with the return of a young man called Stevens, who has just spent several years in America, to the isolated Gaspé village of Griffin Creek. Stevens instantly becomes the live-in lover — though he poses as a handyman — of a widowed older cousin. But he quickly grows bored with her, and finds himself increasingly attracted to two younger cousins, girls in the first flush of adolescence. Finally, one night near the end of summer, they disappear, as does Stevens. The story of their murder is eventually told by them from a limbo beyond the grave.

The rhythmic lyric prose, the shifts in point of view, the dry cynicism of Stevens, the idyllic descriptions of a burning Gaspé summer, all give the novel a pace and form that are almost hypnotic. As with *Kamouraska*, the reader knows the violent revolution from the beginning. It is the intensity of the prose and the gradual psychological undressing of the characters that give the novels their power.

Coincidentally, or perhaps not, the most violent characters of *Kamouraska* and *Les Fous de Bassan* are English: the lover who kills the husband in *Kamouraska* is an American doctor, Nelson. Stevens and all the other inhabitants of Griffin Creek are of American origin as well. In fact the inhabitants of *Les Fous de Bassan* are descendants of immigrants who came from Montpelier, a small town in Vermont which is also the birthplace of Doctor Nelson of *Kamouraska*. Anne Hébert, when I asked her about this, said that the coincidence was entirely unconscious. Nonetheless, she has not necessarily finished with this particular nexus. At the end of *Kamouraska*, Doctor Nelson has fled to the United States. His fate is unknown — the novel was based on a real story — and Hébert says that she is considering the idea of writing a new novel about what might have happened to him.

In the meantime, however, her writing efforts are concentrated on the screenplay of *Les Fous de Bassan*, and no new novel has been begun.

IT IS ALMOST 20 years now since Anne Hébert received the award that made it financially possible for her to go to Paris. For a long time after that — until her mother died — she commuted between Paris and Quebec, spending a year in each place. Now she lives full-time in Paris, a city in which she says she feels entirely at home. But despite her long sojourn in France she does not feel that she has become French. That, she says, would be impossible — as a Quebecoise she is finally too uncivilized, too much ruled by instinct and passion. Nor has she cut off her ties with Quebec. In addition to various visits and publicity tours there, she is also friendly with many Quebecois writers, an increasing number of whom make the pilgrimage to her Paris apartment. Some go for help getting published in France, others have become true Mends. One gets the idea that the role of the exile Queen of Quebec literature is not entirely ungenial. In the meantime, in addition to work

AP CANADA has **Books for Everybody**

THE GREAT CODE: The Bible and Literature
by Northrop Frye
Now in paperback \$7.95

THE HUMAN BODY
by Jonathan Miller and David Pelham
Pop-up \$19.95

THE NAME OF THE ROSE
by Umberto Eco \$21.95

SALMAN RUSHDIE

SHAMIE
by Salman Rushdie
author of *Midnight's Children* \$19.95

ICEBREAKER
by John Gardner
Bond is back! \$13.95

GOD'S BANKER

ROBERTO CALVI

GOD'S BANKER
An Account of the Life and Death of Roberto Calvi \$21.95

ROALD DAHL'S BOOK OF GHOST STORIES
by Roald Dahl
Fourteen classics. \$17.95

THE COUNTRY LIFE BOOK OF QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER \$14.95

THE YOUNG REBECCA: Writings of Rebecca West 1911-1917
Edited by Jane Marcus
Virago Modern Classics series, paper \$13.95

THE WITCHES
by Roald Dahl \$14.95

THE MOULDY
by Nicola Bayley and William Mayne \$11.95

Academic Press Canada

on the screenplay, the **Prix Femina** has brought its own kind of busy-ness: interviews, tours, book-signings have all become part of **Anne Hébert's** schedule.

By the end of the interview the apartment is almost totally dark. **Anne Hébert** switches on a light and offers me a drink, which I gratefully accept. The tatters of my high-school French are rapidly sinking into their deserved oblivion, but **Anne Hébert's** patience and kindness seem inexhaustible. I

walk back to the hotel — **Héloïse** has made me nervous about taking the **Métro**. But against the background of the perfect night-time romance of Paris swirl passionate and gory scenes from **Hébert's** novels.

It is 33 years since she has published, at her own expense, her first collection of stories. I am left with the impression of a woman of extraordinary intelligence, unbreakable will, a vision of Canada that neither age nor distance can threaten. □

Gabrielle Roy, 1909-1983

MUCH OF THE polemic in Quebec literature over the last two decades has raged around questions of writing and nationalism — more specifically, around the true Quebecois language and setting that would speak for post-Second World War Quebecers.

In this debate, the name of Gabrielle Roy has rarely, if ever, come up. Yet with one book, *The Tin Flute*, published just after the war, Gabrielle Roy brought both these issues to the forefront. Last July 13 in Quebec City, far from her native Manitoba, Gabrielle Roy died of a heart ailment, and Quebec and Canadian writing lost a valuable voice that had helped usher us, albeit tentatively, into the modern era.

Bonheur d'occasion, known to English readers all over the world as *The Tin Flute*, was Quebec's first urban, socially aware novel. As such, it helped signal the end of the rural novel as the predominant form, a subject that had fallen out of step with society as Quebec became increasingly urbanized. Gabrielle Roy discovered a new landscape: the city. Driven from Europe by the threat of war in 1939, she settled in the poor downtown Montreal neighbourhood of Saint-Henri, whose fortunes have not changed much since the 1940s. Her occupation: teacher. The book took form from her experiences and observations in that forgotten quarter.

Her characters fight for a better life, but like the flute of the title, their music is sad and their happiness fleeting. The book shocked good Quebec society when it came out; the

allusions it made to its characters' sexual lives were too obvious, and its language too raw. It was just that kind of spoke" language that opened the way for the *joual* writers of the 1960s, such as Jacques Renaud and Michel Tremblay, who were looking



for a language particular to the reality of their Quebec.

Yet Gabrielle Roy was not a native of Quebec. She was born in 1909 in Saint-Boniface, the French town across the river from Winnipeg where Louis Riel is buried. She used the name of her street, the rue Deschambault, as a title for one of her novels (*Street of Riches* in English); her house has since become a historic site. She took teacher's training and

for eight years worked in a series of far-flung Prairie schools; these years too would become the wellspring of later novels. She travelled to Europe in 1937 and began her writing career as a journalist there. When she returned to Canada in 1939, she chose to settle in Quebec, eventually taking up residence in Quebec City with her husband, also a Saint-Boniface native.

Over the years Roy produced 13 books, perhaps the best known of which are two set in Quebec, *The Tin Flute* and *The Cushier*. But she also wrote two novels of the far North, *The Hidden Mountain* and *Windflower*, and three collections that hovered between fiction and autobiography that are set in Manitoba: *Where Nests the Water Hen*, *Street of Riches*, and *The Road Past Altamont*. There were honours for all of them: the Governor General's Award three times, the Prix Femina for *The Tin Flute*, the Prix Molson, the Prix David, recognition from the Académie Française and the Académie Canadienne-Française. In the first 23 years of the Governor General's Awards, only four fiction prizes

were given to French-Canadian novels, and only after they had been translated into English. Of the four, one went to *The Tin Flute* and another to *Street of Riches*.

Roy was working on her memoirs at the time of her death, and the film version of *The Tin Flute* was scheduled to premiere at a festival in Moscow. We can only hope that both works will carry forward her memory.

— DAVID HOMEL

This September,



collect a sampler,

ANTIQUES

An Illustrated Guide for the Canadian Collector

By Hyla Fox

The essential guide for anyone interested in the ever-changing and growing world of antique collecting. Includes information on everything from samplers to furniture, importing to fakes. Fully illustrated.

\$14.95 paperback

relive a language,

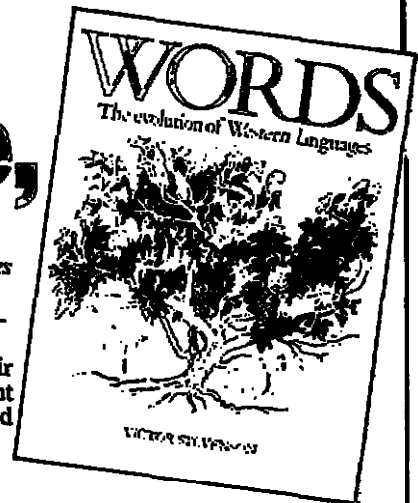
WORDS

The Evolution of Western Languages

By Victor Stevenson

A succinct and lively "family history" of the languages of Europe and North America, following their development from a common parent and their current relationships and influences on one another.

\$24.95 hardcover



experience a true artform,



DORSET 83

The Cape Dorset Graphics Annual

Designed by Howard Pain

An eagerly awaited publishing event each year, the Dorset Graphics Annual reviews the finest in Eskimo and Inuit lithography produced in the preceding year. 10 full-colour reproductions. 100 black & white images.

\$10.00 paperback

discover a legend.



THE SOURDOUGH & THE QUEEN

The Many Lives of Klondike Joy Boyle

By Leonard Taylor

King of the Klondike. Saviour of Rumania. The amazing life and times of Canada's unknown hero, written with new material never before published.

\$19.95 hardcover

At Better Bookstores
Everywhere.

Compliments of Methuen.

LOSING BATTLES

At the hub of the troubles that led to Clarke Irwin's bankruptcy sits the enigmatic, exhausted figure of Bill Clarke: 'Nobody ever heard me say I was a great publisher'

By JOYCE WAYNE

WHEN CLARKE IRWIN was sold on June 17, exactly one month after it had gone into receivership, Dr. William Clarke, the publishing house's president, irretrievably lost the firm his father had launched 53 years ago. The sale to his first cousin John Irwin, a former partner of Clarke Irwin and the president of the Book Society of Canada, consisted only of outstanding book contracts, a warehouse of unsold books, and the accounts receivable. Clarke Irwin, one of Canada's oldest and most widely respected publishing companies and a pillar of the industry, had ceased to exist as a distinct publishing entity.

The stately grey-and-white building on St. Clair West in Toronto will be sold by the Ontario government partially to cover losses incurred by paying Clarke Irwin's banker 51.5 million, the amount of the loan the Ontario Development Corporation guaranteed the Imperial Bank of Commerce. The company's other creditors — including the client publishers Clarke Irwin distributed and collected accounts for, such as James Lorimer & Company and Douglas & McIntyre — were left high and dry with outstanding debts together estimated at \$400,000, and although the Ontario government has pledged to reimburse these firms a certain proportion on the dollar, dozens of book designers, graphic artists, and freelance editors will never be paid. Unless, that is, Bill Clarke can raise the cash and pay them off himself. His only alternative is to declare personal bankruptcy.

Clarke, the most gentlemanly of all of Canada's publishers, had left a trail of broken promises behind him, the greatest of them perhaps to himself and to the memory of his father, William I-L Clarke Sr., who with his wife Irene and her brother John Irwin Sr. had boldly launched Clarke Irwin in 1930. For nearly 40 years Clarke Irwin blossomed to become Canada's major educational publisher with such perennial bestsellers as *Living Latin*, *Pirates and Pathfinders*, and *Cours Moyens de Français*. Yet after 1969 the company's educational list dwindled to insignificance, its Canadian trade publishing program rapidly shrank, and its cherished agencies, such as the high-prestige British group Chatto & Windus, were rapidly deserting the ship.

By last fall rumours of Clarke Irwin's precarious position

were running rampant. In many ways the affairs of the Canadian-controlled sector of the publishing industry resemble those of a small town. Gossip travels fast, especially when it concerns the state of one of the town's eminent citizens. Bill Clarke was very much the doctor of the small town of Canadian publishing. His company had been in trouble before, and he had always managed to rescue the patient, in his own mercurial way. But this time radical surgery was needed, and no one knew if Clarke would put at risk a firm that often seemed more a shrine to the memory of his father and the dominating

image of his aging mother than a publishing house entrenched in the post-modern dynamics of microchip commerce.

Clarke's own background was impeccable. His father and mother had built the company as an act of pure faith and principle. Deeply religious people, the Clarkes held to the tenets of a strict Methodist doctrine, one not all that different from the Reverend Egerton Ryerson's, who as chief superintendent of education in Ontario from 1844 to 1876 had molded a style of education that in turn determined the style of the province of Ontario for almost 100 years: godfearing, industrious, cautious, and fair. Every child deserved a decent education, and that education was based on the information offered in Clarke

Irwin's textbooks, certainly not on the whims of individual teachers. Irene and William Clarke Sr. believed that the moral fibre of the nation could be preserved by the books young people read in school, and their second son Bill, a bright scholar with a doctorate in astrophysics from UCLA, never completely deserted their dreams when he took control of the company in 1966.

If Irene Clarke had visited the company in 1980, the year of Clarke Irwin's 50th anniversary, she would not have discovered it radically changed from the days when she and her husband had run it. Employees were not permitted to smoke in the building; tea break was a rather elaborate affair with the elderly employees, in their Marks & Spencer twin sets, pouring. Coffee was frowned upon. Even at Timothy Findley's launching party for *The Wars* at Toronto's Park Plaza Hotel, alcoholic beverages were not served.

And as she might have expected, perhaps even demanded,



Bill Clarke

her son was a pillar of the publishing community. One of the founding and most influential members of the Association of Canadian Publishers, his reputation was that of a man of reason and honour. His public role at the 1971 Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing was that of the arbitrator who presented sound, conservative solutions for the publishing industry's dire problems, while young turks like Jii Lorimer and Dave Godfrey were fighting mad, calling for the Canadianization of the entire industry and quotas on the entry of foreign books into the country. "It was Bill's remarkable ability to see issues beyond those affecting his own company and his forcing other people to do the same that lent the ACP its political and intellectual strengths," said Patsy Aldana, past-president of the ACP and w-publisher of Douglas & McIntyre — the firm hardest hit financially by Clarke Irwin's demise — in an early interview.

During the 12 years between the royal commission and the demise of his company, Bill Clarke's role as a spokesman for the home-controlled industry was outstanding. At countless meetings where publishers squared off against cautious federal and provincial bureaucrats and politicians, Clarke would unfailingly defend, not his own firm, but the integrity of the industry, and in most eloquent terms. He is the George Grant of Canadian publishing: nationalist, red tory (with a small t), and curiously eccentric — not in Grant's bawdy, blistering style, but in the very peculiar tension between his utter (and almost quaint) honour and his unrelenting restlessness. He wears Clarke Irwin like a plaster cast that has held him in check for 20 years, and now that the cast has cracked he is realizing that the bone never did properly heal.

According to colleagues and employees, Clarke's restlessness often took a nasty turn, what one of his former employees dubbed "Bill's rabies attacks." When he became irascible and humourless, working conditions at Clarke Irwin were intoler-

able. He was driven to control every detail of the business, from editing to invoices, and as financial matters deteriorated in 1981 and 1982 the turnover of Clarke Irwin employees became appalling.

One of Clarke's ideas in 1971, after the sale of Ryerson Press, was that the Ontario government should institute a program of loan guarantees that would encourage a recalcitrant banking establishment to lend cash to capital-hungry publishers. The scheme, on paper, looked as if it would not cost Ontario a cent, only a commitment to throw its weight behind a cultural industry seriously threatened by competition from foreign interests. But what seemed so reasonable in 1971 turned into a nightmare for Bii Clarke in 1983, when the Ontario government grew weary of its heavy responsibilities to the company and informed Clarke that it was pulling the plug on its loan guarantee. The company was sent whirling into receivership on May 17, and for a month the family firm was on display at the trading block with the government of Ontario as its largest creditor.

THE LIVING ROOM OF Bill Clarke's Toronto Kingsway home is an advertisement for the Avon fine furniture gallery at Simpson's. There is not a speck of dust on the delicate glass and china figurines; everything is neatly tucked into place. Only one presence in this room is jarringly out of place: the jittery, exhausted figure of Bii Clarke himself. "Nobody has ever heard me say that I was a great publisher," he says. "Never. I think I have made very serious mistakes. But I think there were very often reasons why I didn't perform as I should have."

Because he is Bill Clarke and not Jack McClelland, we are drinking wda water with a dash of orange juice, instead of vodka martinis, and Clarke is not talking about how he should have threatened to sell his company to American interests months ago — a threat that instilled the fear of God into the

THE CANADIAN LEGAL SYSTEM

2nd Edition

Gerald L. Gall

The Canadian Legal System continues to provide an easy-to-read, thorough introduction to Canada's legal system. Included in this second edition are the major changes that have occurred in the Canadian legal system since the release of the first edition. These new areas include:

The Canada Act 1982 — The political events leading up to its enactment are set out, along with an overview of the format of the Act, a brief discussion of each Chapter section, followed by an overview of constitutional law jurisprudence dealing with the division of powers.

The Quebec Legal System — Both an in-depth introduction of this topic as well as a fairly detailed discussion are included.

The Doctrine of Fairness — This extremely important development updates the chapter on the introduction to administrative law.

The remaining chapters in the book have been completely updated and reorganized where necessary by Professor Gall.

Carswell

L459-35800

July 1983

approx. 350 pp.

hardcover

Canada

\$39.50



Available for a 30-day free trial examination. To order write:

CARSWELL LEGAL PUBLICATIONS

2330 Midland Avenue, Agincourt, Ontario M1S 1P7

Ontario government when Jack McClelland used it in 1971 during the Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing, when M & S was almost instantly extended a \$1-million loan guarantee.

Instead, Bill Clarke is saying, "I don't think very many people in the country know me very well or know where I stand vis-à-vis books, or if they did could understand." Because he is Bill Clarke he does not mention his father's untimely death in 1955, nor that his mother Irene and eldest brother Gary did a flourishing company until 1963, when Gary

'Looking back I can say I never had a fraction of the publishing acumen my father had. But so what? I was still entitled to take tremendous satisfaction in what we published'

departed to enter the United Church ministry and Bill, who had just completed his doctorate and was headed for a lucrative job in the space industry, felt obliged to drop his personal plans and fly home to Clarke Irwin. By 1966 Clarke was at the helm of one of Canada's largest publishing companies, and astrophysics was replaced by bank negotiations and authors' contracts and his own tenacious belief that Canadians deserved their own home-controlled publishing companies; and that only publishers with "a feeling for the country, a burning desire to do things which are Canadian," as he put it to Richard Rohmer, chairman of the Royal Commission on Book Publishing, were equal to the task.

Today Clarke says, "It's extremely difficult for me to remember that I wasn't even born in 1930 when Clarke Irwin was founded. You see, so much of the emotional background, the idealism in our home that goes back to 1930 and before, was part of how I grew up:

Partially he is describing his parents' devotion to what was once one of the most admired educational organizations in the world: the Ontario school system, a rigid regime in which at any moment of any day the minister of education could glance at his watch contentedly, knowing that every child in grade 11 was turned to page 53 of Clarke Irwin's Living Latin. By the end of the 1950s, just as Living Latin became a dead subject in Ontario schools, the province reorganized its school boards, removing the long-standing textbook stimulation grants to the boards. Today book expenditures in Ontario are classified as "miscellaneous spending," and in less than 15 years the province plummeted from the one spending the most on textbooks to the one spending the least. Some boards reduced their book purchases by as much as 80 per cent. and province-wide adoptions of one textbook became as obsolete as grade 13 standardized examinations. From 1989 onwards Clarke Irwin withstood one blow after the other: almost overnight the basis upon which the company had been founded drastically eroded, and the family firm was fighting for its life.

Rapidly, Clarke moved Clarke Irwin into the more whimsical and less profitable field of the trade publishing, and for the first seven years of the '70s the company lost money. It then experienced a few good years until its financial statement turned sour in 1981. The loan guarantee program instituted by the Ontario government granted two special exceptions to its \$250,000 limit: McClelland & Stewart and Clarke Irwin. Clarke Irwin in 1972 began with a line of guaranteed credit of \$638,000; by December, 1980, the loan was \$1-million, and last spring Clarke Irwin was in hock to the Imperial Bank of Commerce for \$1.5-million. According to John Parsons, publishing adviser to the ministry of culture, "the financial

performance of the company was deplorable; it lost \$750,000 in the last two years."

Paul Audley, a former executive director of the ACP and the author of Canada's Cultural Industries, views the company's demise from a broader perspective: "The Ontario government did not act on the major recommendations of its Royal Commission on Book Publishing (one of which was to reinstitute its textbook stimulation grants to local boards) and is now in a position in which it has difficulty getting the Canadian texts it needs to implement its curriculum. Due to the Ontario Ministry of Education's seeming indifference to the effect of their policies on Canadian-owned publishing houses, Clarke Irwin suffered huge losses it's hard to imagine any firm easily overcoming."

One of Clarke's competitors, who prefers to remain anonymous, is even more blunt: "Clarke Irwin was the author of its own demise. It was an educational company that never faced the invasion of U.S.-owned educational publishers... Clarke Irwin had nowhere to go in 1983, and I don't think it was an essential cultural instrument." Although the province did eventually implement a \$4-million annual subsidy to encourage the development and publication of Canadian texts, the grant is available to both foreign and nationally controlled publishing firms, and Audley estimates that nine-tenths of the \$4-million is going directly to foreign-controlled firms. As Bill Clarke stated in an 11th-hour prospectus he prepared for saving his company, "Since the provincial government did not implement any recommendations of the Royal Commission's Final Report, the profitability of the industry did not improve. Clarke Irwin found it difficult to secure its position and so reduce its dependence on the Ontario Development Corporation's guarantees." Had the \$4-million annual subsidy been channelled only to Canadian-controlled companies, there is a very good chance that the company would have remained a predominantly educational firm and maintained a stable if diminished position in the marketplace.

Unfortunately, as a trade house, Clarke Irwin always projected a lacklustre, even stodgy, image, although Beth Appeldoorn, owner of Longhouse Bookshop, maintains that "Clarke Irwin published good books, never schlock. But the booksellers of Canada never supported its books." Ad& Appeldoorn's partner, Susan Sandler, "Booksellers want to be wined and dined and Bill Clarke never gave big parties." Both stress that Clarke remained a mystery man, without a shred of Jack McClelland's glamorous profile, and that his anonymity hurt his sales.

"Sure," says Bill Clarke, "I was never known by the public. Looking back I can say I never had a fraction of the publishing acumen my father had. Not a fraction. But so what? I was still entitled to take tremendous satisfaction in what we published." Booksellers Appeldoorn and Sandler are sympathetic: "We felt proud to carry his books in our shop." Recalls Appeldoorn, "I originally ordered more copies of Timothy Findley's *The Wars* than W.H. Smith's, Classics, and Cola put together. That tells you something about the state of bookselling in this country and what it did to Clarke Irwin."

By 1982 the Clarke Irwin Canadian trade list was shrinking, its young adult fiction list — including such authors as Monica Hughes, Barbara Smucker, Jamie Brown, Florence McNeil, and Eric Wilson — was still the best in the country. Authors Timothy Findley, Howard Engel, Alden Nowlan, Kildare Dobbs, and Thomas Berger remained loyal to the house, and at the Writers' Union 1983 Annual Meeting, Findley spoke out loudly and sharply about the government cut's shortsightedness in allowing the company to disintegrate. After all, even in its last three troubled years Clarke Irwin paid out \$132,000 annually in authors royalties to writers whose fortunes are now in jeopardy.

Bill Clarke runs his finger over a dainty glass figurine, his

restlessness subdued in a **moment** of nostalgia: "I enjoyed working **with** people, the tremendous **satisfaction** one **gets** from publishing. I never cared if the **writer** was a **Timothy Findley** or somebody totally unknown slaving away on a text-book."

The press release from the **Association of Canadian Publishers** on the day the company **was** plunged into **receivership** **read**: "The ACP is saddened by the news that a receiver has been appointed to manage **Clarke Irwin**. . . . **For** the industry as a whole, **we are** extremely pleased that the Ontario government **has reaffirmed** its continuity support for their **loan guarantees . . . and other programs** which play a crucial role in **Canadian** publishing today." A **very** cautious press release from a very different **association** than the one that was formed **to protest** against the sale of **Ryerson Press** to McGraw-Hill, and that had rallied around **Jack McClelland** when he threatened to sell his company **to** the Americans **in 1971**. **Certainly** an association **whose** members now **live** and die on the **support** they **receive** from government. **Curiously**, throughout the **Clarke Irwin** debacle the ACP remained **deathly** silent. One publisher remarks, "It would have **looked silly** for the ACP **to lobby** the Ontario **government** **to save** the company. **It was** so poorly managed. Everybody knew that." Another **publisher**, **Jim Douglas**, president of **Douglas & McIntyre** and current **president** of the ACP, **claims** that the **organization remained silent** at **Bill Clarke's** request. "He told **us** **uncategorically** to stay out of it. The company was close to receivership, he was **trying** to **raise** money **from** private **sources**, and certainly he didn't want **us** to make **noises** at that **crucial** point."

Douglas, with a **reputation** as a **canny**, innovative publisher (and a long-time **friend** of **Bill Clarke's**) spent two months in late **1982** and early **1983** **trying** to help resuscitate the company. He says the **firm** could have been saved even as late as last winter, but emphasizes that **Draconian** measures were **needed**. **Selling** the building, **slashing** staff, **hiring** new, business-oriented managers, concentrating on **building** its **original** Canadian book list and less on **distributing** foreign agency titles: "It would have drastically **changed** the character of the company." And although **Douglas** does not say it, **it would** have meant **Clarke** replacing his ubiquitous **presence** with that of a **few** high-powered executives; it would have meant **slowly easing out** the **Clarke family's** control of the **firm** and putting it in the hands of **hired help**. **It would have** meant the type of modernization hard for **an old family firm** to **swallow**. In the end, "he didn't make the changes," says **Douglas**. "He gambled and he lost."

By late **1982** **government** bureaucrats were **getting** **anxious** about the **size** of **guarantees** extended to both **Clarke Irwin** and **McClelland & Stewart**. **Bernard Ostry**, deputy **minister** of industry, contacted **Bill Clarke** personally and suggested that **he parachute** in a **management consultant team** to **evaluate** his company and **see** if **there** was a way for both the government and **Clarke Irwin** to **emerge** from under the heavy weight of its **loan**. **Clarke was** agreeable, but that was the last he **ever** heard from **Ostry**. And after the **Woods Gordon** report appeared early in **1983** it **was** clear that the Ontario **government** **was** **prepared** to get **into** the **ring** with both **Clarke Irwin** and **M & S**. **Jack McClelland**, with characteristic **magic**, put on his **cloves** and invited the entire city of **Toronto** to his **Great Canadian Book Sale**; the sale **raised** more than **\$600,000** and **its success**, both in **commercial** and symbolic **terms**, did not elude Ontario **politicians**.

At the same **time**, **Clarke Irwin** became particularly vulnerable to the **scathing** attack launched upon him and his company in the **Woods Gordon** report. He seemed incapable of **McClelland's** survival tactics. "The **government** knew I **wasn't** the kind of person that would **go** around **creating** political problems," **Clarke** exclaims. Instead his **game** plan

was to try to raise equity for the **firm**. He admits he wanted desperately, by **1982**, to **get out from** under the government's loan guarantee. But he **was under** enormous pressure **first** from his banker, who had extended his line of credit to \$1.9 million — **8400,000 more** than the government would guarantee — and **later** from government **officials**, the **Woods Gordon** team, and **finally** the **Price Waterhouse** receivers who allowed only **one** month for **bids** to be placed. In the end, **Clarke** did not bid to buy back his own **company**.

"I did the best I could to raise the money to save the com-

'I did the best I could to raise the money to save the company, and I raised \$1.4 million. But I needed \$1.8 million. You see, I had to make the government an offer it couldn't refuse'

pany — with a gun at my head — and I raised \$1.4 million," he says, "but I needed to raise \$1.8 million. You see. I had to make an offer the **government couldn't refuse**, an offer better than anyone else's: The \$1.8 million would have paid off **all** the creditors except the government, dollar for dollar, and according to **Clarke** the company would have become a strong, **well-financed firm** that had paid its obligation. In fact, during the first **quarter** of **1983** **Clarke Irwin** did **register** the best results in its **53-year** history. **Clarke** says that he and his **brother Gary** considered **taking out an ad** in the **Globe and Mail's** Report on Business, broadcasting the first **quarter** results while adding that the company was **in** receivership. But the advertisement was never **placed**; the **Clarks** just don't do things **like** that.

In the months **following** the sale of **Clarke Irwin**, the small town of **Canadian** publishing has put on a brave face. **Jim Lorimer**, however, whose company is still **left with** outstanding debts **from** **Clarke Irwin** **estimated** at **\$150,000**, **remains concerned** that the **death** of a **Canadian publishing** house could be so **easily** and silently forgotten. "I certainly don't adhere to a Darwinian economic view that now seems to be applied to **publishing**. That **view** is **inappropriate** when **every single Canadian-owned firm** is **precious**."

What only a few years **ago** was **sacred** — that an established, **Canadian-controlled** publishing house **would** never be **allowed** by government to go under — has been made obsolete by the Ontario **government's** **hardball tactics** with **Clarke Irwin**. Perhaps most important, the public's cultural nationalism, **which propelled** both **provincial** and federal **governments** to support **Canadian publishing**, is on the wane. "The message that has gotten **through to government**," notes **Bill Clarke**, "is that it has a free hand with publishing. I don't think that **10 years ago** that was the case."

Now as the new **fall** books flood the **Christmas** market, the conundrum of an industry at the **heart** of **Canadian** culture — an industry that survives **on** the good **will** of **government**, an industry that **exhausts** its owners and **employees** and constantly **endangers** the opportunities of the country's writers — is **as** unresolved as it was in **1970** when the **Ryerson Press** sale graphically portrayed the **fragility** of **Canadian** publishing. That the outpouring of books has **been** so **magnificent** in the **last decade** is a small **miracle**. In its heart, the **little** town of **Canadian** publishing knows this and is **justifiably proud**. But it **also** knows that in a **recent** study conducted by the ACP more than **half** of its members lost money even **after** **government** grants. The **town** hasn't exactly become a town where the ethic of the survival of the fittest prevails, but lately the most vulnerable, the more **idealistic**, are quietly **castigated**. □

Carnal knowledge

Lawrence Garber forces his characters through 'traumas of reversal' in which their preconceptions of innocence are shattered

By WAYNE GRADY

Sirens and Graces, by Lawrence Garber, Stoddart, 317 pages, \$18.43 cloth (ISBN 0 7737 0089 2).

LAWRENCE GARBER'S house in London, Ont., sits grandly at the top of a small hill overlooking a valley that was once part of its grounds and is now a sedate, middle-class nest of blue- and slate-coloured roofs. Garber usually walks the few blocks to the University of Western Ontario, where he teaches a course on the novel ("from Cervantes to Ford, excluding Djuna Barnes"), another on modern literature, and a third on film appreciation. He walks with a jaunty, seigneurial air, wearing dark glasses and short-sleeved shirt, the very picture of a man in tight control of all he surveys, deftly dodging students who might pounce on him with 400-page theses, or colleagues who might finger him for one more quick committee meeting before he boards the plane in September for Paris. In the house are his collection of antique maps of Paris, his shelves of books about Paris — including an 1888 Baa decker that is, he points out proudly, older than the Eiffel Tower, his wife Carole, who graduated from the Sorbonne in 1960 and now teaches French literature at Western, and his plane tickets.

"I first started going to Paris in 1962, while I was still working on my M.A. at the University of Toronto," he says as he strides along. His thesis was on the novels of E.M. Forster, and his thesis adviser was Marshall McLuhan. From 1962 to 1966 he spent most of his time in Paris. "There was a London interlude," he adds vaguely, "when I worked for a year at the British Museum on my Ph.D. — something to do with *The Bloomsbury Aesthetic*." But in London, England, as in London, Ont., his mind was on Paris. "My friends tell me I have a marvellous gift for getting lost. I've been lost in every major city in Europe. I was working in London for months before I realized I was actually living in Bloomsbury, even though I had to pass

through Bloomsbury Square every day on my way to the B.M."

Paris for Garber, though, is a state of mind, an oasis of history — Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Callaghan — in an otherwise arid expanse of events. For a Jewish Torontonian born in 1937 in the district known as the Junction, and raised in the slightly more prosperous Bathurst and Eglinton area, Paris exerted an appeal that was much more than merely physical. "It's not just the opportunity to write, nor even a fund of subject matter, but the feeling of being liberated from the responsibilities that a country demands of its own citizens. I" Paris — or in Italy or Holland — I feel like a phantom presence. I don't rape or murder, but I am free from social and political restraints. It gives me a kind of psychic buoyancy that I can never have in Canada."

"Not even in different parts of Canada?" I ask. "If you go to Vancouver do you still feel weighed down by social and political restraints?"

"I never go to Vancouver."

GARBER'S FIRST NOVEL, *Tales from the Quarter* (1969), was an attempt to recreate in prose the flavour and structure of Paris's left bank in the 1960s — "between the beats and the hippies" — where Garber had lived for four years. It's a long, rambling, but surprisingly controlled and crafted collection of interlocking tales, a Bosch-like tapestry of weird comic characters who are continually tangling themselves into a string of macabre situations — sexual, psychotic, hallucinatory, and just plain degenerate. Reading it is like reading Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London* under the influence of a powerful mind-altering drug. Of course the book was excoriated by Canadian reviewers. The *Victoria Colonist* called it a "dirty book without a vestige of literary merit. To avoid contamination, use tongs when consigning it to the bonfire." The reviews, and the fact that Garber's publisher, James Lorimer, had

bad "no experience marketing fiction, meant that *Tales* made a hasty and inglorious trip to the remainder tables. Not even Mordecai Richler's elaborate praise in *Saturday Night* a year later rescued it from its subterranean limbo: "As I retain a tenderness for Paris, and my own roistering years 'in St. Germain,'" wrote Richler, who perhaps better than anyone could appreciate the lonely statelessness of the expatriate writer, "I approached Garber's book with a very cold critical eye. I would have been glad to dismiss him as a poacher. Instead, I am obliged to report that *Tales from the Quarter* is not only authentic in all its detail, but is also dearly the work of a" abundantly talented young writer. I wish my own first novel had been as good."

Garber's second book, *Circuit*, a collection of two novellas and a short story, was published in 1970 by Anansi. Like all his work, the stories in *Circuit* are, according to Garber, "linked by attitudes and a certain circularity of progress." Both *Tales* and *Circuit* are "comic in tone and concept — call it the comedy of affliction and retribution." In "Visions Before Midnight," for example, the narrator is visited by a friend who had died several weeks before, and the two set out on an epic chat about life and death, the corporeality of angels, and other eschatological topics. In the novella "Death by Toilet" a character called the Count, who has assumed a kind of cultural exterior or style that denies certain fundamental aspects of life — notably the excremental — is suddenly thrust into a world in which only excrement has meaning. The stories are convoluted arabesques in prose, definitely off-putting to purists and Puritans, but undeniably witty, literate, and serious in intent. Garber calls his work "subversive" because he forces his characters through "traumas of reversal" in which all their preconceptions of good and evil, love and death, are pulled out from under them like a carpet, and what has

been swept under them is painstakingly examined anew.

WHILE ON SABBATICAL in Paris in 1975 with a Canada Council grant — his sponsors were Dennis Lee and Alice Munro — Garber began writing *Sirens and Graces*. He conceived it, as he wrote to his editor at General Publishing, as a comic moral fable, "the ultimate journey for the holy grail" except in reverse. The result is a long, linear romance that, like *Tales and Circuit*, takes every bourgeois *idée reçue* and turns them inside out. The "holy grail" is a young Italian virgin named Emanuela; the questing swordsman is one of Garber's left-bank drop-outs, a holdover from the '60s who is still in London trying not to finish his thesis — something to do with The Carnal Endeavour — and thus cut off his grant money. He meets Emanuela at the B.M., but she returns intact to Bologna while our hero strays to Paris, Amsterdam, and Venice before receiving his "comeuppance," as Garber calls it, in Bologna. There follows an interlude in Florence where the narrator goes to lick his wounds, and where he is joined by his muse, Bridget "Babbles" Krasnapolski, who controls the purse strings that are keeping him tied to his thesis. The novel ends with a coda in Toronto. 10 years later, when the hero who has changed his name in every city in Europe but who is now ominously nameless — attempts to reconstruct or mythologize the past: "I am continually occupied with my renovations of the past," he muses at one point. "Alterations prove necessary on a continuing basis; I am kept busy all the time...." The past becomes for him a work of art, as Paris is for Garber: "The past becomes the perfect inner sanctum, the safe little room in your mind where you can lie back and bask in what has been."

Sirens and Graces will not convert many of those who hated *Tales from the Quarter*, but after 14 years those reviewers will no doubt represent a smaller proportion of Canadian readers. Garber's vision is as excremental as ever — sex is just one of several natural bodily functions. He never misses a chance to make a bad pun, and he'll work for pages to build up to a one-liner that is not always worth the effort. He sees the fundamental acts as a necessary part of the way we see ourselves, and he is concerned about the ways in which we delay, if not obviate, those routes to self-perception. "Some may see it as arrested toilet training," he admits, "but to me it's a serious and important route to take. Human beings are exploitive figures, moving away from certain fundamental aspects of themselves, pro-

The Root Cellar



Janet Lunn

Winner of the 1982
Canadian Library
Association Book of the
Year Award for Children

Winner of the 1982
Canadian Authors
Association Vicky
Metcalf Award

"Brimming with magic...
trips through time, history
brought to life, ...
guaranteed to delight."

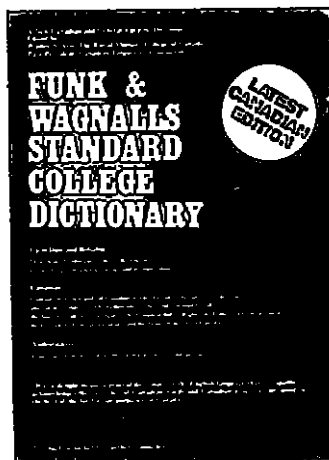
— The Calgary Herald



A Puffin Book

\$3.95

Teacher's Pet



This is the dictionary that is always at the top of its class — a favourite with both teachers and students. This revised edition presents over 152,000 entries including more Canadian words — old and new — than any other college dictionary. And there are pages of up-to-date information on our government, history, and people. Definitely A + !

Funk & Wagnalls
Standard college Dictionary
Latest Canadian Edition
Thumb-indexed \$19.95 Plain \$18.95

Fitzhenry & Whiteside

The Tecumseh Press Ltd.
3 Mohawk Crescent
Ottawa, Ont. K2H 2G6

The **Haitians** in Quebec: a sociological profile, Paul Dejean; Foreword by Max Dorsinville. 1980, 170pp, 0-919662-76-5, \$7.95.

It Needs To Be Said, Frederick Philip Grove; Introduction by W.J. Keith. A long-overdue reprint. 1982, 176pp, 0-919662-83-8, \$9.95 pa; 0-919662-88-9, \$19.95 cl.

An Annotated Edition of the Correspondence between Archibald Lampman and Edward William Thomson (1890-1893), ed. Helen Lynn. 1980, 322pp, 0-91966277-3, 89.95.

Northern Review, 1945-1956: a history and an Index, Hilda Vanneste. 1982, 220pp, 0-919662-80-3, \$7.95.

The Seats of the Mighty, Gilbert Parker: the only unabridged edition in print. 1982, 328pp, 0-91966278-1, \$9.95

The Way of the Sea, Norman Duncan; 1st reprint of this 1903 collection of stories. 1982, 350pp, 0-919662-82-X, 59.95.

Governments under Stress

Political Executives and Key Bureaucrats in Washington, London, and Ottawa

Colln Campbell

Can a philosopher king run a modern democracy? Can two world leaders known to dislike state bureaucracy effectively manage the very system they want to dismantle? Do high-level bureaucrats in Washington, London, and Ottawa have as much power as their critics often claim they do-and if so, how do they exercise it? Campbell gives us the answers, sometimes quite surprising, to these and many other questions - a revealing and disquieting picture of the day-to-day workings of government in the three capitals, based on in-depth interviews with 265 senior officials, \$24.95

University of Toronto Press

jecting certain images of themselves. . . ."

We have returned to Garber's stately home, and are sipping scotch in his second-floor study looking through the window toward the university. More books line the walls. There is a signed photograph of Greta Garbo Facing an oil portrait of Garber by Liz Harrison Vise, painted in 1960: still the dark glasses, the raised, questioning head, the slight turning away from the viewer. "I Feel," he is saying, "that I have written a book that is more than just a confection. There is something operating beneath the comedy; all my works are moral fables that deal with the fundamental differences between good and evil, but they do it in ways that divert the reader from seeing them in those terms. But they will suddenly surprise you with meaning."

Remembering something Matt Cohen, who had read the novel in manuscript, had said to me a few days ago, I ventured: "Strens and Graces is a very anal novel."

"Yes," Garber replies. "Yes, it is."

"As I think all your work is-anal."

"Thank you." □

REVIEW

The fat lady and the swinger

By BRIAN L. FLACK

Flash Harry and the Daughters of Divine Light and Other Stories, by Kevin Roberts, Harbour Publishing, 94 pages, \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0 920080 111).

The Voice of Emma Sachs, by D.M. Fraser, Pulp Press, 137 pages. \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0 88978 138 9).

THESE TWO books of short stories — both from Western Canadian houses, both from the pens of transplanted authors — are opposites in practically every way.

Kevin Roberts was born in Australia. Until the publication of *Flash Harry and the Daughters of Divine Light and Other Stories*, his reputation was based mainly on several collections of poetry (*West Country*, *Deep Line*, *S'ney'mos*). D.M. Fraser, on the other hand, is from Nova Scotia, and his book, *The Voice of Emma Sachs*, is his first publication since another collection of stories, *Class*

Warfare, appeared almost 10 years ago. Still, although these writers hail from radically different backgrounds (and their work generally reflects this) they are quite alike in one respect: the people, attitudes and, to some degree, the geography of B.C. have had an enormous effect on them.

Roberts begins his collection with two pieces that are narrated in a peculiar native patois that is immediately interesting, but after two successive stories becomes irritating. The title story and "The Merry Maid and Miss Chance" chronicle two incidents in the marginally civilized existence of Flash Harry and his on-again off-again, obscenely obese mistress Fat Sally. Written in a stream-of-consciousness technique, these stories are supposed to be funny in their entwined notions of guarded freedom and the poverty of spirit present in certain individuals (I think!). Unfortunately, they are not. Silly rather than humorous, showcases for bad puns — Duke of Bores, the play on Doukhobors, for instance — and characterized by nonsense situations, they flounder in their own attempts at innovation. The language, reminiscent of W.P. Kinsella's Indian dialect, is particularly hard to penetrate and seems much too aloof to be convincing. The question incessantly comes to mind of how serious the characters are, and on the evidence presented I cannot imagine that they are ever so inclined.

However, after these two debacles Roberts settles down and offers several other stories, one or two of which are worth our attention. "Camping Trip" may be the best in the book. It describes an ill-conceived two-couple vacation in which Roberts exposes, with some insight, the frustration and horror one of the women must face: first as a person without decision-making power, and then without physical power during an attempted seduction (that could read rape) by her lover's friend. It is a crisp, taut, and evocative presentation that leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and because of that it works.

"A Nice Cold Beer" describes the first Canadian experience of a recent Australian immigrant visiting his older brother, a Vancouver drug dealer. Although the dialogue becomes a weight at times, it is an interesting drug-culture version of the culture shock faced by new arrivals, at once both offbeat and refreshing in an instructive way.

There is also one image in the book that is worth recounting. In a story called "Tree" a pregnant woman falls from a tree, killing herself and miscarrying in the process. Her body is not discovered and after a winter passes Roberts describes the scene: "In the

Spring small tree shoots **sprang** from her eyeless sockets from her whitening pelvic bones and **from** the tiny pile of **bones between her legs.**" The scene is **the** book's imaginative high point, and

makes one **wish** there were **several more** like it.

D.M. Fraser's *The Voice of Emma Sachs* is quite another matter. **Beautifully** conceived, **beautifully** written (with

a control, rarely found, over scene and **language), beautifully haunting in its imagery, and beautifully simple** in both its direction and **resolution,** this book **deserves** a wide **audience.** Four **stories**

Alden Nowlan, 1933-1983

JOHN DONNE SPOKE universally when he said, "**Any man's death diminishes me.**" To the community of readers and **writers in** a given place, the **death of a writer** brings a **particular sense of loss.** The **diminishing we feel** is "either just **general** nor just personal, it is **communal.** We are **less because** he has gone just as **we were more** because he **was** here. **Alden Nowlan's** death has brought such a sense of loss to this community. I speak **locally,** of **Fredericton,** of his friends, fellow writers, readers, **neighbours,** of politicians, doctors, **farmers, taxi-drivers, and** professors. I think I **speak** too of **the country,** the huger community of **writers and readers** who **knew** him, some personally, **some only** through his **words.**

His **death was marked** here as he **wished** it to be. A piper **playing.** Some words of tribute. A couple of **poems** read. A" Irish **lament** on a **peppy whistle.** The whistle broken and laid on his coffin. **Handfuls of dirt** from the Old Country, from **Ireland and Scotland,** throw" **down.** A cup circulated. Its dregs poured out with **words of valediction:** "Here rest, **brave warrior.**" The", a call for shovels. **Shovelfuls of dirt — sand, clay, and stones —** throw" and tramped down. The **pipes playing** all the while. The grave, **a poet's.** **Directly** behind that of **Bliss Carman.**

I visited **Alden two** nights before his seizure. The **company was** small: Alden, **Claudine** and John, an **American** visitor, and I. The talk into the night **was** good. **Alden** got onto **one** of his **strings,** this one about the unique features of **organized crime in the Maritimes.** He **confided** to our visitor, as **one who** might he trusted **with** the information, that **all** such crime **was controlled** by a handful of **writers in Fredericton.** If you **wanted** to open an Esso station **downtown,** you'd best see to it that a few **hundreds** passed into the hands of **Fred Cogswell.** If you **were** about to cross the border into **Houlton** or **Calais,** you'd best have a copy of **The Fiddlehead** sitting innocently but **conspicuously on** your dash. **Such strings** are catching, and **soon we were all**

adding our bits to the exploits of the **Fredericton** mafia. Then Alden went on to **recall** how from similar talk in that living room the **Flat Earth Society** had **evolved, as also** had the scheme of establishing **Jim Stewart's** rightful claim to the throne of **England.** The evening ended with **bearhugs.** The American visitor's copy of **Bread, Wine and Salt** was signed, "**For my** new friend."

As **Premier Hatfield** remarked at his funeral, **Alden** had the gift of **making** you feel, while you were with him, that you were **uniquely** his



friend. The title *I Might Not Tell Everybody This* is apt, not just for the poems in his last book, but for **many** of the earlier ones **too.** He **confided** in his reader as he **confided** in his friend. He is seldom, if ever, though, a **confessional poet.** **Many** of his **poems** (as do his stories) begin with personal experiences. **Many** of them record his own foibles and weaknesses. But in **confiding** he's **almost** always saying, "You **feel** this **way too.** don't you?" And the **reader, feeling close,** is **giving assent.** He's recognizing in **himself** the **common** humanity that **came more and more** to be Alden's **central concern** as a **writer.**

Alden Nowlan came to **New Brunswick** in 1952 to work on the **Hartland Observer.** He got the job on the strength of casual contributions to the **Windsor Tribune,** another weekly, published **near** his birthplace in **Nova Scotia.** His **formal schooling** ended in **grade five,** but his self-

schooling as a **writer** had **begun** earlier. While in **Hartland,** he **began** contributing poems to little **magazines,** mostly **American ones.** In **these** he saw the **name** of another **New Brunswicker, Fred Cogswell,** and **began** **corresponding** with him. **Fred** published Alden's **first** hook, *The Rose and the Puritan,* in 1958. **Other** books **followed** from **other** presses: *A Darkness in the Earth, Wind in a Rocky Country, and Under the Ice.* Their titles suggest the harshness, the **constrictiveness,** of the world he knew. They also suggest **subversion —** by the **senses,** by the imagination, by love. The poems themselves are tight, ironic, strong.

In 1963 Alden moved to Saint John to work for the *Telegraph-Journal.* Then, after **nearly** dying of **cancer,** he **came** to **Fredericton** and to **UNB** as **writer-in-residence** in 1968. His poems **continued** to record **bitter truths,** but **less** **bitterly.** Like **Samuel Johnson,** whom he admired and **often** quoted, he **came** to expect less of human nature **and institutions** the more he came to know them. **Such** titles as *The Things Which Are, Bread, Wine and Salt, The Mysterious Naked Man, Between Tears and Laughter* reflect **tolerance and compassion.**

Alden **Nowlan** was a good **man** and a great **poet,** but he was not an **angel.** His distrust of fashionable **nostrums,** political or social or athletic, for our **pains** points to a **deeper** distrust. If the broadening of his **range,** in style and tone as **well** as subject matter, reflects a **widening** of his **knowledge** of human **beings** and conditions, it **reflects** as much a deepening knowledge of **himself.**

*I never told this before.
I'm telling you because
you're like me: silly
and afraid of the dark.*

*Bend closer.
I know a far greater secret.
Everyone else is too.*

— "Star Light, Star Bright"

By his **death** we are **diminished.** By his **living** words, his poems, stories, essays, plays, we **are,** and will **continue** to be, **enlarged.** — **ROBERT GIBBS**

Silky prose and sow's ears

By **ELWIN MOORE**

Twelve **Newfoundland Short Stories**, edited by Percy **Janes** and Harry **Cuff**, Harry Cuff Publications (c/o Memorial University, St. John's, Nfld. AIB 5S7), 104 pages, \$8.50 paper (ISBN 0 919095 26 7).

SLIM IN SIZE, thin in substance., **this collection** will mostly disappoint **mainland** readers looking for any deep **sense** of Newfoundland **life** — looking, even, for **echoes** of the richness and **vigour** of expression so **evident** in last year's **Dictionary of Newfoundland English**. Too much of the **writing** lacks boldness. Too many of the **writers** have **settled** for **small possibilities**. There are **honourable** exceptions. I had **honest pleasure** from **five** of the **dozen stories** and **perverse pleasure** from a **sixth**. Irving **Fogwill's** **ardently overwritten** "The **Listeners**."

The **authors** all **live in** Newfoundland; **most** were born there. They **include** 'beginners' and such **much-published** miters as Helen **Potter**, Paul **O'Neill**, and Percy **Janes**. Readers **will find** good **craftsmanship**, notably in stories by Gordon **Rodgers** and **Bernice Morgan**, and they **will find** as **well** some of the **clumsiness and chattiness** of **apprentice** hood.

The **news** that most of **these stories** bring us is **news** of events, not **psyches**. Plot is **strikingly dominant**. As examples, take co-editor **Janes's** "Captain **Stephen Hawco**" and Peter **Harley's** "Good **Citizen**." These quite-short stories ram too **long** because they are really padded-out anecdotes **with** all their force in **their punchlines**. **Janes** describes a Second World War espionage **coup** carelessly and **unconvincingly**. **Harley** tells the tale of a Newfoundland political campaigner whose speeches **keep being** ambushed by his background as a toilet-paper manufacturer. Low **puns** are readily available **here**; **Harley** flushes out just about all of them.

A plot story **that succeeds** is Harold **Walters's** high-spirited fable, "The **Sow's Ears**." It's about a slovenly man who **wins** the 1999 **Turn of the Century** Lottery and **invests, unwisely, in** a self-cleaning house. **Walters** displays a **bracing** pessimism concerning **human**

nature. He makes good **use** of the **demolishing** short **sentence**. He is **keen** to amuse: he will let **stand** language like "A **wet winter** waned into a **wetter spring**," apparently just for the **flummoxing** effect of the alliteration.

Good, too, is **Geraldine Rubia's** story of an isolated **schoolteacher** who must choose love and **limits** at home or **growth** and **freedom** outside. This **conventional** situation, complete **with** a shy farmer as **suitor**, is somehow **redeemed** by authentic **voice** and detail, a **restrained** style, and a hard **ending** that follow **surprisingly on** gentleness. The story expands, and **achieves** the **ability** to hurt.

Gordon Rodgers employs a **young thesis-writer**, avid for "local **colour**," as a foil to a pair of **outport** seers. **Rodgers** pushes his **ironies** a little too far, but his **writing is skilful** — he cleverly manages, for example, to give **light and** landscape equal weight **with his characters** — and his fiction comes **down pleasingly** on the side of **mystery** and intuition.

"Pictures" is **Bernice Morgan's** brief, sure story of a St. John's **woman** who goes looking around the far bays of **Bonavista North** for her **mother's** past. She **thinks** to find **gain**, and finds **loss**. It is the most moving story in the **book**. The one that most seems **revealed rather than** fabricated. It **comes** closest to **achieving** what superb writers like **Alice Munro** and **John Updike** often **achieve, with** their **fine tricks** of **compression** and resonance. I **mean** the **achievement** of eliciting, by a **single** paragraph, a **single sentence**, that same **feeling** that people may have, if **they're** lucky, from an **instant** of life — the feeling of **baffling** density and **variety** of experience.

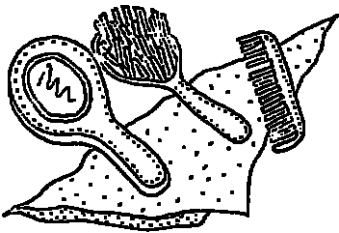
Helen Porter's "O **Take Me As I Am**" is **winning**, if too leisurely. It has human depth, and a **trust-inspiring narrative** voice — the sanely **humorous**, outwardly self-deprecating, inwardly self-pleased **voice** of an **intelligent** middle-aged **mother** whose **children** have, so **far**, turned out **fairly well**. **Wistfully, skeptically, this woman** goes to a **Salvation Army** service. She **reflects** on a boy she knew years before who was **dismissed** from the **Salvationist ministry** for homosexuality. Nice **ironies** abound, not the least of these **being** a **doubter's** **conscientious** attempts to **distinguish** between the **will** of God and the **will** of God's explainers.

Chatelaine magazine may have been too **much in** Paul **O'Neill's** thoughts when he wrote "The **Mulberry Bush**." **O'Neill** recounts the tedium of a **Comer Brook** housewife's **existence** in such relentless detail that the **reader** feels a great **rush** of **pleasure** when the news comes. **four** pages in, that the **woman's** closest friend **has been** killed by an **oil**

bracketed by a "Prelude and Theme" and a "Postlude," the **collection** at first appears to be a quasi-novelistic creation similar to **experiments** by **Alice Munro**. But before **long** it becomes clear that this is an experience of some singularity.

The **book** is an **exercise in faith: faith** that the writer **knows** what he is doing, **where** he is going and **whence** he comes. The **reader** immerses himself in the narrative and allows it to **carry** him. A combination of autobiographical rumination, fantasy, the **tragedy** that is **failed** genius, blind **belief** in **character** and requiems for the dead throughout history, the **book** soars into a rich imaginative realm. Once there, an **old man** can **contemplate**, without any particular misery, his loss of **intellectual** freedom; **two** wartime **non-combatants** can debate their not **unmystifying** survival against the **spectre** of a **crumbling world**; **eschatology** can be **offered** (ironically) as the **potential** salvation of the **universe**; and an **itinerant beggar** can be seen as the **biidii** force that keeps disparate **elements** of **society** within **touching** or relating distance, without ever **interfering** in those lives that he so **incredibly influences**.

The **reader** is, however, in **constant** danger of losing **sight** of **what** is being accomplished, for narrative and **structural** complexities abound. **Fraser** is like an aerial artist **flying** free and **unencumbered** above our heads, **continually** **daunting** us to climb on his **trapeze** and **swing** with him. But, in the face of **convincing** persuasion, it is **necessary** to decline the invitation, for **perspective** is the **ingredient** crucial to understanding. To sit **back** and watch the various **aspects** of the stories **mesh**, to **witness** relationships grow and fail, to experience the **horror** of empty lives in an **essentially empty** universe is our task; **Fraser**, from the bar of his **choreographic** trapeze, **supplies** more than enough information. Come too close, **though**, and the "pack of lies" he has assembled **will** overwhelm and perhaps blind you to the reality he

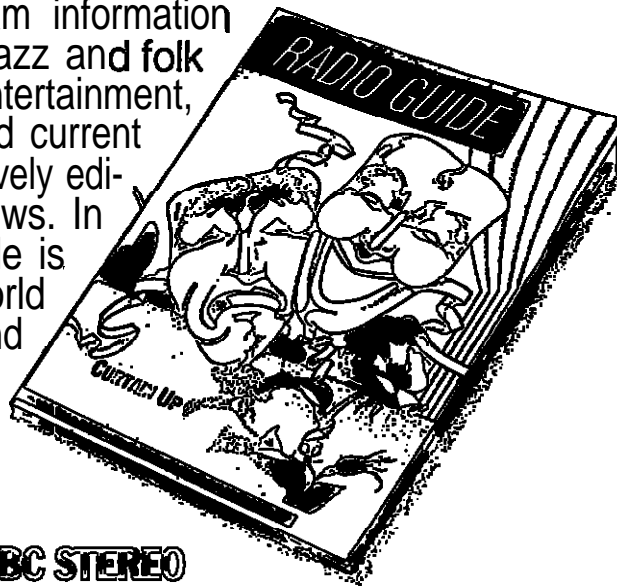


reveals. **Keep a safe intellectual** distance and there **is** every chance you will emerge **from this** narrative **with a clarity** of mind founded on a **refreshing** and **thought-provoking** examination of the **life** force. **Fraser** has a **voice** that will not **long** languish without considerable **attention**. □

For some people, radio is more than musical wallpaper and five minute newscasts.

That's why CBC publishes Radio Guide. It's more than just a listing, it's a magazine for people who make radio part of their lives. It offers complete program information from classical, jazz and folk music to light entertainment, drama, news and current affairs. It's also lively editorial and previews. In fact, Radio Guide is the complete world of CBC Radio and Stereo.

Enjoy it
for a year for
only \$12.



CBC RADIO  **CBC STEREO**

RADIO GUIDE

The only national guide to information
and entertainment programming on CBC
Radio and CBC Stereo.
Box 320, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 2J4

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROVINCE _____

POSTAL CODE _____ PHONE _____

Please enter my subscription for one
year, a total of 12 issues for \$12.

Payment enclosed Bill me later

Visa or Master Charge

Account number

Please allow up to six weeks for delivery to begin.

Credit signature

Expiry bc

truck. An oil truck! the reader thinks; now we're getting somewhere! The truck, sadly, vanishes from the text. A dark-haired stranger appears, an inadequate substitute.

Irving Fogwill, "born with this century," writes prose that picks a reader

up by the shirtfront and shakes him:

"What!" He didn't scream the word; he whispered it; but it had all the effects of a scream. It was a scream of a whisper: a sound made by the forced exhalation of shocked breath. . . .

Fogwill aims for loftiness; he drives

home morals with a blacksmith's zeal; he is not weak-kneed. as many writers are today, about invoking melodrama. After the second reading, I began to like these qualities. I began to worry that contemporary writing might be sliding, unnoticed, toward the effete. □

FEATURE REVIEW

The ghost of an idea

Clark Blaise's new book is brilliant but strange:
a novel that is never written, a biography that doesn't
exist, an autobiography not about its author

By DAVID MACFARLANE

Lusts, by Clark Blaise, Doubleday, 236 pages, \$19.95 cloth (ISBN 0 385 15474 7).

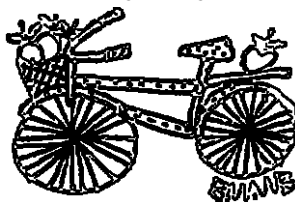
"I AM WRITING a biography of Rachel's life, incorporating your autobiography and a little of my own — and together we might be writing a novel." So wrote Rosie Chang of the Department of English at Berkeley to Richard Durgin, novelist and former husband of the celebrated and deceased poet, Rachel Isaacs. Replying from Faridpur, Rajasthan, in India, Durgin, no longer writing end now operating a cabinet-making business for diplomats in New Delhi, is intrigued, but not necessarily impressed: his sensitivity and cynicism co-exist in his P&B-like exile, firing his recollections and quenching his literary ambitions. "I'm glad you think we □ ey have a novel here," he writes. "I confess I no longer know what a novel is."

Lusts, Clark Blaise's most recent and remarkable book, is not the novel that Rosie Chang thinks she and Durgin may be writing. It is the novel born of Durgin's memories and misgivings about what a novel is. Their correspondence begins when Durgin notices an ad placed in the *Times Book Review*. The *New York Review of Books*, *Atlantic*, *Commentary*, *Saturday Review*, and *Harper's*: "For a frank discussion of the life and art of the late Rachel Isaacs (Durgin), I would appreciate correspondence with anyone holding letters and manuscripts or willing to share anecdotes and experiences." Durgin, whom Rosie Chang had long given up trying to

trace, begins their exchange. "Dear Rosie Chang: A long time ago, in a country far, far away, I was married to Rachel Isaacs. Whatever I have achieved in my life happened in those five years. She killed herself in our New York apartment, about ten feet from where I was watching a football game, nearly a dozen years ago."

Those five years, in Iowa and then in New York City, are the centrepiece of *Lusts*, the coordinate that Durgin moves toward, intersects, and then passes. But his correspondence with Rosie Chang, the principal narrative of the book, is not simply a novel masquerading as autobiography. It is, in many ways, a kind of anti-novel. The central device — an academic's request for information and an astonishing response — overcomes the contradiction of the world-weary, cynical narrator, unconvinced of the point of doing anything, who, ennu notwithstanding, still manages to sit down and sweat out a novel.

But it is also more than just a clever way around a literary dilemma. Indeed, *Lusts* is something of a ghost, haunting



the literature that surrounds its own story. Rosie's biography and Durgin's own novels are at once informed — one imagines — by Durgin's recollections, and diminished — one suspects — by his

honesty. Most art, Blaise seems to be saying, is the wrestling down of an artless truth, and so Durgin's memories are presented as off-the-cuff, unpremeditated, notes in a hurry. Only geniuses, he seems to believe, find the forms that at once possess the truth and let it fly. Durgin is no genius, or, if he is, his genius is somehow inextricably bound up with his failure. Not even Rachel, Durgin finally admits to Rosie, was a genius. "This," he writes, "is where my pain enters. If she wasn't a genius, if she lived on my side of the room, if we were knowable to one another, and especially if she relied on me and even loved me (as you say), then I am the villain of the piece. And my life here is an attempt at salvation."

And so it is Durgin's "life hem," not Rachel's there — in Hollywood, in Italy, and most secretly and distantly, at her typewriter in New York City — that is the subject of *Lusts*. He grew up in Pittsburgh, the son of a carpenter. His gritty American boyhood, in which "the greatest accomplishment in life lay in lofting a tennis ball to deepest centre field over the link fence at the end of the street; was the one romance he could hold over a woman who had sat in Raymond Chandler's lap as a girl and had lived in Italy with ha lover, Marco. "Her life was full of sophisticated Poles and cultured Italians — mine is chockablock with Wops and Polacks." lie attended the small, highly regarded Lovett College in Kentucky, an ivy-clad bastion of preppiness and snobbery where the ideal co-eds — "blond, with long straight hair that moved one way in

a convertible and other ways on the tennis court" — were available in abundance if you belonged to the right fraternity, to which Richard Durgin, child of Forbes Field, did not. He had long before come to realize he was "nothing but a runt sperm who'd barged his way up the egg channel, passed on the shoulder, run a stop sign, and slammed broadside into the target while the smarter, taller, handsomer models skidded on by."

While at Lovett, Durgin won *The Atlantic's* undergraduate talent search for 1959 and thereby discovered his own career. "I'll spare you some of that vast realm of Wolfean sentimentality — the Young Writer Discovering his Métier — but I probably believed in the Divine Inspiration theory back in my junior year at Lovett. I was born to write in the same way as volcanoes blow their tops." Durgin moved on from Lovett to the celebrated Writers' Workshop at Iowa, and there, in the university library, met Rachel.

If *Lusts* has a weakness, it is that Rachel Isaacs, whose presence moves through the novel, remains vague and faceless for too long. She is a kind of Beatrice throughout the long trek of Durgin's boyhood and college days. Blaise is at his best when Durgin, like a lone defenceman, is left one-on-one with an advancing character. When he takes on an entire city or university or decade, his generalities are rescued — sometimes only Just — by the elegance of the writing. But by the time Rachel moves to the fore, *Lusts* has hit its graceful stride. As if done with mirrors, it becomes a novel that is never written, a biography that doesn't exist, an autobiography that is not about its author. Its final *trompe l'oeil* is that it is a superb piece of writing that could only have been written by F&hard Durgin, failed writer.

Rachel Isaacs and Richard Durgin spent five years together, during which time her reputation as a poet soared, and his, as a novelist, hovered and slowly settled. Rummaging through his past, the same past that comprises the first half of *Lusts*, Durgin could not, apparently, find the vision to sustain his talent. Rummaging through a past not so Literally her own, Rachel finds a vision — the Holocaust — that will touch every word she puts to paper. He carried on, while his wife, writing the poetry that "completely turned around" a bright Berkeley undergraduate, Rosie Chang, at a reading in 1968, confronted a reality that was finally too clear and cruel to bear. "She was a reality junkie," replies Richard when Rosie asks why Rachel killed herself, "and she died of an overdose."

A second marriage, brief and disas-

trous, followed Rachel's suicide. And then a third, to Leela Mehta, librarian at Lovett where Durgin returned to teach creative writing, brings Durgin finally to India. Leela is dead by the time Rosie begins her correspondence with Richard, and *Lusts* ends in Faridpur, with Durgin awaiting the arrival of his first wife's biographer. The epilogue, with its shift of person, reads like the first chapter of a novel, and one guesses that the last story to spin around the sun of Rachel Isaacs will be that of the affair between her biographer and husband. At last, in the novel that Rosie suspected they would end up writing, Richard's final gesture is one of destruction. He withholds a piece of information from Rosie Chang because, one assumes, there are some truths too private, too beautiful, too painful, or too grand to reveal.

Richard Durgin needs to keep something to himself; he fears that releasing it, even to a Rosie Chang, will make it smaller. Ambitious and artful, hellbent 0" a fiction that, as Alice Munro describes it on the dust jacket, is doing what fiction should do, Clark Blake is not possessed of the same fears. *Lusts* is a wonderful creation. It exists, rather brilliantly, in a strange place where, had the idea come to a lesser writer, no story would have existed at all. □

Blood and butterfly bones

By STEVEN SMITH

The Beauty Of the Weapons: Selected Poems 1972-1982, by Robert Bringhurst, McClelland & Stewart. 159 pages, \$12.95 paper (ISBN 0 7710 1660 3).

ROBERT BRINGHURST, with *The Beauty of the Weapons*, has the distinction of being one of the first three poets in McClelland & Stewart's Modern Canadian Poets series, along with Margaret Avison and Irving Layton. Under the general editorship of Dennis Lee, each publication in this series is "drawn from the work of a single writer, either at mid-career, or after a lifetime's achievement."

In the prefatory note, Bringhurst says his poems are products of oral composition: "It seems to me they exist in the voice, to which the page, though we

Remembrance of Things Past Volumes I, II, III

Marcel Proust

Translated by
Terence Kilmartin

The newly revised edition
of one of the great novels
of the twentieth century

\$12.95 each

Penguin  Books

BookNews: an advertising feature

The Return of Martin Guerre Natalie Zemon Davis



Written by the historical consultant for the widely acclaimed film of the same name, this is "A relaxed, fast-paced, and charming narrative." —*Kirkus Reviews*

At bookstores now.
Harvard University Press
Cambridge, MA 02138

Our Generation Against NUCLEAR WAR

From the 1960s to the present day, this collection brings together the ideas and analysis of leading thinkers and activists in the peace movement. Amongst the contributors are Bertrand Russell, Farley Mowatt, J.B. Priestly and many others.

ed. Dimitri Roussopoulos \$12.95 paper
\$22.95 cloth

BLACK ROSE BOOKS
order from University of Toronto Press

In Search of April Raintree

Beatrice Culleton

A memoir of two Métis sisters
Margaret Laurence

\$3.95

Penicmon Publications,
7th Floor, 310 Broadway Ave.
Winnipeg, MB, R3C 0S6

Canadian Writers and Their Works

"A vast critical history of Canadian literature."
— *University of Toronto Quarterly*

Volume One (fiction series):
Covers Brooke, Moodii, Trail, Richardson,
and Other 19th-Century Writers.

Volume Two (poetry series):
Covers Campbell, Carman, Lampman,
Roberts, and Scott.

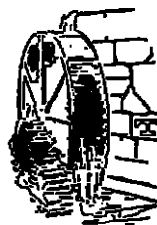
ECW PRESS

CANADIAN SPORTS HISTORY

CHEERING FOR THE HOME TEAM:

The Story of Baseball in Canada

Traces Canadian baseball in every province, from its Canadian beginnings in the 1840s, through to the birth of the Expos & Blue Jays. Superbly illustrated:



8½ x 11, hardbound
152 pp., over 100 photos \$24.95

THE BOSTON MILLS PRESS

98 Main Street, Erin, Ontario NOB 1T0
Telephone: (519) 833-2407
Send for our complete brochure.

New FROM THE NORTH-SOUTH INSTITUTE

TWO MAJOR STUDIES
OF CANADIAN
FOREIGN AID IN
BANGLADESH
AND TANZANIA

\$8.50 softcover

Available from:
The North-South Institute
185 Rideau St., Ottawa, Ontario
K1N 5X8

enshrine it, is in the right order of things a subservient medium." He aligns himself with the ancient tradition of the story-teller, the shaman, the troubador, speaking his verse, carrying the reverberations of the past into his tellings.

From the start it is evident that Bringhurst's poetry is a strongly self-confident, and sometimes self-conscious entity:

... These are the poems of a man
with eyes like a drawknife, with hands
like a pickpocket's
hands woven of water and logic
and hunger, with no strand of love in
them.

Though he is a modern poet, he is deeply rooted in tradition and mythology. His concern with myth presents further variations on classic stories and symbols, such as Leda and the Swan. In this approach to mythology lies a distinctive feature of Bringhurst's work. He looks over his shoulder to the past to find his connection to the world, and his poetic context.

In very basic terms, connection is found in one's sense of place, and place is important to Bringhurst. He has travelled considerably, and the places he visits provide flavour in the setting and content, as well as a somewhat exotic perspective on existence and its situations. We begin in El-Arish in 1967 amid a war, and end on Vancouver Island in 1930 involved in poems of "love and not-love." Yet the place of much of Bringhurst's imagery is man's most unique habitat, the geography of his own body:

The fists of the heart as they open and
close
on the rope of the blood ...

or

the xylophone of her bones

the lute of her back and the harp of her
belly

Blood, vein, bone, and heart references occur again and again, and give Bringhurst's work an extremely physical presence, often as tough as a tight muscle or as primitive as our animal nature. This poet's world is an extension of the human organism, and there is power in this landscape. Bringhurst is the archaeologist, poking about among the corpses for details of the past as seen in today's light.

Bringhurst's broad intelligence is realized sometimes by using traditional poetic devices, like parables, or dramatic monologue. In "The Stonecutter's Horses," Francesco Petrarca, an Italian living around 1370, dictates his will. Within the monologue are attitudes that reverberate in the reader's present, toward death, lawyers, property, and money:

... And don't sell off the land to get
money in any case. Selling the earth
without cause from the soul is simony,
Brossano. Real estate hucksters are
worse than funeral parades.

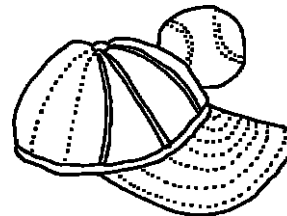
It is ironic to hear these classic structures and devices delivering content relevant to the modern sensibility. We are reminded of the constancy of human values, conflicts, and foibles, in so-called civilized societies, throughout man's existence.

Modern resonances continue in "Hachadura," a section of a dozen poems, called by Bringhurst a "chaconne for solo intelligence in twelve fragments." This "finale" is brought into a modern context by Bringhurst's musical comparison, that "... the poem has, if I am not mistaken, no narrative, no program, any more than Bartok's First Piano Concerto or one of John Lewis's jazz fugues." More open in

structure than some of the other works in the collection, this section best exemplifies his ability to pare thought and image right to the bone.

All the elements mentioned, and more, blend together into an accessible poetry, but one that is not shallow. There are many layers to be perceived and associations to be made. Rereading reveals the layers. This does not mean that there is no immediate effect; it is there, though sometimes, at first, it is "as quiet as butterfly bones."

My own preference is for Bringhurst's



most recent work, the parables included in "Tzualem's Mountain," written in 1982. It is a sonata in three movements that deals with existence and the natural elements. The final movement concludes with the "Parable of the Sun" and man's, or perhaps the poet's, struggle, presented in an image that shoes through time:

The man in the sun, savaged
by cats, drags his cloak through the
waters
and limps up the mountain
his footprints in tatters.

One emerges continually provoked, yet satisfied from Bringhurst's vision and his "panning for the bones of existence." Bringhurst/shaman brings us "not a catalogue of the animals he has named, but a festival of those who are still speaking"; the song of existence, as heard by the poet. □

TALONBooks

congratulates

Phyllis Webb
(Selected Poems:
The Vision Tree)

John Gray
Eric Peterson
(Billy Bishop Goes to War)



for winning the 1992 Governor-General's Awards
(Order from University of Toronto Press)

COLD FACTS

ICEBERG GUIDE

OVER 250 DETAILED LISTINGS ON CANADIAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

CANADIAN COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

EDITED BY DAVID S. WILLIAMS

THE WINNING CHOICE FOR THE 80S ICEBERG PRESS(ES) PUBLISHERS

Out of perspective

By ANN D. CROSBY

The *Outport People*, by Claire Mowat, McClelland & Stewart, 271 pages, \$18.95 cloth QSBN 0 7710 6549 3).

AT THE BEGINNING of *The Outport People* Claire Mowat writes in an author's note that the book is a "fictional memoir" of the years she lived in a Newfoundland outport. The village of Baleena, the setting for the book, although similar to many outport communities, does not exist, and the inhabitants of the community are equally fictitious.

On the surface the format of "fictional memoir" would appear to be an excellent way to write about one's experiences within a foreign culture without incurring the inevitable skepticism of the people involved. After all, the outport

people still exist, relatively unchanged from the way they were in the mid-1960s when the Mowats lived among them. Supposedly, then, by fictionalizing events one could give a more honest portrayal of outport life without hurting anyone's feelings. Unfortunately, it does not work: this is a memoir, not a novel.

Claire Mowat writes succinctly and poetically about outport life, but inevitably, patronization — a word I'm sure she has feared — creeps in. In her effort to avoid recognizable specifics, she has distanced herself too far from her experience. The people become "they," and the conflicts within the community are only watched. Direct emotional involvement is missing, and, with it, a degree of sympathetic understanding.

By contrast, the writing comes alive when the author describes her physical surroundings and the impact that the environment has upon her, whether she is in Baleena or on the sea amid the ice floes. She is also convincing when she speaks of the culture shock she feels on her return visits to Toronto. Even the chapters on the Mowats' schooner trip to a neighbouring outport are warm and enlightening: she is a tourist, then, uninvolved in the daily goings-on of the new community.

But in Baleena the forced objectivity is uncomfortable. While talking one

evening with a group of other CFAs (Come From Aways) about the opportunities that the arrival of television, telephone, and roads will present to the community, Claire Mowat says: "But will they make enlightened choices? How will they know where to begin?" The question that springs to the reader's mind, but is not in the book, is: Why should we expect "them" to make enlightened choices when "we" haven't made them ourselves. The anthropological "they" rankles.

Later her husband says: "Can't you see that someone who builds his own house, catches a few fish, grows a few potatoes and keeps a cow and a sheep and a few hens is in a safer position than, say, someone who works in a city for thirty thousand bucks a year?"

In spite of all good intentions, there is an element of the urban mainland attitude of denying choices to a simple culture in order to keep it simple. It somehow satisfies something romantic in our natures to know that an untainted civilization exists somewhere. The author, however, fails to recognize that there is very little romance in the lives of the people who live in the outports unless they live there by choice. It is this fundamental distinction that is missing in the book and the absence of it keeps the author from reaching a sympathetic

A Definitive Guide to Early Canadiana Canadiana 1867-1900 Monographs

The first segment of Canada's national retrospective bibliography is now available to subscribers.

This major contribution to bibliographic control and access to early and often rare Canadiana lists monographs of Canadian interest published between 1867 and 1900. It features complete bibliographic descriptions, five continuously cumulating indexes, and information on where listed items are located in Canada.

It is being published in a COM microfiche edition (42:1 reduction) at quarterly intervals. Price (includes all quarterly issues and a final recumulation): \$48.00 in Canada, \$58.00 elsewhere, payable in advance to the Receiver General for Canada.

Order from
Canadiana Editorial Division
Cataloguing Branch, Section 3
National Library of Canada
395 Wellington Street
Ottawa, Canada K1A 0N4
Telephone: (819) 997-6200 ext. 25.



National Library
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale
du Canada

Canada

understanding of the community.

This inability to relate becomes most obvious when Mowat is given the opportunity to teach art in the local school. She is horrified at her students' "straight-line" vision of their world, their use of rulers and vanishing points. Consequently, she sets about to teach them the Ontario College of Art method of drawing. One wonders if perhaps the linear vision of art is not indigenous to the Newfoundland people. Then one thinks of Christopher Pratt's paintings and stops wondering. Why, then, attempt to change it?

In spite of this, *The Outport People* is an extremely interesting book, not because it is about outport life but because it points out the difficulties in cross-cultural understanding. It's a two-way channel; there is no way those outport people would allow the Mowats to see more than the surface of their lives anyway, removed, as the Mowats were, from the rigours and traditions of surviving for generations stuck to the side of a rock. □

REVIEW

Silhouettes on the shade

By DAVID HOMEL

Best Man, by Claire Martin, translated from the French by David Lobdell, Oberon Press. 149 pages, \$23.95 cloth (ISBN 0 SC750 470 1) and \$11.95 paper (ISBN 0 DC750 472 8).

THE PUBLICATION of *Best Man* in English is a bit of literary archeology, a sometimes dubious enterprise that consists of going back before the Great Work, dusting off an old manuscript, and publishing it under the guise of a revelation of the author's earlier self and development. In the case of Claire Martin, archeology has unearthed a novel of morals, light in tone and a little hollow, but it's easy to see how its portrait of a free career woman would have shaken up Quebec readers in 1960, the year it came out in French.

Martin's well-known work is *In on Iron Glow*, translated by Philip Stratford. It came out in 1965 — five years after *Best Man* — and its effect was

immediate. The book is autobiographical, a portrait of a woman growing up under the domination of her father and a patriarchal, Church-run society. That a woman would have the kind of feelings expressed in *Iron Glow* and dare to write them down in a book set the Quebec literary world on its ear. Martin became something of a celebrity on the basis of that book, but she did not continue producing works of the same high calibre.

Best *Man* is the story of Gabrielle, a woman in a man's world (book publishing, in this case) who uses sex and love to best advantage in her upwardly mobile career. She meets the narrator, a publisher, they fall in love, and in the process he publishes her novel. At a reception for a successful play of hers she meets a conceited young actor named Bullard and goes home with him, putting an end to her 10-year affair with the narrator. The publisher is down, but not out. After suffering through the usual bouts of jealousy, rejection, and self-disgust, he becomes Gabrielle's and Bullard's friend, using his position as a publisher to reassert himself in their lives. From the vantage point of confident (apparently the liberal notion of "we're not lovers any more but we can still be friends" existed back in the early '60s) he narrates the dismal end of the Gabrielle-Bullard affair. Bullard, ambitious, turned out to be interested in Gabrielle only to advance his own career, and the accomplice-narrator aids and abets him in this direction, hoping to get Gabrielle back once she wises up about what Bullard really wants.

A plague on the lot of them, you might be tempted to say. Martin doesn't think so. She has the narrator triumph in the end: he gets the girl back and describes her homecoming as "an oasis" born in "the desert of his life."

Best Man belongs to the ranks of those moral ambiguity novels, the best example of which is Ford Madox Ford's *The Good Soldier*. But *Best Man*, while delivering a good portrait of a scheming, complicitous mind, falls to get to the heart of the matter. The reason is the lack of distance between the narrator and his story. Instead of analysis or insight about what makes this love triangle work, we get sentimentality and predictable displays of emotion. The narrator spends many hours sitting in his car in front of Gabrielle's house, watching shadows behind the shades. Part of the problem is a woman writer trying to present a male narrator. He ends up being curiously asexual, picking at life with a tweezers, a tone greatly aided by the translator. Sensing his nearing triumph, the narrator records: "I was the first to perceive that a cloud was

passing over their relationship. She thought her arms were still filled with the flowers of love, whereas in fact they embraced nothing but debris, the remains of a dying fire, hot embers that were already beginning to cool." If it is true that no male writer can fathom the mysteries of the female mind, the opposite may be true as well.

Resurrecting this W-year-old minor novel was a curious publishing decision; it reflects the very individual nature of translation in Canada. This is not to fault the translator's work — though the contemporary term "relationship" has no business in the passage I quoted earlier. *Best Man* simply adds another book for the literary historian to mull over. □

REVIEW

Through the looking-glass

By ERIC McMILLAN

Canada's Video Revolution: Pay-TV, Home Video and Beyond, by Peter Lyman, James Lorimer, 162 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88862 465 5) and \$7.95 paper (ISBN 0 88862 455 7).

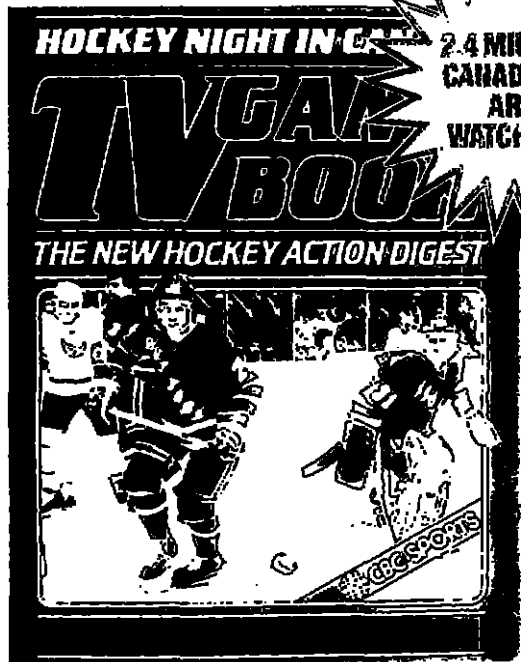
"NOBODY KNOWS anything," concluded a screenwriter in his recent insider's account of the Hollywood-film business. The same conclusion is likely to occur to anyone who confronts the emergent video industries. Here the confusion is compounded by the number of new technologies vying to deliver programs to our TV sets. Unable to keep ahead, governments end up reacting to developments — such as the spread of satellite receiving dishes — only after the trends are irrevocably established. Cable operators, pay-TV producers, and video recorder manufacturers all predict a future dominated by their particular products, but it's hard to escape the feeling that nobody is really certain what direction the home entertainment/information business will take in this decade — not to mention the years beyond, when direct-broadcast satellites, high-definition TV, interactive cable, and who-knows-what other innovations will arrive.

Perhaps Peter Lyman knows something. *Canada's Video Revolution* is as



THE NEW TV GAME BOOK

Hockey Night in Canada



2.4 MILLION CANADIANS ARE WATCHING!

Schedules, statistics, features and quizzes for hockey fans

A comprehensive detailed guide for the new hockeys season.

Features:

- 25 double-page spreads of information, each one representing one week of the 1983-84 season
- statistical and record information on teams and players
- activities for sports fans including trivia questions, crosswords, and games
- feature stories on prominent players and coaches with colour photos

Sport/ 112 pages/8-1/2 x 11

Colour throughout/September Publication

ISBN: 0-88794-114-1

97.95 paper

ISBN: 0-88794-122-2

979.50 Counter pack

HEART OF GOLD

30 Years of Canadian Pop Music

Martin Melhuish



A CHOICE OF THE LITERARY GUILD OF CANADA

The definitive history of Canadian popular music

From the soda pop sound to bobby sox, from acid rock to punk, to folk and new wave, HEART OF GOLD chronicles the phenomenal growth of the Canadian pop music industry.

Based on the popular TV special, it is an exclusive story with in depth interviews of the stars and the star-makers.

Nonfiction/224 pages/8-1/2 x 11

16 pages in full colour/ September Publication

175 b&w photographs/Index/CIP

ISBN: 0-88794-112-5

92495 cloth

ISBN: 0-99794-110-9

\$14.95 paper

Published by CBC Enterprises

P.O. Box 500, Station A, Toronto, Ontario M5W 1E6 (416) 9259311 Telex 06218269

Marketed to the trade by Macmillan of Canada

CBC ENTERPRISES

comprehensive **an overview** of the new **communications media** as I've seen. Its **soberness brings** home the **impact** of the **changes** even more forcefully **than the exciting-new-world** hype we're used to. Lyman calmly **explains how** the fabric of **traditional cultural industries (print, film, television, radio)** is being **radically** altered by technology, and he **examines** its development to come up with proposals for **public** policy to shape the technology to Canadian needs. New **technology** won't go **away**; pretending that it **will** can only result in **eventually** following **the** lead of the U.S. and **other countries**, he **argues**.

What Canadian needs are, and what **kind** of culture should be encouraged, he doesn't get into. I would be **interested in** an exploration of how the **new media**

will affect the nature of the art forms. He **touches** briefly on made-for-video **films** and the interactive capability that would let the viewer **participate** directly in what he watches, but Lyman is more **concerned** with the logistics of **production** and distribution. Still, he **handles** his subject with persuasive arguments, supported by **graphs** and tables, as **befits** a report for the Canadian Institute for Economic Policy. Whether or not you buy his policy proposals, the book is useful for an understanding of the interrelations of the converging and **diverging technologies** as of 1983.

As for **predictions**, maybe nobody does know for sure **where the video revolution** is taking us, but you could consult **this** book for one of the more level-headed **guesses**. □

INTERVIEW

Hugh Hood's ideal **reader** is one who enjoys the music of Haydn: 'well-educated, highly intelligent, probably a Jew or a Christian'

By **GEOFF HANCOCK**

HUGH HOOD was born in Toronto in 1928 and educated at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto. After a **short stint of teaching** in the United States, he joined the **English** department at the University of Montreal in 1961 and has lived in Montreal ever since. Publication of his first collection of short stories, *Flying a Red Kite* (1962), and his first novel *White Figure, White Ground* (1964), established Hood as one of Canada's leading fiction writers. He is the author of four more books of stories, and in 1975 launched an ambitious, cyclical novel of 20th-century Canadian life, *The New Age/Le Nouveau siècle*, with the first of its 12 volumes, *The Swing in the Garden*. With volume five due out next year, Hood has recently switched from relatively small publishing houses, such as Oberon and ECW Press, to a large, commercial company, General Publishing. He spoke to Geoff Hancock about the change and other aspects of his work:

Books in Canada: *Could you please talk about your move from a small academic publisher, ECW Press, to a larger company, General Publishing?*

Hood: A friend told me I should have gone to a large commercial publisher a

long time ago because it's the right way to **handle what I'm doing**. They have the capital, the production, the distribution, and the **promotional** facilities that I have never had before in Canada. I've published with Dutton, Harcourt Brace, Prentice-Hall, McGraw-Hill, and done



Hugh Hood anthologies with Oxford, Dell, and Bantam, but I've never dealt with a large commercial publisher in Canada before.

It's not for want of opportunity. On

this move, I could have gone to McClelland & Stewart or others. But with General there is a large opportunity for **republishing of a number of my titles** as **New Press Canadian Classics**. I like the format, I like the **artwork**. I like the fact they're reprinting my first novel, *White Figure, White Ground*, in this series with one of my wife's **paintings** on the cover. In the fall of 1984 General will also bring out *The Scenic Arts*, volume five of *The New Age*.

BiC: *For readers who might start following your career through New Canadian Classics, what links all your work?*

Hood: The sense of an **oeuvre**. The sense that any **writer's** work is all one part of a great **big** work. I remember **thinking** this about T.S. Eliot when I was in college. I was told by Marshall McLuhan, whom I had the privilege of working with on several occasions, that Eliot had **seen** and **planned** all his works so that each **successive** book formed part of one **grand** work which was in itself part of the whole **work** of Western Literature. That's a concept I find **very** satisfying. It has parallels with my sense of Christianity. I'm **writing an essay** now, "The Sense of the Work," which develops the idea that each successive piece develops and carries on and **fulfills** what has been done before.

BiC: *Do you have a unifying artistic vision? You've written so much about the fallen state of man.*

Hood: There are two aspects to that question. The social and the personal. I have a **strong** sense that Canada has a mission in the world, so I think it is important for Canadian life that we have a **flourishing literature**, and we do. It's an enormous Literature and I have always hoped and wanted to put my work at the **centre** of it. What I'm trying to find is the **Canadian** myth.

It's rather like having an elephant outside your living room: I've got the trunk and one leg in and I'm **yanking** on this thing, trying to get the whole elephant into the room so that we can look at it. Now that four volumes of *The New Age* are on the record, you can see what the shape of it will be. It's the sense of being present as one **large mythos** is taking shape.

My personal understanding of the social aspect of literature is that man is in a fallen state. In the great arts, of which literature is one, there are modes of visionary **insight**. The three central ways of acting as a human being are religious worship-and prayer, the arts, and human and sexual love. AU three are kinds of enlightenment. Sexual love is the best education we have in union. Sexual love is not simply for **fucking**. Sexual love is for enlightenment, and for peace. Twenty-six years of marriage

have brought me peace and assurance. Literature does the same thing. It assures us of permanence and peace and enlightenment.

EC: Have you received the recognition you feel due to you?

Hood: I think so. It continually amazes me the amount of writing about my work. Three or four people are now doing book-length projects about me.

EC: Who is your ideal reader? You've described yourself as somewhere between a realist and a transcendental allegorist. Doesn't that make demands that would be lost on a casual reading?

Hood: If the shelf life of books is what everybody says it is — six weeks — I'm finished. I can't write that kind of book and I don't want to. But books have two kinds of sales curves: one goes straight up and straight back down, the other rises slowly and ascends for a long time. That's the one I'm interested in. How to find readers who are willing to reread and reread is an interesting question. My ideal reader is the person who enjoys the music of Joseph Haydn better than anyone else. Music that's airy and gay and compressed, that looks simple, but just try it! In short, the fully mature, well-educated, highly intelligent person of either sex, probably a Jew or a Christian.

EC: Would it help if your reader was also familiar with the religious theories of Jacques Maritain?

Hood: That would certainly help. A knowledge of Islam and Jewry would help too. A number of my most attentive and friendly readers are Jewish. It's part of the common background of Western man, the great monotheistic enterprises: Jewry, Islam, and Christianity. But it would also help if the reader was interested in Christian personalism, Munier, Maritain, and others. And Flannery O'Connor. I feel as though we were living in each other's pockets. She's an absolutely magnificent writer.

EC: You also stick dross to popular culture. You have an interest in fashion, pop singers, Canadian Tire stores. . .

Hood: . . . baseball, old radio programs. Radio was the first broadcasting medium in the literal sense of the word, where somebody could speak in New York and be heard all over the country. That made a greater impact on us than television. The great stars that came out of radio — Ring Crosby, Bob Hope, Jack Benny — lasted longer and made more of an impression (and more interesting movies) than the stars that came out of TV. I don't think James Garner, much as I admire his work on *The Rockford Files*, has made as much impact on people's lives as Bii Crosby. Radio had this strange mystery. You wanted to know what these guys looked

like, but all you had was their voices.

BE: As an urban writer, are you writing out of a Canadian literary tradition, or are you creating one?

Hood: One of the orthodoxies of CanLit is that great Canadian writing is about the small town. Maybe that was true of Sinclair Ross or Frederick Philip Grove, but it wasn't me or Morley Callaghan, Hugh Garner, or Hugh MacLennan. Nobody would call Margaret Atwood a writer of village life. Most of the best Canadian writing of the last 40 or 50 years has been about city life. I've written about both. A *New Athens* was supposed to be a pastoral book with a

tranquil, countryside innocence. Another book in the series will be about life in Saskatchewan in 1929. It's about a popular and jazz musician who was born there and hears by accident music from Kansas City on the radio. He can play it, but nobody else in Saskatchewan can. He's a man with a talent but no place. That will be a country novel. If you want to write, you have to be able to do the city and the country.

I'm happy that I've lived 23 years in Montreal and 25 years in Toronto. I wish I'd lived for 23 years in Vancouver or Calgary, but I guess I can't do them au. □

THE BROWSER

Faecal flaws: if you didn't like Hitler's diaries, then the diary of his doctor may be hard to stomach

By MORRIS WOLFE

THE JULY/AUGUST issue of *Encounter* is dedicated to Arthur Koestler and consists of reminiscences by Raymond Aron, Sidney Hook, and others who knew him. Of particular interest is a short essay by Iain Hamilton, the man Koestler chose as his biographer and the one subjected to unbelievable harassment. Koestler's suicide note is reprinted in full; it contains one of his loveliest lines: "I wish my friends to know that I am leaving their company in a peaceful frame of mind, with some timid hopes for a depersonalized afterlife beyond the confines of space, time and matter and beyond the limits of our comprehension." Koestler has been criticized for persuading his wife to die with him, but the suicide note makes clear that that was not his intent: "What makes it so hard to take this final step is the reflection of the pain it is bound to inflict on my few surviving friends, and above all my wife Cynthia. It is to her that I owe the relative peace and happiness that I enjoyed in the last period of my life — and never before." Koestler's pessimism was deeply rooted not only in his experience of the world but in his belief that the human brain suffered from an evolutionary "design error," a split between reason and emotion, between the human and the animal in us, that couldn't be bridged. I can't resist one final Koestler quotation: "If power corrupts, the reverse is also true. Persecution corrupts

the victim, though perhaps in subtler and more tragic ways."

THIS PALL MARKS the 30th anniversary of the publication of *So Little for the Mind*, Hilda Neatby's thorough-going critique of Canadian elementary and secondary school education. Vincent Massey, with whom Neatby had worked on the Massey Royal Commission, had urged her to write the book and provided her with financial support to do so. *So Little for the Mind* can, in a sense, be viewed as an extension of the Massey Report. Neatby is an important and fascinating figure — as historian, as social critic, as Presbyterian and as feminist. I wish that *So Much to Do, So Little Time: The Writings of Hilda Neatby*, edited and annotated by Michael Hayden (University of British Columbia Press, 359 pages, \$35 cloth), served her better. His brief biographical essay is far too cautious for my liking. And there's something patronizing about his calling her "Hilda" throughout the book. After all, Hayden wasn't one of her intimate friends. Would he refer to Northrop Frye as "Northrop"? Still, there's plenty here to engage the reader unfamiliar with Neatby's life and work. Would-be women historians, for example, will despair at how little has changed in the 50 years since Neatby and others were told that they were "of the wrong sea" if they wanted to become

history professors. In 1982/83 in the University of Toronto's history department men outnumbered women by approximately 25 to one.

AS A LONELY and confused kid growing up in east-end Toronto in the late 1940s, more than anything else I valued visits to my local public library. There a certain Miss Kane took me under her wing and gently directed me toward books I wouldn't have read otherwise. What a pleasure for me to learn that not only is my Miss Kane alive and well (she's 75), but that she is the author of a delightful new book: *Songs and Sayings of an Ulster Childhood* by Alice Kane, edited by Edith Fowke (McClelland & Stewart, 254 pages, \$16.95 cloth). Miss Kane, it turns out, has almost total recall of her childhood, and with the help of folklorist Edith Fowke she has set down many of the songs, riddles, games, and sayings she heard in Ulster in the years just before and during the First World War. Not all of the material originated in Ulster, of course. Bored Latin students everywhere recited versa such as:

*Boyibus kissibus
Sweet Girliorum
Girlibus likeabus
Wanty some moreum.*

Someone could turn the material in this book into a fine show.

A COUPLE OF columns ago I suggested that British writer Clive James has become one of the most interesting essayists in the language. But I neglected to mention that James also writes wonderful satirical verse. Take, for example, "The book of my enemy has been remaindered," a poem that appeared in 8 recent issue of the London Review of Books. It concludes thus: "Soon now a book of mine could be remaindered also, / Though not to the monumental extent / In which the chastisement of remaindering has been meted out / To the book of my enemy, / Siie in the case of my own book it will be due / To a miscalculated print run, a marketing error - / Nothing, to do with merit. . . / Chill the champagne and polish the crystal goblets! / The book of my enemy has been remaindered / And I am glad."

I SOMETIMES USE the word "scholarshit" to describe bad or mindless academic writing. But that word takes on a whole new meaning as a result of a recently published book. Adolf Hitler's personal physician, Dr. Theo Morell, kept a diary in which he recorded in great detail his

famous patient's recurring problems with his stomach. These diaries have now been published (Adolf Hitler: The Medical Diaries: The Private Diaries of Dr. Theo Morell, edited by David Irving, Sedgwick and Jackson, 310 pages, \$10.95 cloth). If Hitler depended on Dr. Morell, Morell, in turn, depended on Dr. Nissle, a bacteriologist to whom he regularly sent samples of the great's man faeces. Nissle was thrilled by his good fortune; he gazed in awe at the distinguished deposits that lay on his table awaiting examination. This work with Hitler's stools became the high point of Nissle's life. If you're interested in Hitler's stomach, this is the book you've been waiting for.

FOR THOSE who have everything else, may I recommend Philip Garner's Better Living Catalog (General Publishing, 96 pages, \$9.95 paper). Garner, an artist and inventor in the Rube Goldberg tradition, offers us some necessities for contemporary survival. For instance, there's a shower in a can for when you just can't have the real thing. There is a half-suit — "a new concept in warm weather business attire." There's Pet-A-Vision, video cassettes of cats, dogs, canaries, etc. being their lovable selves, which offers all the joys of pet owner-

NEW - FOR - FALL

YA FICTION FROM SCHOLASTIC



BUGS POTTER LIVE AT NICKANINNY
By Gordon Korman
Canada's bestselling teenage author has done it again with this uproarious sequel to *Who Is Bugs Potter?*
For ages 8-12. \$2.95



HOCKEY STARS '83
By Brian McFarlane
Hundreds of facts and trivia about hockey are included in this super new collection by one of the country's greatest authorities on the game.
For ages 8-up. \$2.95



THE SEVENTH PRINCESS
By Nick Sullivan
Jennifer finds herself transported to a strange place and discovers that she is to be the next victim of a ruthless plot in this powerful tale of fantasy and suspense.
For ages 8-12. \$2.95



WITH LOVE FROM BOOKY
By Bernice Thurman Hunter
Booky faces the first death in her family, her first kiss and the big move to high sch001. Along the way, Hunter paints a vivid portrait of Toronto and Scarborough in the 30's.
For ages 8-80. \$2.95

Scholastic, 123 Newkirk Rd., Richmond Hill, Ont. L4C 3G5

ship with "one of the mess. **Child-A-Vision** might be "ext. "

I FOUND William Sherks' two earlier books, *Brave New Words* and *More Brave New Words*, a hit too cute, too clever, for my liking. But his *500 Years of New Words* (Doubleday, 291 pages, \$9.95 paper) is, I think, a" important contribution. It illustrates in a clear, entertaining, and chronologically organized way, that the English language is constantly evolving. Anyone who is at all familiar with the longer *OED* can undoubtedly do without Sherks. But for others, *500 Years of New Words* will serve as a" excellent introduction to the pleasures of lexicography. Did you know, for instance, that the" word "prehistoric" was first used by Canadian history professor Daniel Wilson in 1351? That John Stuart Mill coined the word bureaucracy in 1818? That "influenza" was born in 1743? If I were still teaching high-school English, I'd urge my students to spend some time with this book.

I LOOK FORWARD to each new release of Anne Hardy's *Where to Eat in Canada*, and carry it with me whenever I travel. Thanks to the 13th edition, *Where to Eat in Canada 1983/84* (Oberon Press, 275 pages, 89.95 paper). I knew exactly where to eat on a recent trip to Victoria and Penticton, B.C. I suspect the increase in the "umber of good restaurants everywhere in Canada in the past decade is due in part to Hardy's efforts. Eaters today want more than décor. And chefs now are more knowledgeable than ever before. I do have a small bone to pick. What does it mean to say that a chef "believes in forthright seasoning" or that "his sauces are plausible"?

GEORGE WOODCOCK argues in the June issue of *The Reader* (1048 Robson Street, Vancouver V6E 1A9) that as the quality of Canadian writing has improved, the quality of book reviewing in our newspapers has declined. With the possible exception of *Le Devoir*, it's difficult to quarrel with Woodcock's generalization. Consider, for example, the Toronto *Star*, Canada's largest and wealthiest newspaper. In the 1960s the *Star's* literary pages, under the editorship of Robert Fulford, were must reading for anyone seriously interested in Canadian (and other) books. Today those book pages are rarely worth a glance. The *Star* may once have cared about hooks but it doesn't anymore. Except on its editorial pages, of course, where it continues to say all the right things. When Clarke Irwin went into receivership last spring, the *Star*

earnestly declared in a" editorial titled "Book industry Deeds help" that "unless the government acts quickly to . . . support our publishing industry, more publishers may well go out of business in the "ear future." Them's some truth to that view, of course. But it

would be much easier to take the *Star's* editorial comments seriously if it practised what it preaches. Good, serious book pages in our newspapers will, I suspect, serve Canadian publishing far better than mom editorials o" the subject. □

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Canadian content: the Amish conversion of W. Wilfred Campbell and the Americanization of Frederick Philip Grove

By MARY AINSLIE SMITH

BARBARA SMUCKER is an admirable writer of children's books, best known for two excellent historical novels: *Underground to Canada*, about two black girls' escape from slavery via the underground railroad, and *Days of Terror*, about the sufferings of a Mennonite family during the Russia" Revolution. Both are well-told, exciting, based on sound research, and challenging to their young readers' intelligence and sensibilities. Smucker's latest book, *Amish Adventure* (Clarke Irwin, 144 pages, \$7.95 paper), falls somewhat short of her own high standards.

It's still a good story, founded on a" interesting premise. Ian McDonald, a city boy, finds himself transplanted from a high-rise apartment in Chicago to the traditional farm home of a" old-order Amish family in rural Ontario. As the story develops, Ian's exposure to this different way of life puts his own modern world into a new perspective.

Smucker had to find a way to get Ian into this new environment, and although the chain of circumstances accomplishing the transition is rather complex, she does pull it off pretty well. Ian's father, an engineer for an oil company, is a widower who has always managed to take his son with him on assignments. However, he now must spend a winter in the Arctic on a" oil rig, and Ian must stay behind. His father commissions a business associate to drive Ian from Chicago to Toronto, where he is to stay with his Aunt Clem. The driver, speeding in a rainstorm, is diverted off the highway by a detour. On a back road he rear-ends an Amish buggy, the" fishtails, killing the horse and injuring the driver, Ezra Bender, an Amish farmer. The technical description of this accident, by the way, is not entirely convincing.

When help arrives, Ian, standing wet and alone watching the investigation, arouses the pity of Ezra's family, and they give him shelter in spite of their personal worries. Ian meets and likes all the members of the Benders' large family, including Reuben, a boy his own age. When Ezra's injuries turn out to be very serious, Ian feels partly responsible for the accident and resolves to stay and help the family as much as he can. Here he meets expected resistance from Aunt Clem in Toronto add his father in Inuvik.

Ian's attempt to do what he feels to be right is the heart of the story, but there are other plot ingredients that provide a lively, entertaining story. There is the threatened sale of the Bender farm when it appears that Ezra will not be able to return to work. There is also the story of John, Ezra's older son, who has been banned from home because he has bought a car. There are two juveniles who plague the Amish community, vandalizing their school and scaring their horses off the road. The climax of the story is a dramatic barn fire during which Ian proves his bravery.

But although Smucker deserves high marks for plot, her characterization falls rather flat. While the reader learns a great deal about Amish beliefs and their way of life in general, we don't find out very much about the Bender family as individuals — certainly not as much as we would like to know. Jonah, the grandfather, and Reuben talk to Ian a lot, but their characters are only what we would expect: Jonah is a wise and kindly old man, while Reuben is a boy who likes working on the land and taking care of animals. The three adult women in the Bender household are sympathetic and capable people, but that's all

learn about them. We know that John, the older son, faces a conflict because he can't decide whether to commit himself to the Amish way of life, but we see nothing of the way he woves his dilemma. We learn that the Benders are peaceful and forgiving, that they won't press criminal charges even after their barn is burned, but we learn little of the impervious streak that caused them to cast aside their daughter Hannah because she went to university and then became a nurse.

At least the Benders are presented sympathetically. Representing the alternative to their way of life are two characters so unpleasant as to be quite unbelievable. Jack Turner, the driver of the car that caused the accident, runs away rather than accept any responsibility. Ian's Aunt Clem is cold and unresponsive and scorns Ian's affection for his Amish friends.

The story also contains an important underlying theme — concern for the environment — but this is rather meagrely developed. Ian's father has strong feelings about preserving the natural environment—this, we are told, is part of his job with the oil company. But we are never told exactly what he does. Ian shares his father's interests, and one argument he uses for staying with the Benders is that he will learn from them how to use and still preserve the land. We learn that the Benders rotate crops and plough in manure. We know that they love their farms. But beyond that there is no elaboration on their traditional relationship with the land. Environmental protection is a worthy issue for Smucker to raise, but her readers would be able to handle more than the superficial treatment she gives it.

There are a couple more quibbles with the book, and these are aggravating because they could have been avoided. The cover is unnecessarily garish, although the line illustrations throughout the book by Caroline Price are very pleasant. There is also one very embarrassing editorial lapse. When Ian first arrives, Mary, one of the little Bender girls, reads him this poem:

*Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands
And all the day the blue jays call
Throughout the autumn lands.*

*Now by the brook, the maple leans
With all her glory spread
And all the sumac on the hills
Have turned from green to red.*

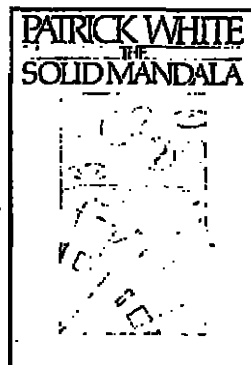
In her end-notes Smucker says: "The verse ... was copied from the blackboard in a one-room Amish schoolhouse in Ontario. No name attached." Now perhaps there is some excuse for

PATRICK WHITE

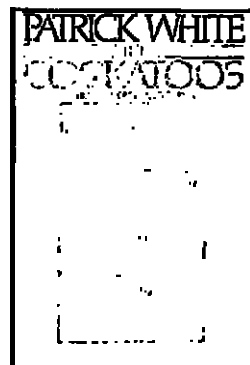
WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE
FOR LITERATURE

"The novel will never be dead while there are writers of the range and depth of Patrick White around."

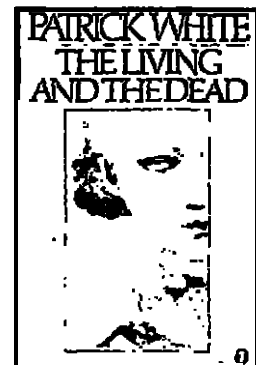
— *The Guardian*



\$5.95



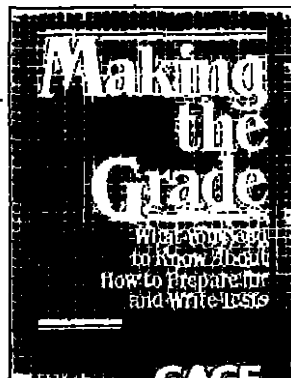
\$5.95



\$6.95

Penguin Books

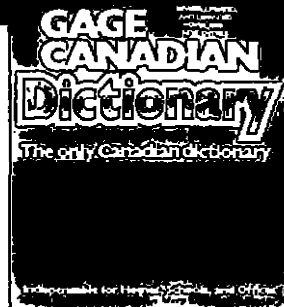
Essential Reference Books For Your Students



MAKING THE GRADE
What You Need to Know About How to Prepare
For and Write Tests
Patrick Grassick

This indispensable guide shows any student (high school, college or university level) how to organize an effective program of study and review and how to achieve higher results on any type of test or examination. Based on down-to-earth methods which have proved effective in the author's own student counselling programs, MAKING THE GRADE is a comprehensive distillation of his skill and experience.

176 page * Suggested Retail Price: \$9.95 paper



**GAGE CANADIAN
DICTIONARY**
Avis, Drysdale, Gregg, Newfeldt,
Scargill

The only authoritative, contemporary dictionary of Canadian English on the market. This new edition has been revised and updated and includes 3,000 new entries, 400 illustrations, usage notes, homonym and synonym studies, and metric units for all measurements. 1344 pages

* Suggested Retail Price: \$29.95 cloth

* Education discount available.

Macmillan of Canada A Division of Gage Publishing
164 Commander Boulevard, Agincourt, Ont. M1S 3C7 (416) 2936141

Smucker, who was raised in the United States, but surely some editor at Clarke Irwin should have recognized Canadian poet W. Wilfred Campbell's most famous lyric, "Indian Summer." Only two of Campbell's three stanzas are quoted here and there are seven small textual mistakes in the quotation.

Canadian Children's Literature is an academic quarterly journal of criticism and review edited by Mary Rubio and Elizabeth Waterston and published by Canadian Children's Press in cooperation with the Canadian Children's Literature Association, Box 332, Guelph, Ont. N1H 6K5. Each issue is thematic — dealing recently, for example, with travel by reading, dark realism in children's literature, and history and biography. There is also a review section for recently published Canadian children's books. Issue 27/28, 1982, is a special double issue reprinting The Adventure of Leonard Broadus, written by Frederick Philip Grove and serialized in 1940 in *The Canadian Boy*, a United Church children's magazine.

It is an outrageous adventure yarn, and Grove admitted in his correspondence that he hoped to make some much-needed money with it. (He accepted \$120.) Still, the story is worth reading for a number of reasons. First, it is interesting to see how fashions in children's writing have changed. In Barbara Smucker's book *Ian* matures as he meets each challenging situation. In Grove's story the hem, Leonard, is perfect to begin with. The plot concerns the degrees of courage and ingenuity with which Leonard faces each challenge, a series of confrontations with various villains and acts of nature.

The story is more valuable as an illumination of the character of Grove himself. His son Leonard writes in an introduction to the story that Grove "was not the stern, austere man who has been described in much that has been written about him." Grove was, apparently, a warm and loving father who spent a great deal of time with his son. Leonard Grove writes, "My father built rafts, doghouses, kites and knight's armour and told me stories to go with them." Some of Leonard Grove's real-life adventures form the basis for the Leonard Broadus story. But the fictional events are highly dramatized. Frederick Philip Grove built his son a raft, and so does Leonard Broadus's father. But Leonard Grove's raft did not carry him downstream and out into Lake Erie during a tremendous storm, where Leonard Broadus spent a day and a night tossing dangerously on high seas.

The story also presents a picture of life in rural Ontario some 40 years ago. Leonard Broadus spends considerable

time travelling from place to place under police escort in search of a villain only he can identify. Grove's description of the passing countryside reminds us that southern Ontario was not always bisected by Highway 401.

Along the way, there are some howlers of lines too good to miss. At one point Leonard is escorted into a police station in London, Ont. News photographers crowd around him, but his police escort steps in and says: "Now gentlemen, we don't want a picture of this young man to appear in the papers just yet. It might interfere with our plans. I must ask you to give me your word of honour not to use your snapshots till we give you permission to release them. If you refuse, I must ask you to step inside and leave your cameras behind." To this the photographers cheerfully responded in chorus, "All right, captain."

The text of the story is followed by "Afterward: Genesis of a Boys' Book," an interpretive essay by Mary Rubio, who made the arrangements with Leonard Grove to publish his father's story. There are also notes on the publishing history of the manuscript. Grove carefully wove into his story the events of the 1939 visit to Canada by King George and Queen Elizabeth. Leonard's final reward is an audience with the royal couple. Strangely, when the story was published in 1940, although in a Canadian magazine, the royal visit was excised and the setting shifted completely and carefully from Ontario across the border to New York state. It can only be speculated why this was done, what Grove's reactions were or whether he even read the altered version of his story. CCL has published *The Adventure of Leonard Broadus* for the first time as Grove originally wrote it. □

FIRST NOVELS

Power politics: from a primitive quest
for 'the bursting seed of joy'
to a blustering Clapp without thunder

By PAUL WILSON

SINCE THE TERM "sexual politics" is bandied about a lot these days, I approached *Zarkeem* by Pegeen Brennan (Quadrant Editions, 136 pages, \$6.95 paper), which purports to be an "ironic parable of sexual politics," with some curiosity and not a little skepticism. After all, exactly the same thing might be said of *Vanity Fair*.

Like William Golding's *The Inheritors*, Brennan's tale is set in the remote past. It concerns a tribe of women who in good aboriginal (and ideological) style refer to themselves as "the people." They live in an aloof but necessary symbiosis with a group of subservient beings called "the hunted who have nothing else to do but bring home the bacon and impregnate the women, or more accurately, bring them to orgasm. If that is what the oft-repeated reference to "the bursting seed of joy" actually means.

The heroine, Zaru, is pregnant and confined to a cave where men are normally forbidden to enter. Soon to become leader of the tribe, she prepares the ground for changes that she senses her people are ready for. She has the

ability to go into trances and draw animals on the wall of her cave with a burnt stick while transmitting these images telepathically to the men, who are thus able to find and kill their quarry, but she doesn't really understand what goes on in their minds. "If I am to be a strong leader — of the hunters as well as of the people," she says, "I must know these things."

To this end she queries Keenig, the father of her child, about it, but he has no idea what she's talking about because her notions of dreaming and thinking mean nothing to him. Instead, he slips her a berry of some kind and they make love, killing another old belief in the process. The seed of joy bursts within her.

After a lot more mumbo jumbo that seems to have something to do with women realizing their creative potential, the tale ends as Zaru has her baby and invites Keenig to live with her. "From now on," she tells him, "the hunters and the people are one."

The language in which Brennan tells her story is deliberately obscure, cumbersome, and slow moving, abound-

ing in recurring metaphors meant to suggest that the normal distinctions between imagination and reality do not exist. Here is how Zaru describes her pregnancy: "More and more, my white self pushes the walls of her cave birr so she can grow. Soon it will be time for her to burst from me — when the eye of night tbii and eats herself full three more times." The whole book is written that way, and while there is a certain poetic consistency to the style, it somehow fails to connect. Moreover, the natural vigour of the story, the emotions and conflicts that should propel it, are sapped by the brooding presence of an ideology disguised as myth.

What is this parable's message.? Is Brennan saying that radical feminists have so boxed themselves in that they have ceased thinking of men as fellow human beings? Given the celebratory tone of the book, that hardly seems likely. More probably the message is that once women have discovered themselves by developing an autonomous art and establishing political control over their own lives, they will be ready to invite men back into their scheme of things. Is that what "sexual politics" is all about? Or is Brennan simply being ironic? I honestly don't know.

ROB WILSON'S DEBUT thriller *Escape from Marrakesh* (Simon & Pierre., 192 pages, \$9.95 paper) strains our credulity in another direction. To begin with we are asked to believe that a prominent Liberal senator would plot against the Canadian prime minister's life simply because the PM's unpopularity, combined with his unwillingness to retire., might lose the next election to the Conservatives, who would then grant Quebec independence and wipe out the Liberal Party's dwindling power base.

Our credulity is stretched further when the senator hires a soldier of fortune who needs the money so he can return to his unpaid job of fighting the Russians in Afghanistan. It reaches the breaking point when the senator, after having planned for the assassination to take place in Morocco to avoid any personal association with it, flies to Marrakesh with an entourage of conspirators and proceeds to orchestrate the killing from his hotel room.

Our willingness to suspend disbelief caves in at last when the senator's sexy secretary, who until now has had no qualms about getting rid of the PM, finally rebels when she discovers that the senator intends to have the handsome assassin killed as well. From that point on the novel loses all but the most mechanical touch with reality and it lurches forward to its messy conclusion through a maze of misadventures, none

The Tao of Pooh

Benjamin Hoff



... in which it is revealed that one of the world's great Taoist masters isn't Chinese ... or a venerable philosopher ... but is in fact none other than that effortlessly calm, still, reflective bear, A.A. Milne's Winnie-the-Pooh!

\$4.95

A Penguin Paperback



SANDRA

by Florella Galt

Masterfully written. Image after image appears as gracefully and fleetingly as the turn of a leaf or a gesture in a Chinese classical dance. It blossoms suddenly before us, and we are overwhelmed. You will want to read it aloud, to share this taste of the beauty that quickens us and lets us find ourselves.

-Mabel Anderson, *Small Press Review*

A seemingly simple story, actually a very adult allegory. Readers will be swept along with the lyrical prose, sea imagery, and themes of freedom and individual choice. -Jeanne Buckley, *WLW Journal*

This profound and endearing parable may be remembered as a classic of our century.

-Prof. Phyllis Mayor, *Univ. of Mass.*

I sat down to sample it, and found myself devouring it non-stop! A beautifully conceived and crafted novel. Virginia Woolf would have liked Sandra.

-Ruth Iodice, editor *Blue Unicorn*

0-938050-01-X cloth 142p \$10 Can., postpaid
Shearwater Press, Box 417, Wellfleet, MA 02687
Or' your favorite jobber

of which is developed or **sustained** by anything more than brief explosions of sex or **violence**.

AU in **all**, it is a disappointing **performance** by a **writer whose real talents** probably lie elsewhere than **in fiction**.

WITH THE WEIGHTY Clapp's Rock (McClelland & Stewart, **364 pages, \$18.95** cloth) **we move**, with a sense of relief, to the **conventional** political novel, **this time about growing up** and being absurdly **successful in** the fog-bound, rhetoric-bloated, oligarchic **world** of Newfoundland politics. Author William Rowe, himself one of the many **wunderkinder who have studied that scene, tells a story — very like his own — of a bright young lad, Neil Godwin, who is groomed from an early age for a high place in provincial politics. While still at Memorial University (and later at Oxford) he is wooed by the most powerful men in the province, including Premier Percy Clapp himself, a lovable rogue in the Joey Smallwood mold whose chief assets are blarney and an ability to harness any issue to his own political machine.**

Back in St. John's, Neil **practises** law, **wins** a spectacular **workmen's** compensation-, **and then, still in his mid-20s,** enters **politics** with the aura of a public hem and champion of the underdog. **In** no time at all he is whisked into **Clapp's inner cabinet, where he spins in and out of favour as though he were caught in a revolving door. The strain begins to show in his marriage and his friendships, and when he finally makes his bid to become top dog on the Rock he is almost stopped short by an overpowering sense of self-loathing that only his dying father (the patriarch of a queer religious sect that sanctifies losers) appears to understand.**

There are some good **things** about **this** book. **Rowe** has a good ear for spoken **language**, and some of his most enjoyable passages are essentially **long lines** of jovial **Newfie guff**, rich in the idiom of the **island**. He is **skilful** at revealing the petty **machinations behind inner cabinet politics**. But he needs to work **harder at focusing** his scenes. Too often incidents with rich comic **potential — such as Neil's first experience of campaigning in the outports — are left unrealized.**

The novel **has** some other problems. **Clapp is drawn** with broad **humour**, but **we never get below** the bluster. The women **seldom** seem like much more than adjuncts to the mm's careen. The most serious **flaw** is in Neil himself, who is **just not interesting enough** to sustain the book. For **one thing, his actions are too predictable.** He is supposed to be idealistic, but **we** hardly ever see that side of him. Instead, **every decision** he

makes serves to advance his **career**, and when he **does** have moments of **self-doubt** they are **shockingly brief and shallow**. At its **core**, the book lacks a **solid moral dilemma**; without it the conflict is reduced to **intermittent** clashes of personal ambition that are not

interesting **enough in themselves to carry** the weight of a **serious political** novel.

Rowe clearly has the talent and the insight to accomplish more. Perhaps his **next book will take us** deeper, with **more** compassion and vision, into the heart of his **subject**. □

PAPERBACKS

Ordinary people: from a magical re-creation of life in Louisbourg to a thriller that thrills without mayhem

By ANNE COLLINS

WHAT SOCIAL historian Christopher Moore does in **Louisbourg Portraits: Five Dramatic, True Tales of People Who Lived in an Eighteenth-Century Garrison Town** (Macmillan, 89.95) seems a little bit like **conjuring**. Out of the **court and administrative records that the French colonial authorities kept to please their distant king, the apparently dry bones of a dutiful bureaucracy, Moore has produced the details of five lives. Not the great lives, as he writes in the 'preface., for "instead of shaping their times" these people lived them. Moore's historical intuition — or raising of the dead — won this first book a Governor General's Award for non-fiction over Christina McCall Newman's Grits and Northrop Frye's The Great Code, which proves either that Moore is a magician or that we have too few such stories of past selves to resist their fascination.**

Louisbourg itself has **been defined** by its sieges, **but its fortifiers are little known — French soldiers, augmented by Swiss and German mercenaries, who became as handy with trowels as with muskets. In 40-odd unbesieged years they built massive stone walls mortared with limestone according to designs sent from France, and then had to maintain them against Ile Royale's (Cape Breton's) corrosive sea air: "The imposing fortress that rose on the shores of Louisbourg harbour was the eighteenth century's best answer to the chronic insecurity of colonial outposts on the maritime shores of Canada."** Pieces of empire switched hands constantly as **France and England pursued an irregular checkers-game of war. The settlers behind the walls were among the last to hear of each new mood of play, and the first to lose their position%**

"Immigrants, sometimes refugees, often pursued by economic upheaval or the threat of war, they sought with varied success to achieve a little security in a disorderly world."

Each of Moore's portraits unveils an aspect or two of **colonial life. Louis Davory, wanderer and possibly thief, ran afoul of town law shortly after disembarking from his charity berth in a sailing ship stopping at the port. As an outsider — a person with no place—he reveals how rigidly structured 18th-century Louisbourg was: "Who do you belong to?" is the final question the policeman asked when he found Davory drunk in the streets after dark, suspiciously close to a cache of stolen tobacco. The justice Davory then faced is totally alien to our understanding of the process: non-adversarial, with the judge in charge of both the investigation and the punishment. The circumstantial case against Davory was strong, with many townspeople coming to collect their "witness fees" and testify that they had seen hbn selling tobacco.**

For **fairness' sake under this system an admission of guilt from the accused was absolutely necessary. The question of Davory's guilt, however, could never be completely resolved because he continued to protest his innocence — and the town had no torturer to "put him to the question."** So **Davory went free. "Two weeks later François Bigot wrote an epitaph to the case in a letter to his superiors in France. Referring to a clime gone unpunished for want of a torturer to put the question and extract the truth, he asked the Ministry to send the next slave condemned in tile west Indies to fill the job. No one in the colony would accept it." It was a society in which a torturer performed an essential function**

but was a pariah just the same.

Two of the five lives are rather sketchily detailed (a few too many "might have" and "should have" rather than actually "dids"), but even the chapter hung on one tiny fragment of personal correspondence — a letter from Mary-Joanne Renaut in France to her migrant fisherman husband, Charles, on nearby Scatary Island — shows how important the cod fisheries were to the economy of both colony and homeland. and how single-minded and difficult were the fish&men's lives. And the chapter on mercenary sergeant Jodocus Koller not only outlines the rudiments of fortress-building and siege warfare, but also tells the story of the first siege of Louisbourg, by eager Yankees in 1745, from an unusual townsperon's-eye-view.

The two remaining portraits deal with ambitious young men, one a French-born businessman, Jacques Rolland, the other, Jean Lelarge, a native of Louisbourg whose curiosity took him to sea, perhaps against his carpenter father's wishes: "In the harmonious succession Pierre Lelarge had prepared, the most dependable element of all should have been his eldest son. Pierre Lelarge's society was not one in which such questions as 'What do you want to be when you grow up?' were frequently asked." Adolescents in Louisbourg were, as Moore puts it, apprentices to adult life — they married late and even then continued to move in their family's orbit. The efforts of all were needed to secure family position and future in a society where there were no safety nets to catch the weak: or unfortunate. Jean Lelarge broke the rules successfully (even marrying without parental permission) because his talents on the sea were essential at a time when empires and wars were won by the strength of a navy.

Rolland wasn't so lucky. Disenfranchized by the early death of his father, Rolland came to Louisbourg hoping to make a place for himself as a merchant. The one hitch: he hadn't yet attained his majority, and no one would do business with a boy under 25. The only way he could win his independence was to marry the 13-year-old daughter of the genteelly impoverished widow Cruchon, which also suited the widow's purposes. Rolland, as a husband, would be legally a man in the eyes of the community, and she would be able to jockey her family to financial security once again on the back of Rolland's business acumen. But the boy, once made a man, began to behave like one, refusing to take dilution from the person who still thought of herself as the head of the family. He did not respect the order of things, and the widow, who had also broken some of

the rules, became his implacable enemy, wrecking his marriage, his reputation, and his business, even though it meant ruining her own chances at regaining her place in society.

Of the five true tales, Rolland's is the most dramatic, a skeleton for a novel or a movie, a fascinating slice at the heart of ordinary Louisbourg life. Moore thanks the record-keepers for his accomplishments — and the luck that made for an orderly French withdrawal from the final siege, leaving the documents intact. Readers should thank Moore for the diligent detective work that wrung the meaning out of shipping records and lists of court cases, and for the imagination that persisted in seeing Louisbourg as more than just "a stage set for battle epics."

HIDING BEHIND THE western-esque cover of an Avon mass-market release is an amazingly dense and challenging novel, *Trapper*, by Thomas York (\$3.95). York became obsessed with understanding the far north through the figure of Albert Johnson. "The Mad Trapper of Rat River," who scaled a mountain range in the dead of an Arctic winter, chased by a contingent of fur-trappers, the flying ace who shot down the Red Baron, a Catholic bishop, and the RCMP. The preface hints at the author's own identification with Johnson — York was chased for two years by the FBI for reasons he doesn't confide. Johnson is a man whose rejection of close-knit human society is an unbearable threat to the dutiful and the limited, hut York doesn't idolize hi as an anti-hem, just sets hi tick& like a time-bomb in northem lives.

Corporal Cavannagh, the first of "The Scarlet Riders," a new western series from Seal Books, Canada's own pop-culture factory, is cut from Technicolor cloth, B-grade and Mountie-red, and not even kitschy enough to pass an amused hour. In it broad-shouldered ex-U.S.-Army oftica John Tarlton Cavannagh comes north to teach the red coats how to handle Indians. The Mounties have been attempting to apply law and order to protect the Indians from rum-runners, gun-runners, and the war-like intentions of the Sioux; Cavannagh is more used to the American way — killing them on sight. Each learns something from the other, a true model of hands-across-the-world's longest-undefended-border. Even as a western, *Corporal Cavannagh* is an unappealing throwback.

The *Music Wars* by Gordon Pape and Tony Aspler (Seal, \$3.95) is a new kind of thriller altogether, one that thrills without murder and mayhem. The suspense of its plot is generated solely by

ZOË

"... an altogether original and cacaelous novel... [about] the bizarre shadowplay of high fashion"

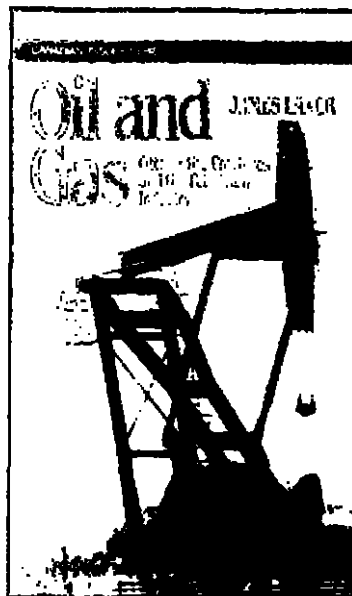
—ROLLING STONE

"This book is packed with guts, glamour, eye-popping humour, and turn after ironic turn."

—DAN AYKROYD

\$22.50 cloth

 BEAVERBOOKS



A COMPREHENSIVE AND UP-TO-DATE LOOK AT THE CANADIAN ENERGY SCENE

\$5.95 paper \$12.95 cloth

Available at bookstores across Canada.

James Lorimer & Company

the slowly developing social conscience of David Soloman, a young Jewish-American contestant in the Tchaikovsky International Music Competition in Moscow, whose musical orbit is thrown off kilter by his increasing awareness of the plight of Jewish dissidents in the USSR. Will he commit himself to action or won't he? Moral courage is a refreshing kind of bravery to find in a thriller. □

LETTERS

Preaching to the converted

AS A FREQUENT reader of your magazine, I am often amused by the editorial policy that is sometimes exercised. I refer in this instance to the review by Paul Wilson of *Labyrinths of Voice* in the May issue. The amusement that I derive from the review springs from the reviewer's inability to comprehend the book. I do not, however, bold bls inabilities against him. For I feel that had editorial decision been exercised, the review would not have been published. What is fundamentally objectionable in the review is not the character of the value judgements scattered about somewhat glibly, but rather that the judgements are basically uninformed. Moreover, it is not particularly important to the reader what the reviewer likes about Kroetsch, but what he finds significant about the book. That he did not find the book significant reflects profoundly upon the reviewer, and ultimately upon the magazine.

One of Wilson's primary objections is to the use of such words as "deconstruction," "difference," "intertextuality," "signification," and "post-modern." Of course, he covers himself by saying that he does not understand these words "as the speakers use them." If, however, the reviewer were more familiar with Kroetsch and the critics used by Shirley Neuman and Robert Wilson, he would have known precisely what these words mean. His tactic of pretending that the fault lies with the interviewers, rather than himself, is hardly acceptable in a serious review. To ask, furthermore, as he does, "Does Kroetsch really believe everything he says?" really belies Wilson's understanding of Kroetsch himself. The ques-

tion is fundamentally irrelevant with reference to Kroetsch. Even to suggest that "real discourse" is not taking place is also an unhappy admission on his part. Finally, to say "the book blurs over crucial distinctions between criticism and creation" is a further indication that the reviewer is not familiar with Kroetsch's text. But what is even more damaging in this particular review is the fact that he refers to the book as dialogue. Any reader would note that three people are talking and that this constitutes more than dialogue. This is a situation that permits critical synapses to take place. One would not know this from reading the review. It is perhaps for this reason, then, that the reviewer prefers what he calls a "normal interview," the kind which, I might add, is among the most boring discourses the world has ever invented. The great value of this book is the simple fact that the interviewer is as informed as the interviewee, and is therefore not simply extracting answers from him, as one might extract a decayed tooth from a patient.

B.D. Blodgett

Department of Comparative Literature
University of Alberta
Edmonton

Paul Wilson replies: I sympathize with Blodgett's wish to see a book he admires given a decent review, but I'm disappointed that he hasn't told us why he thinks *Labyrinths of Voice* is such an important work, apart from suggesting that it is because "the interviewer is as informed as the interviewee." To me, that's exactly what is wrong with the book: the interviewers make too few concessions to readers who may be less informed but just as curious. That is an offence against the decorum of any form that proposes to communicate. Are we to put up with incoherence in criticism simply because it flies the flag of post-modernism?

The shorter *Oxford Dictionary*, by the way, defines "dialogue" as "a conversation between two or more persons; a colloquy." But surely "critical synapses" (ideas?) could "take place" even if Robert Kroetsch were talking to a wall.

Venetian bind

CATERINA EDWARDS is not from Venice (First Novels, June/July); she is from Wellingborough, Northants, England. This would be an insignificant error if (a) Rick Archbold were not, presumably, making a point about autobiographical writing and (b) the information did not appear on the back cover of the book. If I know the reviewer can't

read the outside of the book he is supposed to be reviewing, how do I know he can read the inside? As I know he is sloppy in this instance, why do I wish to read him, and, more to the point, why do you wish to print him?

Viven Bosley
Corinne, Utah

Dog days

I MUST OBJECT to George Galt's recent review (May) of the two latest books by Leon Rooke.

Galt has described Rooke's writing as being "sophomoric, breezy, and cute" at times; meanwhile, the entire review comes off similarly. That is, almost every paragraph of the review ends with an off-the-top insult.

Galt starts the section concerning *Shakespeare's Dog* with this idea: "Anyone interested in conventional novels with character and plot... will want to throw this book to a dog. What can I say? If 'conventional novels' continue to set our only standards, then current literary pioneers shall continue to be met with little seriousness."

Jill V. Mandrake
Vancouver

Site preparation

I AM PREPARING for publication next year a guide to Canada's literary landmarks. The guide will include descriptions of some 300 places across the country with literary associations. Approximately one-third of the entries will be illustrated. Sites associated with both authors' lives and their books will be featured. I would appreciate hearing from readers (and fellow writers, obviously) who want to draw my attention to sites I might otherwise miss. Anyone wishing to do fieldwork in his or her region will be pressed into service. Any and all help will be appreciated and acknowledged.

John Robert Colombo
42 Dell Park Avenue
Toronto M6B 2T6

THE EDITORS RECOMMEND

THE FOLLOWING Canadian books were reviewed in the previous issue of *Books in Canada*. Our recommendations don't necessarily reflect the reviews:

FICTION

The *Education* of J.J. Pass, by T.F. Rigelhof, Oberon Press. Based on imagined memories that intertwine a boy's youth on the Prairies and his immit father's career of crime, Rigelhof's first novel (he has previously published a novella) is a

brilliant. moving depiction of the world as seen by a child drifting into manhood.

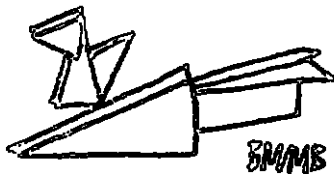
NON-FICTION

Canada's Cultural Industries, by Paul Audley, James Lorimer. This is the first comprehensive economic analysis of the cultural industries as a group, but its message is an old one: it is easier, cheaper, and therefore more profitable to import creative material from outside the country than to produce original Canadian books, records, or TV programs. That remains the basic, unaltered fact of life for Canadian artists and producers.

CANWIT NO. 85

He stood there in the snow. Around him the timber wolves slavered and howled, hoping to turn the mighty warrior into a tasty snack. He drew his gleaming sword Scarborough, and the foul beasts drew back. In this land savage Lyons prowled up to the very gates of Winnipeg; in the palace voluptuous Queen Pearl had eyed him hungrily, while old King Pawley brooded in his wrath. Ott the Eastern Marches the cruel Davis warred, while in the Far West the sorcerer Bennett, slayer of Barrett and son of Wacky, worked his loathsome magic in the Land Where Winter Never Came.

QUICK TO recognize the success of such juvenile epics as *Return of the Jedi*, our old friends at McClarkan & Newspider have recently unveiled their New Fantasy Series (without ever telling us what happened to the Old Fantasy Series). Reprinted above is the opening paragraph of their first title, *Canuck the Barbarian*. Readers are invited to provide titles and first paragraphs (maximum 150 words) of other novels of science fiction or fantasy spawned in the Great White North. The prize is \$25, and \$25 goes to Laurence Sokoloff of Winnipeg for the idea. Deadline: October 1. Address: CanWit No. 85, Books in Canada, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 3X9.



Results of CanWit No. 83
PERHAPS BECAUSE of economic conditions of late, our request for proposed corporate histories revealed more than a little cynicism toward the business community. The winner is Diane M. Stuart of Vancouver for a list of titles that includes:

- The Scorched-Wood People: The History of the Eddy Match Company*, by Rudy Wiebe
- An Answer from Limbo: The Inside Story of Canada Post*, by Brian Moore
- A Fine and Private Place: The Saga of National Sea Products*, by Motley Callaghan
- People of the Deere: The Story of John Deere Ltd.*, by Farley Mowat

Honourable mentions:

- As for Me and My Spouse: The Harlequin Success Story*, by Sir Ross
- Everybody Gets Something Here: Honest Ed's Story*, by Ken Mitchell
- They Shall Inherit the Earth: The History of a Canadian Bank*, by Morley Callaghan
— Anne Hicks, Kitchener, Ont.
- Filth Business: The Saga of Smithrite Disposal Ltd.*, by Robertson Davies
- Eight Legs: The Growth of the House of Anansi*, by Graeme Gibson
- People of the Beer: A Celebration of the Molson Empire*, by Farley Mowat
- The Loved and the Lox: Forty Years at Ben's Delicatessen*, by Morley Callaghan
— Ed Prato, Vancouver
- Wilson's Bowl: American Standard in Canada*, by Phyllis Webb
- Coming Through Slaughter: Love and Death at Canada Packers*, by Michael Ondaatje
— Alan R. Knight, Edmonton

- Our Daily Bread: The Story of George Weston*, by Frederick Philip Grove
— Griffith Evans, Toronto

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE FOLLOWING Canadian books have been received by *Book in Canada* in recent weeks. Inclusion in this list does not preclude a review or notice in a future issue:

- The Aberhart Summer*, by Bruce Allen Powe, Lester & Orpen Dennys.
- Affairs: The Secret Lives of Women*, by Mary Anne Wollison, Paperjacks.
- Aln'! Lookin'*, by John Craig, Scholastic-TAB.
- The Alchemy of the Body and Other Poems*, by Juan Garcia, translated by Marc Plourde, Guernica Editions.
- Alden's Concede Toronto Guide*, by Shirley McManus, Alden Publishing Company.
- Alexandre: A Saga of Northern Ontario*, by Helen Brodeur, Watson & Dwyer.
- A Little Wilderness: The Natural History of Toronto*, by Bill Ivy, Oxford.
- Amle and Aulka*, by Terry Stafford, Children's Studio Books.
- And No One Cheered: Federalism, Democracy and the Constitution Act*, by Keith Banting and Richard Simeon, Methuen.
- An Arctic Man*, by Ernie Lyall, Formac Publishing.
- The Asphalt Octopus: Poetry* by Loh Sneyd, illustrated by Doug Sneyd, Simon & Pierre.
- Atlantic Canada and Confederation*, by David G. Alexander, U of T Press.
- The Banbee Books*, by Dayal Kaur Khalsa, Tundra Books.
- The Barclay Family Theatre*, by Jack Hodgins, Macmillan.
- Baronby Bear*, by Margaret Leon, Pezumbra Press.
- Bears for Breakfast*, by Nan Doerksen, Kindred Press.
- Bed and Breakfast in Ontario*, by Patricia Wilson, Clarke Irwin.

TIMOTHY · FINDLEY

THE LAST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE



Timothy Findley's novel *The Wars* is a classic. His *Famous Last Words* was a highly acclaimed best-seller. *The Last of the Crazy People*, Findley's first novel, is a story of similar magnitude. It is a moving account of the world of Hooker Winslow, an eleven year old boy who commits a shocking and unpredictable crime.

\$3.95

A Penguin Paperback 

Publishers Baptism for Children of the Church, by Marlin
 Jerchko, Herald Press.
**Enact II: The Decline & Stumbling of Social Credit
 Government in British Columbia 1979-83**, by Stan Persky,
 New Star Books.
Boys, Bombs, and Brussels Sprouts, by J. Douglas Harvey,
 Formac Publishing.
Brown's War, by Geraldyn & Wayland Drew, Oberon.
But Not in Canada!, by Walter Stewart, Macmillan.
Byzanz, by Tony Foster, Methuen.
Canada and the Nuclear Arms Race, edited by Ernie Regier
 and Simon Reavell, James Lorimer.
Canada's Lost Plays, edited by Anton Wagner, Canadian
 Theatre Review Publications.
Canada's National Parks: A Visitor's Guide, by Marylee
 Stephenson, Prentice-Hall.
**The Canadian Balance of Payments: Perspectives and Policy
 Issues**, edited by Douglas Purvis, The Institute for
 Research on Public Policy.
Canadian Nurses in China, by Jean Ewen, Formac Pub-
 lishing.
The Canadian Strategic Review 1932, edited by R.B. Byers,
 Canadian Centre of Strategic Studies.
Canadian Writers and their Works, edited by Robert Lecker
et al., ECW Press.
Captain Crisp Saves the Sea, by John Larsen, Annick Press.
China's Noble Guardian of the Soil, by Grant MacEwan,
 Prairie Books.
China on Your Own, by Russell and Penny Jennings, Open
 Road Publishers.
**Church and State: The Christian Churches and Canadian
 Foreign Policy**, edited by Robert Matthews and Crawford
 Pratt, Canadian Institute of International Affairs.
City Politics in Canada, edited by Warren Magnusson and
 Andrew Saxon, U of T Press.
Colville, by David Burnett, M & S.
Come'n Get In Favorite Ranch Recipes, by Beulah Barrs,
 Prairie Books.
Communications in Canadian Society, edited by Benjamin
 D. Singer, Addison-Wesley.
The Company Store, by John Mellor, Doubleday.
The Complete Poems of Emily Nelligan, edited and trans-
 lated by Fred Cogswell, Harvest House.
Concrete City, by Claude Beausoleil, translated by Ray
 Chamberlain.
The Conscript Fathers, by David Kalph, Childs Thursday.
A Conservative Canada, by Gord Walker, The Page Press.
Coolest with Yogurt, by Sister Berthe, M & S.
The Creation of Regional Dependency, by Ralph Matthews,
 U of T Press.
Critics and Creativity in Modern Education, by Harry
 Wargeloh, I.C.S. Canada.
Cuba's Nikolai Gulliver, by Keith Ellis, University of
 Toronto Press.
Customs, by Yvonne Trainer, Fiddlehead Poetry Books.
A Date with History, by C.P. Stacey, Denon Publishers.
David Boyls from Artisan to Archaeologist, by Gerald
 Kilian, U of T Press.
Dear Little Old Lady, by Helen Costain, Unfinished Mon-
 ument Press.
Dorothy Knowles: Paintings 1954-1992, by Dorothy
 Knowles, The Edmonton Art Gallery.
The Dream Circle Anthology, Coach House Press.
Drama Through Storytelling, by Mark Danby and David
 Kemp, Simon & Pierre.
Earth Sphere, by Soraya Erian, Childs Thursday.
Edda, edited by R.J. Glendinning and Harald Bessason,
 University of Manitoba Press.

Elchman interrogated, edited by Jochem von Lang, Lester
 & Orpen Denys.
The Electric City, by Paul H. Stehelin, Lancelot Press.
Emily Climbs, by L.M. Montgomery, Seal Books.
Emily of New Moon, by L.M. Montgomery, Seal Books.
Emily's Quest, by L.M. Montgomery, Seal Books.
Emily's Paper Route, by Susan Murgatroyd, Annick Press.
**The Energy Economics and Thermal Performance of Log
 Houses (2nd ed.)**, by Doris Muir & Paul Osborne, Muir
 Publishing Company.
The Experiment of Life: Science and Religion, edited by F.
 Kenneth Hare, University of Toronto Press.
Exploring Ottawa, by Harold Kalman and Joan Roof, U of
 T Press.
Favourite Recipes from Old New Brunswick Kitchens, by
 Mildred Trueman, Houswood Press.
Film/Literature, edited by George E. Toles, University of
 Manitoba Press.
Fishin' Hints, by Gord Deval, Simon & Pierre.
**The Folk Festival Book: The Stories of the Winnipeg Folk
 Festival**, by Steve Johnson and Sheldon Oberman, Turn-
 stone Press.
Free Market Zones: Deregulating Canadian Enterprise, by
 Herbert Grubel, The Fraser Institute.
From the Heart: Folk Art in Canada, M & S.
Fundamentals in Vertical, Vol. 1, by Rudolf Lovas, Hun-
 garian Publishing House.
The Future of the Atlantic Fisheries, by Ernie Weeks &
 Leigh Mazany, The Institute for Research on Public
 Policy.
Future Pop, by Peter L. Noble, Musson.
Gage Canadian Dictionary, Gage Publishing.
George Heriot: Postmaster-Printer of the Canadas, by
 Gerald Finley, U of T Press.
The Gateway Chef, by Jane Rodwell, Kate Bush, Key
 Porter Books.
"Getting the Know-How", by Frank Gilbert Roe, NeWest
 Press.
Generalissimo of the Western Roman Empire, by John
 Michael O'Flynn, University of Alberta Press.
The Ghost Walker, by R.D. Lawrence, M & S.
God Loves Us Like Earthworms Love Wood, by Allan Suf-
 rik, The Porcupine's Quill.
Goldenrod, by Wolfgang E. Franke, Trans-Canada Press.
Good-bye Bags, by Allen West and Bev Smallman, Gros-
 venor House.
Good Housekeeping, by David Walters-Toews, Turnstone
 Press.
The Guidance Information Service, by Carl L. Bedal and
 James L. Huffman, Guidance Centre, Faculty of Educa-
 tion, U of T.
Half a Life's History: Poems New and Selected 1957-1983,
 by Robert Sward, Aya Press.
Hiking Garibaldi Park, by Claude Roberge, Douglas &
 McIntyre.
Hoblyn's Nativity, by Hugh Oliver, Evergreen Publications.
How Big a Stone, by Daphne Marlat, Turnstone Press.
How Ottawa Spends, edited by G. Bruce Doern, James
 Lorimer.
Hugh MacLennan: A Writer's Life, by Elspeth Cameron,
 Formac Publishing.
In Defence of Canada: Indianism: Roots of Complicity, by
 James Eays, U of T Press.
In Search of April Rainfore, by Beatrice Cullen, Penn-
 man Publications.
In the Beginning..., by Chris McGowan, Macmillan.
The Inheritors, by Robert E. Wall, Seal Books.
It's Tough to Be a Kid, by Mary Blakeslee, Scholastic-TAB.
John Coe's War, by Clive Donnet, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
Journey Through a Shadow, by Jaylene Butchart, Seal
 Books.
The Ladykillers: Why Women Smoke, by Bobbie Jacobson,
 Eden Press.
The Land They Gave Away, by Andrew Suknaski, NeWest
 Press.
The Larger Life: poems by Libby Scheler, Black Moss Press.
**The Long (and Glorious) Weekend of Raymond (and Blugs)
 Obloogh**, by Kenneth Dyke, November House.
Love and Whisky, by Betty Lee, Simon & Pierre.
The Loyal Americans, edited by Robert S. Allen, National
 Museums of Canada.
Lulu: The Little One Who Cares for Us, by Betty Lee,
 Simon & Pierre.
The M Poems, by Elizabeth Gourlay, Fiddlehead Poetry
 Books.
The Macmillan Book of Canadian Place Names, by William
 B. Hamilton, Macmillan of Canada.
Mad Women & Crazy Ladies, by Sharon H. Nelson, Sunken
 Forum Press.
Making Sense: A Student's Guide to Writing and Style, by
 Margot Northey, Oxford.
Mallie in Blunderland, by Allan Fotheringham, Seal Books.
Meet Me in Time, by Charlotte Vale Allen, Berkeley (U.S.).
The Mismas: How Their Ancestors Lived 500 Years Ago, by
 Ruth Holmes Whitehead and Harold McGee, Nimbus.
Mining Photographs and Other Pictures, photography by
 Leslie Shelden, NSCAD/UCCB Press.
The Mirror of Nature, by Robertson Davies, U of T Press.
Money-Making Ideas for Retirees, by Ronald J. Cooke,
 General Publishing.
The Moons of Jupiter, by Alice Munro, Penguin Books.
Mad Puddle, by Robert Munsch, illustrated by Sami
 Suomalainen, Annick Press.
Multilingual Lexicon for Uniservade Sports, edited by R.L.
 Busch and Hans J. Bergman, University of Alberta Press.
Music Directory Canada '83, CM Books.
The Muslim Community in North America, edited by Earl
 H. Waugh *et al.*, University of Alberta Press.
Mustard, by Betty Waterson, illustrated by Barb Reid,
 Scholastic-TAB.
My Favorite Watercolours 1919 to 1957, by A.J. Cusson,
 Cerebus/Prentice Hall.
My Quareel with Myself, by Shirley Theres Lewis, Phoenix.
Mystery at Black Rock Island, by Robert Sutherland,

Scholastic-TAB.
Nathan Cohen: The Making of a Critic, by Wayne Edmon-
 stone, Formac Publishing.
Night Coach, by Marco Francelli, Overnica Editions.
No Fault of Their Own, by James Struthers, U of T Press.
Offshore Oil, by Roger Voyer, Canadian Institute for
 Economic Policy.
**Oil and Gas: Ottawa, the Provinces and the Petrochem-
 ical Industry**, by James Laxer, James Lorimer.
The Omnipotent Child, by Thomas P. Millar, Palmer Press.
On Blue Ice: The Inuvik Adventure, by Jane Stoenman-
 McNichol, Outcrop.
Paradigms, by Robert Hawkes, Fiddlehead Poetry Books.
The Patricks: Hockey's Royal Family, by Eric Whitehead,
 Formac Publishing.
Pearls, by Fred Cogswell, Ragweed Press.
P.E.T. and His Unearthly Adventures, by Jude Waples,
 Avon Books.
**Phenomenology of Consciousness and Sociology of the Life-
 World: An Introductory Study**, by Helmut R. Wagner,
 University of Alberta Press.
The Politics of Canadian Public Policy, edited by Michael
 M. Atkinson and Martha A. Chandler, U of T Press.
Pregnancy and Lifestyle Habits, by Peter A. Fried, PhD,
 General Publishing.
Presbyterian Missions to Trinidad and Puerto Rico, by
 Graeme S. Mount, Lancelot Press.
The Prophecy of Tau Ridoon, by Weilyn Katz, Tree Frog
 Press.
**Reader's Digest Home Improvement Manual, Reader's
 Digest Association.**
The Reins of Power: Governing British Columbia, by J.
 Terence Morley *et al.*, Douglas & McIntyre.
Revue Bay: Poems from the Bay of Quinte (1735-89), by
 Frances Itani, Quarry Press.
Retaliation, by Richard Rohmer, PaperJacks.
The Root Cellar, by Janet Luna, Puffin Books.
Rose Murray's Vegetable Cookbook, James Lorimer.
Saltwater Spirituals and Deeper Blues, by George Elliott
 Clarke, Pottersfield Press.
Scenic Rail Guide to Central and Atlantic Canada, by Bill
 Cook, Greyc de Pender Books.
Seizing the Future: Opportunities for Canada in the 1990s,
 edited by Alastair F.F. Davidson and Ralph Fisher, Trans-
 Canada Press.
Short Stories, by A.M. Klein, U of T Press.
Showing West: Three Prairie Dooen-Dramas, edited by Diane
 Bessal and Don Kerr, NeWest Press.
Six Women Who Dared, by Mordén Lazarus, CPA Pub-
 lishers.
Smith and Other Events, by Paul St. Pierre, Doubleday.
Something Hidden: A Biography of Wilder Penfield, by
 Jefferson Lewis, Formac Publishing.
The South Shore Phrase Book, by Lewis J. Poter, Lancelot
 Press.
Split Levels, by Judith Fitzgerald, Coach House Press.
Storm Below, by Hugh Garner, PaperJacks.
Teacher's Program Planner, Copp Clark Pitman.
Terminal Word, by Crad Kilodney, Charnel House Press.
Think Proactive, by A.P. Martin, Professional Development
 Institute Press.
The Third Taboo, edited by Heather Cadsby and Maria
 Jacobs, Wolsak and Wynn.
The Toronto Islands, by Robert Sward, Drendnaught.
Travelling the Floodwaters, by Patricia Young, Turnstone
 Press.
**A Traveller's Guide to Canadian Bed & Breakfast Country
 Places**, by John Thompson, Grosvenor House.
Treasures of the Sea: Marjorie's Life of the Pacific Northwest,
 by James Cribb, Oxford.
Troublemaker!, by James Gray, Formac Publishing.
Twentieth Century Canada, by J.-L. Granatstein *et al.*,
 McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
**The U.S. Bill of Rights and the Canadian Charter of Rights
 and Freedoms**, edited by William R. McKecher, Ontario
 Economic Council.
The Upside-Down King of Manitoba, by Fran Handman,
 Annick Press.
Urb, edited by Lauren Mallhot, Les Presses de l'Université de
 Montréal.
Walter Gordon: A Political Memoir, Formac Publishing.
War in the Eighties: Men Against High Tech, edited by
 Brian Macdonald, Canadian Institute of Strategic
 Studies.
**The Well-Watered Garden: The Presbyterian Church in
 Cape Breton, 1798-1869**, by Laurie Stanley, University
 College of Cape Breton Press.
West of Fiction, edited by Leah Flater, Aritha van Herk,
 Rudy Wiebe, NeWest Press.
What a city was, by B. Dedora, Underwrick Editions.
The Wheel of Things: A Biography of L.M. Montgomery,
 by Mollie Gillen, Formac Publishing.
When I Was Young, by Raymond Massey, Formac Pub-
 lishing.
Where I Stand, by Brian Mulrooney, M & S.
Wild Harmony: The Cycle of Life in the Northern Forest,
 by William O. Pruitt Jr., Prairie Books.
Within the Barbed Wire Fence, by Takko Ujo Nakano,
 Formac Publishing.
Whes and Property, by Lee Holcombe, U of T Press.
Wood Lake Music, by John Lent, Harbour Publishing.
Words from My World, by J. Michael Drew, Serenity
 Publications.
Wordsong: Twelve Ballads, by Robin Skelton, Sono Nis
 Press.
Work and Madness: The Rise of Community Psychiatry, by
 Diana Ralph, Black Rose Books.
A Year at Hurlbury or The Election, by Benjamin & Sarah
 Dieruff, U of T Press.
**The Year in Review 1982: Intergovernmental Relations in
 Canada**, by Sheilagh M. Dunn, Queen's University.
Your Money and How to Keep It, by Brian Costello,
 General.
Zemlindar, by Valerie Fitzgerald, Seal Books.

CLASSIFIED

Classified rates: \$8 per line (40 characters to the
 line). Deadline: first of the month for issue
 dated following month. Address: Books In
 Canada Classified, 335 Adelaide Street East,
 Toronto M5A 3X9. Phone: (416) 363-5426.

**LIMITED EDITION "The Faces of Captain
 Cook — A Record of the Coins and Medals of
 James Cook," by Allan Klenman. (200 copies,
 soft cover, #s) \$30 pp. over 200 illustrations.
 Cook Publications, 944 Woodside Pl., Victoria
 V8Y 2P3**

**OLD AND RARE BOOKS. Canadiana
 Catalogues. Heritage Books, 866 Palmerston
 Ave., Toronto. Ontario M6G 2S2**

**USED LAW BOOKS. 30 day free examination.
 Write J.L. Heath, 66 Isabella St. #105, Toronto
 M4X 1N3. 922-0849.**

**VANCOUVER — Manuscript typing, tape
 transcription, research. References available.
 Jane Davidson (804) 2959972.**

COMING UP IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE OF

BOOKS IN CANADA

KINGSTON PENS

A profile of the literary community in Kingston, Ont.

By *Wayne Grady*

Photographs by Paul Orenstein

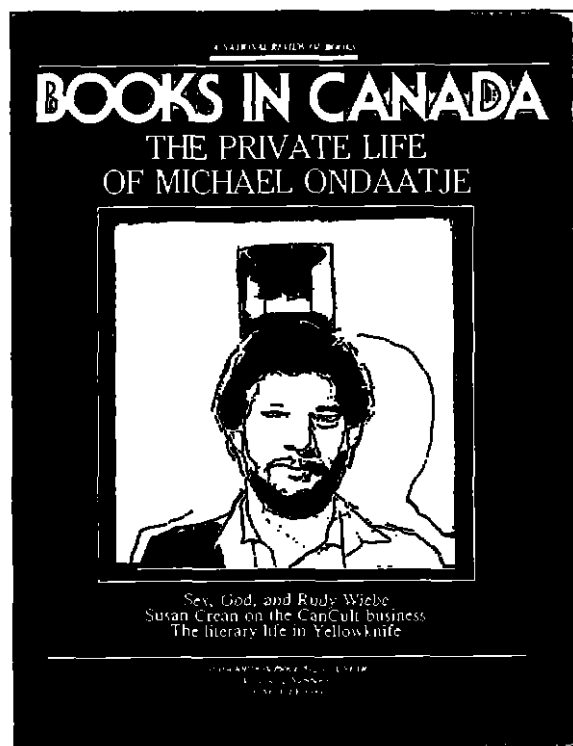
JUDAS PRIEST

I.M. Owen on Morley Callaghan's biblical new novel

SOLDIER OF HISTORY

David Stafford on the memoirs of C.P. Stacey

Plus reviews of new books by Milton Acorn, Robert Harlow,
Robert Kroetsch, Don McKay, Veronica Ross, and Tom **Wayman**



BOOKS IN CANADA

Available in better
bookstores everywhere
or delivered directly
to your home.

Ten times a year.

Shouldn't you subscribe now?

Yes. I'd like to subscribe to *Books in Canada*

Name _____

Address _____

Postal code _____

Cheque enclosed Bill me

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$12.95 A YEAR
\$15.95 A YEAR OUTSIDE CANADA

366 Adelaide Street East, Suite 432
Toronto, Ont. M5A 3X9

STRIKE GOLD

*With These
Exciting Fall Prospects*

The McClelland and Stewart Fall List/1983

ART, PHOTOGRAPHY AND DESIGN

Roloff Brny, *The Gods of Greece*/\$34.95 cloth
Pierre Berton, *The Klondike Quest*/\$50.00 cloth
Sherman Hines, *Quebec*/\$29.95 cloth
Rice Brydme, *The Corporate and Professional Office* \$21.95 pb
Boris Spremo, *20 Years of Photo-Journalism* \$19.95 pb.

PEOPLE

Douglas Harvey, *The Tumbling Mirth: Remembering the Air Force* \$19.95 cloth
Robert Lacey, *Aristocrats* \$29.95 cloth
Carsten Stroud, *The Blue Wall: Street Cops in Canada* \$19.95 cloth
Merle Shain, *Hearts That We Broke Long Ago* \$12.95 cloth
Charles Templeton, *Templeton: An Anecdotal Memoir* \$19.95 cloth
David Busanquet, *Escape Through China* \$14.95 cloth

SHORT STORIES

Margaret Atwood, *Bluebeard's Egg* \$18.95 cloth
Matt Cohen, *Cafe le Dog* \$16.95 cloth

CO-WINNERS OF THE SEAL FIRST NOVEL AWARD

David Kendall, *Lazaro* \$18.95 cloth
Jonathan Webb, *Pluck* \$18.95 cloth

FICTION

Jane Burhan, *Under the Moon* \$18.95 cloth
William Deverell, *Mecca* \$18.95 cloth
Robert Harlow, *Paul Nolan* \$18.95 cloth
Janette Hospital, *The Tiger in the Tiger Pit* \$18.95 cloth
Brian Moore, *Cold Heaven* \$18.95 cloth
Kurt Patka, *The Chaperon* \$18.95 cloth
Chris Scott, *Hitler's Bomb* \$18.95 cloth
Stephen Vizinczey, *An Innocent Millionaire* \$19.95 cloth

POETRY

Christopher Dewdney, *Predators on the Adoration* \$9.95 pb.
David Donnell, *Settlements* \$9.95 pb.
Irving Layton, *The Gucci Bag* \$9.95 pb.

HUMOUR

Max Braithwaite, *Max: The Best of Braithwaite* \$19.95 cloth
Nicholas Stahl, *The Canadian Political Cartoon Annual 1983* \$9.95 pb.
Mordecai Richler, *The Best of Modern Humour* \$19.95 cloth
Ben Wicks, *Dogs* \$14.95 cloth
Gary Laurent, *The Resident Love Goddess and Me* \$12.95 cloth

SPORTS

Peter Gzowski, *An Unbroken Line* \$19.95 cloth
Brian MacFarlane, *NHL Hockey* \$12.95 pb.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

Roy MacLaren, *A Liberal Looks at His Party* \$18.95 cloth
Peter C. Newman, *True North:
Not Strong and Free* \$14.95 cloth.
Escott Reid, *On Duty: A Canadian at the Making of the U.N.* \$16.95 cloth

FOOD

Jim White, *The Toronto Star Cookbook* \$10.95 pb.

CALENDARS AND DIARIES

Chris Boylen, *The Horse-Lover's Diary* \$12.95 pb.
Beautiful Canada Calendar 1984 \$4.95
Tom Thomson Calendar 1984 \$8.95
Canada Art Appointment Calendar 1984—from the Collection of Blair Laing \$12.95
Winnie the Pooh Calendar 1984 \$7.95

RE-PRINTS AND NEW PAPERBACKS

Rudi Christl and William Kilbourn, *Toronto* \$39.95 cloth
Stuart Trueman, *Tall Tales and True Tales from Down East* \$8.95 pb.
Stuart Trueman, *Don't Let Them Smell the Lobsters Cooking* \$7.95 pb.
Jack MacLeod, *Going Grand* \$7.95 pb.

Illustrations from The Klondike Quest: A Photographic Essay 1887-1899



McClelland and Stewart
The Canadian Publishers