

BOOKS *in* CANADA

VOLUME 1 NO. 8

FEBRUARY 1972

HOW TO ROLL HEADS by C. Alexander Brown
CABBAGETOWN RECHAUFFÉE by Susan Swann
MINING DE LA ROCHE by Douglas Marshall

DERNIER CRI DE QUÉBEC: Howard Roitler
GUFFAWING OVER GREG by Richard Lubbock
INSTANT REPLAYS by Paci

The danger in canvases is that of binding and crucifying the emotion, of pinning it there to die flattened on the surface. Instead, one must let it move over the surface as the spirit of God moved over the face of the waters.

I think that one's art is a growth inside one. I do not think one can explain growth. It is silent and subtle. One does not keep digging up a plant to see how it grew. Who could explain its blossom?

There's words enough, paint and brushes enough, and thoughts enough. The whole difficulty seems to be getting the thoughts clear enough, making them stand still long enough to be fitted with words and paint. They are so elusive, like wild birds singing above your head, twittering close beside you, chortling in front of you, but gone the moment you put out a hand. If you ever do catch hold of a piece of a thought it breaks away leaving the piece in your hand just to aggravate you. If one could only encompass the whole, corral it, enclose it safe, but then maybe it would die and dwindle away because it could not go on growing. I don't think thoughts could stand still. The fringes of them would always be tangling into something just a little further on and that would draw it out and out. I guess that is just why it is so difficult to catch a complete idea. It's because everything is always on the move, always expanding.

Movement is the essence of being. When a thing stands still and says, "Finished," then it dies. There isn't such a thing as completion in this world, for that would mean Stop! Painting is a striving to express life. If there is no movement in the painting, then it is dead paint.

Do not try to do extraordinary things but do ordinary things with intensity.

The quotations are from the journals of Emily Carr — *Hundreds and Thousands*.

GENIUS GROWING

by Joe Tatarnic



AS USUAL, recognition has been late in coming to her. The exhibition celebrating the centenary of Emily Carr's birth in 1871 has finally reached Toronto. The show, after more than three months in Vancouver and almost two months in Montreal, has been well worth the wait and is settled in at the Royal Ontario Museum from Feb. 15 to March 15.

Wandering through the ROM's exhibition gallery the first day, taking in all that movement and spirit, I couldn't help wondering how old Emily would have reacted to all this. Naturally she would have been pleased by this recognition of her worth. (She hungered for that recognition during those long lean years of her career and even in her later years, when her work was becoming known in the East, the coolness of her home town Victorians hurt her deeply.)

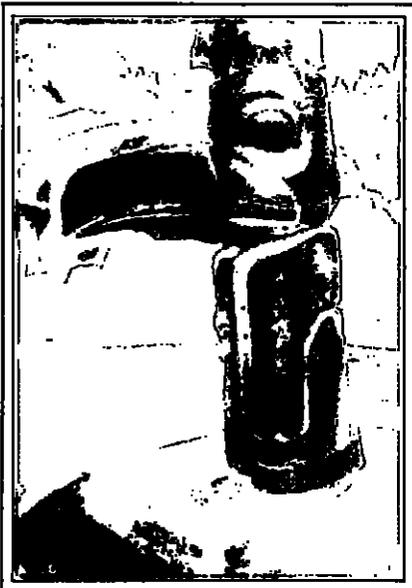
Doubtless, she'd have had a sharp reply or two for the shallow comments and platitudes of the crowds who had come to gaze on the works of a "Canadian Institution." Too many reproductions of her paintings on too many bank walls have done her an injustice. For today Emily Carr has achieved the status of a national monument. But Emily wouldn't have accepted any label but "artist."





Emily Carr's
Guyasdoms D'sonogua

She was, simply, one of Canada's few authentic home-grown geniuses. Probably because she was a woman, there has long been a tendency to play down this fact. She was also, more narrowly, one of the few creative people to survive the power and tyranny of the west coast landscape. She was not submerged by it, although she stood in awe of it and realized its power.



Detail from
Emily Carr's *Skidigate*

The Editors gratefully acknowledge the financial assistance of the Ontario Council for the Arts and the Canada Council in publishing this magazine.

The exhibition mounted at the ROM and arranged more or less chronologically, mixes memorabilia with canvases, souvenirs with sketches, and draws for us the portrait of a singular Canadian. She was a true individualist; and even in the art world, individualists are highly suspect.

Through her paintings one can trace her artistic and spiritual development and her gradual realization of the oneness of all life. "Half of painting," she writes in her *Journal*, "is listening for the 'eloquent dumb great mother,' nature, to speak. The other half is having clear enough consciousness to see God in all."

Until her late middle age, Emily's career had been mostly a series of downs. Her visit to the East in 1927 (when she was 56) and her meeting with members of the Group of Seven, particularly Lawren Harris, broke a 15-year hiatus of inactivity. She returned to Victoria fired with enthusiasm and from then on canvas followed canvas in a burst of creative energy which did not abate until around 1937, when poor health forced her to slow down.

At this point Emily began to spend more time on her writing. She had always been interested in writing as an adjunct to her painting. She took a notebook with her on her sketching trips to jot down impressions. Trying to find equivalents in words helped her to find equivalents in painting. Out of this emerged a refreshingly clean, unornamented prose style.

When she finally became too frail to paint with her old energy she turned increasingly to writing.

To celebrate her centenary Clarke, Irwin and Co. has issued six of her books in new editions. They are *Klee Wyck*, *The Book of Small*, *The House of All Sorts* and *Growing Pains* – all in paperback; and *Pause: A Sketch Book* and *Hundreds and Thousands: The Journals of Emily Carr* in hardcover.

Klee Wyck, Emily Carr's first book, was published in 1941, when she was almost 70. This collection of short sketches dealing with incidents on her painting trips among the west coast Indians won for her the Governor General's Award for general literature that year. It was an irony that this

book gave her the instant fame that years of painting couldn't.

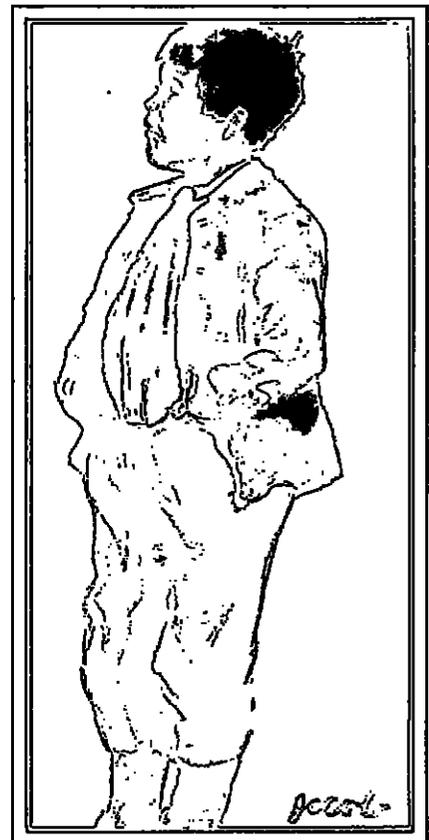
All of Emily's writing was autobiographical. *The Book of Small* followed in 1942 and was a collection of her childhood "when the family and the land was young." *The House of All Sorts*, published in 1944, told of her bleak and unproductive years as landlady of that rambling house on Simcoe Street, and the parade of tenants who lived there over the years.

Emily, however, had the ability to draw on her setbacks and eventually to utilize them toward some creative purpose. As an art student in 1903, she became ill and was confined for 18 months in an English sanatorium. *Pause: A Sketch Book* is her account of this period.

Growing Pains is subtitled *The Autobiography of Emily Carr* and covers those years from her girlhood to her emergence as a force in Canadian painting.

Perhaps it's the voyeur in me, but I find Emily's private journal, *Hundreds and Thousands*, the most fascinating of

continued on page 21



Jacob (c. 1912).
Emily wrote about Jacob
as a coarse, heavy boy
who sold the family totem pole.

MOST READERS of *Books in Canada* pick up their copies free at their local bookstore. We've wondered sometimes if any of them, as they glance through the reviews, ever ask, "But how free IS *Books in Canada*?"

That question is put to us occasionally, and we are still able to answer that the magazine is owned and run by the six individuals, listed on the masthead, who founded it, and is totally independent of influence by any company involved in the Canadian book industry. We often feel ourselves in more danger from the heady self-satisfaction of having launched Canada's first national book-review magazine than from any external threats to our freedom.

Obviously the kind of freedom we are talking about is editorial freedom. For our physical existence, however, our ability to put out across the country tens of thousands of copies on a regular basis, we are dependent on our sources of income. The major portion of our income derives from the sale of advertising space in our columns, most of it to book publishers. A secondary but minor income derives from the sale of pre-paid subscriptions, largely to libraries, schools and institutions. Both the Province of Ontario Council for the Arts and the Canada Council have contributed small grants.

The more worldly-wise of our readers might ask if such heavy dependence

on advertising revenue doesn't expose us to pressure from our advertisers? We are gratified to be able to report that, for all of our editorial sniping at other sins in publishers, we have yet to be exposed to any serious suggestion by a publisher that a favourable or prominently-placed review of one or other of his books would assure us of more paid advertising.

It might amuse the more persistently-skeptical reader to check through back issues of *Books in Canada* and measure the amount of advertising space bought by some of the larger publishing houses against the amount of reviewing space we have devoted to their new titles. In the case of one very large house, always loud in the assertion of support for things Canadian, the amount of advertising bought would appear to be in inverse ratio to the number of titles reviewed. Which may be why the rich stay rich and the poor stay honest.

Having felt obliged in an early editorial to appeal for a less adulatory and more challenging response from readers, we have been pleased lately by a much more contentious mailbag. In *Write-In* in this issue we publish a number of letters critical of our reviews and our reviewers. We welcome the alternative viewpoints they represent. But the tone of two of these letters strikes us as having a disturbing relevance to the subject under discussion here, editorial freedom.

In one letter the representative of a publishing house, dissatisfied with our review of one of his books, implies that an advertisement for that book in our columns had placed us under some editorial obligation in the reviewing of it. In the other letter, a reader upset by our reviewer's treatment of a writer's work, chose to take the nihilistic sanction of cancelling her subscription. In both cases, the correspondents make allegations against the probity of our reviewers that are unsupported by fact.

Since an editorial is unsuitable ground for specific critical debate, we must be content to record these opinions. In the first case, we believe that our reviewer made excessively gallant attempts to find redeeming features

in a book which we were not alone in finding pretentious and ill-conceived. In the second case, we defend our right to publish a viewpoint however unorthodox may be its expression and however conservative may be its tone. Writers who choose a genre uninhibited by accepted taboos do so at risk — the price of scatological writing is often scatological reviews.

In general, we try to extend to our reviewers the same freedom which we seek to maintain for ourselves. Our consideration in assigning each book is to find for it a reviewer who, in terms of experience, special knowledge, and literary and critical skill, can do it justice. Our current search for new voices to add to Canada's limited critical roster does expose us to pitfalls. But when we have decided on a reviewer for a book our only charge to him is that he read it carefully, assess it fairly and in context, and express his findings frankly, informatively and engagingly. We are human, reviewers are human, and so sometimes the equation does not work out. If it has gone badly wrong, we start again.

What emerges from the typewriters of our reviewers and the pencils of our editors onto the pages of *Books in Canada* is never intended to be the last word on any particular book. We do intend that it should be used by readers in the context of their own experience and of opinions published elsewhere. In some cases we hope that it may be just the first word in a critical debate for which some of our space will always be held open.

If Canadian writing is to be the valid expression of a Canada that has at last come of age, it must be measured in adult terms, persistently, honestly, passionately, and from every point of view. We believe that we are contributing to that process. But we are aware that we can only contribute as long as we can maintain our editorial freedom intact before the pressures and sanctions of commerce, of coterie, or of excessive patriotism. Without absolute editorial freedom, *Books in Canada* would not be worth picking up, free or otherwise. □ VAL CLERY

BOOKS <i>in</i> CANADA	
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AN UNFOND FAREWELL

Sir:

As promised, I am writing to explain my objections to the recent review of Graeme Gibson's *Communion* — objections so strong that this letter will serve to cancel my subscription to *Books in Canada*.

First, I should say two things: this letter is not intended as a defense of Graeme Gibson. Graeme is a big boy now and well able to defend himself. (Though I hope that he will find the review so contemptible that he will not bother to do so.)

Second, it should be clear that I have no quarrel with any person's reaction to *Communion*: your reviewer — or anyone else — is quite entitled to dislike the book, to dislike Graeme's writing, or both; in fact, I have no opinion about *Communion* because I haven't read it yet.

However, I do have very strong opinions about a review, written not to discuss the merits or lack of merits of a book, but as a scatological attack on its author. Furthermore, it is a review written by a coward — a coward pretentious enough to appropriate for himself a pseudonym of Swift's (without, of course, any Swiftian talent) and to hide behind that pseudonym. Your reluctance to identify the reviewer, in the pages of your magazine or when asked to do so, ill becomes you.

The review was no review at all — it was uncalled for violence done to a man with enough guts and enough talent to offer his private vision of life (whatever that is or however successfully presented) publicly. It deserves to be treated seriously and courteously. The piece you ran was genuinely obscene — the spectacle of one (anonymous) person using another publicly as a toilet seat.

You must, as I told you, share responsibility for what has happened. You allowed that scurrilous junk into your magazine — an event that seriously calls into question your taste and ability as an editor.

Finally, if you or the perpetrator of that trash had the intestinal fortitude to identify him, it would be enlightening to know the real source of his rage. I have met Graeme Gibson on three brief occasions and he seemed like a decent and likeable human being. I have read *Five Legs* and, although I found it difficult going, I enjoyed it. In neither Gibson nor his work does there seem to be anything to excite such fulminations. One can only conclude then that the trouble lies in the fetid mind and raging psyche of your reviewer.

Presumably, he is a pitiful creature who cannot help himself. You, on the other hand, can and you should be ashamed of yourself.

Ms. Sheila H. Kieran
Toronto

Neither Isaac Bickerstaff nor I feel any reluctance in revealing that his given name is Don Evans. He is a journalist and artist who lives and works in Collingwood, Ontario, and who admires Jonathan Swift. Whether he is a worthy inheritor of the Dean's nom de guerre must be debated elsewhere, but he adopted it more than two years ago for the simple reason that it was a more interesting name than his own. While I deny the motives Ms. Kieran imputes to us and can report no sense of shame, I have returned to her a cheque to the value of \$9.95 with despatch and some sense of relief. VC

(See also Editorial, page 3)

BY THEIR DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT

Sir:

Please allow me to express my grave concern regarding Canadian children's picture books. My views are founded on several years' experience as a children's librarian in a Metropolitan Toronto Public School and my knowledge of the experiences of an artist and writer who had the gall to approach some publishers with an excellent picture book in manuscript.

Canadian adults are shamefully insensitive to the minds of Canadian children. We are continually imposing on them hand-me-down modes of behaviour, warmed-over imported cul-

tures, and cheap sentimentality. We must recognize that Canadian children have unique minds which are the heritage of our future.

Two quotes from the classic book on children's literature by Lillian H. Smith (formerly of the Toronto Public Library), *The Unreluctant Years*, American Library Association, 1953:

A child's range of choice in his reading will always depend upon what is at hand, and this will largely depend upon his elders.

Picture book illustrators are just as alive as other artists to what is taking place in the art world today. Their work is influenced by current trends.

In Canada we have been choosing American and British picture books for our children to read. Each year the U.S. and Britain will publish a total of approximately 3,000 new picture books for children. Canada publishes one or two, but usually none which can be truly classed as a children's picture book.

The crunch really comes when we realize that young children (ages 4-8) will read, or have read to them, one or two picture books every day if they have access to a decent school library and a children's section of a public library. This means that during these early four years a young child will read from 1,000 to 2,000 books. He becomes curious of things British or American. He is impressed by a Star Spangled Union Jack, and he yearns avidly for experiences involving congressional castles. He begins to think of Canada as a foreign country. The Maple Leaf is meaningless. The flora and fauna is ignored from sea to sea to sea.

At present there are some good, and some excellent, Canadian picture books in the manuscript form. Publishers claim that they would have to sell for \$12.00 to \$20.00 each. If this is the case then Information Canada should be publishing children's picture books and marketing them at a reasonable cost. (I am not aware that it is "Information Adult Canada.") If the publishers are not willing to risk their capital then they will have to risk their autonomy. It is time that Canadian children were allowed to satisfy their curiosity and gain their impressions and experiences from within Canada.

I appreciate your attempt to review children's books. (The reviews by

children is an excellent idea.) However, the materials reviewed are bordering more on the young adult material rather than the material for children. The younger children are being left to wander around in Sesame Street.

Jim Sanders
Stouffville, Ontario

LESS THAN PLEASED

Sir:

Having now read the review of our *Years and Years Ago* in your "Canada Past and Present" issue, we regret we do have some comments: it is not only in bad taste but abusive. Criticism can be made in decent terms and language, without vicious sarcasm. Anything else is failure to maintain objectivity and above all, the one thing which should be a reviewer's paramount rule — impartiality. An editor has even greater responsibility to assure that factor.

This review would never have passed the desk of any responsible editor without being modified. Among other things, it even suggests of some personal animosity or vindictiveness, which is difficult to understand. It makes no criticism of factual accuracy, which it could not, nor literary merit, which it should. It is a strangely resentful, wild attack upon a book's design, a panning of graphics with which everyone else is delighted, a condemning of "price per page" value which may be slanderous, a dwelling on one typographical error which no book is ever without, and the use of cavalier words such as "sloppy" which are truly unwarranted.

There is no question that this sort of irresponsible temerity in material presented to the public, does irreparable damage. How much, in this case, remains to be seen. Already one "regional" representing 37 libraries has communicated a reappraisal of a purchasing situation *because of your review*. All dealings between this organization and your firm will now be held in abeyance until any further direct result can be assessed. Needless to say, any ad program planned on a continuing basis, is cancelled.

Your Advertising Manager Mr. Hawke has commented, "We have no control

over editorial policy." That is as it should be. But you cannot divorce editorial policy from your magazine's commercial position as a whole. You cannot expect to print deliberate insults in poor taste, and feel your sales people must pick up the slack. Editorial policy must remember that a review is *one man's* opinion and attitude.

We repeat to you sincerely that we would have made, or felt, no protest against proper criticism or an unfavourable review. But this is *abuse*, pure and simple. We note, too, (though ours is outstanding,) your tendency to print unduly unkind reviews about other books as well — again articles which lack the objectivity usually found in responsible and long-established periodicals. We suggest to you that other publishers will feel as we do about such treatment, and that if advertising is its life's blood, that *Books in Canada* will not be with us long.

D. H. Lacey
Secretary-Treasurer
The Ballentrae Foundation
Calgary

(See also Editorial, page 3.)

SYMONS SAYS

Sir:

Mr. Greg Curnoe may be one hell of a painter, but I'd check him out again as a book reviewer. Next time, ask him to look at what he *is* reviewing not at what he thinks he should have been reviewing (*Books in Canada*, November 1972). The author and publisher got to the book before Curnoe and what they turned out is what he had to work with. Curnoe's literary judgment seems to lack subtlety. If he'd done his homework he would have suspected that Symons generally writes about Symons. *Heritage* is no exception.

If Mr. Curnoe is looking for introductory textbooks in the field of the decorative arts, (which I gather from his review he needs), I would be delighted to send him a short but illuminating list.

Jane L. Braide
Montreal

HIC TRANSIT

Sir:

Do you collect — and maybe publish — typographicals? I like this one: Pierre Berton, in *The National Dream*, of Marcus Smith —

page 177: "He was a hard drinker."

page 178: "Anything that interfered with the progross of the survey distressed him..."

H. Leslie Brown
Ottawa

A CORRECTION

Sir:

My article on Canadiana reprints in your January issue attributes *Ocean to Ocean* to Sandford Fleming. Not so, of course: the author was Rev. George Monro Grant, secretary to the Fleming Expedition and later principal of Queen's University. My apologies to the Grants.

Susan Jackel
Edmonton

SEEING RED

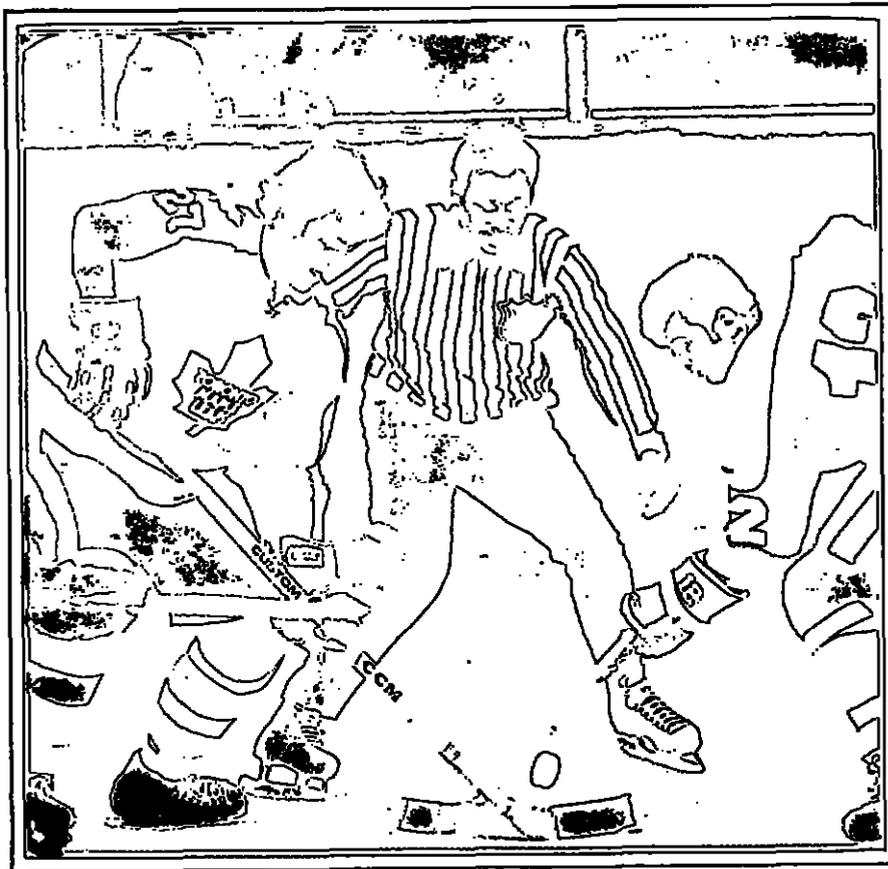
Sir:

Hopefully, it is expected of a reviewer, when accepting an assignment, that he not allow bias to interfere with his judgment. It is on this ground that Joe Tataric falls short in his review of my book, *Indians, A Sketching Odyssey*, January 1972 issue, the concluding paragraph of which states,

Somehow one can't help wishing that some Indian artist would get a Canada Council grant to give us a real look into the lives and hearts of his people.

While I agree wholeheartedly with the above statement, it yet leaves some disturbing questions. What has the above sentiment to do with my book? Is consideration of my work to depend upon government policy? Does it mean that because Indians are not given grants that non-Indians should also not be entitled to receive them? Does it imply that subject-matter should be restricted along racial or ethnic lines? Must I be faulted for not doing what I

continued on page 18



SHINNY AS IT IS

THE CONQUERING CANADIANS:

Stanley Cup Champions

THE BURLY BRUINS:

Hockey's Tempestuous Team

THE ROARING RANGERS:

and The Emile Francis Years

GO LEAFS, GO:

The Toronto Hockey Story

All by **STAN FISCHLER**;

photography by **DAN BALIOTTI**

Prentice-Hall of Canada

paper \$3.95 each; illustrated: 144 pages each

GOALTENDER

GERRY CHEEVERS

McClelland & Stewart

cloth \$6.95; 211 pages

revised by *Paci*

HOCKEY IS the greatest team sport in the world. Those who favour football or basketball or baseball or soccer

ought to pick up these four highly informative books on the Eastern League teams which made the Stanley Cup Playoffs in the spring of '71. The complete game-by-game playoff stories are there as are the team histories, and special features on the players, coaches, and general managers.

But the photographs are the main attraction of this collection. Photos of Bobby Orr starting to hit stride just after taking the puck out of his own end. Photos of the peerless concentration on Norm Ullman's face. Photos of Ted Irvine being flattened by Pierre Bouchard. Photos of the charming incredulity on Peter Mahovlich's face as he questions the referee's decision. Photos of Derek Sanderson playing what he was meant to play.

The movement of hockey is so unpredictable that even the calculus would be hard pressed to gauge it. But photographs stop the action like no calculus can — right down to the number of teeth missing from a player's long-playing repertoire.

Good hockey photographs should exude the clean crisp odour of the ice, and these do. They are the true novel of the game.

If your favourite team is not represented in this collection, do not fret. Prentice-Hall is expected to bring out the full NHL team roster in the near future.

THE DIFFERENCE between Jim Bouton and Gerry Cheevers when they were taping their "diary-books" on their respective sports was that Bouton was on his way down in baseball and so had nothing to lose while Cheevers was on his way up. Bouton had plenty of beefs while he was winning ball games for the New York Yankees but wisely did not tape a book then. It would have invariably been similar to what Cheevers has done in this rather ingratiating run-down of the Boston Bruins' record-breaking 1970-71 NHL season. One cannot help but compare *Goaltender* and *Ball Four* because Cheevers' book tries hard to take Bouton's pitch but not his sting.

So, instead of the stink, we get wafts of Right Guard from the jockstrap.

What you see on the television set in between periods is what you get. There is Wonderboy Bobby Orr and loose-goose Esposito and Turk Sanderson and the rest of the Bruins going about Cheevers' goal as if tangled in the mesh. One begins to wonder if the image is really being protected or if jocks are still that one-dimensional.

But it cannot be denied that the Bruins provide very good entertainment on the ice. For all its limitations *Goaltender* is smooth reading for the hockey fan. It affords him the opportunity of not only reliving an outstanding hockey season, but also of discovering how the Bruins were knocked off their moorings by the "pride, tradition, and all that bullshit" (to use Cheevers' own words) of the Montreal Canadiens in the Stanley Cup playoffs.

Perhaps this book will make up in print what Cheevers lost on the ice to the Canadiens last hockey season. □

PACI, who was born in Italy but grew up in the hockey-mad city of Sault Ste. Marie, has three novels under submission to publishers.

KEEPING THE JOKE TO OURSELVES

A BAR'L OF APPLES

A Gregory Clark Omnibus

McGraw Hill - Ryerson
cloth \$8.95; 326 pages

reviewed by Richard Lubbock

IT'S QUITE a few years now since I landed as an immigrant at Toronto Airport — long enough to pick up a smattering of information about Canada's revered culture-figures. But my gifts of inattention and forgetfulness are so prodigious that when I came to read *A Bar'l of Apples*, I could cheerfully assert I had never heard of Gregory Clark.

Indeed, it was weeks before I could get myself to read past the book's

icky-poo title, and even then I spent troubled days trying to rid my mind of the unspeakable photographic image on the dust jacket, which shows folksy ol' Greg jest enjoyin' a li'l ol' apple outa that there barrel.

Ultimately I stifled revulsion long enough to sample a few of the pieces. Upon entering Clark's world, my first impression was of a nice orderly universe where the *Reader's Digest* virtues reign supreme. The men go fly fishing, their womenfolk keep ice-cold beer for them in the refrigerator, and the streets are lined with warmly companionable police inspectors. It's not exactly natural, but not unpleasant.

One thing, though, became quickly obvious. There's no question but that this fellow Clark (he's nearly 80 now, I'm told) was born with the magic it takes to make a great comic writer. Oh yes, no doubt about it. The first three pieces I picked at random in the book actually made me laugh out loud. By comparison, nothing written by S. J. Perelman has brought a twitch to my lips for nearly 20 years. I began to get the feeling that Mr. Clark was in-

viting me to re-immigrate into another Canada, his own country, which no more maps onto the real Canada, present or bygone, than the realm devised by P. G. Wodehouse resembles anything in England, anywhere or anywhen.

Like Wodehouse, Clark displays that impeccable stylistic mastery which can only be achieved by a powerful mind who knows clearly who he is and what he wants to say. He is able to create structures of neat journalistic architecture which, however workaday they appear, are mysteriously able to generate unexpected flashes of hilarious enlightenment.

For all that, it's possible to wonder why Mr. Clark's work is not widely known outside Canada. Does he, perhaps, lack a certain universal appeal? Nothing could be further from the truth. No creature of the imagination could be more parochial than the despicable Andy Capp, who restricts his daily thoughts and deeds to the streets and pubs of West Hartlepoons. Yet Andy Capp is world famous, and Gregory Clark is not; the difference

A twist of fate could make this explosive
novel a world-shaking fact.

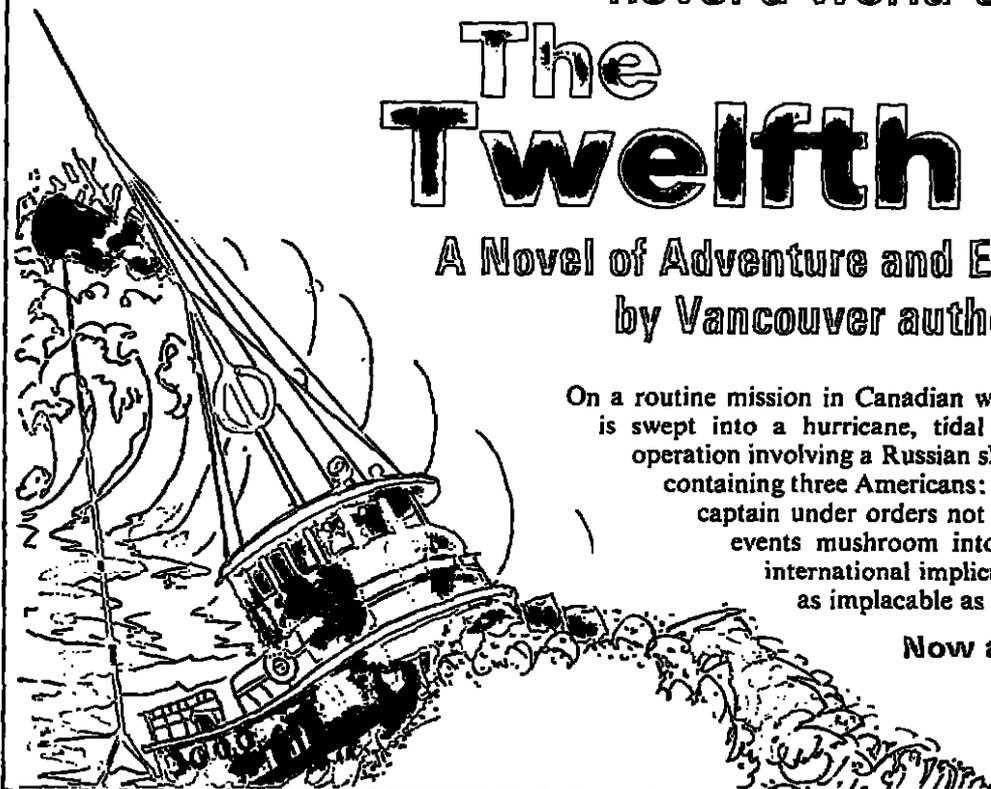
The Twelfth Mile

A Novel of Adventure and Espionage at Sea
by Vancouver author E. G. Perrault

On a routine mission in Canadian waters, the tug Haida Noble is swept into a hurricane, tidal wave and perilous rescue operation involving a Russian ship and a mysterious liferaft containing three Americans: one dead! With the Russian captain under orders not to be captured at any cost, events mushroom into a situation with perilous international implications, climaxing in a battle as implacable as the mountainous seas.

Now at bookstores—\$6.50

 Doubleday



being that Capp has been busily advertised and promoted by his publishers.

If the government had promoted Canadian culture abroad with the same zeal that they encourage the marketing of Canadian cheddar, Greg Clark would have enjoyed a universal reputation many years ago. If we are to bring along new Greg Clarks the promise of the home market is not enough. In culture, as in commerce, Canada must export or die. □

RICHARD LUBBOCK, who writes and broadcasts from Toronto, was formerly associated with the British satirical magazine *Private Eye*.

FOR INTERNAL USE

OUT OF OLD NOVA SCOTIA KITCHENS

MARIA NIGHTINGALE

Pagurian Press

cloth \$6.95; illustrated: 212 pages

GINGER TEA MAKES FRIENDS

JAMES BARBER

McClelland & Stewart

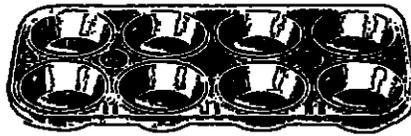
cloth \$5.95; illustrated: unnumbered

reviewed by *Judy Stoffman*

AFTER EATING in the average Canadian home or restaurant, no one with a functioning set of tastebuds would suspect that there is a distinctive Canadian cuisine. Yet several recent cookbooks assert that such a thing indeed exists. The latest one is *Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens* by Marie Nightingale of Halifax, a former radio commentator and, in the words of the dustjacket blurb, "a writer and author."

This is an intriguing collection of 312 recipes, all at least 100 years old, but not even the venerable Madame Benoit who introduces the book can convince the reader that this is fine cuisine. It is crude, rough and ready pioneer cooking dating from hard times

when not a scrap of meat or fish could be wasted, when there were few ovens and no baking powder, and the housewife had neither time nor inclination to



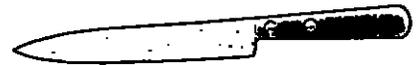
clarify the stock or marinate the meat. Herbs and spices are used without imagination, if at all. Raw potatoes are put into one pie recipe along with raisins and molasses. A *roux* of butter, flour and milk that no self-respecting cook would use as anything other than a thickening agent is suggested as a suitable sauce for baked fish.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Nightingale tends to be careless in her instructions. Cooking times and temperatures are sometimes given, sometimes not. How many servings a recipe will make is rarely stated. A veal roll is to be stuffed with breadcrumb dressing but the instructions for making breadcrumb dressing are not included and neither is the recipe for the mustard sauce which she says should be served with boiled tongue.

In short, this is a maddening cookbook to cook from, but for all that, it makes delightful reading. The imagination that is often lacking in the dishes themselves seems to have gone into naming them. The index tantalizes with such poetic entries as Slow Pokes, Velvet Kisses, Sally Lunns, Rappie Pie, Solomon Gundy, Haymaker's Switchel and Fanikaneekins. The chapter on "Cures and Tonics" which lists homemade remedies for everything from tuberculosis to bedwetting is at once funny and pathetic. Mrs. Nightingale has researched her subject thoroughly and offers a brief historical sketch of each of the many peoples, from Indians to Negroes, who settled in Nova Scotia, bringing their culinary traditions with them. She intersperses recipes with word-of-mouth anecdotes and quotes from old letters, making her cookbook an interesting scrapbook of Canadian social history.

From James Barber, man-about-Vancouver, comes *Ginger Tea Makes*

Friends, a witty cookbook that is international in scope. This is the perfect cookbook to give a young person living away from home for the first time and probably committing slow suicide by TV dinners, convinced that cooking is a mystery quite beyond him. All you need to be a good cook, Barber insists, is "a loose and happy approach to the stove." There are just 45 well-chosen and easy recipes here, attractively spread out on red, gold, and green pages. The chatty instructions are given in the form of comic-strips drawn by the author, an idea probably inspired by Len Deighton's cookstrips for the



London *Observer* in the early '60s. The best recipes are those that are frankly lifted from elsewhere or are old classics: Princess Pamela's Fried Chicken with Sauce Beeootiful, Avoglimono soup (a misspelling of "avgolemono"?) and Zabaglione. Dishes that appear to be inventions of the author, such as Saumon a l'Orange (with its unappetizing sauce) or Pork Chops Canadiennes a la Façon de Kelowna (with its inappropriate cheese topping) are less successful. But the recipe for P-pseudo P-sourdough P-sancake, which uses yoghurt, is a real treasure whatever its origin.



Barber's food is cheerful and he believes it should be cheap enough so that the cook can always afford a bottle of wine to go with it and thus ensure that any shortcomings of his or her dinner will be overlooked. □

JUDY STOFFMAN writes, broadcasts and cooks in Toronto.

OH COME ALL YE FAITHFUL

THE STORMING OF THE MIND

ROBERT HUNTER
McClelland & Stewart
paper \$3.95; 232 pages

reviewed by Marian Engel

I WENT to university in 1952 and it was bliss not only to be alive but to escape the stiflement of small-town Ontario where, just when an argument became exciting, it ran into the arms of something called "faith" and was punctured. Logic, it was explained to me, was cancelled out by the faith. Since everybody's faith was different (though inevitably accompanied by Good Works) the ban on completed logic was probably necessary, but I left that fluid home world with relief. I was never very good at abstract thinking, but I knew that I could hold together, if with difficulty, in a rational world. Well, perhaps I was only trying to compete and knew it was easier to compete in a world of tangibles and propositions: because now The Faith is back again, and with a bang; Aristotle is OUT, the super-rational Lessing has been led to illogical conclusions, there are claims that LSD and pot have changed human nature. The futurists are emphasizing the absolute human need for value systems any old time small-town puritan approves without thinking about them, achieved by means I cannot approve of. Do they think it was cold logic that created the war in Viet Nam?

The literature pertaining to this new attitude runs from Marx through Marcuse and *The Greening of America* and *Future Shock* to books that will be pouring off the presses tomorrow and the next day and the next. A good (Canadian) guide to them — a kind of handy compendium — is Robert Hunter's *The Storming of the Mind*. It is worth reading because although its prose is heavily clotted with terms

like "holistic" and "synergistic" (both of which seem to me to be useless neologisms), it does summarize an entire thought pattern and it does so passionately.

Hunter, who is from Vancouver, can write sentences like, "What constituted order in the old reality now represents the cutting edge of chaos, an edge as technically perfect as a butcher's axe, but one which nevertheless chops through the organic nature of events and things, making hash of them; thus the "old order" is seen to be disruptive, it creates chaos under the guise of rationality. And what was formerly perceived as being chaotic — free movement, organic groupings, random flowing, spontaneity — now can be seen to be part of a higher, more substantial order . . ." probably without wincing. This is high-flown stuff and sometimes seems to be the heraldic uniform of the beast slouching towards Bethlehem. Underneath the rhetoric (is he the descendent of a long line of fundamentalist ministers?), however, he is solidly consistent in his attitude towards his subject, he has an attitude and a plan, he carries his thesis through, his book surges with energy.

Yet his sense of history is more American than I would expect from a Canadian. The new consciousness is in conflict with Western, puritanically oriented capitalism and there are places where I doubt that he understands this: like a Californian, he is turned towards Asia instead of Europe and the syndrome he describes as world-culture seems oriented on the Pacific rather than universal.

There is no doubt, however, that it is in some part universal. The Western world has grown tired of the struggle with rationality, with competitive economy, with public institutions that inevitably harden into capitalistic models. Something has to be done. The young, in their drug-ridden dropout culture, are the new non-materialists and they are praised. There is a chapter on artists as prophets and forerunners that I find unnerving — the considerable present research into the creative process is frightening: there is a creative process, it has to be with the unconscious but I have a feeling that once the hormone that controls it is discovered I am lost. And there is a

particularly interesting chapter on anti-Americanism, the only downright Canadian section in the book.

It's a decent book, much though one may disagree with it. I wonder where it will find its feet? One chapter was printed in *Saturday Night*. Is there a market for the rest? We are so apt, here, to consider Hunter's subject a strictly American problem (we are kind to draft-dodgers on the grounds that this is stacking up pennies in heaven against their revolution), and he is right to force his view on us, that it is universal.

But I think, like Charles Reich, he is making the picture prettier than it is. The New Puritanism is more obvious in this province in the form of heavy government controls and motorcycle gangs, in hopeless, languid dropouts, than in New People. Perhaps they cannot yet be seen.

Hunter is, in fact, incurably optimistic about his native land. "October, 1970," he says, "was one small step for Pierre-Elliott Trudeau and one giant (backward) leap for Canadians. Yet — it might not make much difference. For, at the same time, the current regime is moving rapidly in the direction of opening the gates to allow in the consciousness along the environmental avenue. The Quebec situation is different from the black situation in the U.S. . . . Their struggle does not communicate itself so directly to other Canadians, the young particularly. Quebecois might have been oppressed . . . but they were never slaves . . . Racism has been gentle towards the French and has never been of the mob variety . . ."

He concludes that Canada may therefore be one of the first countries to let the "new" synergistic, ecological mentality prevail.

I wonder. I hope he's right. I hope the subculture does have a meaning. *The New Whole Earth Catalogue* gives it a meaning, but one of a very old kind: these things are IN, these things are OUT. To me, every new puritanism is a new system of nay-saying, and I am afraid, therefore, of the future, of passion, of The Beast. Hunter is not, so read him. His bibliography reveals his bias and he was honest to put it in. □

MARIAN ENGEL, who now lives in Toronto, is currently working on a third novel set in Crete, where she lived in the early 1960s.

SAME OLD T.O.

THE STORY OF TORONTO

G. P. de T. GLAZEBROOK
University of Toronto Press
cloth \$13.75; illustrated: 281 pages

reviewed by Susan Swan

THERE ARE some books that should be reviewed so that people will be sure *not* to read them. This book is one of them. It is currently displayed in Toronto bookstores with the claim in its jacket blurb that "this is the story of a town dropped by the hand of a government into the midst of a virgin forest."

Romantic, huh? Promising stuff for the amateur historian or Toronto-watcher like myself, who knows that cities have secrets and folklore they seldom admit to. Failing that, at least a useful text for some university sociology course?

No sir, not this book, though its author, an established Toronto historian and former University of Toronto professor, has spared no details. Glazebrook starts at the days of the fur trade when the mouth of the Humber River was an important portage point. Then he scrupulously clicks over the phases in the city's development, the 1812 war, the reign of the Family Compact, always compiling his history like a warehouse stockpile. Here the birth of the Toronto police force, there the founding of the *Liberal*, a newspaper published in 1875 which failed after a few months of trying to rival the *Globe*. And so on.

In the last three chapters, Glazebrook discusses modern Toronto, offering such nuggets of information as, "In summer and winter many people go further afield on weekends or holidays, as they have always done. Many places within a hundred miles of Toronto afford excellent skiing. . ."

What has happened is that Glazebrook has reduced Toronto to the clichés of a travel pamphlet. The book's

59 black and white photographs of the city are interesting but the rest is an amorphous mass of facts and figures, a waste really since there aren't many good books about Toronto. But perhaps history is too serious to be left to the historians. □

SUSAN SWAN, freelance journalist and book-critic, formerly with the *Toronto Telegram*, contributes regularly to the *Toronto Citizen* and *Books in Canada*.

DOOM AT THE TOP

ASSASSINATION AND TERRORISM

DAVID C. RAPOPORT
CBC Learning Systems, Toronto
paper \$2.00; 88 pages

reviewed by C. Alexander Brown

OVER THE years CBC has collected some of its series radio-talks programmes, such as the *Massey Lectures* and *Ideas*, and published them as books. Barbara Ward Jackson's *Rich Nations and Poor Nations*, and Paul Goodman's *The Moral Ambiguity of America* were first published by the CBC. One virtue of the books put out by the CBC is their timeliness and topicality. This latest book falls in the pattern. While the talks which compose *Assassination and Terrorism* were being prepared, the October Quebec Crisis broke out. CBC suggested to Professor Rapoport that the title of the talks be changed to *The Politics of Fear*. In his preface Prof. Rapoport states:

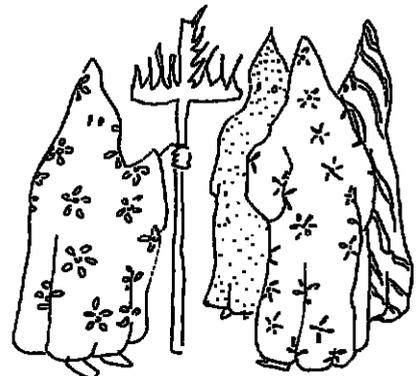
Although there is considerable literature on particular assassination attempts and specific terror campaigns, very little on the general nature and meaning of the two activities exist. For this reason I thought it unprofitable to distinguish between a potential audience of intelligent laymen and one of professionals committed to the study.

Doubtless by professionals, he meant academic professionals like himself, but

this clear crisp and concise volume would be of undoubted interest to the "real" professionals, and with the covers and endpapers torn off, it is just the right size for stuffing into the pocket of a bush jacket, along with the hand grenades, the pencil time-fuses and spare clips of rifle ammunition. Who knows, the CBC might have an international bestseller on its hands, because for revolutionaries in the '70s, assassination and terrorism may have to replace the classical guerilla warfare of the '50s and '60s. The counter-measures are becoming too sophisticated, and the weapons available to established governments too devastating in their effects for small bands of men hiding in the bush and living off the land to topple governments. Where will they hide, when all the bushes have been defoliated? Where will they run when a single "Daisy Cutter" bomb can kill every single living thing, insects, small animals and men, in an area the size of a football field? There is no advantage in reading Mao and Che Guevara when all the officers and men you are fighting have read them too, and have big nasty weapons besides. Even night provides no cover, because satellites equipped with infrared cameras and heat detectors will locate your campfires at night, and relay the information to earth, which is the way they caught up to Che Guevara in the mountains of Bolivia.

Rapoport knows his subject very well, and writes very well. He analyzes assassination and terrorism in a historic context, and examines several contemporary situations. Even for those whose interest is not professional, the book is well worth the \$2.00. □

C. ALEXANDER BROWN, novelist, jazz-rock composer and former CBC-TV producer, is currently engaged in a federal research project.





NOW OR NEVER

The Fight Against Pollution

By D. S. Halacy, Jr.
Illustrated with Photographs

Every day, millions of the world's people breathe air that is potentially toxic . . . drink water that is dangerously contaminated . . . consume foods that contain deadly poisons. Pollution has become a frighteningly real threat to our health, to our way of life—indeed, to our civilization.

In this absorbing, fact-filled book, a noted science writer discusses the alarming proportions of the problem. He also provides a brief history of pollution through the ages, including that caused by nature itself.

And, finally, Mr. Halacy provides suggestions on what readers can do to help—stressing the need for action NOW.

NOW OR NEVER was rated among the 100 best books of 1971 by *The New York Times Book Review*. "Of all the books now available on our endangered natural environment, this is one of the most complete and impressive reports", wrote the Children's Editor of *The Times*.

Expressly written for teen-agers in the 10-14 age group.

192 pages TRADE EDITION \$7.45 LIBRARY EDITION \$7.05

THE RUNAWAY'S DIARY

by Marilyn Harris

Not quite turned 16, Cat (short for Catherine Anne) Toven knows one thing for sure—she's got to get away! From what? The bitter quarrels at home—from a place where she can't even breathe.

THE RUNAWAY'S DIARY is a day-to-day record of what happens to a remarkably talented, sensitive and very alive young girl as she searches for answers to the unanswerable along a road that takes her from Harrisburg, Pa. to Canada's Gaspé Peninsula.

Sometimes funny, sometimes sad, it is always very real for every teen-ager (and not a few adults) trying to make sense of today's world.

256 pages TRADE EDITION \$6 20
LIBRARY EDITION \$6 40



MICKIE

by Edith Unnerstad

Illustrated by Ib Ohlsson

Eleven-year-old Mickie Eckberg discovers the power of advertising when she offers help to all "genuinely needy persons, preferably families with many children", under the nom de plume of "Madame Charmé" in a Stockholm newspaper. Her rich uncle has promised to fulfil any wish she might make, and Mickie has chosen to help the "needy".

How Mickie's enthusiasm and ingenuity rise to the occasion and how she gains some genuine insights into the real nature of poverty and charity, makes absorbing reading for all boys and girls in the 8-12 age group.

128 pages TRADE EDITION \$5 95
LIBRARY EDITION \$5 60

FROM FOUR WINDS PRESS, a Division of Scholastic, 123 Newkirk Road, Richmond Hill, Ontario.

THE SECRET OF JALNA

RONALD HAMBLETON

A General Publishing PaperJack

paper \$1.95; 122 illustrations; 175 pages

THE DREAD CANADIAN

reviewed by Douglas Marshall

It is my wish that no sale be made by my Trustees of radio or television rights to any of my books for use on any commercially sponsored programme.

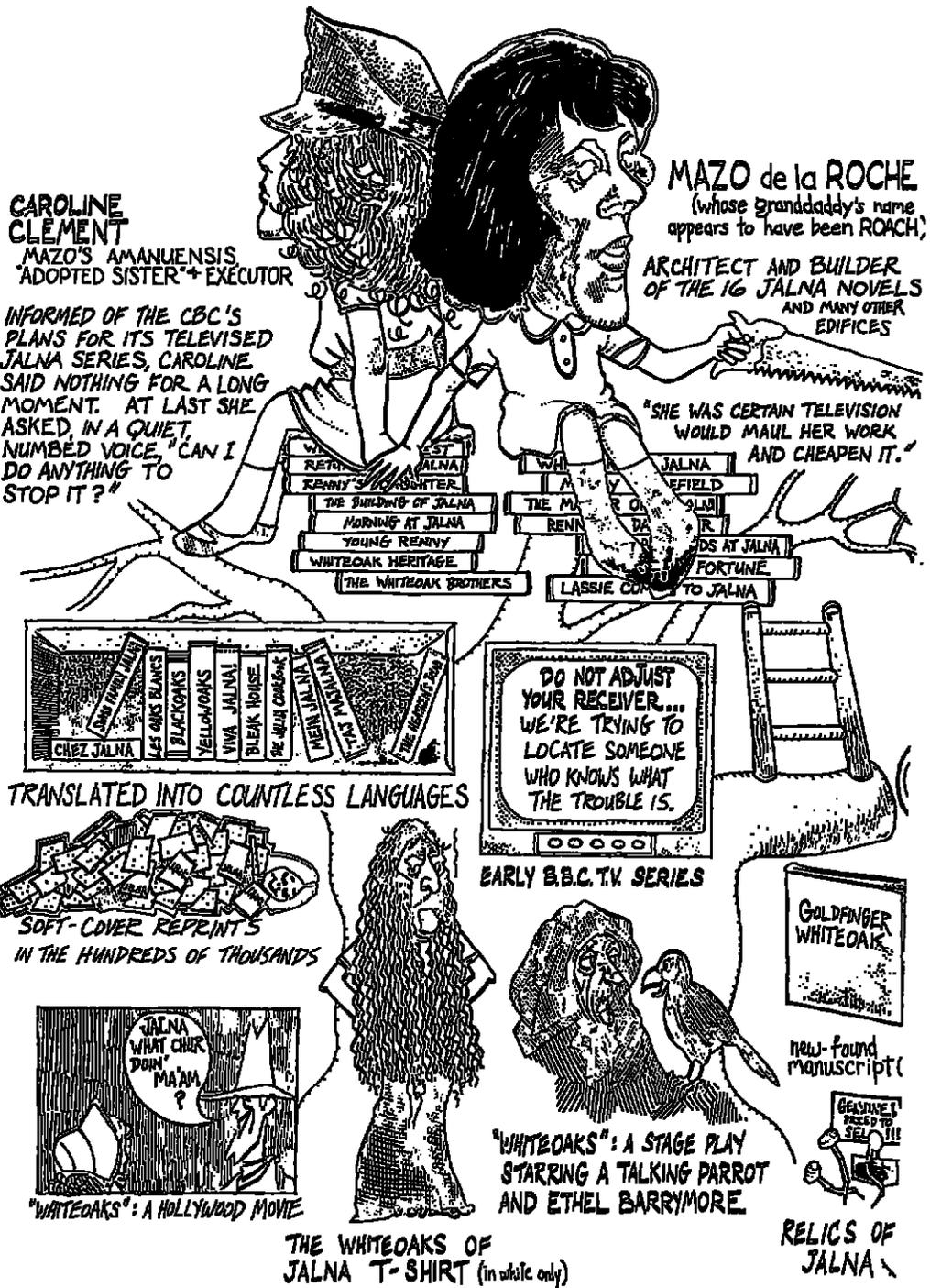
— from Mazo de la Roche's will.

BUT, OF COURSE, nothing so trivial as the author's desperate last wishes could halt the remorseless exploitation of the Jalna gold mine. After her death in 1961, it was both obvious and inevitable that the greatest soap-opera librettist of them all would someday be resurrected by the electronic time machine to serve as the phantom author-of-record for a commercial TV series. A whole new mother lode of hungry housewives were waiting to be titillated by the girlish aroma of lavender and horse sweat, dewy innocence and sexual yearning, that perfumes the love-sick, sick-love Whiteoak chronicles.

Moreover television, a medium as magic as it is shallow, could be used to tunnel past the granite face of death and expand the Jalna plot line into infinity.

Miss de la Roche was barely cold beneath her coy gravestone — it perpetuates the fiction that she was nine years younger than she really was — when the plans for a commercially sponsored TV program began. Mr. Hambleton records that Miss de la Roche's trusted lawyer of 20 years, Senator Daniel Lang, quickly approached Mavor Moore about the TV rights to the 16 Jalna novels. Moore got together with Fletcher Markle, then a free-lance producer and now head of drama for CBC-TV: "The two of them dreamed up the notion that the span of the Whiteoak history could seem to imitate the span of the automobile industry! Maybe that would interest Ford, or General Motors!"

It took another 10 years to sort out tangled copyright problems but eventually it all came to pass. Renny, Adeline and all the other proud, unsullied Whiteoaks came trundling into our living-rooms aboard a \$2 million



CAROLINE CLEMENT
MAZO'S AMANUENSIS,
"ADOPTED SISTER" + EXECUTOR

INFORMED OF THE CBC'S
PLANS FOR ITS TELEVISED
JALNA SERIES, CAROLINE
SAID NOTHING FOR A LONG
MOMENT. AT LAST SHE
ASKED, IN A QUIET,
NUMBED VOICE, "CAN I
DO ANYTHING TO
STOP IT?"

MAZO de la ROCHE
(whose granddaddy's name
appears to have been ROACH)

ARCHITECT AND BUILDER
OF THE 16 JALNA NOVELS
AND MANY OTHER
EDIFICES

"SHE WAS CERTAIN TELEVISION
WOULD MAUL HER WORK
AND CHEAPEN IT."

TRANSLATED INTO COUNTLESS LANGUAGES

SOFT-COVER REPRINTS
IN THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS

"WHITEOAKS": A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE

THE WHITEOAKS OF
JALNA T-SHIRT (in white only)

"WHITEOAKS": A STAGE PLAY
STARRING A TALKING PARROT
AND ETHEL BARRYMORE

RELICS OF
JALNA

WHITEOAKS DISEASE



vehicle paid for with public money yet co-sponsored by General Motors. All Miss de la Roche's treasured romantic dreams, the elaborate artificial structure of her secret world, the Rolls Royces, thoroughbred horses and visions of lakes "darkling in the summer moonlight," became a peg for selling Chevrolets.

The Secret of Jalna is a collection of illustrated copy blocks masquerading as a book. Hambleton has gutted his 1966 biography of de la Roche, buttressed the juicy parts with some recent privileged tidbits about how the TV series was assembled, and left us to draw a lot of our own conclusions. The result is almost incoherent. The very design of the book generates confusion. My impression is that galley proofs have been arbitrarily hacked up into page-size lengths without the slightest regard for the relation of text to pictures. This is a slapdash production, flecked with typographical errors and choked by editorial disorganization.

It remains, however, a fascinating book. That is largely because Miss de la Roche was a fascinating human being. "She was," says Hambleton, "a virtuoso in the art of lying in print." What she lied about, constantly and for enormous profit, were the secrets of her private life. The *Jalna* novels are the outpourings of an unhappy, sexually mixed-up girl who lived to be 82 but never made it beyond the emotional age of 14. The world frightened her and the only way she could cope with it was to externalize her immature and mystic longings for security.

Despite St. John Ervine's astonishing comparison of her with Chekov (Ervine, like Edmund Wilson, was no doubt smitten by the kind desire to find literary as well as climatic equations in the Canadian and Russian landscapes), Mazo de la Roche was a terrible writer. Yet, as Hambleton says, she *did* have "a remarkable facility for impromptu ad-lib dramatic composition." We're left with a haunting thought: had de la Roche ever grown up a normal woman, had she ever been able to graduate out of her role as Peter Pan (where a mature woman cavorts about the stage of life playing out the endless fantasy of a worldly-wise boy), we might indeed

have had a Canadian literary genius on our hands. Perhaps we lost another Virginia Woolf to that permanent teddy-bear's picnic with her cousin Caroline, an artist who could have transformed Lake Ontario into *Waves* rather than a sugary body of water capable of no higher symbolism than seeming "wild in a wintry storm."

Hambleton, like a loyal but indiscreet butler, makes allusions and drops hints without ever coming out and saying things plainly. Instead of a frank discussion of de la Roche's central sexual hang-up, we are fed tittle-tattle and gossip. The only real "secret" of *Jalna* that emerges is the fact that there was a secret. Clearly, one of these days we will need a more honest, more distanced examination of Miss de la Roche's curious, tortured life.

All the same, Hambleton's sympathy for his subject is justified. The factual evidence is incontrovertible: from the moment she was "discovered" by *The Atlantic Monthly's* peripatetic Edward Weeks (and I now understand how "the peripatetic reviewer" got that way because in the 1930s anyone trying to keep track of Mazo de la Roche had to do a lot of wandering), she ceased to become the owner of her own literary property.

The lonely begetter of *Jalna* had some dim, through-a-glass-darkly perceptions of what she might have been. She tried to escape the Whiteoaks yoke, never with the slightest success. For the various publishers, editors, agents and camp followers in Jalnaland knew where the gold was to be found. Hambleton quotes Lovat Dickson of Macmillan's making an honest statement of how and why she was exploited:

"Mazo had tapped a particularly rich vein of literary ore and it would have been foolish to have diverted her commercially into something else . . . She had found something she could do perfectly: the material flowed out of her easily; her imagination worked perfectly in it; she visualized all these characters; she had an enormous public waiting for them; and it seemed best to let her go on."

There is an element of pathos in all this. Throughout her creative years, Mazo de la Roche was the victim of a series of perceptive and intelligent men who seized a rare opportunity to mix kindness with greed. When you have a perfectly willing child labourer on

your hands, why not make the most of it?

And so the exploitation went on until — and after — her death. The current CBC-TV series is merely a sour aftertaste of all that had gone before. Why, instead of a coherent dramatic serial, are we presented with this jumbled mishmash of supposedly self-contained dramas, each of which convolutes between past and present?

Hambleton, somewhat unconvincingly, puts forth the standard CBC explanation: (a) that the novels were not written in sequence anyway; and (b) that parallel-time sequences (in other words, flashbacks) are the stock-in-trade of the dramatic writer.

Both these observations are true. But the fact is that it doesn't work on television, at least not the way the CBC has chosen to attempt it. And, more important, I refuse to believe that literary considerations had anything to do with the CBC's choice of format. There is plenty of evidence, particularly from Europe, that straight *serial* (as opposed to *series*) drama draws in and holds viewers like a huge electronic magnet. The CBC turned down this sure-fire approach purely because of commercial considerations: TV advertisers (especially in the United States)

don't like getting locked in to programs that can't be pre-empted.

To illustrate the point: a few weeks ago the CBC bumped a *Jalna* episode to run a Wayne and Shuster special; had *Jalna* been a developing dramatic serial, like *The Forsyte Saga*, that would have caused an incredible uproar among viewers; as it happened, nobody gave much of a damn.

Hambleton says a production arrangement with the BBC fell through because British producers found the CBC's ideas for *Jalna* "bizarre." Presumably the BBC found the end product, which it refused to buy, even more bizarre.

My cynical guess is that the CBC's *Jalna* isn't really designed for prime-time TV at all. The disjointed, episodic, plot-counterplot structure is the brain-wave of some programming genius who realized that ultimately the hour-long films would have to be chopped up into 15-minute segments for daytime soap-opera broadcasting.

I have the strangest feeling that before very long *Jalna* is going to wind up as the trade name for some vaginal deodorant and that Mazo de la Roche will soon be remembered, if at all, only as the Laura Secord of the detergent age. □

WHAT'S BEING READ IN QUEBEC

COMPARED TO the fall 1970 literary scene, the fall 1971 literary scene, like the political climate, was less feverishly active. The 1971 autumn did not produce a masterpiece of the stature of Ann Hébert's *Kamouraska* which appeared in October 1970. Nevertheless, the Quebec publishing scene was still a most prolific and ebullient one, with much diversity and scope.

The comic strip has been recognized as part of American mythology, and the heroes of these strips are the heroes of modern urban industrial man. French-Canadian culture lacked such a sub-genre, because it was 8-10 times cheaper to import "dubbed" comic strips from the U.S.A. *Mad Magazine* and *Pilote* have always enjoyed enor-

mous circulations in Quebec. This situation changed, however, in the autumn of 1971. Parts of that runaway best seller, *Petit Manuel d'Histoire du Québec*, were reworked in comic strip form and published as *L'Histoire du Québec Illustrée*, by Léandre Bergeron and Robert Lavaill (Montréal, Les Éditions Québécoises, 1971, 48 pages). This Marxist dramatization of Quebec history is beautifully done, because caricature is the basic element of Bergeron's vision and his text virtually cried for comic strip adaptation. Several other capable comic strip books also appeared: *L'Œil Voyeur* by Gilles Tibo (Montréal, Les Éditions du Cri, 1971) and *OROR 70* by Philibert (Montréal, Les Éditions du Cri, 1971).

The October 1970 crisis continues to spawn new publications. The most objective and revelatory study of the Quebec crisis appeared with the publication of *L'Opinion Publique et la Crise d'Octobre* (Editions du Jour, 183 pages, Montréal) by two Laval professors, Michel Bellavance and Marcel Gilbert. Using sound statistical polling procedures, the Laval team attempted to objectively measure Quebecers' reactions to various government moves during the crisis. The 1970 crisis also resulted in the first of what, hopefully, will be a wave of literary treatments of those painful days. Although Claude Decotret's *Mourir en Automne* (Montréal, L'Actuelle, 1971, 124 pages) is no great literary achievement, it places its alienated hero in an October '70 setting.

The qualitative level of Quebec poetry has remained consistently high. Luc Racine's *Les Jours de Mai* (Editions du Jour, 1971, 129 pages) presents the poet's search for Rimbaud's dream cities. For Racine, poetry must serve as a crystallization of prophecy. Pierre Nepveu's *Voies Rapides* (HMH, Collection Sur Parole, 1971, 112 pages) is also noteworthy. Nepveu, with beautifully phrased insights, examines the new landscape of the contemporary Quebecer: the autoroutes, the toll paths, the traffic cacaphony, etc. Paul-Marie Lapointe has not been a prolific poet. His *Poèmes 1948-1965* (Editions de l'Hexagone, 1971, 270 pages) reveals a qualitative development because Lapointe re-examines and re-evaluates his earlier themes and insights.

Suzanne Paradis has produced 15 books in the past 11 years. She is undoubtedly a major presence in French-Canadian culture, and has been recognized as an important poet. She recently returned to her first love, the novel, and her *Emmanuelle En Noir* (Les Editions Gameau, Quebec City, 1971, 177 pages) is a perceptive treatment of father-daughter incestuous love. Miss Paradis' poetic vision and her psychological empathy allow her to vividly explore the painful torture and hopelessness inherent in her theme.

Le Feu dans l'Amiante, a novel by Jean-Jules Richard (ré-édition — Québec, 1971, 212 pages) originally appeared in 1956. This novel, which deals with the epic 1949 Asbestos strike, had to be published (due to its "scandalous"

nature) in 1956 by the author himself, in Toronto. Richard depicts the effects of this strike on ordinary people. This volume serves as an excellent counterbalance to John McDonough's *Charbonneau et le Chef*, because this latter volume presents the strike in terms of the "biggies" involved (the Premier and the Archbishop), whereas Richard depicts the strike as an enlargement of the usual misery of the ordinary workers. The paralyzed mining town, ugly and filled with suffering, is masterfully presented by Richard.

Last winter Marc Doré attracted some notice with his *Le Billard Sur La Neige*. His latest novel, *Le Ratonlaveur* (Les Editions du Jour, 1971, Montréal, 160 pages) presents an adolescent protagonist who spends his summer vacation working at his uncle's farm in the Gaspé. Doré's Gaspé is a dying world, and the novel oscillates between two poles: the omnipresence of the oppressive school atmosphere, and the bitter-to objectively measure Quebecers' re-sweet discovery of the female. Doré's novel succeeds because the reader readily comes to like the protagonist and share his inner reality.

Jean Provencher's *Québec Sous la Loi Des Mesures de Guerre, 1918* (Trois-Rivières, Les Editions du Boréal Express, 1971, 146 pages) examines the 1918 conscription crisis and the April 1st riot where four were killed and 75 hurt. Quebec French-language history has hitherto lacked a Joseph Schull. Up to now, one has had the shrill, Marxist Léandre Bergerons with their facile popularizations, and the academic historians with their ponderous tomes. Provencher steers a middle course between the two extremes, and his latest volume is thus especially welcome.

And, finally, the autumn of 1971 saw the publication of a long-awaited volume, *Une Femme chez les Hommes* (Editions du Jour, Montréal, 300 pages), the memoirs of Thérèse F. Casgrain. The story of this unique and remarkable woman allows us to relive the fight in Canada for human dignity. Mrs. Casgrain's life has been one long confrontation with injustice, and her volume allows us to share her energetic company and relive her battles. □

HOWARD ROITER teaches Canadian Literature at the Université de Montréal.

INNOCENT ABOARD

JOURNEY WITH CARAVEL

FRED CARLISLE
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$7.95; illustrated: 241 pages

reviewed by Peter Athol Reid

WITH AN innocence more frightening than amusing, Fred Carlisle writes of five years' sailing on the edge of disaster and tragedy. He tells casually of running aground and being beached along the intercoastal waterway — the same stretch of water in which the schooner *Black Gull* from Toronto was beached and totally wrecked while on her way to New Zealand in 1971. Presumably quite unaware that *Saorsa*, a catamaran of similar construction to *Caravel* (half-inch plywood and drawing just as little water) had one of her hulls cut open from bow to stern by coral, Carlisle lightly tells of scraping his hulls against the coral of the Caicos Bank in the Bahamas. *Saorsa* was a total wreck. How did Fred Carlisle, his wife and two small daughters survive?

The trip's success is due in large part to the trimaran herself. She is a well designed and constructed ship with much attention given to the heavy framing needed to withstand the pressure of two tons of sea water in one of her three hulls. (I found it inconceivable that Carlisle did not check each hull at least once a day.) The sea also deserves some credit. Although she seems inclined to be tolerant of older men who challenge her, Fred Carlisle is no Joshua Slocum or Francis Chichester. And, I suppose healthy stores of common sense and caution may balance an acknowledged lack of experience. But to the professional and seasoned sailor Carlisle's story remains an exercise in terror.

Barring her remarkable handling of the boat and of a mutinous Bahamian crewman while her husband was in a Miami hospital having his thumb repaired (the thumb was all that lack of

experience cost him), little mention of Mrs. Carlisle is made. Some insight into family life constrained by five years on a boat would have been interesting to armchair adventurers. Was she the epitomy of the docile suburban housewife she appears? Surely the two girls did not spend the entire five years playing dolls in the forepeak?

The appendix on celestial navigation is one of the clearest explanations of this art that I've read. It gives simply the fundamentals required to find position on any ocean. And there is an excellent glossary of sailing terms: every book should have one. □

PETER ATHOL REID, Toronto-based photographer and boat-builder, has sailed across the Atlantic and sails competitively on the Great Lakes.

LATE GREATS

**WILLIAM LYON
MACKENZIE:**
Rebel Against Authority

DAVID FLINT
paper \$3.50; 192 pages

JOHN STRACHAN:
Pastor and Politician

DAVID FLINT
paper \$3.50; 160 pages

WILFRID LAURIER:
The Great Conciliator

BARBARA ROBERTSON
paper \$3.50; 160 pages

All from Oxford University Press, 1971

reviewed by Donald Swainson

William Lyon Mackenzie and *John Strachan* are books that should be read together. By presenting both sides of the story in a balanced and sensitive way, David Flint has illuminated the Upper Canadian clash between radicalism and conservatism that culminated in open rebellion late in 1837. At the same time we learn much about Upper Canadian society through discussions of several topics crucial to frontier life, including journalism, travel conditions, drinking habits, new towns, agriculture and religion. Points are

often illustrated with well-selected quotations and illustrations.

Central to Flint's work is a theme of topical interest — Canadian attitudes towards the United States. In early 19th-century Upper Canada, conservatives distrusted the great democratic republic and were anti-American, while radicals empathized with many things American and acted as a sort of republican fifth column. The situation is now reversed. Any self-respecting radical is by definition anti-American, while defenders of the U.S. usually come from more conservative circles. This poses an interesting question about the relationship between ideology and nationalism. Which are the strongest factors: anti-Americanism, continentalism, radicalism, conservatism? A history of anti-Americanism in Ontario would be intriguing, running as it does from John Strachan to Melville H. Watkins!

Mr. Flint provides a fascinating insight when he quotes Mackenzie thus: "I had no distrust of my own sincerity in the cause of the people, but I begin to distrust the people themselves." Mackenzie wasn't the first Canadian radical whose populism became a crude elitism under the influence of political adversity.

Flint's books contain a few errors in their brief treatments of the Union years. It is suggested for example that the Union capital alternated between Kingston and Quebec. This was never the case and the capital was never located anywhere on "a yearly basis." These minor errors can easily be corrected in a new printing. The books are eminently readable and should be widely used.

Wilfrid Laurier was a Canadian whose life is always of topical interest. He led a bi-cultural party and confronted problems of race, language and creed. He faced both American and British imperialism and his years in power coincided with one of Canada's greatest booms, which involved him with a host of economic problems.

Mrs. Robertson, in her elegantly written, well-illustrated and tightly organized biography, concentrates on these traditional themes of race, imperialism and prosperity. Her view of Laurier is sympathetic, perhaps excessively so. She suggests that "Laurier's

main interest lay in getting English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians to live amicably together . . ." Perhaps, but there was another, more Machiavellian, Laurier. The cynical and disillusioned J. W. Dafoe commented that Laurier had a plan when he came to power in 1896: "And the plan? Why to stay in power for the longest possible period of time." It is instructive to bear Dafoe's dictum in mind when reflecting on Laurier's actions.

Laurier has been well served by his biographers, in part because of his infectious charm. Mrs. Robertson's great sympathy for Laurier has helped her to bring his delightful personality to life. In the process she has produced an excellent little book that should bring the real Sir Wilfrid a little closer to the ordinary reader. □

DONALD SWAINSON is Associate Professor of History at Queen's University in Kingston.

ONE OF OURS

CHARLES SANGSTER

W. D. HAMILTON

Twayne's World Authors Series
(Distributed by Burns & MacEachern)
cloth \$6.15; 163 pages

reviewed by Doug Fetherling

THE THING FOR which New York's Twayne Publishers is known is its Twayne's World Authors Series, an ever-growing series of monographs apparently determined (as Robert Fulford once wrote) to cover every author who ever wrote anything, anytime, anywhere. Its major arm is Twayne's United States Authors, which includes critical studies of such men as William Gilmore Simms, whose works are justly forgotten and, save one, unavailable. But from time to time the firm also brings out studies of writers from most other parts of the earth and even has a Canadian subseries which is contributed to rarely and which is edited by that well-known Canadian literary historian,

Joseph Jones of the University of Texas. And which now has blessed us with *Charles Sangster* by W. D. Hamilton — the first book-length study of the subject, to be sure.

Sangster (1822-1893) was a Kingston poet who published two volumes of bad verse, mainly pastoral and patriotic. He is anthologized occasionally, is listed in the *Oxford Companion* and is considered of some historical importance, mainly because there were so damn few poets of any kind in the country. The best treatment of him is an essay in *Ten Canadian Poets* by Desmond Pacey, under whom Hamilton wrote his M.A. thesis on Sangster.

For what it's worth, this new look gives the best biographical sketch to date, though the book generally is hilarious. The preface, for instance, begins by quoting the Pacey essay: "It would be quite fatuous . . . to bring to bear upon Sangster's poetry the heavy guns of either the new or the old criticism." Hamilton, though, lets loose at least a mortar barrage even though he too must come clean or admit defeat. The first page of text begins, "Charles Sangster is anything but a well-known literary figure. A pioneer among Canadian poets, he was greatly overrated when his work first appeared, but he has been all but ignored for almost a hundred years. He remains, however, the most important Canadian poet of his generation. And, unlike most of his contemporaries, he was neither an immigrant nor an emigrant. He was born in Canada; he lived his life in Canada; and he lives buried in Canada."

And it is on this basis that Hamilton analyzes his truly awful verse for more than 150 pages, concluding, as he must, that "Sangster was not the 'Father of Canadian Poetry' . . . because he was not an innovator, nor did he have any disciples or imitators. Neither was he a great, or a very good poet."

The book, then — rather like a pair of orthopaedic snowshoes — would probably be of some use were a practical occasion for it ever to arise, though not of enough use to counteract the essential silliness of the whole idea, Canadian though it certainly is. □

DOUG FETHERLING, poet and journalist, publishes and edits *Tabloid* in Toronto. His most recent collection of verse is *Our Man in Utopia*.

heard & told

LEAVING NO PIERRE UNTURNED . . . Bridging a gap between *The Last Spike* and Pierre Berton's next book (said to be on the opening of the Canadian West), McClelland & Stewart will publish in September a revised edition of *Klondike*, considered his most accomplished book before *The Great Railway* pair.

OUTASIGHT OUTAMIND BUT HERE . . . *Polaris*, a new Toronto publishing group intends to generate Science Fiction in Canada. Asserting that Cyrano de Bergerac put Canada a nose ahead of the world in space travel when he blasted off for the moon from Quebec City on St. Jean Baptiste Day, 1650, the new group means to recover that lead from the alien beings who have seized our SciFi bookshelves. *Polaris* editors are seeking "high-quality Canadian fiction and poetry reflecting the lives of human as well as alien beings in the future, on other planets, in other times, timespaces and senses;" also cartoons and line drawings with SciFi themes, and fantasy and speculative fiction. Their immediate hope is to publish an anthology *Polaris I*. Submit material to: *Polaris* Canadian Science Fiction Press, Box 386, Station K, Toronto, Ontario.

***** . . . For those who've asked, Ampersand Press was set up by Lois Darroch Milani, poet, peace crusader and historian to publish her *Robert Gourlay, Gadfly* (reviewed *Books In Canada* Dec. 18). It is at 44 Uplands Avenue, Thornhill, Ontario.

NOW YOU SEE HIM . . . Secretary of State Mr. Gerrard Pelletier continues to add to his reputation as *Scarlet Pimpernel* of the Federal Cabinet. His address to the Independent Publishers' Association Ottawa conference on Feb. 25, billed as the main attraction, was barred to the media. Four days later his office phoned round the Toronto media to herald his surprise appearance at an International Book Year press conference at Toronto City Hall Library. He did not appear. In the wake

of well-developed and worthy programs for International Book Year announced by UNESCO, the Canadian Library Association, the Canadian Book Publishers' Council, and the Canadian Booksellers Association, the inadequate and tardy Federal recognition of IBY hardly seemed to call for a ministerial presence. Mr. Pelletier's speech, eventually read by the lately-appointed Federal co-ordinator for IBY, Mr. Roger Duhamel, revealed a grant of \$400,000 to support regional and local book programs, which according to informed sources is just half the amount originally recommended to the Cabinet by Mr. Pelletier for a much more imaginative and far-reaching celebration of the Year. The Toronto newspapers chose to ignore the announcement.

RUNNING DOG BARK OF THE MONTH . . . "The prime objective of a foreign subsidiary is not its own publishing but the sale of the U.S. product" — Walter Wulff, marketing vice-president, McGraw Hill International to the Association of American Publishers.

AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY . . . In commenting on David Godfrey's third publishing venture, *press porcépic*, in our last issue, Susan Swan neglected to mention that his second publishing venture, *new press*, was jointly founded with Roy McSkimming and James Bacque. At the recent convention of the Independent Publishers Association, David Godfrey succeeded Peter Martin of Peter Martin Associates, as president; the new vice-president is Maynard Gertler of Harvest House. Publishing maketh a full day.

BACKING A WINNER . . . As part of its International Book Year program, the Canadian Booksellers Association intends to award a prize of \$1,000 to the Canadian author of a Canadian book published between April, 1971, and April, 1972. This will be the first literary award to be made from the private sector of the book business and the committee of booksellers will be seeking a book in the popular range, which could not have qualified for a government award and which they feel has not attracted the acclaim that it merits; publishers need not nominate books for consideration. The award will be made during the Booksellers Annual Convention in Ottawa in May. □

JANUS

never intended to do, look into the "hearts" of Indian people? My intention was clear, it was only to draw what I saw.

But pursuit of his bias has led Mr. Tatarnic to unseemly distortion. Thus my trip included "the bustling tourist centre of Banff." In fact I have never been to Banff and the place nowhere appears in my text.

Thus he likens my trip to "... quickie European package tours," yet grudgingly concedes that the quickest drawings of all are done "with rare economy and quick grace." Would the drawings have been better had I spent more time on them? As an artist, Mr. Tatarnic should know better. However, he does not want to consider the book on that level. Thus, "It is not really an art book." What then is it, since the Canada Council grant was given to me in my capacity as an artist? Instead of dealing with the quality of the work, the writer worries about its category. But wait, if this is not an art book then why describe one of the drawings as "a strong work deftly drawn and monumental in conception"? However, this is only to contrast one drawing by detracting from the rest in which Indians "do all the colourful things Indians are supposed to do." Instead of concentrating on how I do, Mr. Tatarnic seems obsessed with what I do as though I had any choice in the activity of the people involved.

My last book of drawings, *Old Markets, New World*, featured people in Kensington Market doing what they "are supposed to do." Would Mr. Tatarnic raise the same objection here? If not, why not?

The issue here is not a new one for me. Bluntly stated it is a (justifiable) resentment and hostility felt by Indian people and repeated by some whites against non-Indians who seem to trespass on what is held to be Indian prerogatives.

I can only consider this attitude as divisive and as impeding the movement for redress of Indian grievances. It divides and pits "whites" against "reds" thus obscuring the fact that the injustices perpetrated against Indian peo-

ple are not by "whites" generally but by an archaic bureaucracy whose policy is developed behind the backs of the Canadian people but in their name.

Progress can best be made by bringing to light what has been carefully hidden. No useful purpose is therefore served by dissipating energies in demeaning potential allies so necessary for the realization of desirable change.

Joe Rosenthal
Toronto

MORE UNHOLY WAR

Sir:

In your August-September issue, you carried a review entitled "The Six Decade War." Your reviewer, Mr. Morris Wolfe, made a number of criticisms of my book *The Unholy Land*. May I make a comment on one point.

He questioned my reference to Theodor Hertzl, the founder of Zionism, and my report that he had originally proposed that Jews be converted to Christianity and suggested seeing the Pope to that end. Mr. Wolfe says, "No source that I have consulted bears Forrest out on this point." May I say that Mr. Wolfe's sources must have been very limited. This is a rather unusual technique to suggest that a thing can't be true because he has been unable to locate its source. It does make valid his criticism that I do not always make my sources clear.

However, to cite one example, in the book by Nevill Barbour, *Nisi Dominus*, published by George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd., London, page 43, he will find the following statement: "Hertzl proposed, therefore, that Jewish children only should be converted and these in an honourable and open manner . . . he proposed to interview the Pope and suggested that parents should present their children in broad daylight on Sundays at noon in solemn procession amidst the clanging of church bells." Barbour points out that Hertzl was dissuaded from this plan by the editor and publisher of *Neue Freie Presse*.

Space will always be held open in this magazine for letters from readers, writers, publishers, printers and teachers who have anything to add to or say against our reviews, columns, articles or editorials. Address yourself to: *Write-In, Books In Canada*, 6 Charles Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

Mr. Wolfe also states that I refute the charge of anti-Semitism by saying that some of Toronto's rabbis are among my best friends. Such a comment is unworthy of Mr. Wolfe, is unworthy of your publication, and I suppose is unworthy of a reply by me.

A. C. Forrest, Editor
The United Church Observer
Toronto

SAVING OUR PRESENCE

DIPLOMACY AND ITS DISCONTENTS

JAMES EAYRES
University of Toronto Press
cloth \$12.50; 199 pages

reviewed by Stephen M. Gill

THE 21 ESSAYS of this book, divided into three main parts, deal with various aspects of diplomatic missions. Some of the essays are the outcome of the *Alan B. Plaunt Memorial Lectures*, which Mr. James Eayres gave at Carleton University in 1965, published the following year in the form of a book. The rest of the essays or chapters had been published, in one form or the other, before they could be collected in *Diplomacy and its Discontents*.

In the first essay, Mr. Eayres advises the Canadian Government to close down its embassies in the countries where the need does not exist, and to reduce the staff in the smaller countries. The main idea behind the advice, based on the British *Duncan Report*, is to save the unnecessary expenditure. The author strengthens his logic by exposing the risks, like that of being assassinated or kept as hostage, a diplomat runs. A diplomat's job, which is mostly collecting news, is essentially a duplication of a foreign correspondent's work. A journalist possesses good knowledge of the country and the information he gathers is reliable, unlike that of a government's representative, who does not enjoy the freedom

to move around freely because of his fear of being killed or kidnapped. The author predicts that the day is not far off when the embassies will fold their offices, because the diplomats will no longer be needed. In the second part, the author discusses the role played by fate and by will in the diplomatic arena; in the last part, right and wrong in foreign policy.

In chapter after chapter Prof. Eayres charges foreign missions with hypocrisy, falsehood and fraud. He ignores the fact that one of the functions of a diplomat is to create cordial and friendly relations between the nations. The embassies help establish dialogue among countries; this smoothes the way for their better understanding. It is highly doubtful that the importance of diplomatic missions will ever decline, particularly when the trend is towards global-mindedness.

However, the book demonstrates the author's wide knowledge of international affairs in a style which is lively and lucid. Though the author's stand is very controversial, some of the points he makes are illuminating and

thought-provoking. The book lacks an index, which is indispensable in a work of this nature. □

STEPHEN M. GILL is the Canadian editor of the *World Federalist* magazine, has written two books and reviews for the *Ottawa Journal*, *Ottawa Citizen* and *Journal of Modern Literature*; he lives in Cornwall, Ontario.

WANG!

THE ARROW OF APOLLYON

LLEW DEVINE
McGraw-Hill/Ryerson
cloth \$5.95; 157 pages

reviewed by Paci

WHO WOULD have thought that Robin Hood would be resurrected on — of all places — Bay Street! Maximilian Bowman, mysterious old country avenger and Bay Street whiz-bang financier, shoots a deadly arrow in Llew Devine's first published novel, *The Arrow of Apollyon*.

This mystery-murder-high finance novel is principally set in the "canyons" of Bay Street and revolves around the price of a mining stock aptly called Arrow Copper. The slightly sullied Maid Marian gets caught up by the arrow phenomenon, as do the three despicable "clippers and cheaters" who try to whittle Bowman down to size. Perhaps the Bay boys can see reprehensible reflections of themselves along the course of this tall tale.

The idea is interesting enough and I, for one, would have liked to find out the story behind the story on the Toronto Stock Exchange — what makes the boys tick, and so on. The novel promises such insights at the beginning and reads well there. But Max Bowman, archer extraordinaire, cannot help but let fly his metaphysical arrows. The hero of the novel does not spare himself the responsibility of expounding the capitalist ethic. This to the detective who is investigating him for murder:

... Sell! Or sell part! Or keep! Or buy more! I can't show you a better example of freedom at work. You can't lose more than you are willing



Emily Carr

The published works of Canada's greatest woman painter are being reissued in paperback to celebrate the 100th anniversary of her birth. The amazing relevance of Emily Carr's books today is a tribute to her genius as a writer. As an artist her first extensive exhibition since 1946 is currently at the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto and has been seen in Vancouver and Montreal.

Klee Wyck

Winner of the 1941 Governor General's Award. Emily Carr's collection of stories about her Indian friends in the B.C. rain forest. (\$1.75)

The Book of Small

Reminiscences of her family life in Victoria when she called herself "small" and the Carr family was still prosperous. (\$1.50)

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The story of the 22 years when she ran an apartment house, too poor to buy painting materials and rejected by all but a few friends. (\$1.90)

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This is Emily Carr's own autobiography published after her death describing her struggle as an artist. (\$1.90)

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CLARKE IRWIN

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to put up. The sky is the limit to what you can win. And it's your deal every time. That is free enterprise! Rejoice in it! Thrill to it. While it lasts!

You see, the detective owns shares in Arrow Copper, Bowman's baby.

One would have expected the author to have checked his platitudes within the framework of a thriller, if that indeed is what he intended to write in the first place. There is something fishy in a straight shooter explaining why he is so straight. Shades of reverse psychology?

Nevertheless, *The Arrow of Apollyon* has very good moments, especially when it goes into the workings of Toronto Stock Exchange intrigue. Mr. Devine also has a good sense of pace and rhythm. The action is clean and swift, with a thrift comparable to Ross MacDonald. Also, his portraits of the villains are sharp and to the point.

More action and less preaching would probably have made *The Arrow of Apollyon* a superior thriller. But as it is, it stands up quite well. □

EMILY CARR *cont. from page 2*

all, with its glimpses into her private moods of joy and despair, exasperation, elation and struggle. What a film her life-story would make! There is Emily at her most revealing, communing with nature, caravanning gypsy-fashion through the forests, with her menagerie of dogs, white rat and monkey in tow, creating an enduring body of work which today enables us to see, not only the western forests, but all forests and all growth with new eyes. □

JOE TATARNIC, a Toronto painter and printmaker, has long admired Emily Carr as a great Canadian individualist.

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All published by Clarke Irwin

BARELY MAKING IT

COME IN AND TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF

MARK KRUK

Gateway Press
paper \$3.75. 265 pages

reviewed by Jan M. Dyroff

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY spoke of an Areopagus, or gathering, of writers; Mark Kruk chronicles the progress of such a group at York University. This book is not about "stripping," in the usual sense of the word, but is about the baring and reclothing of the self (one's self) in the process of becoming a novelist, poet or playwright.

Kruk's subtitle is "a liberating approach to creativity." It could just as well read "a creative approach to liberating," for what we find in the book is a blow by blow (documentary,

almost organic) report of the process of creation — from impulse to idea to finished product. This creative process is described in terms of liberation, e.g. the freedom to express leading to the freedom of expression. One of the points emerging from the narrative is that in the "now" literary world, anything is fair game, and that an author, novice or otherwise, should have no fear of limitation. The only sense of limitation arises from the self, or personal hang-ups and inhibitions, hence the clarion of "a liberating approach."

In some ways, Kruk's book is an *exposé*. It presents a very real picture of what one writer's circle (more prosaically, creative-writing course) is like and a hint of what other such circles *might* be like. Apart from the topic of writing *per se*, the book reads, in some ways, like a novel. We see a wide range of characters, and what they do, feel, or wish, and how they express themselves — each of these are vital (actual participants in the York circle), and their portraits and efforts are memorable. Purely on the "story" level, Kruk's book has a gripping, entertaining quality.

Native Rights in Canada

SECOND EDITION

Edited by
Peter A. Coomans
and
Neil H. Mackenzie



JUST PUBLISHED!

Native Rights in Canada; in Hardcover @ \$12.95;
in Paperback @ \$7.95

The central figure in the book is Ed Parker, a curious amalgam of guru, Toronto PR executive and "historian of Manitoba." He is the catalyst for all of the action. His attitudes, methods and observations, if not always orthodox, are sound and, more often than not, provocative. In part, then, *Come In and Take Your Clothes Off* is an Ed Parker Success Story, just as it is a success story for the rest of the writers involved.

In the end, I suspect that this book is significant for what is implied in it rather than stated. We don't see the participants meeting on a *blah* day, nor do we see the terrible agony of writer's

block; these lurk in the wings. If the book has a "moral," it is simply that writing is hard work, that perseverance and craftsmanship are needed, in bulk. But the most important inference to be gathered from the book is that "creativity" lurks in nearly everyone and that it merely needs to be "liberated." Kruk, Parker and the rest clearly show that such liberation can be achieved, and in the pages of *Come In and Take Your Clothes Off* they act out the "how" of it. □

JAN M. DYROFF teaches early English Literature and (as a poet) creative writing at Lakehead University.

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(Reviews of books marked * scheduled to appear in next issue.)

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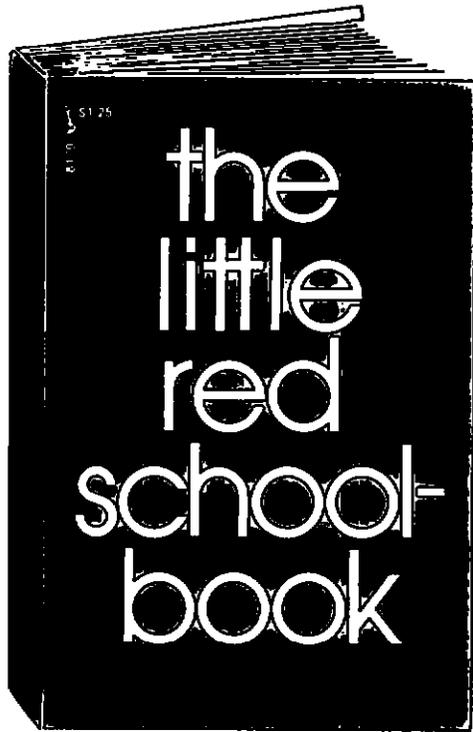
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