

# BOOKS *in* CANADA

a national review of books

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 4

APRIL, 1975



HOWAT DICKSON

echoes the  
call of the wild

## HISTORY IN WATERCOLOUR

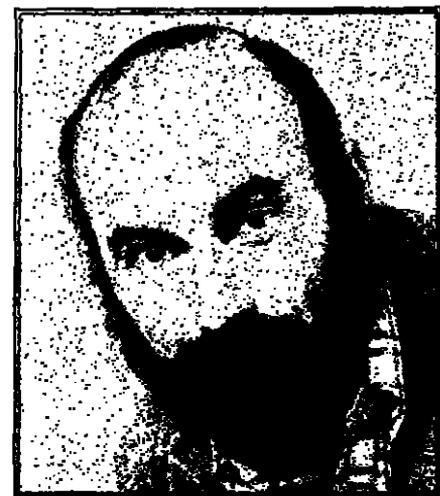


*A War Party at Fort Douglas by Peter Rindlsbacher (1806-1834) from the ROM collection (see page 12).*

Laughing all the  
way to the bank  
with  
ARTHUR HAILEY



What  
JOHN HIRSCH



hath wrought for  
CBC-TV  
DRAMA

Feature articles on:

- EARLE BIRNEY
- ROBIN SKELTON

PLUS REVIEWS BY  
Fred Cogswell, J.L.  
Granatstein, Michiel  
Horn, Do & Fetherling

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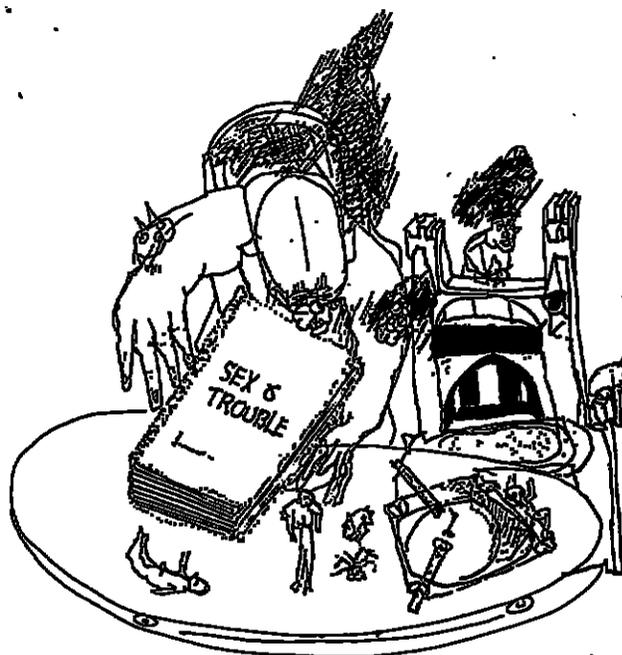
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The best seller—

Joe Rosenblatt '75

# BOOKS<sup>o</sup>in CANADA

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Vol. 4 No. 4

APRIL, 1975

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# EARLE BIRNEY ON THE SPIT

He has been roasted, toasted, and now collected— but he can never be contained

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**The Collected Poems of Earle Birney**, two volumes, McClelland & Stewart, 188 and 191 pages, \$20 cloth with slipcase.

**Earle Birney: Critical Views** on Canadian Writers Series, edited by Bruce Nesbitt, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 156 pages, \$8.95 cloth mid \$4.95 paper.

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By **CLARE MacCULLOCH**

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IMAGINE ONE OF those TV "Roast the Star" nights. Make the cuisine Canadian. Enter stage left: Bruce Nesbitt, editor and emcee of *Earle Birney*. Spotlight on the guest of honour. For 39 pages, Nesbitt sings the praises of the guest poet who is "to be acknowledged as Canada's finest poet... one of very few Canadian men of letters whose work has substantially altered our literary perception of ourselves." And more. Much more.

Then on come the "roast and toast" colleagues who have appeared in print, for or agin Birney, since 1937. They are all there, wrapped in their neat little categories: "One Society: Poetry, 1937-1948." "Tines for a Peace: Fiction, 1949, 1955," "One World: Poetry, 1949-1965," "Selected Poems 1940-1966," and "Weed Bed: New Directions." The praise is thick, the baths doll. (Most of the reviews are but five pages long, small blessing after the lengthy introduction.) Frye, Smith, and Skelton come closest to the truth; they are occasionally courageous but oh, so cautious — careful treatment of national china. Pratt is one of the most embarrassing: "I claimed as I have maintained for some years, that you [Birney] were our white hope, that no one, particularly in the Montreal 'faction'... was even within light-years of your constellation." Sigh. Anally D. G. Jones, the 34th speaker winds it all up appropriately with his piece, "The Courage To Be."

A hearty round of applause and then the star.

Birney himself approaches the dais. He gets time for rebuttal and wrap-up (two articles reprinted from *The Creative Writer* and a 12-page epilogue.) Sad actually. The star

## A NOTE TO OUR READERS

*Owing to the current vagaries of the postal service, our special issue on women writers and women's presses in Canada has been postponed until next month. The May issue will include reviews and articles by Myrna Kostash (on Marian Engel), Adele Wiseman (on Sylvia Fraser's The Candy Factory), and Aviva Layton (on Joyce Carol Oates). The postal strikes have also disrupted the distribution of Books in Canada. Readers in some parts of the country may have received the March issue a week or two late. For reasons obviously beyond our control, the disruptions may continue for some time to come.*

goes on and on, defending, explaining, calling bumlbers bumlbers (in this case, Cogswell). Remember Archibald MacLeish: "A poem should not mean, but be." And the poet "is not the loud-speaker of society, but something much more like its still, small voice... He can be its conscience, its critical faculty." Finally, after 22 pages, it's over. One cannot help but think that the laddie doth protest too much.

No one understands -at least that is what Nesbitt's book would have us believe and Bimey echoes the message. It is the age-old story of the prophet in his own land. One last little token of the evening: a bibliography. *Exeunt omnes.*

But then there is the monument.

First we had the *Selected Poems: 1940-1966*, which McClelland & Stewart brought out in 1966. The reaction was varied and can be noted in Nesbitt's annals. A more durable collection appeared necessary: *The Collected Poems of Earle Birney* in two volumes. Handsome indeed. The most impressive structure to come of these "collected works" of Canadian poetry. This extravagant (\$20), splendid, beautifully bound set (complete with an attractive slipcase) assigns some sort of station to this man, whom Robert Fulford has called "old Champs. spry as ever. not letting the young folks get a step ahead of him." It's like an autobiography; Bimey has arrived and this is his life.

And what nonsense he has had to put up with in his life. Yet he continues to lead with the chin and invite attack.

One of the things that we don't do well in this country is to stir up tempets in our literary teapots. Our literary

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*The implication of a "collected" works is that the life has been lived, the poems written, the dance competed, the significant poems gleaned, the craft polished, the struggle ended.*

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figures and their going-ons are generally as dill as weekends in Collingwood. The few "characters" we have nurtured have quickly faded after a brief sparkle, into the pastels of our mosaic or, at best, chowder in our melting pot. No Berrymans, no Plaths, no Lowells on the brink. (In England, Philip Larkin is the oddity because he is so incredibly doll, so ordinary.)

Bimey is the closest thing to a commotion that we have had recently. Oh sure, Al Purdy is a fair understudy, but Birney is the star. Every new book brings out the opposition and the supporters. Just read Nesbitt's catalogue. But always the divisions are that clean-cut: there are those who build the armour defences and those who wield the slings and arrows. The marvel, upon seeing the "collected poems" is that the man has survived and so well.

It would be interesting to know who buys these "collected" works that seem to be a current preoccupation with Canadian poets, or at least their publishers. There are problems; the volumes are expensive for Everyman and when

purchased one would like them to be complete. Will **Birney**, for instance, issue a supplement every few years? The implication of a "collected" works is that the life has been lived, the poems written, the **dance** completed, **the significant** poems gleaned, the craft polished, the **struggle** ended. They hint that the music is, for the most part, over and the parade has passed by. The rest is marking time?

Ridiculous. Look at the impressive **Collected Poems of Irving Layton** (McClelland & Stewart, 1971). No **one** believed that Layton was bowing out or that he was giving his "positively last public performance." (We have, in fact, had three volumes from him since **and there** is no hint that he has lessened his pace.) And so it is with Bimey. The last line in the biographical note on him reads: "At present, he is on a world **tour**, reading his poetry and **working on other** books." So who has \$20 for these complete poems of a yet-incomplete poet?

And to the **contents**. Well, **everyone** knows **Birney**: he is either speaking to **us** or he isn't. Only the former group will shell out the big money for the big edition. The curious will **have to find** another introduction. It is too late and too far into the game to attempt to sell the poems; and **of course**, they don't need to be sold.

It's a simple maxim but a **true** one. When he is good, he is **very, very** good .... This is readily observed when we have the complete poetic canon spread out before us. **He** is often superb; truly one of our great poets (shades of Nesbitt's praise) and yet ironically he is one of **our** most unsettling and unsettled **figures**. It is **hard** to take him **seriously**, even when he wants **us** to. This leads to either **adulation** or faint damnation **or** both.

Last year in **The Fiddlehead** I wrote a review that **suggested** that **when** the emperor was viewed, up close, he had no clothes of late. Perhaps he had abandoned his craft and his power for modernity? (Notably in *what's so big about green?*) The comments were many and **varied**: some agreed but wished to remain **anonymous** and some **from** both coasts damned me and the review (interpreted as **an attack**). A typical reaction to a Bimey book, it seems, at least in this country.

Professor William Walsh, a distinguished international scholar, critic, poet, and teacher of Commonwealth **literature** at Leeds, **recently** reported **that** only Anne Wilkinson and A.M. Klein make **any** sort of international ripple outside of Canada (at least in **his** observations from beyond the garrison walls). However, he **added**, he was **very** interested in a **new poet from the West whom England had just discovered: Earle Birney**. Englishmen were learning to love, in 1974, the **new** poem "Bear on the **Delhi** Road" (1958). Could Bimey be right? Is he ahead of his time?

Whatever the conclusion, **McClelland & Stewart** have put all of his circus animals on display. From the first poem, "Kootenay Still-Life, (1920/1941)" to the most recent "poems," this is an impressive collection.

*Columning up from crisscross rot  
(palmed flat by a wind forgotten)  
breather a single bullpne, naked  
for fifty cinnabar feet, then shakes  
at the valley a glittering fist of needles  
rivergreen. And stops, headless.*

*On the yellow fung of the bullpne's broken  
neckbone sits, eyeing her beetle below,  
a crow.*

This post-Imagist poem takes **us** through the poetry as **process** to the latest experimentations (a word **Birney** detests) and fancy footwork of the 1960s and 1970s. These later

4 Books in Canada, April, 1975



A line drawing of Earle Birney by Harold Town from *The Collected Works of Earle Birney*.

poems **are** clever but seem pale when **compared** to the brittle brilliance of the earlier ones. The complete works, here stripped down, anthologized **and arranged**, offer **interesting frosting** to a **sturdy** and delicious cake. John **Newlove** has done a good job in his **role** as **friend and fellow-poet** and "editor of this book."

The **author** includes **his own** foreword: the poet seems persistent in getting into **these** acts. The statistics of his life work are impressive though. "Of **these** 223 makings and five translations, four **are** printed for the first time. 18 have appeared only in periodicals, and the remainder published in earlier books." The poems **are** "roughly **geographic** & **but within each group**, and between **them**, then? is **an** attempt at chronological **progress**."

The first volume has six subtitles that outline the scope and contents: "1920-1938: Canada," "1928-1968: U.S.A.," "1934-1958: North Pacific," "1938-1947: War," "1941-1958: Canada," and finally "1953-1971: Europe." The second volume has seven categories and deals with Bimey's travels from 1955 to 1974 to Mexico, Asia, Canada, South America and the Caribbean, Australia and New Zealand, the South Pacific, and back to Canada.

A fine geographical summary and index are included as **are two interesting sketches of Birney** by Harold Town. The drawings seem to age Bimey somewhat **but** perhaps, as with Picasso's painting of Gertrude Stein, the subject will **grow** to match the artist's vision. In any case, we will undoubtedly be able to watch **the process**. Bimey is collected but no one imagines for a minute that he is easily contained. □

# ROBIN SKELTON AT THE FEAST

The hairy czar of Uvic has rejected his sluttish Muse and now is dining out on his cultural past

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**Timelight**, by Robin Skelton, McClelland & Stewart, 118 pages, \$6.95 cloth.

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By LINDA SANDLER

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**ROBIN SKELTON**, in his youth, was seduced by a sluttish and treacherous Muse. He offended more than one reader by caricaturing his Muse as a whore, and I was curious to know what kinds of poems she inspires. "Well the Muse, of course, is a sexual image of the creative imagination. But the poet may resent the compulsion to get all these damn words down, knowing that at the end you've had your orgasm and you're left with the post-coital sadness." Skelton laughs with a loud clocking sound, and the Irish whisky washes over the edge of his glass. He attends to the whisky level, and reminds me that his ballads to the capricious Muse were written 15 years ago in England, while he was serving his poetic apprenticeship. "I tried my hand at most of the tricky verse forms, and inevitably, I resented my dictatorial Muse."

Skelton emigrated to Canada in 1963. The impact on his poetry was startling. In the Canadian section of his *Selected Poems* (1968), Skelton is no longer a "star-crossed ventriloquist," but a powerful lyric poet. "I became emotionally involved with the Canadian landscape, and so I was writing with a different voice. But I also had a new audience. When I gave poetry readings in England, I had the usual turn-out of 10 or 12 people. My first North American



Robin Skelton

audience at the University of Massachusetts numbered 450 people. They stood in the aisles and they didn't go away. I received applause that I had never believed possible, and I suddenly realized, My God-I can say things!"

Skelton has come East to promote his new book, *Timefight*. He is a large, untidy Yorkshireman—a sort of hairy disaster, wearing a baggy suit. Like many New Canadians educated in England, he combines an anarchistic energy with a reverence for tradition. During his 12 years at the University of Victoria, Skelton has emerged as a species of

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*Like many new Canadians educated in England, he combines an anarchistic energy with a reverence for tradition.*

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cultural czar. He founded, and now controls, both the Creative Writing Department and *The Malahat Review*; he served five years on the Board of Directors of the Art Gallery; he organizes Irish festivals and regular poetry readings. The bibliography of this notorious poet-teacher-editor-Irish scholar-impresario is of comic extent. At the age of 50, he has published 25 books and pamphlets of poetry, five studies of poetic craft, and 30 more titles, ranging from scholarly criticism and editions to anthologies of contemporary poets. He also sculpts and makes highly erotic collages.

Skelton has the power, perhaps, to advance or to withhold aid from young writers, and inevitably his ideal of cultural excellence has won him as many opponents as supporters. As editor of *The Malahat Review*, he has incurred the charge of being an & Canadian. *Malahat*, now in its ninth year, circulates around 850 copies to 28 counties, and prints poems, plays, and translations from almost every country. The proportion of Canadian writing hovers at the 40 per cent mark. Skelton is sympathetic to his critics but believes that *Malahat* serves an invaluable function by complementing the all-Canadian magazines. "My nationalism, you see, is a nationalism of the English language. If we are to have a viable Canadian culture—and this means overcoming the dominant American influence—we must become increasingly aware of the literature of other countries."

The current fashion is for poets to develop a "signature" style, but Skelton remains stubbornly diverse. One of his zanier poetic experiments involved translating the fictitious works of George Zuk, a fictitious French poet and sexual fetishist. "Rabelais, I think, said that 'Everything God allows to happen, I allow to be written about.' When you change your style, you look out of a different window, and you see a different view." In *The Hunting Dark* (1971), Skelton looks at the Canadian scene through the window of social realism. *Timelight* is a visionary work: the poet explores his personal and cultural past through the windows of memory and dream.

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*Timelight* has the **form** of an urgent confession. "Listen," the poet says, "This is/desperate. Listen." Preparing to revisit Europe, the poet tries to make sense of his life, and of the elusive memories of his youth.

In "**Clare Abbey**" he suggests that death has the clarity and **dignity** that life cannot have.

*I do not know  
what happened or what mattered.*

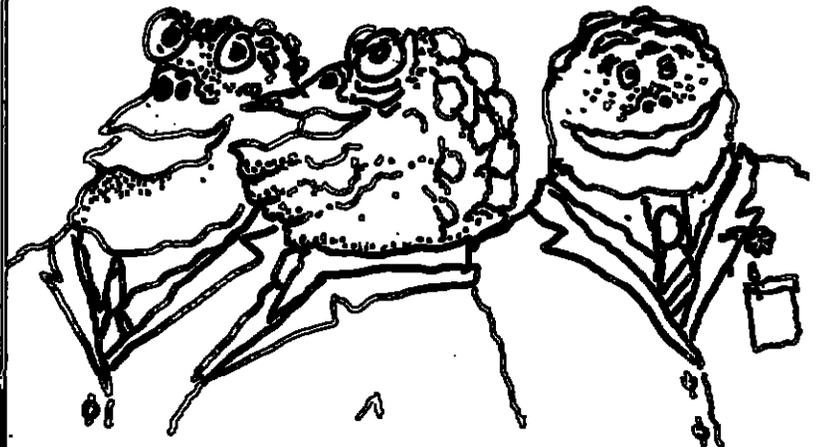
*Simplify me. Then at last my name  
will be the thing I was,  
a moment's noise  
you have no need to dignify or share.*

As the elegiac tone indicates, **Skelton** is using the confessional **form** for an essentially philosophical exploration. "It is for you," he writes, "I make this/venture a message."

In 1969, Skelton took a sabbatical leave from **teaching**, and **wandered** around Europe. A **characteristic exile**, he contemplated the ruins of **artworks** and inferred their **former** meaning. "I **was** trying, perhaps, to make sense of a cultural past, and to find my place in it." Dante, in exile, found the eternal radiance of God. **Ezra Pound affirmed** the transcendent value of art. Skelton, at the end of his quest, finds no enduring radiance, only "timelight." Even **art** is **time-bound**.

*Timelight retraces* the poet's path through the dark past, and towards **conscious** acceptance of what he learns. In a preface that obscures rather than reveals the **meaning** of his poem, Skelton affirms his **European** roots. But the poem articulates, eloquently, his ambivalent sense of **belonging** to an inaccessible past. This is the Canadian experience of Europe, and Skelton is perhaps more Canadian than he knows.

Skelton is a powerful and versatile poet. His early Muse is doubtless responsible for his craftsmanship (and for those **brief** intervals in the book when he surrenders his own voice to **Auden** or to Eliot). He swings easily **from** elegy to the evocative language of the visionary poems, to meditation, and to the allegorical dramas of his **bestiary**. **Skelton's** "Spider" outclasses anything **produced** by a modern **bestiarist**. In his dream poems, he shows a rare grasp of **surreal effects**; and the beauty of **his** elegies is their rhythmic control. Skelton **is** the poet as Maker — and *Timelight*, as Skelton made it, coheres, and is more than a craftsman's work. □



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# The novel as shadows

Wooden Hunters, by Matt Cohen, McClelland & Stewart, 219 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By PAUL STUEWE

COMING SO QUICKLY on the heels of *The Disinherited*, which was justly acclaimed, *Wooden Hunters* must be considered in terms of what we now know Matt Cohen is capable of achieving. As the work of a "talented but undisciplined" writer — roughly, Cohen's tag prior to the appearance of *The Disinherited* — his new novel would be grounds for an encouraging, if mildly patronizing, pat on the heap; as the work of an accomplished author, however, it disappoints while providing scattered evidence of its creator's powers.

*Wooden Hunters* seems a tired and uncertain book, an only partially thought-out idea that alternately ex-

perates and impresses. The two main characters are thesis material for "survival Revisited": tenuous, tepid, tentative Calvin and lost, languid, labile Laurel move to an isolated island off the British Columbia coast and bounce enigmas off one another while awaiting a nudge from necessity. Calvin and Laurel aren't "fleeing" or "searching" or doing much of anything at all; they're just hanging out, and neither is sufficiently realized to make us want to spend much time with them. They talk and think in the sort of multiple imprecisions that characterize banality masquerading as profundity: "There was something in the way she often looked at him when they were about to make love that sometimes put him off, a look that tried to hold him with her eyes, force him to admit something that was obscure but reluctant in him" is a typical example. Or, something's happening, but the reader all too often doesn't have a clue as to what it is.

Cohen's narrative passages are tighter than before, although here too he often relies on trite expressions that avoid the novelist's responsibility to show as well as tell. Experiences are

described as "ritual," for example, without any attempt being made to elaborate or identify those qualities that make them ritualistic, and one soon gains the impression that he is trying to endow his shadowy characters with some facile mythic resonances in order to compensate for their lack of human substance.

Essentially, Cohen does not seem to have amassed enough material to engage his imagination fully. There are a number of striking vignettes of impassioned action interspersed among the arid stretches of phatic discourse, and several of the minor characters are vividly represented in a few well-chosen sentences. But these quickly fizzle out in the surrounding emptiness, swallowed whole by the all-encompassing vagaries of a book that seems more willed than truly felt. If it is a function of the novel to evoke some sort of sympathetic resonance in the reader, then it is fair to say that the echoes are missing from *Wooden Hunters*.

Much was made of the "Faulknerian" sweep of *The Disinherited*, and one is tempted to push this analogy further and classify *Wooden Hunters* with the attenuated humour and lo-

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quaciousness bordering on self-parody of Faulkner's later work. It exhibits the same combination of extreme facility and the absence of any coherent standards of inclusion, and while I have no inside information as to the circumstances of *Wooden Hunters'* creation, I would guess that it was conceived at leisure and executed in haste. The results, in any case, are highly disappointing. add lead to the conclusion that Matt Cohen has a period of reflection and reconsideration before him. □

## The hero as solipsist

*Across from the Floral Park*, by Kent Thompson, Macmillan, 151 pages, \$7.95 cloth.

By FRED COGSWELL

KENT THOMPSON'S second novel, is a highly creditable attempt at that most difficult of literary feats, the making of bricks without straw. Whereas in *The*

Tenants *Were Corrie and Tennie*, the presiding genius (insofar as there was one) was Terence Waterhouse, in *Across from the Floral Park* the technique, and something of the sensibility, of Vladimir Nabokov has been incorporated into Thompson's own conception of character and setting. Other things being equal, a switch from Waterhouse to Nabokov as a model is bound to produce a marked improvement.

The protagonist of *Across from the Floral Park* is a neurotic who, protected by a dotting mother during infancy, recoils from the "realities" of social existence at school. Later, after the deaths of his wealthy parents, he indulges in an inner life of fantasy in which the places and people he comes into contact with are reshaped according to his desires and fears. Since his fantasy world is a remarkably consistent one and the reader merely sees the circumstances as he narrates them, only gradually does the reader come to realize that the events, setting, and people described are ordinary and that the single most extraordinary thing in the book is the protagonist and his view of reality. So skilfully has Thompson sustained the personality of his pm-

tagonist, and so evenly has he allowed us to get at the truth that hi&s behind the solipsism, that this "truth-dawning" (rather than the grotesqueries of character or the apparently gothic plot) constitutes the real suspense that makes the book hard to put down.

Such a technique, sustained as it is hem, in one sense simplifies the task of the novelist and gets rid of many problems that plague novice writers. Places, people, incidents, and conversations do not have to meet any test of experience that a reader may apply; they only have to seem real to the protagonist. So inner is his world that one is more than half way through the book before a chance reference to Heavitree Road leads him to believe that Floral Park is located in the English city of Exeter, and it is only on the penultimate page that the full name of the principal character is given as Simon Witherspoon. Under these circumstances, the novel lives or dies according to the deftness of Thompson's technique and the meaning and interest to be found in his principal character, Simon Witherspoon.

Jung has said that every man has the capacity to become all men. Whether

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this is **true**, then is much of universal human failures and weaknesses to be found in Simon Witherspoon. He is lazy, self-indulgent, fond of his **creature-comforts**, and can **purr like a contented cat** when satisfied. When **attacked directly**, he is an arrant coward, **but** when his **interests** and appetites are threatened he is completely **unscrupulous** and **Sneaky**. Yet he is **capable of growth, and although** he is no King Lear, the reversal of roles **at the** end of the novel has something of tragedy in a moral as well as a physical sense. When he loses **what** he most cares **for**, he **submits** because at **that** moment he has a glimmering of what human love and decency mean.

If anything, Thompson has made his hem too attractive. A grown man who **persists** in behaving like a small boy where **his** appetites and feelings are concerned is the most **dangerous** thing in society, as our society today has every reason **to** know. He **ought** not, therefore, be made to seem so attractive — **or perhaps Thompson** in this novel is indulging in a doubleirony.

Thompson, then, is a novelist who is not content **to render experience** literally or to confuse autobiography **with** fiction. In both of his novels there has

been a deliberate distancing, and a treatment of character and events not only for suspense but also for human and aesthetic **effect**. He has learned early what so few budding novelists **learn** — what to leave out. There are even fewer **longueurs** in this work than there were in *The Tenants Were Corrie and Tennie*. In the past Thompson did yeoman service as editor of *The Fiddlehead* and he also displayed **considerable** poetic **talent**. **Fiction**, however, is his real **forte**. **I**, for one, am **eager to** see a **third** novel. □

## AS one teller to another

**The Moneychangers**, by Arthur Hailey, Doubleday, 472 pages, \$10.95 cloth.

By DENNIS DUFFY

**YOU GET YOUR** money's worth with **Hailey**. No one buys **him** for elevated reading; the buyer gets a **smoothly** designed **product** with a proper balance of well-paced narrative, **characters** who don't bother you **with** a lot of complex

feelings, and piles of inside **info** — some of it even of interest and significance — on the subject of **the** novel. In this case, **Big Banking**. And, since tastes have gotten a little **kinkier** of late; and Harold **Robbins'** bon-bon on the auto industry outdid *Wheels*, we **have** a detailed description of **buggery** and **torture** this time. Oh, it isn't **up** to *The Day of the Jackal* when it comes to ice-clean sadism, but yes, you could probably manage an erection out of it. If you're built that way.

Nothing **pretentious** about **the** people inside the bank. The **baddie** is a religious hypocrite, **but our** hero drives that moneychanger out of the temple by hiring a private investigator who comes up **with the** heavy shit. (By **the** way, howcum John **Ehrlichman** and Chuck **Colson** hired such a bunch of **k'nockers** when it came to their **Ellsberg** caper?) **But the rest** of the people, the good guys, they **get** along, you **know?** **For** instance, Alex the great hem. His old **man** got diddled by banks for all his life as a **farmer** so **Alex figures that** when he **grows up** he'll become a banker. Sharp kid. Now a **dope** like **Emiliano Zapata**, his dad got diddled by a landowner, and that kid **instead** vowed to take vengeance on them, landowners, bankers,

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### COPPER SUNRISE by Brian Buchan

Two boys, one Indian and one white, learn **to** trust and like each other. But misunderstandings between their **respective** peoples **cause** tensions to **rise** and soon they find themselves trapped in a vicious **racial conflict**. A superb historical novel set *in* the 19th century. Reading level: *grade 6. 85¢*

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the whole mess, when he **grew** up. And did. Only a damn fool would read an Arthur **Hailey** in search of **Emiliano Zapata**.

**Margot** is **Alex's** woman. **She's** a sharp lawyer, and **Rosalind** Russell could have done her 20 years ago. An earlier lover got killed by a cop's baton (he was very upset **when** it happened) during a campus demo, so she got out of illegal protest and became a people's lawyer bitt a nice people's lawyer who doesn't go **around** defending cock-suckers and bomb-throwers. She's a bit of a bra-burner, but she's still got it where it counts.

No one gets really passionate about much. of anything, except maybe money. That's why this book is so **very** real, because if architecture, interior decoration, and **the way** people move offer any clues to what they're like inside, then my observations of the grown-up world **confirm Hailey's** (now that should turn him on!). If you want feelings about banking, try Hugh Hood's "**The Singapore Hotel**" (**The Fruit Man, the Meat Man & the Manager**). This book, though, comes lots **closer to** the way it looks.

**Altman's The Long Goodbye** manages to be more offensive than the

usual **Altman** film because it deals with the sort of people **Hailey** does and yet assumes that they **are figures** of grace, complexity, and passion or at least that the character played by **Elliot Gould** is. There is none of that kind of bullshit here, which is why I enjoyed **The Moneychangers**. I was **expecting Light in August?** □

## Unquiet flows the Don

**Death in Don Mills: A Murder Mystery**, by Hugh Garner, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 299 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By J. L. GRANATSTEIN

**IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, One Damn Thing After Another!**, Hugh Garner talked about his intentions when he **wrote The Sin Sniper**, his first book of murder fiction. What he wanted to do, he said, was to tell "**a great deal** about the neighbourhood and its citizens..." The scene of **Sniper** was the Moss Park area of downtown To-

ronto, a rather seedy and rundown part of the city. The locale for **Death in Don Mills**, **Garner's** second **murder** mystery, is Toronto's suburbia and the high-rise apartments that cluster beside its expressways. Once again, the **setting** is brilliantly delineated — the sterility of the apartment buildings and their inhabitants' **lives**, the Don Mills shopping plaza that necessarily **serves** as the focus of **entertainment**, gossip, drugs, and drinking. Garner has been this country's best observer of urban life **ever** since he wrote **Cabbagetown**.

Unfortunately **Death in Don Mills** is less affective as a murder mystery. Garner's characters never come alive. not even Inspector McDumont, Garner's ace sleuth from the **Metropolitan Toronto Police**. McDumont is a square and methodical cop. not **averse** to **roughing** up a suspect or to harassing his superiors, and always ready to **prof-fer** a homily at the drop of a **cliché**. In some respects. McDumont sounds a bit like Gamer himself, a frequent source of quotes in **the Toronto** press about **the** virtues of slum clearance and the **neces-sity for more freeway construction**.

Bui if the characterization is thin, the detail of police **investigation** is **very** good indeed. The reader follows

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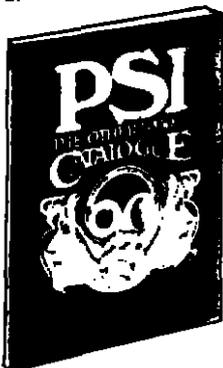


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McDumont and his men as they put together the details of the case, the constant interviewing of witnesses, the careful sifting through personal effects, the heavy reliance on medical investigations. This reeks of authenticity, and the effect is heightened by Garner's skilful "use of genuine streets, newspapers, reporters, and even of a well-know" chain of Toronto restaurants (with peculiarly attractive steak knives).

*Death in Don Mills* works as a good mad. It is competent, careful in research, uncannily real, especially to a Torontonian. Of course, the real death in Do" Mills is to be alive in Do" Mills. To Garner's great credit, this message also emerges loud and clear. □

## The rainbows of history

Canadian Water-colours and Drawings in The Royal Ontario Museum, in two volumes, by Mary Allodi, The Royal Ontario Museum, 290 and 260 pages, \$30 the set with slipcase.

By KAREN MULHALLEN

ON A DECEMBER evening in 1836 aboard HMS Terror, ice-bound in the Canadian Arctic, a group of sailors, dressed in bizarre costumes (including a bearskin with a goat's head), acted a "farce" together. The performance was captured in a water-colour drawing by Gwen Stanley, who kept a journal and made 31 other drawings of the Terror's 183637 expedition to discover the North West Passage. Since the Owen Stanley water-colours are not part of the Royal Ontario Museum collection they are not listed or reproduced in Mary Allodi's catalogue. However many such views and sketch books are listed and reproduced from ROM's Sigmund Samuel Gallery, including a breath-taking drawing in colour of Si John Franklin's ship Terror bung with festoons of ice against a dazzling wedgewood blue sky.

Water-colour drawings such as Stanley's are interesting for a number of reasons. They are invaluable historical records as first-hand accounts of life in Canada, they also complement and "en-Even" a written journal and their immediacy is owing in part to the nature of the water-colour medium.

With water-colours the artist must work quickly. The strength of the medium is in its directness; it gives these water-colours an atmosphere and a freshness not seen in early Canadian oils. The drawings are a sort of litmus test for artistic skill, since nothing can be hidden in the transparent washes. Water-colour has been seen traditionally as best suited to rendering moisture-laden air, but what is perhaps the most stunning and appropriate subject matter for the medium is snow. Early Canadian water-colour abound in winter scenes: settlers gaily sliding down the Ice-cone of Montmorency Falls, or riding a dashing cutter across snowy fields; towering mountains of ice in the West and the Arctic; and seascapes filled with glittering icebergs.

Early Canadian water-colours followed the lines of English exploration and settlement. Hence the first artists were precise military topographers followed in the 19th century by professional artists who travelled across the country with the survey crews. The settlers took up the brush and drew the land as it surprised them, or as they came to own bits of it. Tourists also often took back to Europe their sketch-books laden with conventionally romantic or picturesque views of human and vegetable life. Early Canadian water-colour, the, provide a continual visual narrative of White settlement, of insolvent subalterns courting the daughters of the bourgeoisie and of the sturdy prize livestock of Farmer Jackson.

What is important about any collection is not only the clarity with which the artists see the country but also the aspects of life upon which they focus. Winter is a joyful playtime and the Arctic is, as Captain George Back called it in 1833, a "magnificent Stonehenge." The expanses of the Prairie and the beauty of that openness is inescapable in the superb colour plate of Adrian Nelson's "Red River Carts on a Prairie Road." The scale, the proportions of man in environment, also speak out in the deep yet open colour of Frances Anne Hopkins' "Timber Raft on the St. Lawrence." And the sense of everything in its Proper place — including the natives — presents itself in the strong primary colours and stiff figures of the Swiss immigrant "child" artist Peter. Rindisbacher (180634) who, when only 16 years old, recorded views of the life of the Red River settlement that he then sold to officers of the Hudson's Bay Company. In this rich human panorama the usual views of

Niagara Falls pale by comparison and we might sympathize with Anna Jameson who, seeing the falls, said "I have "O words for my utter disappointment."

Mary Allodi's two-volume catalogue is really an illustrated dictionary Of artists. There are 2,228 entries arranged alphabetically with brief but meticulous biographical notes about each artist and information on the provenance, size and medium of each work. These notes are often supplemental to other books on Canadian painting so that Allodi's catalogue might also be used as a standard reference work on the subject.

Accompanying the entries are 430 illustrations by 270 artists. Unfortunately, only 31 are in colour, but those in black and white are adequate for giving the reader a visual record. Win entries, the drawings are, arranged geographically from east to west, so that the reader can follow the artist travelling across the country. The geographic and subject indexes also provide an exciting and painless foray back in time. If Montmorency Falls, for example, is your passion, you can look at 30 other views of the scene. The indexes suffer, however, from too little detail; each entry should have had a subject breakdown. Although costs restricted the number of colour plates, the actual selection of the designs to be reproduced in colour is sometimes dubious. William G.R. Hind's exquisite small drawing "Pierre the Abenaki" ought to have been in colour, as should Hine's "Inside a Micmac Wigwam." We could have done without several of the often-reproduced wash drawings in colour, like those of Hériot, and had more of the unique work in the collection.

But these are niggling criticisms neat to the accomplishment of this careful and exciting catalogue. Mary Allodi has spent a decade putting it together and the dedication with which this was done is apparent everywhere. For the general reader it is a tremendous bargain at \$30. For that money, where else can you take a trip through space and time and n-encounter the quintessential Canadian scene? □



# Scratching the back of beyond

The Edge of the Wilderness: A Portrait of the Canadian North, by Frank E. Schoonover, Methuen, illustrated, 176 pages, \$20 cloth.

By LOVAT DICKSON

CONDEMNING "IGNOBLE EASE," and associating himself vigorously with the public mood as any-good politician should, Teddy Roosevelt in 1903 began preaching the doctrine of the strenuous life. The long Sunday afternoon of the late Victorian age was over, and there was a veritable craving to be up and doing. Until then travel and adventure had been largely the prerogative of the eccentric or the well-heeled. But now the railroads had brought the wilderness within the possibility of everyone's daydream.

To cater for this fascination, a literature of extraordinary copiousness sprang up. Some very good writers like John Buchan and Sir Gilbert Parker wrote for it, as well as a host of lesser talents, and to bring the scene visually before the eye of the reader, there emerged a number of illustrators of unusual merit, their prolific output being aided by cheaper reproduction methods and advances in colour printing.

Frank Schoonover was one of these. He listed his specialty in commercial reference works of the time as "American trappers and Canadian Indians." His work appeared regularly in Harper's, Scribner's and McClure's, and his romantic paintings were much admired. Examples of them hang today in the Glenbow-Alberta Institute, and in a number of American museums.

Forty full-page colour plates and innumerable black-and-white reproductions here give evidence of his tireless industry, and the pains to which he went to get the detail right. He had begun numbering all his drawings in 1901, and had reached the one thousandth 20 years later. Each drawing involved time for reading the story he was to illustrate, in some cases even for writing it himself, and for adapting from his field sketches suitable scenes to fit the narrative. The rate of two drawings a week, year in, year out, certainly testifies to his capacity for continuous work.

But what kind of work? The titles of some of the reproductions give the

answer: "Snowblindness," "Sinking Through the Ice," "On Leaped the Canoe Like a Runaway Horse," and "The Chief Grasps the hand of each in Turn" indicate what to expect; figures in the costume of the wilderness miming dramatic moments from some story we don't know. The titles of a few of the many books he illustrated also signify: *Where Northern Lights Come Down*, *Sled Trails and White Waters*, *Under Frozen Stars*, *The Whelps of the Wolf*, and *Roselle of the North*. We should resist the temptation to be supercilious. We know that the boy Archie Belaney would never have become Grey Owl if he had not been deeply susceptible to the same lure that drew Schoonover to the wilderness, President Roosevelt to boom its invigorating virtues, and an enormous public to lap up these romantic tales of adventure.

This commemorative book has been put together with filial piety by Schoonover's son who, in the absence of any signature, must be held responsible for the woodenly phrased foreword, and the biographical information inserted at intervals. The textual matter otherwise consists largely of the Day Books kept during two expeditions Schoonover made to familiarize himself with the scenes and the characters he was portraying so constantly. The first of these was to James Bay and Hudson Bay in the winter of 1903-4, and the second in the summer of 1911 to the north shore of Lake Superior. These were hardy enough enterprises at those dates. The Day Books tell us little that most of us who have paddled canoes on Canadian rivers or skied in the North don't already know by hearsay or experience. But the sketches Schoonover drew on the spot, which were later to provide the material for dramatic illustrations, are full of interest and show a respectable and industrious craftsman absorbed in his task.



Pastel drawing of Indian boy by Frank Schoonover from *The Edge of the Wilderness*.

That's about it. He was an illustrator, not an artist. The paintings reproduced here, like the paintings of "Highland Cattle" or "The Stag at Eve" that hung in mournful ochre over so many late-Victorian mantelpieces, remind us of a day that is past. The true North is still beautiful and grand, and trappers and animals and Indians will live their rigorous lives in it. But we, unlike our grandfathers, scorn the romantic trappings, finding the interpretation we want in the actual experiences of a Grey Owl, the paintings of someone like Franz Thompson, and in the records of explorers and Hudson Bay factors.

Outdoorism was a comparatively short-lived phase that the automobile and the lakeside cottage, substituting reality for the dream, brought to an end. Schoonover was a master-colourist of that period who took immense pains to authenticate his work; in his words, "to bring the outdoors to his studio." His output, and that of his brother craftsmen, deserves a nostalgic glance backward. But it is a misjudgment to commemorate it in coffee-table format at \$20, an expensive form of embalment that also seems on the way out. □

## Why Harold loves Franck

Albert Franck: Keeper of the Lanes, by Harold Town, McClelland & Stewart, 96 Pages, \$22.50 cloth.

By ALAN PEARSON

"IGNORING ALBERT FRANCK'S contribution to Canadian art has become a standard academic procedure," says Harold Town. This alleged oversight has been put right by Town himself with the appearance of this warmly written memoir. The mellow tone of Town's tribute will surprise those who know the man only from his acerbic newspaper reviews.

Albert Franck, who died two years ago, was a Dutch Jew who came to Canada in 1926 at the age of 27. At that time Toronto was not exactly a place to set creative tires a-crackle, especially in a man whose experiences had included working in a tea plantation in the Dutch East Indies and the orange groves of California. Nevertheless he stayed on, working first as a swimming instructor then, during the Second World War, as an employee of the de

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Havilland aircraft company. Later he made a living as a picture restorer, an occupation that led some of his friends to refer to him as "the Old Dutch Cleanser."

During this latter period he painted in water-colours and oils and did not set the world of art on fire, though his peers respected his work. He would sometimes work on eight or 10 paintings at a time—the actual working methods are recounted by Town. After he'd completed a painting he would prop it up against a wall and then view it from his "Diefenbaker chair" and give it the typical Chief's remark. He'd say, "I'll give it careful consideration and then do nothing about it." But of course he usually did.

Franck was very much a domesticated man. He loved his neighbourhood and had no wish to leave it for exotic climes; he loved the home with its cooking smells and its trivial but vital activities, in all of which he took an active part.

His home was a jolly meeting place for artists and interesting people; a place filled with cigar smoke, eating, drinking, joke-telling, and music—for Franck played cello and his wife, artist Florence Vale, was a good pianist.

The overall climate of Franck's life, domestic, social and artistic, is vividly recreated by Town with old photographs, maps, diagrams, and holographs of letters. When Franck died at the age of 74, he had known hard work, good friends, a happy marriage and, finally, had it all crowned with artistic success. A life of quiet achievement.

Franck's subject matter was old Toronto houses, usually seen from a back lane. There is a repetitiousness about his work, but that is a sign of his serious involvement and intentions. In a way it parallels the activity of the safecracker juggling the tumblers of a combination safe in an attempt to get at the jewels, but the safe can never be opened and all the fun is in the juggling. For Franck, the pleasure he derived from his obsession lay in rearranging the elements—the positioning of a window, a door, or the roof incline of the shabby houses that stand in a ruin of snow behind a veil of maple twigs—elements arranged in light that varies from sunny to crepuscular. Yet there is always the wistful melancholy that evoked in Franck's soul a sympathetic echo. He clearly steeped himself in such a mood many times.

The paintings are as solid as the torso of Franck himself. The photographs in the book show he had the durable look

of a burgomaster. His are not conceptual ideas briskly worked out, but poetic paintings rooted in everyday experience. For him the everyday event was the great event, as it so often is for those who dwell in poetry. □

## Menschen of a muchness

A Good Place to Come From, by Morley Torgov, Lester and Orpen, 186 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

It AU Ends Up in a shopping Bag, by Paul Kligman, McClelland & Stewart, 224 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By DOUGLAS MARSHALL

IN A SPEECH to the Canadian Parliament in 1941, Winston Churchill made a rhetorical appeal to the pioneering spirit that built this country: "We have not journeyed all this way across the centuries, across the oceans, across the mountains, across the Prairies, because we are made of sugar candy." Fine words, designed to butter up patriotic parsnips. Churchill no doubt saw modern Canada primarily as the product of Anglo-French colonial grit. But his tribute is just as apt—if not more so—when applied to the 20th-century pioneers, the immigrants of other races who literally and culturally crossed higher mountains and wider oceans to settle them at the bottom of the vertical mosaic and the dawn of the Depression.

These nearly identical books are filial homages to two such pioneers. Both were Russian Jews born around the turn of the century in the Odessa district. Both were refugees from the twin horrors of the pogroms and the Russian Army during the First World War. (Torgov's father "demobilized" himself; Kligman's father ducked conscription by having most of his teeth pulled out.) Both fled via Roumania and wound up in Canada in the 1920s making livings first as peddlers and then as small shopkeepers.

As with background, so with character. Both fathers were gruff, quirky, tooth-and-nail survivors: strong-willed; tireless in their labours; driven by atavistic devils; governed by mulish principles; and sharing Forward-leaning views about how the world should be run and how their sons should grow up to run it. They were fair men. by their lights, but unliberated from

their pasts. They ruled their shops and households like benevolent (and some times malevolent) & spots, feared and misunderstood by their wives and children, sadly unable to communicate the love they clearly felt. Torgov scoffs at the conventional notion of the first-generation Jewish family as a sort of cosy matriarchal bakery:

So much has been written about the strength and influence of the Jewish mother that one is left with the impression that the Jewish father was nothing more than a grayish bug of a man who left his droppings — a bit of seed here, a bit of cash there — and vanished into some obscure corner of the family fabric. . . . No doubt there existed such mediocrities at the head of Jewish families. But never in our town. In our town the father was boss.

The good place to come from in Torgov's case was Sault Ste. Marie.. Ont., and his father the clothing merchant never stopped urging him to "get oat before it's too late." ("Goodbye soo, fuck you," was the affectionate refrain pappa kept throwing from the train whenever he left for Toronto on a buying trip.) Torgov, now a Toronto lawyer, has written a good-humoured, clear-eyed memoir that reads like a novel; it radiates genuine warmth and, despite its episodic structure, has a fluid inner harmony. Torgov is one of those marketplace story-tellers who deals in the currency of universal truths; he understands you don't have to be Jewish to have a small-town Jewish background.

Kligman, a Toronto-based actor who grew up in North Winnipeg, has written an autobiographical novel that reads like a patchy memoir. He has much the same tale to tell — his father was a struggling food merchant — and in themselves the episodes are just as funny and just as revealing about the human condition. But the seams are weak, and mawkishness keeps oozing in around the edges. One reason is that the narrator-son and his subjective reactions intrude too much and blur the features of the main character.

Kligman seems to be writing a dutiful apology, putting it all down on paper while there's still time. He looks back in bewilderment and the novel reads as part of an on-going attempt to come to terms with his father. Torgov, in contrast, seems to know what his father was all about and writes with the security and easy grace that knowledge gives him. His is a celebration rather than an apology.

However, both books, the one excellent and the other merely well-inten-

tioned, are justified by the fathers who inspired them. Each of these pioneers was a real mensch worth meeting, even vicariously as we now must. They helped make this country a richer and more interesting place in which to live. And they were not made of sugar candy. □

## Nothing to lose but their change

Thinking About Change, edited by David P. Shugarmen, U of T Press, 256 pages, \$4.95 paper.

By MICHEL HORN

TEN YEARS AGO the University League for Social Reform published its first book. *The Prospect of Change*, edited by Abe Rotstein. Change is again the tide of the ULSR's seventh and most recent volume, *Thinking About Change*. I preferred it the first tome around. Two of the essays in this new book, regrettably near the beginning, are strongly reminiscent of Frederick Crews' *The Pooh Perplex*. Several of the authors, furthermore, seem to have been trying out a new tactic intended to help bring about the revolution: boring the class enemy to death.

Some of the papers are genuinely interesting. Barry Cooper uses classical political thought in order to make some sense of the events in October, 1970, in Quebec, and especially the reactions by the governments in Ottawa and Quebec City, than any other analysis I have read so far. William Leiss carries out a searching and largely successful critique of what he calls "the false imperatives of technology," and more particularly of the notions, that, first, "the chief social function of technology is to create new possibilities for human activity"; and that, secondly, technology in itself is neutral in its social effects. Leiss insists on seeing technology in its social, economic and political context, because he recognizes that technological change is often rooted in the wish to control or manipulate one's fellow men as well as nature.

Although his tone is a bit school-mast&h, Howard Adelman demonstrates convincingly that youth is not the vanguard of social change. Bentley Le Baron's quest for the new socialist man and Donald Willmott's perspective on voluntary associations both repay



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reading for their candour as well as for what is said. The other papers all have their moments, but on the whole they are sleep-inducing. The essay by Gerry Hunnius is not, but his comments on the party system and extra-parliamentary activity are weakened by his too-slight acquaintance with Canadian and world history. One example: he would certainly have profited from the argument over group government between W. C. Good of the United Farmers of Ontario and Frank Underhill in 1933.

Perhaps Underhill is now *persona non grata* in left wing circles because he drifted into the Liberal party in the 1950s. What he and other members of the League for Social Reconstruction wrote in the 1930s deserves more attention from the current generation of radicals than the latter are giving it, however, and perhaps not least because the LSR was something of a model to the ULSR when the latter took shape in 1963. The original league was formed in 1931/32 by two small groups of intellectuals in Toronto and Montreal. It flourished for a few years, went into a decline and expired quietly 10 years after its founding, its activists by then fully engaged in war work or in the CCF. The founding of the ULSR was owing in part to a speech at the University of Toronto in 1962 by Frank Scott, a central figure in the LSR.

The new organization from the beginning eschewed expansion beyond the University of Toronto, however, whereas the LSR had spread branches throughout Ontario and the West. And while the latter group, despite the failure of an attempt to associate it formally with the new CCP, had quickly become known as the CCP "brains trust," the ULSR was firm in deciding to go no further than to address itself "to public opinion as a whole on the basis of a broad left-of-centre approach to current problems." The words were written by Rostein in his preface to *The Prospect of Change*. They might just as easily be used of *Nationalism in Canada* (1966; edited by Peter Russell) and *An Independent Foreign Policy for Canada?* (1968; edited by Stephen Clarkson). The essays in these volumes, many of them still invaluable to teachers of undergraduate courses, do not show their authors to be much left of centre.

This was changing by the time the ULSR's fifth volume, *Close the 49th Parallel Etc.*, appeared in 1970. Several of the essays were considerably more nationalistic and radical in tone than what had gone before. It was also

the first ULSR book to be edited by a person (Ian Lumsden) who did not teach at the University of Toronto. The radicalization of the ULSR and its shift from the St. George campus of the U of T to the Keele and Steeles campus of York University have continued since then. Several of the contributors to *Thinking About Change* are Marxists of one kind or another, and when they look at the NDP most of them do so from its left.

In one sense this book has more in common with *Social Planning for Canada*, the LSR's main publication, which appeared in 1935, than with the early ULSR volumes. *Thinking About Change* is, on the whole, in fairly radical opposition to the established order. So, in its time, was the LSR book. The language and the ideas behind them have both changed markedly from one to the other. Perhaps most important is that several ULSR people now clearly do not share the confidence of the old league that major social change can be accomplished peacefully and within the existing political institutions. The thought of Marx has in the last 40 years become better-known in Canada and possibly more respectable as well, at least in academic circles.

"We need a revolution!" begins Willmott's essay. Most of the contributors agree, though they do not agree about how the revolution is to be accomplished and what it will bring. They do believe, with a dogged optimism, that human freedom and equality are reconcilable. But their voices are too often muffled in academic references and obscured by polysyllabic jargon. They have thought about change and apparently helped each other think about it. But only book reviewers and incorrigible consumers of this kind of literature — there cannot be many of either — are likely to get through the book. Who knows, "the revolution" may come anyway. ❖



# La bombe de ma tante

**Why There Must Be A Revolution In Quebec**, by **Léandre Bergeron**, translated by **Sheldon Lipsey**, NC Press, 144 pages, \$8.95 cloth and \$3.95 paper.

By **PHIL LANTHIER**

**LEANDRE BERGERON** first published the French edition of this book in 1972 in an attempt to counteract the derogatory meaning given to the idea of revolution because of the October crisis two years earlier. The revolution, according to Bergemnn, will not be brought about by impatient FLQ types acting for — rather than with — the workers, but by the **collective action** of workers' organizations. It is the spirit of the May, 1972, "front commun," or general strike as **Bergeron** calls it, that should **animate** future moves towards revolutionary social change.

Such change will not be brought about by the **Parti Québécois**, that is **certain**. The PQ offers mere nationalist sentiment and **class** reconciliation when it should require stem **class struggle** and a dedication to **revolutionary** socialism. The **Bergeron** scenario has no place for **cosy** deals between workers and bosses **just** for the sake of some vaporous ideal of Quebec community. The bosses **are** going to get it; the workers will rule Quebec, if not the world.

In 1975, with **Bourassa's** Liberal government solidly entrenched, the unions in some disarray, student protest a fitful and **uncertain** thing, and the **FLQ** a fading memory, **talk** of revolution may seem ridiculously untimely. But **maybe** not. Too **many** of the **repressive** conditions that provoked political **unrest** still remain in the **province**, and energy, for the moment **deflected** to the problem of inflation, is bound to be **redirected** eventually to more drastic **forms** of action. Anyway, **Bergeron** keeps trying. **C'est toffe la révolution.**

**Bergeron's** popular **Patriote's Handbook** (1970) was the first item in his course on revolution designed for the man in the street. Since its publication, the idea has been **rerun** as a **comic** book and as popular **theatre** in an effort to get the Marxist **interpretation** of Quebec history to as wide-an audience as possible. The present book **continues**

the process. It consists of a dialogue between **Léandre Bergeron** as **revolutionary** *aparatchik* and a partially politicized **Québécois** worker, who is skeptical, at times **scornful**, but on the whole ready to accept his mentor's **relentless** views. It goes like this:

**Bergeron:** Stores should be completely open, so that everyone can go in and take what he needs.

**Worker:** Are you nuts?

**Bergeron:** Stores are full of consumer goods. Since workers made them, workers should own them. So it would be perfectly reasonable for you to take them from the stores, free of charge.

**Worker:** That's stealing.

**Bergeron:** Can you steal from yourself?

And so on. These are fast and **familiar** routines for use **during** a night's drinking in the local **brasserie**, which is where presumably a revolution would take mot. Whether you like the idea of revolution or not, or accept **Bergeron's** interpretation of social forces, you have to **admire** his ability to **sound** the populist note.

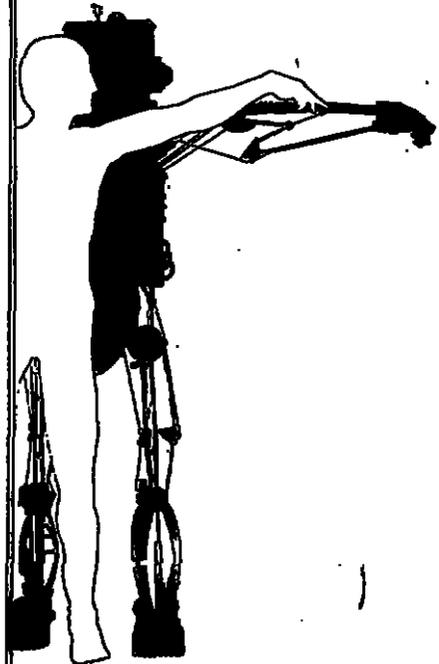
The reason why there **must** be a **revolution** in Quebec will **surprise** neither a Marxist nor **your** average **liberal-conservative** Canadian. **Bergeron** **produces** the expected views on oppressive **structures** in work, family, **government**, and school, reviews the evils of colonialism, rejects **the drug** culture as unproductive, **attacks** individualism and the English language. He will settle for no half **measures**. He adds ideological doodles to make things **perfectly** clear, and this English edition has included some old **photos** of **striking** workers. But **assuming** that you did want a revolution in Quebec, I would venture that you should be better supplied with **hard** facts on the system, and some good inside leads on how it can be turned over. **Bergeron's** book **doesn't** **provide** this weaponry. **The Patriote's Handbook** will go **further** still in the **brasserie**.

The book has been translated by **Sheldon Lipsey**, who has done his best with the **joual**, and has been edited by **Caroline Perly**, who has **reshuffled** the original French text, dropped some items, and **provided** section headings that often don't make sense. A **note** at the beginning of the book says that any portion may be used **free** of charge by anyone serving the cause of **Québécois** or **Canadian Liberation**. The same thing? Send a **copy** to a friend in **Alberta** and see what he thinks. □



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# Three men in a press club

The Journal Men, by I. Norman Smith, McClelland & Stewart, 191 pages, \$7.95 cloth.

By DOUG FETHERLING

ALTHOUGH I. NORMAN Smith, now retired, was editor and subsequently president of the *Ottawa Journal*, his book *The Journal Men* is none of the 'things one might at first expect it to be in view of those credentials. It isn't, for instance, like Ross Harkness' *J. E. Atkinson of the Star*, a company book enshrining the founders of the newspaper and extolling its financial triumphs. Neither is it a more independent corporate study nor a **reminiscence**. Instead, it's a breezy, sketchy, *paean* to the author's three predecessors: P. D. Ross, E. Norman Smith and M. Grattan O'Leary. They are **men**, the author implies, whose lives, taken together, tell the story of this moderately distinguished newspaper.

The history runs something like this:

Ross went in for half **interest** in the paper in **1886**, the year after it was

launched, and gained **controlling** interest in 1891. A **Tory** paper, it merged in 1917 with the Grit-supporting *Free Press* and for a **time** was a Unionist organ called the *Journal-Press*. But the second name was dropped in 1920 and the paper resumed its support of the Conservatives.

With the merger, the paper acquired **as editor** E. Norman Smith, who had been the *Free Press* publisher. Ross died in 1949, Smith in 1957. With the latter's demise **the** publisher's role **passed** to O'Leary, now the irascible Senator, who was then already editor. Two years later, it was **purchased** by Michael Sifton, owner of the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix* and the *Regina Leader-Post*. Presently it's a link (with the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the *Winnipeg Free Press* and five other papers) in the F. P. chain, Canada's largest. It's still a Tory paper.

Almost none of this basic information is **given** in *The Journal Men*. What it gives instead are anecdotes **about** the **three men already named**, who, by the standards of the newspaper business, don't seem **too eccentric at all**. Ross, a life-long athlete, began his involvement **as a ball of fire** and bolstered a sagging enterprise. Having done that, he seems to have become an almost absentee

owner. Smith, the author's father, was more **colourful**. He'd worked in Fleet Street and had covered or interviewed Parnell, Randolph Churchill, Shaw, Conan Doyle and Gilbert and Sullivan. Onceinvolved **with the Ottawa publication**, however, his life appears **less glamorous, though** this appearance may be partly the result of his son's not wanting to play **favourites**. As for O'Leary, Smith **tries** hard to **find** something interesting in him and failing **resorts** to **praise**.

The author says little about **himself** **except** that, since joining the paper in 1928, he worked with all three men. Even considering **their** longevity, this is a **remarkable** span. Smith's subtitle, "Three Great Canadian **Newspapermen** and the Tradition They Created," implies that these men were of like mind and **established** an enduring tradition. He repeats this in the text as well. But so help me, nowhere else **does** he explain exactly what that tradition was or is.

Similarly, he doesn't develop at all the more entertaining personalities — Holy Joe Atkinson, John **Dafoe** and R. E. **Knowles among them** — **who've** passed in and out of the *Journal's* **offices**. **Some** he mentions hardly **at all**, others he excludes completely. *The*

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*Journal Men*, then, is a tribute to three old editors, none of them a pioneer, who are linked together principally in the ledger books and in the author's fond memory. It's not much of a book but it's the kind of piecemeal effort we'll have to make do with until someone, someday, writes a comprehensive survey of Canadian journalism in such a way as to bring together and flesh out these historical, economic, and political anecdotes. □

## Our wild colonial boyo

Joe Boyle: King of the Klondike, by William Rodney, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 340 pages, \$1250 cloth.

By BILL PADGHAM

IN THIS BIOGRAPHY of Joe Boyle; William Rodney develops his hem in the image of a Victorian superman who has few of the usual mental or physical infirmities that plague the smaller, weaker, less-intelligent and obviously genetically inferior people who surround him.

That Boyle was a Canadian as well would be irrelevant except for two typically Canadian traits that he displays in much exaggerated form. First, he has a profound fealty to the British aristocracy and to the "Imperial Motherland" — feelings not reciprocated by the British Establishment. In fact, he is able to transfer those feelings to the ruling aristocracies of Russia and Roumania. Second, he has a tremendous independence of mind that permits him to ignore the bungling of the military-diplomatic bureaucracy and respond quickly and effectively to rapidly changing situations, an ability learned on the Canadian frontier.

From relatively obscure but decently "superior social or financial status," Boyle runs off to sea and returns tempered and hardened to become a successful businessman in New York. He subsequently turns into a prize-fight promoter and then migrates toward Alaska, reaching Juneau as the Klondike discovery is revealed. He arrives in Dawson at the head of the stampede and realizes before anyone else that most of the gold in the Klondike gravels will be too deep to mine economically by hand. His struggles and final triumph in establishing a great placer-mining operation using giant dredges.

one of which operated until 1961, make up the first part of Rodney's book. It is an excellent, gripping history of Boyle and the Klondike.

The second part takes Boyle through a dream world of confusion, disorder, and revolution in Russia and Roumania. He sees everything (except the decadence and rottenness) of the old regime and responds effectively for "King and Empire." His platonic affair with Queen Marie of Roumania, which causes Boyle to perform numerous heroic deeds in the mould of the knights of old, serves to emphasize his superhuman qualities and to reveal his lack of some human ones. Finally he is caught up again in the real world of oil concessions and power politics as he attempts to retain lost Western oil holdings in the Caucasus.

Often Rodney is inclined towards torturous language. At one point he writes of "a lifetime of continuous physical work, considerable travel and the inevitable drain upon his nervous energies during those hectic exciting days in revolutionary Russia coalesced high above the Bessarabian plain." As a UFO, one is tempted to ask?

The book is an interesting and readable attempt to reveal a Canadian hem and should interest those who wish to learn more about the Klondike and the early development of the gold fields. Those Canadians who still cherish the "Empire" will enjoy reading about Boyle's exploits in Eastern Europe. It should sell well in Victoria. □

## SCRIPT & FILM

### What Hirsch hath wrought

By CATHERINE L. ORR

UNDER THE DIRECTION of John Hirsch, two new series were launched by CBC drama for the 1974-75 season: the 60-minute Sunday night *Performance*, and the three 90-minute specials titled *Opening Night*. The keynote has been variety, the productions ranging in content from situation comedy to serious drama, and in quality from some hardly worth watching to others that were excellent.

*Performance* opened Dec. 8 with "Angel Against the Night," a play by Lyal Brown, produced and directed by Ronald Weyman. Immediately one sensed that old familiar feeling peculiar to CBC television drama. It was all there: the technical competence, the nice feeling for time and place typified by long haunting shots of fields, rivers, mountains and trees, good thematic interest and credible acting. But some thing was missing—the dramatic heart of the production was static, dead. Like a pleasant, rather dull documentary, the story moved without tension, and the characterization remained flat, one-dimensional, giving us the shape but not the substance of emotional conflict. An example of unrealized potential, "Angel" was an inauspicious beginning. Barry Callaghan's original script, "The Man in the Tin Canoe" (Feb. 9), produced and directed by John McGreevy, was similarly flawed. It explored fascinating historical material, filmed with a fine eye for period detail, but it suffered from a needless obscurity of language and of event. Scenes accumulated under such a weight of theatrical and gratuitous imagery that the real significance of the drama—the tremendous achievement of Rev. Evans in creating the Cree alphabet and thereby freeing the Indians from their inarticulate past — never emerged.

"Raisins and Almonds" (Dec. 22) by Fredelle Bruser Maynard, directed by Don Williams, and "Baptising" (Jan. 19), an episode from Alice Munro's *Lives Of Girls and Women*, directed by Allan King, presented a different kind of problem. Based on the presumption that to tell is to reveal, both of these adaptations by Patricia Watson failed to make a successful transition from book to screen. Statement is not drama. The combination of the literary narrative voice-over of a middle-aged woman, remembering the past and eloquently explaining the emotional upheavals of her youth, with the awkward performance of an inexperienced actress, valiantly trying to embody those conflicts dramatically, was disastrous. The disparity became painful, reducing the dramas to the level of uneasy reportage and inspiring little interest or belief. "Raisins" fared slightly better with the excellent supporting roles of Fredelle's parents, played by Howard Ryshpan and Miriam Breitman.

Whatever their weaknesses, each of the above plays had its redeeming moments. Unfortunately, the same cannot

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be said of three hackneyed scripts: 'Find Volopchi!' by Kaino Thomas, directed by Rudi Dorn; "Last of the Four Letter Words" by Nika Rylski, directed by Allan King; and "The Middle Game" written and directed by Martin Lavut. "Volopchi!" (Dec. 15) was a con job, playing the gimmick of *The Great Imposter* for all it was worth. Everything was clichéd, predictable, and boring. "Last of the Four Letter Words" (Jan. 26) exploited a serious subject, the struggle of a young woman against cancer, turning it into a self-indulgent melodrama' in which patients were seen as freaks in a sideshow and doctors as insensitive mechanics. This unjustifiable lack of taste or responsibility completely destroyed whatever credibility the drama might have had. "The Middle Game" (Feb. 23) was the nadir of the season: technically, a clutter of disjointed scenes; dramatically, a worn-out tale of a middle-aged professor whose only response to the emptiness of his life was an inspired "I don't know." Given the incredible ineptitude of the production, one won't wonder why it was ever screened.

Deadwood aside, *Performance* has screened some excellent new productions. Two shows, taped from successful Toronto plays, captured the mar-

vellous industry and imagination at work in small theatres across Canada. "The Farm Show" (Jan. 12), the sensitive creation of Theatre Passe Muraille under director Paul Thompson, brought to life the daily toil, joy, and sorrow of the farming community of Clinton, Ont. The televised version could have been as moving as the live performance if only CBC had restrained its infuriating habit of slashing all programming with commercial breaks. "Ten Lost Years" (Feb. 2), a dramatic adaptation by George Luscombe's Toronto Workshop Productions of Barry Broadfoot's bestseller, recreated what it was like for some Canadians in the Diiy Thirties. Highlighted by Cedric Smith's songs, it gave us an unforgettable glimpse of the unreasoned hope, the painful humiliation and the bitter humour of a time disturbing to remember.

Non-Canadian material provided an interesting contrast. "The Trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel" (March 9), adapted from Max Hayward's book *On Trial*, was a finely sustained, serious drama by director Ted Kotcheff. The subtle characterization of the two Russian authors, faced with the choric derision of the courtroom, richly rewarded the viewer's patience through the long arguments of the trial. "The Good and Faithful Servant" (Jan. 5) was a stunning example of that peculiar brand of British humour that amuses with the caressing touch of a razor's edge. Directed by George Bloomfield, with superb acting by Cyril Cusack as hapless George Buchanan and Helen Burns as obsequious Mrs. Vealfoy. Joe Orton's scathing vision of the dehumanized condition of man was brilliantly realized. Nothing was sacred and no one escaped. "Village Working" (Dec. 29) was the highlight of the *Performance* series. A happy combination of a good play by George Bernard Shaw, superlative acting by Paxton Whitehead and Patricia Gage, and fine direction by Mario Prizak, it just couldn't miss.

*Opening Night*, under executive producer Robert Allen, featured three theatre pieces adapted and directed for television. Michael Cook's play, "The Head, Guts and Sound Bone Dance," which opened the season Oct. 23, explored a savage drama about life in the grim outports of Newfoundland long after all the fish are gone. Unfortunately, the televised version by director Ray McConnell was a gutless effort, set in a hopelessly artificial studio, giving no real sense of the stark environment that defined Cook's understanding of

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survival. However, for David Freeman's biting satire, "You're Gonna Be Alright, Jamie Boy," director Jim Shaw skilfully exploited the tight, claustrophobic possibilities of studio drama to expose the petty emotional tyrannies, games, and preoccupations of a family of TV addicts. And finally, the best of the entire season was Eric Till's magnificent production of "The Freedom of the City," a dramatization by Brian Friel of Londonderry's Blood Sunday, Feb. 10, 1972. Under Till's sensitive direction "Freedom" became more than just another play on the tragedy of Ireland, revealing a world of evil where there are no easy answers and even innocence is a state of unconscious guilt. Moving through alternating levels of possible truths, the drama traced a circle that began and ended with the senseless death of three innocent people, and in the process, expanded to implicate us all. "The Freedom of the City" was a triumph, attesting to the tremendous potential of television drama in the hands of men with vision and skill.

The 1974-75 season represents an improvement over the past several seasons. At the same time it has helped put into focus some of the problems facing CBC-TV drama. In trying to develop a viral, distinctly Canadian expression in television drama, John Hirsch has moved into a no-man's land. The CBC's best productions have always sprung from foreign sources. Beside these our home-grown products seem awkward and self-conscious. (The present season has been no exception.) Against such an embarrassing record, we have preferred to see ourselves as a nation of documentary film-makers, leaving drama to those who seem to know it best — the British and the Americans. To Hirsch, such a decision is fatal; a refusal to control our own cultural heritage that in time will mean we no longer have one. Our past will go the way of our other natural resources, so skilfully exploited and packaged that we will forget it is not really our own.

Caught in a state of transition, CBC-TV drama is suffering from the frustrating side-effects of change. To prevent this condition becoming permanent, a healthier climate must be provided. People, Canadians in general and CBC's top brass in particular, must be convinced that TV drama is important, not just as light entertainment but as a serious reflection of the way we live and of who we are. Them must be time and money to build a tradition of good drama, to develop a solid base of

skilled writers, directors, producers, and actors who have been properly trained in their arts. Given *Performance and Opening Night*, one has a sense that these things are slowly beginning to happen. □

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### "PATHETIC" FALLACIES

Sir:

I wrote George Woodcock to ask him why he considered our John A. Macdonald Album "pathetic" (*Books in Canada*, February) and received back the following reply:

"Pathetic" means "arousing the sense of pathos," or, to quote the OED, "Exciting pity, sympathy or sadness," or it can of course refer to a situation that arouses our sense of pathos or arouses our sympathy. It seems to me that there is a vast amount of pathos in the life of Sir John, which the album brings out; in fact it reminds us more than most books on him how pathetic at many times and in many ways he was. It seems to me also that it is precisely this pathetic quality, arousing our sympathy, that makes us feel a sneaking love for Macdonald which we do not feel for the more disciplined and less vulnerable figures who succeeded him as P.M. Of course, I am not responsible for the fact that the excellent word "pathetic" has been sometimes misused.

I think in all fairness to the book you ought to publish his letter.

May E. Cutler  
President, Tundra Books  
Montreal

### CHRISTY'S OWN PETARD

Sir:

Jim Christy may well be justified in attacking "upper-middle-class, sophisticated, university-educated" writers (whoever they are) and their "vapid and square" excretions, but his own proposals for the great Canadian novel (a still-born obsolescence if ever there was one) are cut from precisely the same block. To suggest that the lives of hustlers, pimps, prostitutes, inventors, trappers *et al.* are somehow more valid than the lives of professors, admen, gynecologists, stock-brokers, or librarians is elitism of an equally obnoxious kind. But to imply that the lives of the former are more "real" (and therefore presumably more worthy of a ticket into the hallowed grounds of literature) than those of the latter is to place himself behind the same literary barricade as his effete snobs. Mr. Christy constantly equates "literature" with "life" (in the most pedestrian sense) and in doing so is in total accord with all those upper-middle-class writers still desperately propping up the corpse of a novel-form that died a generation or more ago.

Martin Vaughn-James  
Toronto

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## LINING UP AT THE TEAT

Sir:

I agree with Keith Fraser there is nothing wrong with patronage per se. He used the term in his review headed *Three Yearlings from Alberta* (February). But when did any government have its own money to spend?

I imagine he would agree with Robert Rumilly's quote, "Patronage! The udder of democracy!" As if the lineup to have a go at the public teat wasn't long enough!

Ron Robinson  
 Winnipeg

## BLOWING PMA'S HORNE

Sir:

I don't know about Spiro Agnew, but Jim Christy is tight in his thoughtful essay that was titled *Was Spiro Agnew Right? Most published Canadian writing is elitist, upper-middle-brow. CanLit reading lists stuff, and this is tragic.*

Christy, however, doesn't seem to understand why this is so. He comes close when he says: "In every other country of the world with a vital literature the (publishing) industry is supported by its popular writers." Precisely true. But Christy doesn't explore why this doesn't happen in Canada.

The reason is very simple: the channels of distribution for "popular" writing in Canada have been preempted by the Americans. "Popular" and popularly priced books are mass-market paperbacks, and 13 of the 14 firms distributing paperbacks in Canada are foreign. That's why something like 98% of the paperbacks on Canadian newsstands are American books.

Christy singles out Marcel Home's *Annals of the Firebreather* as a valuable, non-elitist book, then lambastes the publisher — me — for "sticking a price tag on it" that makes it accessible only to the affluent upper-middle class. But Christy doesn't seem to understand that I had no real choice in the matter.

Because PMA books are denied access to the American-controlled mass market, they are produced in comparatively small and consequently expensive editions for sale in the traditional bookstores. If I priced for a mass market my books couldn't reach, very soon there would be no more PMA books, low-priced or otherwise.

Every real publisher would much rather sell 20,000 cheap copies than 2,000 expensive ones of the books he believes in: To publish means, fundamentally, to make public — to give the widest possible section of the public unrestricted access to books at the lowest possible price. That's what Christy wants and that's certainly what I want, too. Canadian publishers, however, are forced to struggle for survival in an "elitist" ghetto because the Americans control and ferociously restrict Canadian access to the popular marketplace for Canadian books.

R's going to take government action to get space for Canadian books in low-priced paperback editions on Canadian newsstands. Hugh Faulkner has failed to act, but eventually he or one of his successors will bite the bullet.

And then we'll see "popular" Canadian books at "popular" mass market prices. And Jim Christy, Marcel Home's *Annals of the Firebreather* will almost certainly be one of those books.

Peter Martin  
 President, PMA Ltd.  
 Toronto

## A DEARTH OF FAIR WOMEN

Sir:

I was pleased to read your recent announcement that *Books in Canada* will publish a "special

issue" of the magazine devoted to articles "by and about women writers." Ironically, the issue in which the announcement appeared (March) contained 27 reviews and articles, only one of which was written by a woman (Susan Leslie). Although I congratulate you on your decision to have a "women's issue," I would much prefer that every issue of *Books in Canada* included more material "by and about women writers."

Mavis Volpe  
 Brandon, M.M.

## STILL SMALL VOICE

s i

Good to see you taking an interest in the little-mag scene. Hope you keep it up.

By the way, the small-mag press scene is not "springing" as a matter of fact. For as many new mags, twice as many are folding. Your comment might have been adequate in the mid-1960s; just a brief reminder. If no one has thanked you, let me be the tint.

Angelo Sgabellone  
 Editor, QUEEN STREET  
 T MAGAZINE  
 Toronto

## ATWOOD'S FRIENDLY ENEMIES

Sir:

I took umbrage with your inference in your January issue that I had been making "ad feminam attacks" against Margaret Atwood. She is no more an institution than Nancy Greene (skier) or Anne Murray (singer). And I do not resent her fame. Those whose writings have mass appeal receive mass response. Margaret Atwood's poetry is her finest, creative achievement. The ideas from the poetry are expanded and diluted in her thesis-style novels, while her critical book is even further removed from her source of inspiration. Nevertheless, *Survival* is an important book in the history of the Canadian identity-crisis-culture syndrome, as it will generate several antidote books.

My letters to the *Globe and Mail* were in support of Scott Young's friendly wit as compared to Atwood's petty, caustic counter-attacks. Many writers ate their own worst enemies in Letters to the Editor columns. Imagine the opinion many have of Irving Layton and John Robert Colombo based on some of their letters! Being members of a democratic society, Canadians are free to judge a poet by his/her poems, public comments and/or letters. Many will have suffered Atwood's sarcastic "put-downs" at her poetry-reading question-times. My personal opinion is that Margaret Atwood is brilliant but lacking in compassion.

*Poetry without heart  
 Is poor verse from the start.*

Is this "ad feminam" criticism?

Bernice Lever  
 Editor of *Waves*  
 York University  
 Toronto

*Editor's Note: We agree with Ms. Lever that writers are frequently their own worst enemies in Letters to the Editor columns. May we therefore remind Lever of what her own letter to the Globe in response to Atwood said: "In fiction and in poetry, the voice in the writing can be a stage one, but I believe that the true Atwood [Lever's emphasis] wrote . . . that [letter]." In other words, Atwood is a bitch and one need only read her letters to the editor to confirm that fact.*

- A. *On the Track of the \_\_\_\_\_* (book by John Green) 36 66 81 163 76 186 105 144 56
- B. Madam; prostitute 74 95 137 111
- C. Highest; first 113 24 40 165 32 152
- D. Boisterous; disorderly 29 52 169 6 123 196 89 41 69 19  
135 114
- E. Sister of Osiris and wife of Seth 10 132 34 140 77 42 116 167
- F. Author of *Anatomy of Criticism* 47 126 101 14
- G. Energetic display of energy or passion 157 22 192 141 28 20 49 68
- H. Motley; patchy (comp.) 26 11 92 35 72 2 139 143 182 104  
121 31
- I. Sprinkle with flour or sugar 87 124 148 174 16 136
- J. European bird of genus *Turdus* 9 161 83 43 185
- K. Head of the National Film Board 118 65 175 108 4 96
- L. Of engraved inscriptions 183 147 82 33 106 73 23 58 138 8
- M. Left-wing faction of Canadian political party (two words) 1 35 18 48 155 107 34 38 190 88  
172
- N. "... imperfect \_\_\_\_\_ and essays." (Bacon) 122 125 86 173 162 198

- O. Chicago Black Hawks centre 156 46 150 117 78 7
- P. "One of the domestics was \_\_\_\_\_ to his especial service." (Thackeray) 99 37 70 168 187 57 195 13
- Q. Blockhead 103 67 128 94 188 164 115 131
- R. Beverage made from extract of evergreen needles (two words) 158 171 100 71 149 25 184 59 63 181
- S. Physically strong and healthy (comp.) 130 64 142 109 133 39 5 166 91 97
- T. Rickety; likely to fall apart 62 134 27 21 79 170 189 90 45 84
- U. Pioneer covered wagon for westward travel 119 112 194 33 151 177 85 15 30
- V. Canadian news magazine (three words) 51 178 80 179 61 146 159 129 127 17  
197
- W. Poet, author of *Balls for a One-armed Juggler* (full name) 176 30 98 193 110 93 134 180 60 160  
75 12
- X. Warm, dry wind from eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains 44 3 102 191 120 133 145

### SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC NO. 3

#### SAFDIE: FOR EVERYONE A GARDEN

A steel and glass apartment building has no expression whatsoever of the number of people living in it. The opposite extreme is the casbah. The casbah corresponds with people's desire for identity and a notion of the scale of the community and their place within it.

1	H	2	H	3	X	4	K	5	S	6	D	7	O	8	L	9	J	10	E	11	H	12	W	13	P	14	F	15	U	16	I				
17	V	18	N	19	D	20	G	21	T	22	G	23	L	24	C	25	R	26	H	27	T	28	G	29	D	30	W	31	H	32	C				
33	U	34	N	35	H	36	A	37	P	38	M	39	S	40	C	41	D	42	E	43	J	44	X	45	T	46	O	47	F	48	H	49	G		
50	U	51	V	52	D	53	L	54	E	55	M	56	A	57	P	58	L	59	R	60	W	61	V	62	T	63	R	64	S						
65	K	66	A	67	Q	68	G	69	D	70	P	71	R	72	H	73	L	74	B	75	W	76	A	77	E	78	O	79	T	80	V	81	A		
82	L	83	J	84	T	85	U	86	N	87	I	88	M	89	D	90	T	91	S	92	H	93	W	94	Q	95	B	96	K	97	S				
98	W	99	P	100	R	101	F	102	X	103	Q	104	H	105	A	106	L	107	M	108	K	109	S	110	W	111	B	112	U	113	C	114	D	115	Q
116	E	117	O	118	K	119	U	120	X	121	H	122	N	123	D	124	I	125	N	126	F	127	V	128	Q	129	V	130	S	131	Q				
132	E	133	S	134	W	135	D	136	I	137	B	138	L	139	W	140	E	141	G	142	S	143	H	144	A	145	X	146	V	147	L				
148	I	149	R	150	O	151	U	152	C	153	X	154	T	155	M	156	O	157	G	158	R	159	V	160	W	161	J	162	M	163	A	164	Q		
165	C	166	S	167	E	168	P	169	D	170	T	171	R	172	M	173	N	174	I	175	K	176	W	177	U	178	V	179	V	180	W	181	R		
182	U	183	L	184	R	185	J	186	A	187	P	188	Q	189	T	190	M	191	X	192	G	193	W	194	U	195	P	196	D	197	V	198	N		

N.B. *Books in Canada* is offering a prize for the first correct solution to Acrostic No. 4 opened after April 30. The prize? A copy of the book on

which the acrostic is based. Send solutions to: *Books in Canada* Acrostic No. 4.501 Yonge Street, Suite 23, Toronto, M4Y 1Y4.

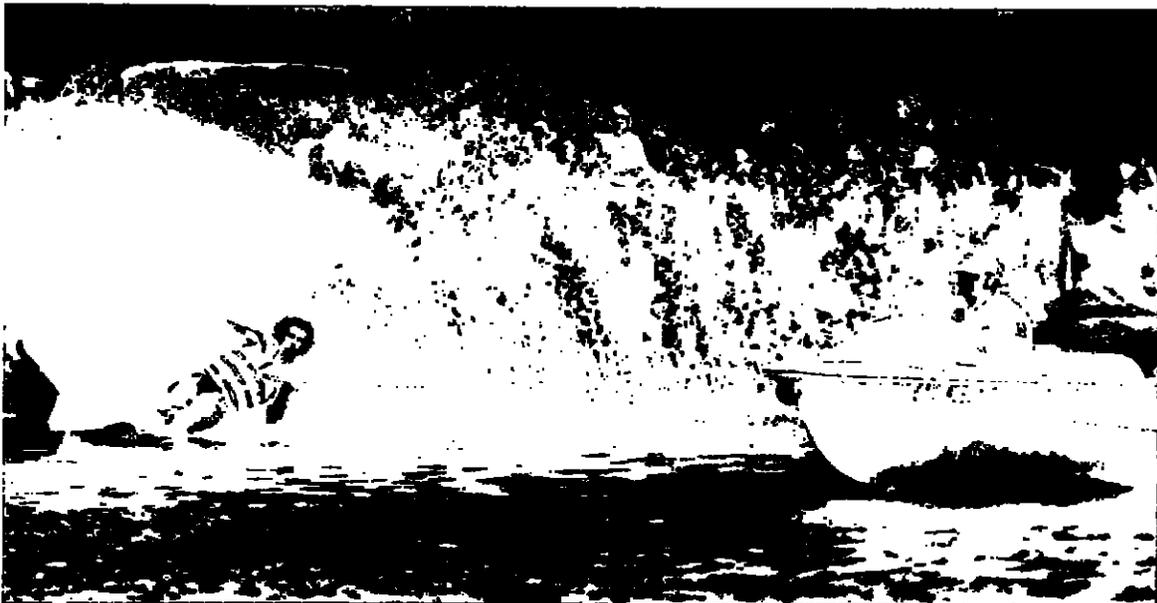
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