BOOKS in CANADA

a national review of books

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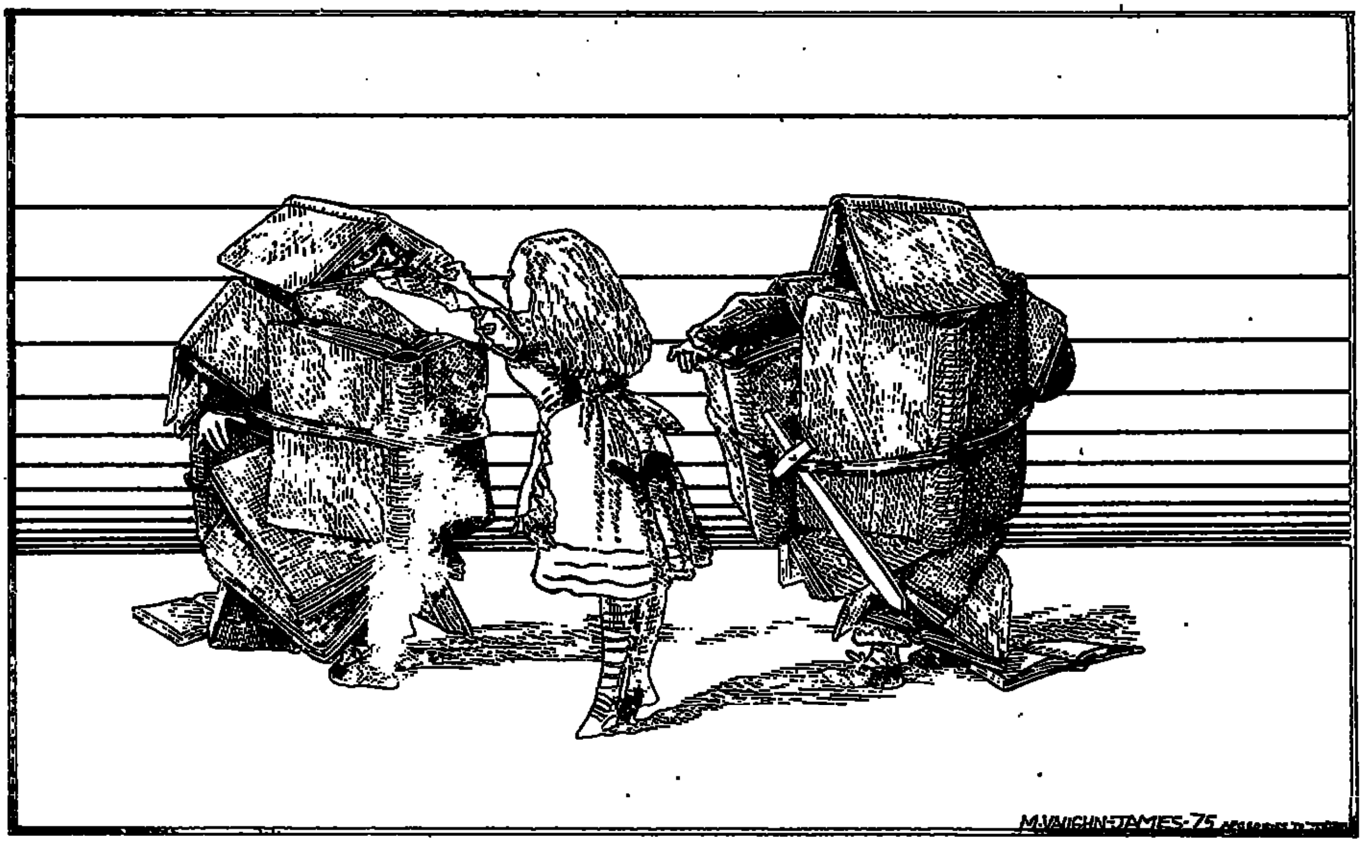

BROWSING IN WONDERLAND

A look at recent Canadian children's books

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A profile of Vancouver's dirty old bookman

George Woodcock on the C P and Tim Buck too

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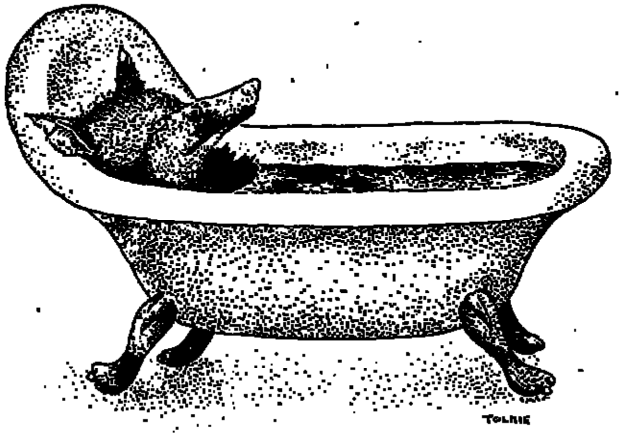

(Drawing by Ken Tolmie from A Tale of an Egg, *Oberon Press, $4.95 cloth.)*

BOOKS in CANADA

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NOTES & COMMENTS

THE MANY FRIENDS and colleagues of Albert Britnell will be relieved to learn that the grand old man of the Toronto book trade has fully recovered from a rather nasty experience he suffered last year. A bandit entered his Yonge Street store just before closing time, held Albert up at gunpoint, and made off with the day's takings. Albert was physically unharmed but, as his son Barry reports, "a delayed shock effect set in and he took a long time to get over it." An ugly business, yet it has its bright side. If common street thugs now think bookstores are worth knocking over, then the retail book industry in Canada must be in pretty healthy shape.

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TWO LETTERS FROM Ottawa brought us good news and bad news recently. The good news was a substantial increase in our grant from the Canada Council. The council noted "that the looks and quality of this magazine had improved over the past year, that contributors included some of Canada's leading writers as well as talented new ones, and that paid circulation had increased significantly." However, we expect the council will feel just as depressed as we are by the bad news: a terse note from Powell's Book Store in Ottawa declining to take out a bulk subscription to *Books in Canada* on the grounds that our advertisers include the Readers' Club of Canada.

We have encountered this sort of attitude among booksellers before, notably in the adamant refusal on the part of some retailers to place advertising in the magazine simply because we sometimes carry ads by their competitors. True, we're talking about a minority of booksellers. But what is the point of governments continuing to pour money into Canadian publishing, and the industry at large striving to promote Canadian books, if the retail marketplace tolerates such exhibitions of narrow-minded, short-sighted, and, we are convinced, erroneous self-interest?

It's a question the Canadian Booksellers Association, which convenes in Halifax this month, might care to ponder. Because, on second thought, we are not so sure the retail book industry in Canada is in such healthy shape after all.

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THERE WERE NO surprises among the English-language winners of the Governor General's Awards (or GeeGees, as one contributor to this issue irreverently calls them) for 1974, announced last month. The award for fiction was won by Margaret Laurence for *The Diviners* (reviewed in the June-July issue of *Books in Canada*). Ralph Gustafson took the poetry award with *Fire on Stone* (November issue). And the non-fiction award went to Charles Ritchie for *The Siren Years: A Canadian Diplomat Abroad, 1937–1945* (February, 1975, issue). Solidly respectable choices all, and all mentioned at least once in an informal survey we conducted among critics and booksellers shortly before the winners were announced.

Judging by the survey, much of the smart money for the GeeGees fiction award was riding on Sinclair Ross and *Sawbones Memorial*, with Adele Wiseman (*Crackpot*) also highly favoured. In the poetry stakes, Robin Skelton (*Timelight*) was considered a likely challenger; so was Dennis Lee astride two horses of a different colour, *Nicholas Knock* and *Alligator Pie*. Ritchie beat out a strong field for the non-fiction award. The betting was it would probably go to John Robert Colombo for *Colombo's Canadian Quotations*. Other prominent runners were Heather Robertson (*Salt of the Earth*), Hugh MacLennan (*Rivers of Canada*), and Herschel Hardin for his dark horse, *A Nation Unaware*.

Apart from providing annual fodder for book columnists, what is the main purpose of the GeeGees? What do the awards mean to the writers who receive them (aside from the $2,500 prize), to the Canadian book industry, and to the general public? Lamentably little, as a couple of respondents to our survey point out.

Toronto bookseller Randall Ware complains that "neither publishers nor booksellers nor librarians make any use of our awards. The ceremony is conducted in the most low-key and uninteresting fashion possible." Ware proposes that the Governor General be relieved of the annual duty of presiding over "an empty ritual designed to please no one and anger many." What, he asks, do the much more meaningful Academy Awards, Juno Awards, Tony Awards, and ACTRA Awards all have in common? "Each is sponsored and administered by the industry or art that it honours."

Not a bad idea, that. Until one realizes that here we're talking about the Canadian book industry. Despite recent attempts to form a common front, the industry is still so racked by petty feuds and conflicts of self-interest that it can barely sponsor a collective brief to the Secretary of State. Granted, the lack of recognition afforded the awards is a national disgrace. But to put them in the charge of the book industry now would be to invite a national disaster for Canadian literature.

We are much more taken by a suggestion from Pat Barclay, a book columnist for the Victoria *Times*. She thinks there should be additional awards in new categories. The non-fiction award, for example, is ostensibly confined to history. Why aren't there separate categories for biography and criticism? Surely fiction should be subdivided into novels and short stories, and children's books given an award of their own?

As things stand, the GeeGees embrace so many different types of entries in each of the three categories that winning is often more a matter of luck than form. Hence the awards are boring. Narrower fields and intelligent handicapping might at least turn them into horse races. They could still be fixed. (We have our doubts about the value of all literary awards, here and abroad, which is another story.) But they would certainly attract the promoters, and with them the crowds. After all, the name of this game is supposed to be bookmaking.

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THIS ISSUE OF *Books in Canada* contains a special section on Canadian children's books (page 10), an area of our literature that is finally beginning to receive the attention it deserves. One sign of this is the appearance of the first issue of a new quarterly, *Canadian Children's Literature*, "A Journal of Criticism and Review," under the editorship of John Sorfleet. We will review this journal at some length in a later issue.

A SATYR IN DUTHIE'S CELLAR

As half Vancouver knows, Binky Marks is more than a bookseller. He's a frontal-assault bookman

By CLIVE COCKING

THE VOICE ON THE phone from Duthie's Paperback Cellar was apologetic: "Binky's not in today. He's just got in from Toronto and he was up till 4:30 in the morning rockin'. So don't phone him today — he's just crashed."

Merwyn ("Binky") Marks, bookseller, aged 65, *rockin'* at some wild party until dawn? Do *booksellers*, let alone aging ones, I hear you ask, do that sort of thing?

Well, admittedly, the picture of a geriatric bookseller indulging in a night-long Bacchanal does present a serious credibility problem for most people. But not for those of us paperback-buying Vancouverites who periodically come into contact with the shuffling, rumpled gnome who presides over the 20,000-volume clutter of Duthie's Paperback Cellar on Robson Street. Binky Marks is *different* and that incident was vintage Binky.

"Binky," says his employer and friend, Bill Duthie, in obvious understatement, "is one of the few real characters in the book business."

Binky's considerable fame among book-buyers rests partly on his encyclopedic knowledge of books, partly on his radical leftist principles, partly on his warm friendliness — but mostly on his enduring lechery. "Binky Marks is a frontal-assault man," says his friend, Jim Douglas, head of the Vancouver-based publishing house, J. J. Douglas Ltd. "He doesn't lay siege to women, he goes right to his target. I've seen girls literally run to escape his clutches."

It takes all kinds to make a culture and the cultural life of Vancouver owes a considerable debt to the character known as Binky Marks. In his 28 years as a bookseller, first as manager of the city's leftist People's Co-operative Bookstore and latterly as manager of Duthie's Paperback Cellar, he has consistently made available to readers a broad range of top quality books, with particular emphasis on Canadian writing. He has, in truth, played a key supporting role in Vancouver's continuing evolution from a stuffy provincial town to a city with some sophistication.

"When he ran the Co-op bookstore, it was the most interesting bookstore in Vancouver until we got going," says Bill Duthie. "It wasn't in a part of town that would normally bring in a lot of the wealthier customers, but he used to get them because he had a lot of the art books."

"I don't think Duthie's Paperback Cellar has an equal in Canada," says Jim Douglas, "and Binky built it up from nothing. He concentrated on quality and range and today if you can't get it at Duthie's, it's axiomatic that you're not going to get it."

Earlier this year, McIntyre and Stanton Ltd., the book distributors, and Duthie Books, threw a joint party in honour of Binky's contribution to bookselling and his 65th birthday and approaching retirement. From all reports it was a fine bash, but the highlight was the presentation of an original Roy Peterson caricature that captured, as closely as anything ever will, the essence of Binky Marks. It was a picture of a book-loving Marxist satyr.

A couple of days after my rock-aborted attempt to call Binky we got together at the Devonshire Hotel's *El Beau* room to hoist a few cheery glasses and talk about his checkered career. Wearing a nondescript dark suit, flowered shirt, and tie, Binky was tanned and relaxed and sporting a new greyish beard after three weeks of sailing with a friend in the Caribbean. He began by whimsically warning that another publication had started to do an article on him "but it turned out to be so scurrilous that it never did appear." I admitted there was that danger all right.

"They say I'm a dirty old man," he said. "Well, I'm much more effective than a dirty young man at selling books *and* chasing girls." He chuckled in his muffled sort of way and sipped on his rum and Tab.

The frontal-assault technique does seem to work, since he's frequently seen in the company of attractive women and he keeps getting these phone calls, like the recent one from the blonde in New York. (Though he claims his statistics are so bad now that he's down to keeping cats for company.) And then there was the incident with a well-endowed married woman at the Sunny Trails Nudist Colony....

"It's a respectable camp and I'm the only one who tries to make it unrespectable," he says, chuckling evilly.

Merwyn Marks (the origins of "Binky" are buried in "distant antiquity," he says, and probably derive from the name of a family cat) was born in Toronto of German-Jewish-Scottish background. His father, who was by no means a leftist, ran a small wholesale hardware business. As a boy, Binky was always interested in reading and his tastes were eclectic.

"I had a friend whose father loaned my father a six-volume set of Havelock Ellis," says Binky. "My friend and I used to come home after school and sneak them out and read some Havelock Ellis — which might have tempered my subsequent way of life."

"They say I'm a dirty old man. Well, I'm much more effective than a dirty young man at selling books **and** *chasing girls."*

The Depression had a lasting influence on Binky's character. For one thing, it interrupted his education at the University of Toronto, where he was studying English, history and economics — and engaging in 1930-style student unrest. He was writing for the U of T *Varsity* which, under editor Andrew Allen, was leading a campus struggle for free speech.

The crunch came when Allen wrote an editorial arguing that most students were atheists. The *Globe and Mail* came out with a banner story ("Atheism Rampant at University"), the premier of the province was deluged with protests from outraged taxpayers, and the university suspended publication of *The Varsity*. Andrew Allen went on to fame at the CBC.

Binky had to leave university abruptly when his father, ground down by the Depression, became ill and died. The episode still seems vivid in his mind, and he stammered with feeling in recalling it:

"He was one of those old-fashioned businessmen who work their guts out and treat their staff very decently. It shook me to see what happened to the business. I had to go in and close it down to get enough money to keep my mother. I saw a lot of guys thrown out on the street."

That experience — and a short period of work in a mine at Timmins — was the dominant influence in shaping his political views. He left the CCF and, even while working as secretary to his stock broker uncle Elly Marks, became active in the Communist Party — to the particular chagrin of his cousin Nathan Phillips, who was active in politics then and later became mayor of Toronto. At one point Binky had half a dozen of his relatives working for the Communist alderman, J. B. Salsberg. "Nathan has never spoken to them to this day," Binky chortles over his drink.

During the time of the Spanish Civil War, Binky was on several committees with Dr. Norman Bethune and, since he had the family car, used to drive Bethune around Toronto on his fund-raising quests. "Bethune was a very brilliant guy, a brilliant organizer and very impatient with other people. If people didn't come to a quick decision, he got very impatient with them. But he had a real love for people and for living — and he was quite a ladies' man to boot."

Today, Binky is still a radical opponent of capitalism, but in terms of political affiliation he's "neither fish nor fowl." He broke with the "ancient left" over the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956 and rejects Russian communism as bureaucratic and far from egalitarian, while seeing hopeful signs of true self-renewing socialism in Mao's China.

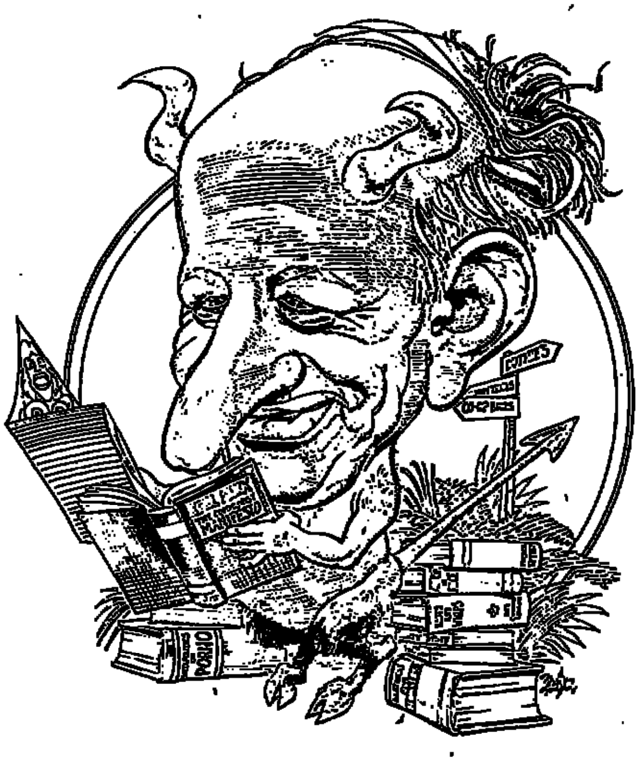
After serving with the Canadian Army Service Corps in the Second World War (and keeping Italian partisans alive with stolen food), Binky returned to complete his B.A. at the U of T and then went out to Vancouver to work for Artkino Films, a pioneer European film distributor.

The business failed and in 1947 he "drifted" into a job as manager of the People's Co-operative Bookstore. And Vancouver was introduced to a radical, rumpled bookseller ("He used to chew his ties," says a friend, "until there was nothing left of them") whose judgment and knowledge of books gradually made People's, located on a grotty stretch of Pender Street, *the* bookshop in Vancouver. And it was all done against a background of internal Communist Party squabbling between a zealous faction demanding the store stock only hard-line material and the moderates who wanted a socialist bookshop, but one that contained also a wide variety of books.

"When I joined the Co-op, it had $7,000 worth of books and $6,000 in debts," said Binky. "When I left it had $35,000 in books and $25,000 in debts. That was a mild sort of progress, I suppose."

When Bill Duthie decided to hire Binky to run the new Paperback Cellar in 1957, he did so in the face of warnings from many people in the business that the move would be disastrous because Duthie's was aiming at the carriage trade and Binky was such a disreputable (though likeable) old leftist. But the relationship has worked well and today the two men speak of each other with warm praise.

That's remarkable, in a way, because Binky's temper is on a notoriously short fuse when he's confronted with the arrogance of the affluent: "Once a year I have to tell some highly dignified gentleman or lady to go fuck themselves."



But generally Binky tends to be warm and helpful to just about everyone. He seems to have friends everywhere, and keeps running into them in the oddest places (like a maternity ward). Binky's annual Boxing Day open house at which he entertains a motley crowd of his friends with a lavish feast he himself prepares (after his divorce he became something of a gourmet cook for reasons of "survival") is an event about 200 Vancouverites never miss.

One reason for his success is that he clearly enjoys people. Another is his deep knowledge of and interest in books. "Binky always found time somehow to find out what was *inside* the books," says Douglas, who used to be a publishers' representative. "That's the difference between booksellers and bookmen: a bookseller reads the reviews and attends to the customers, a bookman gets into the books. He's always been a bookman."

His 28 years of experience have given him considerable insight into the publishing and bookselling business. Although Canadian publishers have been crying the blues a lot recently, Binky is convinced there are great opportunities in Canada. "There are probably twice as many bookstores in B.C. today as there were 10 years ago and it hasn't hurt our business in the slightest. It seems the more bookstores there are, the more books that are sold."

And there *is* great interest in Canadian books. Binky points out that during the Christmas period more than one half of the hardbounds and more than 35 per cent of the paperbacks sold by Duthie's are Canadian books. But publishers need to watch their prices (the $3-to-$5 paperbacks are meeting sales resistance). And more than ever, publishers need to exercise good judgment in the kinds and quality of the books they publish.

"Over the past year and a half, Canadian publishers with the aid of government grants have put out a lot of mediocre books," he says. "A lot of these books are going to fall flat on their asses."

In addition to the debatable value of government-grants to publishing, Binky is worried about the steady expansion of bookstore chains. Duthie's, with five outlets in Vancouver, is one of the few fair-sized independent bookstores that has not been bought up by the chains or undermined by them ("Coles has been no threat to us"). But Binky deplores the trend away from the friendly, personal, easy-going atmosphere found in many independent bookshops.

"I'm really scared of the day when the computers take over," he says. "Right now, 80 per cent of stock control is in your head and in future it will probably mean relying on the computer. The computers have reached the wholesale level and I don't think it will be long before they reach the retail trade."

Happily for Binky, he may well be gone from the business by the time the computer calculations take over from personal insight. Nearing retirement, he is down to working four days a week and hopes soon to cut that to only three. A young, efficient, blue-jeaned successor, Dave Kerfoot, is preparing to take over Duthie's Paperback Cellar. When Binky finally goes, there's no doubt that he'll be missed.

"Binky Marks," says Jim Douglas, "represents one of the most eccentric of eccentrics we've ever had in Canadian bookselling. It's now become a hot-shot business where the range of personal knowledge isn't as important as the ability to turn books over quickly. The emphasis is no longer on bookmanship, but on salesmanship and managerial skill. There is less scope now for the Binky Marks of this world to develop: eccentrics make modern management nervous."

"Over the past year and a half, Canadian publishers with the aid of government grants have put out a lot of mediocre books. A lot of these books are going to fall flat on their asses."

Maybe so. But it will be a sad day for the bookselling business when the Binky Marks of this world are no longer around — rockin' through the night, talking good sense, and leading those frontal assaults. ☐

A POOR CP, BUT OUR OWN

From its birth in a barn, the Communist Party has shown a curiously Canadian instinct for survival

The Communist Party in Canada: A History, by Ivan Avakumovic, McClelland & Stewart, 309 pages, $5.95 paper.

Tim Buck: A Conscience for Canada, by Oscar Ryan, Progress Books, 302 pages, $9.95 cloth and $4.95 paper.

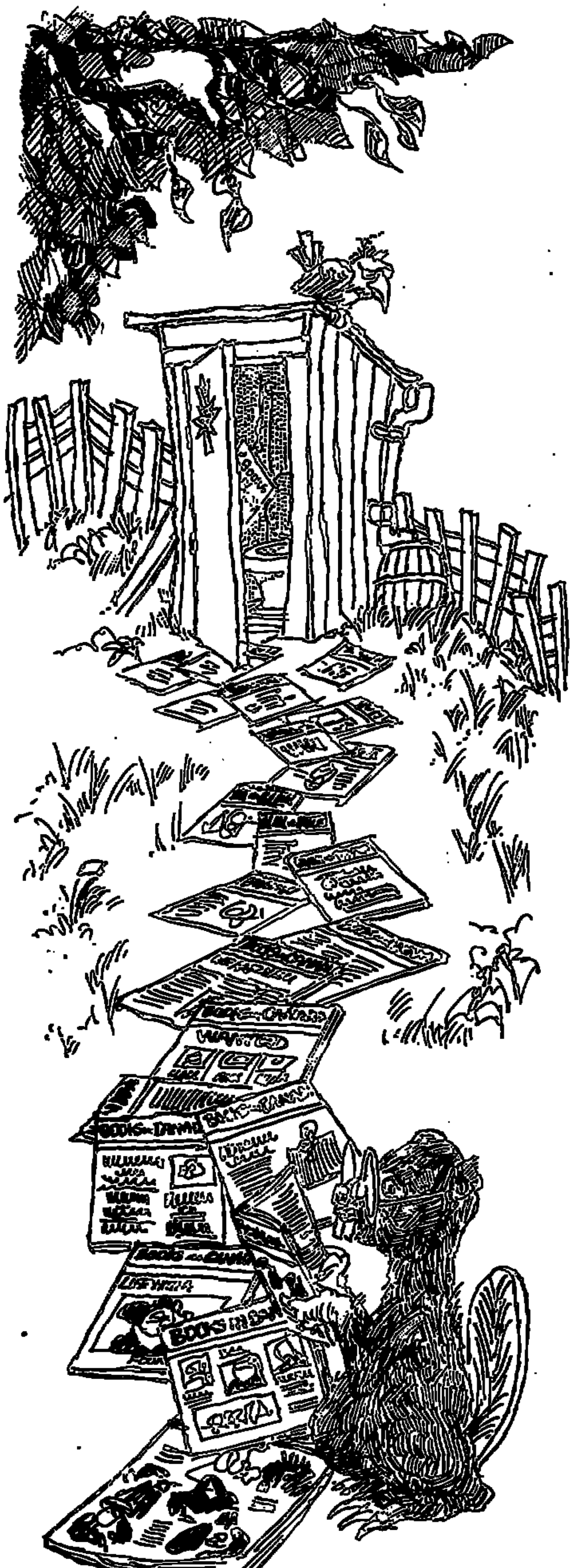
By GEORGE WOODCOCK

THERE ARE STRANGELY Canadian resonances to the story of the founding convention of the Communist Party of Canada. It took place in a barn outside Guelph, Ont., in 1921. Twenty-two delegates arrived by devious conspiratorial routes, and among them were a Comintern agent named Caleb Harrison (who used the alias of Atwood), and an RCMP cover agent. Some delegates were later to be among the leaders of the party in its earliest, most radical days, including John Macdonald, Maurice Spector, and Florence Custance. The matter of most doubt is whether Tim Buck, who in later years became so closely identified with the party in popular mythology, was actually present. Buck's biographer, Oscar Ryan, implies in his *Tim Buck: A Conscience for Canada* that he was indeed there, but never actually says so; he quotes from Buck's description of what happened, but it is perhaps significant that neither Ryan nor Buck shows the latter saying or doing anything at the meeting. Professor Ivan Avakumovic, in *The Communist Party: A History*, contents himself with quoting John Macdonald's statement that "Buck was not even at the Convention where the Party was founded, nor was he a member of the first Executive."

Such a matter of doubt illustrates the sort of obscurity that often surrounds the early history of revolutionary parties that begin as small groups and in secrecy, and perhaps this fact explains why we have had to wait so long for a thorough and objective history of the Communist Party of Canada. Avakumovic has already had some practice in digging out material for this kind of book, since a few years ago he published a *History of the Communist Party in Yugoslavia*, a movement that was even more obscure in its beginnings and enjoyed longer clandestine periods than the Canadian party. He has brought from that task a patiently researching eye and a mind attuned to probabilities.

The dominant feeling of both these books is provided by an element that in recent years we have come to regard as peculiarly Canadian — the element of survival. What impresses one about the record of the Communist Party is that it has gone through so many vicissitudes, from hunted secretiveness to the height of respectability when Russia

Buck was fortunate in controlling a small party that played an insignificant role in Communist international plans. But he was also adept, and kept his position by preserving an uncritical loyalty to all the deviations of the Russian party line.



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was an ally in the Second World War, and from that peak to its present appearance of fragile senility. And yet, over 55 years, it has managed to keep alive, or at least to sustain a shadow guard of front organizations, and to keep a membership that is still numbered in the low range of the thousands.

When one compares the record with that of other famous North American revolutionary movements, it is impressive. At its height the International Workers of the World had far more members than the CPC's peak level of about 20,000, and created far more terror among the moneyed and respectable; for awhile the One Big Union loomed like a vast shadow in the Canadian West; the anarchists had their day of lurid glory when they were regarded as menaces threatening the very structure of society. Where are they all now — the Wobblies, the OBU boys, the anarchists? Where are the snows of yesteryear? Reduced to a few patches on the edge of the woods, while the Communist Party still gives the look of a substantial if somewhat soiled drift.

One could attempt an explanation by referring to the party's various constituencies. But, as Prof. Avakumovic points out, the East European and Jewish comrades who once provided a reliable rank-and-file, were progressively alienated by news of what was happening in the Soviet Union to Finns and Ukrainians and Jews. The static quality of party thought failed to hold the allegiance of radical youth, who drifted into the CCF if they were ambitious of office and into movements linked with the New Left if they were more idealistic. And among the militants themselves, who formed the hard core of party activism and felt most passionately about the destiny of the revolutionary movement, every crisis in which the Russian party was involved, from the Trotsky–Stalin split down to the invasion of Prague in 1968, led to violent disputes, expulsions, fission.

From outside, official persecution was perhaps not the worst that the Communist Party had to face; there were times when the authorities — particularly under Mackenzie King's sly leadership — encouraged the CPC as a means of countering the rise of democratic socialist movements. Much more dangerous were the wide populist appeals that both the CCF and the NDP generated, and the slowly developing disinclination of the average trade unionist to let his affairs be controlled by militants with political rather than industrial objectives.

When one considers the fissiparous tendencies within the CPC, which its famous discipline was completely unable to control for more than a few years at a time, and the strength of hostile forces in Canadian society, on the left as well as on the right, it is indeed surprising that the CPC did not go the way of other North American radical movements of comparable size and importance. It seems to me that the only reason why it has kept alive, even if not too well, is also the reason why it appealed more strongly in the 1920s than the rival revolutionary movements, with their anarcho-syndicalist inclinations. It has survived, essentially, because of the continued presence of Russia as a major country ruled by Communists, a focus less of attraction (since few *new* members are now drawn in by the magnet) than of a loyalty from those who all their lives have felt themselves alienated in present-day society. If Communism had failed in Russia, there would be no more Communists now than there are Wobblies or, for that matter, Jacobites.

Where are they all now — the Wobblies, the OBU boys, the anarchists? Where are the snows of yesteryear? Reduced to a few patches on the edge of the woods, while the Communist Party still gives the look of a substantial if somewhat soiled drift.

Photograph of Tim Buck by Searle Friedman from Tim Buck: A Conscience for Canada.

Prof. Avakumovic has given us the historical structure within which we can see the Communist Party in the perspective of its 50-odd years of history. It is a story full of dedication, idealism, and mere hard work. And yet it does not arouse one's ultimate admiration, any more than does the story of Tim Buck as Oscar Ryan so piously and uncritically tells it. As much as the party, Buck stands as a model of survival. By the time his associates edged him out of the party leadership in 1962, at the age of 71, he had been there so long that, as Avakumovic remarks: "No other Communist leader in the West had remained in charge of a Communist party for so long."

Buck was fortunate in controlling a small party that played an insignificant role in Communist international plans. But he was also adept, and he kept his position by preserving an uncritical loyalty to all the deviations in the Russian party line, supporting Stalin and then Khruschev as the weather dictated, and accepting one after another the atrocities perpetrated by the Russian Communist leadership, from Stalin's massacre of the Old Bolsheviks and Khruschev's of the Ukrainian peasants, through the persecution of Poumists and anarchists in Spain, to the imperial aggressions against Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968. It is all very well to tell us evocatively about Buck's young days as a socialist; that does have its appeal. What we are not told about are the changes that took place in the mind of that ardent young socialist and led him, decade after decade until he was an old man, into condoning some of the worst collective crimes in modern history.

What lies hidden by the mechanical, mask-like smile on the photograph of the Grand Old Man at the beginning of the book? If he had tried to reveal that secret, Ryan might have done us a notable service. Instead he has written a hagiography, another item in the "Lives of the Communist Saints." He uses the subtitle: "A Conscience for Canada." "Where is there evidence of any conscience?" one is left asking at the end. Conscience is the inner light of justice, not the external blaze of power, which obviously held Buck's eye from the first moment he heard of the Bolshevik seizure of control in Russia. ☐

ONCE UPON A RARE TIME

We're not a nation of story-tellers, but that's what writing for children is all about

The Republic of Childhood: A Critical Guide to Canadian Children's Literature, Second Edition (revised), by Sheila Egoff, Oxford University Press, 384 pages, $10.95 cloth and $6.25 paper (educational edition).

By JANET LUNN

SHEILA EGOFF is a professor of children's literature in UBC's Faculty of Library Science. The first edition of *The Republic of Childhood* in 1967 earned her an international reputation as the expert on books for children in this country. And so she is. Her new edition is an updating and, in some places, a rewriting of the original but it is otherwise the same sturdy thoroughgoing piece of work.

The book is neatly organized into 11 chapters, each with a separate essay and list of books with capsule reviews. The largest change is a greater emphasis on Indian and Eskimo tales; the most welcome is the addition of chapters on plays and poetry, picture and picture-story books; and the smallest but maybe most noticeable change is a graceful bow to women's liberation. Where female writers such as Ruth Nichols and Christie Harris were once Miss Nichols and Mrs. Harris they now are just Nichols and Harris.

In the first edition there were 17 pages devoted to Indian legends with a list of 12 books. In this one, under the section headed "Literature of the Oral Tradition," which includes a general introductory essay of its own and a chapter of European-inherited folk tales (7½ pages, nine books) there are 19 pages of essays on Indian legends with 27 books listed (13 published since 1967), and 6½ pages on Eskimo tales with six books listed (all published since 1967). Although the section on fiction is three times as long and lists four times as many books, these essays on our native folk tales are the most provocative. For one thing, so many of our best and best-known writers turn to Indian and Eskimo lore for inspiration — either to retell the legends or create their own stories. Christie Harris does in all but one career novel; William Toye does in his two picture books; James Houston in all his books; John Craig in *The Long Return*; Farley Mowat in *Lost in the Barrens*; and Claude Aubry in *Agouhanna*. Something about the wilderness and primitive people catches our imagination.

They are "part of the consciousness of a nation ... an emotional sympathy is predetermined," says Egoff in explanation, but her own attitude toward the subject is a bit unsure. She advances such ideas without stopping to explore them. As a result, she becomes confusing and sometimes makes other statements that seem to be contradictions. For example: "Indigenous though they are to Canada, Indian legends are culturally 'imported' and are no more native to Canadian children than an Ashanti lullaby." And: "One begins to wonder uneasily how much is really translatable from different cultures and literatures." Later, she shifts uncomfortably from the position that the legends ought to be correct in every scholarly detail to the argument that they should simply tell good stories. For instance, she applauds Maurice Metayer's *Tales from the Igloo* as a fine artistic and scholarly work (which it is) and therefore a good book for children, but considers Ronald Melzack's two collections, though good stories, lesser achievements because they more closely resemble our familiar European-style ones. Thus it's a puzzle to know exactly where Egoff stands and whether our children, who are still the final judges, will read any of them.

When it comes to our other big sellers — adventure, wilderness, and realistic animal stories — Egoff seems on firmer ground. She spends more time than she probably should on the old-time books of Grey Owl, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Ernest Thompson Seton but she may be justified, considering that these books actually do find their way into libraries in the rest of the world. Her critiques of Roderick Haig Brown, David Walker, and Farley Mowat are good and she writes well and favourably of such newcomers as Helene Widell (*The Black Wolf of River Bend*).

Egoff leaves out few books published in Canada for children that are of any possible worth. Although she says we're not strong on fantasy, she gives it a chapter and discusses in detail the novels of Ruth Nichols whose second book won the Book-of-the-year award from the Canadian Association of Children's Librarians. She is obviously at home with picture books and poetry and writes with assurance about them. (Dennis Lee's *Nicholas Knock* and *Alligator Pie*, just published, are here.) No possible category is missing. History and biography are so carefully covered, mystery stories so meticulously gone over, and even career novels listed (though not reviewed), that it is obvious this is essentially a librarian's reference book.

There is no doubt that it is a useful volume. Its awkwardnesses are minor: a few of the essays are too basic in outline to assume the knowledge of book and author that they do; some are a trifle repetitive; and, although Egoff says she has tried "to resist the unconscious urge to magnify the importance" of the books she's examining, the urge does get the better of her now and again. Sometimes she goes into too much detail when dealing with what are really very slight books. Sometimes she's too lavish with praise (though comparing some of the writing in *The Black Joke* to that of R. L. Stevenson should please Farley Mowat no end).

In her introduction, Egoff states that her reason for writing this book is that "it is surely important to know what a society offers its children in the way of literature." She has tried hard to make the offering look good but it just isn't very inspiring. We are not a nation of story-tellers — at least not in public where it shows — and story-telling is the backbone of writing for children. The knowledge of this unhappy fact shows through every line of Egoff's book. But perhaps it comes through most eloquently in a sentence about David Walker's attractive story *Dragon Hill*: "It is not quite a great children's book, but it has qualities of truthfulness that lift it out of the class of stock children's stories that were written to sell." A genuine *cri de coeur*, that sentence, and one that gets a sad "Amen" from all of us who keep looking hopefully for home-grown tales for our children. ☐

Growing up untidy

Gullband, by Susan Musgrave, illustrated by Rikki, J. J. Douglas, 50 pages, $6.95 cloth.

Lumberjack, by William Kurelek, Tundra Books, unpaginated, $7.95 cloth.

Apple Butter and Other Plays, by James Reaney, illustrated by Sandra Barrett, unpaginated, $4 paper.

Trick Doors, by Betty Keller, November House, 129 pages, $2.50 cloth.

By SUSAN LESLIE

MAKING THINGS too nice, too clear, too tidy seems a common vice in writers for children. The desire to create a controllable world creeps into many children's books, and it results in stories that are false, earnest, and finally boring. Children, more than anybody, know that the world isn't to be controlled.

Susan Musgrave, the British Columbia poet who wrote *Gullband*, certainly hasn't tried to make things nice, clear, or tidy. *Gullband* is not an easy book, and probably needs to be read aloud in small pieces by someone who enjoys confusing stories.

Gullband is a cat who arrives one day in the mail, at the home of Grim and Thrum. Grim is most likely a frog, but is afflicted with such unfrog-like ailments as measles and despair. He has evolved from a strawberry, and is afraid of the dark. Thrum is more nearly a lizard, but his weightless teeth and his fondness for snapdragons and hard-boiled eggs make him a little difficult to classify. Nothing in particular happens to these three: Gullband comes, and then he goes away. But it is a wonderful collection of small, peculiar poems about these creatures. *Gullband* is beautifully produced, with slightly scary illustrations by Rikki.

Lumberjack, William Kurelek's new book, is set in the much more mundane world of the Canadian lumberjack. But in his simple and direct way, Kurelek has made out of the details of the lumberjack's life something as dense and fascinating as *Gullband*.

As a young man, Kurelek worked in bush camps in Ontario and Quebec. At the time, he made very few pictures of his experience, and the 25 paintings reproduced in *Lumberjack* are taken from his memories of the work. He first went north to earn money for university, and he went determined to prove to his father that he could sustain the spartan life of the logging camps. He writes about his struggles with his father in the same honest, unashamed way that he paints.

Lumberjack is not exactly a book for children. It is a record in pictures and prose of a way of life that mechanization has ended. The kind of logging that Kurelek did — each man cutting his own strip by hand — is over. And with it has gone the special life of the logging camps. It does not seem a particularly attractive life — gruelling days and uneventful nights ("no liquor" and "no women" were the rules of the bush). But Kurelek remembers his lumberjack days with some pleasure. He was proud of his reputation as a good worker; and he enjoyed the storytelling, the rough humour, and the vast meals of the logging camps.

James Reaney's *Apple Butter and Other Plays for Children* is not meant to be read. It's a workbook, to be used, actively, with children, and its effectiveness depends very much on who is using it.

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WHO WANTS TO BE ALONE? by John Craig
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The four plays in this collection (two produced for children and two produced by them) are frameworks for improvisation. They are slight structures, but coherent enough for there are many places where the players can start building in their own directions. Reaney's language is rich and exuberant, full of word games that introduce new rhythms in the movement of the plays. He takes lists — of placenames, nicknames, elements, Roman emperors, animals, activities — and he turns them into chants. In his introduction, he writes of the importance of learning to listen, and his respect for playfulness in language is evident everywhere. The plays belong in a workshop setting, where children are encouraged to trust their imagination, to create their own plays, and to listen to themselves.

The experience of a workbook like *Apple Butter* would prepare children to use the kind of dramatic sketches presented in Betty Keller's *Trick Doors*. The sketches depend on a certain confidence in the students using them, that they are ready to move in and out of their usual skins, and that is precisely the kind of freedom that Reaney is working to create.

But where Reaney is playful and light, Keller is bleak. She is particularly grim on the subject of home and family. The sketches were prepared for use at the secondary level, and their bleakness would be inappropriate for younger children.

Reaney's material covers a wider span. "Apple Butter," for example, is a marionette play, that could be produced by older children for younger ones. "Names and Nicknames" is presented as a piece for professional actors, but it could be staged by a group of children.

Reaney describes his intentions as working toward a method "in which poetry, imagination, metaphors slowly become more and more as natural to you as breathing." Reaney, like Musgrave, is not afraid to let words loose among children. ☐

(Drawing by Fiona Garrick from Bonnie McSmithers You're Driving Me Dithers, *Tree Frog Press.)*

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That Jacob, he's two much

Jacob Two-Two Meets the Hooded Fang, by Mordecai Richler, illustrated by Fritz Wegner, McClelland & Stewart, 84 pages, $5.95 cloth.

By ELIZABETH CLEAVER

WRITING OR illustrating a book for children is just as serious and difficult as writing or illustrating for adults. The same standards and values apply. Perhaps even more care has to be taken with children's books because of the limited knowledge and experience of the child.

Children's books offer two values at once, a combined literary and pictorial expression. Mordecai Richler's book *Jacob Two-Two Meets the Hooded Fang* hardly needs illustrations because of the descriptive writing. It is a marvelously funny story, just as full of satirical wit, gentle humor, and compassion as the jacket promises. The book is dedicated to his own five children.

Jacob Two-Two was two plus two plus two years old. He had two ears and two eyes and two arms and two feet and two shoes ... two older sisters, two brothers ... two parents ....

The story begins in the everyday world and moves into a dream world with Jacob Two-Two falling asleep in the park. With the dream, things start happening. And the reader is eager to find out how and what happens next.

Children are people with less experience than adults and their needs are different. Childhood is discovery and it also means coming face to face with grown-ups who seem to have a strange sense of humour at times. Two-Two is charged with insulting behaviour to a big person. His barrister, Louis Loser, has never won a case in his life but that can't go on forever; Two-Two has faith in him. He is sentenced by Mr. Justice Rough for two-years, two months, two weeks, two days, two hours and two minutes. Accompanied by two guards, Master Fish and Mistress Fowl, they travel by car, train, bus, canoe, helicopter, ox-cart, rickshaw, stilts, dinghy, skis, submarine, flying balloon, camel, raft, dogsled, roller skates, glider, and motorcycle.

The story is alive and one can easily re-create Jacob Two-Two's dream — his experience of events with the Hooded Fang and the people he meets along the way.

Although Jacob Two-Two is two plus two plus two years old he is far from helpless in solving his problems: he is a boy who knows there are two sides to every story; he has learned to stand on his own two feet; and he has been brought up not to believe everything he reads.

Fritz Wegner's black-and-white illustrations graphically express the characters Richler writes about. The drawings of Louis Loser, Jacob Two-Two, The Hooded Fang, Master Fish, Mistress Fowl and Mr. Fox are imaginatively and realistically drawn. Art teachers might use the illustrations as examples of cross-hatched line drawings.

This is Mordecai Richler's first book for children. Perhaps his future books for children will be illustrated in colour. However, this book should inspire more Canadian writers and poets to create for children. ☐

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Ham to the slaughter

It's Me Again: The Journals of Bartholomew Bandy, Volume III, by Donald Jack, Doubleday, 351 pages, $8.95 cloth.

By J. L. GRANATSTEIN

CANADIAN WAR novels, like much of Canadian fiction, have never risen to great heights. Most are sombre tales of derring-do, full of righteous heroism that read like official histories. Few attack the stupidity, corruption, and squandering of life that characterize war and certainly there are no Canadian books that compare with the bitter writings that poured out of Britain after 1918. The one notable exception, Charles Yale Harrison's *Generals Die in Bed*, is very good, but Harrison was an American who served with the Canadians from 1914–18, and the book is more of a novella than a full study.

If good war fiction is scarce in Canada, there can be nothing rarer than a humorous war novel. In Britain, for example, Derek Robinson's *Goshawk Squadron* is a brilliantly funny indictment of war, a minor classic in the genre of *Catch 22*. The only Canadian books that can compare are *The Journals of Bartholomew Bandy* by Donald Jack.

Three Cheers for Me, the first improbable volume in the improbable saga of Bartholomew Bandy, was published in 1962. Eleven years later, a different publisher brought out a revised version of *Three Cheers* and a second volume, *That's Me in the Middle*, expanding the story and increasing the general improbability. Now, emboldened by success, Doubleday and Jack have risked all on a third volume, carrying Bandy's adventures from the Western Front to Russia.

The hero of the saga, Bartholomew Bandy, is a horse-faced, wall-eyed preacher's son from the Ottawa Valley, pitchforked by fate into the charnel-house of the First World War. In the course of two years overseas, Bandy (and the reader) learns much about life, sex, and fighting. Bandy's improbably successful career sees him serving with the infantry, with the Royal Flying Corps, with bicycle troops, and on the staff. But no matter what dung heap he lands in, Bandy invariably emerges smelling like a rose.

The extraordinary range of Bandy's jobs lets Jack deal with several aspects of the war, and he carries it off splendidly. His research is very broad — the air-war scenes, particularly in this volume, sound exceedingly authentic, and Jack must know as much as anyone about the performance characteristics of the Sopwith Dolphin, not to mention mess parties. He has also read well and widely into the politics of the period, and his descriptions of the war between the "frocks" and the "brass" ring true. He also has a good eye for military foibles, and Jack's descriptions of adjutants, staff officers, and the like can hardly help bringing back memories to everyone who ever spent time in military durance vile.

The research, though very good, is not blatant. Its value is that it makes Jack's sardonic humour, his unsuppressed bitterness, all the more powerful. These books represent as powerful an indictment of the bloody waste of war as has ever been written by a Canadian.

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They are also very funny. In *It's Me Again*, Bandy finds himself in Halifax, caught in a social conflict between the Admiral's wife and the drunken consort of the Lieutenant-Governor, a worthy aptly named Capon. Poor Bandy finds himself forced to match drink for drink with Mrs. Capon — or rather trying to pour his drinks into boots, plants, or pile rugs in a desperate effort to keep up with the boozy flow of confidences. There are also the ritual scenes of officers' mess parties, mock seductions of a general's wife, and wretched, retching sea-sickness.

But it's not all pie in the face. Jack is at his best when he slips the knife in quietly. Here, for example, is Bandy wondering over the way war has changed him:

> I'd been brought up in an Ottawa Valley household so pious and Spartan that if you slept in later than six A.M. you were considered to be teetering on the verge of Roman degeneracy. However, soon after my arrival in Europe in 1916 . . . I'd begun to succumb to the fleshpots . . . to such an extent that within eighteen months I was reeling around with the worst of them, swearing, smoking and smashing the mess furniture in the traditional RFC manner. Moreover, affected by the Church's apparently wholehearted approval of the slaughter, I had almost entirely given up reading the Good Book — or even the Bible.

A gentle dig, but one with the force of a whiz-bang.

Bandy deserved all the honours that came his way — he returns from fighting the Hun and the Bolsheviki as a much-decorated Major-General — and Donald Jack merits yet another Stephen Leacock Award for humour. ☐

Gingerbread on the guilt

Spoil!, by E. G. Perrault, Doubleday, 252 pages, $7.95 cloth.

By DENNIS DUFFY

THRILLERS DON'T usually wind up puzzlingly. The point is to get the whole thing wrapped up, tied in, nailed down, so the reader can turn out the light and go to sleep with no nagging after effects. The best thing about the movie *Harper* (a Paul Newman vehicle hacked out of a splendid Ross MacDonald novel) was the hapless shrug with which it closed. The gesture was the flick; it made a virtue of inconclusiveness.

Here we have an orthodox adventure story of oil exploration in the High Arctic, ecological disaster, murder, and even plain old matrimonial hassles; yet it ends with the hero, Ian Danelock, checking out of things, hanging there, twisting slowly in the wind. Why?

As anyone who read *The Twelfth Mile* will attest, Perrault writes a good thriller. The details are all there; the disasters are colossal but realistic. And so it is here, with lots of good stuff about what happens to steel under such bitter-cold conditions, and what happens to the Innuit under such greenhouse-hot circumstances. But then the book starts to get too ambitious, to cover too much territory. So we get a bit of Rohmer, with a brief glimpse of high-level politics, then we get a bit of Hailey, with a lengthy portrait of a breaking marriage and some dumb, dry-humping games with a young woman who calls herself Joe and is so hip she listens to the Carpenters. She probably smokes a lot of "roofers" too. Then we get into a lot of boardroom-to-battlefield switcheroo jazz, when all the reader wants is for Ian to get back up North and continue horsing around with the disaster.

There is something satisfying about craftsmanship of any kind, but the literary craftsmanship required to put together a good thriller is especially bracing to behold. For my money, there are people pulling down GeeGees and fat CeeCees who can't plot their way half as well as the average pop fiction writer. That is why it is sad to find such solid work overlaid with a lot of the irrelevant crap of politics and emotional crisis. If I had wanted to read *Nostromo* then I wouldn't have picked up *Spoil!* in the first place.

My point is this: just as the "high" tradition of the novel today emphasizes confusion, moodiness, inconclusiveness, so the would-be blue-ribbon thriller has to touch the same bases. What a lot of tomfoolery! What a waste of good talent! And talent there is in plenty, because the book manages to survive as a good read despite all the gingerbreading.

A final note: next time you look at one of those bombastic, slick-magazine, "we're some pumpkins" prestige ads of the oil cartel, make a mental note to read this book, which shows you the kind of high-risk games they continue to play with the planet. Sure, the eco-freaks get a little noisy sometimes, but think about what those quiet guys who own us are up to. ☐

The hour of the picaroon

The Crazy House, by Anthony Brennan, McClelland & Stewart, 188 pages, $8.95.

By JIM CHRISTY

IF YOU CAN ignore the jacket hyperbole and stay awake through the first chapter, *The Crazy House* will prove to be light, entertaining reading. The publicity poses the question that author Brennan is supposed to be answering: "How does the human spirit survive in a country plagued by secret police, gangsters, dope freaks, rioters and the sinister powers of thought-control?" This prepares the reader for the record of a heavy and serious struggle against totalitarianism, another sombre fantasy *à la* Orwell or Kafka, a tradition even George Woodcock sees fit to blurb it into. This is totally unfair to Brennan because not only must he then be measured against writers of another league and a genre to which he bears no relation, but also it serves to blunt his real edge, which is humour. This is actually a picaresque novel that succeeds by funning the enemy, casting the bureaucracy, mind police, and secret agents as absurd, bumbling, and ludicrous. It bears some resemblance, though in a minor way, to Blaise Cendrars' novel *Moravagine* and I would be curious to know whether Brennan is familiar with this great work of the 1920s. Moravagine is a stone-crazy conman, aided in his escape from a sanitarium by a sober upright doctor whom he "corrupts" during the course of numerous adventures in various corners of a world gone mad. In *The Crazy House,* Ned Flask, a timid ex-journalist, becomes involved, because of his love of art, with his outrageous conman uncle, Dan Turnbull, in a deal to smuggle a rare sculpture across a country torn apart by war and hell bent on total chaos.

Brennan gets off to a shaky start in the first two chapters, obviously struggling to introduce his characters and the unusual world they inhabit and to hint at the distorted events to follow. The language is often stilted and descriptions suffer from over-writing; the effect of these first chapters is sort of a cross between freshman composition and Victorian formalism, which is actually about the same thing. "Her slim figure with its precise and confident movements, the occasional flicker of a self-communing smile gave her a beauty that seemed to engulf him." Or, "One might have thought that there would not be much of a living for Dan to make in dealing in an illicit art trade."

Brennan gets rolling midway through the third chapter and the story carries along enjoyably until the crazy-house ending. In order to obtain the valuable sculpture, Ned and Uncle Dan must get to it — at a junkyard where it's hidden in the back of an old truck — before Rifka, a "spiritual huckster." Brennan probably didn't intend it to be so, but this aging hustler is his best-drawn character. Uncle Dan, the gourmet, wine lover, and crook, who is built more for comfort than for speed, is the main object of the author's descriptive attentions. But in Rifka, Brennan has made a unique comment on what is, or was, called the alternate culture. Rifka, who has heard about the sculpture through the second-storey underground, dresses up in a white sheet and comes on as wiseman to a bunch of hippies he has drugged into somnambulism and whom he thus intends to use to collect the sculpture. He stands as a symbol for all the gurus of the last decade. Later, minus his act, he goes after Ned Flask with a knife in a train washroom.

Like the young doctor in *Moravagine*, Ned Flask learns from experience that in the face of the crumbling nightmare of modern society, the poltroons shall inherit nothing, but a rodomontade just might survive. ☐

Too big for his galoshes

The Bigger Light, by Austin Clarke, McClelland & Stewart, 288 pages, $8.95 cloth.

By PATRICK HYNAN

THE TROUBLE WITH success is that it brings with it certain responsibilities, and there are some people whose recognition of this severely cripples their pursuit of the better life. Such a person is Boysie Cumberbatch, late of Barbados and now an established and successful immigrant in Toronto. Boysie is a driven figure, suspended in a psychic landscape where all exits are blocked in his frantic search for a meaning to an understanding of himself. He is the classic symbol of all wanderers lost on the ceaseless way, forever casting about for some light that will illuminate the contours of their journey. The half-educated are as much the victims of this endless treadmill as are the immigrants whose journey to another country never quite erases a lingering nostalgia for the origins of their discontent.

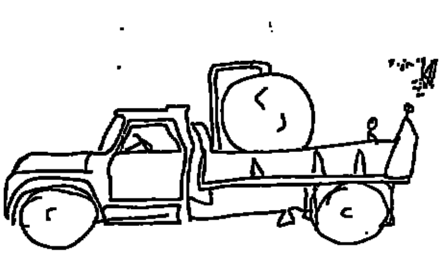
Austin Clarke has been writing for more than a decade about the life of West Indian immigrants in Canada, specifically Toronto, a city the immigrants inhabit with a barely concealed distaste. Clarke's latest novel concludes his remarkable trilogy dominated by Boysie and Dots Cumberbatch, two memorable people who stand each in his or her own way as mirror images of the West Indian presence in the new cold country. Boysie has come far in his quest for the good life since the earlier novels, establishing a flourishing office-cleaning company that allows him to smoke Gauloise cigarettes in his bank manager's office because he feels "there was class in smoking French cigarettes in Canada." Not knowing it is a French word he pronounces it as "galoshes."

A new car, a new house, expensive three-piece suits, and a refined accent replacing the thick inflections of his Barbadian dialect all show Boysie as a person on the way up, somebody to be reckoned with among his new white neighbours. Despite all these obvious attempts to inveigle himself into the opposite society, his wife, Dots, "had measured Boysie's worth by the history of his employment during the early days he had come to this country. And nothing he could do would ever give her a better impression of him." The more he is driven to identify himself with the symbols of success, the more Dots sees him as "a very ordinary man, a man with great failure."

But Boysie assuredly doesn't. He thinks of each new acquisition as cranking up his esteem in the eyes of his neighbours. As he drives his expensive new car around Toronto he watches keenly for the furtive admiring glances of other motorists and pedestrians. Curious stares are transformed into admiration by his over-active imagination and he basks in a glow of well-being that he, a black man, could be so universally accepted. And not only material success. Intellectual respectability must also be acquired, starting with an adjustment of the larynx to rearrange speech patterns and going on to reading diligently the posh city papers so that he can become a "well-informed man." Three of his letters, published in one of the papers, are pasted proudly into a scrapbook, a constant reminder to Dots of how far he has travelled in time. Old calypso records are thrown out of the house, replaced by Judy Collins' version of "Both Sides Now," endlessly spun in the empty mornings as he watches life flow outside his window.

Boysie is always watching as Dots is always watching him, seeing his growing isolation from her as a descent into a whirlpool of eddying yearnings: all hopeless, none satisfied. She clings to her West Indian friends, their life, their roots, and the source of her sustained stoicism in an alien country. She represents a strength in the West Indian character that Boysie once shared but now hates; and hates all the more because a recognition flares up in him now and again that her acceptance of herself vividly mirrors his helplessness between two worlds. They cannot touch even when once she comes into the bathroom and finds him having a bath, keen to touch her, to make love, and finds "she would rather die first. And in fact he wished, at that moment, that she was dead.... For she had made him dead, had killed the spark in his ambitiousness, had molested all his dreams about becoming successful, and even his pleasure of listening to ***floes and floes of angel's hair***" (Clarke's emphasis).

Another space is all that Boysie can flee to, drive into at high speed and escape forever the responsibilities of language, style, custom, and habit; the falsely engraved dervishes swirling in his psyche. What Clarke has achieved at the end of his trilogy is an astonishingly brilliant summation of what started out at first to be a journey of high hopes and has ended instead in a psychic quicksand of dazzling mutations. Boysie's quest for the bigger light overwhelmed him and this novel shows brilliantly why Clarke continues to overwhelm the reader with each new novel he writes. ☐



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Mennonites in Canada, 1786–1920: The History of a Separate People, Volume I, by Frank H. Epp, Macmillan, 480 pages, $9.95 cloth.

In the Fullness of Time: 150 Years of Mennonite Sojourn in Russia, by Walter Quiring and Helen Bartel, Reeve Bean Ltd. (505 Dutton Dr., Waterloo, Ont.), illustrated, 212 pages, $16.50 cloth.

By CLARENCE G. REDEKOP

SINCE THE TIME of the Reformation, the Mennonites have evoked divergent and conflicting views and policies from their rulers. On the one hand they have been valued as industrious, thrifty, and productive agriculturalists, adding substantially to the wealth of the state. On the other hand they have been regarded as an unassimilable and even unpatriotic element within society that constituted a danger to the security of the state. This has also been true of the Mennonite experience in Canada. While Mennonite immigration was strongly encouraged by the government as part of its Western land settlement policy, the pacifism of these immigrants led to their disfranchisement during the First World War and in 1919 further Mennonite immigration into Canada was explicitly prohibited (until the defeat of the Conservative government) in an effort to limit the number of legal "draft dodgers." Nevertheless, although both government and public assimilationist pressures have been strong, Canada has provided a firmer refuge for the Mennonites than virtually any other state.

The history of the Mennonites in Canada has been meticulously researched by Frank H. Epp, currently the president of Conrad Grebel College, University of Waterloo. The first volume takes the story to 1920. The second volume, as yet unpublished, will examine events of the last 50 years. Thoroughly familiar with the cross currents of opinion and with the various developments within the Mennonite churches, Epp has given a sensitive and sympathetic account of the anabaptists in Canada. The volume is heavily footnoted and draws on a wide variety of sources. The bibliography at the end of the book is itself more than 50 pages in length. With the completion of the second volume, it is likely that the excellence of this study will make it the definitive work on the Canadian Mennonites for many years to come.

Epp begins his history with a sketch of the early development of the anabaptist movement in Switzerland in 1525 and in Holland a decade later. Anabaptists were the most "separated brethern" of the Protestant Reformation and this forms the core of Epp's thesis as he analyses the development of a twofold separation for the Mennonites. On the one hand they were separated from the world by their concept of the church as a community of true believers, and on the other hand they were separated from each other by a series of internal divisions.

The anabaptists constitute the most radical wing of the Reformation. Their belief in the necessity of adult baptism, their refusal to take oaths, and their rejection of military service struck at the very foundations of the established theocratic, social, and political sys-

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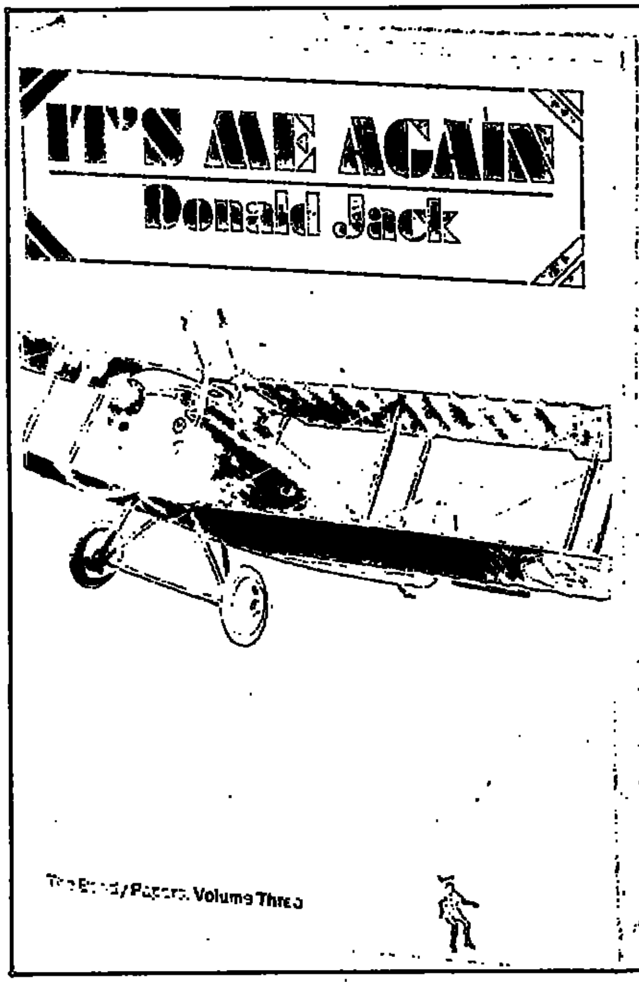
tems, be they Lutheran, Zwinglian, or Catholic. Their demand for freedom of religion and their recognition of a higher authority than that of the King or Emperor in matters of conscience led to drastic persecutions and frequent migrations to new lands in search of religious freedom.

Many Swiss-German Mennonites found refuge in the Quaker colony established by William Penn in the New World but following the American War of Independence and nearly a century of settlement, many came to Upper Canada as "Loyalists" where they founded several settlements including Ebytown, later to be known as Kitchener. Many of the Dutch-German Mennonites also found their way to Canada but by a much more circuitous route. Fleeing east rather than west, these Mennonites found refuge first in East Prussia and later in Russia before emigrating to Canada in the 1870s. These settlers attempted to duplicate in Manitoba the pattern of life that had characterized their existence in Russia. This, however, was not to be and Epp gives a clear account of the forces of modernity that made the creation of isolated and insulated Mennonite settlements separate from the external world virtually impossible.

The second problem confronting the Mennonites was internal separation and here Epp leads the reader through the multitudinous splits that tore at the Mennonite community. This *Taeuferkrankheit* (anabaptist disease) was the result of disagreements over the proper response to the challenges of external separation. At the core of the issue was the question of whether cultural assimilation would lead inevitably to theological assimilation. Epp shows how Methodist revivalism in America and German Lutheran pietism in Russia tended to influence some Mennonites towards a more individualistic and less communal outlook, decreased their opposition to urban assimilative values, and undermined their traditional Mennonite pacifism. The various Mennonite responses to these outside pressures, ranging from resistance to nearly all change (as typified by the Amish Mennonites) to acceptance of cultural and, in some cases, theological assimilation, served only to increase the internal separation within the Mennonite community. According to Epp, the twin problems of external assimilation and internal disintegration had by 1920 posed the fundamental problem of the very survival of the Mennonite heritage.

In the Fullness of Time is a pictorial record of the Mennonite settlements in Russia covering their entire 150-year span. It was here that the Mennonite concepts of social and theological separateness reached their greatest development. With exclusive control over large tracts of land, the settlers rapidly developed, as one historian has noted, a "Mennonite Commonwealth." Self-enclosed, self-sufficient, prosperous, and culturally separate from the Russians around them, the Mennonites in effect developed their own theocratic mini-state. Yet even here the outside world could not be kept at bay as the Russification program of the Czarist government served to undermine their "eternal" privileges of cultural autonomy and exemption from military service. It was the revolution and its aftermath, however, that irrevocably destroyed these settlements and many of their inhabitants.

The 1,500 photographs in this volume have been selected primarily with reference to those Mennonites whose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historical roots lie in the Russian experience. A large proportion of the photographs are of individuals and families, most of whom are identified by name. Since the time of its first publication in 1963, this volume has been justifiably popular in Mennonite circles. It now has been reprinted for the third time in the German language and for the first time in English.□

Colonial room at the top

Spadina: A Story of Old Toronto, by Austin Seton Thompson, Pagurian Press, illustrated, 223 pages, $14.95 cloth.

By ROGER HALL

THE PROPER pronunciation is Spa-*dee*-na, incidentally, and generations of Torontonians have been wrong in mouthing Spad-*eye*-na. Still fewer residents will realize that the old Indian name meaning "a hill or a sudden rise in the land" refers to what was once an enormous piece of property (in fact, the landed estate of a carefully nurtured family dynasty) that stretched from the city's present Queen Street, north through affluent Forest Hill, to Eglinton Avenue. In 1975, dynastic dreams are not even memories and the Spadina property that remains has shrunk to an elegant, rambling Victorian mansion set in relatively modest grounds and unjustly overshadowed by its bulky neighbour, Sir Henry Pellatt's celebrated Edwardian monstrosity, Casa Loma.

Spadina, the book, is an account of that Toronto property and something of a celebration of the two families who have dominated it since the 18th century. It is, however, of more than local interest. Originally Spadina was the seat of the Baldwin family, the champions of moderate reform in pre-confederation Upper Canada and evolvers of the principle of responsible government for the colonies. Their story, though a familiar one, is retold here with clarity and grace. Their attempt, futile as it turned out, to erect a powerful family focus in the upper province is reflected against the inexorable growth of the city around them.

Ownership of the property passed in 1866 to another Irish immigrant, James Austin. It is with the portrait of the Austin family — its residence and influence in the city — that the book makes its most useful contribution. Austin was that most revered of mid-Victorians — the successful man of affairs. He measured his life fretfully in terms of the maxim that "nothing is cheap if you can't pay for it." As a shrewd investor in land and mortgages, as a director of the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, as a railroad baron, and first president of the innovative Dominion Bank, he could afford a considerable indulgence. But Spadina was more than that.

On the site of the original Baldwin dwellings, Austin built the house that still stands at 258 Spadina Road. It is, as Eric Arthur noted in his authoritative *Toronto: No Mean City*, the Victorian residence *par excellence*. Here the era passed its exuberant heyday and the long Edwardian afternoon was spent in leisurely elegance. The Austins represented the keen edge of entrepreneurial respectability in business-minded Toronto and the house was a focal point for visiting notables. The Archbishop of Canterbury, say. Or more one of their own, J. P. Morgan. Even, as the generations ticked by, the Prince of Wales in 1919.

Throughout it all, the old Spadina farmlands are violated but never overcome. Pellatt builds his terrible folly, the Eatons become neighbours, and the whole area is labelled "Millionaire's Row." Although much of the grandeur of the row now has fallen to the wrecker or to some form of public service, Spadina's patrimony seems firm. For Austin Seton Thompson, the author, is also the present occupant of the house.

Obviously Thompson's book is a labour of love, but unlike some love affairs, it is a resounding success. This is popular history near its best; informative, written in an uncluttered style, and obviously rooted in sound research (with ample, unobtrusive documentation).

To cavil is to be, in this case, a little picayunish. Nevertheless the book could have benefitted in a couple of ways — the inclusion of a city map, showing not only the house's location but the gradual swell of the city as it engulfed the area, and also, more importantly, some floor plans of the residences — Baldwin and Austin — that have adorned the site. Otherwise, the book sets a high standard for popular urban accounts, which sadly have been lacking in this country. □

Verbal magic realism

I'm a Stranger Here Myself, by Alden Nowlan, Clarke Irwin, 87 pages, $6.95 cloth.

Shaped by This Land, paintings by Tom Forrestall and poetry by Alden Nowlan, Brunswick Books, Phoenix Square, Fredericton, N.B., 135 pages, $27.50 cloth.

By MORRIS WOLFE

THE TROUBLE with being a poet of the ordinary — the kind of poet that Raymond Souster is, say, or Alden Nowlan is — is that the work of such poets constantly treads a fine line between illuminating everyday experience and sentimentalizing it. It's no doubt difficult for poets such as these — particularly once they're on the charts, one of the Top Ten or so — to avoid believing that somehow most of their experiences are worthy of being immortalized. In recent years, it seems to me, Raymond Souster's poetic batting average has dropped precisely because he's fallen victim to this temptation. So has Al Purdy's.

What's remarkable about the work of Alden Nowlan, on the other hand, is its consistently high quality, Nowlan's continuing ability in poem after poem to make the ordinary extraordinary. Nowlan is a kind of verbal magic realist, and there's a rightness, therefore, about the *idea* behind *Shaped by This Land*, a book that brings together 56 Nowlan poems and 76 paintings and drawings by his friend, the noted East Coast magic-realist artist, Tom Forrestall. Forrestall, says Nowlan, "makes/a separate portrait of each blade of grass." Appropriately, the book has a brief introduction by Barry Lord, who, one imagines, could now build a whole new career out of introducing books which contain "people's art."

But *Shaped by This Land*, I'm afraid, has some serious drawbacks. Physically it looks as if it were put together by someone who specializes in churning out high-school yearbooks; one has the feeling that it's about to fall apart. And although I find Forrestall's paintings and drawings pleasant enough, their magic eludes me. They come across as superior calendar art. For me, therefore, there's considerable tension between the magic of Nowlan's verbal realism and the essential banality of Forrestall's. Nothing in Forrestall's pictures equals the kind of image Nowlan creates in a poem such as "Saturday Night" about young males cruising the main street of a small town:

The boys sport leather jackets and levis,
but that's their underwear,
the car is their real clothing.

Because I'm a Nowlan fan rather than a Forrestall fan, I prefer *I'm a Stranger Here Myself*, a collection of 84 Nowlan poems. Here, on page after page, we're treated to a wonderful demonstration of Nowlan's quiet wit and despair that frequently remind the reader of Souster at his best. My favourite poem in the collection is "Tenth wedding anniversary." (Nowlan's marriage poems are superb.) "We are," he says,

what our children
promise they'll never be —
a man and a woman
who get on each other's
nerves at times, and have traded
glares of the purest hate.
This is only to say there has never been
a moment in ten years
when I ceased to be
conscious of your presence
in the universe. . . .

If the inhabitants of
the earth depended
for their survival on my
keeping them always
in mind, my world would be
empty — except for you. □

True North and magneto North

Denison's Ice Road, by Edith Iglauer, Clarke Irwin, 237 pages, $10.50 cloth.

George Dawson: The Little Giant, by Joyce C. Barkhouse, Clarke Irwin, illustrated, 138 pages, $7.50 cloth.

By DOUGLAS MARSHALL

TOWARD THE END of Edith Iglauer's *New Yorker*-commissioned long story about John Denison and his 325-mile ice road from Yellowknife to Port Radium, there is a ludicrous incident that jolts the narrative out of its frozen rut of relentless hardship and into the soft snowbank of reality.

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Work on the road is progressing much as usual, that is to say with no more than the normal daily quota of harrowing exertions and mechanical catastrophes. One of the Cats is down with a broken track (the other has long since packed it in, along with the Bombardier); the radiophone is dead; the temperature has dropped to 60 below; and No. 37, the big new 20-ton truck hauling up supplies, is hours overdue. Denison, by now a near-cadaver because of chronic ulcers and lack of food and sleep, grabs the camper van and hares back down the road with his trusty amanuensis riding shotgun. They find the missing truck parked beside a stalled Chev sedan. Inside the car are two Sunday hunters up from Yellowknife (but they could just as well have been tourists from Belleville, Ont., or Orlando, Fla.). "I understand there's a truck stop where we can eat around here," says one of the hunters nonchalantly.

"Not open," snaps Denison in cold fury. A good part of his anger, we suspect, is rooted in embarrassment. The hunters, like Dorothy's bright little dog Toto, have unwittingly pulled down the screens surrounding this northern Wizard of Oz, revealing his seemingly superhuman enterprise for what it is — just another tough construction job. Dip the headlights, shift the perspective slightly, and the ice road Iglauer has been leading us down becomes a yellow-brick garden path. She has lent her considerable powers as a reporter and descriptive writer to the creation of yet another epic legend of the North. Which is exactly what Stuart Hodgson, N.W.T. commissioner and tireless territorial booster, had in mind when he urged her to travel with Denison: "You've *got* to go! Think of it! A pioneering endeavour! The hardships! The danger! Wonderful! A great northern story!"

Well, some of those exclamation marks are justified. Iglauer does have a fairly gripping tale to tell and generally she tells it well. Gentle readers snug abed will shiver and congratulate themselves they were not there. For the dangers facing Denison and his devoted crew were real enough. Vehicles do plunge through the ice, frequently, and men have often sunk with them to a bitter death. But the men who worked the logging roads of northern Ontario a century ago often plunged through the ice too, and construction workers die every day along the temperate steel skylines of Toronto and Montreal. Indeed, once the ice road is built, it's probably a lot safer than the average city expressway. The greatest hazard, Denison says, is the risk of ploughing into a snoozing Indian hunter as he sways down the middle of the road in his dogsled. For Denison, Indians are a "damned nuisance."

If the road itself falls decidedly short as an inspiring human endeavour, the motives of the man who built it are even more commonplace. Iglauer cites the Denison family motto, *Perseverando*, and tries to convince us that romantic forces lie behind his undoubted perseverance. She sees him as a Ulysses in long-johns, lured onward by the North Star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought. But as Denison would be the first to admit, his feet are firmly in the muskeg. He is at heart an unromantic, almost uninteresting man. And it becomes abundantly clear that what drives him and his dilapidated equipment to the point of exhaustion is mainly profit. The sooner the road is opened up each winter, the sooner he and his partners can start hauling freight and making money. Big money.

In fairness, the North, like the West before it, has always been far sparser in romantic heroes than writers would like to admit. The merchant adventurers and voyageurs who opened it up, the Klondike hordes who scrambled for its surface riches, and the Denisons who are helping to exploit its deeper resources, all make somewhat suspect paladins. Curiously, one of the few historic frames that can wear the Ulysses mantle with any grace is the hunched back of little George Dawson.

Dawson, stunted and crippled in youth by what was probably polio, was a geologist-adventurer who, as much as anyone, laid the foundation for Canada's western expansion in the last quarter of the 19th century. He crossed the Prairies and the mountains with the International Boundary Commission in 1873–74, preparing a report that is still relied on today for its authority. Several later expeditions took him through the Rockies and north into the Yukon (Dawson City is named after him).

It is a relief to learn from the dust-jacket that Joyce Barkhouse's "intimate biography," which concentrates on Dawson's early years, was "written for young people." Although based on letters and family papers (Dawson's father was the celebrated principal of McGill), the book contains large sections of invented de la Roche-style dialogue that in its gushing naivety is an insult to Dawson's evident intelligence. As a primer on Dawson, this biography must serve for now. But there are enough hints to show that Ms. Barkhouse has stumbled across a subtle, complex, and remarkably courageous man lurking in our history. He deserves the attention of a sophisticated historian — or better still, a dramatist. Ice roads are merely a few million dimes a dozen. It's our precious human resources that really need to be developed. ☐

...but the reader died

Memoirs of a Cape Breton Doctor, by Dr. C. Lamont MacMillan, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 177 pages, $7.95 cloth.

By PATRICIA LOCKIE

A DOCTOR'S STORIES garnered through almost 40 years of general practice among the isolated and rugged communities of Victoria County in Cape Breton Island should be stimulating reading. But, Dr. MacMillan is not a story-teller and his memoirs fail to hold the reader's interest. They remain static, wearisome in their compilation of detail, imprisoned in flat, repetitive prose.

The characters who people MacMillan's stories are blurred, indistinct from one another, and lacking in vitality. For the most part they are simply narrative mechanisms through whom the doctor, who was in practice from 1928 to 1966, describes his numerous journeys. Even in the most dire emergencies, the key players are not permitted centre stage. Little is revealed of their emotional responses to the crises confronting them, or of familial interaction in times of acute stress.

As a record of medical practice in isolated, rural areas, the book undoubtedly has merit. Learning to improvise, to do without laboratory tests, X-ray examinations and other diagnostic tools, Dr. MacMillan often found himself practising medicine in much the same way that pioneers must have done a century before.

Occasional snatches of wry humour emerge, triggered mainly from the doctor's self-confessed lack of tact. For example, in response to a remark made by coronary victim en route to the hospital, the doctor commented: "I'm glad you said something; I thought you were dead." A keener concentration by Dr. MacMillan on such human dimensions might have enriched his stories and resulted in a more readable book. ☐

Not this book, dummy

Modern Ventriloquism, by Darryl Hutton, Methuen, 90 pages, $6.50 cloth.

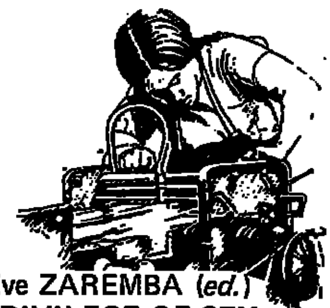
By WILLIAM GRIES

MY ASSAILANT had me cornered in a dark alley. He held a knife, and I a book telling me how to "broadcast" my voice.. "Over here behind you!" I cast. The joker stabbed me in the arm, and *Modern Ventriloquism* dropped. I never went back for it.

This is a slim book with slimmer pickings for anyone interested in ventriloquism. The author offers a two-sentence "history" of his art, a one-page "philosophy," inane definitions of ventriloquism, magic, and humour, a too-technical explanation of the physiology of voice and breath (definitely not for kids), and exercises that will only frighten your cat. You still can't say "baby" without moving your lips.

Fully three quarters of the book is filled with irrelevancies from other crafts, such as how to make hand puppets from old socks and paper bags, how to do four bad magic tricks, how to use a microphone, how to dress for television, how to correct a child's speech difficulties, and, worst of all, how to milk old routines for execrable jokes — repeatedly. *Modern Ventriloquism* can only be intended for people who want to appear on those ridiculous talent shows. If I controlled the big hook and heard them do any of the suggested routines, I'd yank them off the stage.

The jacket says that Darryl Hutton is a Canadian, but his book is published in England, and contains many British references. The few places he suggests to buy dummies and puppets are in England. It seems incredible that a man seriously desiring to popularize his art would give it such a superficial, obtuse, and pretentious write-up. I can only believe that Hutton manipulated his "little partner" into writing this book, and that if you buy it looking for fun or curiosities, you will only end up talking to yourself. ☐



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Memoirs of a vox-hunting man

After I Was Sixty, by Lord Thomson of Fleet, Thomas Nelson & Sons, 205 pages, $8.95 cloth.

By GILLIS PURCELL

AT 80, LORD THOMSON of Fleet has just published a detailed and revealing chapter of biography, *After I Was Sixty*, covering "a very full 20 years." Why did this aging business man, the first truly international press lord, put his recollections on tape during the last year or two?

Most likely because Russell Braddon's comprehensive biography, *Roy Thomson of Fleet Street* (Collins), came out one year before Thomson achieved the amazing takeover of *The Times* of London in 1966. Thomson called it "the summit of a lifetime's work." Braddon's book followed the Canadian-born publisher through his spectacular North American successes to ownership of *The Scotsman* in Edinburgh, establishment of "money-coining" Scottish television, and control of the powerful British Kemsley Newspapers group and its *Sunday Times*.

Thomson picks up the story with a fascinating account of his three years of seemingly fruitless effort to establish an association between *The Times*, whose fortunes were declining, and his own highly successful *Sunday Times*.

Suddenly the intricate negotiations fell into place and the two newspapers were amalgamated. Gavin Astor, son of Lord Astor, became life president of the new company and Kenneth Thomson, Roy's son, became chairman. Roy and Ken personally guaranteed any *Times* losses, with Roy diverting the profits from the *Sunday Times* but himself receiving no say in the running of the daily.

Describing 1961–71 as "a very exciting decade," Thomson details with boyish enthusiasm his many innovations to offset declining expansion opportunities in newspapers and the Scottish TV field. They include: strongly promoted increases in classified advertising (sensational); *Sunday Times* colour magazine (highly successful); phone-book Yellow Pages in Britain (successful after years of promotion); ringing London with new small daily newspapers (stalled by unions after a promising start with new technology); supermarket magazines (great success); and an inclusive holiday-tour operation with airline, hotels, beaches and all (great at start but "it became the most brutally competitive industry I have ever known").

The Thomsons' 1971 "wildcat" venture into North Sea oil originated in casual friendships that were just as complex as the high-level wheeling and dealing for *The Times*. On a month's notice, an invitation to join in a consortium with Occidental Oil was accepted. Roy and Ken decided to finance personally the Thomson share of drilling expense — but to transfer their holding to Thomson Organization (publicly held) at cost if they struck oil.

"As it happened," Roy writes, "we struck oil in the first area when we started to drill, and found a well which will give us 800 million barrels. It is difficult to realize the extent of this one strike. It was put to me like this: The well would be as big as any in Texas bar one; it could greatly increase — perhaps even double — the capital value of Thomson Organization." Thomson is determined to be around to see the oil start to flow early in 1976 from the North Sea field to Scapa Flow in northeast Scotland.

Looking back and forward, the barber's son from Timmins winds up his story cheerily: "Now I am in the straight and the winning post is within my sight. So I suppose I shall one day soon enough be giving an account of everything I have done and looking for things that are to my credit. . . . Will I be able to explain then how I happen to be a happy man?" □

SCRIPT & FILM

Les Belles Soeurs (114 pages, $3.50 paper), Forever Yours, Marie-Lou (98 pages, $3.50 paper), Hosanna (102 pages, $4.95 paper), all by Michel Tremblay, translated by John Van Burek and Bill Glassco, Talonbooks.

By BRIAN VINTCENT

LITERARY RELATIONS between French and English Canada seem to have dwindled into a state of estrangement of late. The French of course have never had the same flow of translations from English Canada as we have had from Quebec, but let the present trend continue and even this lop-sided exchange could be in danger of disappearing altogether. Perhaps literary interest in Canada follows the path of national crises. In which case we should be shifting our cultural sights to Alberta, following Macmillan's lead last year when they published the three winning novels in a contest held by that province.

One French Canadian author entirely untouched by this evaporating interest in Quebec writing is playwright Michel Tremblay whose work is being frequently staged throughout the country. In Toronto alone, his *Bonjour, Là, Bonjour* has recently completed a successful run at the Tarragon Theatre, while *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou* has appeared in the original French and a repeat of the English version is due later in the summer. As a mark of Tremblay's great popularity, it is interesting to note that more is being written about him than by him.

Talonbooks has been publishing the English version of his plays — all translated by John Van Burek and Tarragon's director Bill Glassco — at irregular intervals since the autumn of last year. Three have appeared to date — *Les Belles Soeurs, Forever Yours, Marie-Lou* and *Hosanna* — with *Bonjour, Là, Bonjour* and his early play *En Pièces Détachées* planned for publication in the summer. Much comment has been made, quite appropriately, about the striking appearance of the books. They have been produced with careful craftsmanship and an elegant sense of design.

Les Belles Soeurs is the earliest of the published trio. Its structure is as simple as any other situation comedy — Germaine calls her female friends and relations to what looks as if it should be an old-style country bee to help stick in the books the one million trading stamps she has accumulated. But this simplicity is entirely deceptive. Instead of the expected frothy comedy, Tremblay gives us 15 women — most of whom aspire to bourgeois respectability — whose vanities and self-deceptions he proceeds to strip away bit by bit until he has revealed them in their true, unpretty natures. Though monologues scattered throughout the play allow the characters some pity and sympathy, Tremblay leaves no doubt as to what he really thinks of them. They are a crowd of greedy thieves who try to make off with

Germaine's stamps, unscrupulous liars, and (most damning in Tremblay's eyes) narrow-minded bigots who hate young Pierrette because she has dared to break free by becoming a night-club singer.

And there once more, drifting in the shadows behind all the brawling humour and bitchy wit of the play, is that familiar theme that has run through so much recent French Canadian literature. Like Marie-Claire Blais and Anne Hébert, even Aquin and Roch Carrier to a lesser degree, Tremblay is telling us that the new generation wants life and truth and social freedom instead of the restricted intellectual horizons and repressed moral lives endured, out of fear and habit, by its parents.

Les Belles Soeurs, for all its surface amusement, is an angry play. *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou* is angrier still and humourless into the bargain. Marie-Lou and her husband have a dismal marriage. Tremblay gives them the clichés of despair — drink for him and a disgusted antipathy to sex for her. They live in hate and die in it.

But Tremblay's real concern is for the children. Ten years later (and here Tremblay has brought off a modest *tour de force* by placing all the action on stage at once in a kind of antiphonal simultaneity, a trick he has developed and perfected in subsequent plays) the two daughters struggle to deal with the painful memory of their parents. Carmen has decided to forget about them, to cut the past out of her consciousness. Manon resists this heartless resolution, preferring, like her mother, the satisfaction of being a martyr to her past.

Carmen's solution is of course no solution at all. In *Bonjour, Là, Bonjour,* his latest play to reach the stage in English, Tremblay recognizes that the past must be squarely faced. Instead of anger and hate, he gives us understanding and reconciliation.

The past that a son returning from Europe comes to terms with includes two aunts (hold-overs from *Les Belles Soeurs* with their amusing but deadly earnest tight-lipped bickering), various sisters, with one of whom he is incestuously in love, and most important of all his father, whom he learns to communicate with and accept for the first time.

The weight Tremblay gives to the incestuous love is an embarrassment to the audience (made all the more so by being so entirely unlikely) and the play suffers from a surfeit of sentimental feeling and pushy moralistic bombast, but it contains distinct advances both in technical powers (the antiphonal passages when aunts and father all try to win the son at once are particularly remarkable) and in the maturity of his vision.

Hosanna is Tremblay's most personal play, the one in which he comes closest to communing with himself. The concerns are narrower, the problems explored more specific. The theme — the sorrows of a transvestite with her ageing leather lover — is almost a certain winner with its mixture of the bizarre and the salacious. The play is, like most personal histories (*Butley,* for instance), a one-person show and it stands or falls on the performance of the actor playing the title role. The Tarragon production (which moved briefly to New York) was fortunate in its Hosanna, who all but hypnotized the audience with the play's astonishing second-act monologue about the fantasies and realities involved in playing Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra.

But theatrics aside, Tremblay tells us very little in *Hosanna.* Love is love, we find, and should be accepted in whatever form it appears.

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Much nonsense has been talked about the supposed political overtones in this play. Tremblay has said that he would like to write political theatre, but he has also had the good sense to realize that political theatre is dull and has steered clear of it. At least so far. His plays are fables, not the political allegories that some of his more giddy admirers seem determined to believe they are. ☐

PERIODICALLY SPEAKING

By MORRIS WOLFE

EVEN THE ELITE isn't what it used to be, to judge by *Elite* (300 Decarie Blvd., Montreal, $7 per annum), a crummy new bi-monthly men's magazine, now in its second issue. Impotence, for example, seems to be big among Canada's male elite. A feature article deals with the work of female surrogates with impotent men; and there are pages and pages of ads for artificial aids to the impotent (the only thing not included is a splint). What I liked best about the second issue, though, was one of its many mistakes — this one in the interview with Charles Templeton. At the end of the first page of the interview, we're told that the piece is "continued on Page 36." I turned eagerly to page 36, only to find a full-page picture of a woman wearing some skimpy pants. She has her legs spread, her muscles tensed, her mouth open. Her eyes are glassy. Her right hand is tucked inside her pants and her fingers seem to be working away at her crotch. One can't be certain about such things, of course, but the woman seems to be masturbating. Right in the middle of the Charles Templeton interview. Just after he's told us, "I'm a solitary man. . . . I think that some loneliness is a good thing."

A NOTE TO THOSE who enjoy literary skirmishes. In the fall, 1974, issue of *Quarry*, editor W.J. Barnes charged the editors of Alive Press with "incompetence and irresponsibility" for using Ontario Arts Council money to publish David Norman Brenner's collection of bad verse, *Ability to Cope*. In *Alive* magazine (No. 39), its production collective replied, saying: "We've gotten used to attacks like this from cloistered experts, but this one was done in such an underhanded way that we'll have to do something major about it." As one familiar with *Alive*'s treatment of other quarry, I've been waiting eagerly for the promised assault. It's finally come, in *Alive* 42 (now subtitled "Literature and Ideology"). *Quarry*, declares James W. Smith, is "an after-image of lackwits clinging to a floundering ship." Take that, *Quarry*.

THE FIRST ISSUE of *Room of One's Own*, a new quarterly subtitled "A Feminist Journal of Literature and Criticism" ($5 per year, 9 – 2520 Prince Albert Street, Vancouver), has appeared. The title is taken, of course, from Virginia Woolf: "A woman must have money and a room of her own if she is to write. . . ." Given that title on a Canadian women's magazine, one of the things I'd hoped to find in this otherwise good issue was some discussion of why it is that, unlike U.S. and other literatures, CanLit has from its beginnings produced so many major woman writers. Surely it's not just a coincidence, and surely too the Woolf explanation isn't adequate.

ROBIN SKELTON, editor of *The Malahat Review*, writes that the magazine is not, as announced earlier in these pages, any longer in jeopardy. The University of Victoria has responded to 145 telegrams and letters of support from such distinguished figures as Samuel Beckett, Leslie Fiedler, Northrop Frye, and Graham Greene by providing enough extra money that the magazine can "continue to be published with no reduction in size or lowering of production standards."

MEANWHILE, another major Canadian quarterly, *Jewish Dialogue*, recently published a short story in so garbled a form that it made no sense whatever. It turns out the story was pasted down in the wrong order. Such things happen. But other than the editor, the publisher, and the distraught author of the story, absolutely *no one* seems to have noticed. The magazine received not one phone call or letter about the error. No matter how one interprets the lack of response, the conclusion is a depressing one: either no one noticed or no one cared enough to comment.

THERE'S A DELIGHTFUL short story by Margaret Atwood, "Rape Fantasies," in the Winter, 1975, issue of *Fiddlehead* (University of New Brunswick, Fredericton, $6 per annum). In a style reminiscent of J.D. Salinger, four women discuss their fantasies of being raped. The narrator complains that something always goes wrong in her fantasies. "For instance, I'm walking along this dark street at night and this short, ugly fellow comes up and grabs my arm, and not only is he ugly, you know, with a sort of puffy nothing face, like those fellows you have to talk to in the bank when your account's overdrawn . . . but he's absolutely covered in pimples. So he gets me pinned against the wall, he's short but he's heavy, and he starts to undo himself and the zipper gets stuck. I mean, one of the most significant moments in a girl's life, it's almost like getting married or having a baby or something, and he sticks the zipper." "Rape Fantasies" would have been a better choice, I think, for the first new issue of *Saturday Night* than the more ponderous Atwood story, "A Travel Piece," that was run.

SOFT & RECYCLED

By PAUL STUEWE

JIM CHRISTY'S *cri du coeur* in this magazine concerning the deficiencies of Canadian books ("Was Spiro Agnew Right?," March issue) may be the opening buzz saw in a therapeutic clearing of some literary deadwood, or it may be an intemperate venting of spleen that overlooks a host of real problems. I'm still of several minds about the validity of his analysis, but he has made one point that seems particularly appropriate to this overview of recent paperback reprints: books have to have some kind of enjoyable relevance to their intended readers, and no amount of propaganda regarding their nutritional value or historical importance can replace the pleasures of an appetite aroused and satisfied.

In the case of McClelland & Stewart's New Canadian Library, for example, dry-as-dust academic introductions and monotonously repetitive packaging convey the message that these books will be just as good for you as a trip to the dentist — and just about as much fun. When the book in question is of more historical than literary importance, this seems apt if perhaps commercially unwise; but when it still lives and breathes and speaks to contemporary readers, this sort of kid-gloves treatment can only reduce its potential audience by placing it in the same "beneficial to your health" category as cod-liver oil and spinach.

The most recent additions to the New Canadian Library demonstrate this rather sharp division between works of either extrinsic or intrinsic interest. While it is good to have Frederick Niven's *The Flying Years*, Laura Goodman Salverson's *The Viking Heart*, and Ralph Connor's *Glengarry School Days* (all at $2.95) available to students of social history, it is difficult to imagine anyone else enduring their flat, cumbersome prose styles in return for information better gleaned from non-fictional sources. Earle Birney's *Down the Long Table* ($2.95) and Gabrielle Roy's *Windflower* ($1.95), on the other hand, are just as fresh and vital as the day they were written, but run the risk of being overlooked in the surrounding barrens of "Canadiana."

Down the Long Table, particularly, deserves all the fanfares and flourishes accompanying a major new work of Canadian fiction. Its exploration of nascent social consciousness in the Depression years stands alone as a penetrating, humorous, and completely absorbing novel of character inexorably shaped by community, and supplies the perfect individual counterpoint to the national sweep of Barry Broadfoot's *Ten Lost Years*. *Windflower*'s story of an Eskimo woman caught between native and white demands for conformity is a simpler, deceptively artless performance that convinces through suggestion rather than pointed example, a tale as delicate and yet as firmly rooted as the fragile bloom of its title. But while I am grateful for the opportunity to experience these books, I suspect that the constraints of the NCL format will seriously diminish their potentially wide audiences.

Perhaps McClelland & Stewart is beginning to have similar thoughts, given the appearance of its new Heritage Books series that certainly improves upon the unappetizing packaging of the NCL line. The first two titles, *Postscript to Adventure: The Autobiography of Ralph Connor* ($4.95) and Emily Murphy's *Janey Canuck in the West* ($4.50), have been given attractive covers and introductions that concentrate upon historical context rather than lit.-crit. rumination. Their respective contents are also diverting: Connor's real-life adventures are much more engrossing than his fictional ones, and Emily Murphy had a definite flair for mischievous humour (sample: "Matrimony is the

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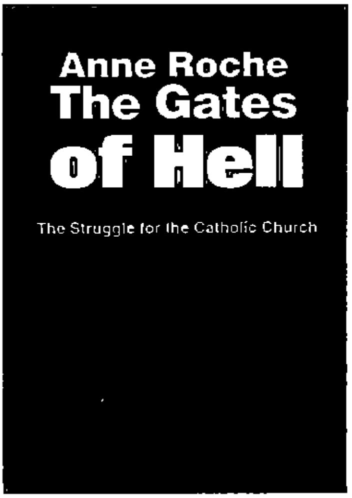

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only game of chance the clergy favour").

Margaret Lawrence Green's *Love Letters to Baruch* and *The School of Femininity* (both $3.95) have also been reprinted in rather elegant editions as part of the Musson Book Company's recognition of International Women's Year. Actually, the more radical libbers may be upset by the *Love Letters*' very tender espousal of romantic love and the conviction that "there is a need in a woman for something that binds her; for a home." Others will reflect that if Ms. Green were alive today, she would likely substitute "person" for "woman," while continuing to write such excellent examples of literary journalism as *The School of Femininity*. The latter is a fine introduction to the situation of the woman writer in Western culture.

After all the reissues have been reissued, of course, someone has to start writing, publishing, and distributing some new Canadian literature; and while M&S and Musson deserve credit for their efforts as preservers of our literary artifacts, it is General Publishing's PaperJacks line that is presenting most of the contemporary writing available in Canadian mass-market reprints. And General isn't playing it safe by waiting for the verdict of the ages or by establishing a series of self-described "classics," but is forging ahead with a wide range of work by famous, not-so-famous and genuinely obscure Canadian authors.

I suppose that General could be criticized for taking a hit-or-miss approach in publishing such a broad selection of titles, but it is surely more important to note that its PaperJacks are scoring some very palpable hits. Harold Horwood's *Tomorrow Will Be Sunday* ($1.95) is a powerful depiction of life in a Newfoundland outport, a bit weak on character development but thoroughly convincing in its no-holds-barred treatment of sexual repression in a tight little community; and Ken Mitchell's *Wandering Rafferty* ($1.75) takes us down and out on the Prairies with a lovable old toper, whose madcap story is told through a delightful blend of farce, pathos, and low-key social comment. Jim Christy's air-force deserters and multi-ethnic vagabonds should enjoy both these books, and if they've made it into your local paperback stand, I would recommend that you less exotic types indulge in a little impulse shopping. And if they aren't there, why not bug the owner about it? Happy hunting. ☐

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LEVER LECTURED

Sir:
Let me comment on the remark made by Bernice Lever "Letters to the Editor," April issue: "Imagine the opinion many have of Irving Layton and John Robert Colombo based on some of their letters!" The exclamation mark is Ms. Lever's, and she is referring to some sporadic correspondence about literary and cultural matters recently carried by *The Globe and Mail*.

The conventional wisdom has it that only crackpots write (and presumably read) such missives. The truth is that the correspondence column of a daily newspaper is frequently its liveliest and best-written section. Such columns enjoy a serious readership because they are the sole platform from which a person who has been maligned or misunderstood by the press can state his case to its readers and perhaps redress the wrong.

Let me share an insight with Ms. Lever and the editors and readers of *Books in Canada*. More people read and take seriously the *Globe*'s correspondence column than do its book page. I have appeared in both places, as observer and as observed, and I have received more pointed reactions from letters (whether written "in cold blood" or "more in sorrow than anger") than I ever have from reviews by or about me. People *discuss* letters to editors. When was the last time someone *discussed* a review published by a newspaper (or a magazine, for that matter)? Some book publishers understand this and privately encourage authors to conduct a heated correspondence. Some others, naturally, think it *infra dig*. to display emotion in the public prints.

So my advice to a novice author is: "If you want to help your publisher sell your book, and you have a grievance, be prepared to state your case in the correspondence columns of a newspaper, in the same way you would be willing to appear as a guest on a radio or TV program."

John Robert Colombo
Toronto

STAMP STETTED

Sir:
Robert Stamp's criticism of my book *Educational Opportunity: The Pursuit of Equality* (March issue) concentrates on what he sees as my biased, conventional view of the role of the school in our society. This short-sighted orientation attributed to me completely fails to perceive the developing confrontation between the community and the educational bureaucracy. Well, he can have the concession, by no means a reluctant one on my part, that provincial and local bureaucracies often become unwieldy and unresponsive. There is no question that they often come into conflict with the community.

But when groups of parents and members of the public at large come together with teachers and administrators to discuss the contribution the school should be making, do we find the former defining new social values that school children should acquire so that new concepts of equality can be realized? Not as I hear it. For the most part, community spokesmen point out that children cannot read, write, spell, or calculate well enough to suit them, or that they have a scandalously meagre grasp of the facts of Canadian history, literature, and politics. There is usually no quarrel from the school people over the desirability of attaining these outcomes, but the argument develops over ways and means. The remedy suggested by community spokesmen is all too often a return to the very traditionalist practices that have failed in the past.

It is easy to hold up to ridicule those who believe that the school ought to uphold middle-class values. However, if one is to discard "bourgeois" virtues such as honesty in one's inter-personal dealings, respect for a good job well done (despite the relative decline of the importance of work), a reasonable regard for punctuality and cleanliness as at least means of showing concern for others, dependability in family and other relationships, the ability to postpone gratification, etc., what is one to put in their place? The theorists may have answers, but the community does not. Working-class parents do not usually want their children to perpetuate certain patterns of behaviour so often seen in the inner city — patterns characterized by drunkenness, child abuse and neglect, the tendency to drift from one job to another. They do not quarrel with the school because it stands for middle-class virtues; the complaint is usually that teachers do not understand the problems they are up against in making the conversion. The kind of equality that working-class parents demand is the kind that enables their children to overcome handicaps — the kind that Stamp seems to think has become irrelevant.

My book acknowledges that we do not live in an egalitarian society, and that the lack of real social equality imposes limits to our ultimate progress in attaining equality of educational opportunity. In acknowledging this reality, I have not attempted to defend the existing lack of equality. But I fail to see any coherent public demand for true equality, and have therefore concentrated on what has been done and on what can be done within the present framework.

Unlike Stamp, I fail to see any great significance in certain local developments that have produced schools of unusual types. While it is important that groups of citizens have been able to express their dissent with existing practice in this fashion, I do not see a revolution coming through such vehicles.

I regret that I do not see any lack of logic in acknowledging on the one hand that an ideal such as equality of educational opportunity is less than completely attainable, and then proceeding to chronicle partial successes in the pursuit of such a goal. Should we really accept the point of view that no effort to improve the human condition is worth undertaking unless 100 per cent success is obviously possible at the outset?

It would be beguiling to assume in more extreme form the familiar academic role of critic — the more extreme the better. Every instructor knows that the expression of cynical, sarcastic views delivered with wit and originality appeals to students. Few plaudits are gained by handing out praise. However, it seems only fair to commend conscientious educators on their accomplishments in meeting as far as possible the demands of the public for equality of educational opportunity.

W. G. Fleming
Professor of Education
Ontario Institute for Studies in Education
Toronto

VAUGHN-JAMES VERJUICED

Sir:
Well, well. I received my April issue of *Books in Canada* and chuckled to find myself attacked, if that's the word, by no less an august personage than Martin Vaughn-James, who does cartoons on Ontario politics for the Toronto *Star*, which shows, among other things, where surrealism in Canada is at. And such a safe place is the letter's column. Also, his letter explains why a couple of weeks earlier the same fellow turned his head and pretended not to see me when we passed on the street.

Anyway, I found his criticism of my article in the March issue to be snivelling and downright irresponsible. Cowardly, too. But, then, Blaise Cendrars did call the surrealists, a "bunch of momma's boys." How else explain such distortions? For instance, he dumps on my proposals for the great Canadian novel but, alas, I made no such proposals. I stated simply that I wanted to see prose writers in this country approach the rich experience existing beyond their usual narrow world.

Then, he accuses me of "obnoxious elitism" because I suggested, he says, that the lives of hustlers, inventors, trappers, etc., are more "real" than those of the upper-middle class, when, in fact, I merely stated that I happen to know a few of the former and they are readers of books. I refuse to be put in some proletarian social realist bag! I refuse limits! I don't care whether a book is about a gynecologist, a turret lathe operator, or a lover of inanimate objects as long as it is interesting.

Finally, he suggests that I equated literature with life, as if that's wrong. But, life, says he, in the most "pedestrian" sense. When, actually, I capitalized LIFE and equated it with "feeling, richness, excitement, adventure and risk taking." If that's pedestrian, thank you.

Yes, thank you Mr. Vaughn-James for you have reaffirmed my observation of years ago that no one could be more uptight and ridiculous than a third-rate Andre Breton *sans* followers. The next time, however, there may be an Arthur Cravan in your future. If you know what I mean.

Jim Christy
Toronto

OLIVER OUTFLOWN

Sir:
In a letter in the March issue of *Books in Canada*, Patrick Oliver refers to "the old Canadian ensign now adopted by the Province of Ontario."

I believe that isn't quite correct. The "ensign" which was used as the national flag for many years had the Canadian coat of arms in its fly; the flag often seen in Ontario is the provincial flag which has the Ontario coat of arms in its fly. From a distance they look the same, but they aren't.

Chris Redmond
Waterloo, Ont.

Editor's note: This correspondence is now closed.

MARTIN AMENDED

Sir:
Everyone would agree there should be more Canadian mass-market books on the newstands, but it's rather sad to see Peter Martin echoing the tired and simplistic clichés IPA offers as its program for increasing the Canadian presence on the racks ("Letters to the Editor," April issue).

"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." IPA keeps using these figures, and Martin uncritically repeats them. Actually there are two Canadian national distributors of paperbacks, and together, they're distributing about 15 titles a month. If there were more mass-market titles being published in Canada, maybe there would be more

NEW POETRY

BORDERLANDS
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8 × 5 × 80 pages
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shopping
bag

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national distributors to handle them. But two companies should be enough to look after 15 titles. And when Martin says that 98% of the books on Canadian racks are American, he's dead wrong. The figure is more like 75% to 80%.

"PMA books are denied access to the American-controlled mass market." Martin could have his mass-market books distributed by either of the two Canadian national distributors, or he could deal directly with the 38 local wholesalers (only two of whom are not Canadian-owned) who are committed to assisting Canadian publishers in any reasonable way. These options are open to him, and he should know it.

"The Americans control and ferociously restrict Canadian access to the popular marketplace for Canadian books." Successful paperback book retailers, who are paying large rentals, watch their profit per square foot very closely. They determine the display policies within their own stores — not the ferocious American national distributors, not even the Canadian local wholesalers. If retailers can make money on a Canadian title, they will want to do so. I've been in the business a long time, and I know of no instance in which an American sought to control or restrict (ferociously or even seductively) access of Canadian books to the Canadian mass marketplace. That's just a figment of a paranoid imagination.

"It's going to take government action to get space for Canadian books in low-priced editions on Canadian newsstands." If retailers would be required by government regulations to devote a significant portion of their display space to poorer-selling titles just because they are Canadian, many would prefer not to sell paperbacks at all. The network of mass-market retailers in Canada would be shattered, and consumers would have less access to the reading of their choice than they have at present.

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To increase the Canadian presence on our mass-market paperback book racks, we don't need government regulations. What we need are publishers with the editorial and creative resources to bring out titles with genuine mass appeal. Why is it so hard for some publishers to accept that simple truth?

Jack Shapiro
Chairman, Canadian Publications Committee
Periodical Distributors of Canada
Toronto

GELTNER GRIEVED FOR

Sir:
I would like to congratulate you on your women's issue (May, 1975). I particularly liked the Adele Wiseman piece on Sylvia Fraser and the Gail Geltner drawings *inside* the magazine. But what on earth happened to Ms. Geltner on the cover? Really now, what are green women supposed to mean?

Mavis Volpe
Brandon, Man.

Editor's note: Ms. Volpe has caught us out again. The drawings Geltner did for the cover of our women's issue were every bit as good as the ones Volpe admires inside that issue. And they were not green. The editors were responsible for the decision that made them green, and we must admit that we too are unhappy with the result.

DUFFY DENOUNCED...

Sir:
Aren't we lucky to have writers such as Dennis Duffy in our midst (*The Moneychangers*, by Arthur Hailey, April issue)?

Such eloquence: "... a nice people's lawyer who doesn't go around defending cock suckers ...."

Such wit: "... but our hero drives the moneychanger out of the temple by hiring a private investigator who comes up with the heavy shit."

Such *savoir faire*: "... when it comes to ice-clean sadism ... you could probably manage an erection out of it. If you're built that way." (Chuckle, chuckle.)

"No one buys him for elevated reading," Mr. Duffy says at another point. And one wonders just how he would know with his own unimaginative, unoriginal, and adolescent phrase-dropping, which he no doubt feels puts him up there in the front rank of the he-men of modern-day writers.

But as *Books in Canada* printed him, you must have the same high standards.

Keep it up.

Constant exposure to such as Duffy's dregs will help to further inure us to their intended significance.

Just as exposure to the regular muggings of TTC motormen and the occasional murder of a taxi driver is helping to inure us to the savagery in our midst.

Jim Irving
Toronto

P.S. Much as I appreciate a bargain, I shan't bother picking up your publication again. J. I.

... DUFFY DRUBBED...

Sir:
My first copy of *Books in Canada* was the April issue. I expected it to help me buy more books about Canada and by Canadians especially, but when I read Dennis Duffy's review of *The Moneychangers* it repelled me.

I do not consider myself "old fashioned." I've read and collected more books than the average Canadian and I've read "banned" books, but this review's language shocked me.

I believe in expressing yourself and admire our young people of today but there should be a line drawn when the choice of words are required, especially in reviews.

In fact it has just stopped me from buying Arthur Hailey's book.

V. Maloney
Ottawa

... AND DUFFY DEPLORED

Sir:
I have just read the April number and the review of Arthur Hailey's *The Moneychangers* written by Dennis Duffy.

Since you or a colleague doubtless invited him to write it you would feel obliged to print it. I must say, though, that I resent the filth he has chosen to drag in, all quite pointless. And altogether his style is of the crudest. He may, of course, know no other.

Supposedly the purpose of *Books in Canada* is to recognize Canadian writing and support literary standards. There are plenty of people well qualified to handle good English and write reviews that one can respect. There is no need to dredge up reviewers from the sub-culture.

W.E.L. Smith
Kingston, Ont.

(Drawing by Ken Tolmie from A Tale of an Egg, *Oberon Press, $4.95 cloth.)*

Acrostic No. 6

By DIANA FILER

A. "... many a ______, at random sent," —Scott, "The Bridal of Triermain" — 14 102 126 181 62

B. Something unsubstantial or evanescent — 100 52 143 93 81

C. Furrowed, grooved — 183 73 40 55 180 174

D. "______ nicer hands" (2 words) — Spenser, "Faerie Queene" — 10 51 186 70 30 111 92 124 83 170 178 48 63 147 89

E. Winnipeg critic (full name) — 39 137 27 161 154 112 82 96 133 158 109

F. One who makes last by economy — 171 163 57 25

G. Sharp, repeated, knocking sound — 31 166 140 145 94 37 46

H. Popular West Coast singing group (3 words) — 80 119 26 72 123 152 156 131 58 104 12 175 184 38

I. Alcohol, boiling water, sugar and spice (2 words) — 49 19 149 114 5 179 56 98

J. Incident in the course of a series of events — 21 117 45 1 108 28 164

K. Co-author, *Canadian Women and the Law* — 17 138 64 97 144 157 66 142

L. Theatrical figure remembered chiefly for his mysterious disappearance (full name) — 41 3 132 159 99 169 155 23 177 35 105 128

M. English prime minister, 1770-82 — 78 16 165 101 47

N. Three fourths of an inch — 9 77 88 106 18

O. B.C. mountain town — 65 135 36 76

P. Play by Rick Salutin (2 words) — 67 129 4 34 50 74 116 160 15 120 173 69

Q. "thou hast ______ me with thy high terms" — Shakespeare; *Henry VI*, Part I — 2 146 11 134 60 185 33 172 139

R. Collection of recipes — 162 153 148 7 91 32 86 115

S. Door-to-door household supplies salesman (3 words) — 176 85 8 44 113 118 43 59 167 79 107 29 130

T. Disgrace incurred by shameful conduct — 6 75 122 150 141 20 71 61 87 121

U. "______ worth" (3 words) — Byron, "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" — 22 103 127 13 42 53 68 136 95 24 151 125 90 187 168

V. Former *Flashback* panelist — 110 182 54 84

SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC NO. 5

(Ernest) BUCKLER: OX BELLS AND FIREFLIES

There was the man who moved to his new house while it was still unfinished and in the next few months pared so many strips off the bare beams that the whole structure began to sag like a hammock; and the woman who wore "rats" of horsehair in her "psyche" knot.

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

Books in Canada is offering a prize for the first correct solution to Acrostic No. 6 opened after June 30. The prize? A copy of the book on which the acrostic is based. Send solution to: *Books in Canada* Acrostic No. 6, 501 Yonge Street, Suite 23, Toronto M4Y 1Y4. The first correct solution opened for Acrostic No. 4 was from David and Yvonne Kotin of Stouffville, Ont. They will receive a copy of Sheila Burnford's *One Woman's Arctic*.

SAANNES

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Morley Callaghan

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Francis Bossus

Un homme attendait la naissance de son enfant. Mais la mort s'est servie la première. Il ne comprend pas et n'accepte pas. Il commet alors un acte odieux qui provoque la fuite de sa femme.

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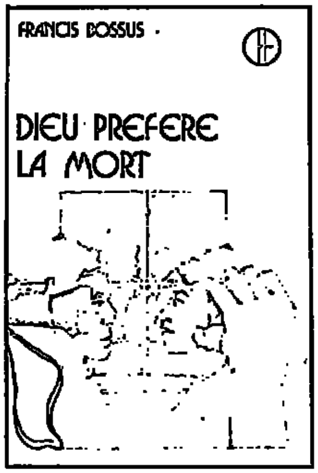

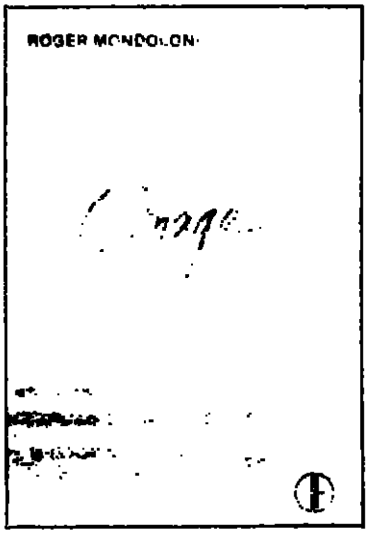

ONAGA

roman de Roger Mondoloni

Une fois à Onaga, la Parole a été heureuse. C'était au Canada, sur quelques arpents de tous temps réservés; sur l'étendue recouverte de l'émouvante attente du couple venu commencer là une histoire merveilleuse. Une histoire comme on ne sait plus en raconter de nos jours.

Deux thèmes s'entrecroisent dans le récit de Roger Mondoloni. D'abord et avant tout entre une jeune fille de 20 ans et un homme de 44, un merveilleux amour s'analyse et s'exalte qui doit devenir exemplaire. En contrepoint, le Canada français nous est présent avec ses problèmes, ses fidélités, ses révoltes, son avenir possible.

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