

RAMBLADA

periodical review of books

FEBRUARY, 1977



Margaret Atwood honours

THE WOMEN WHO WON THE WEST

WRITERS ARE DOING IN '77

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Susan Jackel, David Lewis, Marian Fowler, Ron Waldie,
Brian Vincent, Sam Aizenstat, Harvey Shepherd, Alan Walker,
Mark Witten, Allan Safarik, Len Gasparini, and Barry Lord

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WORKS IN PROGRESS

Some of Canada's leading authors talk about their plans and projects for '77

by John Hofsess

OF ALL CANADIAN arts it is our literary culture that is, at present, the most vital and consistently popular. Occasionally a Canadian film or television series may attract a large audience - such as Ted Kotcheff's *The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz* or James Murray's *The National Dream* - but even they are often dependent on the literary culture for their ideas and inspiration. Moreover, hardly any script-writer or director working in film or television has been able to develop a well-known body of work with the kind of cultural impact that, say, the collected works of Margaret Atwood have had to date, or those of Mordecai Richler, Margaret Laurence, Peter C. Newman, and Pierre Berton. When Canadians want to enter a world of the imagination called "home," called "here," a place where at last they find true reflections of themselves, they generally do so through reading, for it is only in the "print culture" that one can find a unifying sense of community, from Harry Bruce in Nova Scotia to Phyllis Webb on Saltspring Island, B.C., as well as a sense of creative growth and continuity in the lives and work of many artists.

Here is what some Canadian authors have in store for 1977. Each was asked what his or her working plans were for the coming year, not only what they were already contracted to do but also anything professional they hoped to do.

Marie-Claire Blais: In 1959, at age 20, having written her first published novel *La Belle Bête* (*Mod Shadows*) in 15 days, Marie-Claire Blais became a meteoric literary phenomenon. *Mad Shadows* remains one of the most startling and haunting Canadian novels ever written but Blais has never tested on past accomplishments. Talonbooks has just published *Durer's Angel*, for the first time in English, the third part of *The Manuscripts of Pauline Archange*, a semi-autobiographical novel through two parts of which won her the Governor General's fiction award in 1968. The script for a 90-minute television drama, *The Ocean*, will be published shortly. *Exile* magazine will publish the text of a new play in its next issue. In the fall Blais will be represented, in English, by a translation of *Une Liaison Parisienne* (written in 1975), her controversial satire about the immense cultural differences between Quebec and France; and, in French, by a new novel, still untitled, which she has been working on for the past year, about the underside of Montreal's night life: a view of "the Main" by an unshockable observer. Blais describes it as "my most personal novel. The milieu is roughly the same as in *Un Joueur*, *Sa Joulonie* (published in English as *Montreal Blues*) but the style is romantic, or poetic, and the atmosphere somewhat like the novels of Genêt."

Graeme Gibson: During his stint as chairman of the Writers' Union of Canada (1975), and executive director of the Book and Periodical Development Council (1976), Graeme Gibson began working on an immense novel, tentatively called *The Reckoning* ("But it will likely be published under a different title when I come up with one") in which he traces the course of personal and social events in the life of a family from Upper Canada in the 1850s to the

1970s. Unlike his earlier novels, *Five Legs* and *Communion* (both of which will be reissued shortly in new paperback editions by Anansi), *The Reckoning* is "a naturalistic saga, tracing various branches of a family tree. The other novels have been called, wrongly in my view, 'experimental' fiction, but the new novel will have an uncomplicated narrative structure." Gibson will be working full time on his novel for most of the year, preparing it for publication in 1978. Estimated length: between 400 and 500 pages.

Pierre Barton: Few authors have a shrewder sense of what Canadians like to read than Pierre Berton. His latest book, *My Country*, profiles of unsung heroes and rascals in the Canadian past, is a current bestseller in the tradition of *The National Dream*, *The Last Spike*, *Drifting Home*, among others. For the fall, he is currently writing *The Dionne Years*: "Not just the story of the Dionne quintuplets, but a social history of much that was going on in Canada in 1933-34." He is continuing research on a book he plans to write about the War of 1812, and preparing a second volume of *My Country* that should be ready for 1978.

Peter C. Newman: The most successful Canadian book ever published, the first volume of *The Canadian Establishment*, will be issued in paperback in April by Bantam, the first in a series of its new Canadian line. "I'm told that this will be one of the largest printings they've ever done in this country," Newman says. Also coming up, from McClelland & Stewart, are the first paperback editions of Newman's collection of *Essays, Home Country: People, Places and Power Politics* (a Literary Guild selection in 1973), and a new soft-cover version of *Renegade in Power* - the book that made Diefenbaker tremble. Then on Nov. 1, Newman will publish what is likely to be one of the hottest books of the year, the second volume of *The Canadian Establishment*, further extending the range of his descriptions of where power is concentrated in Canadian society.

Richard Rohmer: A Hamilton boy who made good, as a lawyer and a novelist-of-ideas (his latest, *Separation*, will be published in French in Quebec sometime in March), Richard Rohmer is currently working on a biography of E. P. Taylor that McClelland & Stewart will publish in the fall. The Japanese rights for *Ultimatum, Exoneration*, and *Exodus* UK are expected to be sold shortly, and Rohmer is doing research on three non-fiction projects, one of which will be an update on the *Arctic Imperative* (published in 1973) and "deals with an overview of the Arctic in terms of the Inuit, oil and gas finds, the pipelines, the American influence in the Arctic and what the prospects for the future are." In 1978 there will be another novel: "It will have an international rather than a Canadian focus. My research for it is well advanced and I will begin to put together the manuscript as soon as the E. P. Taylor book is finished."

Margaret Laurence: In 1974, when *The Diviners* was published and remained on Canadian best-seller lists for over a year, Margaret Laurence said she expected it to be

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her last book. **and certainly** her last novel. **For the many** thousands of appreciative readers of *The Stone Angel, A Jest of God, A Bird in the House*, among other works that Laurence produced during the 1960s, her premature retirement was sad news indeed. In the fall of 1976, a collection of 19 articles and essays, *Heart of a Stranger*, was published, which **served** to remind critics and other readers how fine and necessary a writer Laurence is at her beat. While her past work is still in the process **of being** translated (*The Stone Angel* was published in French a few months ago. *The Diviners* is currently being translated; Italian translations are also in the works), Laurence expects to resume writing soon. "I want to spend as much time as possible in thinking about another book," she says, with **no** particular theme clear as yet, but feeling **the** stirrings of the inchoate gestation.

Jack Hodgins: His first book, *Spit Delaney's Island*, a collection of eerie short stories set on Vancouver Island, was hailed by many critics as one of the most impressive debuts by a young writer in recent years. **He is** currently at **work** on a television script for the CBC, adapting one of the stories from the book, and has just finished correcting the galleys for his novel. *The Invention of the World*, which Macmillan will publish this spring: "Vancouver Island has many utopian colonies that have failed, and this novel concerns one of them. Like *Spit*, it is set mainly on the island, but reaches back into a past in Ireland." **Hodgins** supports his family mainly by teaching in a school near Nanaimo, but hopes to **take** leave from June to January, 1978, to rework another novel that is in "a very rough first draft" and complete several new short stories. "Canadian literature is on the verge of being one of the most exciting **literatures** in the world," **Hodgins** says, "along with South America, which has **already** managed it. I feel it's ready to

explode into something great, and' it's the women writers who have led us to this point."

Jane Rule: The creative "boomlet" that began in 1975, with the publication of her short stories, *Theme for Diverse Instruments* (Talonbooks) and biographical essays. *Lesbian Images* (Doubleday) continues for this newly "**discovered**" writer from British Columbia. *Canadian Fiction Studies* has just published a special issue (January) devoted to her work, with **reviews**, interview, and a major short story not published **before**. On **March 4**, Doubleday will issue her new novel, *The Young In One Another's Arms*, set in Vancouver and on Galiano Island, with a community of characters of all ages and sexes. In addition to new short fiction, Rule has started work on a novel with the title, *Contract with the World*, to be published in 1978.

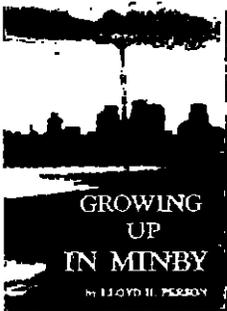
George Woodcock: One of the most distinguished and prolific of Canadian writers (he has produced over 40 biographical and literary studies, **travel** books, histories, and collections of verse since 1940). George Woodcock recently published *South Sea Journey* (Fitzhenry & White side) based on his travels to Samoa, Fiji, New Hebrides; and other **places** considerably warmer **than** Canada. He is currently working on a cultural history of the West Coast Indians (which **Hurtig** will publish) and on scripts for two **CBC-NFB films** on the **Doukhobors** — "**fairly** definitive historical documentaries." He adds: "Later in the year I shall certainly be working on my autobiography, and hope to complete a long poem that has been hovering **in** my mind, rather insistently. There is also a chance — no more-of going to prepare a large film on the 'condition of Britain'." **Woodcock** will be **65** this year, but clearly shows no sign of retiring. **He** will continue to edit the quarterly *Canadian Literature*, which he founded in 1959.

Morris Wolfe: Everyone interested in Canadian literature will want to read Morris Wolfe's current book-in-progress, *As for Us and Our Houses*, dealing with the Canadian publishing scene since 1960 or so. It will be issued in the spring of 1978 by *Quill and Quire*, the trade journal's first venture into book publishing. Wolfe addresses the issues of "who are the key personalities in **book** publishing, what does all the **frenetic** activity of this period add up to, and what similarities and **differences** are them **between** the cultural nationalism of this period and that of other periods?" **He is** also co-editing, with D. M. Raymond of the University of **Guelph**, a collection of Toronto short stories that Doubleday will publish in the fall of 1977. He is also planning a book about the Tim Buck trial of 1931, "but I probably won't get to that before 1978."

Elisabeth Hopkins: One of the newest **voices** in Canadian letters belongs to **82-year-old** painter (and now writer) Elisabeth Hopkins, who **was** first brought to public attention in a delightful profile by Audrey Thomas in *Macleans* (August, 1975). Talonbooks editor David Robinson has just **received** the drawings for Hopkins' first book, tentative title *The Tattooed Cougar*, a children's book that will be published this fall, for which Hopkins is currently writing the text in her cottage on **Galiano** Island. Last summer, Hopkins found a collection of **autobiographical writings** she had done **during the** 1930s and **war years** in Britain, France, and Canada, and now she is beginning work on her memoirs. Of her age, Hopkins says, "I don't count the days. I make the days count."

John Robert Colombo: Canada has many poets and even more failed poets, but it was Colombo's **shrewd insight** that what the country needed was a Master Gatherer, a **collector** of cultural **curiosa** who could make encyclopedic books as personal and provocative as poetry itself. **The idea** led to the production of *Colombo's Canadian Quotations* in 1974,

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nod. in 1976, *Colombo's Concise Canadian Quotations* (Hurtig) and a major new work, *Colombo's Canadian References* (Oxford). In 1977, he will be represented by *Mostly Monsters* (Hounslow Press) in April, a collection of 90-odd "found poems" taken from film scenarios, horror books, radio scripts, and terror tales. *Colombo's Little Book of Canadian Humour* (little, of course) will be published by Hunig this fall. Two more ambitious projects are underway: *Colombo's Celebrated Canadians*, consisting of short biographies of eminent people, will be published by Lester and Orpen; and *Colombo's Canadian Books in Brief*, which Methuen will publish, consisting of abstracts of 100 books that John and Ruth Colombo are currently preparing. Colombo's specialty is creating books that nobody knew they needed until he wrote them.

Robertson Davies: Few Canadian writers have as distinguished an international reputation as Robertson Davies, whose recent novels, *Fifth Business*, *The Manticore*, and *World of Wonders*, have been highly praised by writers as diverse as Saul Bellow and Vladimir Nabokov. In March, Penguin Books will bring out paperback editions of *Fifth Business* and *World of Wonders*, making Davies' masterful and important trilogy available to a new group of readers: "The principal work on which I am engaged for the year to come is a play with music which is provisionally called *Ponteach and the Green Man* which will be presented at the University of Toronto as part of the university's sesquicentennial celebrations."

Margaret Atwood: The author of the best-selling Canadian novel of 1976, *Lady Oracle*, plans to branch out in several new directions in the coming year. First, on April 9, there will be a National Ballet Workshop production (in Toronto) of an opera (music composed by Ray Pannell, choreography by Ann Ditchburn) that Atwood is currently writing the libretto for. Then in the fall, McClelland & Stewart will publish *Up in the Tree*, a children's book composed of words of one syllable, aimed at young listeners from one to three, such as Atwood's daughter, Eleanor. Also, "largely for diversionary reasons," she is writing a volume in a new series of *Canadian* social history to be published by McClelland & Stewart (to be offered by subscription) in which she deals with the period 1815-40 ("Did you know that women did not wear underpants then?"). She is also finishing a collection of short stories (no title as yet) that will be published either in the fall of 1977 or the spring of 1978: "Then I hope to start another novel. But mostly I simply hope to get through the year more or less intact."

IT IS THE nature of creative people that they undergo cycles of withdrawal and return. They create when strength and inspiration permit, and they retreat to replenish themselves, after defeat, or in some cases, the ordeal of success. Not all Canadian authors who were asked what their plans are, saw themselves as moving on an on-wards-and-upwards continuum. Marian Engel, for instance, has just completed a reading tour (doing selections from *Bear*) at universities in the Atlantic provinces, but has found her highly praised best seller a hard act to follow. Seventy-four-year-old author Lovat Dickson, whose *Wilderness Man, the story of Grey Owl*, was a best seller in 1973, and whose *Radcliffe Hall at the Well of Loneliness* was one of the kamikaze specials of 1976, probably summed it up for many when he said: "I have all sorts of plans for beautiful and powerful works in mind. But I know I shall never get them done. This year will be much like 1976, two films somehow or other contributed to, four or five articles assembled through the invitation and pressures of editors, one or two speeches laboured over, a class taught at York; at the end another year added to one's age, but not much of anything added to the sum of English literature. However I'll continue to work 12 hours a day, seven days a week." □

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non-fiction

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THE CLACHAN SLEEPS

The heroic rise
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by Gordon Donaldson

THE STORY OF Clachan Press is the uplifting tale of a handful of dedicated Canadians who challenged the whole system of book publishing in this country, battled incredible odds, and lost. (The matter of the girl getting screwed by the octopus is irrelevant and, anyway, untrue; it was the other way around.)

We started out with a dream — to make money out of books — and ended, as of now, with no money but an awful lot of books. We started innocent of government grants, an elaborate corporate structure, an aggressive sales force, or an armlock on the booksellers. We never acquired any of these but we lost a little innocence along the way — not so much as Leda lost, but we'll get to that in a moment.

The guru of Clachan Press now, Dean Andrew MacFarlane of the journalism school at the University of Western Ontario, vanished with the speed of a squirting octopus just after the thing started. But he started it, bubbling with bile upon reading the report of the Ontario Royal Commission on Book Publishing in December, 1972. It described publishing as "the interface between a nation's writers and its readers," and recommended a large interest-free loan to McClelland & Stewart, prime custodian of the interface. The guru wondered what the publishers buy, one half so precious as the goods they sell. And what they contribute to the smile on the interface, apart from engaging the authors,

We started innocent of government grants, an elaborate corporate structure, an aggressive sales force, or an armlock on the booksellers. We never acquired any of these but we lost a little innocence along the way.

printers, designers, and editors who do the actual work. It might, he said, be instructive and entertaining to publish and market a book oneself.

It sure was instructive.

He assembled a printer, a lawyer, a designer, and a promotion lady, all crazy enough to donate their services to beating the establishment. Plus Leda and me.

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Leda, the Zookeeper's Daughter was a creature whose time had not yet come and hasn't come yet. Sleeping with beats may now be as conventional as eloping with giant apes, but Leda is still ahead. She would sleep with anything. (I might as well review my own book since nobody else would.)

Leda was written for Doubleday Canada, for whom I had done other books of a different nature. They edited it and honestly intended to publish it, but Doubleday New York, wouldn't go along. Apparently a Canadian first novel needed two publishers to spread the risk, blame, guilt, or whatever. Leda was warmly received at Longmans Canada, but again no second publisher could be found in the U.S. Several other houses of good repute turned her away. She was beginning to look shopworn, not to say a bit of a whore.

Now I realize that many great and profitable books went through all this and more and eventually triumphed. A best seller called the Holy Bible hung around for more than 1,000 years before hitting the stands. Leda and I didn't have that kind of stamina and neither of us was getting any younger.

We gave up.

Then one day at Malloney's bar, where Ontario's legislators and Toronto's ad men like to meet for mutual toasts, along came Clachan Press. MacFarlane wanted to call it Croft Press, indicating that publishing is a kind of cottage industry (which I suppose it is, if you can afford a cottage) but somebody had that title already. We settled for "clachan" because it meant croft in Scots. Nobody had that title. Nobody could even say it.

The company objectives, as drawn up by the lawyer, ranged from publishing books to manufacturing garbage lids and pipestems because apparently that's the way you do things legally. Actually, we wanted to publish one book. If that worked we would publish another, and so on. The minutes of the first directors' meeting had to catch the true flavour of the occasion — the crusading fervour of the directors, the smell of the whisky, the tension as the votes were cast.

Leda was the only manuscript voted on because it was the only one we had and we didn't intend to wait around for a

year while somebody wrote another. The guru voted for **Leda**; then Pat Mortimer, the pmmotion lady. A groundswell built up. That's the way you get to be President of the United States. I was too modest to vote myself, but agreed to a motion that the decision be made unanimous. Now there were six of us, plus the lovely Leda, against the publishing world.

The guru disappeared after that, although he's, still Establishment-baiting down in London, Ont. However the lawyer began setting up the company, designer Desmond English began work on the cover, and Mrs. Mot-timer investigated how one sells books.

And, quietly but efficiently, Leda was getting into type. Our printer, John Wright, had left a manuscript with a typesetter to work on in his off moments between other jobs and he had gone at it like a terrier. I pictured him sitting there, enraptured by the story, giving up hi coffee breaks to drink in the words as his hands drifted over the keys. He turned out to be Chinese and unable to read English, but was letter-perfect at following copy.

So the book was set before it was designed, apart from the cover. But we had a quite good-looking \$1.75 paperback. Desmond's cover, depicting a naked Leda embroiled with a snake, was striking but tasteful — not the hairy stuff you find on a Jane Austen novel these days: The first run of pm-publication copies had a blank back cover because we planned to have Leda pm-reviewed by personalities from the fields of art, literature, zoology, and bestiality — and print their ecstatic quotes on the main run.

(Pat Mortimer, who has ma& a successful career out of promoting charities, went around collecting quotes and found them less than charitable. All we had to print was a quote from the book itself: "Can't Happen Here-Toronto Star." This had to do with the animals' strike and military occupation of Leda's zoo.)

We held a second meeting to discuss distribution and publicity. Fmm the outset we were determined not to use conventional channels — certainly not Metro News, the Maclean-Hunter operation that dominated the local paper: back stands. We remembered how Stephen Vizinczey launched his *In Praise of Older Women* by hawking it around himself. We didn't see why publishers, distributors, and booksellers should gobble up 90 per cent of what the buyer paid for a book.

The minutes do not record the expression on the author's face when it was proposed that he sit in the monkey cage at the new Metro Toronto zoo, selling books through the bars. Fortunately, the zoo refused to co-operate; their idea of bringing people and animals together was different from Leda's.

We explored door-to-door distribution by newspaper carrier boys — I pictured the rosy-cheeked kids peeking rosily at the bit about Leda and the horny Arab goat — and nearly got something going there. But not quite. We planned to open a one-book bookstore in a vacant storefront on Yonge Street — no browsing around, just say how many you want-but we lacked the personnel to man it. The idea of a giant promotional patty sponsored by a brewery (they'll pmnote anything but beer) to which everyone would bring a used stuffed toy animal to give to the poor, fell down when we discovered there was some kind of law against used stuffed toys and the hygienic poor wouldn't take them.

We scattered the pm-publication copies around and waited. The response, what there was of it, was unanimous. The book wasn't ditty enough.

Remember, this was three years ago. Marlon Brando was tangoing against a wall in Paris. Linda Lovelace was going down in history. The gentle tale of Leda, a modem Alice who turned into a praying mantis and ate her lover in slices during the act, was too tame for the times.

The sex habits of lesser creatures are as funny to us as, I'm sure, ours must be to them, and hard porn has to be

written with a straight face. You can't peddle funny books in Canada unless you state in advance how funny they're meant to be. We need a Ministry of Funniness — Ha-Ha Canada — to stamp each effort (a) sorta funny (b) sadly

The minutes do not record the expression on the author's face when it was proposed that he sit in the monkey cage at the new Metro Toronto zoo, selling books through the bars.

funny (c) kinda satirical (d) bitterly funny (e) more-or-less hilarious. Farce is at the top of the ladder and in greatest danger of falling off.

Options were running out for Clachan Press. Lightning had not struck. Pat Mortimer made the rounds of distributors and ended up at Metm News. We slunk quietly to the feet of the Establishment. Four thousand copies of Leda were inserted in the lower racks of stands in the Toronto area. About 700 were sold.

The rest came back to a nice dry storeroom at the printer's place, where they are now maturing. We haven't had a directors' meeting for some time now, but we're planning one.

What will we talk about? Well, there's a great future in Canadian publishing. Somewhere out there. There am new methods to be tried. But don't screw around with snakes or shake hands with octopuses. If the original Leda hadn't met that swan, we would all be richer today. Maybe we should get into pipestems.

Still, I believe in books. Our culture is founded upon them and so, I suspect, is our city. Where do they find the landfill to keep extending Toronto out into the lake? Unsold Canadian books.

We at Clachan Press are open to offers. Orders of 1,000 or more will receive priority. □

The *Malahat Review* announces the publication in January 1977 of the special issue,

MARGARET ATWOOD

A Symposium

edited by LINDA SANDLER

with *Essays* by Jane Rule, Robert Fulford, Eli Mandel, Rosemary Sullivan, Rowland Smith, Robin Skelton, John Hofsess, Tom Marshall, George Woodcock, Jerome H. Rosenberg, and Rick Salutin, *Poems* by George Bowering, Susan Musgrave, Ralph Gustafson, Janis Rapoport, Al Purdy, Gwendolyn McEwen, and Tom Marshall, *Collages* by Robin Skelton, an album of *photographs*, a complete *Checklist* of Margaret Atwood's publications by A. J. Home, and new poetry and fiction by Margaret Atwood herself together with a long *Interview* with Liia Sandler.

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from

THE MALAHAT REVIEW
UNIVERSITY OF VICTORIA, VICTORIA, B.C.

February, 1977, Books in Canada

DO WE NOT BLEED?

The story of a tip-top Jewish
giant-killer who fought for both king and David

by Sam Ajzenstat

Dual Allegiance: An Autobiography. by Ben Dunkel-
man. Macmillan. 366 pages, \$14.95 cloth (ISBN
0-7705-1429-41).

IN THESE POST-VIETNAM days there aren't too many books that provide a good excuse for disappearing into the attic with a bottle of scotch and an armful of maps to dill out one's military memorabilia and mull over the awful but inescapable magnificence of war. Nor, perhaps, is this the effect that Ben Dunkelman intended *Dual Allegiance*, his autobiography, to have. Twice, at the end of two wars, he turned down permanent positions of high command partly on the ground that he was not, after all, really a soldier. Yet the story of his life is overwhelmingly the story of those two war years and, little as he may like to admit it, his deepest virtues are the under-appreciated virtues of the warrior.

When the Second World War began, Dunkelman, heir to the wealth of Tip Top Tailors and a graduate of Upper Canada College, was in his late 20s, but had already spent

years of danger and high adventure in pioneering communities in Palestine. The first half of the book is largely the story of an overweight and somewhat overage affluent Jew enlisting in the Queen's Own Rifles, making his way up through the ranks and, in the invasion of Europe, winning the respect and affection of his men and fellow officers, the rank of major, an expertise in mortars, and in a fine culminating sequence, a DSO for leading his men through the heavily mined Hochwald by jumping from tree to tree.

The texture of the book changes at mid-point in such a way as to make the vast struggle of Europe come to seem almost a mere prelude to the single year of 1948, the year of Israel's war of independence. In Europe, Dunkelman is a small part of a huge enterprise in which he must carry out a strategy formulated by others. The narrative is thus that of an officer describing "his" war, telling his own version of those classic war anecdotes that are each man's epiphanies for the larger event. In Israel, however, Dunkelman plays a much more important role in planning and so gives a fairly minute account of the strategic questions. Furthermore, because it was, after all, a "small" war fought with painfully limited forces in a limited territory, Dunkelman's personal experience seems to coincide with the total event. We get a sense from this part of the book of what it feels like not only to have your private history seem identical with the history of your country, but also to live in a country over almost every inch of which you and everyone else of your age, have fought. Nor does the strategic account completely displace the anecdotal treatment of men in combat. In a citizen's army the planners also have to do the fighting. Dunkelman's account here can therefore combine the intimacy of combat detail with the largeness of scale that comes from the constant presence of Ben Gurion, Rabin (who wrote a foreword to the book), Yadin, and many others. There is an Iliad-like sense that each commander is a king in his own right.

The political ambiguities of the Middle East make it easy to forget that the 1948 war is enough of a purely military classic to deserve an appendix in Liddell Hart's *Strategy*. *Dual Allegiance* makes a convincing claim for Dunkelman as a major strategist of that war, whose plans were crucial not only in the winning of the Galilee but also in the opening of the "Burma Road," which made it possible to keep Jerusalem supplied even though part of the main highway was Arab-controlled. Dunkelman's account of these events differs in substantial detail from that of some historians of the war. This material - and the Dunkelman archives to which he refers - constitute valuable sources for the military historian as well as a field day for strategy buffs.

This is not, however, a book for everyone. Those who like to know who won a war but couldn't care less how it was done or what it felt like to do it, will not see much point in most of what Dunkelman has to say. Nor is the book stylistically distinguished. It is well-paced as a whole, but

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the flat, unresonant language, peppered with clichés, owes less to the King's English than to the Queen's Own.

Most disappointed, however, will be those who come to the book looking for philosophical or political reflectiveness either about the war or about dual allegiances. Dunkelman's allegiance to Judaism, for example, has made him one of his people's saviours, yet nothing in the book indicates that he has given much thought to the question of what it is he is saving or why it should be saved. On April 20, 1948, soon after arriving in the land, Dunkelman accompanied a convoy of men and supplies to embattled Jerusalem. He tells us of the dangers to the convoy and something of what it was carrying. But you won't find out from Dunkelman that the supplies included matzos so that the people of

Jerusalem could celebrate the Passover. If there is a religion in this book it is the soldier's religion: a sense of the inscrutability of fate, a respect for that luck or fortune that again and again leads Dunkelman to step aside without knowing that a shell is about to fall where he was standing or to change places with a comrade whose new position will be riddled with bullets in a few moments. Dunkelman's great virtue is that of loyalty, of the watchdog unable to question the value of what he is guarding, but ready to defend it to the death, with courage, practical intelligence, and resourcefulness. Plato calls such people men of silver. With men of gold in rather short supply, no one can wish for more self-doubt from those who know what has to be done—even when they're not sure why. □

THE WOMEN AND THE WEST

Why Annie got her gun

by Margaret Atwood

A Harvest Yet To Reap: A History of Prairie Women, edited by Linda Rasmussen, Lorna Rasmussen, Candace Savage, and Anne Wheeler, The Women's Press, illustrated. 240 pages. \$20 cloth (ISBN 0-88961-030-4) and \$3.95 paper (ISBN 0-88961-029-01).

WHEN I WAS growing up in the 1950s, everyone who had heard of it at all "knew" that the "Suffragist" movement was composed of a bunch of eccentric old spinsters. Similarly, we "knew" that the WCTU and the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society and any organizations with similar names were populated by steel-jawed, steel-corseted biddies with dead foxes around their pecks. Nellie McClung was remembered, as she is on the recent stamp commemorating her, as a rather ugly, abrasive middle-aged battleaxe. I'm not sure who circulated these ideas, but, as the editors of this book (who also grew up in the 1950s) point out, it was the age of "Mom and Debbie Reynolds singing 'French Heeled Shoes'."

A Harvest Yet To Reap is a book that shatters, both by its beautifully chosen text and its resonant pictures, all the above stereotypes. (The WCTU was young! Nellie McClung was not only pretty, she was funny!) Though its slant is feminist, its appeal is general. It has a scrapbook format, with excerpts from letters, speeches, government propaganda, newspaper articles, and books arranged to provide an insightful history of Prairie women from the point of view of those who actually lived the experience. The period covered is roughly 1885 to 1925, and some of the excerpts arc from interviews with women who arc still alive. Though the sepia tones

and period costumes give the material the flavour of ancient times, this is recent history.

The book is a grab-bag and a goldmine. It achieves some of its best effects through juxtaposition and contrast. The Government of Canada leaflets designed to lure women to the Prairies, where they were badly needed — as everyone agreed, you couldn't run a family farm without a family-picture a life of light labour, with flower-hatted maidens in genteel frilled dresses marketing their eggs in the afternoons and spending the evenings in music and "book-lore" to "keep up the tone of the men." But not much tone could be kept up in the sod shacks of early Prairie reality pictured a few pages later, where eight people were often crammed into a single leaking mom and women had to do field-labour as well as all the gardening, poultry-keeping, nursing,

food preparation, child-bearing, and whatever cleaning was possible. In the hard work, the isolation, and the absence of woman friends, the lives of these women were similar to those of Ontario pioneer women of 100 years earlier, though the Prairies were even colder and the distances between neighbours greater; but their heads were cluttered up with 60 years of velvet-covered Victorian poop about dependency and fragility. Catherine Parr Traill, whatever else concerned her, did not have to worry about being ethereal while she milked the cows.

And the laws were worse. In the 1880s, "dower right" had been confiscated, and a Prairie wife could not inherit by right any of the farm she might have spent her life working on. Fathers were the sole legal parents of children: they could even put them up for adoption without the consent of the mother. Men could get a quarter-section of free land; women — unlike their counterparts in the U.S. — could not. However, if a man sold his farm and absconded with the money, leaving his wife with the children, it was she who became responsible for their support. Laws like this explain something of the missionary fervour behind the WCTU: if a man spent all his money on drink, his wife couldn't stop him, and the children really *did* starve. There was no welfare.

Women put up with this state of affairs at first because they were told it was divinely ordained. Also, as Nellie McClung says, because they had no time to protest; they were working too hard. But when the land was more widely settled and they had a little time, they did protest. They were, on the whole, better organized and more energetic. February, 1977. Books in Canada 9



Non-battleaxe Nellie McClung

getic than their sisters in the East, partly because the conditions against which they were fighting were not only unfair but also inhumane. Some of the most telling bits in this section of the book come from their opponents, but it's to the credit of the Prairies that much of the support for the various women's movements came from male-run newspapers and grain growers' organizations. One of the questions the book raises but does not answer is the reason for the collapse of these movements after the vote was finally won.

The book is suggestive rather than exhaustive. It abounds with fascinating snippets, asides, things you never knew, things you would like to follow up. Birth control, for instance, was a taboo subject, but friends passed their secret recipes back and forth. (These included cocoa butter and sponges soaked in soapsuds.) There are popular songs, newspaper verses, cartoons, advice columns, and a report of the famous Mock Parliament put on by Nellie McClung and cohorts, in which women debated the pros and cons of giving the

vote to men. There are pictures of women from all walks of life — farm women, soldiers, prostitutes, factory women — all ages, including several grotesque photos of little girls dressed as people thought they should be — and many nationalities. As the editors say, the book is heavy on English-speaking white women because neither Indian women nor European women left many records, but the central European wedding portraits, with the fanatic-eyed husbands and their cowed, unsmiling wives, are among the most haunting in the book.

There are a few minor shortcomings. The index is not as reliable as it might be, and there are some details that could have been explained. (What is a "barrowcoat"?) On the whole, though, the book is a line rediscovery, an excavation. That the history and the women it salutes should have been buried so deep, so quickly, is one of the puzzles that prompted the editors to create it: "How did it happen, we wondered, that their lives had been so completely forgotten?" □

assembled from so many writers over a 70-year period. A large proportion cannot escape reading like tracts for the times, specimens for a short history of polemical prose in Canada. One ploy that feminist writers soon outgrew — cute little me, flirting with ideas — severely dates "A Girl of the Period," from 1880. Nellie McClung, of course, early contrived a popular, easily-digested writing style, without sacrificing too much of her essential seriousness. Most durable of all, however, is the clear call for "equal rights and equal responsibilities" from the woman who wrote the *Grain Growers' Guide* protesting "light stories on the Women's page," and urging Western farm women to learn "our true places in the development of the west; and in national affairs, regardless of our former education as to the proper place of woman;" True place, note, not proper place; justice, not gentility.

Against this wealth of primary materials, Cook and Mitchinson assume only a perfunctory presence as editors. The introductory notes show two professional scholars groping towards a level of generalization that they themselves long ago learned to distrust and deplore, resulting in prose that is graceless and banal. There can be no excuse for such statements as "Woman remained in the home, isolated" (poor dear!) or "Social snobbery was rampant." The essay on suggest&l reading' at the back of the book is also sketchy, but that isn't the fault of the editors; as they point out, there simply isn't much for students to draw on — yet.

I wonder, too, whether the editors' chaste and dutiful regard for the home product ought to have prevented their making even the merest mention of events outside this country. Sooner or later, questions are going to be raised about the relation of Canadian feminism to parallel movements elsewhere. Cook and Mitchinson, however, prefer not to risk confusing their readers with such deep speculations.

These caveats noted, it must be stressed that the materials offered here

The other half of the story

The Proper Sphere, edited by Ramsay Cook and Wendy Mitchinson, Oxford University Press, 334 pages, \$6.75 paper (ISBN 0-19-540272-3).

By SUSAN JACKEL

IMAGINE A conversation, a couple of years ago now, between Ramsay Cook and Wendy Mitchinson. Ms. Mitchinson congratulates Professor Cook on *A Nation Transformed*, a history of Canada at the century's turn. "Very nice, Ramsay," says Mitchinson, "very scholarly, very thorough. But Ramsay, one thing. Where are the women?" "The who?" says Cook, and zips out to look for one — in the archives, that is. He finds one, too — Francis Marion Beynon, women's editor for *Grain Growers' Guide*, and author of a long-forgotten novel. *Aleta Dey*. Now, after this warm-up exercise... Cool: and Mitchinson collaborate to give us *The Proper Sphere*, documents from the past bearing on women's place in Canadian society.

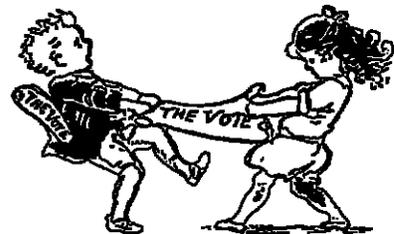
The documents, on the whole, are well chosen. The editors have made responsible use of all the obvious mainstream sources: *Canadian Monthly*, *The Christian Guardian*, *Grip* (satire — sort of) and numerous other public statements from the pre-1930 period on the role of women. Their choice of Robert Sedgewick's

1856 classic, "The Proper Sphere and Influence of Woman in Christian Society," is particularly apt, since Sedgewick rings all the changes on the traditionalists' position. Set against such appalling silliness, the grave good sense of Principal Grant, endorsing higher education for women, stands out in attractive contrast.

The book is divided into sections according to key issues: legal rights, education, work, organizations, morality, and suffrage. Each section has its illuminating moments, amidst a fair bit of sludge. There is Goldwin Smith, for instance, hinting darkly at "painful scenes" in the medical schools when women insist on attending lectures with men; but just how painful, only Elizabeth Shortt's moving record of courage among the first class of women medical students can tell. The sections on legal rights and conditions of work are the most solid and informative, although no section escapes a certain "sampler" effect.

Only three of the 50-odd selections are in French, which in this case reflects not so much an anglophone bias in the editors as an existing disproportion in the materials available for reprint (the title of one, "*Le Feminisme, Un Mouvement Pervers*," could sum up majority opinion in Quebec even today).

Inevitably, then is marked unevenness of quality and tone in materials thus



fully deserve the wider circulation that this series from Oxford was designed to provide. *The Proper Sphere* will become a basic text on the strength of the selections alone. Now the need is for some intelligent interpretation and critique. □

Some of our landed gentry

The Pioneer Years, 1895-1914: Memories of settlers Who opened the West, by Barry Broadfoot, Doubleday, illustrated. 403 pages, \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0-385-09983-5).

A Pioneer Gentlewoman itt British Columbia: The Recollections of **Susan Allison**, edited by Margaret A. Ormsby. **University of British Columbia Press**, illustrated, 262 pages, \$18.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7748-0039-9).

The Land of Open Doors: Being Letters from Western Canada, 1911-13, by J. Burgon Bickersteth, U of T Press, illustrated. 311 pages. \$15 cloth (ISBN 0-8020-2181-6) and \$5.50 paper (ISBN 0-8020-6266-0).

By **MARIAN FOWLER**

CANADIAN HISTORY books used to be a heavy diet suitable only for scholars. The new Fad is social history served up in first-hand accounts easy for the general public to digest. These three new offerings on Western Canada's social history, however, prove that some are more palatable than others. **Broadfoot's The Pioneer Years** is a rich, delicious fruitcake that will age well; **Susan Allison's 72-page memoir** (the rest of the book is taken up with ethereal notes) is a tasty snack that leaves us hungry for more; **Bickersteth's letters** are so many stale English biscuits.

The Pioneer Years tells how more than three million people rushed into the West between 1895 and 1914. They poured in from the United States, Britain, Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, the Ukraine, and from such unlikely places as Argentina, South Africa, Iceland, and Tasmania. The majority came as homesteaders, paying only a \$10 tiling fee for 160 acres of free land. Others congregated in the towns springing up along the newly completed railroads. These settlers are now in their 80s and 90s and we are grateful to **Barry Broadfoot for collecting their memories** on his tape-recorder before it is too late. To do so he travelled 10,000 miles in several trips across the Prairies, using the same techniques of interviewing and editing perfected in his two previous books. **Ten Lost Years** and **Six War Years**.

"There is nothing here but the people," **Broadfoot** says in his preface — but what people they are! We love them

for their courage, their humour, their nostalgia, their feeling for the land. It was a harsh land where "Nature had too many dirty tricks" but they were equal to its challenge. They stayed and they survived, surprised at their own powers of endurance ("I don't know how we did it. I honestly don't"). We admire the women most of all — women like the Presbyterian, temperance-league wife of a ne'er-do-well who supported her family by travelling up and down the railway, selling finery to each town's resident prostitutes, "the only ones who had any money." A sense of humour helped one survive. Arriving from England to join her husband and seeing their primitive home for the first time, one woman remarked: "Well, George, if this is it, if it burns down, we won't have lost anything."

Nostalgia for a way of life that was simple and unsophisticated sounds a constant refrain. ("In those days it was an awful nice time for people.") It was a time when the Prairies were white with buffalo bones "as far as the eye could see," a time of box-lunch socials, square dances, and town baseball: "Every town would have a pasture with a chicken wire backstop, and when you was gonna have a game you'd chase the town cows off it and scrape up the cow plops and that was about it."

"There is nothing here but the people" and **Broadfoot's skilful editing makes them speak as one voice, in a tone** that is slangy, laconic, amused, never boring, with such plums-in-the-fruitcake as land "so bare that you could see an antelope's ass bobbing & smiles away." **Sometimes the pioneers' love of the land turns their speech to poetry.** Here is how one homesteader describes breaking ground on his quarter section: "I sunk the blade of my hand plow in and ... I went half a mile without a quiver. Then I stopped and looked back and there was my furrow, stretching away for half a mile, straight as a gun barrel. The land was black and rich and beautiful and I knew I was in the greatest country in the world."

Like **Broadfoot's old people, Susan Allison in A Pioneer Gentlewoman in British Columbia seems to be blessed with total recall.** She was 85 when she wrote her reminiscences, yet they have a vivid immediacy. In an easy, colloquial tone she tells of emigrating from England to Port Hope, then a stockaded wooden fort, at the age of 15, marrying, at 23, a man 20 years her senior, and setting off on horseback on the 75-mile treacherous mountain trail across the Hope mountains (the second European woman to do so) bound for the Similkameen valley. "Then began my camping days and the wild, free life I ever loved," writes Mrs. Allison. The nearest white neighbour was 40 miles

away, calamities were frequent — their home was destroyed twice, once by fire and once by flood — yet Susan remains courageous and content. She made friends with the Similkameen Indians, learned their language and recorded their folk lore and legends (some of this material appears in an appendix). With only an Indian woman in attendance, she gave birth to 14 children. When a dozen Indians charged her cabin while her husband was away, she grabbed a revolver, locked the door and "stood ready to empty it at them." Widowed at 52, she managed their cattle ranch on her own. **Susan Allison is quite as delightful as the Prairie women in The Pioneer Years.**

J. Burgon Bickersteth, a former warden of Hart House who now lives in England, has written an introduction for **The Land of Open Doors**, first published in 1914 and now reprinted in the Social History of Canada series. At 23, just down from Oxford, **Bickersteth joined the Anglican Western Canada Mission to work as a lay missionary in the country northwest of Edmonton.** He spent a year among homesteaders and another year among railroad workers, recording his impressions in letters sent to his parents in England. Compared to the off-hand warmth and realism of **The**



Pioneer Years, the letters seem formal, priggish, and dated. It may be a "land of open doors" but **Bickersteth has a closed mind.** He tries to impose his English religious and social standards on the Frontier community, without ever realizing that "out in the bush," as one of **Broadfoot's old-timers** says, "you just made up another set of rules and that's the way it was." **Bickersteth** deplores the settlers' "depressing broad-mindedness" about religion, commenting that the Bible "would certainly have a wide effect on the life of the West, if it was studied with half as much care" as Eaton's catalogue. He writes that the Westerner's "rather false sense of

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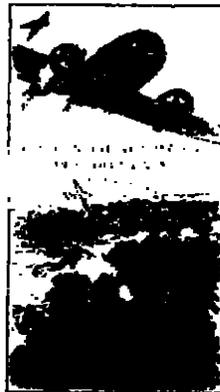
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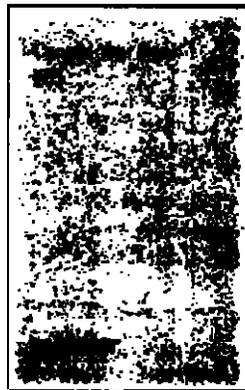
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equality and independence is often made the excuse for great rudeness and a lack of the common urbanities of life." In a railroad camp when the food is "roughly sewed," he rubs his knife and fork on his overalls before eating. On the whole, the young Bickersteth is much less appealing than the octogenarians of *The Pioneer Years* and *A Pioneer Gentlewoman in British Columbia*. □

Yukon dream, can't you

Prelude to Bonanza: The Discovery and Exploration of the Yukon, by Allan Wright, Gray's Publishing Ltd., 321 pages, \$14.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88826-062-8).

Robert Service: A Biography, by Carl F. Klinck, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 199 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0-07-082282-4).

A World of My Own, by Mike Tomkies, Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 273 pages, \$10.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88902-044-2).

By **RON WALDIE**

THESE THREE books make an interesting combination for a review: they all are related to a broadly defined northern wilderness theme; they all have different kinds of autobiographical contexts; and they all treat some basic Canadian dreams.

Of the three, Allan Wright's *Prelude to Bonanza* is easily the most valuable and interesting. The book is an exhaustively researched and carefully documented study of white man's involvement with the northwest corner of this continent from the earliest Russian naval explorations of the Alaskan Coast to the discovery of gold at Bonanza Creek in 1898. All the various threads in the story — English and Russian coastal exploration, Hudson's Bay company expansion, missionary activity, corporate and government survey expeditions, prospectors, traders and adventurers — have been unravelled, evaluated and then woven into their proper place in the pattern of this region's evolution. The book demonstrates conclusively that the Yukon was extensively explored and surveyed by the time of the gold rush and that a crude frontier civilization existed before those hordes of miners arrived.

While the research has been exhaustive, (the book is extensively footnoted and contains a valuable bibliography), Wright's prose moves easily through the

history of this fascinating country. The decision to include substantial excerpts from primary sources gives this study both the weight of historical authority and the impact of imaginative involvement. The first-hand accounts of explorers such as Robert Campbell, missionaries such as Bishop Bompas and surveyors such as George Dawson allow this book not only to introduce new names of which we should be aware but also to present a fascinating dramatization of historical characters. Their stories, carefully documented and "set" by Wright and animated by their own words take on a powerful, mythological dimension when viewed from this comfortable urban perspective. *Prelude to Bonanza* thus serves a dual role: it is a line, authoritative history of the Yukon and an evocative catalyst for national dreaming.

If the strength of Wright's book lies in its capacity to let historical fact function imaginatively, the problem with Klinck's biography of Robert Service lies in its allowing biographical fact to dull the impact of its subject. Although Service's Yukon ballads are perhaps still the best-known Canadian verse, Service himself has remained a fairly obscure personality. Klinck's book sets it to overcome this problem and it is a carefully documented account of Service's life from his Scottish childhood to his death in Nice.

Robert Service was a singularly charming and unpretentious dreamer, who, throughout his life had the amazing good fortune of being able literally to live his fantasies. His Yukon experiences lasted only eight years of a long, varied, and prolific career but the astonishing success of his Yukon ballads gave him the financial resources to live elegantly in Paris and Nice, take numerous lengthy trips to the world's exotic centres, and generally to do as he pleased.

A major assumption of this biographical study is that Service's voluminous poetic and prose writings provide important insights into his character. This is a standard and useful assumption of a critical biography. Unfortunately, however, Klinck only ends up providing us with complicated and tedious summaries of the plots of many of Service's complicated and tedious novels. These summaries effectively kill any sense of momentum in his account of Service's life and reveal nothing about Service that Service himself has not already revealed.

Klinck has relied heavily on Service's own autobiographical reminiscences for much of his material and the greatest value of this biography is that it introduces these forgotten and out-of-print gems to a contemporary audience. *Ploughman of the Moon* and *Harper of*

Heaven are as delightful as their titles and demonstrate that not only was Service a fine prose stylist and superb raconteur, but also that he had an honest and accurate perception of his own abilities and was prepared to work within those limits. They also give a much more rounded and vital portrait of the man than does this serviceable but rather dry biography.

In 1912 Service left the Yukon and eventually ended up in Paris and explored the alluring and sophisticated maze of that city's artistic bohemia. A few years ago, Mike Tomkies left the alluring and sophisticated world of the jet set in which he was a successful journalist and settled in the wilds of British Columbia's Coast. *A World of My Own* is Tomkies' account of this experience. The book takes the traditional form of a confession in which Tomkies attempts truthfully to record the guilts, fears and hopes entailed in his quest for new values and gains its strength from its honesty and lack of sentimentality. The result is a pleasing account of an experience that can all too easily become a cliché of the city sophisticate in the country.

Tomkies learned quickly that the wilderness is a stern taskmaster and that survival requires both ingenuity and tenacity. As his account progresses, however, the emphasis shifts from

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confession to **often** eloquent polemic. **Tomkies'** two friends? Ed **Louette** and **Pappy** Tihouni. the **direct** descendants of Wright's **Yukon** explorers, are two of a vanishing breed of **Canadians** — the **wilderness** man. The skills and knowledge of these men and their attitude towards the contemporary world serve as a sharp challenge to its values. Their expressions of rage at the rape of **Canada's** wilds, a rage **shared** by **Tomkies**, are **unfortunately and literally** voices crying in the wilderness. If **A World Of My Own** serves to strengthen and amplify those voices, then I am sure that **Tomkies will gain far more satisfaction** from having written this book than the basic pride he must feel in having succeeded in his quest for new values and written so well about it. □

Rock-bottom line

The Canadian Northern Railway: Pioneer Road of the Northern Prairies, 1895-1918, by T. D. Regehr. Maclean-Hunter Books (Macmillan), illustrated. 543 pages, \$27.50 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1285-2).

By RICHIARD HOWARD

BUILT ON THE backs of government bonds in that **palmy**, faraway summer-time when interest rates hovered around **four percent**, **\$11,000 laid a mile of steel** and a thin dime paid the carriage of a hundredweight of grain from Winnipeg **down to the Lakehead**, the old Canadian Northern was truly, as a top executive raved, "the West's own product to meet the West's own needs."

Where the CPR drove through the arid southern belt like the piston of piggy-back imperialism it was, the CNR meandered up through the fertile northern parklands with first-class road and equipment where traffic was thick enough to pay, and where it was not, still blessing **grateful** new settlements with quick branch lines, engines **afflicted** with terminal asthma, and bouncing wooden boxcars that drove the Eastern **marshalling** managers to distraction.

Though it later overdeveloped into a **transcontinental** conglomerate empire, earning and disposing of land grants equal in area to England and raising hundreds of millions on international markets, the Canadian Northern was never quite respectable. Its use of second-rate equipment was a standing joke to all but the farmers who relied on it. The government that took it over in 1918, when money starvation had **fat-**
14 Books In Canada. February, 1977

ally affected both its local alliances and its transcontinental obligations, **seemed** to recoil at the contact; Ottawa's agents were inclined to take its **shares** as virtually worthless, and were annoyed to **receive a report praising the condition** of the property.

The fact is that William Mackenzie and Donald Mann, the line's **legendary** promoters, represented a style of **entrepreneurial capitalism** for which **Canadians seem to reserve a special hell**. Men of **opportunity** whose far-flung enterprises ranged from the **Toronto** Street Railway to Brazilian Traction, **China** to Birmingham, they **stood convicted** in the universal imagination (pricked by such disinterested luminaries as **Shaughnessy** of the CPR) of **hiding** among their numerous companies, habitually laying track to secure local elections, skimping construction to line their pockets. Saints they were not; but when Sir William died in 1923 his house and Packard had to be sold off against the bankers' claims, and the remains of **Sir** Donald were scarcely better-heeled.

A sometime Ottawa **archivist**, Professor **Regehr** comes to his task as above all a **skilful sorter** and disposer of facts. What rehabilitation Mackenzie and Mann receive at his hands is not in passionate argument but by way of an occasionally **enervating** parade of data. **A comparable quiet**, and in the long term telling, assault is made on the myth that all the **Laurier** railways were fated to be draped around the long-suffering necks of our fathers.

He could have added bite to his argument by giving us somewhat more on the **Laurier** railway, the disastrous **National Transcontinental that made the CNR look like** an assembly of church elders. He could have **better** integrated into general history such forays as his account of the 1911 revolt of the "Toronto Eighteen" led by none other than the CNR solicitor. He could have bound hi. 543 pages with a stronger pattern of summary and restatement.

These are cavils. What Regehr has done, and done undeniably well, is to **give us the story of a railroad. And we no longer need the perorationists** of the National School to tell us that such stories add up to the story of the country's development.

Unhappily, the book is only **partially** published. It **comes** short-discounted at close on 30 bucks. So don't bother looking for it in any but the most philanthropic of bookstores. □



Somebody bet on de Bay

Hudson's Bay 'Company **Miscel-lany 1670-1870**, edited by Glyndwr Williams, The Hudson's Bay Record Society, Vol. XXX, 244 pages with maps and index, limited edition to subscribers.

Trading For **Milady's Furs: in the service of the Hudson's Bay Co. 1923-1943**, Western Prairie Producer Books, 252 pages, \$9.95 cloth **illus-trated** (ISBN 0-919306-57-8).

By JEAN JOHNSTON

THIS 30TH VOLUME of the Hudson's Bay Record Society takes the form of a commemorative volume, marking the end of an era, for with the removal of the archives from **London**, England, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, future volumes will be issued under the aegis of the Society's first Canadian General Editor.

The Hudson's Bay **Record** Society **was** originated in the 1930s to allow scholars access to documents in the Company archives. Canadian scholars have taken active parts during the 40 or so years of publication, as they have in the compiling of this present volume. **Shirlee** A. Smith, Honorary Secretary, now Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company at Winnipeg spent several years in London sorting **and packing** the material for shipping.

This 30th volume is made up of separate documents covering a **200-year** period. The **first** set is a **one-year** journal, 1705-06 by Anthony **Beale**, **Governor** at Albany, and the **earliest** journal that survives. The second document is an anonymous account by a company officer (perhaps Samuel **Hearne**) of the **taking** of Prince of Wales Port by a French Squadron in 1782. The thii is a narrative by James **Tate**, a Company **labourer** at a post north of Rain9 Lake, who fell into the hands of the **Nor-westers**, 1809-11. The **last** section is devoted to Governor George Simpson's celebrated "**Character Book** of 1832."

All documents **are** fully edited with introductions by the General Editor Glyndwr Williams, Queen's College, London. The **three** journals are written in a laconic, unpretentious style, yet in these daily **records** is a lot of **unex-**

pressed drama. Of particular interest is the journal of James Tate, describing his capture by the Norwesters and removal to Montreal as witness for a murder trial, despite the fact that Canadian jurisprudence did not extend at that time beyond Lake Superior.

Reading *Trading for Milady's Furs*, a modern account of a Hudson's Bay Company servant, transports one back to the beginnings of the fur trade. Jack Milne could have been Anthony Beale, Governor at Albany, 1705, so little had the methods, customs and policies changed up until the 1940s.

This book is written in good narrative style with considerable suspense and some hard facts. However, after World War II, the wilderness did change rapidly. The Alaska Highway was built and airplanes took the place of dog teams. Jack Milne saw more changes in his 20 years, with the Hudson's Bay Company than occurred in the previous 250 years. □

Ho, ho, ho, Mrs. Patteson

William Lyon Mackenzie King, Volume III, 1932-49, *The Prism of Unity*, by H. Blair Neatby, U of T Press, 366 pages, \$19.95 cloth (ISBN 0-8020-5351-5).

The Age of Mackenzie King, by Henry Ferns and Bernard Ostry, with a new introduction by John Meisel, James Lorimer & Co., 358 pages, \$15 cloth (ISBN 0-88862-115-9) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0-88862-114-0).

By ALASTAIR SWEENEY

WHY SUCH A dull, colourless, sadsack of a prime minister as William Lyon Mackenzie King should have been the subject of so many biographies in recent years is a dismal commentary on the state of the art, particularly as so many other figures in our national mythology remained unneologized.

Why indeed.

Perhaps it is because Mackenzie King was a precise mirror of the country and its times, of the first half of that century which was reputed to belong to Canada.

That in itself is fascinating.

In the third volume of the official biography of King, Blair Neatby, with his customary moderation and objectivity, continues the odyssey, and we follow Willie through the Depression years, first in opposition, then again as Prime Minister, against the inter-

national backdrop of Ethiopia, Spain, Munich, and finally Poland. We are given, in vivid and at times elegant prose, the story of a master politician bullhounding his way back into power, and a lonely, pitiable figure constantly shoring up defenses against the dark.

There is much to be learned in Neatby's account of "The Liberal Response to the Depression." of King's late (1938) conversion to government by deficit financing (add Keynes and stir), and of the perennial problem of Western discontent, which prompted O. D. Skelton to write to him warning of "extreme assertions of provincial power, tendencies to adopt an arbitrary and semi-fascist attitude, increasing distrust of the East on the part of the Western provinces. . . . The disintegration of Canada is proceeding fast." That was the year (1937) that King allowed the Bank of Canada to bail out the governments of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, who were about to go bankrupt. We got the King we deserved, and he led us out of the Depression on the coattails of a world economy gearing up for war.

I really hate to bring this up again, but Mackenzie King's forays into the spirit world are and always will be his most fascinating aspect. Neatby's chapter, "Beyond Politics," gets more gold from the vein already mined so profitably by C. P. Stacey. He quotes one letter in which King rationalized his psychical research by suggesting he engaged in it for "diversion and relaxation, and I should add, inspiration." However, after a 1933 table-tapping session with valiant old Dr. Arthur Doughty, the Dominion Archivist, in which kind messages were received from his parents and dead siblings, King declared that "there can be no shadow of a doubt as to their genuineness."

King was a man desperately in need of reassurance, and he was driven into the hands of mediums by this need. We have already seen glimpses of his sexual frustration and repression in Stacey's book, and spiritualism also helped him to rationalize this weakness. There is a lovely passage in Neatby where King and Joan Patteson slide dangerously close to falling in physical love under the influence of the seance. Mrs. Patteson wants to stop the seance, but King urges her to continue "for scientific purposes." Perhaps the earth moved, perhaps not; at any rate, the next eight, the couple hold another seance and draw back into — you guessed it — spiritual love.

In spite of all the recent work about King, a lot of nagging questions remain, about his spiritualism and his capacity to govern. It was as if a petty Roman Emperor who made decisions after a detailed examination of rancid goose entrails were dragged into the 20th century to lead Canada out, of the

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Depression and through the Second World War. I think the time has come for some enterprising psychiatrist to write what might be described as a psychobiography of King, for it seems obvious that he was a very curious type of paranoid schizophrenic who could survive very well working within the pmps of the prime ministership. within the role he strove for and won with such all-consuming passion.

If we, dear readers, believe spiritualism is largely a Fraud, and that mediums are, without exception, charlatans. how are we to account for King's success in calling forth "Gladstone," "Laurier," "Madame Curie," and whoever? Was someone manipulating King (I mean, someone apart from the Skelton in his closet) or trying to influence him along certain lines (delight. O ye paranoids and conspirators!). or was King just expressing and experiencing wish-fulfillment via autohypnosis. as he himself wonders when "Gladstone" wrongly predicts Hitler's assassination at the hands of a Polish sniper?

Was King fit to govern? Is anybody?

If you want an antidote to the official biography, try the new improved Ferns & Ostry, guaranteed 100 percent free of Picketsgill. *The Age of Mackenzie King*, their projected multi-volume epic, was abandoned in 1955 with the publication of this, its first volume, which takes King's career up to 1919, when he tint won the leadership. Why Ferns and Ostry abandoned the project we may never know, but what they left has delighted thousands of Canadian students during the past two decades. It is a young men's book, with little or no forgiveness, and no holds barred. It relates, in true muck-raking style, King's interest in settlement houses, "industrial relations," keeping the Indians out of Canada, and what can only be described as riding shotgun for the Rockefellers in Colorado. In spite of this, some genuine concern for the welfare of society does come through, even through the mumbo-jumbo of turn-of-the-century sociology that King sometimes spouts.

Ferns & Ostry now is available in paperback. After you've read it, trek out and buy a copy of *Industry and Humanity*, King's *Mein Kampf* (in paperback from U of T Press), an incredible guided tour of the starry heavens of "industrial relations," complete with maps and cosmological charts that make the log-book of *Starship Enterprise* look like the side panel of a box of Red River Cereal. □



A Dear John Bull letter

Britain and Canada: Survey of a Changing Relationship, edited by Peter Lyon, Frank Cass & Co., 191 pages, \$22.50 cloth (ISBN 0-7146-3052-7).

By DAVID LEWIS

THIS VOLUME, apparently intended to promote relations between Britain and Canada, ends with an irritatingly presumptuous and supercilious, essay, mainly on Canada and Canadians, by a British Tory MP and journalist. Mr. Nigel Lawson, the essayist in question, succeeds in justifying Canadian historical uneasiness about the superior attitude of some Englishmen. Mackenzie King's well-known "I know that British crowd" lived again in the pages of this essay. Not an auspicious ending for the book. This review probably still suffers from the annoyance the last chapter evoked.

However, Mr. Lawson does serve one useful purpose. He makes explicit the attitude of British Conservatives toward the present Commonwealth. He says: "The British are becoming increasingly sceptical of the value of keeping the Commonwealth in existence; above all if this means keeping it going on Canada's terms." The phrase "on Canada's terms" obviously refers to our opposition to the Suez adventure in 1956 and our support of the black Commonwealth nations against the policies of South Africa and Rhodesia. The author suggests by implication that he and others like him in Britain prefer Australia, which, according to him, knows its place and acts accordingly. If it were not for one's knowledge that not all British think like Mr. Lawson, one's attitude to Anglo-Canadian relations would be seriously affected.

The book apparently grew out of a colloquium held in 1971 on the subject of the changing relationship between Britain and Canada. That the relationship is not only changing but also is changed is surely obvious. For both countries the United States is more important today than the Commonwealth partner in trade, in investment? in defence, and in international policy. No longer the head of an empire, Britain's desire to remain an international influence and to reduce its dependence on America has turned her attention to

Europe and the possibility of some form of economic and, eventually political union. The simple fact is that the European Community and NATO are much more important to Britain's survival than the rather amorphous and basically unstable relations in the Commonwealth.

The same sort of development has obviously been true for Canada. Neither in the area of economics and politics nor in the domain of defence is Britain our most important ally — or threat, depending on one's attitude toward American dominance. for it is the United States that now occupies first place in all our external, as well as many of our internal considerations.

In short, the elements that give our present relations with Britain their special character are not the usual trade and defence concerns; they are historical and sentimental attachments. That doesn't make them less strong or less real; it does, however, make them less susceptible to quantitative analysis.

Having stated the above rather obvious truisms, 'what remains to be said? The truisms are repeated in different ways in the book and from time to time one finds an interesting picture of past relations and an illuminating glimpse into likely future developments.

After an introduction by Peter Lyon, the editor, and a summary report of the conference held in 1971, there are 12 essays? five by British and seven by Canadian authors. The three essays most worth reading are by Canadians. James Eays writes a puckish piece titled "The Roots of Irritation" which builds around the phrase "prickly irritability," a description of post, and presumably present, diplomatic dealings between Canada and Britain. John Holmes writes a more substantial analysis of the relations between the two countries, which discloses his training as a diplomat as well as his tightly logical mind. The story of Canada's determined inching toward independence in foreign affairs is highlighted in a well-written biographical sketch of O. D. Skelton as one of the most important architects of Canada's policy against imperial control of foreign affairs.

On the whole, however, the book is not a success. The authors are all distinguished people in Britain and Canada but the scope of the book is simply too large. It attempts to cover every aspect of the relations between the two countries within a book of fewer than 200 pages and by more than a dozen different writers. The result is unavoidably uneven and at times repetitious. In any case, why wring hands about the changing relations? They are now normal and equal, no longer maternal authority requiring filial respect. The less we take them apart the longer they will remain warm. □

Saint George and the Dragon

**Diplomacy And Enterprise:
British China Policy 1933-1937**, by
Stephen Lyon Endicott, U.B.C. press.
209 pages, \$10.05 cloth (ISBN
0-7748-0036-4).

By K. T. FANN

THIS IS A STUDY of British China Policy shortly before the Second World War. During this period the British were pre-occupied with the rise of Fascism in Europe and in China the Communists and the Kuomintang were locked in a life-and-death battle. Meanwhile Japanese imperialism was moving into northern China and preparing to launch an all-out attack to subjugate the whole country. One may wonder why anyone would want to write a book on the seemingly insignificant subject of British China Policy 1933-37 which ended in a complete failure. As one reads along, however, one soon realizes that the choice of the topic displays a brilliant scholarly insight. For the normal workings of imperialism are seen even more clearly during a time of relative calm in an area of relative insignificance.

Stephen Endicott, son of a famous Canadian missionary, was born in China and grew up there between the two world wars. He combines his special personal interest in the period with impeccable scholarship. Researching a mass of recently opened British Cabinet, Foreign Office, Treasury, Admiralty and other documents for the period, and numerous interviews with British business leaders of the time, Endicott has pieced together an amazing and hitherto unknown picture of British business and diplomatic activities in China which throws new light on the nature of imperialism in a semi-colony.

China was never a direct colony of Britain (except Hong Kong and some concessions in the Treaty Ports) but Britain's strong commercial and military presence since the Opium War placed China in the position of a semi-colony. In the '30s British predominance in Central and South China was under challenge from Chinese

nationalism on the one hand and Japanese imperialism on the other. In the context of a declining world-wide empire, Britain's dilemma in China was to find a way to preserve her business interest without the necessary military capability. The author describes in great detail and with unusual lucidity the complex and fascinating process of the British attempt to formulate a workable Far East policy in an impossiblesituation.

We see the struggle in London between the Foreign Office and the Treasury which resulted in the kind of twist and turn in British China Policy reminiscent of American Vietnam policy in the '60s. If *Diplomacy and Enterprise* had been published in the late '30s, it would no doubt have had the same kind of effect on British politics as the *Pentagon Papers* did on American politics: On the one hand Britain was actively supporting the Nationalist Chinese government of Chiang Kai-shek in Nanking. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, the cabinet's chief economic adviser, headed a mission in 1935 to advise Nanking on financial matters. Chiang, T.V. Soong, H.H. Kung and other big comprador capitalists welcomed the mission. But on the other hand Britain actively sought ways to appease and cooperate with Japan in the vain hope Japan would leave the British sphere of influence alone. Thus we see that notorious compromiser Neville Chamberlain, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, doing a trial-run of his Munich tactics in China by accepting Japan's puppet

Manchukuo and her 'rights' in North China.

This book is not just a first-rate historical study, it is above all an important contribution to the theory of imperialism. The weight of evidence uncovered by Endicott supports Lenin's theory of economic imperialism and it also provides a vivid illustration of Mao's dictum "Make trouble, fail, make trouble again, fail again ... till their doom; that is the logic of the imperialists and all reactionaries the world over. . ." The British China policy in the '30s failed but it did not fail for the lack of trying. Dr. Endicott's book is highly recommended for anyone who is concerned with modern imperialism. □

Tarmac and feathering

Lemon-Aid: 1977 Edition, by Phil Edmonston, Musson, 289 pages, \$4.50 paper (ISBN 0-7737-1012-4).

By PETER SUCH

SOCIAL HISTORIANS tell us that the age of chivalry in Europe collapsed because productivity became geared almost completely to a wasteful end — the maintenance of knighthood and its elaborate rituals. It took the full-time labour of approximately 40 people to hoist one knight onto his mount so that he could gallop to unseat another. As

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one looks at the **clogged** and polluted asphalt **alleyways** of our cities, it's easy to imagine them as lines of **armoured** steeds blazoned with crests and useless adornments pawing and snorting in the queue to the jousts. (Ever wonder why the English still drive on the **left**?)

The private automobile, responsible for nearly one half of America's **economic activities**, entered its **Corinthian** period sometime in the 1950s and gives all the signs of soon expiring as a meaningful social and aesthetic **modality**. It will give its final **shudder once the car companies** realize they are not in the car-making business but are in 'the transportation business. Meanwhile, your **average** driver no longer dreams of winding a purring '36 Jaguar through the **Moyen Corniche**, but instead **resentfully curses his self-imposed bondage** to a Ford dying of body-cancer in the shadow of Windsor's smokestacks. How to get **out** and away from the insistent seat-belt buzzer is his aim, and **maybe** retire, **if he can find** one leftover from the Niagara Parkway. In driving a jitney in an apple orchard.

In this rust-out period, as we 'wait for the good's chrome temples to be dismembered, it's going to be every man for himself and to hell with the **crow-wheel and pinion**. **Luckiest will be those who** sell their steed for horsemeat and take **the** subway. But for those who must, at least for the **nonce**, remain unwilling acolytes at the altar of **conspicuous** waste, the best guerrilla handbook to go by is **Phil Edmonston's 1977 edition of Lemon-Aid**.

Edmonston's book has good general **tips that are as valuable as the usual price** and mechanical-breakdown predispositions that form the core detail of such publications. **For instance, if you must become a partner** in grime with one of these noisy contraptions, don't buy a **new one**; buy one **two years old from a private owner who has maintained it well**. (Mileage in this case is **insignificant**. In **fact**, unusually low **mileage** could spell trouble, a little old lady driving to church on Sundays is about the worst thing that can be done **to** a modern car.) Which makes to buy? **Lots** of sound tips on that too, but I won't name names since I'm still looking myself. **Other general tips** cover the uses and abuses of "hidden" warranties on various models that owners can take advantage of, even if they were not the original purchaser. "Under a **strict** interpretation of **product** liability, the **manufacturer cannot** limit this liability to mileage, elapsed time, or number of prior owners." Precedents in **small-claims and other lower courts** augur well for **really** big suits in higher courts soon, and the **manufacturers are really running** for cover. You might get **more** satisfaction these days than ever before if you insist hard enough.

18 Books in Canada, February, 1977

The basic stuff includes those "secret" retail-wholesale price lists — confidence-boosting if in the market to buy, deflating if you intend to sell. The list of recommended and crooked dealers I found sketchy and **unhelpful**; but **this is an area that Edmonston, president** of the Automobile Protection Association; **has only recently** begun **investigating** in detail. Everyone, in the meantime, should read and practice "self-defence against deceptive **practices**." How **amazing it seems** now that all these years we've accepted the **notion** that somehow a car shouldn't have a clear-cut price tag, like a toaster or a **fridge**.

This book is a **great demystifier**. What's clear is that the car god has faulty

brakes. Unfortunately (oh human fallibility!) a book of this kind, so concerned with producers' **responsibilities**, **so** stem and severe in its **judgements on product shoddiness**, has not, as is said of the priest, "**recked its own med**." **Besides** several typographical errors and obvious price misquotations, it came to this **reviewer** in such a state that one leapt in a whisk of the eye from page 52 to **page 85**, read on gamely to page 116, then **discovered** he was **expected to read page 53** (until, that is, he got to page 84, at which **point** he found himself able to **proceed** relatively **sequentially** from page 117 to the end). **Recalls, anyone?** □



Photograph from *We don't live in snow houses now: Reflections of Arctic Bay*, edited by Susan Cowan, Canadian Arctic Producers Ltd. (Hurtig), 192 pages. \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0-920234-00-3).

Topping off the gift-book tower

By BRIAN VINTCENT

HERE'S **HOPING** the gift book season, recently terminated, was an embarrassment of riches for you and yours, and that the review in these pages (December, 1976) of what the publishers had to offer proved a useful guide to that tower of books. Tardy waifs and strays of the Christmas trade have been raising that initial stack ever higher, and in the interests of year-round giving (how about Septuagesima and Ash Wednesday just coming up?) here follows the final sheaves of the harvest.

Was the settlement of Canada's West quite as orderly and free of physical violence as Jean Bruce's *The Last Best West* (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, \$15) suggests? She has combined period photographs and brief related texts into an illustrated documentary of the boom

years in Western immigration between 1896 and 1914. The government took almost anyone, but surely those freshly scrubbed young Englishmen posing decorously on chairs in the empty prairie didn't last long. Not like that group of tough peasant women from Eastern Europe pulling a plough in another picture. And the violence? Well, one Englishwoman with a headache got dragged into the train aisle by a lusting newsboy. Such misadventures presumably went with the territory.

Yukon (Prentice-Hall, \$35) is also a book about frontier living, but in the present-day mode. Jack Hope records his impressions of the people and places of that barren wilderness and the result is a hodge-podge of description and opinion about all manner of things including starry-eyed gold diggers remembering the Klondike, mad makers who hate the environmentalists, and cranky ecolo-

gists who hate everyone. There's a lot of wind in Hope's style and this blurs his word portraits, but Paul von Baich's photographs are crystal clear and the best of them present the empty, intimidating land in panoramic vistas.

After that harsh experience, it's comforting to return to nostalgia for the past with Lyn and Richard Harrington's *Covered Bridges of Central and Eastern Canada* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, \$10.95) and Elizabeth A. Willmot's *Meet Me at the Station* (Gage, \$14.95). This latter confines itself to Ontario and while railway enthusiasts will lap it all up with its photographs of train stations—many abandoned—and descriptive text accompanying each, others will find the “it's-nice-to-remember” tone cloying. *Covered Bridges of Central and Eastern Canada*, on the other hand, tries to do more than raise an ache for the past. The Harringtons are members of the League for Rural Renewal in New Brunswick and their book, while being a record in words and pictures of the covered bridges they have found, also tries to suggest ways to preserve them.

Canada's mills—grist, saw, water or wind—have fared as badly as the covered bridges and few remain. But Carol Priamo went out and found them all and photographed them and documented them and more or less made mills the centre of her universe. The result of all this severe dedication is a text accompanying her pictures of such historical thoroughness, such technical density and thick thinking that *Mills of Canada* (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, \$27.50) is in danger of not being read because of its difficulty. Which would certainly be a new one for the coffee table book trade. There's been a move away from the mindlessness of glossy books recently and Carol Priamo is certainly in the vanguard of that little procession. People with less earnest feelings towards mills may be content with the pretty pictures.

And last is yet another wildlife book. Oh dear, oh dear you say. But Bill Brooks's *Wildlife of Canada* (Hounslow Press, \$9.95) has an individual character all its own. He has a particular knack of catching his animals with a revealing expression on their faces, one that gives them personality. He has, as well, some mysterious technical skill—possibly known to other photographers—whereby his textures acquire a rich, glistening surface. It is certainly one of the season's best wildlife books; the photographs are accompanied by brief, chatty texts that will insult no one's intelligence.

And that tops off my tower of gift books, now swaying dangerously. Any more and it will topple. So that's that. Until next Christmas of course, when it all starts over again. If you can bear it. □

Lubaiyat of an on-shore cartel

The Big Tough Expensive Job: Imperial Oil and the Canadian Economy, edited by James Laxer and Anne Martin, Press Porcépic, 256 pages, \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0-88878-123-7).

Oil: The History of Canada's Oil and Gas Industry, by Ed Gould, Hancock House, illustrated, 288 pages, unpriced.

By BARRY LORD

SO YOU READ Jim Laxer's *The Energy Poker Game* in 1970, and you kept up with Philip Sykes' *Sellout* in '73, and you even dutifully pondered *Canada's Energy Crisis* by Laxer again two years ago. Do we really need *The Big Tough Expensive Job* to tell us all over again how the U.S.-run cartel of big oil companies controls Canada's resources for their profit and our eventual destruction as an industrial nation?

The answer, for bad and good reasons, is yes.

The most alarming bad reason is that the oilgarchs are up to greasy new tricks. After assuring our governments and everyone else for 25 years that there were practically inexhaustible reserves of oil and gas just waiting to be exploited all over the country, so as to justify to the National Energy Board their massive exports to the insatiable U.S. market, they have suddenly changed their corporate tune. They now tell us, in ads like the Imperial Oil promo from which the title of this book is taken, that we are desperately short of these essentials and that the only way they can get money to find any more is to raise our domestic oil prices to the inflated international level.

Even more pressing, and depressing, is the fact that the hour is at hand for our Liberal government and the NEB to sell us out once again, but this time in the biggest and potentially most damaging ripoff of them all, the Mackenzie Valley pipeline. As writer after writer in this collection of essays makes amply clear, Canada doesn't need such a pipeline for at least 10 to 12 years; we can stop gas exports to the U.S. and develop more accessible secondary reserves to solve our immediate shortages, and then use the time to study the environmental effects of pipeline building, meet the just demands of the Dene, Inuit, and other native peoples on whose land pipes are to be laid, and select a pipeline route that will really serve Canadian needs.

The only country whose “national interest” the Mackenzie Valley pipeline

serves is the one you've already guessed. In fact, after the first few years the line would carry almost exclusively Alaskan gas from Prudhoe Bay down to the other 48 mainland states.

Not only are the NEB and the government, as ever, digging the political trench for this most expensive of betrayals. By meeting the U.S. companies' demands for higher prices, by granting tax concessions for exploration that the companies are actually doing less and less, and by misusing the Canada Development Corporation and Petro-Can to pay for exploration and development in projects like the Athabasca Tar Sands, while the big U.S. companies pick up the production, distribution, and export profits, Ottawa is making sure that we pay most of the cost of this American necessity.

Fortunately, there are happier reasons why you should buy this book. The leading Canadians concerned with this issue have at last organized themselves into the Public Petroleum Association of Canada, and Laxer and Martin have brought together here the results of two conferences and several other activities of the new group. As John Smart points out in a brilliant contribution on “The Public Enterprise Tradition in Canada,” this is entirely in keeping with the history of the popular movements that originally established public ownership in Ontario Hydro, the CBC, and many other aspects of Canadian life that contrast with our relentlessly free-enterprising neighbours to the south.

So it's heartening that the book, and the PPAC, have drawn together a spectrum of economic nationalists, ranging from the inevitable Walter Gordon and the always-solid Eric Kierans through Ontario Federation of Labour President Cliff Pilkey to a fascinating convert from the ranks of the Canadian comprador oil bosses, Bruce Willson. Dave Godfrey's “Documentary” interviews with Willson, with a heating-fuel company president whom the banks and big oil are conspiring to break, and with Godfrey's own heating-oil delivery man in Erin, Ont., are gems that bring the economic data to life. Here we even find David Lewis, whose subservience to U.S.-run unions made him Laxer's and the Waffle's chief enemy in the New Democratic Party only a few years ago.

Lewis, the *Toronto Star*, the NDP, the CIC and the UAW are all now agreed with at least 51% of the population (according to the latest Gallup Poll) that

the U.S. oil companies, beginning with Exxon's Imperial, ought to be nationalized. Walter Gordon won't go quite that far, but the PPAC platform printed at the end of the book does offer at least a start on solutions to the basic problems the book raises.

The collection's main shortcoming — and a surprising one — is that no native spokesmen are included. Perhaps the PPAC and the editors thought that their claims (which are supported by the PPAC program) would be amply publicized in the Berger Commission hearings. But the omission is glaring.

Nonetheless, this is a little, tough, inexpensive book that calls for action. If

you plan just to put it on the shelf beside the others, maybe you don't need to bother. But if you care about the country, you should read it, support the PPAC, and help us get what's left of our oil and gas back.

As for Gould's *Oil, we can* safely leave it to the coffee tables of the oil-company executives' wives. Sprinkled with more than 300 mostly inconsequential photographs, it's a lush, poorly written grease job that tries to avoid taking sides on this vital subject, where the battle has long since been joined. There's a technical glossary and a detailed index at the back, but the word "cartel" doesn't appear in either. □

for polemic. I find myself hoping, for example, that people who were involved with one party or another in, say, difficult negotiations that involved the company, the Quebec and Newfoundland governments, and the world of finance will find occasions to make what they will no doubt consider corrective statements to Smith's account of the way things were.

I would have felt more comfortable had there been a preface telling me something about how the book came to be written. It's a sort of biography of a company that perforce gives a certain priority of emphasis to the company point of view, although not in a sycophantic way. But what degree of cooperation and support did Smith receive from the company and its officers? Is the book in any sense authorized by the company?

Philip Mathias' study of the 1974 takeover of Price Co. by Abhibi Paper Co. begins with an introductory passage of three paragraphs, one of which goes as follows:

The takeover condition, like the profit motive that fuels it, is fundamental to all corporations, and it most closely resembles the human sex drive — an irresistible urge to couple that is capable of creating new life. As with sex, the takeover drive is an integral part of the corporate psyche, intensified by a gland-like corporate-development department where MBA's feed into the corporate bloodstream esoteric financial analyses of suitable mating partners, tempting the executive head to want one.

Gracious me. Well, this kind of silliness leaves the succeeding 287 pages with nowhere to go but up, but the extent of the improvement is not impressive.

Takeover purports to take the reader, day by day, through the 22 days between the time takeover was thought up and the time it was concluded. Mathias has unfortunately got hold of the idea that it is chic these days for journalists to borrow the techniques of fiction. I have gloomy suspicions about his tastes in fiction.

There is much to be said for the deft use of concrete detail — a meal menu, the furnishings of an office, a man's weekend recreation, a geographical setting — to provide glimpses of insight into the characters or issues an author is trying to illuminate. Smith, for one, sometimes uses such details quite competently. But in Mathias' hands, such details become another of the intrusive affectations that make almost every page of his book so grating:

During soup, Baillie dropped his question as nonchalantly as he could: "By the way, what do you think about what's been happening with the stock-exchange exemption?" But it wasn't Kimber who took the bait, it was Grover, and he expounded on the subject for half an hour, clear through the soup, the club sandwiches and the coffee.

What price Brincomanship?

Brinco: The Story of Churchill Falls, by Philip Smith. McClelland & Stewart. 392 pages. \$15.95 -cloth (ISBN 0-7710-8184).

Takeover. by Philip Mathias. Macmillan. 287 pages, \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88896-037-91).

By HARVEY SHEPHERD

RESOURCE-BASED industries such as pulp and paper and hydra-electricity are central to the economy of Canada, to the politics of Canada, and to the romance of Canada. The subjects of these two books involve questions that continue to be of the greatest importance for Canadians. From such books, Canadians have the right to hope for some flashes of insight into what their country really is. Neither of the two books rises to this challenge. But the failure of one is relative and honorable, while that of the other is ignominious.

I suspect that Philip Smith was sustained through the labours of preparing his 381 pages of text by a visceral sense of the history and drama of the events he describes in the development of the mighty Churchill Falls hydroelectric project in Labrador, which began supplying power to Quebec at the end of 1971. But I do not find that the book conveys as much as it should of that sense of history to a moderately well-informed reader.

The author probably would have done better had he been able to let his data arrange themselves into patterns of significance in his mind before he committed his thoughts to paper. His respect for information, something one does not always find in journalists, does him credit. But a sense of thesis or pattern is probably necessary to keep a reader's interest high throughout such a book.

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As it is, the author has tried to tell his story pretty much in chronological order. But since the story was one in which various financial, political, and engineering developments were proceeding simultaneously, he has to keep switching back and forth, bringing us up to date, sometimes looking ahead. I found the book hard to follow at times and lacking a dramatic ebb and flow.

This is not to say that *Brinco* is a bad book. It is a workmanlike one and its author does not keep standing obtrusively between his subject and his reader. There is plenty of material to fire what imagination the reader himself may bring to the book. One of the important figures is René Lévesque, then Minister of Natural Resources in the Quebec government and a man who favored a rather tough line in negotiations with the company.

But there is much more food for thought than that. How quickly times have changed with regard to energy, for example, when less than 20 years ago a group of leading businessmen with a potential huge source of cheap energy was worrying about finding a market. The story of *Brinco* is part of the era in which provincial governments, especially in the less wealthy provinces, dreamt of economic salvation through massive infusions of foreign capital, a dream that often turned to disillusionment. There is also the question of whether a privately owned utility can ever survive and serve the public in today's political and economic climate. The story of *Brinco* is one of international capital and local governments, still a subject of the greatest interest. Environmental issues are at least touched on. In engineering terms, the project must be described in superlatives.

The book itself is not one of polemic but it deserves to become a focal point

Much the same less-than-masterful touch is evident in the direct dialogue, on which Mr. Mathias relies heavily and which he acknowledges to be partly fabricated:

"Those blasted Canadians. It's like playing poker with a lot of cowboys. They certainly know how to play rough." Harmsworth [an Englishman] mused.

Takeover gives few clues about what may have possessed its author to write it. He seems to be generally in favor of corporate concentration for efficiency's sake and to take a generally dim view of anti-combines legislation, especially that of the United States. He drops little tirades on these subjects into his narrative and the notes to it. But he does not do much to show how these opinions are reinforced by the takeover that is the subject of his book.

Two questions are central to Mathias' subject. One is whether the Abitibi-Price merger was in the public interest. The other is the question, an extremely controversial one in investment circles, of the ethics of the method Abitibi used in making its purchase offer to Price shareholders. The narrative and notes in this book touch on both subjects and deal with the question of the stock-purchase offer repeatedly and at some length. But the book does not really come to any conclusion or even shed any great light on either subject.

Subjects such as Smith's and Mathias' have a fascination of their own. If Smith does not succeed in showing us the patterns that underlie his data, at least provides the reader with a tool he can use in seeking them out for himself. But Mathias tries to jazz up his material, as if it were itself dull. The result is that he manages to bore the reader with a fascinating topic. □

Beggar my neighbourhood

The Power to Make it Happen: Mass-based Community Organizing; What it Is and How it Works, by Donald R. Keating. Green Tree Publishing. 246 pages, \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-919476-55-9).

By CHARLOTTE SYKES

THE PERIOD in Toronto from 1969 to 1973 was one of enormous political activity in both working-class and middle-class neighbourhoods. People were discovering that they needn't join a union to find interests in common; they were learning that as downtown neighbours they had the threat of urban

renewal, skyscrapers, and expressways in common.

Don Keating's book is an attempt to describe how the process of organizing people on a neighbourhood level at that time worked. The book fails principally because the interesting parts, what the people actually did and felt, are seen as asides to Keating's larger theories and ideas about organizing and the democratic process. Only two of the 10 chapters are concerned with the actual community; the rest describe endless haggling about the money problems of Keating's organization.

Keating's ideas, like Alinsky's, are simplistic: "I see the essence of democracy as fundamental in life; without it individuals and communities are less than human." Basically, he believes an organizer should build an organization:

Community organizers should be as concerned about building organization as about winning issues. A good part of the purpose in winning is to build the organization on the wins. For this to happen, it is imperative that the people affected by the problems be the ones who do the winning. It is the satisfaction gained from participation in the winning that knits people to the organization and strengthens it. This is the organizing goal that sets mass-based community organization apart from other styles.

Even though the book documents his own failures to keep people in line with an organization that in effect paralleled the city hall structure (but demanded time and work from people), Keating insists that the large, "quasi-institutional" character of mass-based community organizing will lead us to what he calls functional democracy.

Keating's politics seem inconsistent. He has no use for "Mr. Fix-it" politicians, yet became, or was accused of having become, a Mr. Fix-it in his own organization. He seems to believe in grass-roots organization yet the structure of his organization was as rigid as any traditional bureaucracy. He talks about what makes a good organizer yet gives example after example of how he managed to get most of the people in Riverdale at each other's throats. A good three quarters of the book is devoted to the crises his salary demands created.

This is not a how-to-do-it book although that was the author's intention. The book is a mess because, ironically, it is not organized very well. And this is a shame because Don Keating and the Riverdale organization were exciting elements of the political scene at that time.

Small neighbourhood groups have survived and are still active in Toronto, but the dream of a super-group is dead and buried. "In Riverdale we reached a level of community participation that could serve as a guide for those who want to develop a new form of democracy." Against his own evidence, Keating remains a believer. □



Family Quarrel
The United Church
and the Jews
Reuben Slonim

Israel is threatened. Canadian Jews expect the unequivocal support of the United Church. They are disappointed in the "inadequate" response.

After the Six Day War, Israel emerges victorious, invincible. But the war produces a new flood of Palestinian refugees. People who the United Church consider war victims and pawns.

Out of this background and the Canadian attitudes it produced, the United Church-Jewish quarrel erupted.

Reuben Slonim, rabbi, journalist, author, has examined this continuing dispute and the underlying issues that feed it. Canadians need a thorough look at the who, what and why of the strife that divides the citizens of this country. Because we are all members of the family that spawned this quarrel.

FAMILY QUARREL
by Reuben Slonim
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Death on the American plan

The Last Thing You'd Want To Know, by Eric Koch, Tundra Books, 190 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-55776-066-x).

By UTE McNAB

ERIC KOCH's humorous novel is a valuable satire on 20th-century life in America — an America always concerned with new fads and trends where everyone is expected to conform. Then what is the last thing that anyone would ever want to know? The exact date of one's death, of course. Friedrich Bierbaum, the de-Nazified hem of Eric Koch's novel, is exactly in that position. He will die on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1984. The greatest act that he would like to accomplish before he faces his fate, is to write the definitive history of the rise of Sabina Quigg to the 40th presidency of the United States — or, to be more precise, "to tell the inside story of how I tried to prevent a witch from becoming president."

Bierbaum's definitive work is to be completed during the last month of his life — where the manuscript begins. Bierbaum feels an acute sense of obligation to record for posterity his battle for "humanistic rationalism against primitive superstition." When numerous occult sects sprang up in California, he assumed; at first, that they were ephemeral. But he was mistaken. The Deadline Movement became one of the most dangerous ever experienced by America, and it was Bierbaum's role, as chairman of CRUPP (Centre for Research on Urban Policy and Planning — the think tank responsible to the White House), to destroy it and bring forward a respectable Democratic candidate as an alternative.

But Bierbaum's effort to prevent Sabina Quigg from attaining the American Presidency is not the real purpose of the novel. Bierbaum is only Eric Koch's alter-ego narrator and through him Koch asks some very serious questions. The superficial theme is, of course, America's preoccupation with death. Koch treats his subject in a direct way — how people react when they know the date of their death. And at the end of the novel Bierbaum discovers that everyone has adjusted and that the new discovery — that is, ways of forecasting death — have become part of every American's lifestyle, even if the responses they showed were negative.

The underlying theme in *The Last Thing You'd Want To Know* deals with 22 Books in Canada. February, 1977

the conflict between emotional superstition and humanistic reasoning. Koch reveals that the rise of Nazism in Germany was no more and no less important than the rise of Sabina Quigg — as a witch-to the presidency of the United States. Bierbaum refers to Quigg as a "great lady" and "no vulgar fascist" and people find themselves drawn to her just as people in Nazi-Germany had been drawn toward Hitler. Koch satirizes the fact that Americans often have little sense of historical reasoning and he does this by comparing the Hitler and Quigg situations. If people in 1984 found Sabina Quigg to be an appealing president of the United States, why would it be so illogical that people in Germany did not find Hitler appealing in his time?

Bierbaum stresses throughout the novel that the occult and emotional fervour of Sabina Quigg was very difficult to confront. One cannot fight unreason with reason. No one but Bierbaum was in a better situation to judge what was happening in the United States since he had already experienced the fickleness of mankind some decades ago in Germany.

Ironically, Eric Koch portrays the hero Bierbaum as the exact counterpart of Herman Goering — tall and fat, with a double chin and blue eyes. Like Goering, Bierbaum also liked to shout, enjoyed being vain and arrogant, and had a penchant for expensive women. But mentally, Bierbaum was of a different "breed." Whereas Goering felt an obligation towards Hitler and chose to die rather than betray his master, Bierbaum lacked such a sense of obligation towards any cause:

I was in a much more fortunate position, since I did not believe in my cause, and therefore could not betray my. This made it easy for me to hitch my wagon to the American cause, once I realized the Nazis were through, thereby following Bismark's splendid advice never to pursue a lost cause.

But however unlike Goering Bierbaum appears to the reader, Bierbaum can never refrain from asking himself what Goering would have done in his situation. Satirically, Koch is able to define America's inability to accept anyone else who does not sham American "values" as being "sincere."

Underlying the themes of death and politics is an aura of sexuality. Dr. Arabella Sweeney, a former Johns Hopkins professor, is the leading geneticist and a member of CRUPP. Despite being reminiscent of the Nazi era when genetic tests were being carried out in

order to breed a superior race, Dr. Sweeney's role is quite different in Koch's novel. It is she who has devised the scientific Vitatest that will forecast the exact date of death of the American population. Her test becomes the rational, scientific method that was to be the counterpart of the occult-forecasting of Sabina Quigg. Dr. Sweeney becomes Bierbaum's luscious mistress — but only after she is able to tell him the exact date of his death. This "kinky" professor has a moribundi fetish and can only fall in love with older men that know when they are going to die.

The only sane and pragmatic person that stands apart from the whole proceedings is Bierbaum's wife Paula. She is of Prussian origin and steeped in the tradition of *kinder, kirche, küche*, minus the children. She has a great "Putzfimmel" and incessantly cleans her 16-room home. She has not had sex for 30 years and her main joys in life are such devices that make her cleaning and cooking an easier task. Yet it is Paula's sense of reality that conquers in the end, thereby enabling Bierbaum to write the epilogue to the book.

Paula discovers that Bierbaum has an inoperable aneurism and is able to find a Soviet doctor who has discovered a new technique of curing her husband's illness. Paula becomes the *deus ex machina* who defies all-the Deadline Movement, the Occult and even the scientific Vitatest. The reader can almost hear her say, "Wir müssen ein happy ending haben!" She saves Bierbaum from death. In the end, he has already accepted his new "mistress" — Sabina Quigg — the newly elected president who sets Bierbaum and CRUPP to work on the weak economy. Koch's novel is an immensely meaningful and cunningly written book that combines satire with sardonic humour. □

Mary Mary in Don Don Mills

The Mary Hartman Story, by Daniel Lockwood, Gage, 142 pages, \$1.95 paper (ISBN 88373-0987).

By ALAN WALKER

Dear Mom:

Tom and I are having a lovely time in Toronto. Don Mills is so much like Fernwood it's really AMAZING! Wendy's kitchen is beautiful except she has the some problem as we do with waxy yellow buildup and she can't buy

Freakies for breakfast. Her coffee is freeze-dried but up here they add something called "sèche à froid" and it just doesn't taste the same.

Anyway Ma, you remember those movies that that nice Mr. Lear was making in Fernwood? Well, they're on TELEVISION up here! It's really AMAZING! A little network called Global has us on every night at 11 o'clock and Wendy and Craig soy lots of people don't watch the news anymore! They didn't even know who won the election.

Then yesterday the most AMAZING thing happened! Tom and I were buy ine souvenirs. I found this lovely ketchup holder shaped like a tower, with a music box in the bottom, and I saw my picture on the front of a book!

The salesgirl said something about "cashing in on the cult," and that it figured that the distributor was called the Whirlwind Book Company. The cover says it contains "wild tales from Fernwood." Well, Ma, it's just us, but Wendy said she'd really been SHOCKED when she found out about how little Davy massacred the whole Lombardi family and their eight chickens and two goats, and she kept asking me if Grandpa Larkin really was the Fernwood Flasher! Craig wanted to know all about Mona, you know, my

friend the sex therapist who was working on Tom's performance anxiety.

This nice Mr. Daniel Lockwood tells all about our movies. It was so od remembering how Charlie and Loretta crashed into the station wagon full of nuns. Tom got mod when I read him the part about him and Mae Olinsky so I made him a sandwich (Kraft Canadian is just like Kraft American even though theirs is half French).

There are lots of pictures of us with a nice one of you on the telephone. but didn't Mr. Lear soy he wasn't going to use the films they took of Daddy with that girl in Milwaukee?

Mr. Lockwood really is SO intelligent, he talks about Virginia Woolf and Brecht and Candide, and once he said we "combined the worlds of Aristotelian drama and Viennese analysis." whatever that means!

We couldn't understand a chapter about some actress named Louise Lasser but Tom soys when you publish a lot of books in a hurry, sometimes the pages get mixed up.

Anyway Ma, I have to sign off now because Tom soys I should phone you early this evening because there's so much to TELL you! So bye-bye for now.

Love, Mary. □

Brunswick to distribute \$1 million to the poor.

Holmes spends much time on the mechanics of the hijack, and charts the landscape from the Northumberland Strait to Kamouraska with meticulous care. There are assorted alarms and excursions: they hijack the wrong ferry; a woman passenger decides to give birth; and some well-posted attempts at a double cross. In these and other details, the book promises good entertainment; but it stands, and falls, on the portrayal of mastermind Evans and unfortunately, the characteristic that inspired him to a life of crime, that of being a frustrated gentleman in a philistine land, becomes paramount. He bombards the passengers, and us, with lectures on the state of the world, the beauties of the St. Lawrence, and mom quotations than Bartlett ever dreamed of. Even in conversation with his own confederates, he maintains his wretchedly self-indulgent pose. In reply to the American's accusation that he sounds like a "goddamned Brit," he replies:

I confess to having spent a certain amount of time in the Mother Country, Jonathan, even to the extent of bearing British arms. I also admit to an admiration of their style, except when they take themselves too seriously — a fault I have noticed even in you on occasion dear Jonathan. I do hope you will cultivate a little style yourself before you start to save the States. Revolutions are invariably run by such vulgar people.

Beneath such a weight of words, the P.E.I. Ferry sinks, alas, before the hijacking is complete.

By contrast, there are not enough words in *The Chronicles of Uncle Mose* by Ted Russell.

Ask a mainlander to name one Newfoundland literary figure and the reply, invariably, will be E. J. Pratt. Ask a Newfoundlander the same question and the reply would be Ted Russell. The reason is plain. The great age of radio extended in Newfoundland well into the 1960s, until in fact, television and the outports crashed head on, with television winning the first round.

Radio was the medium primarily responsible for Joey Smallwood's rise to power. As "The Barrelman," sponsored by merchant F. M. O'Leary, his tales from the mythical masthead of Newfoundland lore, real and imagined, catapulted him into thousands of kitchens scattered about the dark and isolated shores of the province. He won the hearts and minds of a generation who loyally supported him for two decades until a new generation, who neither listened to radio nor had heard of The Barrelman, precipitously dismissed him.

Ted Russell, teacher, magistrate, minister in Joey Smallwood's first cabinet (he resigned, alarmed at the abuse of democratic privilege), and until recently university professor, also cap-

Atlantic tales, whorts and all

The **Hijacking** of the P.E.I. Ferry, by Jeffrey Holmes, Brunswick Press, 176 pages. \$4.75 paper (ISBN 0-88790-084-4).

The **Chronicles of Uncle Mose**, by Ted Russell, edited by E. Miller, Breakwater Books (Portugal Cove, Nfld.). 112 pages. unpriced (ISBN 0-919948-08-01).

By MICHAEL COOK

THE IDEA is good. Hijacking the P.E.I. Ferry. Many a tourist waiting in an unending line of cars to reach or return from Lucy Maud's Treasure Island must have considered it before dismissing the notion as adolescent fantasy. Of Jeffrey Holmes' new book, one must arrive at a similar conclusion. For what promises to be a racy comedy thriller becomes, as the *Church Times* reviewer used to say of almost everything, a capital book for boys.

Evans, a product of Upper Canada College and the British infantry, a literary snob with delusions of grandeur, accompanied by his civilian batman, Hawes, a one-time corporal in the Yorkshire Regiment, has created a task force of confidence men to provide him

with the accoutrements of a lifestyle to which he feels entitled. In keeping with the terms of Confederation, the other principal members of the Task Force are Mulrooney, a "short, plump, black browed lapsed Catholic from Yarmouth" — watchmaker turned locksmith; and Archer, "tall, gaunt, pale brown Baptist from the Prairies" — a frustrated artist turned forger. The use of adjectives is in the best Boy's Own Paper tradition, and lovers of the genre will not be disappointed.

Evans is also a frustrated actor, and his plan to hijack the ferry is conceived as much to satisfy his craving for centre spotlight as to ensure financial security. For the project he recruits three more members: an American karate expert who wishes to free the United States; a lapsed RCMP officer; and Hubert, a likeable Acadian youth who serves as comic relief, paraphrasing, in true French Canadian music-hall style, Evans' interminable homilies ("Absence makes the fondness grow more hearty" and "Ears have walls"). It's something of a relief when, at the close, Hubert becomes Robin Hood and wanders off into the hinterlands of New

tured the hearts and minds of a generation through the medium of the fisheries broadcasts of the CBC. His purpose was simpler than that of his former friend and colleague. It was, plainly, to share in and celebrate the mystery, ritual, and humour of outport life, a life threatened by the process of change. For nine years he broadcast regularly *The Chronicles of Uncle Mose*, rich and closely observed vignettes of life in Pigeon Inlet and its surrounds, a mythical but immediately recognizable community on the northeast coast of the province. Out of a total of some 600 scripts, this book brings us 37. It is an appetizer, rare and delicate salmon cured over alders in a beach smoke-house, but one craves for more at the end of the book.

Here is the feckless, disreputable, but bumpy Jethroe, Noddy, together with his even more disreputable goat, King David (so called because his biblical namesake had, so they say, a penchant for leaping over walls). Here is Aunt Sophy, bedecked in a new crinoline, caught improbably on the thole pin of a punt; and Paddy Muldoon of heroic stature being pursued by an enraged bull moose; and the Tucker brothers who shared a cow until the one who owned and was responsible for feeding the front end realized that he was not entitled to the products of the rear end.

Kenneth Peacock said Newfoundland is "a distinctive homogenous cultural entity, a nation, possibly the only true English-speaking nation left in North America." Couple that with a definition of myth as "a complex of stories, some no doubt fact, some fantasy, which for various reasons human beings regard as demonstrations of the inner meaning of the universe," and you have the background against which Uncle Mose asserts, through the medium of language, laughter, and gentle philosophy, the essential outport experience. If sometimes there are elements of wistfulness in the book, as Uncle Mose contemplates change and decay, they are tempered with an affirmation of the reality of his own, and thus of Newfoundland's, inheritance. When confronting some American tourists, he calls whorts blueberries because he's been told that's what refined people call them. Unfortunately, the blueberries men red, which meant that they were really green. As the tourists flee in disarm! he ponders the proper meaning of things:

That's why I say we ought to have a dictionary of our own language. Perhaps this new University'll put one together and save us from the danger of forgettin' to talk to one nother and our own children from forgettin' their own language. Let's not let 'em grow up not knowing a bob stay from a top'n lift, or a killick from a piggina, a doughboy from a town, a mashberry from a whort, or a mug up from a scooff. I can tell 'em this, it's a lot simpler callin' things by their proper

names, than tryin' to explain to somebody that something blue is red cause 'tis green.

And it would be much simpler for me to tell you to read this book for sheer enjoyment, rather than try to explain why it is so enjoyable. □

Ale to thee blithe spirit

Fair Days Along the **Talbert**, by Dennis T. Patrick Sears, Musson, 199 pages, \$7.95 paper (ISBN 0-7737-1010-8).

By MARK WITTEN

ONLY THE STINK of sentimentality keeps these yarns from giving us full entertainment value at all times. Sears, who died last fall, stitches his memories of the unsung heroes of another era into 45 choice snippets of tall tale that lie somewhere between the short story and conversation. Although neither as ambitious nor robust as his novel, *The Lark in the Clear Air*, these tales of unexpected vice and virtue are generously spiced with the antics of a special breed of character who lives high on wits and eccentricities alone.

Perhaps as typical as any is Smith, who stars in a gunslinger's version of the tortoise and the hare entitled "A Man Named Smith." It was rumoured that the old ranchhand Smith had slung his gun one too many times near the Arizona-Mexico border and ended up doing time in the state prison at Yuma. When he sees the young Prairie boy (who tells the story) practising his fast draw with a toy pistol, Smith warns him: "The speed-artists are dead and buried. .. The accurate men are still alive." Not long after, the hired man named Stan — whose taste runs to knives-precipitates the classic show-down by bullying the kids while the parents are away. Smith steps in with his slow gun and Stan flees fast. For the boy, the lesson is never forgotten: "I don't know whether Smith was fast, I'll bet he was accurate. I think Stan must have thought so too."

But are these tales really as autobiographical as the jacket copy would have us believe? One of my favorites, "The Bootlegger," concerns the unexpected fate of two sharpies, Tough Moran and Sorley Bee McFayden, who outfox themselves when they steal the goods from the disrict's top bootlegger, Gmssmeir and Son. Would you

be suspicious if Gmssmeir the Younger left a large trunk of booze unattended at the train station? Moran and McFayden should have been. "'She's a might light for liquor,' said Sorley Bee, suspiciously. 'But she rattles well,' grinned Tough." Little do they suspect that what they are about to find are bones not bottles rattling inside. In fact, these are the bones of Grossmeir Senior. To unravel the mystery further, read on.

Whether you believe everything you read or not, some of these characters certainly can be amusing. Undertaker Charlie Bass has his own particular business philosophy: "Charlie's scale of rates was simple: he charged by the pound. 'You see,' he argued, 'I don't make enough on the fat ones. There's that extra wear and tear on the hearse.'" Though perhaps a bit grisly for some tastes, Sears is at his best when his stories look at the world and those in it from the oddest angles. *Fair Days Along the Talbert* may well be autobiographical, but you could never accuse Sears of being too literal about it. He was too much the novelist to deny legend the opportunity to marry with fact. □

Gail and Anne, Tom and Gary, Brenda and Erica

God's **Odd Look**, by Gail Fox, Oberon Press, unpaginated, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-191-5) and \$4.50 paper (ISBN 0-88750-192-3).

The **White City**, by Tom Marshall, Oberon Press, 95 pages, \$7.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-196-6) and \$3.95 paper (ISBN 0-88750-197-4).

Some **Wild Gypsy**, by Brenda Fleet, Borealis Press, 100 pages, \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-919-594-522).

By LEN GASPARINI

ADMITTEDLY THERE is much in' the poetry of Gail Fox, enough heavy introspection that is, to remind one of the late Anne Sexton. What they both share is a raw nerve, a certain agitation of the spirit that emerges and blossoms like a tumor in the confessional style of their work. Although Gail Fox is not quite as adept as Sexton in her use of imagery, she compensates for this lack by a sort of emotional excoriation that sometimes borders on hysteria.

God's *Odd Look* is the fourth book of poems by Gail Fox. It is not a digression from the subject matter of her

earlier work, but rather a splendid culmination of poetic instinct: not a compromise, but a confrontation with the **demons** of the self, the fears and insecurities. She is a woman first, and then a poet:

*So I write my spoken words,
I commune
with paper and hope
that someone will offer
to listen.*

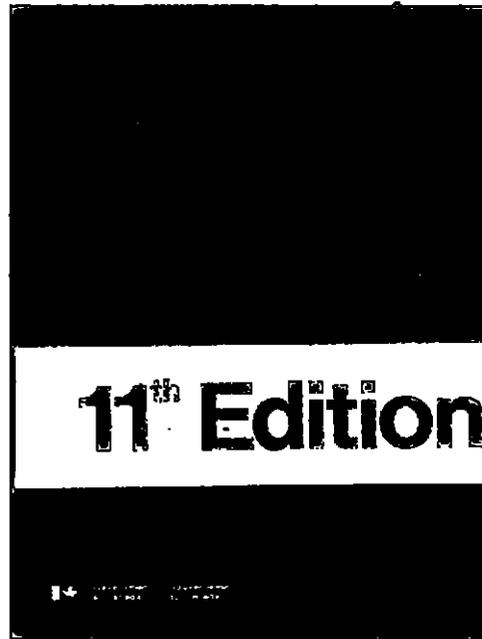
There are **many** poignant and finely constructed pieces in this volume. The lines are somewhat clipped, and this allows for the compressed phrasal rhythms of her syntax. Perhaps **the** most energetic and ambitious poem in this collection is the long "Conversation with Myself." It is a cry of the heart, a **diary** salvaged from the vacuum of nervous breakdowns and the **shadowland** of schizophrenia. What **Fox** does is give it a Chagall-like touch. Most of all, there is an unrelenting honesty about her work, and it **requires** a wild courage to be ready for it. "To treat **all** as my/equal would be a **necessity/To** establish wisdom/ in my heart."

Tom **Marshall's** *The White City* completes the **quartet** he has devoted to the four elements of human existence: **earth**, air, fire, and water. In a hasty preface to this "book of **air**" he says: "I associate air with lightness, openness, joy, the ranging mind, **art**, psychic space: transcendence." I, for one, am disappointed with this **collection**. Having reviewed his previous books, I must admit that I harbored a predetermined judgment when I approached this one.

The White City is a canvas of sketchy impressions, occasionally made vivid **by** the inclusion of Indian myths and legends. The style of the poetry is second-rate **Gary Snyder**. There seems to be a **lack** of coherence, an inattentive awkwardness in rhythm because of the loose structure, as if Marshall were applying random phrases and images to paper in much the same **way** that an action painter slings **colours around**. And **that** is basically the problem with this book of poems. It is a hodgepodge of contrasts, and nothing is sustained **for very long**. "Ojibway Visitation" is, for my stash, the best poem *in* the book. Strange that it is also the opening one. At any rate, I detect a certain laziness, a slackening of the poetic craft. I suspect this may be due to marijuana highs and flips, but whatever the stimulus, the air is still there — and you have to come down to logic. Perhaps Marshall will eventually integrate his material. He has the equipment for **the** epic. The question is: Can he do it?

The title of Brenda Fleet's fourth volume of poems, *Some Wild Gyps*, seems more appropriate **for a** Harlequin romance. Even the cover photograph smacks of *Wuthering Heights*. Not that

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I'm adverse to any aspect of **romanticism**, provided it turns me on, but the **poems** in this book are somewhat **complicated** by a ponderous and academic introduction, an epigraph, and a **preface** by the poet that reads like a **blurb** by Erica Jong for herself. The whole "Earth Mother" business, "mating the sensual with the abstract" is just so much hocus-pocus. and Fleet's poetry **simply** doesn't measure up to "the purely immediate sensual life" or the "metaphysical being of language."

Some Wild Gypsy is in four **sections**, and the last. "The Voice of the Ab-

stud," is **undoubtedly** the best. Poems **such** as "Voyages," "The River," "Sanitorium," and "Longing" are beautifully written. They don't aspire to be something they're not. It's **unfortunate** the other poems didn't follow their example.

There is also a **short** story in this collection. Why Fleet chose to include it, I'll never know. It's sadly **insipid**. I guess the one redeeming **feature** of *Some Wild Gypsy* is the lovely **photograph** of the poet. She's more beautiful than her poetry, which is only skin-deep. •

young radicals instantly pronounced a fascist, though he was nothing of the sort. His basic instincts, questioned personal motives and scoffed at easy **theoretical solutions to social** problems. He endured as a member of the "lunatic fringe" long after the majority of his **student detractors succumbed to the lure** of LIP and OFY and moved off into the federal bureaucracy. When he **plastered** his office door with Zionist **slogans** and his latest poetic missives, his colleagues saw themselves **in print** daily as they walked by his graffiti-scarred door (mostly anti-Semitic graffiti, at that).

The **strength** of this book lies in the **introspective, often questioning poems** that are **conducted around feelings** of frustration and doubt about the destination of the human journey:

THE TARGET

*I am cold,
Trees do not give me pleasure,
nor the garden
waiting for its change of season
Without wife, without children,
I am a creature
without a skin in a fierce rain.
My eyes see nothing,
and my hands
move to no purpose.
Therefore
I ask all those who are alone,
who wear their lives
like a loose garment:
what shall I do
with my days and nights?
what shall I do
in the wee small hours,
when the world becomes a mirror
I cannot look upon.*

I believe that these poems from torment and despair are sadly the most remarkable writing of his career. If you **have patience and are prepared to plough** through **more** than 120 poems, you will find at least 50 that are **worthwhile**, and **20 or 25 of these are of astounding depth** and urgency. **Cooperman** has left **behind** in this **collection** some poems of hope and astonishment, **particularly** his pieces about **fishing**, travel, the beguiling innocence of children, and the lonely **figure** (singer) in the landscape:

*Singers too
surround themselves with landscape, stones*



Stanley Cooperman

Cappelbaum's last bow

Canadian Gothic, by Stanley Cooperman. West Coast Review Books and Intermedia. 127 pages, \$6 paper (ISBN 0-88956-006-4).

By **ALLAN SAFARIK**

LATE INTO THE dregs of a miserable West Coast **spring** that stretched storms into the **months of** summer, poet and professor Stanley **Cooperman** shot himself dead. *Canadian Gothic* is the **final** collection from a frenetic and often controversial figure. Once again **Cooperman** celebrates and castigates with an **obsessive; impatient series of** startling poems that crackle **from** the **scalding** edge of the sabre tongue:

*my voice
comes from somewhere
under my nails
Where it's going
I don't know
I only know that it exists
temporarily: for a
moment it exists*

In his other books (*The Day of the Parrot*, *The Owl Behind the Door*, *Cappelbaum's Dance*, and *Cannibals*) **Cooperman** created a protagonist of self named Cappelbaum. This turbulent character **appears** only three times in this book ("Cappelbaum's Retreat," "Cappelbaum's Report," and "Cappelbaum Takes Out Papers"). This **collection is a great deal less an attack on** enemies and institutions than **are** his other works. **Cooperman** achieves poems of a more contemplative nature by reversing the character, cutting Cappelbaum free to concentrate on his **own personal joys and agonies**. **The best** poems in *Canadian Gothic* are the ones that are stripped of the endless **metaphors** of hard-edged description and absurd separations. **Cooperman** often indulges in a **dance** of precise images arranged in **segments** that seem to have little meaning and **much rant**:

*Always the dance of blood
on clear water
always
the goat footed marching
band
tearing the grass
with their teeth
always
us
with our fingers
around the throat
of the sun*

*Barbed wire
plucked
like daffodils stuffed
like cotton
into the entrails
of Those
Them
their screams
a litany
for our quiet hours*

These poems of strung-out-anguish that lash, bite, and accuse can only be **taken in small doses lest the reader arm** himself with a bottle of aspirin. They **were the standard weapons in** his arsenal at readings; he was a consummate **performer in private and public** life. **Always ready to read a poem**, he **projected** like an actor, or a mad scientist, or a holy man, or all three in **one**; and he could argue **from** an indefensible position for **hours**. During the turbulent years at Simon Fraser University (where he had taught since 1965) **Cooperman revelled** in his role as a contrary. His verbosity and **considerable** argumentative skills often held him **firm in a hostile crowd, whether it be at** a department meeting or as a **drop-in** at a **radical seminar, though I remember him** being bodily thrown from a **Hardial Bains** revival meeting. Usually **Cooperman** would quietly **enter** a back door, take a seat, and sit like a coiled cat waiting for the right moment to attack. He was a kind of hybrid anarchist, urging restraint and order while dishing up incredible **invective and ridicule** from **his own posture of the difficult, different** man. **Cooperman was the type that eager**

to catch the voice:
they drink their tears
and boast of the salt

But energy is simple: the edge
holding us
balanced
in temporary permanence of form
hands moving
over the border of a face:
the fierce delicacy of seeds
each with its own cool fire, each
contained
by line, by shape:
a bulk of rock
surrounded by the sea
the sea rusing unmeasured
into light

These naked well-c&ted poems from a man who said, "I am descended from the Kings of Coney Island," clash against a theme evident in many of the overtly political poems: What am I doing in this country? The title poem, "Canadian Gothic," expresses the abject failure of an alien's attempt to settle into another land:

Why is it, I wonder
they so embrace
all that is flat and dry, all
that rusts into nostalgia as it dies?
the charm perhaps,
of will beyond the flesh?
the fierce heroism of failure?
even their songs, photographs, fables
are struggles to the death:
a fence post broken at the neck,
an arrangement
of barbed wire.
what kind of mouth tastes God
in such services of dust?

their quietest landscapes must kill
something

It is a place I cannot live in,
not for long
we who have died often, know
the laughter of wind among the bones
time
squeezed like an orange
Joseph, old chasid rescue me now:
let us bend all the straight lines
of the world

--until the image of the bereft wanderer-without-a-country is succinctly displayed in five revealing lines:

Margaret Atwood permit me
to introduce myself
"rootless" poet, age
5,735 years:
show me the way to go home

Perhaps one day they will be a carefully edited selected poems chosen from all of Stanley Cooperman's books. Such an edition could be a powerful display of firewords from a poet capable of writing highly energized verse with a unique flair — a poet who might have gained more impact in his time if he had permitted more ruthless editing of his work.

Canadian Gothic has the appearance of a hastily assembled collection. The poems have been set in too small type, the layout is cramped and careless, without much thought as to where poems begin or end, and there is one poem omitted from the index. The book, at \$6 in paper, is overpriced by \$1.0

The brow of their sweat

The Poetry of the Canadian People, 1720-1920: Two Hundred Years of Hard Work. edited by Brian Davis, NC Press. illustrated, 288 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0-919600-51-4) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0-919600-50-6).

By JAMIE HAMILTON

THROUGHOUT history, the dichotomy between the ruling class and the working class has presented its problems. Since the historians, and for the most part, the artists, have been associated with this ruling class, the present view of history and culture is somewhat distorted. For example, we never read accounts of the men who placed the blocks in the pyramids, or those who nailed the spikes that hold the national dream together. On the other hand, we have all seen the famous picture of the driving of the last spike.

When we consider art, or more specifically, poetry, we never look to the man

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who lays the block or hammers the spike. *The Poetry of the Canadian People* attempts to reconcile this situation by demonstrating that there is certainly a working-class poetry in Canada, and that there always has been. Although the editor humbly suggests that the collection is not comprehensive, it is a magnificent beginning at gathering together the rhymes of those who whistle while they work.

Indian and Eskimo work chants and songs, in their respective languages, and with English translations, are followed by the songs of the voyageurs and the *coureurs de bois*, the settlers, lumbermen, farmers, and fishermen. "Without exception these are practical: down-to-earth poems, firmly rooted in the here and now. Their concern is with this world, not with the next."

James Anderson, the poet of the Cariboo, provides some of the excellent poetry in the book. "Justice" by W. R. Fox redefines the ruler-worker relationship:

*Affirm and print and paint and carve,
Caesar can work, or he can starve!*

*So shall the scripture be fulfilled
And Caesar get what God hath willed.*

As a collection of working-class poetry, the book is wide-reaching and

awesome in scope. However the editor feels the necessity to chip away at the boss class, the ruling class. In the introduction, which becomes a major part of the book, we find the same proletarian propaganda heard so many times before. This anthology would be a more significant event without it.

While his rhetoric is sharp, his logic is faulty. He equates this nation with one class, the working class, and this is fallacy. He wrongly infers that the Canadian worker has been forced to accept the ruling class's version of history and fails to recognize that the reason we have only one version is because until recently the working class has not provided a second.

This review is based on the galleys of the book. When the final published product reaches our hands, it will be interesting to see whether Davis has acknowledged the labours of the researchers, the typers, the proofreaders, typesetters, layout and paste-up artists, and all the other people involved in the production, since this would be in keeping with his argument. Or will we see only his name on the cover and be reminded of a line from the introduction: "The poetry of the Canadian people is the bedrock upon which many 'professional' poets have built their fame." □

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played, rewriting nursery rhymes, for example, in the styles of well-known poets. Here is part of John (Hambleton) Donne's version of Humpty Dumpty:

*If sodaine death can so destroy
Mee that was a happy egg-like boy,
'Tis evident no power of kingly horse
Can bae the binding force
To mend mee, nor men whom kings deploy.*

* * *

I CAN'T THINK of all kinds of reasons why a book titled *Eighteenth Century Newfoundland* (McClelland & Stewart, 296 pages, \$6.95) should be an interesting one. But McClelland & Stewart, the Institute of Canadian Studies at Carleton University (this book is part of the Carleton Library series), and author C. Chant Head, a professor of geography at Sir Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, have all conspired to ensure that it not happen. *Eighteenth Century Newfoundland* is so badly written, so sloppily edited, so poorly bound (I had to break the spine of my copy to be able to read the end of lines) that I am declaring them joint winners of my Most Boring Book of the Year Award For 1976.

* * *

IF A BOOK is written by a Canadian and published in the U.S., is it Canadian? The question arises again because, although Garth Jowett's excellent social history of the movies, *Film: The Democratic Art* (Little, Brown, 518 pages, \$19.95), has been around for almost a year now, I haven't seen it reviewed anywhere in Canada. Jowett, who is chairman of the University of Windsor's Centre for Canadian Communication Studies, has been a Canadian citizen since 1967. (He came to Canada from South Africa in 1960.) Although it's true that Jowett's book is about American movie-going, the fact is (whether we like it or not) we too are American movie-goers. What Jowett has to say about the changing nature and

the browser

by Morris Wolfe

Freelance writing and other feats, including rhyming Yeats with Keats

REVIEWERS generally (and wisely) avoid dealing with the many vanity press publications that arrive on their desks. Occasionally, however, something too good to overlook comes along. Such is the case with a recently arrived collection of poetry, *Gypsy in My Verse* by Adam C. Zimmerman, Esq. (Exposition Press, Hicksville, N.Y., 124 pages, \$6). The collection is introduced by no less a literary personage than Arthur A. Wishart, the former Attorney-General for Ontario. According to Wishart, "one can surmise that in the throes of the creative effort [Adam C. Zimmerman, Esq.] is not conscious of how completely he is saturated with the thought and rhyme and meter upon which his muse has been nourished. But when the work has been completed he becomes aware that voices out of his past have spoken, or at least whispered in his ear . . . with honesty and humility he prefaces this volume with the poem 'Forgive Me'." The first stanza of "Forgive Me" reads as follows:

*O, Muse, be gone, disturb not the quiet hour
With lines from Byron, Shelley or Keats,*

28 Books in Canada, February, 1977

*And Shakespeare's dramatic, immortal
power,
Nor the kings and the romances of Yeats.*

* * *

RONALD HAMBLETON is not one of my favourite writers. But his reminiscences in *How I Earned \$250,000 As A Free Lance Writer . . . Even If It Did Take 30 Years* (Bartholomew Green, 34 Ross St., Toronto, 192 pages, \$8.95) offer a fascinating glimpse into the broadcasting and publishing worlds of Canada. The book is full of anecdotes, mostly self-sewing but delightful nonetheless, about feuds and aborted projects and people like Mazo de la Roche, Fred Varley, Stephen Vizintzey, Robert Weaver, Pierre Berton, Lister Sinclair, James Bannerman, and J. B. McGeachy (God, how I admired that man's eyebrows) among others. I particularly enjoyed Hambleton's description of the literary world of the 1940s — his involvement with the magazine *Reading*, the table of contents of one of whose issues is reproduced here (Hambleton is William Brewer), and the kinds of literary games he and his friends

reactions of film audiences over the years. andofthe forcesthat haveshaped the movies we see, applies equally well to us in Canada. **Film: The Democratic Art** will be the standard work on the subject for years to come. It contains an enormous amount of useful information. much of it painstakingly researched. and all of it highly readable.

* * *

JOWETT'S WORK also appears in the recently published Symposium on **Television Violence** (Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission, Supply & Services Canada. Ottawa. 231 pages, \$5). In the summer of 1975, **Garth Jowett**, **Eli Mandel**, **Jean Basile**, **David Helwig**, **Ted Kotcheff** and others gathered at a colloquium-organized by the CRTC to exchange views on the subject of TV violence. This valuable little book con-

sists of the texts of the papers they delivered. **Particularly** useful is a fine summary **essay** by part-time CRTC commissioner **Northrop Frye** (whose various thoughts about TV will, I hope **some** day be collected in one book). Violence, says Frye, "is misapplied energy: it is to energy what prostitution is to sexual love." But censorship, he argues, is no more a solution to the **problem of TV violence than prohibition** was to the problem of alcoholism. The solution is a much more difficult one. "Controlling violence means ... raising the level of society. The people who produce and sell socially irresponsible **programs are thinking of their viewers as a mob rather than a community.** The mob is the lowest **form** of community: it is a completely homogeneous society organized for hatred, and will not remain a mob long unless it can find **someone to beat up, or .. something to smash.**" □

tion between **desperate men** and a hostile physical environment.

One of the curious things about the colonial situation **presented** in Arctic is that if one applies the **cul bono?** principle and asks who gains by things being the way they are, **the answer is not**, a specific commercial interest but the **artificial** and self-perpetuating empire of **bureaucracy.** All mads lead to Ottawa.

In his first novel, **The Power Brokers**, Thomas Van Dusen offers a fictional peek behind the scenes of that strange city. Van Dusen has been a member of the parliamentary **Press Gallery** as well as ministerial assistant to John **Diefenbaker**. He knows the facts of Canadian politics, and his plot is put together from the raw material of a number of Canadian political scandals. It concerns Jacques Clément, a French-Canadian Member of Parliament **who, though** he himself is passionately anti-separatist, is having an affair with a separatist actress whose homosexual husband is involved with the terrorists. **Clément** is the most likely winner of his party's coming leadership convention, and the incumbent Rime **Minister** decides to use the indiscreet infatuation to destroy **Clément as a potential opponent.**

If **Arctic** is an angry book, **The Power Brokers** is merely an opinionated one. Many of the opinions have **to do with the** general uselessness of those with beards, long hair, **and a connection with** universities. That includes me, and Van Dusen produces in me no **desire** to respond with generosity or long suffering. I like the idea of **Canadian** political novels, and **The Power Brokers** is a fairly interesting story. but on the whole, it struck me as a mean-spirited book.

And I wish the author and his editors would note that talking of "the **ecology**" is a particularly silly lapse in idiom. **It makes as much sense as talking** about "the biology" or "the **psychology.**"

The notes at the end of Michael **Ondaatje's** new book, **Coming Through Slaughter**, make it clear that the author **did a good bit of research for his fictional** treatment of jazz cornetist-Buddy Bo-

first impressions

by David Helwig

Anger in the Arctic, scandal in Ottawa, and madness in New Orleans

Arctic, by Finn **Schultz-Lorentzen**. McClelland & Stewart. 494 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-7978-8).

The Power Brokers, by **Thomas Van Dusen**, Collins, 240 pages. \$10.85 cloth (ISBN 0-00-22084-9).

Coming Through Slaughter, by Michael Ondaatje. House of Anansi, 156 pages, \$10 cloth (ISBN 0-88784-; and 54.95 paper (ISBN 0-88784.

IT'S **MANY YEARS** now since Mary McCarthy wrote her essay on the importance of fact in fiction. A love of fact is one of the reasons a writer turns out novels rather than poems or plays, and the sense of having interesting or important information to communicate is the impulse behind many novels.

Finn Schultz-Lorentzen was born in Copenhagen of an old and distinguished Greenland family. He came to Canada in 1960 and has spent six years as an area administrator in the Keewatin District of the Northwest Territories. His familiarity with the North and his love of it lie behind his novel **Arctic**, a chronicle of a year in the life of a small settlement in northern Canada.

In an essay on Kipling, **George Orwell** makes the remark that "civilized men do not readily move away from the centres of civilization, and in most languages there is a great dearth of what one might call colonial literature." Part of the fascination of **Arctic** is that in it we

can see ourselves as colonizers. can understand a distant suburb of our society because the author has made it imaginatively real.

Arctic is intelligent, informed, carefully written, essentially honest. It is propelled forward by the energy of the author's anger. His sympathy is with the Inuit, and he has little use for the whites in the book. Most are venal, stupid, self-centered, provincial. There are too many characters dealt with and a consequent lack of focus, but **Schultz-Lorentzen** makes a real attempt to keep his characters above the level of stereotype. We may not like what they do, but we have some sense of the needs that impel them.

The book has all the virtues of conscious and careful effort and lacks only the mysterious qualities that raise craft to art. It succeeds at the level of sane common sense.

To me, the author seems to achieve more in his portrayal of some of the Eskimo characters than he does with any of the whites, but that may only be because to me they are more exotic. Certainly the most powerful section of the book is that in which two Eskimo hunters become trapped on a floating ice floe. Along with Ian **McLachlan's** description of the Long March in The Seventh **Hexagram**, it is the most gripping narrative I have read in this year's first novels, a tribute to the traditional and unbeatable confronta-

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den. but here the information has been digested until it is part of a whole new fictional world.

My first contact with the book was at a public reading by the author, and at first I thought it sounded like a revision of his *Collected Works of Billy the Kid*. I was wrong. *Coming Through Slaughter* may have some similarities in rhythm and theme, but it is more human than *Billy*, more moving.

Using as a focus the career of Buddy Bolden, a brilliant comet player who vanished into madness at 31. Ondaatje returns to some of his favourite themes, the aesthetic of risk, the beauty at the

edges of violence, obsessive and destructive friendships. A new theme, I think, is sexual jealousy. Also new is a coherence of story and an emotional quality that, while no less raw, is less concerned with the exhibition of brilliant conceits and more concerned with human necessities.

The ambience of New Orleans is everywhere through the book. The vignettes are precise and memorable, yet all aimed at the anguished brain of Bolden. The book combines the precision of Raymond Chandler with the intensity of a suicide note.

Marvellous. □

script and film

by Katherine Gilday

How Joyce Wieland's ambitious movie wound up on Canoe Lake with half a paddle

Thomson's work would be a fine study for some competent critic, but anyone attempting it should be familiar, not only with every phase of his work, but with the country too. He must know the trees, rocks, lakes, riven, weather, have them in his bones. . .

—Thoreau MacDonald

THE MUCH-HERALDED first dramatic feature by Joyce Wieland is billed as *The Far Shore: A Northern Love Story* and the expanded title reveals the film's ambitious central thematic intention. Wieland has taken the life of a "uncannily "representative" Canadian artist, Tom Thomson, precursor of and inspiration for the Group of Seven, fashioned out of it an old-fashioned story of romantic love, and located the story within a Canadian landscape metamorphosed into the jewelled intensities of the! artist's canvases. By turning this solitary lover of the opposite shore and the far distance into a lover of woman as well, Wieland sets out to create her own myths of artist and landscape. The film is a celebration of the vision of those pioneering artists who first dared to divest themselves of colonial aesthetic preoccupations and look direct at the harsh angular beauties of Northern Ontario. It is also, I believe, an audacious attempt on Wieland's part — 50 years after Thomson and his fellow painters first began to open their countrymen's eyes to the imaginative treasures of their own geographical realities — to equal their achievement in cinematic form, by fusing the mythologized landscape of their paintings with a passionate human presence.

The Far Shore took seven years to reach the screen and into it Wieland claims to have put "everything I know." An established artist and one of 30 Books in Canada, February, 1977

the first women to have her own show at the National Gallery. Wieland has received particular renown for the enormous quilted wall hangings constructed around simple patriotic motifs that have constituted her major creative output since her return from New York in 1969, with her husband, Michael Snow. Now, with the film, she is endeavouring to spread the unique blend of ingredients she sees in her quilts ("They're so familiar and feminine and cuddly like a stuffed toy, and yet they have this grandeur and expanse") to a wider, non-gallery-attending public.

The year is 1919, just after the war. Eulalie, a French-Canadian woman living unhappily with her brother's family in Chicoutimi consents to marry Ross, a wealthy young engineer from Toronto. They go to live in his elegant Rosedale home, but Eulalie soon finds herself suffocating in the padded, lifeless security of upper-crust English Canada.

Her husband proves to be insensitive, even boorish on occasion, and she turns increasingly to the consoling pleasures of her piano-playing. A bond of sympathy grows up between her and a friend of her husband's, Tom McLeod, a painter of northern scenes, which is intensified by a quarrel between the two men over Tom's refusal to lead a mining expedition party into the northwoods. Realizing that they have come to love one another, Tom leaves on a sketching trip through Algonquin Park, intending never to see Eulalie again. However, they meet accidentally when she comes north to spend some time at Ross' summer house. The lovers end up fleeing together by canoe, but are doggedly pursued, and just when it seems they have escaped, sighted and shot by Ross' brutish friend, Cluny.

Until the action shifts to the northern lake country the film is, for the most part, a triumph of carefully wrought structure, intelligent dialogue and a glowing visual style. A" assiduously assembled collection of authentic period details—from the starched and tucked uniform of the housekeeper to the numerous accessories of Ross' gentleman's wardrobe, the massive furniture, potted plants and gleaming wood surfaces of the house, and its endless paraphernalia of gracious living old-Rosedale style—conveys with splendid physicality the over-stuffed interiority of Eulalie's new world.

Within its confinements, the lush romanticism of Wieland's vision flourishes. The pace is slow, even languorous, as the camera follows Eulalie in her delicate, trailing dresses about the house on the course of her silent meditations, or lingers broodingly on her face as she withdraws over the piano into the dream-music of Debussy. It works, this sentimental, luxuriant identification with the heroine and her secret life, but only because Wieland's romanticism is held firmly in check: on the one hand, by her fidelity to the social and physical conventions of the age she is portraying and her visual delight in its richly textured surfaces; and on the other, by a well-crafted script from Bryan Barney, which is disciplined in its story development, subtle and revelatory in the dialogue it gives its main characters.

Lawrence Benedict is perfect in physical appearance as the aggressive, emotionally obtuse English Canadian and gives a highly mannered, sometimes histrionic interpretation, which in its studied suggestion of a man unremittingly conscious of an ever-performing self jars, occasionally, for me, with the notion of Ross as the blunt man of affairs and fixed purposes.

Celine Lomez, with her dark unconventional attractiveness, establishes a vibrant and original film presence, as Eulalie. She is least convincing when she is called upon to be languidly despondent, or passive and helpless, as in the melodramatic scene where she is sexually attacked by her husband. The threat that Eulalie's lively perceptiveness quickly comes to represent to Ross' stolid maintenance of conventional values is wonderfully well-observed: even her broken, musical English imparts to everything she says a quality of searching lucidity that cuts like a knife through the stilted, resolutely inexpressive language of "the garrison." Several of the most skilful scenes of dialogue between husband and wife are used to reveal the startling power Eulalie's gracefully ironic intelligence possesses to bring out in Ross the brutality and crude egotism, nakedly personified in his drunken business partner Cluny, that lie close beneath the gilded facades of this hypocritical WASP society.

Frank Moore as Tom though, is in some ways the most sensitively conceived portrait of all. With his shoulders carried a little stooped, his slight build, a head and neck that look somehow vulnerable, and a striking old-fashioned heart-shaped face out of which shiie intense Moe eyes, he comes across as a sort of D. H. Lawrence hem. all closely contained physical energy and a quiet inner blaze of life. The relationship that springs up between him and Eulalie after his fight with Ross is delicately presented in a series of vignettes that centre on the heroine's visits to his Rosedale valley cabin. Here the film attains a peak of emotional conviction; their love for each other is never made explicit but is poignantly conveyed through the joyous simplicity and spontaneity of their activities together and the felt reality of small gestures. When Tom tells Eulalie he is leaving, we see him glance briefly at her hands, very close to his on the back of his chair, and then bury his head quickly in hã arms. It is all nicely handled.

The high point of the film, however, occurs at the end of the next scene. Over a tight close-up of Eulalie's desolate face appears an iris framing an image of Tom, paddling his canoe across the solitary vastness of a northern lake. The image opens out to full-frame — and suddenly the viewer finds himself transported into the austere beauty of the Algonquin country Tom roams. For me, this is the most moving sequence in the entire film. The sudden expansiveness of the visual image with the one small human figure isolated within it, the lonely grandeur evoked by the music, seem to signal a basic movement away

from the stifling realm of societal conventions into a large-scale world of freedom and essential realities. Momentarily, the film touches the mythic heart of Wieland's narrative and seems poised to complete the triangle of artist-landscape-woman in a denouement of heroic proportions.

Sadly, this potential is never realized. Instead of using the medium's elastic capacities for suggesting altered states of consciousness to probe Tom's relationship with the land, the film-maker grasps the first opportunity to thrust us back into the constraints of interior space. What should be of vital thematic importance at this point—the vision of the man who creates canvases so obsessive in their subject-matter that he is unable to depict a woman, the man “in love with a rock, a tree, a piece of sky”—is left totally unexplored. From the dusky lights and grainy textures of the small cabin Tom visits to sop and dance Irish jigs, we move directly into the claustrophobic opulence of Ross' country house, where the northern landscape lapses into total irrelevance, save for its pictorial values as a backdrop for Eulalie's summer dresses.

Other failures follow hard on the heels of this one. The intense emotional conviction the character of Eulalie has come to assume for the viewer is almost totally shattered in the climactic scene where she defies her husband, by the absurd touch of having her jump daintily into the water from the dock, folly clothed down to her shoes, and swim all the way to Tom. The limpidly foolish gesture is impossible to reconcile with the tough-minded woman who has angrily hurled her opposition at Ross and

Clumy and just finished, with remarkable clear-sightedness, chopping up their canoes; and its comic effects are near-fatal to the film. Then, in place of the passionate reunion that everything in this period love story seems to have been building towards, the heroine appears, unbelievably, in the dark, at the stern of Tom's canoe, is wordlessly and somewhat dazedly recognized, and exits, left of frame, towed by the canoe.

Next, in an obvious attempt to fit in something of Tom's view of the country while simultaneously keeping the story line going, the lovers' supposedly frantic flight from Ross and Clumy is pictured in panoramic vistas of shining water and treed shoreline that serve to dissipate all suspense and slow the pace down to the level of a leisurely sight-seeing expedition. Meanwhile, Ross and Clumy have become villains straight out of melodrama, with ominous-sounding music to match.

Worst of all is the love-making scene that finally occurs when it seems all danger has passed: first, a little “slap-and-tickle” in the tent and then Eulalie emerges, walks demurely into the water in her slip and waits coyly for Tom to join her there—which he does, dressed in hã longjohns. The artist has somehow been transformed into a blumpling clown-figure by this stage, an effect greatly enhanced by his awkward attempts to divest himself of his sodden, heavy underclothes. The watery consummation that follows in a long, drawn-out sequence punctuated by many moans, gurgles, and cries is merely ludicrous in its intensity. The protracted comic business that precedes it, so self-consciously cute in a contemporary sort of way, utterly and thoughtlessly violates the emotional logic of the characters that has been so carefully established—their honesty, their intelligence, their long-restrained feeling for one another.

What lies at the mot of these terribly wrong turns, I believe, is a massive failure of vision in regard to the completion of the film's original design. Wieland proves incapable of coming to creative terms with the very imaginative comprehension of the northern landscape that she has undertaken to apotheosize into myth. The sensibility that delights in the rich lights and textures of interior spaces, massed with the diverse, lovingly discriminated objects of domestic life, seems to grow nervous and ill-at-ease in the austere expansiveness of the northern terrain. At the same time, Eulalie's leap out of convention seems to unleash, from all their former restraints, Wieland's worst tendencies towards melodrama and simple-minded romanticism, along with some muddle-headed notions about what a feminist perspective in art entails.

Thus, not only is the stem content of Thomson's artistic vision left unrecog-



Celine Lomez and Frank Moore in a scene from *The Far Shore*.

nized and unarticulated, but the very dignity and authority of Tom as a character is finally degraded and assailed through vulgar caricature. We are left with a cloyingly "feminine" view of the land, strikingly European and pastoral in most of its pictorial and literary inspirations, and sentimentally centered on Eulalie, gauzy frocks and all, as a kind of nymph-like spirit of the landscape. It is a truly bizarre imposition, 50 years after Thomson's death, on the gaunt but glorious realities of the northern terrain; and it suggests that perhaps Wieland would, henceforth, do more for the cause of a genuinely national art by confining her attempts to suggest the land's "grandeur and expanse" to the padded surfaces of her quilts. □

His clever allusions to loads make his criticism highly amusing and thus more powerful. As my good essayist should. Mr. Rosenblatt wrote in such a way as to make me read further; he thoroughly captured me.

In my school days I had always dreamt of writing a critical essay comparable to his. My wit fell short however, though I too attempted to maintain a relationship, however tenuous, between one humorous comment and another. I see now, after experiencing Mr. Rosenblatt's *tour de force* that I lacked the subtlety that he so obviously commends in his humour.

He deserves every bit mark for Lb work. He has proven himself to be an intelligent critic, well acquainted with his subject, as he so adequately proved by his references to other Canadian poems and poets. This is something that many English students neglect to show in their essays that is so necessary in order that they may obtain the high marks they so need.

I congratulate Joe on his hard work. I'm sure it was in proportion to his resulting achievement.

Huw Smith
Hamilton, on..

On a per capita basis, there is more creative energy in Newfoundland than in any other single province.

I suggest that the so-called publishing establishment in Toronto continue placing two-dollar bets at Woodbine, because the big investments in publishing are being placed in Montreal, Calgary, Vancouver, and St. John's.

And, by investments I do not mean "safe" bets.

As for "houses," Clyde Rose's Breakwater is built of the bricks that count — guts!

Ernest S. Kelly
Resident, Nopco Ltd.
Holyrood, C.B.. Nfld.

YASSAR, THAT'S MY COHEN

Sir:

So Roe Waldie (December issue) thinks that Leonard Cohen is conventional, minor, one-dimensional, passé; the, *Beautiful Losers* is a "formula" novel; La the poetry is "simply too thin" to bother talking about. How dreary! Well, about Waldie's impoverished opinions nothing, alas, can be said. The most charitable thing one can do is to ignore them. Something has to be said however about his outrageous "facts."

Rem: "[It] becomes a somewhat disquieting experience when one realizes that he has faded into an obscurity from which he will probably never emerge." Be disquieted no more, dear Ronald. Soothe your troubled brow. The obscurity you talk about resides solely in your own dim world. The fact of the matter is that Leonard Cohen has never stopped giving poetry readings in Europe and Asia. Ever heard of West Germany, France, England, Israel, Holland, Spain, Greece, Rely? The obscure Cohen has just returned from giving a series of readings and concerts in these countries, which have played to jam packed, sold-out houses. His book have been translated into languages far too numerous to list. It is impossible to walk through a bookstore in any major city in Western Europe (and a good many minor ones too) without seeing at tees, one Cohen title in a front-window display.

If this for Waldie still represents obscurity, then how about the Asian continent. Would Hong Kong, Bangkok, Djakarta, Singapore do for starters? I have been to these cities and seen Leonard Cohen's books and records prominently displayed — and what's more, people were buying them! Be, maybe Europe and Asia don't count on Waldie's quaint scale. How would North Africa do? Recently, when I was in Morocco, I stayed for a few days in a remote village in the foothills of the Atlas mountains. A Berber, hearing that I was from Canada, told me that he had two heroes in this world — Yassar Arafat and Leonard Cohen. Be, in case an anonymous Berber doesn't count, would Waldie be impressed by a Moroccan prince? I actually met one — Prince Bachir T&I — and visited with him in the Tazi Palace in Rabat. He bed only me request to make — that I get Leonard Cohen to autograph his well-thumbed copy of the *Selected Poems*.

Be, in the likely case that Waldie has never heard of any country outside of Canada (or he might have heard of them but doubted their existence) all he has to do is take a bus out to darkest Downsview. Them in an institution called York University he will hear students and professors (how would Eli Mandel do?) discussing and examining Cohen's writings, being blissfully unaware that "his work is simply too thin to support prolonged critical investigation." (The students are even misguided enough to be submitting an ever-increasing number of M.A. and Ph.D. theses on his work.) Or if Downsview is too far afield, Waldie might take a glance at the advance notices for John Newlove's about-to-be published anthology of modern Canadian poets in which Cohen is featured as a major poet (no, surprising, as he is featured prominently in every important North American anthology of

Letters to the Editor

SET 'EM UP, JOE

Sir:

I am confident that intelligent English students between the ages of 10 and 14 years could learn a great deal from Mr. Rosenblatt's style in his criticism of Bowring's *The Catch* (October issue).

CURIOUS BUT CAUTIOUS?

MAKARA is a new and beautiful—but definitely not glossy—Canadian magazine for people who are curious about those other Canadians who are thinking up and testing out alternative ways of living, working and relating to each other.

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1011 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B.C.

DUFFY COATED

St:

After reading Dennis Dully's comments on the play *Frankenstein* by Alden Nowlan and Waker Learning in your December issue, I am convinced that Mr. Duffy has missed the boat by a country mile.

His negative and cursory review is an embarrassment to himself and to the two Maritime writers he tries to criticize.

While he does concede that the play has been "acclaimed by theatre audiences from St. John's to Vancouver," Mr. Duffy tries unconvincingly to make us believe the play is "mere rehash" and "fustian" on the pan of the authors (particularly Nowlan).

What Mr. Duffy is saying, in effect, is that the impressive numbers of professional critics and informed theatre-goers across Canada who have consistently praised this work are out in left field.

I think that the opposite is true — that Mr. Duffy is way out in left field. His review fails even to mention the stage significance of this fine adaptation, i.e., the Nowlan-Learning version of *Frankenstein* (premiered at Theatre New Brunswick in 1974) was the first English-language play faithful in "design and spirit" to Mary Shelley's book in 156 years.

That both Nowlan and Learning managed to create such a successful and well-received play is a tribute to their talents and the growth of a more mature regional theatre in Canada.

In their excellent introduction to the play, the authors clearly stated that their work was "Victorian melodrama written in the 1970s" but that they wanted to show Victor Frankenstein's creation as an articulate free-thinking "man," no, a monster. This they did exceptionally well.

With their entertaining revitalization of *Frankenstein*, Nowlan and Learning forcefully accomplished on stage what they set out to do, and Canadian theatre is richer for it.

Dennis Dully's offhand, literary sniping will no, change this fact one iota.

Al Kowalenko
Toronto

AND ON THESE GUTS..

Sir:

Your December, 1976, issue carried a letter by Clyde Rose of Breakwater Books Ltd. Clyde Rose is right.

Canadian publishing and Canadian culture is the victim of creative constipation, fear of action, and a built-in inferiority complex.

Not only does the Canadian nation (?) stretch from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Victoria, British Columbia, but it also appears thus on most world maps, even maps published in the U.S.A.

poetry published in the last decade). Or perhaps Waldie missed Cohen's last concert at Massey Hall. If he did I do, blame him: tickets were sold out at least three weeks prior to his performance.

Item: "Cohen's silence in the 1970s suggests IL, he has nothing more to say about life or art. His time has passed." Three records? One significant and fascinating book of poems *The Energy of Slaves*? This constitutes silence? And by what incredible solipsistic process does Waldie assume that because Cohen has not published anything within the last few years he has therefore not been writing! The man never stops writing. He has, in fact, been working on a collection of poetry and a new novel, which are about to be completed and sent to his publishers. Three weeks ago he came to my house with his manuscripts and I had the privilege of listening to prose and poetry which stands among the finest bring written today.

May Ron Waldie only be lucky enough to achieve the obscurity and silence Leonard Cohen now enjoys.

Aviva Layton
Toronto

OULD SOD'S OULD COD

Sir:

From the evidence of your publication, which my nephew reads to me each month, it is clear that the England of Victoria Regina solved many of its problems by transporting the criminals to Australia, and encouraging the illiterates to settle in Canada. I, in most comforting to note that the standards are still being maintained, in both countries.

Hugh MacLennan, for example, states in your November issue that Joseph Conrad wrote no autobiography; indeed, "the fact remains that he never met." This sent me to my bookcase to discover whether or not *A Mirror of the Sea* and *Notes on Life and Letters* might have been cobbled-up by Jessie Conrad, or Ford Maddox Ford. Alas, Conrad himself wants to hog the credit for both volumes.

And Mr. Michael Smith remains puzzled about a story of Andreas Schroeder's in which appears the sentence "Abruptly, in a flash I realised what was going on." I remain puzzled that the sentence was passed by any editor in the first place.

And there, Sir, is the crux of my complaint: is there no one in the narrow world of publishing who can act as an editor? Who has sufficient grasp of basic grammar and syntax to have the authority to challenge the shoddy writing which abounds in so many publications like yours? The slipshod Irish attitude of "Sue, an' it'll do." is not confined to this island alone.

I shall, however, continue to read the magazine with much amusement and pleasure.

B. M. F. Colney-Hatchard,
R.N. (Ret.)
Ballylickey
County Cork
Irish Republic

UPSET OFFSET

Sir:

Re: "on/off/set" by Len Gasparini in the December issue of *Books in Canada*.

Len Gasparini does both your magazine and the books reviewed a disservice by his perfunctory reviews of recent books of poetry from the literary presses of Canada. If he is unable to devote time and energy to reviewing these books in a more serious and intelligent manner, then the job should be given to someone else.

And it is time to stop pretending that the literary presses are twiddling their thumbs when it comes to poetry. They are devoting an important amount of their time and effort (and devote the right word) to poetry because they know that it is important to (1) the reading public. (2)

the publishing industry, (3) "Canadian Culture," (4) the art of bookmaking, and (5) you.

I, is not too much to ask of *Books in Canada* that you review such books nor is it too much to ask that you review them seriously. If Len Gasparini is no, capable of handling the assignment, find someone who can.

Joseph Poem
Intermedia Press
Vancouver

MISSING MATERIALS

Sir:

I, was with great interest the, I read your Special Section on Children's Literature in the November issue. I, is gratifying to see an increasing number of reviews of Canadian children's books. I was somewhat amazed, however, that Janice Rapoport did not mention *Canadian Materials* in her introduction to the review of children's books. *Canadian Materials* is *Canada's only national journal* devoted to the critical evaluation of both books and non-book learning materials from preschool to Grade 13. The reviews are written by qualified teachers and school librarians from coast to coast. All reviews are signed. Could it be that your editors are not aware of this unique source which has grown from 500 to 2,500 subscriptions in the last four months? *Canadian Materials* is issued three times a year by the Canadian Libra Association for \$7.50. With the assistance of a Canada Council grant, we will continue to promote and appraise Canadian learning materials and all media format for schools and libraries.

Ken Haycock
Convener
Canadian Materials Editorial Board
Vancouver

RANKIN FILES ON ROHMER

Sir:

Don Bailey's review of *Separation* (November) was far too generous in length for the likes of Rohmer.

The greatest service Canadian book critics can render to discerning Canadian Rulers is not to review Rohmer's fiction.

Play ostrich! Maybe he'll So away!

Laird Rankin
The Alumni Association of
the University of Manitoba
Winnipeg

CanWit No. 20

John Milton
Never stayed in a Hilton
Hotel.
It's just as well.

ONCE MORE into the comic-verse breach, dear friends. The above form, invented by E. C. Bentley and known as a **clerihew**, is simple enough to master. It consists of two rhymed couplets. The first line is always a famous name; the remaining lines can be anything from two to 10 syllables long. We'll pay \$25 for the wittiest clerihew using a Canadian name and a similar sum goes to Bruce Bailey of Montreal for this idea. Address: **CanWit No. 20. Books in Canada, 366**

Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. The deadline is Feb. 28.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 18

AS EXPECTED, there were plenty of duplications in our anagram contest. Poor old IRVING LAYTON, who was NOT ANY VIRGIL in our example, kept popping up as LAY NOT VIRGIN. MARIAN ENGEL WAS laid bare several times as a GREEN ANIMAL. The winner was DERRICK MURDOCH (C R O C K H I D M U R D E R, H E R R U M C O R D I C K) of Toronto, who receives \$25 for disentangling these names:

- RICHARD ROHMER: HORRID CHARMER
- MORRIS WOLFE: FILM OR WORSE
- PIERRE BERTON: REPORTER BIEN
- MARGARET LAURENCE: CREATE REGULAR MAN
- MARGARET ATWOOD: O, MAD TAROT WAGER!
- LEONARD COHEN: ONE HARD CLONE
- STEPHEN LEACOCK: HE CLEANS POCKET

Honourable mentions:

- PAUL HIEBERT: HIP RUBE TALE
- JOHN ROBERT COLOMBO: MOTH JOB REBORN COOL
- MORDECAI RICHLER: A CLICHE MIRRORRED
- ALICE MUNRO: UNCLEAR MOI

— Warren Clements, Islington, Ont.

* * *

- MARGARET ATWOOD: AM GOOD WATER-RAT
- SUSANNA MOODIE: I'D USE A MAN SOON
- ROBERTSON DAVIES: EVER SITS ON A BOARD

— Edward S. Franchuck, Saint-Jean, Que.

* * *

- CATHERINE BRESLIN: LICE IN HER NET BRAS

— Paul Minvielle, Fulford Harbour, B.C.

* * *

- FARLEY MOWAT: FAY OWL TAMER
- GORDON SINCLAIR: NO ICINGS OR LARD

— Deborah Defoe, Kingston, Ont.

* * *

- MARGARET LAURENCE: TRACE WARMER ANGEL
- ROBERT SERVICE: VICES, BE TERROR
- NORTHROP FRYE: HE TRY FOR PORN

— M. Lynch, Toronto

* * *

- GORDON SINCLAIR: I RING CLAN DOORS
- PIERRE BERTON: REPORTER IN BEER
- MARIAN ENGEL: ANIMAL GENRE
- SHIRLEY GIBSON: BOY, GIRLS SHINE

— Wilma M. Coutts, Lake Havasu City, Az.

* * *

- SYLVIA FRASER: VERY FAIR LASS
- MARGARET ATWOOD: A GOOD WARM TREAT
- MARGARET LAURENCE: CLEAR, MATURE RANGE

— Gordon Sato, Toronto

* * *

- GORDON SINCLAIR: GOLD IS IN RANCOR
- MARGARET LAURENCE: A CRUEL MAN, A REGRET
- MARIAN ENGEL: MALE IN ANGER
- PIERRE BERTON: REPORTER? BIEN!

— Joan McGrath, Toronto

* * *

- IRVING LAYTON: ARTY IN LOVING

— Mary Lile Benham, Winnipeg

* * *

- ROBERTSON DAVIES: READ IT OVER, SNOBS

— H. Chuck Davis, Vancouver

February, 1977, Books in Canada 33

Books received

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

Winged Warfare. Lt.-Col. William A. Bishop, edited by M. Hamon, Totem Books.
 Flora MacDonald, by Alvia Armstrong, J. M. Dent & Sons.
 Hawthorn Hill, by Doris Shannon, St. Martin's Press (New York), Macmillan.
 The Bad and the Lonely, by Martin Robin, James Lorimer & Co.
 Wings of the North, by Dick Turner, Hancock House.
 Sails of the Maritimes, by John P. Parker, McGraw Hill.
 How They Sold Our Canada to the USA, by Andrew Linton, NC Press.
 She Never Was Afraid, by Louise Watson, Progress Books.
 Multinational Co-operatives, by J. G. Craig, Western Producer Prairie Books.
 Canadian World Atlas, Thomas Nelson.
 Aphrodite's Cup, by Georges Kuthon, Hurtig.
 Selections from The Tiger Witch ... and the Winkle Fishers, by Bill Stratton, Scholastic-Tab.
 Mountain Bison's 1st Flying Smirk Book, Scholastic-Tab.
 How Much Tax Do You Really Pay?, edited by Michael Walker, The Fencer-Insights.
 Official Tourism Map: Kings and Queens, Thomas Nelson.
 Within the Wound, by Fraser Sutherland, Northern Journey Press.
 British Columbia Shipwrecks, by T. W. Paterson, Stagecoach Publishing.
 Ghost Towns of Alberta, by Harold Fryer, Stagecoach Publishing.
 Bobby Clarke, by Fred McFadden, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 The Valt Letters, by Benjamin Valt, Press Porcépique.
 Canadian Wildflowers, by Mary Ferguson & Richard M. Saunders, Van Nostrand.
 Agent Provocateur, by David York, Coach House Press.
 Blood, Sweat and Tears, by Stanley Burke and Roy Peterson, J. J. Douglas.
 Mastering the Art of Tying Flies, by Alf Walker, Pogurian Press.
 Enjoying Canadian Painting, by Patricia Godsell, General Publishing.
 Quebec: The Unfinished Revolution, Leon Dion, McGill-Queen's University Press.
 On Flower Wreath Hill, by Kenneth Rexroth, Blackfish Press.
 Under Protective Surveillance, by Maris Flemming, M & S.
 George-Elienne Cartier, by Alastair Sweeney, M & S.
 The Human Side of Politics, by Douglas Roche, Clarke Irwin.

CLASSIFIED

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OUT-OF-PRINT Canadiana bought and sold. Catalogues sent free on request. Huronia Canadiana Books, Box 685, Alliston, Ont. L0M 1A0.

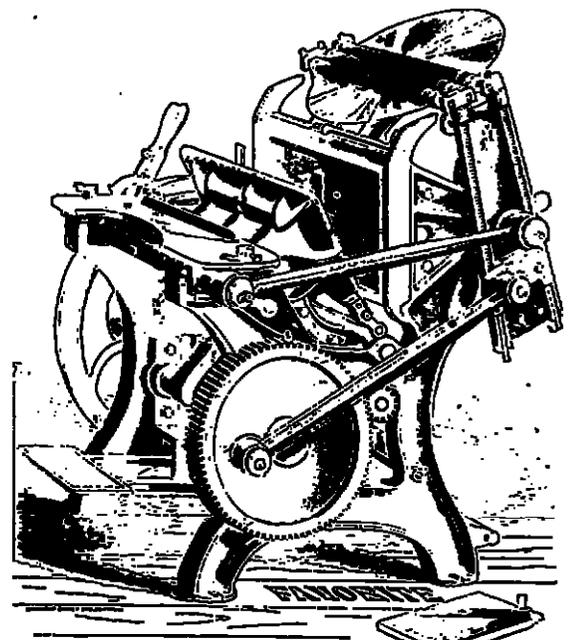
WHY, a novel by Stephen Gill, set in Montreal, Ottawa and Ethiopia. Entertaining and packed with information. Order through your bookstore or direct from Vesta Pub., Box 1641, Cornwall, Ont., Canada.

CANADIAN Short Story Magazine, Quarterly, Box 263, Lethbridge, Alberta, T1J 3Y5. Subscription \$4.00 only. Excellent for the classroom.

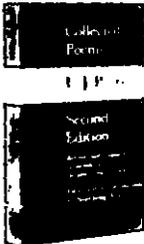
34 Books in Canada. February, 1977

Cape Dorset Annual Graphics Collection 1976, M. F. Fehley.
 The Photography Catalog, edited by Norman Snyder, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 The Agatha Christie Mystery, by Derrick Murdoch, Pogurian Press.
 Exiles and Pioneers, by T. E. Farley, Borealis Press.
 The Diaries of Louis Riel, edited by Thomas Flanagan, Hurtig.
 Out of the Old Nova Scotia Kitchens, by Marie Nightingale, Pogurian Press.
 Any Statement You Make, by Ivy Gage, Prairie Publishing-Gleagary Sketchbook, by Douglas A. Fales, Borealis Press.
 Crusty Crossed, by Doris Heffron, Macmillan.
 A Member of a Distinguished Family, by Henry Radecki with Benedykt Heydenkorn, M & S.
 The Scottish Tradition in Canada, edited by W. Stanford Reid, M & S.
 A Future to Inherit, by Grace M. Anderson and David Higgs, M & S.
 The Old Ontario Cookbook, by Muriel Breckenridge, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
 Canadian Book Review Annual 1975, edited by Tudor, Tudor, and Bissenthal, Fret Martin Associates.
 We Don't Live in Snow Houses Now, edited by Susan Cowan, Canadian Arctic Producers Ltd.
 A Man and His Mission: Cardinal Leger in Africa, by Ken Bell, Prentice-Hall of Canada.
 The Whisper and the Vision: Voyages of the Astronomers, by Donald Fernie, Clarke Irwin.
 Canadian Frontier Annual, edited by Brian Antonson, Nunaga Publishing.
 The World is Round, by Jacques Hebert, M & S.
 Yukon, by Jack Hope, Prentice-Hall.
 Toward Socialism, by William Kashtan, Progress Books.
 Holiday in the Woods, by Anne Francis, Clarke Irwin.
 Divorced Children Welfare, by Charles Campbell and Fenelope Jahn, Anansi Press.
 More Cats, by Ronald Searle, J. J. Douglas.
 Spatzki, by T. A. (Tommy) Walker, Nunaga Publishing.
 The Eyes of the Gull, by Margaret Dudley, Griffin House.
 Be Aware Be Free, by Barn Harding, The Spiritual Press.
 Horses: A Working Tradition, by David Street, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
 Enjoying Canadian Painting, by Patricia Godsell, General Publishing.
 In Pursuit of Justice: Issues in Canadian Law, by Frederick E. Jarman, Wiley Publishers.
 Lockwood, by Joseph F. Szesmuth, Collins.
 British Columbia Cross-Country Ski Routes, by Richard Wright and Rochelle Wright, Nunaga Publishing.
 In a Lady's Service, by Tom Ardie, Doubleday.
 Two Strand River, by Keith Maillard, Press Porcépique.
 Great Canadian Adventurers, Reader's Digest Association.
 Landing, by Claude Liman, Sesame Press.
 The Only Country in the World Called Canada, by Doug Beardsley, Sesame Press.
 The Canadian Inventions Book, Janis Nasbakken and Jack Humphrey, Greyc de Pencier.
 Wildlife of Canada in Colour, by Bill Brooks, Hounslow Press.
 Memoirs of an Arctic Arab, by Peter Baker, Yellowknife Publishing.
 Canada in Us Now, edited by Harold Head, NC Press.
 The Young in One Another's Arms, by Jane Rule, Doubleday.
 Foundations of Political Culture, edited by John H. Pummert and Michael S. Whittington, Macmillan.
 The Measure of the Man: Selected Speeches of Woodrow S. Lloyd, edited by C. B. Koester, Western Producer Prairie Books.
 The Polar Voyagers, by Frank Rasky, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
 Our Media Heritage, The Media Association of the Northwest Territories.
 Jean Pauline: An Indian Tragedy, by Maud Emery, Nunaga Publishing Company.
 Cruel Tears, by Ken Mitchell, Pile of Bones Publishing.
 Canals of Canada, by Robert F. Legget, J. J. Douglas.
 My Sister's Keeper, by Ted Allan, U of T Press.
 Canadian Fiction: An Annotated Bibliography, by Margary Fee and Ruth Cawker, Peter Martin Associates.
 Religious Diversity: Essays by Wilfred Cantwell, edited by Willard G. Oxtoby, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 Saskatchewan Indian Elders, Saskatchewan Indian Cultural College.
 Many Mansions: Stories by Douglas O. Speltigue, edited by Leo Simpson, University of Ottawa Press.
 The Lady and the Travelling Salesman: Stories by Leo Simpson, edited by Henry Imbeau, University of Ottawa Press.
 The Battle River Valley, by J. G. MacGregor, Western Producer Prairie Books.
 An Ascendancy of the Heart, by Robert O'Driscoll, Macmillan.
 A Seaport Legacy: The Story of St. John's, Newfoundland, by Paul O'Neill, Musson Books.
 An Introduction to Canadian Archaeology, by David L. Newlands and Claus Breede, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
 Tried Recipes from Domestic Science School, Halifax Nova Scotia, Petheric Press.
 God and the Devil at Seal Cove, by Angus Hector MacLean, Petheric Press.
 Ken Danby, by Paul Duval, Clarke Irwin.
 From a Bare Hill, Ference Mate, Albatross Publishing.
 I Beg to Differ, by Frank Lowe, Totem Books.
 B... Was for Butter and Enemy Craft, by Evelyn M. Richardson, Petheric Press.
 Childhood Antiques, by James MacKay, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 Gaskill's Cove, by Robert B. Powell, Petheric Press.
 Who Has Seen the Wind, by W. O. Mitchell, illustrated by William Kurolek, Macmillan.
 Down by Jim Long's Stage, by Al Pitman, Breakwater.
 Ottawa Waterway, by Robert Legget, U of T Press.
 Thrasher: Skid Row Eskimo, by Anthony Thrasher, Griffin House.
 The Quebec Establishment, by Pierre Fournier, Black Rose Books.
 The Boyd Gang, by Marjorie Lamb and Barry Pearson, Peter Martin Associates.

Nuclear Energy, by Fred H. Kneiman, Hurtig.
 When the Animal Rises from the Deep the Head Explodes, by Ludwig Zeller, Mosaic Press/Valley Editions.
 People of the Buffalo, by Marin Campbell, J. J. Douglas.
 The Canadian Writer's Guide, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 The Ancient, by Judith Crewe, Catalyst Press.
 The Lighthouse Philosopher, by Ed Gould, Hancock House.
 Selected Longer Poems, by James Reaney, Press Porcépique.
 The Black Box, by Robert G. Sherrin, November House.
 Rabies, by Tom Walmsey, Pulp Press.
 The Patient Renfield, by Mark Madoff, Pulp Press.
 The Workingman, by Tom Walmsey, Pulp Press.
 East of Canada: An Atlantic Anthology, edited by Fraser, Rose & Stewart, Breakwater.
 Daylands, edited by Kevin Major, Breakwater Books.
 A Soul Station in My Ear, by Dwight Gardiner, Coach House Press.
 Canadian Colonial Cooking, edited by Jean Farnegan, NC Press.
 The Arts in Canada, Yorkminster Publishing.
 Without Our Past?, by Ann Falkner, U of T Press.
 Canadian Annual Review of Politics and Public Affairs, 1975, edited by John Saywell, U of T Press.
 Natural Resources and Revenues, edited by Anthony Scott, Univ. of British Columbia Press.
 Results of the Ring Toss, by Candis Jane Dorsey, blow-ointment press.
 Two Poems for Manitoulin Island, by Lionel Kearns, blow-ointment press.
 Inner Music, by Stephen Miller, blow-ointment press.
 Becoming Woman, by Fenelope Washburn, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
 Chilton's Basic Auto Maintenance, Chilton Book Company, Thomas Nelson & Sons.
 Stompin' Tom: Story & Song, by Steve Foote, Crown-Vetch Music Ltd.
 Hall and Forewell, by George Moore, Macmillan.
 The Manipulators, by R. A. Wells, Longo Press.
 The Organic Zucchini, by Thomas and Martha Henrickson, Arterial Books.
 Sandman's Land, by Keith Floyd, Tree Frog Press.
 A First Thesaurus, by James Green, The Book Society of Canada.
 Access, by Edith Jarvi, Canadian Library Association.
 Days and Nights in Calcutta, by Clark Blaise and Bharati Mukherjee, Doubleday.
 New Provinces: Poems of Several Authors, introduction by Michael Gnanowski, U of T Press.
 Nivak & Nala from Strich, by Marj Trim and Ludo Schmidt-Fajlik, Hoot Productions.
 College with a Purpose, Kempville, by Phyllis E. Duchak, Alka Publishing.
 Weird Sisters, by Rikki, Intermedia.
 Prairie Pub Poems, by Glen Sorenson, Thistle-down Press.
 I Ching Kaanda, by Dave Godfrey, Press Porcépique.
 Duplexis, by Conrad Black, M & S.
 La Technique, by Jacques Pepin, Optimum Publishers.
 Canadian Myster: A Selected Checklist, 1950-73, edited by Lynn Jarman, U of T Press.
 Without Our Past, by Ann Falkner, U of T Press.
 Books in Other Languages: How to Select and Where to Find Them, 1976 Edition, by Leonard Wertheimer, Canadian Library Association.
 The Family Guide to Cross-Country Skiing, by Edward R. Baldwin, Pogurian Press.
 Why, by Stephen Gill, Vesta Publications.
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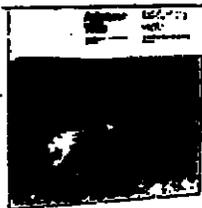
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