

Strikes and unions: Walter Stewart versus Silver Donald Cameron
Brian Moore and the delicious agony of being Irish
Chris Scott on Timothy Findley's war novel to end war novels

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Woodcock on
Callaghan's 'best
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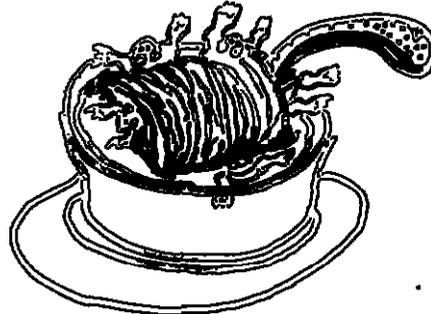
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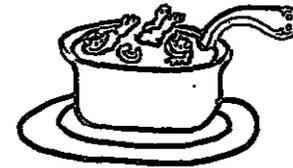
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He's a lapsed Catholic Irishman blessed (or cursed) with a Celtic memory. He once ran the port of Naples and now lives in California. He thinks his best Canadian novel was *I am Mary Dunne*. But apart from that,

WHO IS BRIAN MOORE?

by Hubert de Santana

A desperate, drink-sodden Belfast spinster rushes into a church and scrabbles at the locked tabernacle door with torn and bleeding fingernails. . . . Alone in a New York apartment an elderly Irish-woman lies slowly dying after a fall that has broken her hip, unable to reach the telephone to summon help, with only the flickering blue eye of a TV screen a witness to her agony. . . . In a remote monastery on a lonely island off the coast of Ireland, an old Abbott prays to a God he no longer believes in to protect the genuine belief of the monks in his charge. . . . A Canadian professor on a visit to California dreams of a great collection of Victoriana that magically appears in the parking lot of the motel; he awakes and finds the dream has become reality. . . . The repressed wife of a churlish Belfast surgeon has a passionate affair with a young American student in Paris that cuts her adrift from her cultural and religious moorings.

THESE CHARACTERS and incidents belong to a body of fiction that is among the most accomplished and significant in contemporary literature. And the author of that fiction, Brian Moore, is as complex and fascinating as his work.

He is a modest and charming man, but his charm and humour go hand in hand with a brooding fatalism that every Celt carries like the mark of Cain. There is a toughness in Brian Moore that no photographer has yet managed to catch. He is of medium height, but with the large-boned, sell-muscled physique of the Irish; he gives the impression of being self-sufficient, with reserves of mind and body. At 55, his black hair is shot with grey and is wearing thin on the crown of his head. His broad brow — bronzed by the Californian sun — is scored with wrinkles and there is a delta of tiny creases at each eye. The eyes are remarkable: very dark, watchful, and opaque. They are his most expressive feature, wise and tired and compassionate. But when he is moved to anger, as he was when we talked of the genocide practised by the English against the Irish during the Great Famine, those eyes were as cold and hard as polished obsidian.

Moore's manner is friendly and direct, without a trace of arrogance or affectation. He speaks with exceptional fluency, his

"There, in the bunkhouse in the middle of a Canadian winter, I faced up to it at long last. There could be no more excuses. Either I became a writer or I found a new lie."

words enunciated so clearly that he can be understood without difficulty, even at a distance, although his voice is low and is never raised, even when he is strongly moved. His powerful hands remain quiescent as he talks; only rarely does he gesture with them. It is his mellifluous speech that gives the first indication of Moore's special love of language.

The first of many problems facing one when trying to assess Moore as a man and writer is the question of nationality. He has been described as a "splendid bird of passage," and it is true that his existence has been nomadic in the best tradition of self-exiled Irish writers such as Joyce, Shaw, and Beckett. But it would be quite wrong to suppose that because he is a wanderer he has no roots. His roots are firmly in the Ulster of his boyhood and youth. And beyond; they go right back to the racial memory for which the Irish are famous (or notorious, depending on your point of view).

Canada has a strong claim on Moore; he is a citizen of this country, and many of his themes and characters are Canadian. But it is to Ireland that his imagination constantly returns for its inspiration. The reason for this has been stated by Moore, in a talk he gave at York University in November, 1976: "Now, the writer who has exiled himself from his homeland, remains, in a sense, a child. . . . His landscapes remain pristine in his memory and the people he once knew, fixed like butterflies in the glass of his recollection, will never fly out of his mind."

And on the same occasion he had this to say in regard to the vexed question of nationality: "I am an Irish writer, who is a citizen of Canada and who lives in the United States. By now, very few people know or care where I live. I am not associated with any group or school of writing. My novels are published, usually simultaneously, in London, New York, and Toronto and later, in places like Germany, Scandinavia, and Poland. Yet I do not really know my audience. My first novels were banned in Ireland and even today many Irish readers do not look upon me as a native son. In North America I have lived for long periods of time, in Montreal and in New York and now in Los Angeles, without ever being really accepted as a Canadian, or New York, or West Coast writer. . . ."

The man who now seems to be without a country was born in Belfast, Northern Ireland, on Aug. 25, 1921 — one of a family of nine children, three boys and six girls. His father was an eminent surgeon: "If not a brilliant man, certainly a great examination-passer," Moore recalls. "He was a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, always first in his class in everything, and so he was a very difficult parent to live up to because he expected everybody to do very well." Moore did not do well in school because he was weak in mathematics (a failing he shared with his compatriot, Bernard Shaw) and he knew that he was a disappointment to his father. He has written of his father in many fictional disguises, in what amounts to a prolonged act of expiation: "It's interesting that I thought when I was a boy that my mother would be the big literary influence, and it turned out that my father was the one I wrote mostly about."

From his father Moore also inherited strong Republican sentiments, though he remains distrustful of fervid nationalism. However, he freely acknowledges that there is a revolutionary strain in the Moore family: his uncle, Eoin MacNeill, professor of Ancient

Irish History at the National University of Ireland, was one of the founders of the Gaelic League and the first Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Volunteers, the forerunners of the IRA. After the Easter Rising of 1916, MacNeill was sentenced to death but was reprieved by the personal intervention of Lloyd George. Eoin MacNeill is clearly one of Brian Moore's heroes, so reflecting on the present Republic of Ireland, which is so far removed from the political ideal for which the men of 1916 gave their lives, Moore concludes bitterly that today's Irish politicians have merely confirmed the Yeats line: *A beggar on horseback lashes a beggar on foot. The beggars how changed places but the lash goes on. "It's the story of Ireland,"* says Moore grimly.

Moore's inability to comprehend mathematics made him ineligible for entry to Queen's University, Belfast; he began a London University correspondence course, but the wv intervened. "I never completed my education: I'm a drop-out," he admits, cheerfully. Being a largely self-educated moo, he undoubtedly enjoys the irony of having graduate students scrutinizing his work with the solemnity of Egyptologists examining Tutankhamen's toes.

With the coming of war, Moore joined the Belfast Air Raid Precautions unit and in 1942 transferred to the Fire Service. His harsh experience working with those units gave him the raw material for what was to become *The Emperor of Ire Cram*. In the ARP he was also had the opportunity to mix, for the first time in his life, with Protestants and Jews. In 1943 Moore joined the Ministry of War Transport in North Africa. Some months later he found himself, at the age of 21, virtually in charge of the entire port of Naples. He was responsible for the ploughing of ship channels and for supplying hundreds of ships with food and water; he debriefed ship's captains, ran a fleet of cars, and found time to open a hotel for merchant seamen. He is modest about all this: "I was suddenly projected, just through a fluke, into a position where I had a terrific amount of responsibility and I was able to help civilians to work for me and really run a big port operation. And that gave me a sort of confidence about the world, for a while, anyway."

The war years were crowded ones for Moore, packed as they were with some of the great and dreadful events of this century. He saw the Germans fleeing Naples; he saw the deed brought off the hospital ships from Anzio; he landed with the Americans in the south of France; he watched collaborators shot dead in the streets of Marseilles; he saw the unspeakable extermination camp at Auschwitz; he observed the Russian advance across Poland. Yet none of these events found their way into his major fiction. Why? Because, he says, he felt he was merely a spectator in those bloody theatres.

After the NY, Moore spent two years with an economic mission in Poland, a stint that convinced him he would not like to live in a Communist country. He spent some months travelling in Scandinavia and then decided to emigrate. The year was 1948, and he was 27 years old.

Two factors combined to make Canada the recipient of his genius: an optimistic Canadian official in London said he would have no trouble finding work with a Canadian newspaper; and he was in love with an older woman who was heading this way (she eventually told him to "get lost").

Moore's arrival in Canada was anything but romantic. His first job was in a northern construction camp as a cost-accounting clerk: "There, in the bunkhouse in the middle of a Canadian winter, I faced up to it et long lest. There could be no more excuses. Either I became a writer or I found a new lie. And so, I began to write." He moved to Montreal, which he found more congenial to his temperament, and became a pmof reader (at \$37 a week) and later a reporter for the Montreal *Gazette*.

He NY 30 when he took his brave gamble, quit his job, rented a Laurentian cabin, and began his first novel. He was determined not to write a conventional Irish autobiographical first novel. From the beginning he chose to write about the themes that have pre-occupied him ever since. Balanced on "the seesaw of emotion and memory," he wrote about a crisis of faith as experienced by an ageing Belfast spinster. He wrote about the sufferings of ordinary people, of social and metaphysical loneliness. He achieved the amazing feat of writing convincingly about a woman whose very ordinariness made her accessible, and allowed readers to identify

with her in an intensely personal way. *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne* was received with universal critical and popular acclaim.

Moon? was acknowledged as a novelist of unusual subtlety and power. But for all the praise heaped upon him subsequently, he has never received his due as a craftsman. His technical brilliance



has been glossed over in favour of admiration for his sympathetic and skilful probing of the feminine psyche.

He writes prose of an extraordinary purity, and his transparent style is the envy of other working novelists. But those crystalline sentences are the result of hellish labour, and an obsessive perfectionism: "I rewrite a lot. I rewrite beginnings up to 50 times. I believe that the reader is seduced in the first 10 or 15 pages. The decisions are made then: whether to trust the writer or not: or to be enchanted by the style or not to be enchanted. The critic disappears in 15 pages, or the critic remains to the end of the book. It's like plunging into the sea: you plunge into the sea of this writer's work. end you swim in that sea: and then you have to come out of that sea. Getting out is terribly important, too. If you stub your toe

"If my work shows a bleak vision, it is simply Irish in that. The Celt always sees the worm and the spectre when he looks at the head of a man."

coming out, or if you're half drowned, that's not going to be good. So beginnings of books are everything; end of course endings also are everything. And that's why I believe that beginnings should be seamless."

Anyone who has read the beginning of Moore's consummate novella, *Catholics*, will know how triumphantly he has achieved his aim. But the endings of his novels sometimes trouble readers, because they seem to be inconclusive. That is a charge often made about last year's best seller, *The Doctor's Wife*, and this is how Moore ANSWERS it: "The character of Sheila Redden at the end of the book has completely cut all ties with her former life and may never be heard of again; but at least she has faced up to her existential dilemma. And there is the possibility that something else could happen in her life. There's a possibility with Judith Hearne that something else could happen in her life. I like to leave books with open ends, as they are in life: when you haven't heard from a person for years and you suddenly say, 'Whatever became of so-and-so' That gives the book a feeling of life: part of the strength of a novel is to leave the character in a position where people can discuss them as they might a real person."

Another quality that adds distinction to Moore's novels is the accuracy of their dialogue, the uncanny way in which speech patterns are reproduced exactly, without a false or jarring note. Moore is obviously proud of his fine ear: "One of the few things that I could say without boasting is that I am probably one of the very few Irish or English writers who can write an American dialogue in such a way that no American editor ever changes a line. My book *An Answer From Limbo* is one I believe could have been written by an American. That was a breakthrough for me in many ways. And it remains one of my favourite books, because it's the one with which I finally bridged the gap between the Old World and the New."

Moore has often expressed his gratitude to Canada for the help he has received in grants and prizes. But he is piqued that the beavers of CanLit scholarship have so far neglected to give *I am Mary Dunne* the attention it deserves. For Moore, it is the most Canadian of his novels. "It is a Canadian book," he declares. "People don't realize that nearly all the major characters in *Mary Dunne* are Canadians. The character of Hatfield Bell is a distillation of many, many Canadian characters I've known. . ."

It is in *Mary Dunne* that Moore states two important themes from his work. The first is the adaptation of Descartes' *Cogito ergo sum* to *Memento ergo sum*; memory is crucial to all Moore's fiction. The second theme, equally important, is the notion that art end sex can replace God and religion as a means of redemption and salvation. (It's worth mentioning in passing that this idea has been explored in film that agnostic Lutheran, Ingmar Bergman, who has much in common with lapsed-Catholic Brian Moore.)

Mary Dunne offers a life-affirming hymn from the gospel according to St. Ems: ". . . you are my resurrection end my life and out of the depths I cry to you, and now Terence maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he restoreth me by his lingers inside me es

he kisses my breasts and neck, and I take his prick in my hand and come up with him to joy, all my shaking stilled, to that joining, that Mass of the senses. . . to that fuck that encompasseth me. . ."

The Great Victorian Collection is another of Moore's favourite books because it was a daring experiment, a departure from what was known and familiar. "I was writing against all the strengths I have," says Moore. But he proved more than equal to the challenge. He produced a powerful and haunting allegory of the artist as necromancer, the magician who can literally imagine objects into being. But that's the least of it. The novel is concerned specifically with an artist's responsibility for the art he creates, and the price that has to be paid for all such creation, in human as well as spiritual terms.

Then is a grimness underlying many of Moore's novels that is directly related to the Celtic side of his nature. Maloney, the creator of the great Victorian collection, is finally killed by it: and Brendan Tierney, the egocentric writer in *An Answer From Limbo*, says bleakly at the end of the book: "I have altered beyond all self-recognition. I have lost and sacrificed myself." And Sheila Redden, the heroine of *The Doctor's Wife*, offers a view of life that is essentially tragic, and could serve as an epitaph for Moore's generation: "The Protestants don't believe in Britain and the Catholics don't believe in God. And none of us believes in the future."

"If my work shows a bleak vision, it is simply Irish in that," says Moore. "The Celt always sees the worm and the spectre when he looks at the head of a man and it is that sense of hopelessness, and the feeling that man's life is ultimately useless, that has produced the literature."

Last year when he visited the Belfast house in which he grew up, Moore found that its front door and windows were bricked up to prevent snipers using it as a shooting box: its rooms were "empty and evil-smelling, its roof askew, its brass and mahogany fittings long pilfered and gone." The Belfast of his youth has vanished forever; yet Moore's imagination keeps returning there, making an endless pilgrimage to what he calls "that Moscow of my mind."

Why is the Irish memory so tenacious? An old Irish chronicle says that in the battle of Moire in 646 A.D., Cenn Faelad, a descendant of two high kings, received a mighty blow on the head. So hard was the blow that "his brain of forgetting was stricken out of him," with the result that he remembered everything: "And he fitted a pattern of poetry to these matters and wrote them on slates and tablets." It is a faculty he bequeathed intact to Irish bards down to the present day.

A more mundane explanation for the Irishman's prodigious memory is that it is the inheritance of a great oral tradition. The ancient Celtic bards were illiterate, but they carried unwritten libraries in their heads, until the invention of Gutenberg's movable type put them out of business.

Today Moore's Irish past seems remote. He lives in a bright and airy bench house in Malibu, overlooking the sunny Pacific; in the garden are splashes of scarlet bougainvillea. It is a long way from the dour, grimy Victorian brick of Belfast, and the misty, blank grey waters of Belfast Lough. He drives a dark brown Mercedes 450SL convertible, certainly a lustier beast than the doughty little Morris Minor described so lovingly at the end of *Fergus*.

Yet Moore's well-deserved affluence (*The Doctor's Wife* has brought him nearly \$500,000 in paperback and film rights alone) has made very little difference to the man or the writer. True, he enjoys the freedom that has come with financial independence. But when he shoots himself in his study, he does a lonely and courageous thing: he faces his ghosts as Eugene O'Neill faced his in *Long Day's Journey Into Night*; and, like O'Neill, Moore writes of them with deep pity and understanding and forgiveness.

The *Great Victorian Collection* ends with an expert psychologist commenting on the collection of Victoriana that has survived its creator: "The extent to which it will outlive the man who created it, or its interest to succeeding generations, is, of course, beyond the range of our predictions." The same could be said of the work of Brian Moore. With this difference: it is safe to predict that the best of it will last into the next millennium. □

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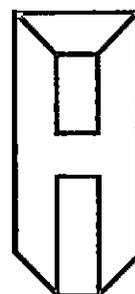
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HELLO TO ALL THAT

If you want your granddad's old battalion, this is where they are. Timothy Findley has seen 'em, hanging on the old barbed wire.

by Chris Scott

The Wars, by Timothy Findley, Clarke Irwin. 232 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7720 1188 5).

GERMAN CARTOONS pictured the salient as the jaws of a skull closing on the defending armies. The British, who were not so deliberately humorous, spoke of it as a thorn in Berlin's side. Ypres was defended at the cost of 7,000 casualties a day, and when Haig attempted the breakout in the summer of 1917, he almost lost the war. The Boches were one enemy. *la boue* - mud - another. "Good God," General Kiggel, Haig's Chief of Staff, muttered on tint seeing the battlefield. "did we really send men to fight in that?" -and burst into tears. When poison gas was first used in the history of warfare on April 22, 1915, it was the Canadians who filled the gap in the line at St. Julien. Their rifles dated from the Boer War, and they had no gas masks but used their handkerchiefs or the tom-off tails of their shirts soaked, as Liddell Hart daintily put it. "with the liquid most commonly available in the trencher." If they did not do this they died, and the chances were they would die anyway. "Wipers," the men called it, and Wipers it was.

"Trash troops," the Germans called them, because they were so ill-equipped, ill-trained and ill-led, but the trash troops were still there three years later, and there would be a great deal of rhetoric spent about a nation being Forged in arms.

The Wars chronicles one man's brief war, Second Lieutenant Robert Ross, of the 5th Brigade, Canadian Field Artillery, whose

first encounter with the realities of the European war, in a grimly ironic way, could not be more Canadian. A Flemish Farmer, complaining of some lost cattle, switches to French because Ross cannot understand Flemish:

"Enklisch! Enklisch! *Vous êtes anglais? Maudits anglais... Ces sont tous assassins!*"

Robert, who feels accused of something he has not done, a Waspish enough reaction, summons up the only words of French he knows: "*Monsieur! Je ne parle pas français! Je suis canadien!*"

The novel opens with a prologue: Ross leading 130 horses and one dog out of a burning freight yard, down the road to Magdelene Wood. The narrative, which is arranged by a present-day "archivist" (she is never named, and is unimportant to the story as such), is an attempt to recreate this episode of the horses, clearly a prelude to disaster, and so reconstruct the character of Ross himself. The structure is circular, and Findley is a writer obsessed with time's detritus: "Boxes and boxes of snapshots, maps and letters, cablegrams and clippings from the papers."

The Rosses are wealthy manufacturers of farm machinery. Like the Masseys, they are the kind of people who send field ambulances to the front, and an early photo shows Mr. and Mrs. Ross and three of their children—Robert, Peggy and Stuart—standing before a new Ford truck marked with "large red crosses." (The symbol shows up again on the breastplates of the German Pioneers

who have brought up flamethrowers from Verdun. Fire, the metamorphic element, is another symbol manipulated with astonishing virtuosity in this novel.) The Ross's eldest child, Rowena, is hydrocephalic, end "Not much admitted into the presence of the camera." It is For her that Robert has "learnt to run" — as a child he attempts the marathon, and Findley gives an idyllic sequence from his basic training in which he pursues a coyote to a water-hole, a prefiguration of a later shell hole scene in Flanders. Rowena is dead by the time Robert embarks for Europe; her death suggests a sea change, from Toronto's, incestuous Anglican rectitude to the no-less-dutiful homicide of Flanders fields.

On the S. S. *Massanabie*, Robert is given charge of the brigade's horses. While he shares their misery ("Transporting men and animals in the same vessel," exclaims the C.O., "Barbarous! Barbarous!"), the congregation et home sings to the Lord with cheerful voice and the Bishop speaks of landfall and empire. Before disembarkation et Plymouth, Robert has to shoot one of the horses. Thinking of Rowena, whose pet rabbits are destroyed after ha death, he bungles the job. He falls, badly bruising his legs, and has to be "lowered into the tender much as the horses hnd been brought aboard — 'in a kind of harness'."

Temporarily invalidated out to the Royal Free Hospital in Kent, Robert meets Lady Barbara d'Orsey, and their affair is subsequently narrated through a series of tape-recordings and journal entries transcribed by the "archivist." The affair is first hinted et in another interview, with the nurse, Marian Turner, From whom we learn that Ross was a hero, that his Face was obliterated by fire, end that "the story of the horses is something I'd rather never had known had happened." It is this "story of the hones" that mainwins the narrative tension, while the intercutting between pest and present provides a distancing counter on an otherwise well-nigh unmanageable subject.

As an imaginative recreation of horror, the combat scenes in this novel equal anything by Graves or Sassoon. Robert and his platoon are caught by a German gas attack as they are trying to set up a mortar in a shell crater.

All too quickly they discovered they could not touch bottom. Three of the men could not swim. One man had broken bnh hi legs in the fall. Two or three corpses that had lain nearby against the sides of the crater slid down after them and sank like stones. But in moments they floated to the surface and when Robert and Bates had begun to struggle to the edge with the men who could not swim. Robert Found hc had saved a mm who was already dead.

Before the attack the men sit in their "stained-glass dugout" (the glass is taken from the ruins of St. Eloi) and discuss Clausewitz. And after the attack: "When they made their way beck through the trench there was no one there alive. They had all been gassed or had frozen to death. Those who lay in water were profiled in ice. Everything was green: their Feces -and their fingers-and their buttons. And the snow."

In order to subvert whet the Scottish critic Gil Elliot has called the "mechantropic vision" of nature (in which such words es "carnage" and "slaughter" are nice but meaningless), Robert "liberates" the brigade's horses-en action that occurs after he is raped by his Fellow officers and gentlemen In the *Asile d'alienés aux Bailleul et Ploegbeke*. (The asylum is used es a wash house.) The *asile desolé*, or desolated refuge, contrasts with the stained-glass dugout and the collection of caged animals (a toad, hedge-bog and bird, end rabbits — Rowena again) that the men have rescued from the war. This is a novel of fearful symmetries.

Leon Wolff, the historian of Passchendaele, wrote in the introduction to his *In Flanders Fields* that he wanted to write objective history, but could not believe what he was writing. Timothy Findley, the author of two previous novels, *The Last of the Crazy People* (1967) and *The Butterfly Plague* (1969), has written an extraordinarily beautiful book that cries out For belief, not just on the level of metafiction or popular history, though these elements are undeniably present in *The Wars*, but on the deeper archetypal level of myth. It is that rare achievement, a novel of poise, conviction, and greet control. □

FINE FICTION

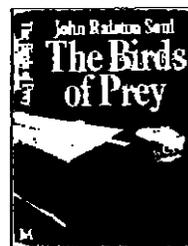


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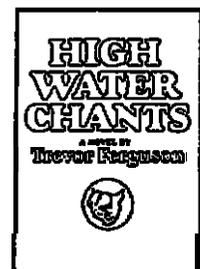


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THIS FALL IN TORONTO

At 74, that old swan Morley Callaghan has regained his form and — more joy in heaven — is singing as he used to sing 40 summers ago

by George Woodcock

Close to the Sun Again, by Morley Callaghan. Macmillan. 192 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7705 1574 6).

THIS IS, in my view, the best book Morley Callaghan has written since *That Summer in Paris* 14 years ago, and the best novel since *More Joy in Heaven* 40 years ago. Callaghan has had such repeated returns and renewals that it would be rash to suggest that *Close to the Sun Again* may be his swan song. Bet if it is, after so many summers the swan is singing superbly.

There is a majestically cyclic movement in Callaghan's career. It spreads over half a century, beginning with the gauche, tentative, implausible books written in the 1920s, like *Strange Fugitive*, *A Broken Journey*, and *It's Never Over*. It moves to the ascendant during the 1930s when Callaghan finds himself as a

fictional moralist and produces those three splendid novels-as-allegories: *Such is my Beloved*; *They Shall Inherit the Earth*; and *More Joy in Heaven*.

After *More Joy in Heaven* in 1937, the wheel of Callaghan's creativity moves into a long zone of silence: Callaghan, it is widely believed in the 1940s, has written himself out. But then, after 14 years, there appears another trio of novels: *The Loved and the Lost* in 1951; *The Many Coloured Coat* in 1960; and *A Passion in Rome* in 1961. Callaghan is attempting something different with these books, moving away from the terse manner and simple construction of the fictions of the 1930s into a lush style and a more complex and decorated form—that of the classic realist novel.

But he does it with the equipment of a writer of short stories and of those long and simply constructed novellas that the French call *récits* as distinct from *romans*. In every case the adjustment means a corruption of style, an offending of credibility. *The Loved and the Lost* and *A Passion in Rome* both fail in the unity of conception and the force of moral passion that distinguished such books as *They Shall Inherit the Earth*. *The Many Coloured Coat* is the nearest of these three post-1945 novels to the successful books of the 1930s, at least in spirit, but Callaghan has laboured a true and simple theme, sufficient perhaps for a novella of 150 pages, into the verbose tedium of an over-written narrative 318 pages long.

The wheel continues in its revolutions. *A Passion in Rome* — up to that time Callaghan's most ambitious and disastrous book — is followed by another 14 years of fictional silence, though during this period his autobiographical volume, *That Summer in Paris*, appears to challenge comparison with John Glassco's *Memoirs of Montparnasse* as one of the few Canadian accounts of the great Left Bank days.

Then, in 1975, appears the book we all knew was due sooner or later, that sad and unnecessary self-justification, *A Fine and Pri-*

The wheel of creativity has swung again to the top. Here at last is the Callaghan book we've been expecting. ...It hasn't a fine biblical title like the others; but the sun, after all, is a universal image of deity and also of the brightness of going over into death.

ate Place. Callaghan, praised more than most Canadian writers, over-praised by Edmund Wilson in a moment of reminiscent generosity, has always harboured the illusion of being neglected or unjustly condemned by his fellow countrymen. Writers sun of their own worth are rarely troubled by such situations — real or imagined. Others attempt to redress the "injustice" by writing about it, and in *A Fine and Private Place* Callaghan presents a



flattering self-analysis and a situation in which the blind characters who clearly represent his critics are made to bear the blame for destroying his fictitious persona.

Books of this kind are embarrassing to many readers, and to most critics, who feel they are being morally blackmailed, ultimately, one imagines, they must be embarrassing to the author himself. Yet certainly in Callaghan's case having a go at his real and imagined enemies in *A Fine and Private Place* has had an extraordinarily liberating effect. The wheel of his creativity has swung again to the top. Here at last, in *Close to the Sun Again*, is the Callaghan book we have been expecting for 30 years, the completing fourth to *Such is My Beloved, More Joy in Heaven, and They Shall Inherit the Earth*. If hasn't a fine biblical title like the others: but the sun, after all, is a universal image of deity and also of the brightness of going over into death ("They are all gone into the world of light," es the 17th century's Henry Vaughan had it.) And *Close to the Sun Again* is a story about death es the completion of life.

In many curious ways it is a recapitulative book so far es Callaghan is concerned. It is brief and terse, a true *récit*, with a simple one-directional plot like the Callaghan novels of the 1930s. And essentially it has only one character, since the whole novel revolves around the way the moral disintegration of In Gmome, a model of organizational impersonality, almost predestines the accident that brings him-shattered beyond recovery-to a hospital bed where the barriers to memory are all released and Gmome remembers the strange experiences that withered his life and turned him into the rigid figure of the Commander, as all men know him. (And here, whether Callaghan intended it or not, one remembers the stony Commander who guided Don Juan into death in Lorenzo da Ponte's libretto for *Don Giovanni*, though Callaghan's Commander is in feet his own guide.)

The echoes multiply es one reads through *Close to the Sun Again*. The plot and some account of the action is necessary to appreciate Callaghan's intentions — shows the Commander, Ira Gmome, returning from a distinguished executive career in Brazil to take over the police commission of a Canadian city. Slowly we realize that under the imperturbable surface everything is wrong. The Commander, whose wife died alcoholic and whose son has rejected him, is haunted by expectations; he is awaiting the re-awakening of some crucial memory. He begins to drink, and to dip away every few months to a nursing home to dry out. He becomes more reckless and more desperate; there is a ludicrous scene in which he spews gin over his fellow members of the police commission. He goes for the last time to the nursing home, and there the horsy rich-bitch who is his present mistress makes a remark that suddenly gives the clue to the memory he has been sucking. He walks out, starts to drive back to the city, is crushed in an accident, and, dying in the hospital, remembers like a dying man the events that turned him into the stony statue of the Commander.

What follows—the great Proustian area of memory recovered—is the kernel, the best part of the novel, and the most direct and uncluttered writing Callaghan has done in years. Ira Gmome (the novel is full of the kind of orally clumsy names in which Callaghan delights, such as Leo Cawthra and Jethroe Chone) is lieutenant on a corvette escorting an Atlantic convoy in the Second World War. The corvette picks up a boat of survivors from a wrecked merchant ship, including a striking pair, the beautiful semi-debutante Gina Bisby and Jethroe Chone, a self-assured thug whom her rich father (mixed up with gangland and himself in flight) has appointed her guardian, and who, according to Gina, has raped her. Ire falls in love with Gina, but her relationship with Chone troubles him. Is she in the man's power or does she want to keep him in hers until — when they land in England — her father can avenge her dishonour? The corvette is torpedoed, and Ira is on a float that eventually picks up Gina and Chone. Mortally hurt, Chone drops over the side and Gina, with an agonized cry of "Come beck, you bastard," leaps into the water and is lost with him. Picked up by the packet — and this is the frailest passage of the book — Gmome sees the "world of wonderfully impersonal relationships" that a naval career offers, and decides that "there could be

Close to the Sun Again is ... an allegory on the way the will to power develops among men only when their natural impulses are suppressed and their personal defeats come to dominate them. Touch a powerful man and you find an emotional cripple.

relief in forgetting the voices of his own heart." But can one really forget voluntarily the voices of one's heart, heard in full manhood? Is it plausible that Gmome should have put the dramatic incident of Chone and Gins so completely out of his mind that only the approach of death releases it? Could you? Could I?

But the difficulty of believing such things literally may mean that we are back with the essential Callaghan, who at his best was not greatly interested in realism, but in presenting morel drama. *Close to the Sun Again* is nothing if not such a drama — an allegory on the way the will to power develops among men only when their natural impulses are suppressed and their personal defeats come to dominate them. Touch a powerful man and you find an emotional cripple. That is the tale of Ira Gmome.

But there is another point to make before leaving *Close to the Sun Again*. It is the resemblance between Gina Bixby's equivocal situation and that of Peggy Sanderson in *The Loved and the Lost* — though Gina, more contained within her enigma, is more fictionally convincing than Peggy. And a final link. As Ira lies in his hospital bed near his end, he hears Gina's voice calling over the water and "he saw a sunlit clearing on the edge of a jungle and into that clearing came a white leopard to sit in the sun, and then he was dead." It is, of course, with a leopard and an old church that James McAlpine remembers Peggy in *The Loved and the Lost*. But McAlpine and Peggy are far less realized beings in one's mind than Gina and Gmome. Callaghan, at 74, is at the top of the wheel again. Long may he remain there! Long may the old swan sing! □

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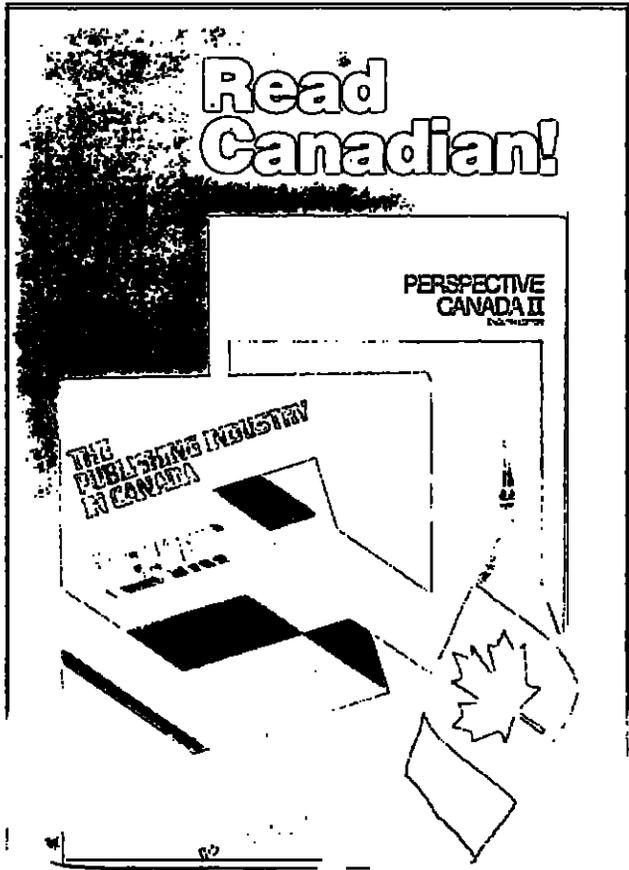
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A stimulating novel, reviewed in 709 words

A New Athens. by Hugh Hood. Oberon Press. 226 pages. \$15.00 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 235 0) and 56.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 236 91).

By I. M. OWEN

IN HIGH HOOD'S projected 12-volume novel *The New Age*, this is the second to appear. *The Swing in the Garden* took Matt Goderich, the central figure and author's spokesman, from his birth in 1930 to 1939. *A New Athens* starts in 1966, flashes back to 1952, and then goes back and forth between these two dates; clearly, then, it is at least the third in chronological sequence, and it will doubtless gain in resonance once the gap from 1939 to 1952 has been filled in. But don't postpone getting it on that account: it's good Hood.

When Edie Codrington, who will become Matt Goderich's wife, first meets him she says: "Why are you so literal-minded? You'll never get anywhere that way." She's right and wrong. Goderich and Hood are literal-minded, to an extreme. But it gets them pretty far. Here is Matt watching Edie skating on the St. Lawrence at night:

Edie's solitary figure came and went in alternating moonlight and shadow. as clouds formed, broke, re-formed, overhead. She was maybe a hundred yards offshore, perfectly safe on the three solid feet of crystal, making her way slowly westward against a moderate wind... Gliding toward me with the wind behind her, she looked like a dancer in a dream, motionless in herself, propelled by impulse provided by her dreamer.

The vision is dreamlike, romantic, erotic; but the tape-measure, the compass, the anemometer are all on the job. Hugh Hood makes many of his statements in terms of painting: and this of course is basic to the art of the figurative painter — however visionary his vision, to express it he must make precise measurements and know exactly what he is doing with the perspective. But the vision must be visionary. Edie's mother May-Beth, a primitive but masterly painter, states it to Goderich and for Hood: "Of course the true subject for the painter is the soul's voyage in the companionship of Jesus ad the angels." And the climax of this book comes in the discovery, after her death, of May-Beth's *chef-d'oeuvre*, a painting entitled "The Population of Stoverville, Ontario, Entering into the New Jerusalem."

I won't detail the plot, which is only a string on which to hang the innumerable intertwining, convoluted digressions that are not digressions at all but the main stuff of the book. In four long chapters, averaging 55½ pages each (this sort of thing is infectious), we get a careful and fascinating historical geography of that part of Eastern Ontario that lies along the St. Lawrence in the vicinity of Brockville and stretches northwestward to the Rideau Lakes. Brockville is renamed Stoverville, but all the other places described are given their right names — I have found them on the map. It is typical of Hood's method that he pretty well forces you to follow him on a map, and equally typical that the map bears him out in every particular.

Matt Goderich has become an art historian, and his special field is the early architecture of this bit of country. Hence we learn a good deal about the art of building in the early 19th century, the provenance of the designs, the patterns of settlement. We also get the history of an abandoned local railway; an exuberant catalogue of the wildflowers to be found beside its embankment a few minutes' walk eastward from a point on Highway 29 about six miles north of Brockville; a discussion of Dürer's treatment of vegetation: an explanation of the origin of the Norfolk Broads and a description of an abandoned branch railway line near Tintern Abbey; and a consideration of the impact of European settlement on the native peoples of America. That's just in the first chapter. Later we learn how difficult it is to haul a cruiser out of the St. Lawrence on a marine railway in order to cradle her for the winter, how some early Renaissance masters used multiple perspective, and much more. If by any chance I have made this sound tedious, it's my fault: stimulating is the word.

The 12th and last volume in this series is planned for publication in the year 2000. Matt Goderich will be 70; and I am looking forward to receiving page-proofs for review shortly after my 77th birthday. □



Hugh Hood

This Canadian's not the Weekend man he Maclaims

No Other Country, by Al Purdy, McClelland & Stewart, 187 pages. \$10 cloth (ISBN 0 77107208 2).

By JIM CHRISTY

NOT MANY writers in this country get collections of their magazine journalism published. There are two reasons. Publishers don't think anyone is interested. And no one, much, is writing good magazine journalism, which may or may not be owing to the fact that no one will publish journalism of the sort that seems to be the most interesting writing in other countries.

Al Purdy has gotten this collection published because he is, well, Al Purdy. Believe me — spare yourself! — it has nothing to do with good writing. If you have been around a while and have a good name, especially one that calls to mind lusty living and travelling, and you can tie your pieces together with a theme called Canada, you are in the position of foisting off on the public, who knows you for some of the best poetry published in the country, all your hackneyed and hack work.

The pieces, originally published in *The Canadian*, *Weekend*, *Maclean's*, and other places, deal supposedly with The Land and The People: "Harbour Deep" in Newfoundland; "Imagine a Town" like Churchill. Man.; "Aklavik on the Mackenzie River"; "Lights on the Sea: Portraits of B.C. Fishermen"; crossing all of it by freight in "The Iron Road"; and 12 others, including one on poets in Montreal that reaches its climax in Grossman's Tavern in Toronto.

Now, I am sure that someone else reviewing this book is going to mention that the author has a unique ability to convey the sense of place, the sense of ourselves, or something. What it actually does is minimize whatever place the author happens to be in and whatever people he has contact with, which reminds me of what Jack Batten wrote about Gordon Sinclair—that he has the ability to make every place in the world seem like a back yard in Etobicoke. But Purdy leaks even that much vision. He makes everything seem small and nowhere in particular.

I know that Canadian magazines, the ones he has written for, have their demands. They cater to the little old ladies in Saskatoon who are probably the real editors of the publications. But these pieces have all been revised and updated so that, finally, only Purdy is to blame. They are sloppy, bite-boring, bland sod the result is one of the

most depressing reading experiences I have ever had

In an article on Lowry he deals with the author's alcoholism by quoting him: "He was pitting, like Paracelsus, the effects of alcohol against the effects of increased physical exercise ... to drink through and nut the other side of a nervous breakdown or worse." The man had to live it to say it and Purdy's empathetic observation is: "A strange reason for keeping the distilleries working at full capacity."

Purdy has a curiously ambivalent attitude toward America and Americans. At one point he refers to "the lamentably undefended American border" and elsewhere he praises a guy for having "plenty of good old American know how."

Is this quibbling? No. The example is indicative of his carelessness and general floundering. He describes Irving Layton on page 114 as having a "physique something like Two Ton Tony Galento, a heavyweight fighter whom probably no one now remembers." At least Purdy hopes no one remembers, because if they did, and they also know about Irving Layton, they would realize that this comparison is ludicrous. If Irving Layton has the same physique as Two Ton Tony, then so does Miriam Waddington. Two pages later Purdy describes himself and Layton as "both large men filling the car to bursting." Yet, three pages later Layton now is "a rather small man."

Nearly every man who works outdoors has "a dark brown face that is deeply lined." Purdy has no idea what to do with the women in his articles. He goes to interview men and they unfortunately have wives who have to be dealt with. His technique is to describe them as "pretty" or "quite pretty" and be done with it.

In his piece on Quebec he recalls working in a Montreal factory and wrestling with a Québécois fellow worker. The match becomes a corny metaphor for racial respect. The sweat mingling and all that.

The worst of a bad lot is "Argus in Labrador." It seems two hunters from an Eskimo village have been lost and Purdy goes along on the Argus search flight. Purdy uses the trip to describe the flight and the crew as if he were on a casual jaunt from cloud to cloud. All the drama of a rescue mission is lost to him. Instead he comments that the chemical toilet is "one step ahead of my own primitive rural outhouse" and that radio is standard equipment "unless you're competing in the Nanaimo Bath tub Derby." The navigator on this flight had previously taken part in the search and rescue of Marten Hartwell. Purdy reminds us that Hartwell was the pilot who went down near Yellowknife "and survived by chewing on some of his dead passengers."

The Eskimos? They weren't found. Purdy sticks them into the last paragraph: "Their life adventure is almost certainly ended too." He also dedicates the book to them, but one feels they might have been better served in the piece itself.

The book reminds one of the mediocrity, and worse, of most magazine writing in

Canada. Many people feel that novels are becoming increasingly irrelevant to the age we live in. Whether this is true (and I think it is), there is nothing in Canada to take the place of the novel. A Canadian novel, if it sells briskly, sells 2,000 copies and you can bet the people who buy it are steady novel readers. We have magazines with circulations of more than one million, and some of the country's leading writers work for them. A tremendous opportunity. Yet we get Purdy's pieces, which say nothing about the country we live in. Nothing real, that is. No drama, life, blood, marrow, hopes, fears, aspirations, disillusionment, comedy, tragedy, and nothing whatsoever about what motivates a person to do what he or she does.

It is more than a shame. There is an entire country out there. In 1971, Purdy runs into a dapper, 94-year-old man selling airline tickets in Winnipeg. This man was a prisoner of Big Bear. For God's sake, in 1885, Purdy doesn't know what to do with him. He doesn't seem to know what to do with anything. □

Too big for his scoops

The Five Lives of Ben Hecht, by Doug Fetherling, Lester & Orpen, 228 pages, \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0 919630 85 5).

By WILLIAM MARSANO

BEN HECHT — everybody knows about Ben Hecht. He got into newspapering at a memorable time in a memorable place: Chicago in the early years of this century. Chicago then was gorgeous with corruption, and the papers revelled in it. (They also helped things along, a fact often subject to genial neglect.) A literary renaissance was on: writers came out of the sidewalk. Those who didn't work for the daily papers socialized riotously with those who did. Hecht was a successful blender of fact and fiction (according to the requirement of the time) and after absorbing this dizzy nightmare through his pores and his prose, immortalized it, with the help of Charles MacArthur, in *The Front Page*.

Hecht's legacy is that his play, which became three movies, gave to Hollywood and the known world the character of the newspaper repotter. It was a hit in 1928 and is still in use today. This is the repotter of the green-eyeshade era — a cocky wiseass in sleeve-garters who drinks religiously, bats out scoops on a nicotine-stained Underwood No. 5, and says things like "Stop the presser!" and "I've got a story that will blow this town wide open!" And that's Ben Hecht, right?

No, says Doug Fetherling, who seeks to prove that Hecht was more than a writer of gunfire dialogue who could play the Smith-Corona like a Scotch piano. The dust-jacket copy leads us on; people of some note there state that Hecht was responsible for a lot — or most of — what we, know today as modern entertainment.

That's a large claim. But even if you can take such estimates on faith, Fetherling embarks you on a difficult journey. Assuming Hecht's importance, he uses it as the reason for tracing Hecht's inward and literary progress.

This brings us to Hecht as Hechtian man — not the Hollywood reporter but the character found in serious literary works, such as the novel *Erik Dorn* and the play *Quito and Back*. Hecht — the man and the character — is an uncommitted, passionless emotional cripple. He hates and sneers at his insensitive inferiors because he fears sinking to their level (he has no faith in an inherent personal superiority to cling to). He is an outcast with conflicting loyalties, an unreconciled Jewish background, literary ambitions, and scars caused by youthful immersion in charnel-house journalism. An emotional and spiritual drifter. Hecht is five times transmogrified, into Bohemian, Iconoclast, Sophisticate, Propagandist, and Memoirist.

Fetherling examines these "lives" to show how they came to be shaped and how they shaped Hecht. But while the investigation is close, minute, and even microscopic, it is hard to keep up. The idea seems to take charge and get carried away with itself. The labels become too important to the case; the names of the lives seem to have lives of their own. At one point, without warning, the Sophisticate "life" *in partes tres divisa est*. All of this bookkeeping seems to suggest that there is no such thing as reasonable, expectable, gradual change. Yet it is gradual change of an ordinary sort that blurs all of Hecht's supposedly separate lives. Bohemian and Iconoclast (in the Chicago days) are hard to tell apart. Sophisticate (New York and Hollywood period) does not seem greatly different.

Other problems occur when Hecht writes or does something that doesn't fit into the life he is supposed to be leading: it becomes necessary for Fetherling to stop frequently to trace troublesome details back to the proper incarnations. There are so many of these internal references that the reader seems to ricochet about Hecht's pest. Chronology becomes confused. The writing becomes tense, knotted with frequent repetitions, which in turn require frequent interim summaries to sort things out.

The Propagandist and Memoirist periods are fairly clear, but Hecht's important work took place in more muddled lives. As a propagandist, Hecht seems to have been torn by internal rebellion — his soul desperately trying to kick some humanity into an arid life. He took up the cause of the Jewish search for a homeland. He made a lot of noise and many enemies — and he suffered, if that is the word, in ways that

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seem ludicrously insignificant. (What? No script credit in Britain?). From there, he fell into the Memoirist period, in which he rouged his memories of old Chicago and rearranged the pest to his convenience.

In any event, the informing spirit in each life is always that of Hechtian man. He is sympathetic at first in his alienation, despair and emotional impotence. But he never changes, never grows, he is soon tedious; eventually he is less than pitiful and needy contemptible. Hecht the writer didn't change either: mired in his Chicago mud, he seems to have written *The Front Page* a dozen times over and done little else but caricature himself. Nor does the book ever manage to offer us a look at Haht as a larger force in the field he is supposed to have influenced so mightily.

It is an uncomfortable book because it is serious and almost scholarly; this is no cheap Hollywood-nostalgia ripoff designed to coin money and catch the eye of the talk-show circuit. It is a personal perception written without blind hem-worship or cultist idolatry — it is an honest attempt at an assessment of Hecht. Indeed, so honest that integrity is in part the book's undoing: it's hard to believe Hecht is worth the effort. □

CUTLINE

Ghetto long little dogie

Horizon: *Writings of the Canadian Prairie*, edited by Km Mitchell, Oxford, 288 pages, 56.95 paper (ISBN 19 540262 6).

seems valuable, by Ed Upward. Turnstone Press, 40 pages, paper, unpriced (ISBN 0 88801002 8).

Diving Into Fire, by Robert Currie, Oberon, 87 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 212 1) and \$3.95 paps (ISBN 0 88750214 8).

Sometimes I Think of Moving, by Elizabeth Brewster, Oberon, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 221 0) and 54.50 paper (ISBN 0 88750 222 9).

By EUGENE McNAMARA

HERE ARE FOUR books by Prairie folk. One is an anthology of 60 writers, including George Bowering, who is from British Columbia, and B.C.' isn't a Prairie pro-

vince, and Elizabeth Brewster, who is from New Brunswick, and Wallace Stegner, who is an American but lived in Saskatchewan for six years. This is the son of thing that makes me uneasy about the authenticity, the credibility, of the whole regional writing myth. This current mania for territorial imperatives can only exist in a pure form of isolation, which is impossible in today's highly mobile society. Most of the titers in this anthology have lived in a number of other places that could claim them as nativist exponents as readily as Mitchell has for his purposes. I suspect that this rage for ghettos will only end in such future anthologies as *Forty-eight Homosexual Writers of Southern Alberta* or *I Was an Inuit Lesbian Novelist for Fifteen Minutes*.

However, Mitchell has chosen his selections with great sensitivity, juxtaposing an ever-present pest with the flimsy future-present, mingling Louis Riel's speech from the dock with Gary Geddes's "Snakeroot," Miriam Waddington's "Ukrainian Church" and Dorothy Livesay's "Day and Night." The Prairies may indeed be a state of mind, and time may prove Mitchell right and me dead wrong, but in the meantime this is an excellent anthology of prose and poetry for dipping around in. The collection includes a poem by Ed Upward, a young

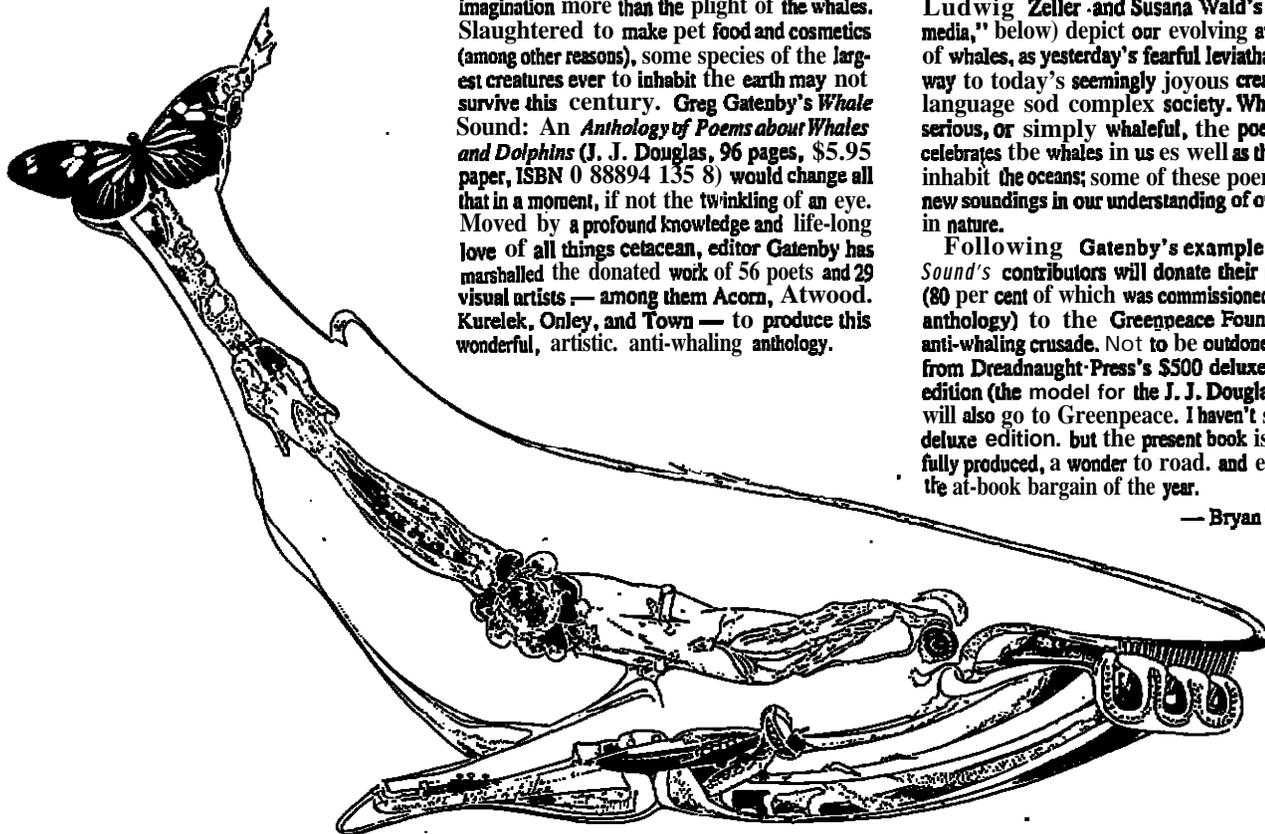
Last of the cetaceans?

NO CONTEMPORARY ecological issue touches the imagination more than the plight of the whales. Slaughtered to make pet food and cosmetics (among other reasons), some species of the largest creatures ever to inhabit the earth may not survive this century. Greg Gatenby's *Whale Sound: An Anthology of Poems about Whales and Dolphins* (J. J. Douglas, 96 pages, \$5.95 paper, ISBN 0 88894 135 8) would change all that in a moment, if not the twinkling of an eye. Moved by a profound knowledge and life-long love of all things cetacean, editor Gatenby has marshalled the donated work of 56 poets and 29 visual artists — among them Acorn, Atwood, Kurelek, Onley, and Town — to produce this wonderful, artistic, anti-whaling anthology.

A mixture of old and new drawings (such as Ludwig Zeller and Susana Wald's "mixed media," below) depict our evolving awareness of whales, as yesterday's fearful leviathans give way to today's seemingly joyous creatures of language and complex society. Whimsical, serious, or simply whaleful, the poetry here celebrates the whales in us as well as those that inhabit the oceans; some of these poems chart new soundings in our understanding of ourselves in nature.

Following Gatenby's example, *Whale Sound's* contributors will donate their material (80 per cent of which was commissioned for the anthology) to the Greenpeace Foundation's anti-whaling crusade. Not to be outdone, profits from Dreadnaught-Press's \$500 deluxe limited edition (the model for the J. J. Douglas book) will also go to Greenpeace. I haven't seen the deluxe edition, but the present book is beautifully produced, a wonder to read, and at \$5.95 the at-book bargain of the year.

— Bryan Newson



man from Manitoba, whose slim collection, *seems valuable* (I can't tell if it's supposed to be a lower case tide -all of the poems are) now is in my hand. The poems in *seems valuable* are evocative of late 1960s style psychedelic visions and Leonard Cohen surrealistics. The best poem in this two-dozen lot is the one Mitchell chose for *Horizon*: "self-refracting." It combines an awareness of the threat and otherness of nature with on-the-point, stripped-down language. It comes close to Lawrence in his most exalted moments.

Now *Diving Into Fire*, it says on the back of the book, is "Robert Currie's first book of poems." It isn't. It's his second. I know, because Peter Stevens and I published *The Halls of Elsinore* (Sesame Press), which was his first book. And for what are probably partisan reasons, I thought his first book superior to this one. For one thing, *Elsinore* had an organic unity and thematic centre. Well here in *Diving* we have *rites de passage* poems in a cluster, using controlling images of bridges and crossings; we have individual lines or images that arrest attention here and there: but taken as a whole, the book doesn't quite come off as a collection; and taken individually, the poems seem overly anecdotal and flatly matter of fact.

Finally, we have Elizabeth Brewster's *Sometimes I Think of Moving*. These are the best poems of the lot. True. *Horizon* has many good poems in it, but no anthology can quite give us the experience of long exposure to one voice, one vision. Brewster's poems are celebrations of the mundane, the ordinary, the everyday. Yet she manages to infuse the commonplace with a unique and searching eye, finally lifting cut by sheer will her shaping spirit, setting against the errors of exile, death, lost love, these strategies of survival. My favourite is "Scenes From an Abandoned Novel."

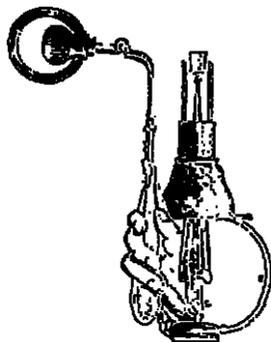
So I've come through these now, and I'm on the other side, promising myself a read of Brewster and more browsing in Mitchell. That's not bad, no matter where the poets come from.

One eerie bit from Riel's speech from the dock:

HIS HONOUR: Are you done?

PRISONER: Not yet, if you have the kindness to permit me your attention for awhile.

"HIS HONOUR: Well proceed.



I can just see a languid black-robed arm wave, an ironic eye rolled, perhaps a glimpse at a watch. It is in hopes of moments like this that one continues to read. There are lots in these books. □

Sex characters in search of an author

I Love You, Baby Blue, edited by Connie Brissenden, Press Pmcepic, 17 pages, 84.95 paper (ISBN 0 88878087 7).

Three Plays, by Michael Cook, Breakwater, 101 pages, \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0 91948 30 8).

By DON CULLEN

SOME YEARS AGO in the city of Toronto there was a sort of puberty rite. It involved a "ride-about" .. about as far as Buffalo, N.Y.. where you could actually get a drink after your 18th birthday. But more important was the old, original Palace Burlesque Theatre cc South Main Street. In that temple to Aphrodite the young candidates were given lessons in topical anatomy by such high priestesses as Rose La Rose, Tempest Storm, and Libby Jones, the lady with the educated curves.

But alas, even the Catholic Mass has changed. Our tribute to the reproductive urge and our genetic preservation has taken on new meaning.

The writers of *Oh Calcutta* did not do a spectacular job on that vehicle but they had literary clout and a kind of post-Hefner legitimacy that insured success. In Toronto the Theatre Passe Muraille opened a production in the same genre called *I Love You Baby Blue*. It was compiled and directed by a theatrical genius named Paul Thompson.

I Love You Baby Blue, a lighthearted play about sex with 64 photos from the Toronto production now is available in paperback from Press Porcépic. Unfortunately I didn't see the production. But I did like the script. Apart from the fact that it had a lot of local references, I prefer this work to the aforementioned *Oh Calcutta*.

The characters don't seem to be hiding behind archetypes. They are human, direct, and contemporary. They face the occasional grotesquery with honesty. They are not afraid of sentimentality. Some of the sketches are marvellously funny. On one occasion Nathan Cohen wrote that he would give a rave to any revue which had more than 20 per cent good material. I am certain he would have approved of *I Love You Baby Blue*, certainly in terms of inventiveness.

The performers wrote the show. We can assume that they did it in a process similar to that which gave us *The Farm Show*. They



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appear to have done their research well. When it comes to a subject as hidden as sex, particularly in this Presbyterian portion of Paradise, we most congratulate the creators of *Baby Blue* for their candour and determination.

The introduction to this theatrical revue takes the form of an interview. Actor, writer, and editor Ted Johns asks the questions and Paul Thompson gives some interesting insights into the cost of the show in psychological and legal terms. At one point the Toronto constabulary saw fit to close the production prematurely. In the court battle that ensued, Theatre Passe Muraille won. But harassment of this son can be financially and psychologically damaging. It is to be hoped that the participants got something positive from the exercise.

In an entirely different vein we have three plays by Michael Cook. They are *On the Rim of the Curve*, *The Head, Guts and Soundbone Dance*, and a theatrical monologue entitled *Theresa's Creed*. For those who like to read plays, *Theresa's Creed* presents the least challenge but has a greater ring of authenticity than the other two, especially *On the Rim*.

Cook has given a line of description beneath the title of *On the Rim*. It is a play about the Beothuks of Newfoundland. I wish I had a better understanding of the history of our 10th province but, alas, I don't. The middle play in the trilogy, *The Head, Guts and Soundbone Dance*, deals

with the future. Of the three it is the one I would most like to see staged. The characters make me care. □

Eenie, meeny, miney, Moe

The Noise of Singing, by Abraham Ram. Golden Dog Press, 71 pages, \$2.95 paper (ISBN 0 919614 13 2).

Dark of Caves, by Abnham Ram. Golden Dog Press, 99 pages, \$2.95 paper (ISBN 0 919614 20 5).

By LINDA SHOHET

I FELT LIKE an intruder at a keyhole as I read these two books. Only after finishing did I realize that the feeling was an unconscious tribute to the author. He has created characters so genuine that they mold bc the family next door, the neighbours you smile at each morning after having listened all night in embarrassed silence to their poisonous haranguing through a wall not thick enough to mask the noise.

Abraham Ram has begun "a novel of its time" to be published serially at intervals of

several months. Protagonist Moe Tabb is a middle-aged teacher, would-be writer, failed husband, and ineffectual son who hides his psychic scars under a facade of puns and quips. He still lives with his elderly parents in a house divided against itself. Although it is a Jewish, immigrant family in Montreal's familiar St. Urbain Street area, the mother and father are no stereotypes from Jewish fiction. The mother nags and natters endlessly, inspired not by love but by hatred for her husband. In his last years, she refuses to feed him, to acknowledge his illness, and ultimately, even to go to his funeral. When Moe intercedes on his father's behalf, she parries:

go? So thousands have diabetes and high blood pressure. A new craziness, a mesh-ugas! What's the matter? He looks bad? People tell me how good he looks, I should only live ml! Lazy! That's what he has become! Lacy as a lazy dog! He should go to work — that's where he should go!

Moe, the firstborn, is the casualty of the family. His younger brother, a social worker, uses the dispassionate jargon of his profession to distance himself from the conflict. His affluent sister makes a ritual daily phone call, so her conscience is clear. But Moe, the artist, has been tom since childhood by the ugliness and has developed a pattern of rejecting others to protect himself from rejection. Sadly, the pattern carries over to his whole life: "This is

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always what happens. I throw away what I want, what I need. And later I'm sorry."

Women are Moe's weakness. Yet he cannot sustain a relationship. His marriage to Rosalie ended in a bitter divorce; a long-term affair with Evje, a self-educated French Canadian farm girl, has become a series of soul-destroying confrontations.

"Go ahead and talk, bitch — bloody, destructive bitch! Trying to drag me down to your stupid level. Look at you. A misfit. That's what you are. In every way."

"And you? I suppose you're not a misfit? What success have you ever had?"

Helga, a German nurse who types for Moe, genuinely cares for him, but he lusts after her nubile daughter. Gitti, and almost destroys hi career at the university by arranging an afternoon tryst with her at a downtown hotel. Nina, a Greek immigrant and former student, is an artist dedicated to her work and determined to preserve her virginity. She values Moe's fiindship but cannot love him.

At work, too, he is a thwarted man, Younger colleagues are being published; old students are professional successes; while middle-aged Moe teaches part-time at the university, part-time at a rundown yeshivah where English studies are tolerated while religious studies are venerated. In this little school, Moe's soul is engaged. Despite a revulsion at the sidelocks of these orthodox little children, far removed from 20th-century lifestyles, he is mystified by, perhaps even envious of, their faith. Hi own faith has crumbled long ago. Now he sits in judgment on these students. But who, he wonders, sits in judgment of him? In the second volume, Moe's father dies, leaving Moe to face his own mortality and to realize that he is his father now.

The characters and dialogue are finely drawn, the speech rhythms perfect. One awkward structural device is the too-regular occurrence of overly pat Lawrenceian dreams in Moe's nights.

The title of the first book is taken from the chapter of Exodus when Moses descends from Sinai to find the children of Israel embracing idols amid the noise of singing. Now Moses has been reduced to the diminutive Moe (rhymes with Shmoe, cousin of Shlemiel) and Moe's story, too, will be told in five books. The reader discerns enough goodness in the man to hope that he will at least get to see his Promised Land before the chronicle ends. □

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(From *Out of Place*, by Eli Mandel, Press Porcépic, n pages, s4.95 paper.)

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LINDA WATTS

LIFE IN TRANSLATION

Sheila Fischman earns her living at the rate of five cents a word. If Canada goes out of business, so will she

by Marion McCormick

ON AN ORDINARY working day, Sheila Fischman sits down at an old, lovingly refinished pine table in her east-end Montreal apartment at 10 a.m. and works at the translation task before her for live uninterrupted hour. A recording device collects telephone messages, which will be answered late in the afternoon, and after all that is tidied away, she feels free to stroll around her *quartier*.

The heart of it is St. Louis Square, a once-dignified little park now rather the worse for wear. The fountain hasn't gushed in living memory and the paths are made hazardous by dog droppings. Still, the elms flourish, and around the park enough of the solid old grey-stone Victorian houses remain to give it an elegant air. A good address, much favoured by the literary *haut monde* of French Canada whose work

Sheila Fischman has made available to English readers.

She feels at home in this setting, at home in French, at home amid the galvanizing strains of life in Quebec these days. It's an extraordinary achievement for a Jewish girl from Toronto, and occasionally even she seems a little surprised by it all.

Saskatchewan-born and Ontario-bred, she came to Quebec 10 years ago, a bride then, a faculty wife living in a small town 100 miles from Montreal. She knew scarcely more French than was needed to get through a menu, but she quickly realized that without French life would be limited to the point of claustrophobia.

Translation became a learning device when a new friend named Diane suggested that, along with hammering away at the verbs, she might try her hand at translating

Diane's husband's novel. "He uses very simple words," she said, "and it would build up your vocabulary." The novel was *La Guerre, Yes Sir*, by Roch Carrier. From an exercise, it became a project, and after many drafts, it was ready for publication.

Since then, she hasn't looked back. A second, then a third Carrier novel came along. Four years ago, her marriage at an end, she moved to Montreal and became a full-time literary translator. Altogether, there have been 14 book-length translations published since — too many, some critics have said, for sustained high quality, and they cite lapses here and there to make the point. Nevertheless, the authors she has translated are unreserved in their praise, and two years ago she won the Canada Council translation prize for the English version of *Le Loup*, by Marie-Claire Blais, and Roch

Carrier's fourth novel, which appeared in English as *They Won't Demolish Me*.

She obliquely acknowledges some part of the criticism levelled at her in complaints about the lack of adequate editorial supervision at publishing houses. Editors who know French well enough to judge a translator's work are few, and critics even fewer. That leaves translators to judge each other, and allowances should probably be made for a certain degree of professional jealousy in their assessments.

Translating is a solitary business, requiring a lot of discipline, including the discipline not to tinker with the original, not to attempt to make a silk purse out of what the translator may consider a sow's ear. Most literary translators are themselves writers (or wish to be) and the impulses to impose themselves on someone else's work can be very strong. The translator seldom chooses

There was the six-day, non-stop stretch during which she translated *The World is Round* by Jacques Hébert while the author paced the floor behind her, desperate to get the book out in English.

a project. It comes as an assignment from a publisher, and although Fischman says it makes little difference to her whether, as a reader, she happens to like a book or not, it would be odd if some assignments were not more labours of love than others. The aim in every case, she says, is to be faithful to the spirit of the book, not to the author's actual words. The test of a good translation, in her view, is if it reads as if it had been written in English in the first place.

A translation begins with a careful reading and rereading of the original, almost a steeping process. When there's time, that is, publishers seem to have emergencies with unsettling frequency, and Sheila Fischman's life is not an unbroken succession of five-hour working days, paragraphs building on the page, neatly typed pages slacking up beside the Smith Corona Electric. There was the six-day non-stop stretch during which she translated *The World is Round* by Jacques Hébert while the author paced the floor behind her, desperate to get the book out in English. Then there are other days when the hours are eaten away by a single recalcitrant phrase. (Puns are especially to be dreaded.)

All major literary translations are paid for by Canada Council grants to publishers, which work out at a basic five cents a word for the translator. Without the subsidy, the translation program would collapse, and the livelihood of translators with it. This makes the prospect of a separated Quebec especially worrisome to such people as Sheila Fischman, whose careers are founded on the existence of a bilingual, bicultural country

inhabited by people who are interested in each other. If that country were to go out of business, so would they.

That being so obviously the case, a friendly observer wonders whether there may not be some tiny element of whistling in the dark in her fervent protestations that she feels herself to be *une vraie québécoise*, if only because who is and who is not Québécois lies so much in the shifting attitude of the beholder. To Roch Carrier, she qualified fully, because she speaks the language, participates in the society, and "asks the same questions as do all aware Québeckers as they go forward to meet their future."

Carrier thinks that her Jewishness accounts for her sensitivity to the feelings of French Canadians. Her Jewishness may also account in part for a chameleon-like adaptability, the apparent ease with which she accepts change and makes a comfortable place for herself in unexpected circumstances. When she received her M.A. in anthropology from the University of Toronto, her idea was to work in a museum. No jobs offered, so she found office work at the CBC and later in a publishing house. She has not been heard to express regret that the career she planned as a curator with special competence in the field of ethnology came to nothing.

Whatever regret there may have been is submerged in her obvious delight in living and working among interesting, creative people at a uniquely interesting time in their lives. The work in her typewriter now brings this home sharply. Hubert Aquin's last novel, *Neige Noire* in French, retitled *Hamlet's Twin* by her, is almost ready for publication. Aquin's suicide last spring cast a pall over literary Quebec. As Sheila Fischman joined the other mourners at the memorial mass, she realized with humility that her interpretation of his last statement will make a significant difference to the reputation of a man who can say nothing further for himself in any language. □



The one-eyed ambassadors

Voices from Quebec, edited by Philip Stratford and Michael Thomas. Van Nostrand Reinhold. 215 pages. \$10.95 cloth (ISBN 0 442 29873 0) and 56.95 paper (ISBN 0 442 298544).

Poems of French Canada, translated by F.R. Scott, Blackfish Press. 59 pages, \$4.95 paper.

The Poetry of Modern Quebec, edited and translated by Fred Cogswell, Harvest House, 206 pages, 53.50 paper (ISBN 0 88772 168 0).

By JEAN-GUY CARRIER

A FLURRY OF instant books on Quebec politics followed the Nov. 15 election. Anyone who has looked into them for answers to the question of what is happening in Quebec will have gone to the wrong sources. The answers, in the words of Québécois themselves, are contained, or at least suggested, in these three works of translation. If we are blind in this country to each other's true natures, then it is the translator who is the one-eyed man capable of introducing us one to the other.

The most valuable and timely of these books, as far as the general reader is concerned, is *Voices from Quebec*, an anthology of translations selected and edited by Philip Stratford and Michael Thomas. It surpasses the other two in importance simply because it goes beyond poetry to present the reader with as varied a picture of Quebec as it's possible to find in print. The selections include excerpts from newspaper articles, editorials, prose, plays, songs, and poetry.

More than one third of the material is newly translated and will surely astound as well as interest readers who have never been exposed to these areas of Quebec writing. "Speak White" by Michèle Lalonde gives the book an abrupt start that sends one reeling through to the end, where Robert Charlebois' song "Jacques Cartier" bemoans the fact that the explorer placed New France beside the cold St. Lawrence and not in the warm Caribbean.

The selections are as varied in time and content as Saint-Denis Garneau's "Children" ("Children, oh the little monsters") and "Shouting Signpainter" by Paul Chamberland ("I live, I exist within a daily death").

They also reveal the timelessness of Quebec's preoccupations. The FLQ manifesto ("*Le Front de Libération du Québec* wants the total independence of the Québécois") is decades removed from, but stems from the same source as Lionel Groulx's "Why we are divided" ("At last

there may come an hour... when it will be possible for us to say "I have a land of my own; I have a soul of my own; I have a future of my own"").

I agree with the editors in that they have "provided enough echoes of the past to give perspective" while concentrating on contemporary writers. The only failing, from that point of view, is the absence of dates to place the selections chronologically. Since the book is set up according to themes, many may find it confusing to jump from a poem by Sylvain Garneau (1930-1953) to a song by Gilles Vigneault written in the mid-1970s.

The translations are by a score of people, including Philip Stratford, Jacqueline Stratford, John Glassco, and F.R. Scott.

The editors point out that they have "tried to avoid the picturesque" in order to present a more fundamental view of Quebec. Whether they succeed or not will depend upon the reader's powers of perception. The editors have spared neither judgement nor material.

The 38 poems that make up F.R. Scott's *Poems of French Canada* were translated by Mr. Scott between the mid-1940s and late 1960s. The book has no plan, the author concedes, but is a sprinkling of poems from 1606 (Marc Lescarbot's "Farewell") to the present ("State of Siege" by Pierre Trot-

tier). In his introduction, Mr. Scott says that translation "demands the same sensitive imagination and the same verbal skills" required for an original poem. In this collection Mr. Scott demonstrates his ample possession of both qualities.

The *Poetry of Modern Quebec*, edited and translated by Fred Cogswell is, as it intends to be, "the first anthology to present in translation the work of several major Quebec poets of the last four decades in considerable depth." The 20 poets in question range from Alain Grandbois (born 1900) to André Major (born 1942), recent winner of a Governor General's Award. This is a collection to read after *Voices from Québec*.

There is little overlapping in these three collections but the few poems they share provide a glimpse into individual approaches to translation. Consider the handling of this line from Anne Hébert's "Neige": "Veille mon coeur, la neige nous met en selle sur des coursiers d'écume." Translated by Scott the line becomes: "Beware, my heart, snow puts us in the saddle on steeds of foam." With Cogswell the same line reads: "Remain wake, my heart, snow transports us on the backs of steeds of foam."

Clearly, both in terms of rhythm and meaning, Scott wins this one. Such are the small pleasures of bilingualism. □

Forget politics, the artists have the heart

Family, by Jean-Guy Carrier, Oberon. 165 pages, \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 225 3) and \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750226 1).

Children of the Black Sabbath, by Anne Hébert, translated from the French by Carol Dunlop-Hébert, Musson, 198 pages (ISBN 0 7737 0032 3).

By JOAN HIND-SMITH

LAY ASIDE, for the moment, all those analytical articles on Quebec by the political pundits. Instead, take a look at what Quebec's poets, playwrights, story-tellers and novelists have to say. The economists and the political scientists have their own wisdom, but they speak from the outside. The artists have the heart.

Jean-Guy Carrier's *Family* and Anne Hébert's *Children of the Black Sabbath* differ in tone and thrust but they share at least two characteristics: both deal with rebellion, but neither is overtly politi-



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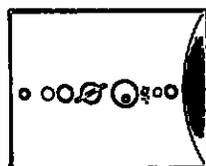
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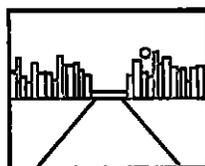
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cal: each reflects the insularity that is the despair of the rest of Canada. These books look at Quebec for the sources of tension; no blame is placed on *les Anglais* who, quite simply, are not them.

All Anne Hébert's work is a battleground: she has rallied the impulse for life against 300-year-old rigidities of church, bourgeoisie, and gentility. She asks -she demands - that the old strait-jackets be thrown off. Interpret that as a political statement if you like. However, those who oppose the established order are demonic: her perverse women are identified as witches: the men are not only limbs of Satan but also most likely Satan himself. Furthermore, the black sinner exists in each of us and to acknowledge his existence is to be freed.

Remarkable as Hébert's earlier work has been, it is surpassed by the dramatic clarity and firm technique of *Children of the Black Sabbath*. All diffuseness is gone as she focuses on the polarities of pallid goodness and earthy evil.

To do this, she uses the story of a young nun who has developed a series of psychosomatic disorders as a result of her attempts to force herself to take her final vows. More and more, Sister Julie finds herself falling into trance that takes her back to memories of the Black Sabbath when she was initiated into the fellowship of demons by her satanic parents. Sk senses that she is saving her life by refinding the sources of evil.

Between fade-outs, she manages to corrupt the entire convent - her mission as a good agent of Satan. Her final grandstand gesture is to beat a child whom she insists was conceived like the Christ-child by a spiritual father. The Mother Superior and the Chaplain take the baby away and murder it in order to save the good name of the convent. They have therefore sinned greatly - Sister Julie's intention. Still, we are left wondering whether she has in reality destroyed souls or whether she has been sent as a saviour who has humbled by granting the knowledge of sin. At least she has saved the Mother Superior from "the clear conscience that makes one merciless."

The Black Sabbath orgies are horrifying enough to stun the senses: they include the painful raping of the little girl by her father, who is got up as Satan with a cow's horns tied to his forehead and who is naked like all the others. These goings-on, however, are no worse than the cruelty, misery, and hypocrisy within the convent. The Black Sabbath is a parody of Christian rituals, while the convent ceremonies are a parody of themselves. Finally, sacred and profane merge as one and the same, mirror images and inversions of each other.

The dilemma of Quebec appears to be a choice between death-wish submission and blasphemous rebellion. A middle way is suggested, but not acted upon. The convent doctor falls in love with Julie and offers her ordinary marriage: she ignores his proposal. And perhaps that is the dilemma of Quebec: after years of suppression and now the

head) hallucinogen of rebellion, no marriage is possible.

Children of the Black Sabbath has been given a sensible translation by Carol Dunlop-Hébert, who has had to struggle with changing evocative French into concrete English. If the English lacks some of the poetry of the French, it is not the fault of the translator.

Jean-Guy Carrier does not try for the dramatic effects of Hébert, but his quietly elegaic novel has staying power all the same. He deals with the seed of rebellion in children who, demon-driven, strike out from the family, the village, and Quebec. All these movements from the source are perceived not only as futile but also as blasphemous. (The similarity of Hébert's imagery of rebellion and Carrier's is striking.) However, each child who leaves makes the inevitable circle back home, where Carrier stages his real drama - the failure of people to communicate with those they love.

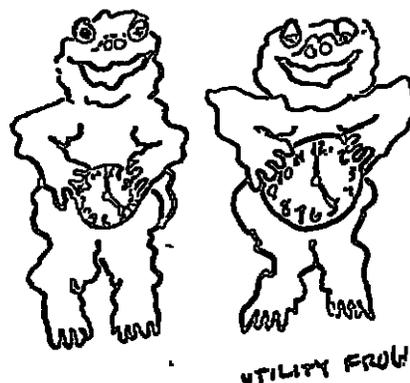
The vitality of the book flags a little toward the end, as though Carrier had been too conscientious in pursuing his circular movement through each family member. But perhaps some monotony was his intention; it is age-old rhythms that he has enshrined. □

Why Riel didn't become president of the B of M

Continental Corporate Power: Economic Linkages Between Canada and the United States, by Wallace Clement, McClelland & Stewart, 416 pages. \$14.95 cloth (ISBN 07710 2150 x) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0 7710 2151 8).

By J. A. S. EVANS

JOHN PORTER'S *The Vertical Mosaic* has had numerous progeny: so much so that the year it was published, 1965, marks the beginning of a Canadian sociology that attempts to look at our problems in Canadian terms and not merely to fit them, willy-nilly, into American models. Wallace Clement has been one of the most active offspring, though a somewhat critical one. His *The Canadian Corporate Elite*, a Carleton Library original, was a formidable documentation of the Canadian élite, its interlocking directorates, its means of self-perpetuation, and even its private clubs. The present book uses some of the same material: like a good, economical scholar, Clement does not allow his old research to go to waste. But he turns his attention more to the manner that the élite operates in a client state. How has the upper class been shaped in a society that was essentially colonial



until the Second World War and then passed rapidly under the economic domination of its neighbouring superpower?

The book is long and till-documented, though the prose skips along briskly without any of the peculiarities of standard sociology style. The nature of the Canadian élite emerges much the same as in Clement's Carleton Library study: it consists of an established upper class with its wealth and talents invested in finance and commerce, and old areas of the Canadian economy such as transportation; and a "comprador" élite, a guest bourgeoisie made up of the agents of foreign owners. These are the branch-plant managers whose bosses are, for the most part, in the United States. In *Continental Corporate Power*, Clement spells out what this structure means in terms of social mobility.

The indigenous élite in Canada is a good deal more exclusive than in the U.S. Moot of the people who rise to positions of power in commerce have the right background. Moreover, in the production sector of the economy, where the new man might expect the path upward to be less arduous, the indigenous élite has been to a great extent replaced by the compradors, who are often non-Canadians. Clement's statistics, of course, show numerous variations on this general scheme; in particular he demonstrates how our native élite has performed a go-between role for U.S. capitalists in other countries. Thus the Ford Motor Company harvested ownership of various subsidiaries in Commonwealth countries in the Ford Motor Company of Canada, 85-per-cent owned by its U.S. parent. But it is the results of the peculiar nature of our élite structure, and its effect on social mobility that should attract our close attention. Indigenous talent without the proper connections has a comparatively hard time breaking into the élite, while at the same time we are dependent on imported talent to a marked extent. It is a pattern also found in our universities, and I suspect that there is some peculiarity in the Canadian tradition that encourages it.

What this means, for instance, is that a French-Canadian from Rimouski will have a rough time of it if he wants to head a major bank and not a chance if he wants to manage a large U.S.-owned subsidiary. It is cold

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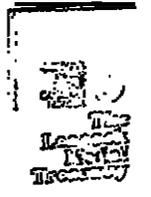
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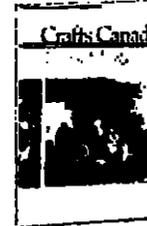
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comfort that a Newfoundlander would. I suspect, fen? worse.

Continental Corporate Power is much more than this. One section, for instance, which should be required reading for critics of the Foreign Investment Review Agency, demonstrates that foreign-owned businesses in Canada now raise most of their capital requirements here, and Canada exports more money as dividends and licensing fees than she receives from abroad as investment. This imbalance is growing, and it should be possible already to calculate in a simple computer the year when Canada will cease to be an economically viable entity.

This is a big volume, and never likely to become a *Reader's Digest* condensed book. But it will be regrettable if its size scares away readers. *Canadian Corporate Power* is worth attention. □

Remembrances of crimes past

Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame. by Barry Broadfoot, Doubleday, illustrated, 384 pages, \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0 385 12550 x).

By TARA CULLIS

A MAJOR PROBLEM in Canada's search for its "identity" is that we want that identity to be flattering. As a result we strive to "create" a sort of instant identity; and as each attempt falls short of full success we are constantly starting over again. The paradox is that we are not as young as we prefer to think. Until we are prepared to accept our own fairly substantial history, and at last come to terms with what we in fact already are, we cannot hope to make progress towards developing the Canada our imaginations prefer. As long as we fail, indoctrinated with our "youth," to write the history books and read their lessons, we are destined to relive our mistakes in this perpetually novel present.

Along with a few others (such as Pierre Berton), Barry Broadfoot is one who recognizes that our history is more than *coureurs de bois* and the Plains of Abraham. Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame, his fourth "oral history," is a series of excerpts from extensive interviews with Canadians (white and Japanese) who experienced or observed the mass evacuation of the 23,000 Japanese-Canadians from the coast of British Columbia after Pearl Harbour, under the War Measures Act.

The disconcerting reason this chapter of our past has been neglected is — it's not flattering. The book is not for the squeamish. In curiously innocent prose, the speakers delineate their tales of heartbreak, despair, and utter lass. The ironies hit hard: pulled from their homes in Vancouver as

potential spies or saboteurs for a country they (and many of their parents) had never seen. Canadian-Japanese children elected among themselves to start each of their half-days at the rudimentary school at Tashme internment camp' by singing "O Canada." "And so on that first day, when they stood and sang, there were tears running down many of their faces. Because Canada had failed them pretty badly." "Exigencies of war" is the excuse for breaking up families, shipping people "beck" to Japan, and dispersing British Columbians to selected areas east of the Rockies evaporates when these policies are carried out well after the war is over, despite Prime Minister Mackenzie King's 1944 admission that "no Japanese of Canadian birth had been suspected or convicted of any acts of sabotage or espionage."

The timing for the book is apt; 1977 marks the centennial of the first Japanese to enter Canada. Other books on the topic have also appeared in the past 12 months and Broadfoot does well to recommend Ken Adachi's *The Enemy That Never Was*. It's a useful documentary for background, since Broadfoot's oral-history method has its drawbacks. As a rule Broadfoot's speakers are not identified, which can be highly frustrating (when, for example, the speaker is a former leader of the provincial NDP), and it is often difficult to ascertain whether the speakers are white or Japanese. Repetition is a problem, as each speaker repeats certain points, though from differing perspectives, and the wandering quality of the reminiscences makes chronology a difficulty. A map of Canada marking the relevant towns and camps is sorely missed.

The advantages are that these interviews are priceless historical records, their value increasing as time goes by. True, the loss of vocal emphasis, tone, facial expression, and gesture in the actual interviews is felt; but the immediacy, the naive eloquence of phrasing, the anger and the resignation in the words from the transcribed tapes remind us time and again that history is the story of human beings. And *Years of Sorrow, Years of Shame* has uncovered a substantial amount of material not treated in depth in other books on the subject: Vancouver teachers encouraging their pupils to do their bit for the war effort by spying on the families of their Japanese-Canadian schoolmates; glimpses into the Angler prisoner-of-war camp in Ontario: the un-



Josy L'Frog

rung role of Canadian Japanese in Allied intelligence work in the Far East (after quickie courses in the Japanese language).

Most of all, the sheer pain of disbelief that this total uprooting, this loss of lifetimes of effort in land and property, the suspension of all the rights of citizenship could happen to *them*, as Canadians, comes through on every page. We observe the Japanese-Canadians' gradual learning of a bitter lesson: the complacency of Canadians leaves every one of us vulnerable. We have history; we have an identity; they aren't too flattering. But unless we choose at last to accept our history, warts and all, we remain capable of, and vulnerable to, the inhumanities documented in Broadfoot's hook. □

Man here says ear-conditioning is a sonic boon

The Tuning of the World. by R. Murray Schafer, McClelland & Stewart. 301 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 7965 6).

By GERALD LEVITCH

R. MURRAY SCHAFFER is an avant-garde composer with a bent for quasi-scientific research. For the past five years, he has been associated with something called the World Soundscape Project. (The word "soundscape" was coined by Mr. Schafer.) The project appears to be interested in a number of aspects regarding the changing acoustic environment, noise pollution, and sonic perception.

The present book is a distillation of divers publications issued by Schafer and his associates, including *The New Soundscape* and *The Book of Noise*. The subject is self-evidently broad, but as Schafer notes: "The final question will be: is the soundscape of the world an indeterminate composition over which we have no control, or are we its composers and performers, responsible for giving it form and beauty?"

He continues: "Throughout this book I am going to treat the world as a macrocosmic musical composition. This is an unusual idea. . . ." Well, not quite. John Cage owns the copyright on "indeterminacy" as a mode of composition, and "found music" is avant-garde old hat. The "macrocosmic" concept itself reeks of Charles Reichian third consciousness and the greening of the soundscape. Basically, Schafer makes an insuperable problem for himself (and the reader) because anything as big as a macrocosm is tough to keep in focus all the time.

Schafer compounds some of the difficulty by writing in an aphoristic style that some-



times seems to be saying more than it actually does, and likewise owes a considerable debt to McLuhan's cosmic obscurantism with its penchant for gnomish insights. For example:

Noise pollution results when man does not listen carefully. Noises are the sounds we have learned to ignore. Noise pollution today is being resisted by noise abatement. This is a negative approach. We must seek a way to make environmental acoustics a positive study program. Which sounds do we want to preserve, encourage, multiply? When we know this, the boring or destructive sounds will be conspicuous enough and we will know why we must eliminate them. Only a total appreciation of the acoustic environment can give us the resources for improving the orchestration of the world soundscape. For many years I have been fighting for ear-cleaning in schools to eliminate audiometry in factories. Clairaudience not ear muffs.

Despite the impressive body of research, there is a fuzziness at the core of this book that demands the reader suspend his indifference rather than his disbelief. Even

as the ideas fly like scattershot, a suspicion nags that while this is all very interesting, who cares? Mr. Schafer obviously does, and he can be persuasive, even if he fails to convince this reader.

While, as quoted above, Schafer poses a final question, his ultimate point remains unclear. For the first 120 pages or so, he tells us that the world is mostly a noisy place. He describes animal noises, bird songs, geological mutterings, the sounds of war, the quiet of still forests, and so forth. This dissertation on all manner of sounds is bulked out with voluminous quotations from arcane sources, which chiefly prove that other people have heard things too.

He then launches into a rather technical discussion of the notation and classification of these sounds. This leads to further chapters on aural perception, morphology (which Schafer defines as "the changing forms of sound across time or space"), and a somewhat redundant treatment of sonic symbolism. The chapter on noise is impressively legalistic and studded with references to local by-laws in Melbourne and Manila.

The acoustic-design section takes a certain dewy-eared approach to listening, involving something Schafer calls "ear-cleaning," while he drolly worries about endangered species of sounds. There is more, but none of it leads to any particular conclusion — except silence. However, if nothing else, that in itself was especially gratifying to this reviewer. □

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Walter and the bear

An old shop Stewart explains why he's no longer sticking to the unions, but doesn't tell us what he would put in their place

by Silver Donald Cameron

Strike! by Welter Stewart. McClelland & Stewart. 234 pages. \$10 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 8351 3) and \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0 7710 8352 1).

THE S.C.I.N.I. is a conciliation-board hearing perhaps 20 years ago. A CBC lawyer is arguing that CBC reporters don't need high pay because, after all, they get to go interesting places and cover exciting events. A member of the conciliation board turns to the chairman.

"Mr. Chairman," he remarks. "I

wouldn't put too much stock in that. The average reporter wouldn't pay a dime to watch Christ wrestle a bear."

Welter Stewart tells this story with obvious gusto. Always an entertaining writer. Stewart comes honestly by his knock for the merry phrase for the man who made that remark was none other than Stewart's father. "a union man," to whom Stewart's new book is dedicated. In his home, says his son, the commandment was not "Honour thy father and thy mother," but "Honour thy picket line." and when young Walter

first crossed a picket line in 1964, during the endless and disastrous strike of the International Typographical Union at the *Toronto Star* — he felt "like a Catholic caught with a condom — liberated and defiant, but guilty as hell."

By contrast, Walter Stewart's own son, Craig, was fired a year ago for insisting on joining the CLC's Day of Protest, even though he worked in a non-union shop — and, remarks his author father, "the brave lad received no parental sympathy whatever."

Strike! is a highly readable but quite ambivalent book — a look at the sorry state of Canadian industrial relations by a man who remains convinced that unions, and strikers, "have played an essential role in the struggle for economic justice in this country, at a comparatively low cost" but who also believes that the adversary system of collective bargaining is an outmoded contest of plain brute strength. "Elk in the rotting system follow the same rules," he says. It's time to devise a more responsive, sophisticated process.

Strike! almost casually develops a nonsense primer on labour relations, explaining that violence is inherent in a contest of strength: that the labour movement is not monolithic but deeply divided within itself; that Canadian unionists no longer need, if they ever did, a close affiliation with the "international" (that is, American) labour movement, and indeed are often betrayed by it; and that neither labour "or government has exactly covered itself with glory in dealing with inflation and controls.

Having recently been obliged to clarify many of these points myself in order to tell the story of a particular strike, I'm grateful to have Stewart chipping away some of the encrusted mythology. Common sense is an uncommon quality, but Stewart has plenty of it. How can you expect labour to respect the law, he asks, when the law has always been designed to hobble or even to crush the labour movement? Or consider dotty Otto Lang, the clown prince of Canadian poli-

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Written in simple, easy-to-understand language, this book makes the complexities of unemployment insurance more comprehensible and accessible for those who need it and those who need to know about it.

THE COST OF AGE
Andrew Allentuck

A hard-hitting but sensitive look at the financial problems of the aged, and helpful, encouraging advice on how to cope with the cost of being old. This book will be extremely useful not only for the elderly, but also for anyone with family or social responsibilities for older people.

Fitzhenry & Whiteside



tics. who on today's news suggests outlawing public-service strikes.

"Outlawing public-service strikes would be a Stewart observes, "about as useful, from a asan

ordinance to salmon from t i m e . " S u a law h would not prevent strikes, it would only make them illegal -and if the union has enough power to win the strike. it can make the dropping of criminal charges a condition of settlement. Moreover. "when 1,400 air-traffic controllers stay home. what good does it do to threaten them with the law? Put them in jail or fire them all, and who will manage the nation's air traffic?"

Stewart reminds us that Canada's loss through strikes and labour conflict is about the heaviest in the industrialized world, and getting heavier. Seeking alternatives, he visited Sweden, Austria, and West Germany. all of which have developed various forms of "industrial democracy," which in turn means very few strikes. None of their patterns could be imported whole into Canada. he admits, but they may offer us some useful ideas.

Maybe -but at this point I have my most serious reservations about *Strike!* For Stewart never spells out just what kind of a society he thinks Canada is becoming. or what kind he would want it to become: and

I suspect Stewart & hose not to debate these larger questions because he has no more idea than I do of how to achieve a really equitable, libertarian society in an indigenous Canadian style.

what we call "industrial relations" is, after all. a description of a society's basic economic and political relationships. Is society to be dominated by those who own capital, or by those who labour, or by someone else? European-style industrial democracy, as several sharply critical articles in last July's *Canadian Dimension* make clear, often simply enlists workers in the management of enterprises they still do not really control. It muddies the reality of class divisions. and works to establish a stable climate for the same old capitalist elite.

If Canada is to remain in the future what it has been in the past — a nation in which capital has yielded just enough to avoid really drastic changes in the structure of power-then European industrial democracy may well offer some faint vision of our future. But those of us who still cherish

some dim hope of adislanl socialist Canada should keep our scepticism oiled.

I suspect Stewart chose not to debate these larger questions because he has no more idea than I do of how to achieve a really equitable, libertarian society in an indigenous Canadian style. Lacking that sense of direction. he provides us with a marvellously concrete and engaging description of the background and nature of our problems. but only fragmentary and elusive hints about their solutions.

Walter Stewart makes an excellent John the Baptist. But who is to be Christ, and when will lie come to wrestle this bear? □

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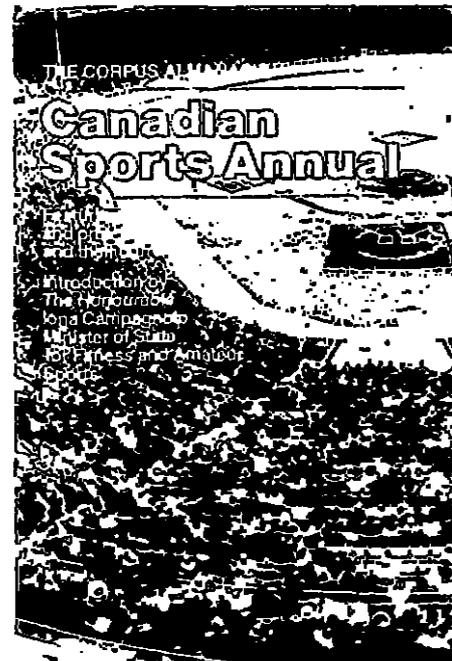
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Silver and the bull

An old romantic tells the story of how some 250 Nova Scotia fishermen tried to get themselves a union, but misses the point of the lesson

by Walter Stewart

The Education of Everett Richardson. by Silver Donald Cameron, McClelland and pages, paper (ISBN 1845

THE NAME GIVES him away. Silver Donald Cameron, who used to be plain old Donald Cameron, is a hopeless romantic. He says he stuck on the "Silver" to distinguish himself among the horde of Donald Camerons, but my guess is that he just liked the sound of it. This book, his third, is like himself, sonorous, handsome, and romantic. It is a fascinating read, but flawed by a

tendency to see things through a glass brightly. And in technicolour.

The Education of Everett Richardson is the story of the Nova Scotia fishermen's strike of 1970-71, a worthy subject. A group of some 250 fishermen along the Canso Strait, with some organizational help from Home; Stevens of the West Coast United Fishermen and Allied Workers, set out to get themselves a union, and to wrest a decent deal from the Maritimes fishing companies. In the process, they turned the province on its ear, put the moguls of

Canadian labour in a flap, threatened the Eastern Establishment, and started many pulses pounding - including that of Silver Donald, who lives at D'Escousse, N.S., a mere fish-head's throw from where much of the action took place. (Before romance struck, Cameron lived in a prosaic Fredericton, taught English, and helped to produce that cheerful pillar of irreverence, *The Mysterious East*).

The fishermen were done in by a combination of management intransigence, judicial knavery, internal squabbling, and the rivalry of the Canadian Food and Allied Workers. As the lights fade, there are no fish plants, no jobs, and no union. Cameron manages to make this into a moral victory.

A romantic. He wrote a long and personal letter to fisherman Richardson, his hem, and thoughtfully kept a copy (or else, what most have been embarrassing, asked for it back so he could stick it in his book). The letter sets forth all the things Cameron admires about the people he lives among, and whom he describes as "peasants" (they're going to love that in Mulgrave).

"I love my neighbours," Silver Donald says, "not because they're polite, dutiful, and mealy-mouthed, but because they're warm-hearted, mucous, vital, and vulgar." He loves them because they drive "when they're paralyzed drunk," and because they embrace sound social values: "Bootlegging is okay." "Moonshining is okay," and it's U to shoplift at Canadian Tin, but non-U to swipe from the village canteen. Country cunning is also admirable, especially as it applies to cheating the government. An outsider may see things differently, especially if he has been beaten up, run over, mbbcd, or conned by Cameron's paralyzed, cunning country cousins: but then, outsiders are suburban folks — "walking corpses," whose values are suspect.

You would think, if you had never walked the Canso shores or skulked in the bars of Isle Madame, that the place was inhabited by Hobbits. In fact, these fishermen are a rough, rude, and sometimes treacherous breed, or they would have been sunk

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Cameron is at his best when he forgets the rannygazoo about noble savages and lets his reporter's instinct take over. His vignettes of life on the shore are superb. ...

without a trace before the strike was a week old. As it is, their story is enthralling, and Cameron is at his best when he forgets the rannygazoo about noble savages and lets his reporter's instinct takeover. His vignettes of life on the shore are superb, and so are his descriptions of the brutal life at sea, and his account of the dealing, counter-dealing, and double-dealing that did the union in. He thunders in justifiable outrage at the whining, wheeling company bosses. who sucked

the public teat for government subsidies and then justified paying starvation wages to protect the purity of free enterprise.

But Cameron gets into trouble when he describes the mini-war that broke out when the Canadian Food and Allied Workers came on the scene. The fat-cat CLC union let Homer Stevens do all the spadework. But when it looked as if he might succeed, and might go on to organize the area's 40,000 fishermen, they swooped on him. They based their power-grab on the fact that Stevens was a Communist, and it was easy to whipup opposition to him. Silver Donald thinks that unfair; ideology, he feels, shouldn't matter when union solidarity is at stake. Had Stevens been a Fascist, Cameron might have felt differently.

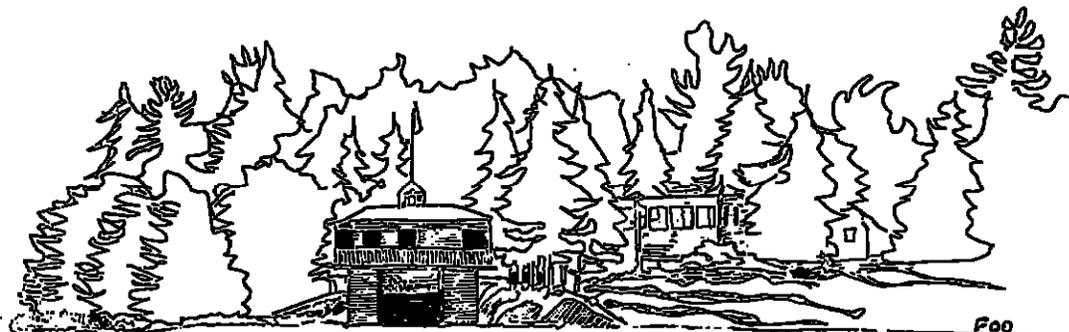
The fact is that mainstream unionists regard Communists, Stevens included, as termites on the house of labour, and they felt no compunction about raiding, even though

their interference undid the budding union. As for union solidarity, there is more talk of that around campfires than union halls. Everett Richardson got an education during 1970-71; it's a pity he didn't take Cameron to class with him.

The only real chance the fishermen had was for the CFAW to carry off a successful t-aid, because the mainline union could not be smeared the way Stevens' creation was. That would not have been fair, or nice, but it would have worked. Life is like that.

As the book ends, Silver Donald sits around reading his manuscript to the assentled fishermen, so they can correct it. Neat. But how would he feel about someone who wrote, say, a history of the T. Eaton Co., and read it aloud to the board of directors, so they could fix it up before publication?

It was romantic to do what Silver Donald did: it was also dumb. The combination makes this a lovely book to read, but a lousy labour manual. □



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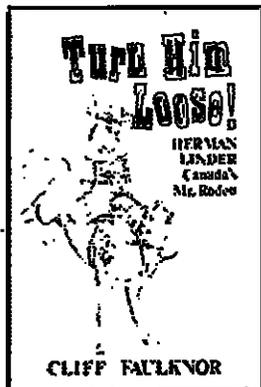
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TALONBOOKS

Party snacks au Grattan

Grattan O'Leary: Recollections of People, Press, and Politics. edited by I. Norman Smith. Macmillan, illustrated, 208 pages, \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 07705 1.523 1).

By DOUGLAS MARSHALL

TO THIS DAY there is a curious colonial tradition in Canadian journalism of tolerating, even venerating, what can only be described as the party-political reporter. I'm not talking about the political columnists and commentators on the editorial pages: they perform a necessary and honourable function in this and every other liberal democracy. I'm talking about political *reporters*, the men and women who are supposed to present hard facts and objective assessments in news stories and magazine articles.

Among respectable publications in the U.S. these days, reporters with a pronounced political slant face a bleak future. If their sources are deemed valuable, they may be kept on the job for a time. But they will endure the contempt of their peers as acknowledged party hacks who are being used by both sides. And they will likely wind up their journalistic days relaying bog prices to the farm desk.

But not in Canada. Here astute political reporters who can worm their way into the back rooms of the party of their choice face a promising future. If their party is in power, they will probably soon be offered a juicy civil-service job. And if they choose

to maintain their cover as working journalists, as often as not they will be patted on the back, promoted rapidly through the editorial ranks, and wind up their days as deans of the profession.

Take Bruce Hutchison, the distinguished political correspondent who rose to become editor of three newspapers. In his memoir *The Far Side of the Street*, published by Macmillan last year, Hutchison reveals — with nary a professional blush — how he served in effect as a secret agent for the Federal Liberals throughout most of his journalistic career. At one point he tells how he and the late Blair Fraser of *Nucleon's* conspired behind the scenes to save the public reputation of Mike Pearson when the newly elected Liberal leader was seduced by Jack Pickersgill into making a damn fool of himself in the House of Commons. No reviewer I read bothered to call Hutchison's integrity into doubt. What he did was, and presumably is, accepted as common practice.

As Hutchison and Fraser sewed the Grits, so Grattan O'Leary served the Tories. The principles that guided his career are established early on in this autobiography. Born into an Irish Catholic family in the Gaspé, he quit school at the age of 12 ("I often think how fortunate I was to escape the soul-destroying impact of post-secondary education") and spent an unhappy year or two at sea. Then, acting on impulse, he sought out the editor of the Saint John *Standard* in his sanctum:

He turned a languid countenance on me as I explained I had the makings of a writer.
"Have you done any reporting?"
"No, but I'm a good Conservative."
For the first time he seemed impressed.

That was in 1909. By 1910 O'Leary had landed a job with the Ottawa *Journal*, where he remained for the rest of his life. A year later he won his journalistic spurs by interviewing the survivors of the *Titanic* as

they came down the gangplank in New York. No other Canadian reporter got near the dock. That same year he wrote an article for the old *Canadian Magazine* on Arthur Meighen called "The White Hope of the Conservative Party." Young O'Leary had found his political hero: "Meighen was one of those always scaling some mystic Parnassus whose outlines, dimly perceived by others, were crystal clear to his eagle gaze. He shirked no task, however hard or unpopular, in the interest of his country."

O'Leary's party-political prose is generally tougher and more lucid than those sappy clichés suggest. He wrote better in opposition than in office and thus as a journalist was fortunate in the party of his choice. The chapters on the King-Byng affair and the pipeline debate, the highlights of his career, vibrate with passionate intensity. He is scathing on Mackenzie King, thinks Bennett a pompous ass, was a close Camp follower in the rebellion against Diefenbaker, and finds Trudeau an enigma.

O'Leary knew he had terminal cancer when he began the book and died in April, 1976, before he could give the text a final professional polish. The editing was done by old *Journal* colleague and admirer I. Norman Smith, and Smith's besotted postscript on O'Leary rivals O'Leary on Meighen. The later chapters are philosophical reflections that lack the partisan tartness of the earlier ones. They are O'Leary as the vain old dean of Tory journalism babbling of green and platitudinous fields.

Perhaps the vanity was justified. O'Leary was certainly a good reporter. But he was a better Conservative. And one is left wondering how many present members of the parliamentary press gallery are already following in his footsteps as they pound out their allegedly unbiased reports. □



Galt! Who goes there?

The Galts: A Canadian Odyssey. John Galt 1779-1839, by H.B. Timolhy, McClelland & Stewart. 176 pages. \$12.50 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 8457 9).

By ALASTAIR SWEENEY

THE STORY of the Oak family is one of the great unsung themes of Canadian history. Just look at the scenario — John Galt, Scottish novelist and friend of Lord Byron, on seeing the distress of Wellington's

soldiers after Waterloo, conceives a plan to settle them in Upper Canada. A group of capitalists underwrite Galt's project — the Canada Company—and he is sent out to survey and clear townsites and build a 100-mile corduroy road through the Huron Tract.

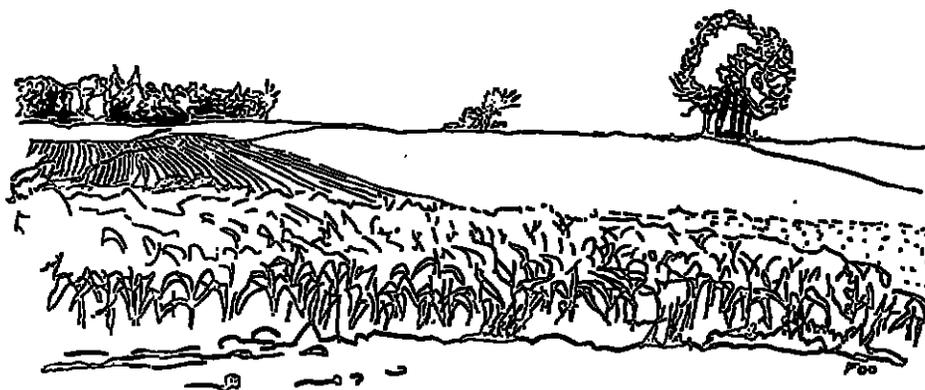
Owing to his nodding acquaintance with William Lyon Mackenzie, and Galt's strange sort of innocent bloody-mindedness, he runs afoul of the Family Compact and is dismissed from his post. On his return to England he is sent to debtor's prison on a trumped-up charge. Although the experience ruins his health, Galt is able to establish another land company for the Eastern Townships, and although he dies before leaving for Canada, his sons go on ahead. One of them, Thomas, becomes Chief Justice of Ontario; another — obviously appalled by the treatment of his

father — works his way up to become head of the British American Land Company, a promoter of the Grand Trunk Railway, a Father of Confederation, and Finance Minister of Canada — Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt.

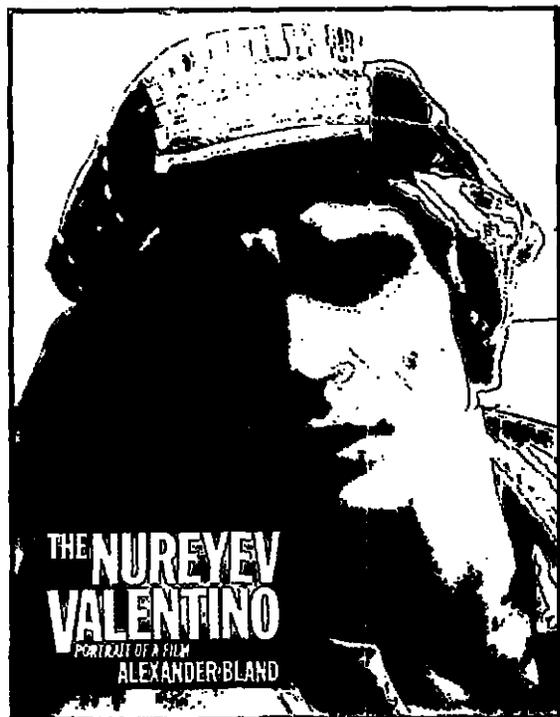
Cut to the third generation. Galt's grandson Elliott, sent out West by his father, founds Lethbridge, develops irrigation companies, and mines the coal deposits that were to fuel the CPR.

A ready-made family saga, and the most impressive in our short history. But unfortunately, if a bad book is published in this country — and this, to my mind, is a bad book—it seems to ruin the market for any good books that follow on the subject, sometimes for as long as a generation.

It is difficult to be kind to this book. I could find scarcely an original fact or argument in it, and for those interested in



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new information on the Canada Company or Galt's business methods. forget it. Apart from some nice flights of fancy about Galt's birthplace, the prose is indigestible and excruciating. There are no illustrations, although one of Galt's poems is inserted in its entirety, a welcome relief from the text. Once you get over the shock of the clichés, some progress can be made; I would recommend speedreading to prevent mind-strain.

This book is highly unfair to the imagination. In the second chapter we come upon Lord Bymn, expecting to experience some of his vivid fire and irony, but at once he is gone, thrown away. Then suddenly we are in Upper Canada, face-to-face with the Family Compact, expecting the worst, even if they are only stack villains. All we get are cardboard cutouts.

We dimly hear Galt's voice calling Muddy York "a vile bluedevil haunt," but that is all. We get no real description, no feeling of place.

Cut to John Galt in debtor's prison. Do we suffer with him? Do we wail with this Canadian Job? No we do not, and we finish the book undernourished, as if we had been force-fed heavily salt-petred day-old porridge.

It is questionable to me whether Volume I of *The Galts*, in its present form, should have seen the light of day. With a longer gestation period for Volume II, and a good deal of judicious editing, much could yet be salvaged. ♦

On the spoor of a boor

Essays on Western History, edited by Lewis H. Thomas, University of Alberta Press, 217 pages, \$10 paper (ISBN 0 88864 013 7).

By SUSAN JACKEL

A POTENTIAL problem in tact is posed by a *festschrift*, both for the contributors and for the reviewer, since essays "in honour of" naturally reflect on the standing and achievement of the scholar being honoured. Fortunately for all parties, *Essays on Western History* clears this hurdle cleanly. The wide range and general high standard of the research summed up in these pages show Lewis Gwynne Thomas, recently retired as Professor of History at the University of Alberta, to have been a versatile and stimulating teacher.

The volume begins with a brief biographical essay by a long-time friend and colleague, Lewis H. Thomas (the friendship is fortunate, since the two Lewis Thomases have been re-directing each other's mail and telephone calls, with great patience, for years). In the papers that follow, eleven of L. G. Thomas's former students, now spread from British Columbia to Tomato,

serve as highly creditable representatives of the hundreds, perhaps thousands, whom Dr. Thomas has introduced to the study of Western Canadian history over a 36-year teaching career. The program in regional history that he began in 1949 has grown in the meantime from undergraduate to full doctoral status.

Western Canadian studies fall into two main periods, pre- and post-1870 — the years of the fur-trade, from the 1670s onward, and the period of settlement, announced by the Transfer of Rupert's Land to the Dominion of Canada. Traditionally, under the influence of Harold Innis and others, the stress has been on economic history; but in this volume, L. G. Thomas's own sure sense of social and cultural development has led to several thoughtful essays from which a more intimate sense of the region's people can be gained.

High on anyone's list must be Sylvia Van Kirk's literate and well-researched paper on fur-trade marriage practices. Honourable mention, too, to Edward J. Hart's study of how a determined minority kept the French fact alive in the Edmonton region when the change from fur-trade to agricultural settlement forced a major readjustment in the thinking of the French-speaking community's clerical leaders. E. A. Mitchener's account of William Pearce's role in the settlement of land claims on the North Saskatchewan in 1884 helps to clarify a long-contested issue. Fritz Pannekoek,

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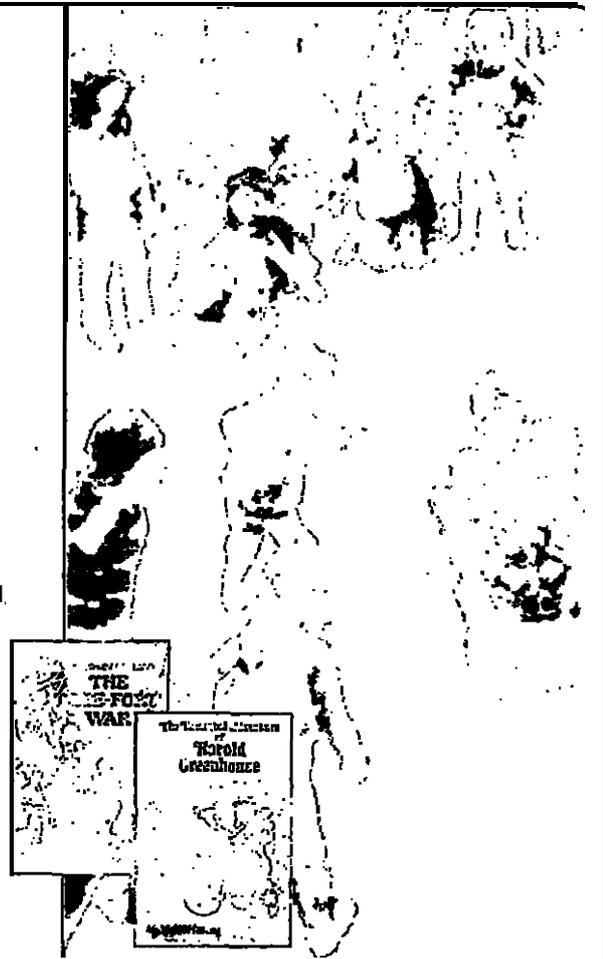
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from Griffin house

meanwhile, conducts a "Probe into the Demographic Structure of Nineteenth Century Red River." bringing very large cannon to bear on a rather small target. The graphs and census-analyses so impressively arrayed somewhat obscure the Fact (which Pannekoek belatedly notes) that only 22 Families are being dealt with here, over a 17-year period.

Isolated snippets of information may intrigue the non-specialist-John Foster's assurance, For example, that the Cree around company posts on Hudson's Bay became "virtually unbeatable" at the game of checkers: or the anecdotes involving late 19th-century Alberta's number one boor (among a strong field of contenders) Frank Oliver. (Oliver, according to one of these stories, accused Ukrainian settlers of threatening surrounding communities with a small-pox epidemic as a result of their "filthy" ways. Records R. C. Macleod: "The small-pox epidemic turned out to be two cases of measles.")

On the whole, however, it is likely to be primarily students and scholars in Canadian history who will be able to justify to themselves the rather stiff price For this



useful volume —and these are precisely the readers likely to be most critical of the occasional lapses in details of production. Although the binding is excellent, the proof-reading is antic, and the pages to tightly packed with type (unjustified at the right-hand margin) for complete reading comfort. □

first impressions

by David Helwig

Two out of three reasons why it's wrong to judge books by their unpromising covers

Agent Provocateur, by David Young. Coach House Press, 197 pages, \$5.50 paper (ISBN 0 88910 191 4).

Taxil, by Helen Potrebenko, New Star Books, 168 pages. \$7.00 cloth (ISBN 0 919888 03 8) and 52.95 paper (ISBN 0 91988802 x).

A Small Informal Dance, by Helen Levi, Queenston House, 165 pages. 57.95 cloth (ISBN 0 919866 21 2).

By DAVID HELWIG

JUDGING BOOKS by their covers, as I inevitably do. I hadn't expected to like any of this month's lot. In fact a couple of them came out months ago and have got themselves regularly reamed to the bottom of the pile since then.

If I saw the rather peculiar cover of David Young's *Agent Provocateur* in an art gallery, I expect I would look at it for a few seconds and decide it was revolting but moderately interesting; but as a book cover, it served mainly to convince me that I couldn't possibly like what was inside. And that was true.

I struggled through *Agent Provocateur* For more than 100 pages, then decided that life is too short and set it aside. I still don't

understand what the author is up to. The first few chapters are written in a competent imitation of Raymond Chandler, complete with décor and vocabulary of the 1940s. The plot has hints of science fiction, and according to one section of the dialogue, takes place in 1984. For a while I thought that the point might be to write 1984 in the style of 1948. Maybe it is, but if so, it strikes me as an accomplishment about equal to winning the World Spaghetti-Balancing Championship.

Now and again the Chandler pastiche contains good lines:

The air on the eighth floor of the Bureau building was cool and strangely pungent, as if the intakes of the air conditioning system'd been jammed wide open with pails of blue cheese.

Such delights were too occasional to get me through to the end, but to be fair to the author, I should mention that a friend picked up the book while I had it lying around, and he seemed to be enjoying it.

The cover of Helen Potrebenko's *Taxil* is only mildly unpleasant. But in this case, I'd had a bulletin from a failed reader who took the book on a plane trip and never made it to the end. Of the book, that is.

the Wars

A Novel
by

Timothy
Findley

"...the book is a triumph." - Marian Engel

from
CLARKE IRWIN

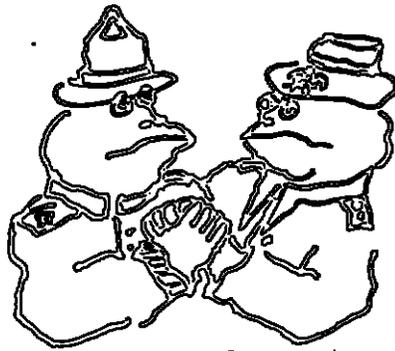
I thought at first that it was going to be only a rather naive and plodding account of the glum life of a young woman taxi driver. but as I read on, the book won my respect and held my attention.

The central character, Shannon, is bitter, angry, frustrated, unable to get any job except one as a standby cab driver, aching with sexual frustration but surrounded by unpleasant men, too honest to cheat effectively, her hostility growing as she is forced to confront downtown Vancouver at its ugliest.

Shannon is a Marxist, and her politics allow her a certain kind of sanity, a certain detachment amid the repetitive horrors of life. Much of her time is spent transporting drunks, and the ugliness of drunkenness has seldom been more graphically described, but the book's response is not moralistic. Alcohol is the drug of the desperate multitude. Shannon herself drinks as a way of escape. Seen from beneath, Vancouver, the city of dreams, is a nightmare.

The book has positive moments. Shannon lives with two friends whose financial struggles are as difficult as her own, but the growth of their baby into a child is a kind of mundane miracle. There are mornings when the city is beautiful. Shannon falls in love, though because her lover works the other shift, they find it almost impossible to get together.

There is a touching directness to some of the political formulas:



nerve vs. ^{vs.} Cavalry

The next one was also a worker going to Burnaby. He also took pride in doing his job well. These are the people, and there are millions of them, who will take power after the revolution.

There is also comedy, sometimes on the edge of the grotesque. Helen Potrebenko's angry look at what it's like to be a young proletarian reminds me of the work of David Fennario. Tendentious, biased, unfair, idealistic, and necessary.

When I turned from *Taxi!* to *A Small Informal Dance* by Helen Levi, a book about the innocence of life among the middle class of a small town in rural Manitoba, the contrast was so great that I kept having fantasies in which the characters from one book would end up in the other. Would Shannon lose her anger after a few months in the country, start wearing dresses and settle down with some local

boy? Would Helen Levi's Mrs. Andrews, trapped on the streets of Vancouver with no money, become a hooker and then a junkie?

The cover of *A Small Informal Dance* (I return to my theme) is simply amateurish. The book isn't, and I found myself wishing that the whole edition could be pulped and replaced by one that did the author justice.

Like *Taxi!*, Helen Levi's book starts out by looking simpler than it is. It seems at first merely a set of sentimental vignettes of the placid life of decent small-town people: Sunshine Sketches of Another Little Town. While the book never becomes dramatic, it does prove to have resources of comedy, irony, and plot that hold the interest.

The book's roots go back through Robertson Davies and Leacock to Trollope and Jane Austen. The central character, Mrs. Andrews, is the widow of a doctor, left well off with three grown sons. The material of her life is gossip and visiting, and though she is not without weaknesses, particularly vanity, she is kind and well-meaning. The book's placid surface is a reflection of her calm and benevolence.

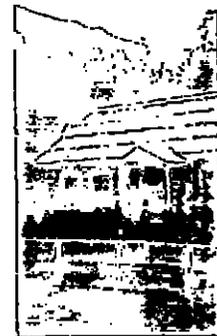
Some of her relationships, especially those with her sons, nearly go over the border into the wish-fulfillment of old-fashioned women's magazines. But Helen Levi's comic touch makes the book into that unusual animal, a story about kind, comfortable, and happy people that can be read with pleasure even by nasty depressives like book reviewers. □

A FALL OF GREAT CANADIAN BOOKS



BARTLETT:
The Great Canadian Explorer
Harold Horwood
A splendid biography of Captain Robert Bartlett who was, by common consent, the greatest ice navigator of this century—a master seafarer who lent his daring and expertise to the expeditions of Peary and many other Arctic pioneers.
\$8.95

CYCLONE TAYLOR:
A HOCKEY LEGEND
Eric Whitehead
If Fred "Cyclone" Taylor was not the greatest hockey player who ever lived he was certainly the game's greater showman. His career spans the whole history of the modern game of hockey—from its pioneering days to its eventual emergence as a big-time money sport.
\$8.95



YEARS OF SORROW, YEARS OF SHAME The Japanese Canadians in World War II
Barry Broadfoot
Here is the dramatic, shocking and heartbreaking story of the almost 23,000 Japanese-Canadians living on the west coast of British Columbia, who were uprooted and sent to internment camps in 1941 after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The story is told in the words of those who actually lived it.
\$12.50

THE COMMON TOUCH
T.A. Keenleyside
Amidst a rising tide of violence and unrest, James Rutherford, a Canadian diplomat stationed in the fictional country of Bukara, is able to play a crucial role in that country's struggle for independence. This is a penetrating and dramatic exploration in fiction of a great and unsettling nerve in the history of third world nations.
55.95



DOUBLEDAY Canada Limited

The white-nigger complex and other reasons for Americans to leave us alone

IT SEEMS IT was inevitable, given the events of the past few months, that some English-Canadian entrepreneur would come out with a joke book putting down French Canadians. And so we have *Frog Talk* by Nixon Baker (B & B Publishing, Ottawa, 72 pages, \$1.75). "It should not be necessary," the publishers tell us in a brief introduction, "to say that we [so] admire the French-Canadian culture and people that we can afford to laugh with them." The pager that follow this disclaimer an filled with such jokes as: "Question: Why does the United States have all the blacks and Canada have all the French? Answer: The Americans got first choice."

* * *

IN 1965, Kenneth G. Mills, then 41, gave up his career as a concert pianist to turn the "bright light of his honed mentality towards the Self, towards God-Realization." A dozen years later, Mills' work has "culminated in the unique way in which he is able to pour forth in words the riches of the high state of Self-Consciousness." At least so says Kenneth G. Mills in his introduction to *Given to Praise! An Array of Provocative Metaphysical-Philosophical Utterances* by Kenneth G. Mills (Sun-Scape Publications, 349 Berkeley Street, Toronto, 152 pages, unpriced). Although the year isn't yet over, I'm awarding the book my prize for Most Vain Vanity Press Publication of the Year. Mills' thoughts, or "unfoldments" as he calls them, consist of things such as: "Your world is either a pimple or a budding rose/ according to how you view it": and, "Women wear a choker if they have a neck to show off, and many wear a choker who haven't got a neck to show off, and many appear choked with a choker or without a choker."

* * *

What Every American Should Know About Canada by Tam W. Deachman (PaperJacks, \$1.95, 159 pages) unintentionally offers nationalists what could become a whole new strategy for dealing

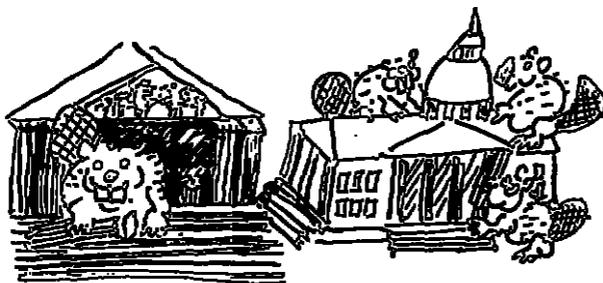
with Americans. After all, if things like the Foreign Investment Review Agency, commercial deletion, and so on don't strike fear in Americans' hearts maybe it's time for something new. Like telling them how bad things are here. Maybe that'll scare them off. That's what Deachman does. Through a series of questions and answers he lets Americans know that Canada is a very "sick country" threatened by separatism, rapidly dwindling natural resources, high inflation and taxes, and some of the world's worst labour problems. Americans reading this book will be tempted to visit or invest in more stable countries — countries like Northern Ireland.

* * *

ANOTHER possibility might be to give Americans Lubor J. Zink's *Viva Chairman Pierre* (Griffin House, \$3.95, 150 pages). Zink, a right-wing conspiracy theorist, believes that Canada is in political chaos because of Trudeau's "penthouse socialism." Trudeau, he hints over and over again, has a secret plan to turn Canada into a Communist dictatorship. Why else would he have mismanaged the economy? Why else would he have imposed wage and price controls? Why else would he play footsie with Castro and other Communist leaders? Why indeed?

* * *

TIME-LIFE Books' The Canadians (M & S, \$10.95, 240 pages) tells the story in words and pictures of the settling of the Canadian west. The words produced by Ogden Tanner have the kind of quality-controlled feel to them that one expects of Time-Life. The book is bound in a crummy, brown mock leather binding that feels and looks like recycled waste matter. But the photographs — many of which I've "ever seen before—are excellent. A photograph from 1900 of Doukhobor women pulling a plough. Photographs of soldiers on their way to fight the Riel Rebellion, of the building of the CPR, of life in British



my heavens visit Washing ton O.C.

New Fall Releases...

*

The first Major Canadian study of rape:

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*

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Women's Press

THE ROSEDALE HOAX

Rachel Wyatt



A thoughtful comic novel which robs the lusts and snobberies of Canada's decaying upper classes. Wyatt's classless hero finds himself adorned with an all-too-perfect wife, bossily liberated children, and a battery of eccentric neighbours: the ergyman with Mafia connections, a horny poetess, the Fine Old Family who are into health food and premature senility. He tries to find comfort in the arms of Miss Niagara's hotsome Fruit, only to find that, in assy Rosedale, the road to adultery ads to Calgary.

Anansi 

Columbia in the 1860s. They make *The Canadians* worth browsing through.

I'M DELIGHTED to see that *A Pioneer Gentlewoman in British Columbia: The Recollections of Susan Allison*, edited by Margaret Ormsby (UBC Press, \$7.95, 196 pages) now is available in a" abridged paperback version. It lacks the extensive annotations by Ormsby contained in the original hardcover edition published last year at \$18.95. But Mrs. Allison's memoirs themselves are complete. At the risk of sounding like a Hollywood promoter. I have to say that if you liked Susanna Moodie's *Roughing It in the Bush*, you'll love *A Pioneer Gentlewoman in British Columbia*.

WE FOUND especially useful new books. The Neglected Majority: Essays on Canadian Women's History, edited by Susan Trofimenkoff and Alison Prentice (M&S, \$5.95 paper, 192 pages) and *The Canadian Left: A Critical Analysis*, by Norman Penner (Prentice-Hall, \$6.95 paper, 287 pages) is their publishers. Until recently, books about women — *The Lace Ghetto* (new press) for example, *Women at Work* (Women's Press) and *Women and Psychiatry* (Press Gang) — were being published by newly established houses. And until recently branch-plant publishers sure weren't publishing books about the Canadian left. The point is only that the larger established houses are latch-

ing onto ideas whose time has come. — that is, whose profitability is certain. Contrary to popular opinion, the phenomenon has little to do with ideology.

TIDBITS: *City as Classroom: Understanding Language and Media* by Marshall McLuhan, Kathryn Hutchon, and Eric McLuhan (Bums & MacEachern, 55.95, 184 pages) is the clearest, best-written book McLuhan père has had a hand in. And the least interesting. It's McLuhan reduced to

textbook cliches. . . Although now some months out of date, *Angry Society* by Colin Alexander (Yellowknife Publishing Company, 60, 158-2nd Avenue N., Saskatoon, \$4.95, 203 pages) is worth a look by anyone seriously interested in Northern development. Alexander, publisher of a Yellowknife newspaper, argues that it's unacceptable for Southern Canadians to hold back Northerners from their right to participate in Canada's economy as equally and as fully as the people of Toronto do. □

essay

by Ronald Röpky

How Patrick O'Flaherty keeps mainlanders in touch with Newfoundland's lost innocence

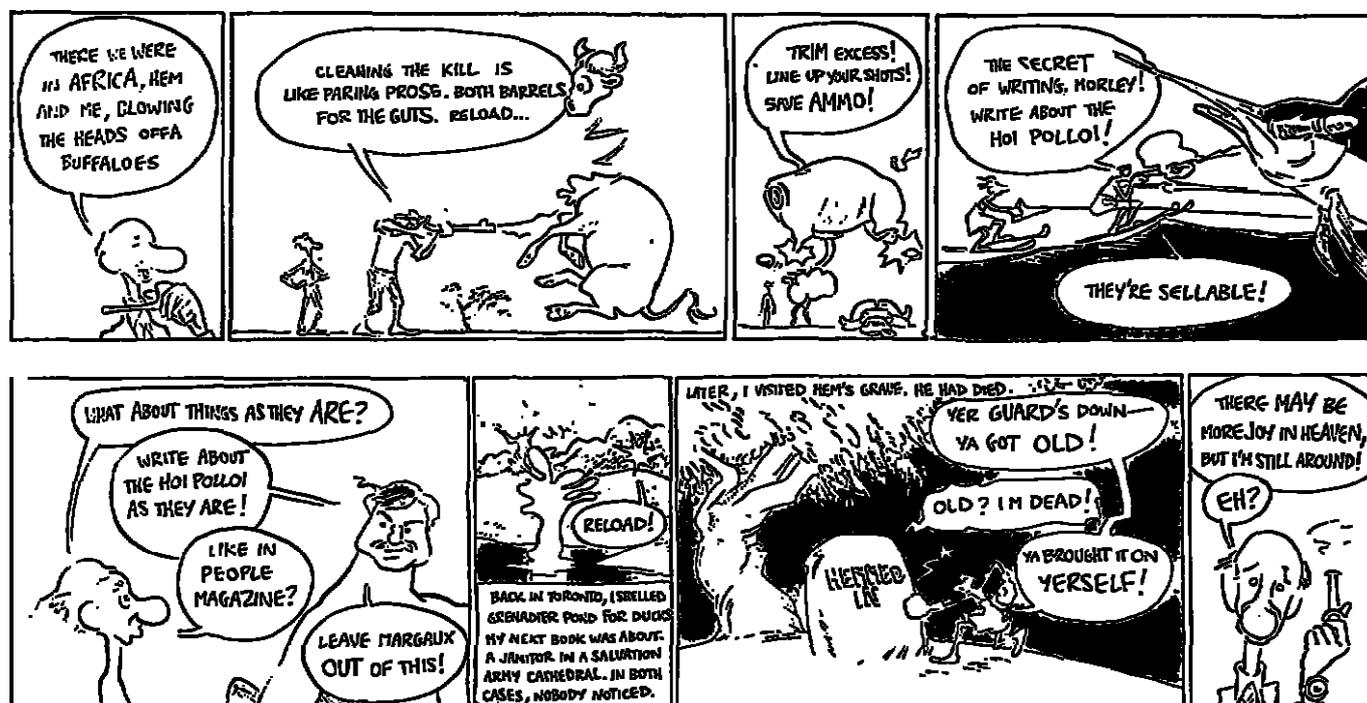
DURING THE Hon. Donald Jamieson's visit to France last November, the Minister of External Affairs was asked by a French journalist whether he had read President Giscard's latest book. I' what must surely be the gamest rejoinder in recent diplomacy, the minister replied: "I'll read his when he reads mine." He was, of course, referring to *The Troubled Air* (1966), his commentary on the state of public broadcasting in Canada. While the French president may be excused if he has not yet managed to pick up a copy, the book serves

as a reminder of the range of Newfoundlanders — from cabinet minister to Labrador housewife — who have brought books out either in or about Newfoundland and Labrador during the past decade.

In fact, it is the array of recent published material that gives the visitor to Newfoundland one of his first impressions today: personal reminiscences, local poetry, a study of placenames, short stories, sailors' yarns, novels, regional history, picture books, an Eskimo dictionary, reprints from the 19th century, plays, and several editions

writer types

by Ted Jackman



of that tolerated intrusion, the "Newfie joke." But that is not all. The innumerable books previously written in or about Newfoundland during the past 200 years are now the prized possessions of collectors, and one need only glimpse the cluttered, uncratalogued library of that celebrated bibliomaniac, J. R. Smallwood, to realize what a rich field for collectors it has come to be.

More immediately, though, the publications of the past decade show a generation of Newfoundlanders who have reached maturity since Confederation examining a way of life that is unique in North America. Inherent in the growth of local literature is a strain of self-consciousness about a society losing its distinctive character as it merges with that of the continent. Scholars have had much to say about the social and political aspects of this society, particularly about the way it has adapted to rapid change. But when will we have a study of the literary material as well? Sometime fairly soon, according to the Toronto *Globe and Mail*. The *Globe's* regular reviewer of Newfoundland books, Patrick O'Flaherty, we were told some months ago, is "writing a book on Newfoundland literature."

Patrick O'Flaherty will be recognized in the academic community as a member of Memorial University's English department and a student of 18th-century literature, particularly the works of Dr. Johnson. There will be no doubt in the reader's mind about his commitment to this subject after a glance at the tort exchange between O'Flaherty and Donald Greene of the University of Southern California over Johnson's political pamphlets of the 1770s in *Studies in Burke and His Time* in 1970. Since then, however, O'Flaherty has turned his attention to his surroundings, first with his new course on Newfoundland literature at Memorial University and then his CBC broadcasts, book reviews, and articles aimed at the undiscerning mainland reader. What sort of study can the reader expect? Though questions of form and content only invite conjecture (Has he read *The Troubled Air?*), we may at least get some idea of his stance from the utterances of the past few years.

First, O'Flaherty is a devoted Newfoundlander — in St. John's parlance a "bayman," the son of a fisherman, born and reared in one of the numerous outports whose fading way of life he wistfully regards in the *Journal of Canadian Studies* (February, 1975). There he takes special pains to show that outport life cannot be understood by "anybody who did not live in it" and particularly regrets the replacement of ancient outport values by what he calls "the enervating Canadian habits of introspection and self-doubt." The theme of the safe, reassuring habits of old Newfoundland is an important part of his attitude.

Thus his *Globe and Mail* reviews have chastised those who would misrepresent or distort the facts about Newfoundland either through ignorance, intention, or the

wrong-headed choice of living elsewhere in Canada. Farley Mowat, fate an inhabitant of the south coast of the province, earns the sobriquet "Canada's leading literary strip-miner" (*Globe and Mail*, October, 1975), presumably for his view of outport people in *A Whale for the Killing*. Gordon Pinsent's *John and the Missus* is judged exaggerated in places because, it is suggested, "perhaps he is visiting upon our unsettled race the anxieties experienced by an emigré who has passed too many years in rootless, urban North America" (*Globe and Mail*, November, 1974). *Complaints is Many and Various, But the Odd Divil Likes It*, the title of a collection of 19th-century views of Newfoundland compiled by University of Alberta English professor Gordon Moyles (himself a son of the outports), is dismissed as "self-consciously cute, designed to catch the eye of mainland readers who may wish to hear a few more stories about that queer place down east where the Newfies live" (*Globe and Mail*, March, 1975). This is the rhetoric of the patriot mixed with a feeling of lost innocence, a yearning for the pre-Confederation world of the reviewer's youth, which somehow began its decline the day a German submarine slid out of Conception Bay after sinking two British freighters. "I remember thinking the day had taken a turn for the worse," writes O'Flaherty (*Globe and Mail*, June, 1975). "It didn't strike me that the world I knew would never be the same again."

Yet it must be remembered, before one concludes that he is a provincial myopic given to fits of nostalgia, that O'Flaherty possesses a first-hand knowledge of Newfoundland literature, and his command of the subject is clearly displayed in *By Great Waters* (U of T, 1974), which he edited with Peter Neary (the latter's judgement presumably unimpaired by the introspection and self-doubt inevitably acquired during his years at the University of Western Ontario). The dose reading of texts required for this judicious collection of items ranging from a description of a Viking settlement to contemporary poetry has clearly inspired the book at hand and provided, as well, the sprinkling of allusions and quotes that have enlivened subsequent reviews and articles. He thus brings to his task not only proven critical insight but also a well-established historical perspective.

O'Flaherty has already hinted at a few aspects of contemporary literature in his essay on Newfoundland writing from 1949 to 1974 in *The Canadian Forum* (March, 1974). Here he particularly illustrates the reaction to Confederation of novelists such as Harold Horwood and Percy Janes and of such humorists as Ted Russell, Arthur Scammell, and Ray Guy, who view the course of events with an uncertain, frozen smile. This is only the tip of the iceberg, a phenomenon Dr. O'Flaherty will doubtless recall from his youth on the shores of Conception Bay. Before him lies the chance to place in some kind of focus the vagaries of Newfoundland literature from rock-

bound colony through dominion through dictatorship by royal commission to union with Canada and to lay to rest some of the cherished misconceptions about the province once and for all. □

Letters to the Editor

INFLATED PELICAN

Sir:

The review of *The Pelican History of Canada* (August-September) was short and to the point. It might have added one more point: while the revised edition is less than four per cent longer than the 1969 book, it costs nearly 80 per cent more — \$2.95 versus \$1.65.

Erwin Kreutzweiser
Toronto

LOVEUS...

s i

Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent August-September issue. The articles by Paul Stuewe and George Melnyk were eminently worth reading, as was the Granatstein review of Pierre Berton's new book. It is easier to criticize something than to praise it, as some of your reviewers have demonstrated in the past. I am certainly looking forward, however, to future issues of *Books In Canada*.

Andrew Robertson
Niagara Falls, Ont.

... LOVE US NOT

Sir:

I am sorry. With the exception of one semi-erotic centre-page Eskimo drawing, this issue turned out to be a duller, more over-written magazine than I had at first thought. Too many words chasing too much space. A common North American malady, crammed to its extreme in Canada (literacy rate the 20s) and the newly late-literate spend too long exhibiting their newly found "skills," protected by government subsidies.

Patrick
Ottawa

C

Sir:

I am appalled by David McFadden's silly, whining piece about John Newlove's anthology, *Canadian Poetry: The Modern Era* (May). Young McFadden disapproves of *The Modern Era* mainly because it doesn't include selections from work or that friends. Indeed, he complains so vociferously and about his from the anthology that appears to have neither the inclination nor the space to discuss the book. Not once quote a line nor even mention a poem from *The Modern Era*. After reading his "review" we know virtually nothing about Newlove's book.

and far too much about McFadden and his over-weening ambitions. To label this piece of writing a review is surely false advertising.

It is one thing for McFadden to lick his bruised ego and quite another for *Books in Canada* to print his immature rantings. A "national review of books" should and must avoid parochial and self-indulgent diatribes.

Sandra Martin
Toronto

CanWit No.26

BACK IN THE days when telegram-writing was an on and a flat rate was charged for a maximum of 15 words, the following exchange allegedly took place. GBS to Churchill: TICKETS RESERVED YOUR NAME FOR MY FIRST NIGHT STOP BRING FRIEND IF YOU HAVE ONE. Churchill to GBS: REGRET CANNOT ATTEND YOUR FIRST NIGHT STOP WILL COME TO SECOND IF YOU HAVE ONE. Readers are invited to concoct similar telegraphic exchanges between any two prominent Canadians — alive, dead, or fictional. No single message can exceed 15

CLASSIFIED

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JEWISH DIALOGUE welcomes new contributors in Canadian Jewish fiction. Contact Joe Rosenblatt, Editor, Suite 7.1466 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

RIEL & BETHUNE: copies or whereabouts of poems, plays, songs, stories, etc. by or about either of these men are needed for a new course on art as myth-manipulation. Contact Nigel Spencer, English Department, Champlain College, Lennoxville, Quebec.

words. Charles Dougall of Toronto receives \$25 for this idea and \$25 will go to the winner. Address: CanWit No. 26. Books in Canada, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. The deadline is Oct. 28.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 24

BY OUR EXCESSES shall they know us. We were seeking possible Ph.D. thesis topics in Canadian studies for the year 2007 and the results were slightly reassuring. Only one entry predicted a nuclear holocaust — "Analysis of Yearly Fall-Out from Calgary. Edmonton. and Vancouver Nuclear Craters" — whereas 10 or 15 years ago we would probably have received dozens on that theme. The winner is George Galt of Ottawa, who receives \$25 for these doctoral visions:

- "Baseball, Football, Hockey: A Content Analysis of CBC-TV programming in the 1970s."
- "Wage Controls, Unemployment, and the 1985 General Strike."
- "One Thousand Forgotten Poets: The Fiddlehead Chapbooks"
- "Angst, Timelessness, and' Aquarboreal Suffocation Imagery in Post-Atwoodian Feminist Poetry."

Honourable mentions:

- "The psychological Impact of Beryl Plumtre on Dieting Women Aged 22 to 25 in Core-Saint-Luc. Quebec. During 197576."
- "The Effect of CRTC Canadian Content Television Regulations on the Lavatory Habits of Male Viewers Aged 35 to 55 in the Kitchener-Waterloo Area of Ontario, 1971-74."
- "Psycho-Social Patterns in the Divergent Spelling of the Word "Colour" (or "Color") printed on Television Advertising Flyers Distributed in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. 1975-76."

-Michael P. J. Kennedy. Saskatoon

- "Fictional Figures in Canadian Folklore: Ogopogo, Joe Clark, Irving Layton, and Peter Gowzski (Correct Spelling Lost in CBC Fire of 1989):
- "Impact of Federal Government Report of 2002 on Caribou Dung as a New Energy Source During Winters in the Canadian Maritimes."

-- V. Ritchie Benedict. Calgary



VIC & AL's honey moon
in VICTORIA

- "Struggles of Confederacy in the '70s: Nationalist Fervour Traced Through *Where to Ear in Canada*."

—Miriam Berke, Montreal

* * *

- "Return to Colonialism: Reflections on How the Maritimes Saved Confederation with Joey Smallwood at the Helm."

-Michael O. Nowlan, Oromocto, N.B.

* * *

- "Dole, Oil, and Soil: A Study of Canadian Resources in the mid-20th Century."

-Helen Cooper, Queensville, Ont.

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:

- Timothy Warren Anglin 1822-96, by William M. Baker. U of T Press.
A Handful of Earth, by Al Purdy, Black Moss.
Spirit of Canada, Canadian Authors Association.
The History and Literature of the Palestinian Jews from Cyrus to Herod, by W. Stewart McCullough. U of T Press.
The Box Garden, by Carol Shields, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
Detour to Paradise, by Eagle Walt, Scant Press.
Small Business: Building a Balanced Economy, by Rein Peterson, Press Porotopic.
Cyclone Taylor: A Hockey Legend, by Eric Whitehead, Doubleday.
Sidehill Gouger or What's So Deadly About Caterpillars?, by Shane Dennison, Doubleday.
Burllett: The Great Canadian Explorer, by Harold Horwood, Doubleday.
A Room on the River, by Garfield McRae, Queenston House.
Savage Fields: An Essay in Literature and Cosmology, by Dennis Lee, Anansi.
A Small Informal Dance, by Helen Levi, Queenston House.
Malke, Malke, by Bess Kaplan, Queenston House.
Ed Schreyer, edited by Paul Beaulieu, Queenston House.
Canada on Stage: Canadian Theatre Review Yearbook 1976, edited by Don Rubin, Canadian Theatre Review.
Highway to Valour, by Margaret Duley, Griffin House.
Père Murray and the Hounds, by Jack Gorman, Gray's Publishing.
Australian External Policy Under Labour, by Henry S. Albinski, UBC Press.
Rural Roots, by Byers, Kennedy and McBurney, U of T press.
British Columbia Chronicle, by Akrigg and Akrigg, Discovery Press.
Distant Music, by Duncan Armstrong, Fiddlehead.
Public Property? The Habitat Debate Continued, edited by Smith and Walker, Fraser Institute.
The Sad Facts, by Pier Giorgio Di Cicco, Fiddlehead.
Then & Now, by Warren Stevenson, Fiddlehead.
The Sweet Tears of the Judge, by Lawrence Mathews, Fiddlehead.
The Broad Back of the Angel, by Leon Rooke, Fiction Collective.
The Great Wave of Civilization, by Herschel Hudson, Talonbooks.
Have, by Julius Hay, Talonbooks.
Cruel Tears, by Ken Mitchell and Humphrey & the Dump-trucks, Talonbooks.
Wrestling the Angel, by Stan Persky, Talonbooks.
Blue Print, by Philippe Van Ryn, Lester & Orpen.
The Canadian Don Quixote, by David R. Beasley, Mosaic Press.
The German Wars, by D. J. Goodspeed, Macmillan.
Fundy National Park, by Mary Majka, Brunswick Press.
Prince Edward Island, by Wayne Barrett and Edith Robinson, Oxford.
For Most Conspicuous Bravery, by Reginald Roy, UBC Press.
Dancing Girls, by Margaret Atwood, M & S.
Echoes from Labour's War, by Dawn Fraser, New Hogtown Press.
G. Howard Ferguson: Ontario Tory, by Peter Oliver, U of T Press.
Painting in Canada, by J. Russel Harper, U of T Press.
The Invisible French, by Thomas R. Maxwell, Wilfrid Laurier University Press.
Cover Your Ass, by Burenwert X. Harig.
Canoe Routes: British Columbia, by Richard Wright & Rochelle Wright, Antonson Publishing Limited.
The Canadian ABC Book, by Roy Peterson, Hurlig Publishers.
North-West of Sixteen, by J. G. MacGregor, Western Producer Prairie Books.
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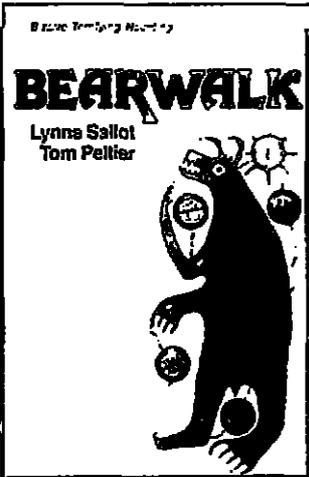
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