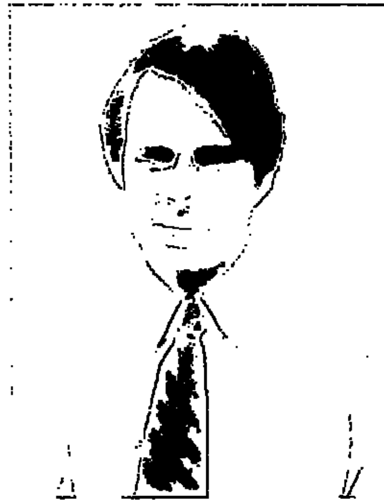
Volume 7, Number 2 | A NATIONAL REVIEW OF BOOKS | February. 1978

The strange role of the KGB in Scott's fiction and Adams' 'faction'
Claude Bissell on the Canadian imagination, as Harvard sees it
How Marian Engel is bearing up under the strain of being famous

BOOKS IN CANADA

James Lorimer



Roy MacSkimming

Dave Godfrey

May Cutler

Mel Hurtig

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Volume 7, Number 2 February, 1978

BOOKSINCANADA

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BOUND FOR GLORY

Where are they now, those small-press militants of the late '60s? Reaping the fruits of a revolution that changed the course of Canadian culture

by Mark Witten

> The market was always there. It's just that nobody was publishing for it.
> — publisher James Lorimer

FEW OUTSIDE OBSERVERS noticed the minor earthquake that hit the tea-cozy world of Canadian publishing in 1967. rattling board-room decanters and spilling dry sherry over drier biscuits. The founding of four avowedly anti-establishment presses — Montreal's Tundra Books, Toronto's House of Anansi, Edmonton's Hurtig Publishers, and Vancouver's Talonbooks — made little impact amid the excitement of Expo '67 and the Centennial celebrations. It wasn't until 1969 that the shock waves began registering on the journalistic seismographs at *Maclean's* magazine, and the editors belatedly realized that a book-publishing revolution was indeed in progress. That year novelist Dave Godfrey, an Anansi pioneer, teamed up with fellow writers Roy MacSkimming and Jim Bacque to form New Press. Accordingly, a *Maclean's* photographer was dispatched to a ramshackle house on the edge of the University of Toronto campus to record the New Press radicals for posterity (see below).

Three who helped to make a revolution: Dave Godfrey (left), Jim Bacque (seated), and Roy MacSkimming, clutching a copy of New Press's first book, The Struggle for Canadian Universities, *by Robin Mathews and James Steele.*

It is an ironic photograph. Deceptively natty in white shirts and ties. MacSkimming proudly clutching their first book. the trio present themselves to the camera as enterprising young businessmen worthy of a jaycee merit badge-a pose slightly marred by the beer bottle in the background. Enterprising they may have been but businessmen they definitely were not — as events sadly proved. Five hectic years and 109 books later, the debt-ridden New Press was absorbed by General Publishing, where the once-bold imprint is quietly fading into obscurity. But as much as any other house, New Press during its active years reflected the exuberant spirit of the revolution that has transformed the publishing scene during the past decade.

The seeds of the revolution. of course., were planted much earlier (see chart on page four). But in 1967 the elements of change reached a critical mass. A generation of young writers and academics had become convinced that the Canadian publishing community (with the honourable exception of McClelland & Stewart) was failing in its basic function: to make public the most vital writing in the country at the time. Their solution was to become publishers themselves. Writers and academics weren't the only groups responsible for the revolution. But it's fair to argue the explosion would never have taken place without them.

The new presses originally saw themselves as alternative channels to the sluggish mainstream of Canadian culture. Their aim was to get deserving books into the hands of the public. "Deserving" meant either "should be read" or "would be read." Ideally, it meant both. There were plenty of disasters, natural and otherwise. But the ideal recurred often enough to keep the revolution going. Before long the older houses were courting the authors the new presses had found and exploring the diverse markets and subjects (such as women's studies) that had been opened up. Today the former alternative channels are a part of the mainstream ikelf. They have changed the course of our culture, broadened ik banks. accelerated the flow of ik currents, and rejuvenated ik content.

Most important of all, the new presses have ensured that Central Canada no longer has sole riparian rights to the mainstream. It now is being fed by fresh and vigorous regional tributaries, from Breakwater in the East to J. J. Douglas in the West. For example, there now are more that 100 book publishers in British Columbia alone. In 1967 there were fewer than a dozen.

Inevitably. having accomplished ik mission. the revolution is petering out. The days of the writer-founder arc giving way N a more entrepeneurial phase. When are the 1960s radicals now?

How have their views about publishing changed7 While the decade had many heros, those questions can best be answered by a closer look at the contrasting careers of MacSkimming, Godfrey, and James Lorimer.

DURING THE MID-1960s MacSkimming worked as an editor at Clarke Irwin. There he hoped to turn into book form some of the exciting new wiling he was reading in the literary magazines of the day. Eventually he was able to oversee the publication of two important anthologies, the 1968 and 1969 editions of New *Canadian Writing. But* he found the process slow and frustrating: "It was a drop in the bucket compared with what you could do with your own house." So when Godfrey. whose stories were among those published in the 1968 anthology, proposed the three-man New Press partnership, *MacSkimming* jumped, at the chance.

"There were three years in which what New Press was doing was exciting." he says. "It was part of a terrific creative explosion. The results are there today. We goaded the older publishers and forced them lo take a greater interest in new writers."

At New Press, ignorance was bliss for a while. Then in 1972 the Maclean-Hunter empire bought a 49-per-cent interest *in* the venture and *money soddenly* ceased to *become* a major problem. "It was euphoric to imagine what we could achieve with that amount of capital." MacSkimming recalls. "Unfortunately. none of us was a businessman." The trouble was too *many ideas and* too *many* chiefs. Titles began spewing out from New Press at the rate of 30 or more a year:

"Our approach was incredibly anarchistic. Each partner had one tbii of the production budget. In effect. there were three publishing imprints. Each guy was championing his own books. There weren't enough checks and balances applied to the editorial decision-making process until it was too late."

When General Publishing took over in 1974, Jim Bacque stayed on with the new owners. MacSkimming left to become the book-review editor of the Toronto *Star*. Godfrey, meanwhile. had long since launched his third publishing house, Press Porcépic of Erin, Ont.

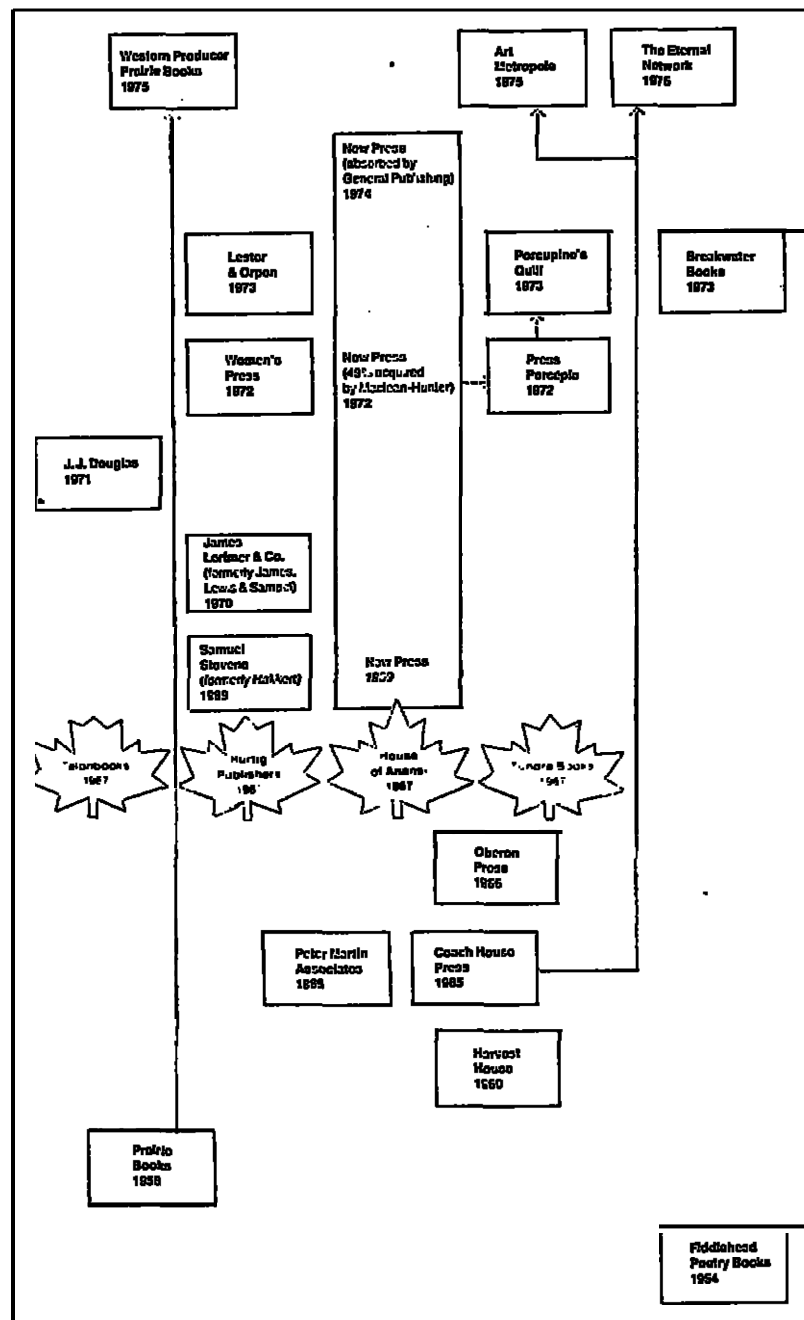
Like many other small-press publishers, Godfrey has discovered that one-man control offers certain advantages: "It's a very effective system to have the editor who is doing the books be the one who has to see the bank manager. It also lets you make decisions very quickly." There speaks a twice-burned publisher who has finally become a businessman.

Godfrey believes the present small-press network, thanks to a growing spirit of m-operation, is making a cultural contribution that far exceeds the sum of its individual parts: "You've got 80 presses, each of which is able to publish IO or 20 books a *year.* With lots of one-person companies, you get a lot more diversity in books." Canadian writers as a consequence are in a much healthier position than writers in the U.S.. where the publishing bend is toward takeovers by large corporations. "The serious American authors are having a tough time of it." he says. "They're back where we were 10 or 15 years ago."

MacSkimming's job at the *Star* considerably expanded his publishing horizon: "It was fascinating to step out of our own operation and see what everybody else was doing. I suddenly had a much more comprehensive and detailed awareness of the brad scope of publishing in this country."

He also found himself squarely in the mainstream, drowning in the tidal waves of new books that sweep across a review editor's desk every week. The experience made him acutely aware of a key failing in the Canadian industry. "Many publishers, particularly the new ones. are so intent on the editorial product that they neglect promotion. There's a great tendency to think that once a book is manufactured the publishing process is finished. Very few promotion people did an effective job of keeping me informed about what was happening in relation to their books."

Last year MacSkimming succeeded Robin Farr as the Canada Council literary officer in charge of block grants to book publishers. He also administers the Council's promotion and distribution program for books and periodicals. Yesterday's small-press radical now sits at the heart of the establishment, exercising enormous power. One of the industry's big gains, he says, "is that



A simplified chart (not all houses are included) of the small-press explosion. The rough chronology is from the bottom up and the lines indicate &hoots or connections.

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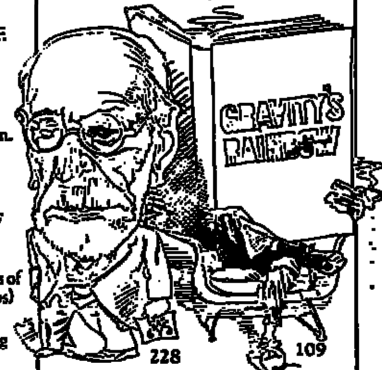

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it's a hell of a lot more organized to deal with government than in IWO." He thinks the need for Canada Council support is as great as ever: "Financial viability is still a problem in spite of government assistance, which Is not nearly as large a proportion of a publisher's revenues as some critics think."

What has the small-press revolution achieved? "Canada was the great unconscious country," says MacSkimming. "Today it is awake, in part because of the rich variety of books being published. That's what New Press was about: to make manifest the richness of the country through the medium of books. There is far more encouragement for writers to write. And they have a better chance to reach the public because not only arc there more houses than in the 1960s but also there is a far greater range of editorial interests — whether literary, political, or regional."

One of those writers is MacSkimming himself. He has a second novel going (his first, *Formentera*, was one of the 30-odd books published by New Press in 1972) and is also working on a critical biography of a Canadian author.

GEORGE GRANT, Walter Gordon, and other nationalist writers of the early 1960s unquestionably provided an initial impetus for the publishing revolution. In response to their ideas, a new school of tough political sad social criticism sprang up. This criticism needed a popular outlet, but the established publishers were anwilling to concede that any text could appeal to both the college market and the trade market at the same time. In particular, says James Lorimer, "up until the late 1960s left-wing critics were very poorly represented in terms of books being published." In 1970 Lorimer. an economist tamed writer and social activist, helped found James, Lewis & Samuel (now James Lorimer & Co.) to rectify that situation. Since then his publishing program has repeatedly proved that social and political critiques such as Heather Robertson's *Reservations are for Indians* can indeed straddle the college and trade markets.

While Lorimer's books retain their critical bite, he admits that his strategies for placing them have changed. Like other small-press publishers. he now is far more aware that it is not enough simply to produce books that say things that need to be said: "In 1970 I assumed that if the material was there it bad to be used. Now we have a much better grasp of what does and doesn't work in terms of sales. We've learned how to do the books better. If someboby came to me now with an idea along the lines of *Working People*. the book I wrote then, I would do my best to persuade them to write that book differently."

Lorimer thinks such professionalism is spreading throughout the small-press industry. "People are much more conscious of having to do things well and of building on what others have done. Between 1967 and 1970 people were only getting a sense that it was really possible to have a proper trade-publishing industry in Canada. Now that industry exists. Today books cover a much broader range of subjects and the projects are individually a lot more interesting. The formats are more successfully calculated and the book stores arc moving the agency books over in order to make mom for Canadian titles."

Lorimer: "In 1970 I assumed that if the material was there it Red to be used. Now we have a muck better Idea of what does and doesn't work in terms of sales."

Is the revolution, then, an unqualified success? Not quite. Lorimer is worried that Canadian books arc still not receiving the attention they deserve: "Look al what's happening in *City Magazine*, which we publish. It's impossible to keep up with all the books in our field. What's true in oar little area is true all across the board. The review-promotion mechanisms by which people find oat about books now arc completely unable to take account of everything that's happening in Canadian writing. I don't know what the strategies will have to be to deal with that problem but it may act as a depressant and send things back downhill."

Along with MacSkimming and Godfrey, Lorimer sees regional growth as one of the richest cultural benefits provided by the small presses. "The revolution isn't centralized; it's happening in every major city across the country, whiih is absolutely essential if we arc to develop a genuine Canadian publishing medium."

He cites Hurtig and J. J. Douglas as examples of houses outside of Toronto that have been "aggressive about seeking out markets and making projects that are well-conceived in terms of tbe public interest." And hc points to Breakwater as an example of how a regional press can also crack the educational market: "They've been getting into schools by beating teachers over the bead with the stuff nationalists have always said they wanted. Breakwater needs Ontario to buy real Canadian textbooks. Wc need Breakwater to produce real Canadian textbooks not just for Newfoundland bat also for the rest of the country. That will happen if there's pressure for it to happen from teachers."

As Dave Godfrey points oat, the small presses do a better job of serving regional needs than the large ones because they are more flexible. "I think regionalism is the most exciting thing happening in publishing today," he says. "The only question is whether the regional presses will be strong enough to publish a broad context of books as well as a few star titles."

Important as it is, regionalism is only one aspect of the cultural diversity generated by the small-press revolution. Many new houses have succeeded because they have been able to develop individual areas of expertise and exploit corners of the market that had hitherto been poorly serviced. The experts all laughed when May Cutler sat down in 1967 to build a publishing house out of quality children's books. Nobody laughs at Tundra now. Similarly Coach House marches with the avant-garde, Western Producer Prairie Books tills the quarter sections. Women's Press rights ancient wrongs, and Fortress Publications stands ever-ready on tbc ramparts.

Long live tbe revolution. □

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THE HEROINE OF HER OWN LIFE

The force that ripples through Marian Engel's novels is the power to speak in her own voice

by Doris Cowan

MARIAN ENGEL'S first novel was published in 1968, but she had been writing, and writing hard, for a long time before that. ("I had proper training. At university I even wrote imitations, including one of Milton that my professor said was very good -very good Walter Savage Landor.") To teach herself how to write novels, she wrote them and scrapped them, scrapped every one until No *Clouds of Glory. Since then* her output has been steady. and consistently fine: five novels now, as well as a collection of short stories and some fiction for children. She has earned the respect of other writers, and the admiration of a large number of devoted readers, but she was not sensationally successful — that is, not until the publication of Bear. It is a brilliantly crafted, sad, odd story of a woman who is so lonely she falls in love — romantically, erotically in love -with a bear. Almost without exception, reviewers across the country were amazed and delighted. *Bear* won the Governor General's Award for Fiction in 1976, and Marian Engel became a literary star.

She is a woman of considerable personal force and charm; her eyes, of a remarkably bright brown, radiate intelligence., watchfulness, and warmth. In conversation as well as in her writing she displays the sort of wit that CM flash in a second from the childishly gleeful to the ruthless. Margaret Atwood once said. "Marian Engel is much more frightening than I am." And it's true, Engel can be fierce. Ask a silly question and you may get a skewer for an answer. But there's no malice in it; she is impatient with the silliness, not the person.

She takes the technical aspects of novel-writing very seriously. thinking much and often about "the possibilities of prose." Sometimes she thinks so hard about it that she almost loses sight of the original objective. or so she claims: "I have a friend I can rely on, though — I rush to tbe telephone. 'What is a novel? I ask. 'A fictional narrative more than 45,000 words in length'. he tells me, and then I'm all right again." She is considering writing something about writing -essays. possibly -but that's for the future, and she isn't sure what form it will take. For the present, she finds that "there is a greater freedom from book to book. I can get better

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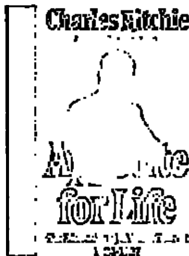

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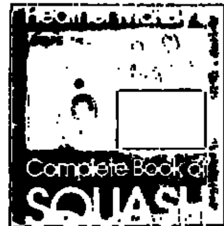

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sentences out faster." She is visited occasionally by the occupational neurosis, "a terrible fear of being written out," but it isn't a serious worry. Before she began work on ha current novel, she went through a short spell of it; she was on holiday on the East Coast. "I was terrified. I forced myself to sit on the beach and just stare." But that was quickly over, and the ideas began to come. It takes her about two years to write a novel, and ha methods of work haven't changed much since she began writing. except that "I think more now. More gets done in my head. I just mooch around while it 'interiorizes'." She says firmly that she is not competitive. One of the writers she admires is American novelist Gail Godwin. "But the American experience is not ours. Canadian experience is very far from being used op."

She was one of the founding members of the Writers' Union of Canada. cod served as its chairman in 1973-74. A significant contribution sbe made at that time was a plan for a public lending right that would provide writers with compensation from libraries; it is now at tbe committee stage with tbe Canada Council. She also investigated tbc possibility of some sort of pension scheme for writers: "After all, what is a writer to do in his 60s? I just keep smoking."

She is enjoying her new-found fame. Last winter she toured the country giving readings. meeting people as far away as Carcross in the Yukon. "I didn't have a sense of readership until recently. I wrote for my peers, and succeeded, which was fine." But she-has discovered other readers now, and she likes the feeling. "Women who say, 'Oh, you wrote that lovely thing in *Chatelaine*'. They want *their* stories told, too."

She writes a biihly personal style of fiction; ha typical heroine is a woman who is proudly, stubbornly independent, whose independence is sometimes a joy and a glory. sometimes a pain and a burden, but which cannot be evaded and must be lived. Does she write intentionally of "free women," in Doris Lessing's phrase, with all tbe difficulties and dilemmas that freedom implies? "That's a big philosophical question. I know I'm usually coo-*ridered* reasonably retrograde by the women's movement. I don't know whether there is such a thing as a free woman, or a free person. or whether, indeed, freedom is desirable. But I refuse to write to a pmgnm. I write about tbe world as I know it cod see it when I'm writing about it, and my perceptions are always changing, like everyone else's:

"I know I'm usually considered retrograde by the women's movement. I don't know whether there is such a thing as a free woman, or a free person, or whether, indeed, freedom is desirable."

In *Bear*, the curator-heroine Lou spends a summer in tbc Northern Ontario lake country, cataloguing a 19th-century settler's library. One of the books she comes across is a copy of Trelawny's reminiscences of Byron and Shelley. After entering tbe details of title cod date on an index card cod filing the information away in its proper place, she begins to read the book, out of curiosity, remembering that "somebody, some scholar, had told ha that it was a pile of rubbish." To ha surprise. she finds that it is "amusing rubbish," even "enthralling.": "He specks in bis own voice. He is unfair, but HE SPEAKS IN HIS OWN VOICE." This passage, with its contrast of tbe dutiful, patient search cod the splendidly personal discovery, could almost stand es the primal Engel scenario, particularly in Loo's emotional readiness to make the discovery, even though it is beside the point, irrelevant, not at all whet she is looking for; it excites her; it seems to *matter*, to lead somewhere, and she follows without hesitation. Engel's heroines all *work* at their lives, energetically, slothfully, painstakingly, messily, passionately. They do not let life slide by unnoticed, or if tbcy do. they notice that they arc not noticing. And the specific discovery that Lou makes is significant as well, for one thing Engel clearly cares about and has tried for over tbe years is the very thing

Lou discovers in Trelawny: the power to speak in one's true voice.

And N an impressive- degree, Engel has that power. It was apparent even in her first book. Though No *Clouds of Glory is in* many ways *a* gauche and shapeless piece of work, the personal voice and vision arc already there in Full Force: bitter, satirical, paradoxical, romantic and cynical, screaming and joking, totally lacking in the arm's-length irony so many Canadian writers seem to feel is obligatory.

There is a thematic progression discernible in tie novels. In the first, the narrator, Sarah Porlock, runs away from the Canadian dream (a secure academic niche, polite Family connections, summers at the cottage) N Europe. chaotic loneliness, and a mixed-up, unplanned love affair with her Italian brother-in-law. She encounters sexuality, the mysterious other sex; there is Sandro, "the classic. legendary male," and Joe. her comfortable old-friend lover, who turns out to be. in his way, just as unpredictable. In *The Honeyman Festival, the* central character encounters the next age of woman: the claustrophobic haven of marriage and motherhood. Minn has three small children, and is pregnant with a Fourth; her journalist husband is on tbe otha side of tbe globe. Yet she persists in trying to do what she has neither time nor energy for — organize tbe physical and mental space around her. Freedom is a romantic memory, the future No crowded to think about, and tbe present all-engulfing squalour. In sharp contrast, *Monodromos* brings us a heroine who must cope with a solitude she does not want. She is in a strange place, a Greek Island; ha lover, left behind in England, is very ill and has gone home N his wife. probably to die. She has no very good reason N be where she is, nor does she Feel any desire to be anywhere else. (Audrey is perhaps like her creator in ha reaction N this situation. "I think of myself as a kind of placeless person," Engel says. "Wherever I am, I dig in.") Audrey becomes fascinated witb the place and sets out N learn it by heart. She has an English guide-book: "Gunnis's insular encyclopaedia, for every village a separate listing. tie work of a lifetime. The possibility of thoroughness in small compass his challenge.. .:" And hers: "Outside, the town was beginning to

Would she consider marrying again? "I hate to exclude *any* possibility. But when you sit and look at the situation coldly, it seems insane. Legally, marriage is a dead loss; emotionally, it can be a vey different thing."

develop itself for me as a compound of undigestible images, fragments of eye-shapes. cornices. siren-songs. I began to want badly to know it, and in that intimate way which consumes time, perhaps lifetime." Here again is the patient searcher, and her assault on tbc island is an investigation within an investigation. The novel itself uses Audrey's method, to explore the consciousness of its narrator.

Engel is not much interested in ha earlier books. About No *Clouds of Glory,* sbc says, dismissingly: "That's an old book;" About the others, simply: "I don't think writers should interpret their own work."

She was born in 1933 in Toronto and grew up in Galt, Brant-Ford, and Sarnia. She studied at McMaster University and at McGill, taught For a year at Montana State University, then spent three years in Europe. ("Why did I come back? I didn't want to *much.* I *knew* I had to. One *came* back because *one was* broke.. And one's Canadian shw had worn out.") Her marriage to CRC-Radio producer Howard Engel ended in divorce last winter, and this post September she and her 12-year-old twins William and Charlotte moved N Edmonton, where she is spending the year as writer-in-residence at tbe University of Alberta. She is happy in her new single state. I asked her how she feels about marriage now. Would she consider marrying again? "I hate to exclude *any* possibility. But when you sit and look at the situation coldly, it

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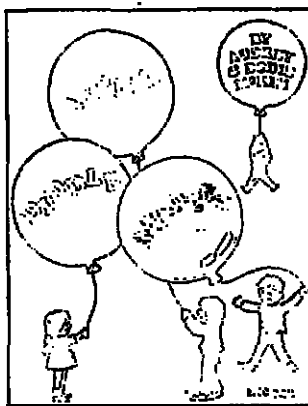

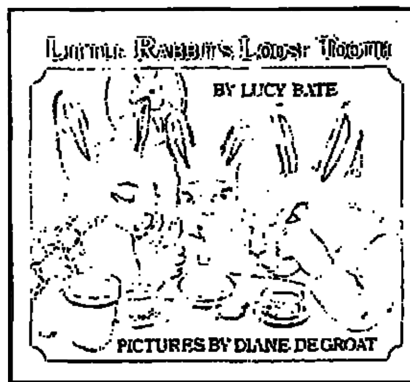

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seems insane. Legally, marriage is a dead loss; emotionally. it could be a very different thing. I would like sometime to have a good relationship with a man. Not necessarily a legal one. Everything I'm working for now is for my children. It's taken me a long time to realize what you give up when you do merry. The law still gives a woman's partner a great deal of power over her. I'm act against marriage, but I am against . . . foolishness."

In themes and settings, her novels quite naturally draw cc her own experience — as any writer's must. Is this sometimes a problem? Does she find that people assume she is writing autobiography?

"Not la *Bear*," she says with a gentle but slightly dangerous-sounding laugh. "No. Not in *Bear*. But yes, sometimes it is a problem; there are some unsophisticated readers who genuinely confuse fiction with reality. Partly this is the heritage of our hitan upbringing. It was considered morally inferior to read or write fiction. so when readers take it es non-fiction, they mean to be complimentary. But if your work is taken as autobiographical it can get you into trouble. And, of course. without great reservations and many changes, you do avoid writing about the people who are close to you. Because if you don't. they feel exposed.. . and alienated. As for yourself. you are not just one person. A fiction writer can imagine being someone else."

If her early work hnd an autobiographical feel about il. she has certainly moved farther away from it with each bock. Part of the fascination of *Bear* is its mythic quality. The story of Lou and the bear — tbe woman and the beast — is one of those tales in which structure and elements correspond tc some unconscious expectation, satisfy some desire for meaning we are scarcely aware cf. The most surprising aspect of it all is that Canadians were ready tc accept a bock such as *Bear* — not only accept it, but even welcome it. ("How dii my mother like it? She said. 'Well, dear, I didn't lii the sex, of course, but you do wile a good sentence'.")

In her *Psychology of Women*, Helene Deutsch wrote that "in many myths and fantasy formations, brutal possession is interpreted as a kindly act of rescue. Thus the ape with tbe powerful arms, or the bear, saves tbe girl from a threatening disaster that is mostly of a sexual nature — and the threat comes fmm someone else, not from the rescuer. In young girls' dreams tbe mighty hairy human-animal figure appears not as a seducer. but as a saviour from sexual dangers." I read tbis passage tc Engel and asked ha what she thought of it:

"You could read that into it. The fixation on the bear protects Lou from reality, which is men like Homer in the novel. Deutsch refers to young girls, of course, and Lou is older. But yes, she is looking for comfort of a kind . . like young girls who are very interested in older mea when they are 20. Some sort cf fathering is involved as well as rescue. But you could put a lot of interpretations on it."

I 'remarked on how Lou's apparent compulsion tc imagine communication where there can in reality be none, or very little. was like some unsatisfactory human relationships. Said Engel: "She doesn't know how to fantasize any other kind cf love affair, any more than tbe bear knows what tc do with her. She tries tc avoid laying a human trip on him; in the end she can't. That is tbe kind of loving that she knows."

The evocation of the Northern Ontario country is another fine achievement in *Bear;* it conveys the actuality of the woods and lakes with marvellous freshness. I reminded Engel of how her earlier heroine, Sarah, had said, in scorn, as she abandoned it: "It is the lyric north my countrymen write books about; it has a strong seduction, and is meaningless." She laughed and said: "I have discovered a different meaning for it. It really does have a meaning . . . chiefly as a repository for our fantasies. And since Sarah's fantasies are all centred in Europe, she can't see that."

Marian Engel, writer-in-residence, is thoroughly enjoying her new position: "The isolation cf working at home was really getting tc me. I Iii Edmonton. I gc in the afternoons; I sit in my nice office, nice people come in, and they want tc talk about writing! I love it." □

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Kim milked again

If Philby was the 'third man', who was the fourth? In yet another replay of the great game, Chris Scott's hero attempts to find out

by Ivon Owen

To Catch a Spy, by Chris Scott, Viking Press (Penguin), 256 pages, 59.95 cloth (ISBN 0 670 71663 4).

AT THE OUTSET, let me make one thing perfectly clear. I am not now, nor have I ever been. a physician, a dental surgeon. a hypnotist. a spy. or even a total abstainer. This disclaimer is necessary because Chris Scott gives the shadiest and seediest character in his new novel, who engages in all these pursuits, the name of Ivor Owens. which looks lii a typographical error for me. While I have always hoped to figure in a work of imaginative literature, it hasn't happened yet, unless you count the notes on contributors in *Books in Canada.*

To Catch a Spy. lii many of its genre. is a fictitious sequel to red events. This is a hard thing to bring off convincingly, but Chris Scott has done it well. The real events are the defection to Moscow of the dip lomats Burgess and Maclean in 1951 and of the spy Kim Philby in 1963, and the identification of Philby as the "third man" who had tipped off Burgess and Maclean that it was time to go on their travels. It has never been established who had recruited Philby for the Soviet intelligence service, who controlled him, or who succeeded him. That is what this novel is about.

Its events take place in 1974. An English agent named George Michael Stevens turns up in Moscow. and several months later tbc Soviet government announces his death and gives him a hem's grave in the Novo-Devichy cemetery. Bill Johnson, a young journalist who covered the original story of the defection, is assigned first by his editor and then by Stevens' controller, a Cambridge don named Carlo Peat, to discover the facts of Stevens's life and death. Was he a genuine double agent? (True, hc had been recruited for the Soviet service in 1941, but that was with the knowledge and approval of his superiors.) Was his departure a real defection, or was he being planted by British intelligence? How did he die? Or did he die?

Neither the English nor the Russian intelligence chiefs feel sure of the answers to all these questions. and it is typical of the symbiosis that exists between competitors in this curious profession that they collaborate in the investigation on one level while on another level they deceive each other. bug each other, and even shoot at each other. Johnson, for instance, goes to Moscow with an introduction from Carlo Peat to his opposite number there, who has him met at the airport and actually gives him'the one certain answer that he possesses.

The object of a novel of espionage is to mystify and surprise the reader, and Scott does this in full measure. Rather more than that. in fact. His story is quite confusing enough —inherently and legitimately -as he originally conceived it; he needn't and shouldn't have then resorted to the device of cutting it up, shuffling the pieces like a pack of cards. and dealing them out to the reader in an apparently random order. I find tbis exasperating. To sort the story out I started writing the date of each episode in the margin. and was maliciously delighted to discover by this means that in at least one place the author had outwitted himself and got the dates wrong.

But the amount of work Scott must have done to prepare himself for this novel is positively awe-inspiring. He seems to have made a careful study of the theory and practice of hypnosis and the technique of narcohypnoanalysis, together with the uses of an electroencephalograph machine. And he not only invents a cipher — for a message N be sat in Latin, N make it more difficult but takes us carefully through the process of decoding it.

The style is crisp, rapid without being staccato, and often witty. The Russian atmosphere is convincing. I like the *dezhurnaya,* the old woman who acts as watchdog on the 12th floor of the Hotel Rossiya. As the interpreter explains her remarks N Johnson:

> She says you have a powerful aura and that she will be especially vigilant for your sake, may the souls of Marx and Lenin watch over you.

The smooth blend of beliefs that ought to be incompatible seems authentically Russian.

And it Is not only the Russian atmosphere. New York in the days of the Moon Children is well and economically presented, and so is Cambridge. embodied in Carlo Peat's study, a cat-infested mom that reminds Johnson of the set for Roy Dotrice's dramatization of Aubrey's *Brief Lives.* It is dominated by a portrait of John Dee, the Elizabethan divine, mathematician, sorcerer, and exploration buff. Scott

says he was a spy as well, which is unknown to me and my *Britannica* but seems fitting enough. (Many prominent figures in that happy age moonlighted as spies: one bluff sea-dog -1 think it was John Hawkins but can't find my source — was in the pay of Spain; when the pay came in hc would take the bag of gold to St. James's Palace, where he' and the Queen would count the doubloons together, laughing their heads off.)

However, Scott goes too far when he bestows a knighthood on Dr. Dec. which is more than Elizabeth ever did.

The characters are all alive, even though nearly all of them make fairly brief appearances. A stock character in thii sort of literature is the young female guide and interpreter who is assigned to the visiting hem and acts also as bls self-appointed bedfellow while keeping him under surveillance. This one, Anna. is a particularly cheerful and individual example. and I only wish she had been given a bigger part.

All in all, To Catch *a Spy is an* astonishingly accomplished and assured novel to come from an author who has published so little. To have reached thll degree of mastery he must have drawers full of unused typescripts; I hope some publisher is mmmaging through them. ☐

Horsemen of the Apocalypse?

The Mounties may be a threat to the fabric of our society, but Adams' 'faction' treatment tends to neutralize the point he is trying to make

by Phil Surguy

S — Portrait of a Spy. by **Ian Adams,** Gage. 176 pages, $8.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7715 9354 x).

THIS IS A hard book N comment on. Ostensibly, it's a work of fiction. Yet tbc dust-jacket blurb, the publicity tbe book has excited. and the text itself all suggest that the bulk of the novel is really a collection of nasty *facts* about the federal government and the RCMP's Security Services (the SS).

As he is presented here, S was a member of the RCMP for 18 years and head of the SS's counter-intelligence section. He was also a KGB agent, and bls real job was to neutralize Canada's spy-catchers. According N Mr. Adams, he succeeded splendidly — and continued to do so, even after the CIA learned what he was up N. The Americans simply left him where he was and used him to funnel false information to Russia. That continued till 1972, when certain RCMP officers' suspicions about S's conduct came to a head. He was thoroughly interrogated by Canadian, American, and British intelligence personnel, but nothing could be proved and he was allowed to retire with full pension.

But then, a year or two later, our Prime Minister and Solicitor-General (the two men who are supposed to be in charge of the RCMP) were finally told about all this and they angrily had S hauled in for another round of interrogation. He was subjected to noise torture at the National Research Council (which didn't break him) and then brought before a secret Parliamentary tribunal. He put up with tbc latter for a while, but then stopped it dead by announcing that he was about N start blabbing details of something called Operation Featherbed. He was let go immediately and was last reported N be working for the CIA in South America.

That's what happens in the book. In real life, there apparently is — or was — a super-secret RCMP Operation Featherbed, which is supposed N have uncovered all sorts of explosive stuff about security risks in the senior levels of the civil service. Also in real life, one L. J. Bennett was a member of the RCMP for 18 years and head of tbe SS's counter-espionage branch. In 1972 he retired unexpectedly. He was interrogated by the RCMP, the CIA, and Britain's SIS (MI6) and then let go. Today he lives in Australia and is reported to be about to sue Ian Adams.

In a short telephone interview, Adams insisted that his book is fiction. He said it has been misinterpreted in the media, that it is really about the vulnerability of our system and how power is wielded in Canada.

Unfortunately, the book is not at all satisfying as fiction. For one thing there are too many real events and real people for tbe novel to work as pure story, as an invention tbat has metaphorical meanings and resonances that arc greater than its basic plot. By contrast, tie elements of John Le Carré's early fiction probably don't have exact one-m-one counterparts in the British intelligence community; but he has crafted that work in such a way that we can *experience* something of just how cruel and dangerous secret bureaucracies can be. *S —Portrait of a Spy, on the other* hand, reads as if a fictional format was merely an easy way for Adams to paste together the limited results of his investigation of the RCMP and his fantasia about how this country is actually governed. Now and then tbe narrative is

interrupted to mention that the author has become obsessed with S's inner life or fascinated by his ex-mistress, but what really keeps the reader going is the illusion that he's holding in hi hands a true-to-life exposé of the RCMP.

The book implies that, at best, our national security service is being run by incompetent "cavalry officers" who are only interested in retiring with an on-blemished record. At worst, it implies that the RCMF is a malignant, uncontrollable force that uses the dirt in its files to terrify the government and its power to crush dissenters and corrupt potentially critical journalists. However, by producing a work that is neither genuinely evocative fiction nor a well-documented piece of non-fiction, Adams has probably. in the long run, neutralized any point he is trying to make.

To be sure, the book is selling fairly well and people are reading and discussing it as if it were all true. But, in the end, it's still just another story, and we don't have to think hard about, or act upon, things we rend in storybooks. One of the most frightening aspects of the large amount of public opposition to criticism of the RCMP (as reflected, for example, in the letters to the editor of a paper I read everyday) is that too many people haven't yet even begun to grasp that the got issue is the possibility that the Mounties have become a serious threat to the fabric of our society. From the tone of their letters, one would think all the fuss has been caused by a critic in the entertainment section. who annoyed them by giving the musical ride a snotty review. □

IN BRIEF

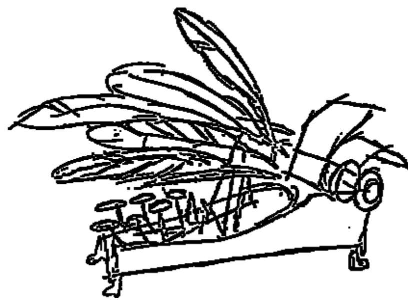
Memoirs of a Great Canadian Detective, by John Wilson Murray (Collins, 226 pages, $10.95) is a severely abridged edition of a book that was first published in 1904. Murray, a Scot who served in the U.S. Navy during the Civil War, made his name by foiling a plot to release 4,000 Confederate prisoners from an island in Lake Erie and bum Detroit. Cleveland, and Buffalo. After the war he worked as a detective for Canadian and American railroads. Then, in 1874. he became the Provincial Detective of Ontario, a post he held for the rest of the century. Most of the time, he was Ontario's *only* detective.

In the sense that it implies Murray was a Sherlock Holmes, capable of astonishing feats of deduction and intuition. the title is misleading. Murray's main virtues were tenacity and common sense. He was lucky, too. Once, for instance, he was standing on a street corner, smoking a cigar and wondering where the hell else he could look for a man he was after. when the fugitive himself happened along and began lecturing him on the evils of tobacco.

From the limited evidence provided hen, the basics of crime don't seem to have changed that much over the last hundred years. Instead of intricate puzzles, the cases Murray dealt with were largely rather ordinary, variations of the distressingly banal, wretched stuff we're still reading about in newspapers. However. counterfeiting seems to have been a bigger problem than it is today, and premeditated murders inspired by inheritances and insurance policies were more common, especially in rural areas.

Murray speaks with the self-assurance of a 19th-century man who knew precisely what was right and what was wrong. The presentation of hi stories is no better than competent. And yet. dotted throughout the book are odd flashes of insanity and foolishness (a scheme to sell bogus provincial high-school examination results, or a murder in a turnip pit, for example) that, in the deadpan manner of their telling. suggest that a secret dark and depraved side of Stephen Leacock is being momentarily revealed.

— PHIL SURGUY



Scion of the times

Shrewsbury, by Jamie Brown. Clarke Irwin, 228 pages, $9.95 cloth (ISBN 077201115x).

By MARIA HORVATH

THIS NOVEL concludes Jamie Brown's history of the wealthy and influential Moncrieff family. *Stepping Stones, the first of the* trilogy, featured John Angus Gold Moncrieff, patriarch and founder of the automotive company that dominates the Southern Ontario town of Shrewsbury. His story was one version of the classic rags-to-riches tale of the uneducated Prairie bumpkin who succeeds in the East through hard work and faith in the free-enterprise system.

The sequel, So *Free We Seem*, featured the artistic William Moncrieff, unwilling to follow in hls father's footsteps. Brown's portrayal of this sensitive character was very sympathetic, describing his difficult life in the Spartan private school, his love of nature, hls empathy with the poverty-stricken working classes during the Depression, and his ill-fated marriage to Rachel.

TO CATCH A SPY

A novel by Chris Scott

In 1953 two British intelligence agents, Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, defected to the Soviet Union. A decade later another key double agent, Kim Philby also disappeared, shaking MI5 to its foundations. Now, a decade after Philby, the man who replaced him George Michael Stevens, turns up in Moscow, also a defector. As the novel opens, Radio Moscow has just announced Stevens' death in the Soviet capital. Who was this man Stevens, and why did he defect? Was he really a double agent, as the British fear, or was he only feigning to be while actually still faithful to MI5? If so, what extraordinary mission had he been entrusted with inside the Soviet Union? And how did he die, if he was in fact really dead? Written by a Canadian, this compelling and sophisticated novel probes the very nature and essence of the deadly contemporary game: espionage. $9.95

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the daughter of a foremen in his father's factory.

In *Shrewsbury,* it is the narrator's turn to tell his own story. Gould Moncrieff is William's son, the last male heir to the Moncrieff heritage. He is a renegade like his father. At school he is a poor student, preferring to spend his time with bis friends from the wrong side of the hack. At university. he is also unsuccessful et his studies. spending his time in the local pubs and dabbling in the radical politics of the 1960s. Hi grandfather, uncle, and father are dead, the family power end wealth expiring with them. An American corpora-don now controls the business and an American union restricts Be activities of the workers.

Gould finally drops out, leaving behind the university and his pest in Shrewsbury. Only his affection for his beautiful cousin Aileen remains. He retreats to the farm on the last 'few acres of Moncrieff land, barricading himself with a 30-foot fence. He has become a "freak," unable to live in the transformed Shrewsbury. Gone are the sprawling estate end peaceful little town. In their place are bare parking lots. tacky housing developments, fast-food outlets, and a steel mill.

Gould spends bis time on the living-room floor. compulsively following the Watergate tragedy unfolding on television. Disillusioned end alone. he sets out to chronicle his family's history. "Maybe I was born to write it. Maybe as I work I can catch myself . . . a glimmer of where I come from, who I truly am. . . ."

Brown is a skilful writer. quietly evoking the mood of a tow" whose rise and fall coincides with the fortunes of ik main industry. And. as his second novel had demonstrated, he is adept et presenting both sides of the story: the myopic visions of the rich. oblivious of the plights of their workers; and the frustrating, alienating lives of the factory personnel and their families. Both sides opened their doors. revealing credible three-dimensional characters.

However. in this concluding novel Brown fails to present such realistic portrayals. William Moncrieff is no longer a hem. His behaviour is admirably quixotic es he tries to improve the working conditions in the factory but his character remains wooden. Gould's narration is no longer sensitive to' his father's thoughts and desires.

Gould could have been a sympathetic figure. trying to find his place in this tumultuous environment. Unfortunately, Brown only sketches his complex drives. He does not dig deeply enough to persuade the reader of Gould's motivations es be jumps fmm one activity to another. For example, his entry into the radical student politics of a decade ego occurs too suddenly. with too little rationalization. Pethaps Brown meant him to bee dilettante but such a description contradicts the strength of the trilogy's conclusion when Gould finally discovers the truth about himself end his father's failures and returns to his grandfather's philosophy.

Despite these faults, *Shrewsbury* is worth reading for two good reasons. The book observes the phenomenon of how the Americans can take over a business. lock, stock, barrel, and workers. And, if you've been following the series, you'll want to see how it all tutus out. □

Kissing the hem of his quotes

Nathan **Cohen:** The Making. of a **Critic,** by Wayne E. Edmonstone, Lester & Orpen, 286 pages, $12.93 cloth (ISBN 0 919630 94 4).

By **DOUGLAS** HILL

I HAD LOOKED at reviews of this book before I was assigned it. end was intrigued by the way each reviewer seemed bound to explore his own reminiscences of Nathan Cohen rather than Wayne Edmonstone's treatment of the man and career. Having read The *Making of a Critic,* I can understand why this happened, and though I don't blame the reviewers -indeed congratulate them on their tact — I think the results are unfortunate. This book does consistently attempt to deal with the phenomenon of Canadian culture, and the issues Edmonstone's struggle raises ought et least to hove been squarely mu.

The author has embraced his subject thoroughly, and on the whole his work, taken for what it is rather than for what it could be, succeeds. He's far too respectful -apologetic in the early chapters, practically idolatrous in the middle, defensive et the end. It's odd how the most abrasive of critics (Thoreau, Mencken, Lewis. Richler) have attracted commentators who try worshipfully to smooth their bristles. In Edmonstone's case the failure to challenge his subject et or on any point leads to some ponderous prose — apologies are always awkward — and a loss of critical perspective. We might es well read Cohen straight, without interpretation.

We do, in large part. I've never read a biography, critical or otherwise, that relies so heavily upon quotation. In one place there are 10 solid pages of Cohen, followed by three of Edmonstone, then nine more of uninterrupted Cohen. Even admitting a theoretical justification for this approach (which I don't), I would argue that Edmonstone's organization — his method of selecting material — is faulty. The book gives an impression of stupefying repetition and, coupled with Edmonstone's glosses end paraphrases, of massive devotional overkill.

The book makes its points, nonetheless. *A reader* can have no doubt that Nathan Cohen strove, with consistent success, to be a critic, not a reviewer. And the range of that criticism, its coherence, depth and personality. ik constant pressure to explore the relations between theatre and (national) culture, makes a unique and substantial accomplishment. The chapter "Toward a National Theatre" is especially forceful in pulling these strains together. Edmonstone also tells the reader a great deal about the history of English-Canadian theatre in the last three decodes. about the origin of such charming features of Canadian identity es anti-Stratfordism, and about Cohen's habits as a critic — the day-to-day practice and character of his work.

The main problem with *The Making of a Critic* isn't that it's not good enough, but that ik competence is insufficient to the expectations the book raises (or should raise). Nathan Cohen at his best was a critic of culture. His standards were unabashedly international; he tried conscientiously to apply them on a national scale. To produce the *right* book on Cohen, a writer would need himself to be sensitive to the intricacies of the cultural web in a' much more thoroughgoing end theoretical way than Edmonstone is.

Falling. es it does. somewhere between academic criticism and popular biography, *The Making of a Critic* is, for me. too often static and boring. These were never Nathan Cohen's faults. Perhaps he doesn't need a full-length book. A good critic is always moving, always redefining his subjects and positions. Cohen dii not live to write the book he might have written on the Canadian theatre. If he had. I'm sure he would have drawn his previous work into a synthesis. not merely arranged and recycled it as Wayne Edmonstone has done. □

We are such stuff as myths are made on

The Canadian **Imagination: Dimensions of a Literary Culture, edited by** David **Staines, Harvard University Press** (Book **Centre,** Inc.), 265 pages. $10 **cloth (ISBN** 0 **674** 09355 **0).**

By CLAUDE T. **BISSELL**

THE CONTRIBUTORS to *The Canadian Imagination* include our best literary critic, Northrop Frye; our most famous *philosophe*, Marshall McLuhan; our most sedulous man of letters, George Woodcock; our most luminous (at the present time) imaginative writer, Margaret Atwood; and our most distinguished expatriate scholar, Douglas Bush. Add to this three senior academic critics, and you presumably have an infallible formula for a good and important book. And despite the inherent tendencies of collections of essays to fall apart, this is a good and important book. The editor, David Staines (whose introduction really constitutes a ninth essay) is a young Canadian in the Department of English and American Literature and Language at Harvard University, and five of these esssys were originally presented as lectures in his course an Canadian Literature. The book is the first substantial contribution that Harvard has made to the study of Canadian culture — the Chair iñ Canadian studies, established 10 years ago with considerable fanfare, having progressively lost any recognizable identity.

The Canadian Imagination is directed, in part, at the American reader. David Staines' introduction is a general outline of development with attention to literature in both English and French, and Marine Leland's "Quebec Literature in its American Context" is a more extended and detailed treatment of the same theme confined N the literature in French and emphasizing the parallels with other colonial literatures in America — those dependent on the parent cultures in England, Spain, and Portugal. Staines and Leland provide, in a simple, direct way, a helpful context, bab literary and historical, for the American reader. Peter Buitenhuis' essay on "E. J. Pratt" and Douglas Bush's essay on "Stephen Leacock" are more complex exercises in persuasion. Although each essay takes its cue from the ignorance, insensitivity. or misunderstanding that American readers and critics have shown to the work of Pratt and Leacock, each is a fine appreciative study in ik own right. Buitenhuis' reverse text is an arrogant and fatuous review of Pratt's first *Collected Poems* that appeared in *Poetry* in September, 1945: the burden of the review was that Pratt was a dull poa obsessed by the crash of physical events whose work belonged to an early, colonial period. Buitenhuis' reply is bawd largely on an analysis of the major narrative poems; he demonstrates that the events, although extracted from history, are constantly seen with a complex. philosophical irony.

Leacock, Douglas Bush points out, has not suffered from American neglect. Indeed, he achieved a great popularity, but for the wrong reasons. *Nonsense Novels*, ad similar compilations of mechanical spoofs, were eagerly read, but the two masterpieces, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* and *Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich*, were largely ignored. (When I Nld a colleague at Harvard that I was going to devote several lectúres in my Canadian course N Leacock, he was shocked that I should deal in a Harvard classroom with a professional funny man who had been long since supplanted by Americans such as Robert Benchley and Ring Lardner.) Bush analyzes the two Leacock classics in some detail, particularly the former, to which he brings the warm memories of his own sunshine in Southern Ontario. He is thoroughly aware of the vein of Swiftian indignation that runs through Leacock's studies of social problems and that, in *Arcadian Adventures*, can give a sudden. jolting twist N the irony. Bush's essay may well be the best single essay on Leacock, a remarkable achievement when one considers that Bush is in his early 80s and that, hitherto, bls main scholarly interest has been the elucidation of the classical tradition in English Literature.

But *The Canadian Imagination* (or the more modest and accurate subtitle. *Dimensions of a Literary Culture*) sets out to do something more than to guide and instruct American readers. It is concerned with establishing the special quality and nature of recent Canadian literature. The three *genre* essays — Northrop Frye on poetry, George Woodcock on fiction, and Brian Parker on drama — carry this responsibility, and Marshall McLuhan, ins typical mosaic of social insight, literary analysis, and assertive generalization, goes beyond literature to general culture. Together these essays add up to a declaration of what we might call accidental nationalism --a calm, almost casual assertion of the distinctiveness of recent Canadian literature. The implication is that Canada may have had no early 20th century of tough naturalism (just as, so Frye argues, she had no 18th century), but she hss moved rapidly and confidently into a late 20th century, in which ha poets, novelists. and playwrights order and transform the outside world by the use of myth, fantasy. and dream. Frye. Woodcock, and Parker all discover elucidating principles that have much in common. "Earlier Canadian poetry," writes Frye, "was full of solitude and loneliness, of the hostility or indifference of nature, of the fragility of human life and values in such an

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environment. Contemporary Canadian poetry seems to think rather of this outer leviathan as a kind of objective correlative of some Minotaur that we find in our own mental labyrinths." Woodcock describes a Canadian 20th-century romanticism. "which must accept myth as the structure that subsumes history, which in its ultimate degree of the fantastic must recognize and unite with its opposite satire, the logically absurd extensions of realism." Parker's three examples of contemporary Canadian drama at its best — *Forever Yours. Marie-Lou* by Michel Tremblay, *Colours in the Dark* by James Reaney, and *The Ecstasy of Rita Joe* by George Ryga — depend on myth and folklore and have a structure that is "non-linear, disjunctive, intercut." Frye is the dominating voice here, but McLuhan is a formative influence too — at last a prophet in his own country.

Brian Parker paints out that "the idea of an imposed but tentative organizing pattern ... fits in well with Marshall McLuhan's theory of a modern sensibility so charged by electronic technology and speed of communication that it sea things always in terms of simultaneous pattern." And it is McLuhan who gives the most robust definition of Canadian individuality. Canada is "the anti-environment that renders the United States more acceptable and intelligible," a country with a multitude of border lines making up "a world of the resonant interval where public amplification proliferates," a country that approaches "the ideal pattern of electronic living."

What about the last remaining essay, Margaret Atwood's "Canadian Monsters, Some Aspects of the Supernatural in Canadian Fiction"? Miss Atwood announces at the beginning that she proposes only to make a collection of monsters from Canadian fiction. Then seriousness begins to break through, and she ends up by demonstrating that the fictional monster, once a projection of external nature, is now related to the inner life of man and the changes in human society. It is a light and engaging variation on the themes sounded more resonantly by her fellow essayists. □

Keeping tract of the Quebec novel

Social Realism in the French-Canadian Novel, by Ben-Zii Shek, Harvest House, 326 pages, $7.50 paper (ISBN 0 88772 150 8).

By JOAN BIND-SMITH

BEN-ZION SHEK has applied' a political theme to his reading of a good many Quebec novels. Because of its underlying rttcmpt to understand the sources of revolt, Mr. Shck's study must be considered seriously, even though, with its thematic bias, it presents limitations. This is a good, earnest, Canadian book. not imaginative. but fair, thorough, and decent.

The author is mainly interested in literary expressions of economic distress. He also makes good points about suppressive measures used by the church and about the cultural alienation of French-speaking people in North America. However, the emotional rhythm of the book is such that it always leads back to economic under-privilege. This means that he does not give much space to important Quebec writers such as Marie-Claire Blais and Anne Hébert, who make powerful Quebec statements about repressions imposed by family. society, and church.

At the same time that Mr. Shek is looking for political statements in works of an, he knows that a tract does not a novel make, and he is careful to assess the artistic achievement of each book he considers. There is tension between his social conscience and his artistic conscience so that he sounds at timer as though he wishes that tracts and novels could be one and the same. For instance, while recognizing the achievements of Gabrielle Roy's *Bonheur d'occasion*, he notes, *little wistfully, that "Gabrielle Roy stops short of explicitly proposing a socialist revolution."

The first section labours over economic, social, political. and literary background, but once Shek launcher into "The Working-class Family," "The Depression and War," "The Wbik Collar Worker" and "Opposition and Revolt," he hits his stride. Flagship novels in the first two categories are both by Gabrielle Roy: *Bonheur d'occasion* and *Alexandre Chenevert*. In the working-class section, an entire chapter is devoted to *Bonheur* followed by a chapter on the three novels of Roget Lemelin and then one titled "Theme and Variations" in which works by Ringuct, Louis Dantin, Roger Viau, Yves Theriault and Jean Pellerin are lumped together.

The discussion of *Bonheur d'occasion* is thorough, though not original, and there are a few minor errors of fact. (He says that Rose-Anna Lacasse was "mending" the children's clothes before tbe trip to the country, whereas, in fact. she was creating entire wardrobes in the middle of the night before the trip. He also says that *Bonheur* has been translated into nine languages: it has been translated into 14.)

Likewise, in the white-collar section. *Alexandre Chenevert* supports an entire chapter, while all the other works are included in "Themes and Variations." The novels by André Giroux, Jean Simard, and Jacques Languirand do not, as Shek points out. touch *Alexandre Chenevert* in richness or complexity. However, the analysis of *Chenevert* is naive and it is here that Shck's political bias becomes bothersome. At face value, he accepts Alexandre's assessment of himself as deprived but possessing social conscience (the glorification of the working man). But the Roy intention in the portrayal of Alexandre is ironic: Alexandre suffers greatly for people who are far away -the Jews, Ghandi, victims of earthquakes; he has no compassion whatever for his wife. his neighbours, his co-workers, his unhappy daughter, all of whom are dose by. Shek is right in assessing the novel as one of alienation, but it is alienation in the sense that was understood by Camus, a writer who has influenced Gabrielle Roy.

The most interesting aspect of the final section on "Opposition and Revolt" is that the writers considered — Hubert Aquin, Pierre Gelinas, Jacques Ferron, Claude Jasmin, Jacques Renaud, and Jacques Godbout, among others -are given to bizarre expressions of social and emotional behaviour and of language itself. An outraged people sets out to outrage others, it seems. In his well-balanced way. Mr. Shek points out that for all the innovative excitement generated by these writers, their works are still thinner dun the best of their predecessots. □

Mandel's past, Colombo's candy, Purdy's earth

Out of Place, by Eli Mandel, Press Porcépic, 80 pages, $4.95 paper (ISBN 0 88878 075 3).

Variable Cloudiness, by John Robert Colombo, Hounslow Press, 77 pages, 83.95 paper (ISBN 0 88882 018 6).

A Handful of Earth, by Al Purdy, Black Moss Press, 62 pages, $8 cloth (ISBN 0'88753 023 0) and $2.50 paper (ISBN 0 88753 022 2).

By TED PLANTOS

ELI MANDEL returns to his origins in Estevan and the Jewish settlements of southern Saskatchewan, combining images of his journeys there with haunting recollections in Our of Place. In these poems. the author moves like an alien figure between the past and present, observing botb from the vantage point of his imagination. Here is a vivid example of his method:

she photographs me
walking away
along a curved path
the flowers coloured
and
my father appears
my mother appears

Unusual juxtapositions of images from past and present occur throughout the book. creating a sense of fragmented time and place:

This clock is a shadow of that real clock. When I look at my clock I have no way of knowing whether I am in
the first or second universe. It is spring there too:

The most effective poems here arc those that balance the spare, ghostly images with a lyricism that grows out of tbe tension

sustained by this fragmentation. These are the poems that mirror the movement of past, rather than offer static, photographic impressions as in "badlands?

black against sky
four horses simple
particulars amid
the endless treachery
that is remembering

In Variable Cloudiness. John Robert Colombo gives us translations, found poems. and originals. This book is like a box of chocolates with a variety of surprising centers. Some, thick and chewy. may stick to your palate: others are only for nibbling: while those with tangy liqueurs should be savoured slowly.

Several of the found poems are whimsical and clever, but some are overextended and drip on long after the concept has been bitten into. His "rote poems" should be shortened for a stronger. more humourous effect. "Roget's Girl," and "The Federal Constituencies" are cases in point.

"The Electronic 'Everything' Doll" is one of the better found poems:

Complete with Female Organ,
Not only Life Size, but Full of Life!

"The Great Houdini" is another conceptual treat:

The World-Famous Self-Liberator
HOUDINI
The Supreme Ruler of Magic
Will Present a
GRAND MAGICAL REVUE

Life Houdini, Colombo manages to escape from this poem, sweet tooth intact. "Deceiving the Five Senses in One Fell Swoop." "The Grand Adventure," an original poem, is the strongest in the book:

Things change, remain the same for me.
Evenings in bed: Death is now a night nearer.
So I find myself wondering, dreaming about
The staid and assymetrical stars.

This is one of Colombo's finest and most varied collections of poems. A real treat!

In Al Purdy's introduction to A *Handful of Earth,* he mentions that be is not quite sore of some of these poems but is relatively sure of others. This most recent collection of his work includes 17 old poems that weren't as bad es he thought et first writing, and 13 new ones.

True, certain of the poems do not develop the lyrical flow needed for strong emotional direction, and tend to fizzle out at the end or veer off on a tangent of chatty observations; but there are some gems hen?.

The title poem is the most poignant expression of the Canadian spirit end pride in the land that I have ever read:

— limestone houses
lean-tos and sheds our fathers built
in which our mothers died
before the forests tumbled down
ghost habitations
only this handful of earth
for a time at least
I have no other place to go

Other gems include the startingly exquisite lyrical poem, "Pre-school," "Starlings." "Summer Rein," and "Ave Imperator." The strong poems crush the weaker ones with the weight of their beauty, end *A Handful of Earth contains* enough Purdy magic to make it essential reading. □

Profound and preferred

Concentric Circles, by George Bowering, Black Moss Press. 66 pages, $2.40 paper (ISBN 0 88753 027 3).
The Search for Sarah Grace, by Eugene McNamara, Black Moss Press, 119 pages, $2.50 paper (ISBN 0 88753 025 7).

By DAVID McKIM

I WAS AT A play a little while back where everything was going along nicely — lots Of activity. pleasing character-actors, a loose 'but lively plot. At intermission a friend let me know that the production was all right and quite funny, but that he was dissatisfied. At the play's end he was ecstatic. In the second and final act we bed been treated to the theatrical works: ponderous music, glowing balloon masks, incantations, medi-

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tations — in a word. and above all, *depth.* My friend. I think, would like *Concentric Circles.*

Not that there *is* much that is heavy handed in this short prose piece. In fact it's all too spare. We are given one room (bisected at times by an electrical floating wall) in a "small city" and four characters, plus an extra, an agent "in an overcoat," who talk with each other, or to themselves, or to the walls. There is an easel, a telephone, and the room is thickly layered with newspapers, but that's about it. References to a basement and a government, but not to neighbours or places. No beds. No window. If *Concentric Circles* is not deep, I don't know what it is.

Mel and Brown live in the mom. Mel holds a black box most of the time. ("You're still carrying that bomb around?" said Brown.) Brown wears brown clothes and paints brown pictures on the easel. ("Not bad." Mel said, and added. "Very very brown.") They are visited by Janice, who wants Mel's love. and a cabinet minister. who wants Mel's black box. Communications fail.

Some of the monologues are entertaining: Mel (Melancholy? Melpomene?) is briefly inspired when he talks about the virtues of cold. But there's too much mannered joking:

Janice: "Good God! God—"
Mel: "— is Love."
Brown: "— is just around the corner."
Mel: "— is a small ell liberal."
Brown: "— is Dead."

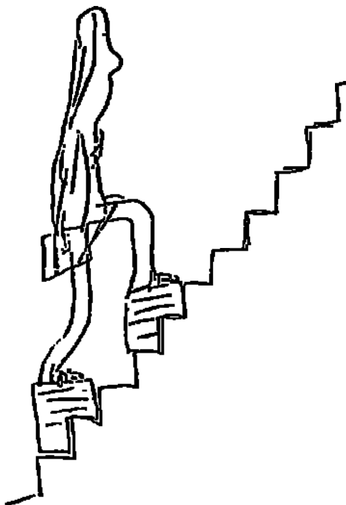
I could see this story as a one-act play back in the 1960s, when it was written. But it was printed just last September. I wonder why. The book is short and sad.

More to my taste is Eugene McNamara's *The Search for Sarah Grace.* "A Change of Scene" could have been omitted or should have been reworked. and "The Way to Concord," about George and Martha (!), an academic couple too cultured tc really want children, falls quite flat. But for me the other nine stories work, unevenly no doubt, and in different ways. but well.

The characters. usually isolated and haunted, engage in searches: for the "definitive" Sarah Grace; for a solution to a dead end life or an over-busy day; for love. What they find, usually, is not enough. But even when their failure is a ridiculous travesty of what is wanted, it rates these characters higher than the complacent ones, second-rate academics mainly, who, according tc the McNamara burlesque, spend months deciding on their office hours and years deciding about who to have lunch with.

No first-rate academics appear, though there are other surprises, real discoveries. A daughter finds love, imperfect but "good enough. Just for now." Men make real contact through their work in "To Bum" and others begin to love by surrendering their careful lives in magical parks and impossible suburbs.

Difficult time sequences are occasionally mishandled, as are, once or twice, shifts from one character's thinking to another's. Endings and dialogue are sometimes strained — though perhaps the bat story, "Changes," is mostly talk. Too many things are "delicious" and wine is spilt too often before love is made. Still, thii collection makes satisfying reading. □



Ask a dilly question

Must Canada Fail?; edited by Richard Simeon, McGill-Queen's University Press. 307 pages, $13 cloth (ISBN 0 77350314 5) and $5.95 paper (ISBN 0 7735 0313 7).

By ALEXANDER CRAIG

NO, THE BOOK doesn't answer the question of its title. Along the way. however. the 19 articles in this collection examine different ways of preventing Canada fmm breaking up.

This is inevitably a complex question, but books such as this help a lot tc make problems more comprehensible and options clearer. The various papers take different approaches, but all of them share the same objective: to spell out what changes are required, In institutions and attitudes. for Canada to remain a united country.

The book begins with a group of papers giving the background to the PQ's rise to power, surveying the Canadian public's attitudes to the confederation problem, and looking at other systems that have faced the dilemma of "survival or disintegration." A second section consists of five papers on each of the main regions of Canada and their opinions on the question. Particularly good here is a papa by Peter Leslie on "Ethnic Hierarchies and Minority Consciousness in Quebec."

The thii section is entitled "Working it Out." Another strong contribution here,-by John Trent, is a clear, concise contrast of the two conflicting (very) philosophies of nationalism as reflected in the statements and writings of Lévesque and Trudeau. The article following, by Bd Black, snappily entitled "What Alternatives Do We Have if Any'?" is another pod. well-written survey of the feasibility or otherwise of various proposed solutions.

The book's final section is made up largely of longer-term perspective-s on strengthening confederation or what best to do if that alternative fails.

It is easy. too easy, to find gaps In thii book. Canadian unity is an intensely complex question and there are so many ways of looking at it, so many important aspects, that no one collection can cover the whole area. There might have been, for instance, more on geopolitical factors. Or on the historical approach. because economic, social and other explanations for decisions to confederate might tell us something about what was desired, expected, and now is seen to be inadequate. Likewise, more diit consideration of the problems of language (as distinct from education) and politics is essential to understanding the Canadian problem. For example. different views of culture and how it interrelates with politics underlie much of the indecision in Canada today.

The opinions of different groups are examined. but there is not much on the views of business, the media, and, in particular, the bureaucracy, federal and provincial. What tends to be civil servants' background. beliefs, attitudes 'towards changes in the federal system, especially such specifies as decentralisation? It's difficult for us, the public, to find out what our servants are thinking.

The eye-catching title belies a solid and serious work. It is expressly "aimed primarily at an informed general audience, rather than at the academic community." So there are no footnotes, bibliography. index. This lack is more than compensated for by the clear. careful, precise style of most of the papers.

Another advantage offered by this book is that these are experienced and skilled investigators who. unlike politicians, bureaucrats, and other official apologists, can stay away from verbiage and instead confront directly such thorny matters as the prospects of violence in Quebec. And unlike journalists, the writers here have sufficient space, so they don't have to oversimplify. The contributors are mostly from Queen's or elsewhere in Ontario. There are no francophone contributors, but at least that means there is no tokenism.

This is very much a *parti pris* book: How can we defend federalism? How do we define it? What do federalists really want? Some of the factors involved are relatively new; others are old but still misunderstood or not agreed upon. As such the problems of Canada cannot be resolved overnight. People who want to try to understand them better. to get some idea of specific suggestions and possible scenarios. would be well-advised to consult this collection. □

For those who flab and fail

The Complete Jogger, by Jack Batten, Musson, 145 pages, $4.95 paper (ISBN 0 7737 1014 0).

Skiing Basics: Alpine and Cross-country, by Judy Crawford with Lea Coates, Methuen, 101 pages, 59.95 cloth (ISBN 0 458 91430 4) and $4.95 paper (ISBN 0 458 91420 7).

Skiing Cross Country, by Ned Baldwin, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 160 pages, $6.95 paper (ISBN 0 07 082490 8).

By GARY WRIGHT

ANOTHER TRIO of thrillers from the burgeoning industry of exercise-for-your-own-sake. Jogging and skiing: the perfect remedies for the great Canadian sloth hibernating at home with his six-pack and his television. We ate not healthy, we eat too much, we drink too much, and we don't do enough. It seems that we are pale, pale creatures beside the average 65-year-old Swede. But perhaps it's the 30-year-old Swedes who are in rotten shape.

Supposing that the great majority are dying for solutions to their general state of decrepitude. why is it that books on the subject induce somnolence? With the exception of Balwin's Skiing Cross Country, the best thing about these books is their covets. pictures of brightly coloured, happy. healthy specimens enjoying their exercise. The contents of such books as *Skiing Basics,* however. are reminiscent of the instruction manuals that tell you bow to repair the motor of a 1962 Chevrolet. They are good on diagrams, short on interest, and offensive to those who don't think of their bodies as old cars.

The Complete Jogger approaches the subject in that thorough manner. It tells us that Seymour Lieberman is credited with founding the jogging movement. If the word jogging had not been invented, those people who overtake us on the street might simply be called slow-runners or trotters. Mr. Batten covers most aspects of jogging, fmm a brief history to related exercises and diet. The book is full of do's and don'ts, helpful hints, and pros and cons. The emphasis is definitely on the pros. It leaves one with the impression that there is much talk about a relatively simple activity that requires only common sense and a certain level of commitment. But perhaps bath common sense and commitment have disappeared, along with our fitness.

Skiing Basics is summed up by its tide. Judy Crawford, the author, has been a competition skier for many years and her attitude toward the sport is that of the professional: "Skiing, to me; is competition. Thii holds true whether I'm racing against the best skiers in the world in Olympic or professional racing or Just gliding down the hill on a Sunday afternoon with some friends. I believe most skiers fed this way." We can only hope that Ms. Crawford is wrong about most people and that some of us also enjoy the pleasures and relaxation of the outdoors. In any case, this book does not go beyond the necessary physical-r.

Ned Baldwin's *Skiing Cross Country* is the best of the buncii. Mt. Baldwin is interested in outdoor experiences as more than just exercise. The preface sets the tone of the book: "Just as one can leave man's civilization behind by paddling down a river away from a highway, similarly a skier 'is immediately in another world the moment be leaves the hail." Tbe author discusses the sport in detail, from the selection of equipment to the techniques used. It is intended not only as an aid to those already involved in cross-country skiing but also as a tool to interest others in the sport. □

The ups and downs of an escort service

The Corvette Navy: True Stories from Canada's Atlantic War, by James B. Lamb. Macmillan, 179 pages. $10.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7705 1578 9).

By MICHAEL THORPE

TOGETHER WITH "some of the brightest young men in Canada." James Lamb joined the RCNVR in 1939 and served throughout the war, ending as commander of HMCS *Camrose,* one of "the flood of fat-funnelled, jaunty little ships" that kept the Atlantic lifelines open through five hard years. Thereafter. be became publisher and editor of Orillia's *Packet and Times* for 21 years until returning to Cape Breton in 1971. Orillia, of course, modelled for Mariposa, and a zestful humour worthy of Leacock is not the least of this book's attractions. Lamb has a strong story to tell, and he tells it "as it was," without purple passages (if not without some lapses into journalese in the slacker parts of his narrative, which mostly occur when it touches land).

The tone initially is one of proud patriotism, but as his many-sided story grows one recognizes a familiar mood of disenchantment. The *patria* valued becomes the "common brotherhood," the natural democracy of the few who battled an "uncaring universe," not only in the shape of the cruel Atlantic and the U-boats. but as time wore on in that of the many-headed foe

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at home. Lamb bitterly castigates the "pettiness and selfishness" cf the "shore-side navy," doubly base, tbe PR puffing of tbe corvettes' heroism for the benefit of "folks at home" and "boastful politicians," the chill reception at such ports of call as "conventionally moral" Halifax ("Newfyjohn" honourably differing). So it was in the creeping disenchantment of memoirs cf tbe First World War in which, as here. tbe "brotherhood" virtually includes tie respected enemy, and tbe note after ambiguous "victory" is elegiac. as tie brothers disband and return tc that civilian life they fought to preserve, yet which has become alien to them.

In his concrete, vivid, and fresh descriptions of strife and circumstance at sea, Lamb can achieve an impressive unassertive dignity:

> Nobody who ha ever seen human beings struggling for life in the sea can ever doubt the common brotherhood of man; there is an intangible, unspoken bond that links the struggling survivor, battling for life against all the immensity of wind and sea, with the watchers on the ship, a bond that reaches to the very heart of the beholder, so that the swimmer's fight, his fate, become our own. A man swimming in tbe sea seems unbelievably tiny, lost amid the vastness of the ocean about him; to rescue him from that uncaring immensity seems somehow a triumph of the human spirit against the ordered anonymity of the universe encompassing us.

Such bonds are belief enough tc sustain and Lamb eschews frequent soul-searching and dwells, not upon man's inhumanity, but on his courage, endurance. comradeship — and humour in adversity. The bock is alive with wit. particularly in the all-too-short chapter "Signal Log," and there are numerous mock-heroic vignettes such as those celebrating "Tiger" Turner's handstand in tbe punch-bowl in tbe wardroom of HMCS *Halo*, Poulson's ankle-tackle upon an amazed milkman's horse, the flour-bag blitz on the inoffensive steam tug *Haro*.

The last corvette, once HMCS *Sackville*, apparently "lies deserted in a corner cf the dockyard" at Halifax, and one fears that, Iii her hundreds of sisters, she will not be preserved. At least in *The Corvette Navy there is worthy remembrance,* worthily phrased. □

FOR CHILDREN

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$4.95 paper 48 pages

The Women's Press

Ferry codmothers, Prairie bloomers

Lifeline: The Story of the Atlantic Ferries and Coastal Boats, by Harry Bruce, Macmillan, 249 pages, $12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7705 1608 4).

Fire Canoe: Prairie Stem&at Days Revisited, by Theodore Barris, McClelland & Stewart. 304 pages, $16.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 1025 7).

By WAYNE GRADY

AS HARRY BRUCE somewhat slyly mentions on page 177, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts once wrote advertising copy for the Dominion Atlantic Railroad. "That great highway cf Nova Scotia," Roberts called it, "a mad which may fairly claim the sympathy and services of poet, artist and romancer, for it is surely the least commonplace of railroads." Though Bruce is neither poet nor artist, he is an incurable romancer and a Haligonian journalist who can take the most commonplace material and spin it into readable prose. Any writer who can make history cut of press releases ("On October 23, 1970, Mrs. Thomas R. Smell of New Braintree, Massachusetts, became the millionth passenger CN carried across the Northumberland Strait. Prince Edward Island's deputy-premier, Gordon Bennet, gave her an engraved clock radio....") is certainly worth every penny CN pays him tc write it.

Lifeline is pretty much what its subtitle says it is: a meticulous account of the coastal and ferry boats that began running around and between the Maritime provinces about 1855, when the *Eastern State* commenced the first weekly service between Yarmouth. N.S., and Boston. Despite the book's massive and detailed sweep, it does contain much honest history ("The story of government ferries is tbe story of about half the political strife of modern Prince Edward Island") and doesn't become boring until it reaches 1955, when tbe Canso Causeway was built and the *Bluenose (a* 348-foot ferry, not the clipper) first plied between Yarmouth and Bar Harbor, Maine. After that a lot of Mrs. Smalls begin turning up for their clock radios. By tbe time we get tc tbe sinking of the *William* Carson off tie Labrador coast on June 2, 1977 ("Leonard Shearing, a retired pipefitter from London, Ontario, said he knew nothing till the alarm sounded. 'Someone knocked on my cabin door and said we were abandoning ship' "), the most stalwart of readers will have begun pondering the point at which popular history becomes corporate history.

If tbe book's overly extended scope is a flaw, it is a surmountable one. Perhaps Bruce ought to have been writing in celebration of 100 years of coastal service (18511955) instead of 60 years of CN. But as it is, readers will enjoy tbe first half (largely pre-CN, especially *in* Newfoundland) and skim the second; and CN will weather tbe first half because it explains, and in some cases justifies, the administrative blunders in the second. And with no index --a second and more perplexing flaw -few readers will be able to find tbe point at which the two halves meet.

If a marine extension of the Trans-Canada highway doesn't at first seem tbe stuff of real drama, Bruce salvages it from a watery death by concentrating as much on the people who worked the boats as on the boats themselves and their owners. And certainly the book's attraction lies in the fact that most of it takes place at sea, and at some of the roughest, coldest, cruellest, and least navigable sea in tbc world. Imagine, then, Theodore Barris' problem when faced with the task of stirring up some sort of narrative tempest in a few inches cf Saskatchewan River mud. When one of Bruce's boats sinks, people suffer; women and children drown and are orphaned, companies go bankrupt. When one of Barris' little sternwheelers runs aground on yet another interminably shifting sandbar. the crew simply jumps overboard with shovels and digs her cut. No raging Neptune chasing a supply-laden *Northern Ranger* across *the* Strait of Belle Isle; at best a handful of frightened Indians refusing timber rights along tbe Assiniboine.

Curiously, though, Barris survives the shift in proportion. We move from the sea to the river, from Conrad to Mark Twain, from tbe tragic to tie comic and, in a way. tc tbe more human. Buried beneath tbe tabulation of how long it took the *Marquette* in 1879 to steam the 1.000 miles from Winnipeg tc Fort Ellice, N.W.T. and back (14 days. a world record) or how the *Strathcona* was *"walked"* up Saskatchewan River rapids on poles liie giant grasshopper legs, lies a mock-epic metaphor for the human condition. Helpless captains curse drunken crews and shifting gravel beds. Stranded steamers rot for years in 18 inches of water and are refitted tc rot again a few miles downstream. When the Lily. under Captain John

H. Smith, carried the lieutenant-governor of the Northwest Territories on a" excursion to honour the birthday of Queen Victoria in 1579, "the Saskatchewan's queen of speed" struck a submerged boulder and sank in eight feet of water. "His Excellency and company," the *Saskatchewan Herald* reported, "spent an uneasy night waiting to be picked up, then rowed down the river next day in an open skiff under a blazing summers""; however, the party reached the Hudson's Bay post at Victoria by four o'clock, in time for tea." Can there be any doubt tbat we have stepped down from the *Pcquod* and boarded the *Mariposa Belle*? □

interview

by John Oughton

Stan Bevington explains how Coach House learned to sell books without selling out

COACH HOUSE PRESS was Founded in 1965 and Stan Bevington has bee" the proprietor of the press since the beginning. The press, which is located in a rambling set of coach houses in a" alley near the main U of T campus has issued more than 130 titles. It has long been known for its choice of experimental writers, innovative book designs, and printed ephemera. Editorial direction was *provided* by Victor Coleman until 1974, when a" editorial collective composed of Bevington, Frank Davey, Martin Kinch, Linda McCartney, b p Nichol, Michael Ondaatje, Rick/Simon, and David Young was initiated. The press now sets type with a computer-directed. photo-typesetting system, but its original Challenge Gorden printing press has remained the company logo — replaced in active service by a Heidelberg offset press. John Oughton asked Bevington to talk about Coach House's techniques and philosophy:

Books in Canada: *What changes do you see in the ideals and direction of the press now compared with its beginnings?*

Bevington: One interesting change has been the switch from using antiquated technology to make books look contemporary, to using state-of-the-art technology to make books that look more traditional. The press is unique in that respect, I think. Other Canadian publishers were very conservative in design in 1965, and they're still conservative today. We're also unusual among small presses in maintaining a volunteer situation in some areas, especially those which are most dominant in management and financial costs — the editorial functions.

Stan Bevington

BiC: *Coach House has. by now, quite a reputation for experimental printing of experimental writing. Is there an ever-increasing volume of unsolicited manuscripts and publication projects for you to deal with?*

Bevington: We have a greatly increased volume of projects dealing with our own history. People call us up wanting to know what books are in print, asking for an ISBN list... And we get a lot of poetry manuscripts from people who saw books we were interested in a Few years ago.

BiC: *Do you mean that the press ix putting out proportionately fewer poetry rides? Your recent titles have included translations of Quebec novels, recent Toronto-produced plays, and more fiction.*

Bevington: I'm particularly interested in encouraging short-run prose titles. The economics of publishing short-run fiction have improved. The economics of large-scale publishing haven't changed; but we have pocket calculators now. I'm really surprised that more small publishers aren't taking advantage of the ways of doing short-run prose publishing.

BiC: *It seems that Coach House has had a kind of "stay small" ethic in that you haven't been tempted to produce a best-selling book of a really popular nature. Who do you feel your audience is now?*

Bevington: Staying small? We're not small compared with ourselves in 1967; 14 people work here now. But compared with. say. McClelland & Stewart in 1967 and now, yes, we're still small. We've now defined our market area more carefully and find that our books tend to sell to people who go out of their way to learn what's going on. And a Few of the authors we started with have better drawing power today.... The ground rules of minimum sales have gone up. □

the browser

by Morris Wolfe

Oh for the good old days when a catalogue wasn't a vanity ripoff

FORT TIMISKAMING, on the Ontario-Quebec border, is perhaps the last main fur-trading centre to be given scholarly attention. Until recently there's been a great scarcity of documents on which such a study could be bawd. Now we have Fort Timiskaming and the Fur Trade by Elaine Alla" Mitchell (U of T Press, 306 pages, $17.50). The trouble is that the book tells me, at least. more than I want to know about Fort Timiskaming; I find myself getting lost in the details. I wish someone would now write a good popular book about the fur trade that does for it what Ben"" did for tbe building of the CFR.

* * *

THE NORTH-SOUTH Institute is an independent organization established in Ottawa in 1976 with funds from the Donner Foundation, CIDA and others; its purpose is to analyze and evaluate Canadian policies affecting tbe Third World. North-South Encounter: The Third World and Canadian Performance (185 Rideau, Ottawa, 200 pages. $3.95) is the institute's first annual report. I" part it assesses bow well Canada's Third World policy has been carried out. I" 21 areas tbc government scores four As, five Bs. seven Cs, and five Ds. Tbe report also offers nine policy priorities For 1977-78 but admits the prospects For Fresh Canadian initiatives are bleak, given unemployment and our preoccupation with Quebec. Dull but essential reading.

* * *

"I'VE NEVER met a goalie who was a bad person. A" undependable, malicious; or easily upset man, regardless of his talent, will never be able to protect the crease." So says Soviet netminder Vladislav Tretyak in The Hockey I Love (Fitzhenry and Whiteside, 189 pages, $7.95). *The Hockey I Love* is the latest *in a seemingly* endless series of books about international hockey. I don't know who else reads these volume& but to judge by Tretyak's book the players themselves seem to devour them looking for pointers, compliments. and insults. Tretyak carries on a running dialogue with Fellow

authors such es Ken Dryden end Harry Sinden. My favourite quotation from Tretyak: "I cannot imagine a game other than hockey where such passions boil around a small hard rubber pock."

* * *

THE FIRST edition of J. Russell Harper's definitive Pointing in Canada: A History has been out of print for some years now. Because the cost of reprinting the original large-format, richly illustrated edition would have been prohibitive, University of Toronto Press has produced a second edition in a smaller (6" × 9") format (252 pages. $29.50 cloth, $12.50 paper). Unfortunately, all colour plates and a number of black-end-white illustrations have been omitted. The text has been updatedbut in no way abbreviated. It's interesting to note that as recently as 1967, when the first edition of *Painting in Canada appeared,* its author felt it necessary to explain that it was important for a book such es tbii to reflect the bicultural traditions of Canadian life.

* * *

TWO YEARS AGO, former mm Mary Shaver lost her Toronto teaching job because she'd been photographed in the nude. Now Ms. Shaver has written her autobiography, The Naked Nun (340 pages. PaperJacks, $2.50). Despite its title end silly photographs, Shaver's book offers an interesting glimpse et a relatively free and naive spirit trying to find her way. Ha book is et its best when Shaver deliciously describes her sexual awakening et age 26.

* 3 *

THE HUDSON'S Bay Company opened Western Canada's first department store in Winnipeg in 1881. not far from Fort Garry. To compete with its Eastern rivals, tbe mail-order service it offered was second to none. The Winnipeg Hudson's Bey catalogue was superb. es is revealed by a reprint of its Autumn/Winter 1910-1911 edition (Watson and Dwyer Publishing Ltd.. 166 Roslyn Road, Winnipeg). The catalogue even included samples of materiel used in men's underwear. Fifteen-day delivery *anywhere* was guaranteed on made-to-measure suits. Self-help books were the only literature available through the catalogue. But they included *Because* I *Low You, a* book that explained "how maidens [can] become happy wives, and bachelors happy husbands ... by easy methods."

* * *

PAGURIAN PRESS has come up witb a variation on an old formula for making money. I'd like to pass it on to other publishers. What it is, you see, is a sort of vanity publishing. You go around a city like Toronto selling half-page and full-page ads to antique, jewellery, sports, and other specialty shops. The cost is "$200 and something" a page, es I was told by a woman when I called to see how much it would set me back to get Morris Wolfe Enterprises in. Then you pet out a 262-page book titled The First Toronto Winter Catalogue by (whatever that means) Jeremy Brown and Jennifer Hobson. You peddle it for 55.95. You also put out The First Toronto Arts end Crafts Catalogue by Jeremy Brown and Jennifer Hobson (163 pages). AetealatS5.95. You cover yourself by writing an introduction that talks about "the research" involved in doing "the survey" but dmit that your book can't "pretend to be a complete guide." One thing to remember: books lii this shouldn't be sent to reviewers. They jest wouldn't understand.

* * *

ADVERTISEMENTS for Bliss by Elizabeth Gundy (240 pages, Viking Press, $9.95) describe the book as a "major Canadian novel." The only one of those words one can be reasonably certain about is "novel." The book is certainly not major; it's mom poorly written then most Harlequin Romances. And I have to wonder whether there's anything more Canadian about it then that it's set in a "sleepy Canadian campus town." (We're told nothing of author Elizabeth Gundy.) At a couple of points I considered the possibility that maybe what we have hem is a comic novel. For instance, when horny, six-foot-one spinster English professor Leone de Vos looks at her uneducated ditchdii lover, Bliss: "Beneath ha shelves of books, in tbe darkness. she read him like braille, and found his poetry more exquisite than any written." Ignorance, you see. is Bliss. Despite moments like these. I dismissed the possibility that *Bliss was* deliberately comic. Thinking of it as funny doesn't make it any better. □

of some import

Fowles on the 20th-century rack and Tolkien's Saxon song 'of doom

Daniel Martin. by John Fowles, Collins, 629 pages, $13.95 cloth (ISBN 0 0 222092 x). John Fowles is an excellent sprinter who fancies himself a long-distance runner. *The Ebony Tower (a* novella and other short stories). and certain chapters of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and *Daniel Martin,* are so finely detailed and gracefully written that hardly anyone could read them without pleasure and admiration. But being good in tbe short run is no guarantee of being a winner in the long run. Fowles has an unfortunate habit of spoiling his novels *(The Magus is* a mythological mess) simply because he won't recognize bis limitations. and make the most of what be really does well. He seems compelled to try to be a "novelist of ideas," playing much the same shilly-shally shell-game that Peter Schaffer did in *Equus,* or Archibald MacLeish in *J.B.* — earnest and serious works to be sore, and full of the middle-brow equivalent of *thinking.* His tint novel, *The Collector,* was a tolerable rehash of Nietzschean themes filtered through a much less original mind. but it scraped by as a high-toned melodrama. Since then, bis skills et creating interesting, believable characters. and writing carefully observed, descriptive prose (*Daniel Martin* opens witb a harvest scene that could pass as being written by Thomas Hardy) have improved steadily and impressively.

But Fowles isn't content with being tbe beet 19th-century English novelist of the 20th-century; he seems determined N prove that he's as brilliant a master of stylistic complexities as Henry James or James Joyce. Yet all be does with his pointless touches of modernism (pointless in *his* fiction) is ruin materiel that is otherwise

good. *Daniel Martin* is written with the simplest narrative he's done in years. but it still suffers from overcomplications — sudden shifts in tense and point-of-view — as if Fowles believes that a fragmented story is twice us profound as a straightforward one.

Daniel Martin is a playwright turned screenwriter. He is divorced. with a daughter living in London. while he works in California. Upon hearing about the serious illness of a college friend. Anthony Mallory. he returns to England. to confront, recapture, question and examine his past and his relationships with Nell. his ex-wife: with June (Nell's sister and Anthony's wife); and with other erotic. intellectual. and emotional presences in his life. The dialogue is often stagey. (She: "I know you're in ruins somewhere. It's just that I bate having to feel that I'm making them worse." He. holding her tighter: "You're one of the very few fragments that make sense.") And the observations about Life are ponderous and trite. Giving in the 20th century, we are told. is like being "on the rack. forced into one of the longest and most abrupt cultural stretches in the history of mankind.")

But. oh, what magic when Fowles writes in a long chapter about Daniel's first love, long ago. in the *district* of Thorncombe. In affairs of the heart Fowles is sensitive and observant: but when he tries to be "intellectual" he's merely sophomoric and sententious. At his *best, Fowles is* the literary equivalent of TV's *Masterpiece Theatre* — full of civilized poise and old-fashioned virtues. On that level. he entertains. and occasionally enthralls. But when his reach exceeds his grasp, as unfortunately it often does. he ends up with a handful of nothing.

— JOHN HOFSESS

* * *

The Silmarillion, by J. R. R. Tolkien. edited by Christopher Tolkien, Methuen, 365 pages, $11.95 cloth (ISBN 004 823139 8). *The Silmarillion* sings "two themes of words. of the sorrow of the Eldar and the grief of Men. of the Two Kindreds that were made by Ilúvatar to dwell in Arda, the Kingdom of Earth amid the innumerable stars." This beautiful but ponderous work. compiled by Tolkien over a period of nearly 50 years. incorporating the subtle wisdoms of myth, saga, and epic, the immense invented documentation of histories. geographies, cartographies, languages. morphologies, etymologies. and genealogies is his grief-laden tale of the decline and full of creation at the end of the First Age (The *Lord of the Rings* being his account of the end of the Third Age). Tolkien, the bard, the seer, the wizard, unveils his continuing preoccupation, his anguish in the presence of self-perpetuating, uncontainable evil in the universe.

In this theogonic tale, which rings like a Saxon song of doom through a Celtic twilight, a Nordic saga chanted by a Blakean prophet, there is a pervasive atmosphere of pain generated by the swift corruptibility, the apparently inevitable treachery of all human and human-like beings. Darkness is differentiated before the beginning of time in the ambition and desire of Melkor, the greatest of the first created powers in the universe. No matter how often the elves, dwarves. and men defeat him. he rises again and again as his desires are reflected in the hearts of new generations who become his instruments of terror and destruction.

A powerful and slowly wrought narrative unfolds. In fact. *The Silmarillion* is at its best when all the apparatus merges in the background and the narrative is allowed to rise. sculpted, an exquisite bas-relief illustrating the dominant metaphysical themes. Tolkien's greatest invention is still the pure story itself, but it is the architecture of the total design that gives the solidity and grandeur, as in *The Lord of the Rings.* to the whole work.

Although the fable-like quality of the story sometimes disguises the depth and intensity of his seeking (who, after all, are these powers. elves and dwarves?) Tolkien is here. without question, trying to penetrate some of the great mysteries of creation. to comprehend the nature of the universe and man's function within it. I think many will hear both the purity and the passion *in his* vatic search. the integration of his music and the "things more wonderful, which he himself hath not imagined."

— SHARON MARCUS

On the Road Again
David McFadden

"One of Canada's brightest poetic stars" —Montreal Star. His newest collection, original, enjoyable, and easy-reading.

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Peter Trower

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Notes and Comments

ABERRANT attempt at old-fashioned state censorship has been depressing us lately. It wasn't committed far away, say in South Africa, or long ago. It happened in Toronto, Ontario. Canada, three overlapping jurisdictions normally associated with an enlightened respect for human rights. And it happened on Dec. 30.1977. nearly 17 years after Ottawa passed the Bill of Rights, 289 years after the Glorious Revolution of 1688, and 762 years after the signing of Magna Carta.

On that bleak Friday agents of the Crown in *the form of five police officers armed* with a warrant almost as broad as the War Measures Act raided the offices of *The Body Politic*, an established and responsible periodical for homosexuals. When the police left some hours later they carted off 12 cartons containing *TBP*'s files. the copy for future issues, and. most distressing of all, the newspaper's subscription list. The raid was authorized by Roy McMurtry, Ontario's crusading Attorney-General whose zeal for censorship has been deplored in these pages before (April. 19771. McMurtry in turn was directly inspired by rigbt-wing newspaper columnist Claire Hoy, one of the darker-minded spots on the Toronto *Sun*. For some months Hoy has been conducting a campaign against the "soft" press he thinks has been accorded Canadian homosexuals, whom he openly refers to as "scum." Hoy must read a different press than we do. Wc note, for example. that the new Quebec legislation granting job and living protections for gays went virtually unreported in Ontario.

The raid was triggered by a *TBP* article presenting a sympathetic report on the reality of pedophilia, sexual love between men and boys. The issue containing the article had already been on the stand for four weeks and had excited little comment other than Hoy's near-hysterical attacks. If the article was indeed obscene, which we doubt. the courts will duly make a ruling. Meanwhile we agree with *TPB* lawyer Clayton Ruby that the raid was illegal in its scope and a deliberate attempt to shut down a Canadian newspaper. We have a letter on the subject from Michael Lynch. a University of Toronto English professor who reviews for us and is a regular contributor to *TBP*. He writes in pat,:

> The key struggle of gays in the last five years has been a double one: for civil rights, and for our history. These two are symbiotic. when examiced. because one of the deadlier, tactics used against us is to deny our existence: to burn or confiscate our documents, to keep us "in the closet," to prevent us from knowing our own contemporary news. The majority press succeeds remarkably in the letter of these.
>
> The gay press alone, then, fights for our civil rights, brings our present news out of the close,. and our history, whenever possible. back from destruction. The current issue of *TBP* carries seven pages of gay news that the straight press won't cover, almost all of it Canadian news. Such news, and regular features about the Canadian gay movement, have made this paper more central to ours than any other gay paper is to any other national gay movement. Not that *TBP* speaks for all Canadian gays; its journalism of commitment is committed in ways that see,,, to many gays, even gay activists, too "radical," too impatient with small gains or pragmatic analyses. Certainly the article on pedophilia made many Says uncomfortable, and when Hoy uses it to say that homosexuals "crave kids. not rights," he *knowingly misuses* the paper (a "sex mag," the *Sun*'s news pages call it) and homosexual women and men (Hoy's "rum"). .

Unlike the RCMP problem, which is susceptible to political solution because the police arc, ultimately. the servants of the people. McMurtry's attempted censorship and the prejudice that prompted it can only be countered by a change of social heart. Roy McMurtry and Claire Hoy claim to be speaking and acting *for us*. However, a Gallup Poll last June showed that 52 per cent of Canadians favour homosexual rights and only 30 per cent oppose them. We arc the majority. not they, and it is time we came out of our closets of apathy and insecurity and let our opinions bc known loud and clear.

* * *

QUICK NOW, what are the top 100 Canadian novels? A *fascinating* conference of novelists, critics. and academics at the University of Calgary this month (Feb. 15-18) will. among other things. identify "the 100 major Canadian novels" for us. Each delegate has been sent a ballot pre pared by Dalhousie professor Malcolm Ross and containing a list of 200 titles. The *results* Of the poll will be announced at the end of the conference. We applaud the publicity being given CanLit but question the validity and currency of any top-100 list, particularly since more than 100 new Canadian novels are now being published every year. Such gimmicks are best left to Will Durant. . . Which reminds us that our own judges are hard at work sifting through the 20 or so first novels by Canadians published in 1977. The results of the second annual Books in Canada Award for First Novels will be announced in our April issue.. . Finally, the Postmaster-General has asked us to apologize lo any subscribers who received the January issue late. His employees apparently mislaid them somewhere. □

Letters to the Editor

OF JAGUARS.. .

Sir:

Re: "Ripoffs or Bargains?" (December). Penguin's comparing itself to a Jaguar is ludicrous. A while ago we bough, a great many Penguin titles on the assumption of getting a physically superior product. They were the fire, paperbacks to fall apart! We now steer clear of them when we can.

V. Bassewitz
Librarian
Mission Senior Secondary School
Mission, B.C.

. . . AND PENGUINS

Sir:

Further to Mr. Surguy's article in your December issue entitled "Ripoffs or Bargains?". there are a couple of points I would like to clarify.

The statement, "If you want to buy a Volkswagen you buy a Sine,: if you want to buy a Jaguar, you hey a Penguin" certainly does not apply to the whole of the Penguin list. The example quoted in the article — *War* and *Peace* — is in our Penguin Classics series. All the books in the series are out of copyright and therefore are available in many other editions. While the mass-market publishers have chosen to produce and therefore price them as inexpensively as possible, we have opted for higher production quality and better translations in most

cases and consequently our prices are higher. In many book stores these competing editions are sold side by side, giving the consumer a clear choice. However, with most of our other series, even though we may hold the exclusive copyright, we try very hard to price our books competitively *vis-à-vis* the mass market and are very conscious of price ceilings that the consumers have set for different categories of books. For example, nobody really wants to pay more than $1.95 for most crime and science-fiction titles, regardless of the author or the production quality of the books.

Secondly, in our case at least, two publishers' profits are *not* always built into the *list* price of *every* book we import. This method can often produce a Canadian price that is unacceptable. Consequently, on a number of books, Penguin in Britain or the U.S. supply us at cost in order that we can price them here competitively and at the same time make the necessary profit margin to finance our sales/distribution operation and our growing Canadian publishing program.

Lastly, the article was partly inspired by a letter of complaint to your magazine regarding an 80% increase in the price of the current edition of *The Pelican History of Canada*, compared with the price of the first edition published in 1969. In a recent speech, Oscar Dystel, president of Bantam Books, advised his audience that in the U.S. "the Consumer Price Index rose 44% in the last five years while the price of rack-size paperback books jumped 77%.... And mass-market paperback cover prices continue to climb." So dramatic inflation in the price of paperbacks in the last few years has taken place across the board, but they still remain the cheapest form of entertainment. What did a ticket to a movie cost in 1969 compared with the prices charged today?

Peter J. Waldock
General Manager
Penguin Books Canada Ltd.
Markham, Ont.

UNCHAINED MALADY

Sir:

Re: "Ripoffs or Bargains?" in your December issue. *Who* gets an average of 43 per cent? The chains? If we order *100 copies* of the same book, we get a 43 per cent discount. But we pay the postage. Mr. Clarke should realize that independent booksellers *average* 36 per cent to 38 per cent. Facts please.

E. W. Hagen
Manager
The Anvil Bookstore
New Westminster, B.C.

THE WELFARE PRESS

Sir:

In the otherwise heavily researched article, "Ripoffs or Bargains?" (December) by Phil Surguy, there is a curious missing link in the chain of evidence that binds us all in higher- and higher-priced books.

It's simply the astronomical sums going into the new technology by way of hardware and software programming. A lot of data needs collecting to show that these millions invested in sophisticated photo-typesetting and composition work are finally reflected in a higher-priced book or magazine.

As with power sources like hydro and nuclear energy, and as with TV and radio, the print media's time has come for public ownership of the new technology. The inherent and actual low-cost, per-unit capability of the revolution in print technology can only be realized if it is taken out of private hands.

Such technology, once publicly owned, could then be rented out to publishers at low fees, making possible lower-priced books. It would also serve to sustain small publishers and extend the range and volume of titles published.

Mark Frank
Toronto

UNHALLOWED...

Sir:

Jim Christy gives himself away in his review (December) of Morley Torgov's *The Abramsky Variations* when he writes: "Get it? I did but I didn't." From that silly expression I assume that what Christy finds in the novel he finds wanting. But what Torgov has written does not happen to be what Christy has written off.

I wonder if I have ever read a review that so clearly missed all the merits and the few demerits of a novel. Christy's reactions and value judgments are more suited to evaluating fire-eaters than writers who deal with the ironies of middle-class life. He misses entirely the essence of the novel, which I take to be Torgov's fidelity to man's complexity and contrariety, and Torgov's humour (Found in such lines as "The only risks in my life are asterisks" and in the depiction of characters like Leibel and in situations like the synagogue battle.) He misses, as well, the central fault of the novel, which I take to be the almost cursory treatment of Hershy.

I read the novel, then the review, then the novel again, then the review again, and I felt like yelling, "Jesus Christy!"

John Robert Colombo
Toronto

...BE HIS NAME

Sir:

Further to the review in your December issue of my novel *The Abramsky Variations*, I'm trying to locate the corpus of Christy. Do you happen to have his cactus number in Arizona?

Morley Torgov
Toronto

ANIMADVERSIONS

Sir:

In the December issue you identified me as an adman, like Wallace Stevens, but different from him in that I don't like the work. This information is somewhat garbled. I enjoy my occupation, just as Stevens enjoyed his. But while I *am* an adman, Stevens worked in insurance.

Albert F. Moritz
Toronto

Editor's note: Apologies, and put our lapse down to the essential gaudiness of editing.

CanWit No. 30

ACCORDING TO Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Historical Slang* (Penguin, $5.25), "pernicated dude" was good Canadian slang in our grandfathers' day for a swaggering dandy. That's one of the very few Canadian terms listed among the 50,000 entries in the dictionary. Puddle duddle, say we. There must be lots more. And we'll pay $25 for the best printable piece of slang that has a distinctive Canadian edge to it. Address: CanWit No. 30, *Books in Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. The deadline is March 1.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 28

YES, WE DO nurse some potential Poets Laureate in our national bosom (and try to find a Musing rhyme for *that* word). The leading contender is Marvin Goody of Toronto, who wins $25 for these inspiring verses on the set theme of unity:

The Question

O Canada, thy years are numbered thus:
One, one and yet one more — one hundred plus;
Most venerable span for human kind,
Yet but an eye blink to the cosmic mind;
Youthful as nations go in hist'ry's spread,
(An age when tortoises are not yet dead).

Art thou to end untimely, O my land,
Victim of Yankee greed, Péquiste demand?
Shalt thou be snatched yet from their grinding gears,
Or are thy days but numbered as thy years?

* * *

The **Prophecy**
(A Prolegomenon to Eternity)

Soon shall we see the healing of rifts, the soothing of sorrows,
Tranquil this boreal land for a million tomorrows,
For deeply shall settle the drifts, ice-locked be the clime,
And the wasp shall lay down with the frog till the end of time.

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Honourable mentions:

What's your favourite leaf, Pierre?
"Erickson," he said.
Wrong! I'll have to ask René:
A hint I'll give: it's red:
It's on our flag, along with white.
"Wrong," he said. "It's blue."
I think he called it "fleur-de-leaf"
But I'm not sure. Are you?

—Mrs. B. Underwood, Calgary

* * *

O Canada! Nurturing soil, great-breasted
Motherland: your love is manifested
In your children's faces, of all different races.
In Come-by-Chance, in Montreal, in
Tuktoyaktuk,
Their fates are all bound up like pages of a
book,
From the eastern fishing boats to the western
logger's boots,
We could ne'er desert you, you've given us
our roots!

— Gayle Fisher, Toronto

* * *

Poor Dominion's Heart

"And another thing: the hydro from Churchill
Falls
going south like a shot in the arm to New York,
the fleur-de-lis used like a fork
to feed all others — Brothers we say . . .
Balls!"
Thus saying, in french, the noble Frenchmen
drew a line

and stepped across it, shouting, "Finis!"
But poor Dominion's heart was on their side,
lost from its body and trying to hide
its homesickness from sea to sea.

— Phil Hall, Windsor, Ont.

* * *

Unity and Duty

O, O 'tis true that we are in disrangement!
The unemployed need work for better times.
The disadvantaged heathen bible-bent.
The poet so assertive in his rhymes.
But O 'tis wrong to hope for nervous Hector,
So great He is and fair and everything.
I pray this land like Eden's golden sector
Will rise from ashes — duty is the king.

— Dan Doyle, Ottawa.

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:

Housing You Can Afford, by Alexander F. Laidlaw, Green Tree Publishing.
In Defence of Canada: Peacemaking and Deterrence, by James Eayrs, U of T Press.
The Seventh Hexagram, by Ian McLachlan, Seal Books.
The Myth of the Boy, by Doug Wilson, Stubblejumper Press.
Are You Paying Too Much Tax?, by Wayne Beach and Lyle R. Hepborn. McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
The Delaney Report on RRSPs, by Tom Delaney. McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
Indians of Canada, by Diamond Jenness, U of T Press.
Photography For the Joy of It, by Freeman Patterson, Van Nostrand Reinhold.
Dyes From Lichens & Plants: A Canadian Dyer's Guide, by Judy Waldner McGrath, Van Nostrand Reinholo.
Killing Ground: The Canadian Civil War, by Bruce Powe, PaperJacks.
Let's Sing Out in Ukrainian, edited by Yurko Foty, Canuk Publications.
Your Destiny Is in Your Name, by Ann Forhanzway, PaperJacks.
Resource Services for Canadian Schools, edited by Frederic R. Branscombe and Harry E. Newsom, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
Researching Canadian Corporations, by Manuel Gordon, New Hogtown Press.
Earth, edited by Peter Carver, Peter Martin.
Air, edited by Peter Carver, Peter Martin.
The Sociology of Canadian Mennonites, Hutterites and Amish: A Bibliography with Annotations, edited by Donovan E. Smucker, Wilfrid Laurier University Press.
I Need to Touch You, by J. D. Robert Wiebe, The Spiritual Press.
All My Life: An Autobiography, by Rev. A. E. Smith, Progress Books.
All of Baba's Children, by Myrna Kostash, Hurtig.
The Pulp Mill: A Collection of Local Short Stories, edited by John Harris and Barry McKinnon, Repository Press.
How to Win Canada's Lotteries, by Jasper Milvain, Virgo Press.
The Tangled Net: Basic Issues in Canadian Communications, by M. Patricia Hindley, Gail M. Martin, and Jean McNulty, J. J. Douglas.
The Enterprising Mr. Moody; The Bumptious Captain Stamp, by James Morton, J. J. Douglas.
Indian Fishing: Early Methods on the Northwest Coast, by Hilary Stewart, J. J. Douglas.
"For What Time I am in This World": Stories from Mariposa, edited by Bill Usher and Linda Page-Harpa, Peter Martin.
Of the Spirit: Writings by Douglas Cardinal, edited by George Melnyk, NeWest Press.
Donald Jackson: King of Blades, by George Gross, Queen City Publications.
The Universe Ends at Sherbourne and Queen, by Ted Plantos, Steel Rail.
How to Boil Water: A Bachelor's Guide to Cooking at Home, by Brian Kanee, Hurtig.
Tales From Pigeon Inlet, by Ted Russell, Breakwater.
The Speckled Bird, by William Butler Yeats, edited by William H. O'Donnel, M & S.
My Name Is Not Odessa Yarker, by Marian Engel, Kids Can Press.
Friends, by Betty Worthington, Kids Can Press.
How Trouble Made the Monkey Eat Pepper, by Rita Cox, Kids Can Press.
Kyrylo the Tanner, by Odarka Chandon, Kids Can Press.
The Shirt of the Happy Man, by Mariella Bertelli, Kids Can Press.
Little-Miss-Yes-Miss, by Yvonne Singer, Kids Can Press.
And The Rivers Our Blood, by Joseph McLeod, NC Press.
Root for the Ravens: Poems for Drum and Freedom, by Charles Roach, NC Press.
The Blood and Fire in Canada: A History of the Salvation Army in the Dominion 1882-1976, by R. G. Moyles, Peter Martin.
The New Hero: Essays in Comparative Quebec/Canadian Literature, by Ronald Sutherland, Macmillan.
Anne Savage: The Story of a Canadian Painter, by Anne McDougall, Harvest House.
Lake Erie Days, by Fergus Hambleton, Coach House.
Provincial Public Finance in Ontario: An Empirical Analysis of the Last Twenty-Five Years, by D. K. Foot, U of T Press.
René, A Canadian in Search of a Country, by Peter Desbarats, M & S.
The Yonge Street Story,' 1793-1860, by F. R. Berchem, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
Peoples of the Coast: The Indians of the Pacific Northwest, by George Woodcock, Hurtig.
The Shell Book of Knots and Ropework, by Eric C. Fry, Douglas, David & Charles.
Mural Stories, by Winnifred Mooney, The Book Society of Canada.
New Brunswick Images/Images Nouveau-Brunswick, by John Porcous, Brunswick Press.
A Practical Guide to Unemployment Insurance, by William James Schneider and Lawrence Solomon, Fitzhenry & Whiteside.
Film Canadiana 1976-77, edited by Marg Clarkson, Canadian Film Institute.
The Canadian Reader 1: Peterborough and Area, by Delores Broten and Peter Birdsall, CANLIT.
Mix 'N' Match 1: Ideas for Canadian Studies, by Gail Donald, Delores Broten and Peter Birdsall, CANLIT.
Media Materials: A Can. Lit. Collection, by Gail Donald, CANLIT.
Creatures of State, by Brian Fawcett, Talonbooks.
In Lower Town, by Norman Levine and Johanne McDuff, Commoner's Publishing.
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, illustrated by Carol Moran, Albatross.
Waterhouses: The Romantic Alternative, by Ferenc Mate, Albatross.
Kap-Sung Ferris, by Frances Duncan, Burns & MacEachern.
Metric System (SI) in Engineering Technology, by Antonin Martinek, Metric Engineering Inc.
Canadian Railways in Pictures, by Robert F. Legget, Douglas, David & Charles.
Dance Today in Canada, by Andrew Oxenham with Michael Crabb, Simon & Pierre.
From This Place, edited by Bernice Morgan, Helen Porter, Geraldine Rubia, Jesperson Press.
The Left-Handed One: Poems by Lyubomir Levchev, translated by John Robert Colombo and Nikola Roussanoff, Hounslow Press.
On the Road to Sleeping Hotsprings, by Roger Dunsmore, Pulp Press.
The Business Page, by Wayne Cheveldayoff, Deneau & Greenberg.
The Silver Jubilee Royal Visit to Canada, by Thelma Cartwright, John Clay, and Edna Hall, Deneau & Greenberg.
Chiclet Gomez, by Dorothy O'Connell, Deneau & Greenberg.
Toronto: Cabin to Highrise, by Dorothy Campbell, House of Grant.
Interlude: The Story of Elliot Lake, by Joan Kurisko, Highway Book Shop.

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