

INSIDE: INTERNATIONAL
BOOK YEAR SURVEY

Reviews in CANADA

the independent book review magazine

VOLUME 1 NO. 12

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER, 1972,

A SUMMER 64-PAGE CHRISTMAS ISSUE WITH SPECIAL SECTIONS ON ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND THE LATEST PAPERBACKS

THE MERLIN OF MASSEY COLLEGE

THE MANTICORE

ROBERTSON DAVIES
Macmillan
cloth \$7.95; 280 pages

HUNTING STUART & OTHER PLAYS

ROBERTSON DAVIES
new press
cloth \$8.95; 274 pages

reviewed by *Chris Scott*

MOST WRITERS work with a body of ideas not necessarily their own, but Robertson **Davies** has gone against the 20th-century grain in working with **Jungian** rather than Freudian analysis. Both these books raise an interesting, if incidental problem: why **Ins Freud** tended to **win out over Jung** in the minds of writers and **critics** alike? One is tempted to speculate that Freud's sexy **Aristotelianism** proved more appealing to the modem mind than Jung's austere Platonism. "I used to be a follower of Freud," **Davies** writer, "but **I have** come to think of Jung as the more truly revealing **explorer** of the mind: not so sexy, not so **gloomy**, but closer to the truth."

(over)



The Manticore begins with David Staunton in Zurich, where he has journeyed to undergo **Jungian therapy** after his father's bizarre death in Toronto. Perhaps the most unusual feature of Boy Staunton's apparent suicide (he is found, readers of *Fifth Business* will remember, in his car at the bottom of Toronto harbour) is the egg-shaped piece of granite discovered in the corpse's mouth. Both the uncharacteristic nature of the act, and the stone itself (which plays a signal part in this brilliantly plotted novel) are enough to convince David that his father was murdered. But it is when he attends **Magnus Eisengrim's** show, *The Brazen Head of Friar Bacon* — shades of **Albertus Magnus** here! — and suddenly finds himself shouting "Who killed Boy Staunton?" that he decides to seek professional help.

Though a successful criminal lawyer, David is an emotional shell, unmarried and uncommitted to life, and still very much in the shadow of his father. The purpose of the therapy, therefore, is to reawaken his inner life, but in novelistic terms it is also a narrative device, the plot unfolding partly in conversation with his analyst, **Joanna von Haller**, and partly through the journal which she encourages him to keep.

Extreme wealth and the cocoon of imperial history have insulated the young David from life's complexities, and his adolescence is marked by hero worship of his father and his infatuation for **Judy Wolff**, daughter of an émigré Viennese Jew, who emerges in the later analytical sessions as his ideal woman or **anima** projection. None of this, of course, David realizes at the time; the past must be rediscovered in him before he can understand himself. And it is this process of rediscovery which makes *The Manticore* an engaging novel. While a law student at Oxford, for example, David is compelled by his father to seek out the family's English roots. His grandfather, he discovers, originated from the **Gloucestershire** village of Staunton. No good yeoman stock here: the Staunton **grandsire** turns out to be the illegitimate son of a local barmaid, **Maria Dymock**. Maria left Staunton and scandal, departing for Canada with her bastard, and it is only when David begins to understand the heroic im-

plications of his family's origins that he is in any sense cured.

After the therapy is completed, David meets up with his old @story master, **Dunstan Ramsay**, and his curiously neolithic mistress, **Liselotte Naegeli**. At **Liselotte's** gothic castle of **Sorgenfrei**, there is yet another chance encounter, this time with the latterday **Magus, Magnus Eisengrim**. There follows a 'breathtaking **dénouement**, far too well done to give away here, save to mention that it is an act of expiation in which David — and the reader — does find the answer to the question: "Who killed Boy Staunton?"

Davies has written that *The Manticore* "is not meant as a demonstration of Jung's analytical psychology, or as a literal depiction of a Jungian analysis." Yet as a novelist and a playwright he has successfully evoked the dramatic possibilities of the neural theatre: on the stage of his dreams, the dreamer is actor, audience and creator. Hence in this collection of three plays published as part of new press's continuing series of Canadian drama, there is the same continuing interest in history, myth, and magic. In the title play,

Hunting Stuart, a minor civil servant is transposed to the days of **Bonnie Prince Charlie**, whose reincarnation he is; in *King Phoenix*, we are returned to the days of Ancient Britain as **old King Cole** battles with the **Archdruid Cadno** for spiritual supremacy and **Davies** works with themes of death and regeneration; and in *General Confession*, we are treated to a witty display of pyrotechnics as the hero, **Casanova**, conjures his trinity of selves: the Ideal Beloved (the **anima** projection again), **Voltaire** (Casanova's intellectual soul or conscience), and the magician **Cagliostro** (his shadow persona).

The plays are by degrees amusing, profound, and eminently performable. Together with *Fifth Business* and *The Manticore* — of which they represent prototypes in method — they can only enhance **Davies' reputation** as the foremost man of letters in English Canada. □

CHRIS SCOTT, who came to Canada from Britain, by way of the U.S., published his first novel *Bartleby* last fall and is at work on a second; he also teaches at Toronto's Three Schools.

FROM THE SUPINE. TO THE METICULOUS

COLUMBUS AND THE FAT LADY & OTHER STORIES

MATT COHEN

Anansi; paper \$3.25; cloth \$8.50; 213 pages

THE TRUTH & OTHER STORIES

TERRENCE HEATH

Anansi; paper \$2.50; cloth \$6.95; 69 pages

reviewed by **Jim Christy**

THERE ARE some reviewers I suppose who do not read all the books on which they comment. I mean it's not far fetched to assume their existence especially if one is to judge by the angry letters written to editors by irate authors claiming their book has been so mishandled, the account of it so outrageous that the reviewer couldn't possibly ... etc. If therefore the practice does exist it is not only dis-

honest and unethical, it is a snivelling little sin indeed. But, then on the other hand, the reviewer's, he is committed to assess such utter trash, such pompous drivel, such mindless garbage, and so much that is just simply boring — the worst sin of all! — that with a little sympathy we can empathize. Personally, I had never even been tempted to not finish a book I had started, whether I

continued on page 48-

NOVEMBER FOR Canadians of any sensibility is the **nothing** month. The rich feast of fall is over, the hard dire challenge of winter has yet to **come**.

In the book world, it is a full month, but hardly more cheering. The **lemming-like** descent into the bookstores of almost all the books worth reading in the year underlines the thesis that to be a publisher you must be, slightly **crazy**. The idea that **you must** publish the best you've got in the six weeks that straddle October and November is entertained solely by publisher. Reading books is not, as they believe, a seasonal occupation: even the **giving** of books as **presents** is governed as much by birthdays as it is by festivals. Yet annually **publishers ignore** the exhortations of booksellers whose shelves can only display so many titles and the demonstrations of consumers who stand bemused before overloaded **display** shelves, **shrug** and then go off and buy their Aunt Margaret a simple **pair** of gloves. **Book-page** editors, accustomed to having their problems ignored, **struggle** to fit a flood into a pint-pot of editorial space and then prepare **themselves** to weather the annual storm of **pub-**

lishers' complaints that they **are** **ill-served**.

Two official announcements, however, have added the spice of excitement to an otherwise predictable November. At a press conference in Toronto, **André Fortier**, director of the Canada Council, announced details of the previously heralded program of support for Canadian-owned publishers, which, the Council is to administer on 'behalf of the federal government. And the **Maclean-Hunter** group, just two days later, **announced** negotiations for its purchase of the Macmillan Company of Canada, a British-owned subsidiary with an **honourable** history in the publication of Canadian literature.

At **face**-value both announcements suggest a strengthening of the **Canadian book-publishing industry**. But the odd silent pause that greeted them in publishing circles suggests some **misgiving** about their ultimate effects.

It may be noted **primarily** that the Canada Council's program demonstrates **the** effectiveness with which the more nationalistic members of the Independent Publishers' Association have lobbied the ex-Secretary of State, **M. Gerrard Pelletier**. But it also **suggests** for the Canada Council — once pure in its apolitical pursuit of excellence in art and literature, a perilously deeper involvement in the political arts of Ottawa. What in **this** case involves the Council politically is the fact that **the \$1.1 million** for this program is public money, whereas formerly **most** of the Council's cash **came from** an independent endowment **fund**.

What should concern Canadian taxpayers is that their money is to be used to **bolster** the continually **sagging** fortunes of a **select** group of Canadian publishers, who for the most part, serve the tastes of only a minority of Canadian readers (readers, it **might** be added, whose **tastes in the fields** of poetry and **experimental** fiction are already heavily **favoured** in the normal **Council grants program**). What should also concern Canadians is how much of their money **is going to** the pub-

lishing middlemen and how much to the actual producers, the writers.

Writers in Canada have always had to **bé** content with a very small **slice** of the **publishing** pie; there are very few fat writers. **There** is little about the new program to suggest any substantial gain for writers with the companies that will benefit from it. It should raise **taxpaying eyebrows** higher to know that many of our better-known and more traditional writers, men like Hugh Garner, Hugh **McLennan**, **Donald Creighton** and Morley **Callaghan**, are denied any benefit from this **program**. **Their common** crime is, it seems, that at the outset of their careers, when there were few **Canadian-owned** publishers, they signed on with British or American subsidiary houses.

It is beside **the** point to **argue** that **such** writers are now so well-established as to be largely beyond the need of subsidy. **What** is at stake is the right of every Canadian writer to **be eligible** for benefit from the program. After all, **in** no other area of the economy does the government discriminate **financially against** workers with **foreign-owned** companies; indeed, it has been **a central** plank of the present government's election platform that **subsidies** to foreign subsidiaries are necessary to stimulate growth and employment. Why not in **publishing**?

What is basically wrong with this **program** in particular, however, and with the interim federal policy on book-publishing in general, is that it is just another band-aid solution. In a situation where an indiscriminate spate of **Canadian** books is being produced for an underdeveloped and ill-informed market, **the** government's answer **is** to stimulate production further by more subsidies. What is required is the **stimulation** of interest and demand — **subsidies** to public and school libraries (channelled through the **provinces**) for the specific purchase of those Canadian books their readers need from those publishers, Canadian- or foreign-owned, who **will** produce them; grants to **publishers** limited to the funding of efficient promotion and marketing at home and

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abroad of the books they publish. At the very least such a solution would restore Ottawa's policy in book-publishing to some consistency with its general economic pretensions.

There is the possibility, on the other hand, that the Maclean-Hunter takeover of the Macmillan house may actually confront the government with the realities of contemporary book-publishing and induce some slow-down of the feckless governmental gravy-train.

Maclean-Hunter has recently added to its vast holdings in magazines, broadcasting and cable-TV, established distribution chains for books and periodicals. It is already into educational publishing and, with the Macmillan house already in the bag, it is only a whisper of equity away from control of new press, one of the largest of the independent Canadian publishers. It could then command the capital and resources to become the Canadian equivalent of those American multimedia conglomerates, conjured up so often by publishing nationalists as bogeymen to spur Ottawa to action. With a home-grown acquisitive giant like that in view, demonstrating that publishing can be big and effective and profitable and Canadian, Ottawa might well decide to sit on its open hands and merely watch the commercial game of sink or swim. At least then the rationale of supply and demand might be restored to the book business. □

VAL CLERY

PRO LOG

CHIEFLY INDIAN

HENRY PENNIER

Graydonald

paper 52.95; 130 pages

"MY NAME is Henry George Pennier and if want to be a friend of mine please will call me Hank.

"I am what the white man calls a half-breed. Even Indians call me half-breed and why not since I have been one all my life from the time I was born in 1904 at a very early age. I call me Pennee-err but my grand father called himself Pennee-aye when he arrive in this here Fraser River Valley of British Columbia in the late 1870's, only it wasn't called British Columbia until later on." [from the Prologue]

Hank plods on like this for another 100 pages without swerving. The book is drastically unentertaining, with no general reader interest by unreadability and as boredom-limited as any autobiography about a man who did nothing his entire life but chop down trees must be.

As a "mixed blood," Hank could bring honour for his many Indian friends, who at that time were denied this privilege.

Throughout, Hank wishes to prove to us and himself that as a "mixed blood" he is as good as any man when swinging an axe. In the final analysis, Hank was probably a better man than most of the loggers he worked with.

True to his native culture, Hank can retell his misfortunes at the hands of nature. After being partially crippled by various logging accidents, this once-excellent logger was reduced at the end of his career to digging and working as a migrant farm worker.

In spite of his misfortune, his fear of being called a grumbler is so strong that he still denounces the exploitative industry that chewed him up and spat him out.

For the person writing a social history of early 20th-century logging in British Columbia, Hank Pennier's writing will certainly provide some good footnotes. □ MC

A MAN OF...UM...PARTS

A, MAN OF TALENT
JAMES BACQUE

new press; cloth \$6.95; 207 pages

reviewed by Nigel Spencer

IF YOU BELONG to the small but growing class of Canadians who are sensitive and well-educated, hold a high-paying job in the industries of government, the media or education, and enjoy living up to your country's "honest broker" image, you will no doubt be interested — perhaps at times enthralled — by James Bacque's new novel, *A Man of Talent*.

If nbt, you will likely find it by turns wordy, self-indulgent and a tempest in a teapot. Certainly it takes a fair bit of tenacity to get past the first 30 pages and reach the meat of Jack Ramsey's life and dilemmas.

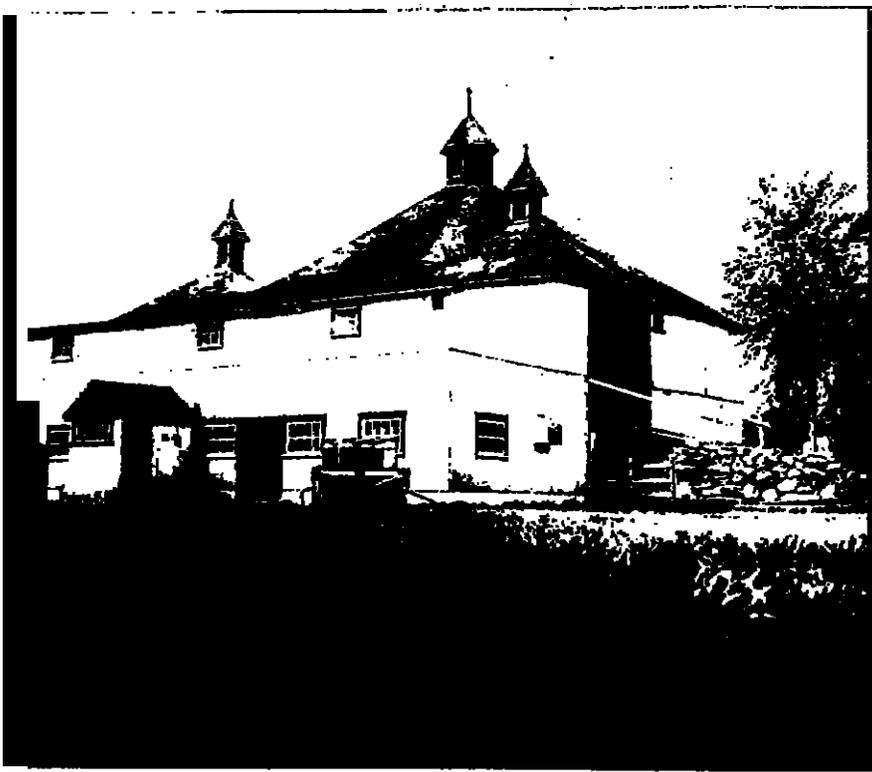
The central character, a smooth young liberal of the Laurier Lapierre-John Saywell variety, is highly regarded as a broadcaster, teacher and mediator between snotty, Maoist students and the arteriosclerotic administrators of Simcoe U. His personal Ufe, like his politics, keeps him doing the splits in such a way that, were he a more inspiring character, we might find it profoundly moving. As it is, the book succeeds in being disturbing, albeit in some rather generalized ways.

One constantly has the feeling that Bacque has patched Ramsey's story together from sketches of Toronto

"personalities" who ought to be interesting and are not, bits of his own reportage that achieve an equal number of hits and misses, occasional tirades of social protest and time unselfconscious flights that reach genuine insight and poetry. AU of these selections — one might almost call them notes — are tied together by a contrived structure and a self-conscious style in which word-spinning seems more often to exclude the reader than touch him.

Ramsey, despite his talent and earnest good will, proves a glorious failure on at least two fronts. He tries in vain to keep the students and power-mongers from each other's throats (and Bacque does not make this either convincing or interesting), and he is frustrated in his quixotic search for a love that is both exotic and lasting. Anna, his Indian lover (yes, he's looking for "roots"), is by far the most interesting character in the book, and yet we are shown her inner life at only two or three fascinating moments. The rest of the tie, everyone exists for Ramsey, to savour as he revels in the poignancy of an identity crisis. That this will never really be solved is obvious from his first flight to Georgian

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THE HEART OF THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY

THE BARN: A Vanishing Landmark in North America

ERIC ARTHUR & DUDLEY WITNEY

McClelland & Stewart; cloth \$25.00; illustrated; 256 pages

reviewed by R. A. O'Brien

THE SUBTITLE supplies the *raison d'être* for this magnificent book: "A Vanishing Landmark in North America." The city dweller who has never seen a barn except from a car window, and the factory-farm executive who knows only huge production entities with metal roofing and concrete floors will say, "So barns are vanishing — so what?" Let them browse in these pages among the scores of coloured and black-and-white photographs, old and new, the engravings, floor plans and drawings, and they will get their answer. Even if they don't read a word of the text or the very full explanatory captions, they will experience something of that ancient feeling for husbandry — the raising and care of crops and animals — which lies latent, deep within all of us.

The relatively brief period during which the farmstead has existed and

evolved in North America has its roots in a very old tradition in other civilizations. It is no accident that barns have a basic resemblance to churches. An ancient barn like the one at Great Coxwell in England, a mediaeval tithe barn, takes the outward form of a church and internally, of a nave and aisles. Such a plan goes back 2,000 years in Europe and is to be seen in barns as geographically far apart as Great Coxwell, rural New York and the countryside about Toronto. The barn, the byre, the stable, all have their place in the genesis and uses of the building we commonly call a barn and these pages set us straight on the differences. The fascinating thing is that the fundamentals, from the threshing floor to the great swing beam, are the same everywhere, and in this homogeneity barn architecture resembles naval architecture.

Given these and other general characteristics, however, barns come in infinite variety. The authors have set out to show us this variety. The result of their work must surely constitute the definitive work on barns. Most, but by no means all, of the examples chosen have been found in North America, many of them in Canada. But many countries, from Britain to Japan, have provided a rich gloss on the subject.

The city child who has not watched the cat with her kittens conducting her domestic affairs in complete security under the very hoofs of the horses; who has not hurtled from high beams into great mows of dusty and scented hay; who has not trod the cushioned, beaten-earth floor, and sniffed the delightful confusion of barn odours and seen the golden tin bars slash the mote-laden gloom, has been deprived not only of one of the most unforgettable of sensuous experiences, but also of man's basic relationship with the productive earth.

Barns are aesthetic objects of a very high order. It takes careful observation at first to see the beauty, the dignity of what to the careless appears to be an old, broken-down farm building. Those who designed and built our barns had the ability to fit the structure into its surroundings with a felicity (and, usually, for very good practical reasons) that modern architects would do well to study. The same can be said of barn interiors. To most of us they look like a haphazard arrangement of rough beams of various sizes with boards or shingles, bricks or stones, arranged in more or less rough-and-ready patterns. But study this book and then go and look at some barns. There is nothing haphazard about them. They are models of strength, utility and economy, whether they were put together with wooden pegs, through their precisely cut jointure, or whether they happen to be of modern materials. Basically, although the details of their construction are bewilderingly diverse, all barns are closely, cunningly designed for their purposes.

Out of this ancient craft of barn-raising comes the beauty of utility. This beauty is not neglected in these pages. In fact it is apparent in every illustration — and not only in those

The great strength and dignity of the basic construction of barns is often lightened by **fanciful** details. **gay colours** and **deliberately** playful **detail treatment**.

A guarantee goes with this book. Not a guarantee set forth explicitly anywhere in text or publisher's matter, but **implicit** in the nature of the work. Nobody who exposes himself to Its **great beauty** and its profound wisdom will be able to resist **going** out to look at **barns**. Suburban families, photographers both professional and other, lovers of wood, metal, brick, stone, earth, **thatch**, shingle, or the **configurations** of precisely **set** beams, braces and rafters — all **will** find here a **universe** of delight and wonder. They will want to get out into the country to see what is left of these most ancient of the artifacts of natural man; and in doing that they will provide themselves with **spiritual** and physical **blessings** that only the true participator can find through **great art**. □

R. A. O'BRIEN is editor of the Editorial Page of *The Whig-Standard* in Kingston, Ontario.

PRESERVING OUR VICTIMS

IN A SACRED MANNER WE LIVE:

Photographs of the
North American Indian
EDWARDS. CURTIS

Introduced by DDND. FDWLER

Longmans
cloth \$16.95; illustrated; 149 pages

PORTRAITS FROM NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN LIFE: A Collection of Photographs

EDWARDS. CURTIS

Introduced by A. D. COLEMAN
& T. C. McLUHAN

new press
cloth \$25.00; illustrated; unnumbered pages

reviewed by Richard Lubbock

THE ANCIENT Egyptians were obsessed with **permanence**, and the metaphysical

In our own technological culture, we have mastered the art of freezing a particle of time, and keeping It alive forever.

Through the medium of photography we can take the **first** step towards participating, however **mini-**mally, in the lives of cultures that have passed away. Only since 1829 have we possessed the power to gaze into the **living** eyes of our **ancestors**. We know Abe Lincoln lo a way we shall never know Napoleon.

Between 1899 and 1927. the American photographer and **ethnographer** Edward S. Curtis created a monumental collection of photographs of the North American Indian, which was originally published in a **20-volume** work at a **total** production cost of \$1~00,000. Half of this was **financed** by grants **from** J. Pierpont Morgan. Only 500 sets of the **original** edition were sold, at \$3,000 apiece, **mainly** to museums, **in** whose. rare book collections they languished and were forgotten.

But now a selection **from** Curtis' work is **being** offered by two publishers simultaneously. **Longmans** of Canada present In **a Sacred Manner We Live, with commentary** by Don D. Fowler. And new press **have** published **Portraits from North American Indian Life, with introductions** by A. D. Coleman and T. C. McLuhan.

In his commentary on the photographs, Don D. Fowler notes that Curtis could **be** numbered among the last **of the 19th-century photographers** of Western America. By 1900 the Indian had been penned into **reservations**, and his culture **had been** damaged beyond repair.

C&S was one of the scholars and field workers of that time who **strove** to salvage for posterity the lives of the Indians, before it was too late. **Quite** clearly the photographer cannot help but Impose his **character upon** the material, and there is no question that these images am reconstructions, by a **romantic eye**, of a romantic **life-style** that had **all** but vanished at the time they were made.

The use of photopphs and verbal description, or even records (Curtis recorded **more** than 10,000 **Indian** songs, of which 700 are **still** extant), cannot retrieve for us more than a fraction of



the life of a lost culture. We have to be thankful for small mercies.

The **Longmans** book **is** extremely pleasing, and the commentary on the pictures **is** factual and helpful to readers **like myself** who are unfamiliar with the subject **matter**. At its **price** it **is** an excellent buy.

But, **In a Sacred Manner We Live, cannot begin to compare in quality with** the far **more opulent, magnificently** prepared offering **from new** press, **Portraits from North American Indian Life. The** quality of the paper, the elegance of the layout, the scale and delicacy of the **photographs** must, surely compare **favourably with** Curtis' **original** edition, which J. Pierpont Morgan wanted to be "the best book ever published."

My only **reservation** about either book is that the designers have chosen to reproduce **Curtis' images** In an unpleasant **chocolatey brown colour**. This is presumably done **in** an effort to capture the **quality** of Curtis' **own** pet **process, a** gold-toned negative he **called** Curt-tone. I don't believe printing **ink** can ever accurately **match** the exact tones of the metallic photographic

image. It would be interesting to see how much success the photographer himself achieved with the edition printed under his personal supervision.

However, it's the content, and not the production values, that ultimately transmits the life of the book, and these pictures verify the primitive belief that when you photograph a person you capture his soul upon the film.

Whether or not you subscribe to the myth of the noble savage (and I certainly don't), you cannot help but be impressed by the humanity and beauty of the faces chosen for posterity by Curtis. He had a remarkable gift for shaping a straightforward, yet emotionally moving, photographic image, and most of his prints are made unaffectedly, without any obtrusive manipulation.

The Indians themselves were aware that their world was coming to an end. "They have grasped the idea that this is to be a permanent memorial of their race, and it appeals to their imagination," wrote Curtis. "A tribe that I have visited and studied lets another tribe know that after the present generation has passed away, men will know from this record what they were like . . . and the second tribe doesn't want to be left out."

The Indian culture was not the first to be ruthlessly stamped out by a more powerful invader. The process of engulfment will certainly be repeated, less cruelly one hopes, as mankind evolves inevitably towards a unified world civilization.

The work of Curtis shows that the very technology which is enabling Manifest Destiny to ride again, nowadays on a global scale, also allows us to rescue some of the lives which would otherwise perish unmourned in the darkness of indifference.

These books bear impressive witness to the awesome ability of technology to help celebrate and preserve subtle nuances of existence. Curtis' compassionate work scotches the lie that European man is defined utterly by brutality and destructiveness. □

RICHARD LUBBOCK, originally from London, is a photographer, writer and broadcaster; he is currently writer with the CBC-TV series, *This Is The Law*.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

CROWFOOT: Chief of the Blackfeet

HUGH A. DEMPSEY

Hurtig
cloth \$8.95; illustrated; 226 pages

reviewed by Sherrill Cheda

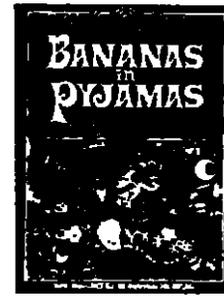
IN THE WEB of myth that is popular English Canadian history, **Crowfoot** is often cited with **Joseph Brant** of the **Iroquois** as one of those rare "Good Indians." Unlike **Brant** who really was a white man's Indian, **Crowfoot** is also hallowed by Native Canadians.

In writing a much-needed biography of this important man, **Hugh Dempsey** has done all Canadians a great service. Dempsey is a scholar who, in spite of his careful, well-researched detail, provides a most readable book for layman and history student alike. All of his material is based on eyewitness reports, either from records at the time or later interviews with participants.

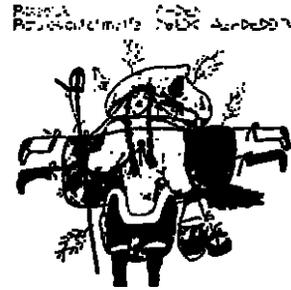
My only complaint about the book is that it is too brief a portrait of so pivotal and representative a figure in the history of the west.

The current of **Crowfoot's long life** is a perfect image of the diiishing flow of the North American native culture. As a young leader, **Crowfoot** was a powerful man in a powerful nation. The Blackfeet people, "the real people: as all native nations referred to themselves, repulsed most efforts by explorers to enter their lands. During the late 18th and early 19th centuries, the English and Canadians generally tried to avoid contact with what they called "The Blackfoot Wall."

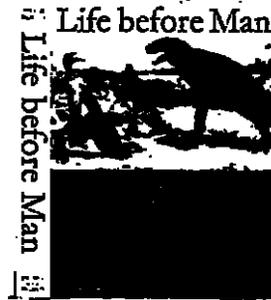
Crowfoot lived through that period of invincibility to see the coming of liquor, the railroad, the Northwest police and the slaughter of the buffalo. It was the end of the buffalo, that caused the Blackfeet decline, and as is well known, it was the coming of the white man that killed the buffalo. The buffalo was food, clothing and shelter to the Indian and without it, two-thirds of the people died from starvation, neglect and foreign disease.



Bananas in Pyjamas by Carey Blyton
illustrated by Tom Barling
Carey Blyton's delicious nonsense
soys and verses, many with musical
settings, and zany embellished with
Tom Barling's pictures, make the
perfect combination for an uproariously
entertaining book. \$4.75



Fitseolak: Pictures Out of My Life
A haunting account by one of the
foremost Eskimo artists, adapted by
Dorothy Eber from tape-recorded
interviews and illustrated with Fitseolak's
drawings in colour and black
and white. \$9.95



Life Before Man by Spinax Burian
The drawings, accompanied by time
charts showing the sequence of geological
eras and the points at which various
forms of life first appeared, bring
vividly to life the conditions on
our planet in its early days and the
strange and fascinating animal life
that once roamed its surface or moved
in its rear. With 162 illustrations in
colour, 26 line drawings and diagrams,
and 5 charts. 51.75

AU available from:
**OXFORD UNIVERSITY
P R E S S**

10 Wynford Drive
Ion Mills, Ontario

Depopulated, poor for lack of buffalo robes to trade, **Crowfoot** and **his** people had to depend on the charity of the Canadian government for sustenance. **Former** warriors and hunters had to line up to beg for the head of a cow for their family's ration.

When the **Riel** rebellion broke out, **Crowfoot** declined to join eve" though one of the native leaders involved was Poundmaker, **his** adopted **Cree** son. **With this difficult** but pragmatic decision **Crowfoot** acknowledged the inevitability of **Canadian military** superiority on the **prairies**. He thought it was futile to throw **his** few remaining warriors into a" already doomed **enterprise**. Dempsey makes it clear tit if **Crowfoot had** thought **his** participation

would have **changed** the outcome of the **rebellion**, he would have **joined**. He did **use** considerable influence to **protect many Cree** refugees from the battles. The popular myth that **Crowfoot** opposed the rebellion out of love for Victoria or **the** Canadian government is easily exploded. **Crowfoot** was always loyal – loyal to his people.

Crowfoot was a perfect example of the traditional native leader who because of the native tradition of **tremendous** personal freedom could only lead by the personal Power of **integrity**, fairness, good **sense** and **discipline**. □

SHERRILL CHEDA, for three years the librarian of the Indian-Eskimo Association, is at present librarian with Seneca College, near Toronto.

THE DOUBLE EDGE, OF OUTRAGE

... AND LIKE I SEE IT

STEPHANIE J. NYNYCH

gleaner books
paper \$4.00; 108 pages

reviewed by *Juan Butler*

FORD MADDOX FORD, English author and editor, **once wrote** that whenever he conversed with Theodore **Dreiser**, the **American** novelist, he had the sensation of walking in the dark along a railway **line** while, as he put it, "Mr. **Dreiser** hurls at me **handfuls of Pullman** cars that go **hurtling** away over my head, invisible, resonant, innocuous," until, unable or unwilling to tolerate the famous **writer's** onslaught any longer, he would **interrupt him** with a **firm** "Don't be so angry, **Dreiser** . . . I don't care."

And thus it is with Stephanie Nynych. She is a" angry **woman** and mnssequently has written a" **angry** book. One **which**, as is **typical** with writing of that genre, substitutes **self-indulgent** sex for love, raw violence for **constructive** action, unreasoning fear for **determination**, and then **smugly** and self-righteously **washes** her hands off the **whole** problem by **casting the** blame on "**society**" and leaves it at that (as if society were somehow the

sole arbiter of the **individual's** actions and motivations **rather** than the **individual** himself).

Her rage, in fact, is so unforgiving so all-encompassing, and ultimately so **self-destructive** (after all, you can only hate **life** to the **same** degree that you hate **yourself**, for we are ail a part of it – for better or for worse) that I felt the most appropriate response to it would be the letter **Colin Wilson** wrote me when I sent him a copy of my second novel, *The Garbage*.

I **sincerely** hope that Ms. Nynych will accept it in the **same spirit** that **Mr. Wilson** wrote it, and which in turn has prompted me to share it with her and the readers of *Books in Canada*, for advice of the type he has to offer is **indeed badly** needed today.

Also, I would like to add that I noticed the shadow of a **skilful** and sensitive woman of letters following doggedly **beside** and **slightly behind** her path. To that shadow I dedicate the publication of Mr. Wilson's letter:

Dear Juan Butler,

Many **thanks** for sending me *The Garbage*, which I found very interesting although (as you probably expected) a bit revolting. I'm **basically** a rather amiable, goiii-natured **character** with a strongly protective attitude to **women** and **children**, so my temperament is **really** out of sympathy with, your hero. I **think** you're obviously a talented and interesting writer, **but** I also **feel** that in **trying** to extend the boundaries of the novel to include this **kind** of **direct** violence, you're making a kind of logical error.

Let me say at once that I **can** understand why you do it, and I **could**, if necessary, defend you **convincingly** to an **audience** of people who accused you of writing sick sadism. The **defense** would go like **this**: it is the **business** of the novel to **reflect** its age, and to express its inner **conflicts**. In so doing, it helps to solve **them**, and, to **make the** rest of society **conscious** of them. A **writer** who feels **himself** trapped and suffocated by a non-creative, **materialistic** society "**hits back**" by **painting it** in the darkest **colours**: **Shelley** himself might have written *Sanctuary* if he had been born **into** Faulkner's deep south. A **writer** is basically a" **idealist**. He hungers for meaning, for vast horizons, for a **sense** of purpose; if he finds **himself** stuck in a **society** that negates this **hunger** in hbn, he reacts by trying to **show that** societyits face in a mirror: The motive is anger, disgust – but basically, a desire for purpose and **meaning**. You only **have** to read the "Night Town" scene of *Ulysses* to see how Joyce felt about the **Dublin** he was born into – and that was more than' half a century ago. **Doblin's Alexanderplatz Berlin** has the **same** nightmare **atmosphere**. **Elliot** talked about **London** as a" "unreal city," a city of the dead. Faulkner's *Sanctuary* is **not just a savage**, distorted **portrait** of his own **time** – like some of **Roualt's** satirical **paintings** of horrible. ugly **bourgeoises** – but a" **expression** of longing for a **more meaningful** south **without the** claustrophobic materialism. . . . And now it is forty years **since** *Sanctuary* came out, and the world has got **worse**; now **intelligent** people **feel** so alienated from It that they either want to "drop out" and forget it, or violently attack it, like Charles **Manson** or John Lindsay Frazier (the **killer of**

the Ohtss). A really honest writer must try to **reflect this** world. And in doing so, he must reflect its sadism. And one of his devices for driving home **his** point is to reflect this **sadism** as if it is a norm, a norm of which he approves. . .

I **think** that an **intelligent audience** might well be more **than half convinced** by this argument. But I myself am not convinced. For it leaves out **of account certain things** that I have been **pointing out in** book after book. My latest, *Order of Assassins*, is about the sick violence that is becoming increasingly a norm; I point out, for example, that an increasing number of sex murderers now torture their victims before **killing** them. And pornography itself becomes increasingly sick and violent.

In my early book *The Age of Defeat*, I pointed out that modern writers have become a terribly defeated lot. The hero is always a loser. The books are **full** of misery and self-pity. **And** I argued that a good writer must snap out of this, **transcend** it. Again, *The Outsider is only partly a defense of the "outcasts,"* the men who feel alienated from society. It says clearly: If the Outsider is to find his "salvation:" he **tit** snap out of his **self-pity** and recognize that his task is to become **a leader**. He attacks society as an unhappy **child** might attack his parents. but the truth is that it is he who ought to be the parent. He. must stop moaning like a spoiled child about how badly the world is treating **him**, and face up to his responsibility to become the leader, the guide. He must become the "parent." Society is bad and sick because the **proper** leaders **have** steadily become more and more passive **and self-pitying**, and left society in the hands of **well-meaning fools** who **are** materialistic because they lack vision. It isn't their fault, it is the fault of the writers and artists for abdicating their responsibility.

In *Order of Assassins*, I ask why people **like** Brady and **Manson** commit such murders, and answer with Blake's words, "When thought is closed in **caves/** Then love **shall** show its mot in deepest **hell.**" They **feel** helpless and passive, and they hit out violently. **Elliot** talks about "the weapons of the weak/ which **are** too violent." Now I keep **saying to** the potential **Mansons** of the world: You an really much

stronger **than** you realize. Get up and do something active. **Don't** "opt out" and sit smoking pot **and** groaning about what a rotten world we **live in**. Try using your mind creatively,

Now it seems to me that what you **are** expressing **in** your book is a literary version of **Manson** and Brady. It's a good **thing you express** it, for creativity causes a rise to a higher stage of the "hierarchy of values." But you are mistaken to **think** that you are justified in expressing it. You are saying, in effect: "I **have** to express it, because it reflects what I feel about society, and I can't rise to a **higher** level unless I express it **first.**" And I am saying: You **are** mistaken. You are making the same mistake as, for example, **Lautréamont**, who felt that **sadism** had to be expressed **with intellectual detachment**, and who then had to "recant" a year later — not because anyone made him, but because he realized that he was in a **blind** alley: he couldn't reach a **higher** stage without retracing his steps. So I **feel** that if people get angry about your book, and claim that it is sick pornography, not "art," their reaction **will** be basically a sound one: **I feel** that it is you who are mistaken, **Iii Lautréamont**, to feel that the "Way **forward**" **can ever lie through** the expression of such violence.

I have **always** believed that violence must be faced and recognized, **which** is why I am the author of books like *Ritual in the Dark*, *An Encyclopedia of Murder* and *The Killer*. **Gollancz rejected** an early version of *Ritual* because he said — honestly — that its claustrophobic, subjective atmosphere **sickened him**. He **rejected The Encyclopedia of Murder** because he said it might **inspire killers**. Oddly enough, he proved **to be** right: when the Australian multiple sex **killer** Alan Brennan was arrested, he was carrying paperback copies of both books. Yet even this doesn't **sway me in my conviction that** such **things** must be faced and **discussed**. **Hence The Killer**, perhaps my most. **comprehensive account** of the mind of a **sexual** murderer. Yet 'you **will** note that although Arthur **Lingard** commits a murder **very like** the one you describe — several, **in fact** — they aren't 'on stage.' And the whole **thing** is "**disinfected**" of real sadism by the sanity and compassion of the psychiatric narrator, who re-establishes

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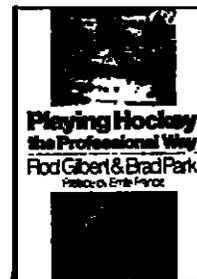
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the norm. And the whole point of the book, as it emerges in its final pages, is that Lingard has taken the wrong turn, destroyed himself by expressing his sadism — even though the psychiatrist fully agrees that it is society who is to blame for it, and that good human potential has here been destroyed by rotten conditions. Up to a certain point, Arthur was a genuinely creative person, doing his best to struggle to evolve. But at a certain point, he made the wrong choice: he took the “left hand path,” the downhill path. And, to be honest, you seem to me to have taken the first step of it yourself — I say this with friendly sympathy, not condemnation. I suspect that what you’re trying to do is go one step beyond *Naked Lunch*, feeling that this is artistically valid. And it’s not. The way for outsider-artists like yourself is through intellectual analysis, deeper creativity, greater detachment, and eventually, greater compassion. My acquaintance with the literature of crime means that I can read your murder scene — of the girl — detachedly, and without flinching. But the implication that this is somehow justified by your hero’s alienation and the girl’s stupidity, that society is to blame, and had better pull itself together if more girls aren’t to be murdered — all this strikes me as emotional and illogical: which, in my vocabulary, is about the strongest word of condemnation.

I’d be interested in your comments, and in some details about yourself. How was the book received?

best wishes

Colin Wilson

JAUN BUTLER lives and works in Toronto. He has published two books, *Cabbagetown Diary* and *The Garbage-man*. The latter was reviewed in our August issue.



AT HOME WITH THE WORLD

HAPPY ENOUGH

GEORGE JOHNSTON

Oxford

paper \$2.95; 154 pages

DRIVING HOME

MIRIAM WADDINGTON

Oxford

paper \$2.95; 176 pages

reviewed by Stephanie J. Nynych

IT HAS BEEN a long time since I have read a collection of poetry by a single poet and enjoyed myself as much as reading George Johnston's *Happy Enough*. It is a apt title for the light humour and the light touch he employs to reveal the foibles of man, “something good and enjoyable,” even in the antics of the everywoman/man who so seriously attacks the business of life. Thirty-two new poems and a bonus of two previous collections make up this volume where each poem is a fragment of a total experience of feeling and exploration in the life of man, the country dweller and the city dweller. Often idea determines the form of the poem, ranging through the classical rhyme and rhythm to modern free verse. There are sophisticated poems, both in subject matter and form, and poems using the sparse word ‘style of the troubador where even a melody is evoked. People speak for themselves, in their own language creating a small cosmos of easily recognizable characters (the woman down the road a-ways, the couple in that house across the street) but beneath the simplicity and directness is the poet’s profound revelation of the harmony and unity that underlies life.

Occasionally Johnston becomes somber, but never long enough to make one forget that life is bountiful and from childhood to old age one gets what one gives, The Darwinian theory that hounded Thomas Hardy into pessimism, doesn’t hamper Johnston as he asserts, “It turns me winter,

summer, fall/ Without a thought of me” and then concludes with a resounding chuckle, “Its slightly wobbling spin’s my now/ ... My why and how are me.” Man owes his happiness to himself and those around him; his peace to himself; and as he eats a fish. “Boiled. baked or fried/ Separate him in the dish./ Put his bones aside,” so with such appetite and choice of “how,” George Johnston leaves you to discover your own why, and perhaps anyone’s, if you are interested.

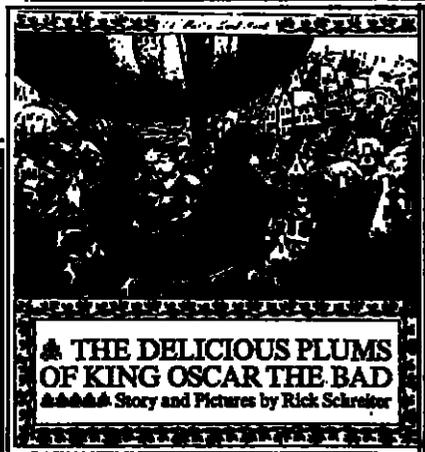
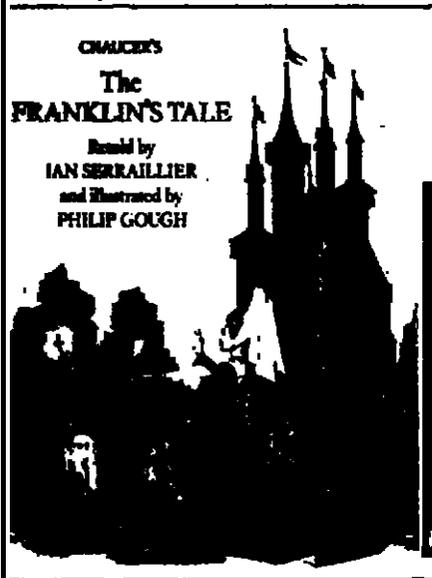
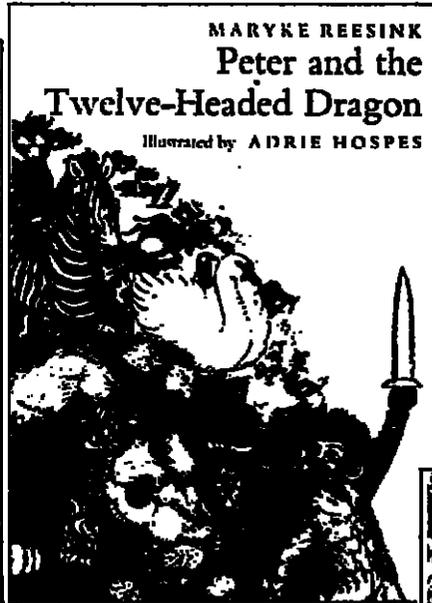
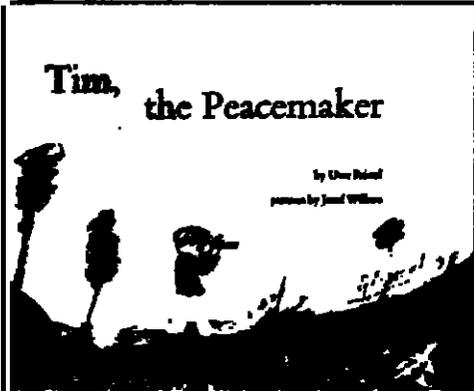
TO READ *Driving Home*, is to experience a 20th-century Odyssey through the nebulous beginnings of an ancestral heritage to the final orientation point, home. Though the poems often pose the question as to where home is, the reader nonetheless is convinced that for Miriam Waddington, home is finally Canada. In this collection, ranging over a period of 30 years, one witnesses the joining of the child of immigrants, the adult traveller and the seeker. After an intense exploration of the history of nations, the poet carves her own-history out of it. she gathers together all histories to the Canadian history and to herself to create a center, her center from which to perceive outwardly and inwardly to attain a sense of identity, of fusion:

*I will come too and
the blood of my ancestors
will flower on Mennonite bushes.*

Despite the theme of tragedy and sadness for the erring ways of man in his/h& attempt to give love, there is a sense of sisterhood/brotherhood that unites all; the fallen, the thief, the molester, the prisoner and the lovers who “. . . tread the waters lovers go.” Each poem has its own story of lands visited and revisited, mythology explored, childhood memories recounted or adult experience’s stoically accepted. A delicate hue of nostalgia tinges many of the poems, as if life moves too quickly and the essence of everyday actions cannot be fully appreciated.

Miriam Waddington in *Driving Home*, portrays the human journey, inner and outer — from the changing beauty of nature to the brutal, senseless human warfare on the battlefield and in the bedroom-and the isolation of the Individual within it all, an

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isolation that re-echoes after their solace in discovery and communication. In the tradition of the good teacher, she asks the question. □

STEPHANIE J. NYNYCH, who lives in Toronto, recently published *And Like I See It . . .*, in free-form poetry, under her own imprint, Gleaner Books.

TRIED OUT OF COURT

THE FIRST HUNDRED

E. B. J. JOLLIFFE
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$7.95; 288 pages

reviewed by Ronald Hambleton

HALFWAY — even three-quarters of the way — through E. B. Jolliffe's novel *The First Hundred*, one of Groucho's lines from *The Marx Brothers at the Circus* springs impudently to mind. Groucho (under protest) is affixing suction cups to his feet, in order to join acrobat Eve Arden in walking upside-down; and he says, "I made a deal with the houseflies: they don't practice law, and I don't walk on the ceiling."

But by the end of Lawyer Jolliffe's first novel, it's clear he has made no such deal with novelists. Though he doesn't walk on the ceiling very smoothly, he doesn't fall off.

Structurally, it's neat. Sixteen years from the birth of John Wilkes Blunte's son in a July rainstorm, 1846; to John Wilkes Blunte's own death in a January snow, 1862, unfold in the landscape between Guelph and Toronto, in the turbulent post-Rebellion pre-Confederation years. And we have the mix of Catholic, Protestant, remittance men, tavernkeepers, sober judges, drunken dogans, pious housewives, blaspheming roisterers, baptisms and bees. Toronto is distant, travel is slow and hard, tempers are high and justice is harsh.

Dramatically, it's weak. The last two chapters (61 pages) deal with the murder of a girl followed by the revenge murder of a dogan, followed by the trial of eight men including Blunte.

speed of the action, in the heightened differentiation of the characters, in the suggestion that these events are bigger than they seem; pleasure in reading them, however, is blunted by regret that the preceding pages do not in any real sense lead to them. One would have thought that up to then, the main theme was the struggle between Blunte and his wife for their boy's future — he scorning the higher education which she lobbied for, sometimes with the hidden help of Blunte's enemy neighbour, "squire" Quaire who sat on his height of a waiting to snatch Blunte's first hundred acres from him.

But Quaire's prominence evaporates suddenly, overshadowed by the set-piece of the trial. Had the novel ended on page 229, with this education question at a believable half-close, the book as a whole would in my view have been improved as a dramatic whole; but we would then have lost the fine writing of the trial scene at the end.

The various chapters are headed 1848, 1851, 1852, 1855, and so on, and are episodic in nature: catch-basins for specific historically accurate name-drops of both events and people of those times, w&en into, or sometimes darned onto, Mr. Jolliffe's fabric. These episodes tend to sound like tracts, historic pageants seen from humble lives as compared with the immediacy of the trial; yet paradoxically, without the trial scene, they appear to gain in relevance for they then contribute to the book's apparent main theme.

It is an interesting novelistic dilemma, and to point it out is not meant as a stricture on Mr. Jolliffe as a first novelist. My view is that he has not solved his fundamental problem of structure; but the novel is no mean achievement, and will be read with interest by many. □

RONALD HAMBLETON, novelist, broadcaster and poet, is perhaps best known as biographer of Mazo de la Roche; he has recently completed a fourth novel.

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THE PICTURE WITHOUT THE FRAME

CONTEMPORARY CANADIAN PAINTING

Selected and introduced by
WILLIAM WITHROW
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$25.00; illustrated; 223 pages

reviewed by Walter Klepac

FOR A PRICEY, high-gloss coffee table art book, designed more to be looked at than read, the essays by the Director of the Art Gallery of Ontario, William Withrow, cover an impressive range of issues essential to understanding Canadian art of the past 25 years. Mr. Withrow's style is eminently readable, his tone deferential, his treatment of the material at hand concise and informative and his judgments, if not especially breath-taking in their originality, are generally sound and discerning. One can only be disappointed, therefore, that Mr. Withrow's thoroughly professional sense of diplomacy and tact have had such a pronouncedly anti- & tic effect on the otherwise salient points he raises. This lack of critical focus on the questions of the direction and substance of the visual arts in Canada today, is the major drawback to the book. As a result, this long-overdue general survey of the subject remains essentially a discreet and entertaining exercise in public relations.

One of the central messages of Withrow's book is that the very notion of a contemporary Canadian art is a contradiction in terms. Withrow feels that no one apart from a handful of very discerning art critics would be able to distinguish the recent Canadian paintings from those of other nationalities strictly on the basis of their appearance. So that; while the works of the 24 painters included in the book bear the unique and unmistakable stamp of a markedly individual creative sensibility, they are all cast in the established moulds of the predominant "international" art styles.

Mr. Withrow rather slyly points out that painters such as Greg Curnoe and Joyce Wieland, whose content is intensely, if not stridently, nationalistic, must resort to a style that is strongly influenced by pop art. He also attempts to counter the claim that the only viable contemporary *Canadian* style is one which depicts the realities of life in the regional community in which the artist lives and works.

Withrow argues that even the paintings of Jack Chambers and Alex Colville, though they meet the above criteria, contain no absolutely unassailable evidence of being solely and exclusively Canadian in either content or treatment. There is nothing about their disquietingly total grasp of a moment of concrete reality that un-failingly locates these paintings for the viewer in a specific area of Canadian geography and, not somewhere else. There is no reason why a German or an Englishman should not be struck with a sense of recognition and understanding in looking at Colville's haunting *Truck Stop* or Chambers' 401 *Towards London, No. 1*.

I think, however, that Withrow does misread matters when he insists on interpreting the last point as proof that the "international" style necessarily possesses universality. This facile equation of the international with the universal has the effect of sanctifying a historical phenomenon as an eternal verity of human experience.

What Withrow seems to understand but never explicitly states is that the prevalence in Canadian painting of the so-caged international style is merely a reflection of the major changes that have affected the very nature of Western societies. One such development whose full effects have yet to be realized is the advent of the multinational corporation, for whom the choice of a national home-base is coming to be entirely a matter of strategic economic advantage and convenience. The mature global corporations place great pressure on political as well as cultural significance of national borders and traditions. Their increasing presence erodes national and regional differences and encourages the adopting of a standardized technology and the goods of an integrated international mass-market.

Not only does Withrow refuse to go into such matters; he seems to



Alex Colville

placidly' accept the present situation as an established and necessary precondition of contemporary culture. Considering the temper of the times, in Canada and especially the intense criticism levelled at Mr. Withrow and the policies of the Art Gallery of Ontario by ardent cultural nationalists, his uncritical and offhanded approbation seems highly arrogant.

Unfortunately, during the period under discussion the customary gap between creative artists and the community at large widened even more. In the last 25 years during which artists struggled to bring Canadian painting into the 20th century there have been only a few sporadic and tentative attempts by certain painters to relate their development as artists to their social and cultural setting.

Two notable examples of this are Paul-Emile Borduas and Greg Curnoe. It is almost as if Borduas, in his contribution to the notorious manifesto of 1948, *Refus Global*, symbolically equated the repressive religious and political atmosphere of Duplessis' Quebec with the petrified state of painting he encountered as a young artist. Though this famous document is concerned solely with political and social questions and makes no explicit reference to artistic matters, this symbolic nexus was a potent reality in the minds of the younger generation of Quebec artists: for, as Withrow points out, soon after Borduas was Bred from his teaching position for his writings these painters began to pursue their new artistic directions, as indicated for them by Borduas, with unmatched zeal. Ironically, this pursuit was to



Paul Emile Borduas

shift avant garde Quebec art closer to the influential New York scene.

Curnoe on the other hand extended his social and political criticism beyond the writing of tracts and assorted quasi-political "acts" and made it the subject matter of a good deal of his work. He along with other prominent London-area artists have emphasized the importance of regionalism in their art.

Unlike Borduas and Curnoe and a few others, the majority of artists in Canada such as those featured in Withrow's book have concentrated on their personal artistic development, which has tended in the main to be along abstract hues. Their major fight with the "Establishment" has been over the acceptance of their own work, or the lack of it.

While Mr. Withrow consistently refuses to look beyond the surface of the chronological chain of events to grapple with the issues at stake, he does make a number of interesting remarks about governments' part (especially through the agency of the Canada Council) in facilitating artistic activity in Canada and about the highly unpredictable nature of the Canadian art market. Another, more admirable consistency of Withrow's *Contemporary Canadian Painting* is the high standard of colour reproduction used throughout. This is fortunate because, in the end, it must be the works themselves that state the achievement of Canadian painting today. □

WALTER KLEPAC, originally from Detroit, now lives in Toronto; he has written on contemporary art for *Guerilla* and *Artscanada*.

NARROW MORTALITY

NO PAIN LIKE THIS BODY

HAROLD SONNY LADOO

Anansi
papa \$2.95, cloth \$8.50; 141 pages

reviewed by *Clyde Hosein*

BRITAIN'S FINAL CLAIM, in 1797, to Trinidad, the West Indian island near Venezuela, was the beginning of the substance of this novella. African slaves on the sugar estates were superceded by indentured Indians, Ladoo's forefathers and mine, after the Emancipation led by Wilberforce. In 1845, Indians were ordered from the British Raj to serve and save King Sugar.

They were working-class people impressed at night on the streets of Calcutta and Bombay, cast into filthy

coastal depots and then, furtively, shipped to the West Indies.

Having come from the urban proletariat and the peasantry, they lacked education: but they had their dialect languages — Arabic, Sanskrit, Urdu, Hindi, Bengali — and these polyglot forms were united into a culture imitative of Brahminic ethics and ritual.

Being uncreative, superstitious and culturally shocked by the novelty of sharing space with Africans, they fell back on the inner violence of the caste system.

The result was a farcical claim by a large number to a Brahminic heritage; and a rejection of the low-caste Madrassi and Chamar elements in their midst.

But the facts spoke plainly for themselves. They were elaborately divided by religion: between Hinduism and Islam. It was this ecclesiastic cleavage that cohered with poverty and intellectual bankruptcy to produce the psychoses which Ladoo captures; the reality of which is that these men never faced up to the reality of their circumstances.

The Britii pot them in "barracks" on the sugar estates; a mud hot commonality shaken up by familial and social conflicts. True to his inventive impotence, the Indian toiled in the fields under the sun for two or three pence a day, and gave it all to the rumshop-keeper: he drank his life and problems away.

To live, therefore, he subsisted on vegetables, root crops, fruit and cattle — the produce of his backyard — read his scriptures and held communal services to placate his gods, reaped his rice, drank his rum and brought down his neighbour.

By 1905, as a result, a situation had developed from which emerged the thesis of Ladoo's plot: a crisis of identity deriving from the psychology of adjustment to a new language and landscape. But Ladoo skims the surface of this crisis. Instead of creating for us the dynamics of the colonialization of poverty and struggle, he simply extracts a single family and deals with the superficialities of their human ambiguity. He examines the brutality of a loutish father towards his wife and



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children; and **their** reversed apathy to **him**.

If he has drawn the emotional incompetence of the Trinidad Indian, it **is not** by the power of characterization; but by the esoteric quality of their attempts to come to grips with English, God and reality against their blind of sadistic **humour** and the **sewering** of concepts such as love, sex and death.

Ladoo is a naive observer, and this reduces his story-telling abilities. He had recreated the smell of the compost

heap outside the **prolific** mud-how **bedroom, the hatred of men bewildered** by their **failure**, the **clouding** of social horizons and the asphyxiating of dreams, No **Pain Like This Body** remains **on** the physical **level**, a sort of "day in the **life**," by passing the **country through** which men face themselves or try hard to forget. □

CLYDE HOSEIN, a native of Trinidad, is a writer and broadcaster; he has now settled in Toronto.

CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN

ENGAGEMENTS: The Prose of Irving Layton

McClelland & Stewart; cloth \$6.95; 336 pages

reviewed by Erling Friis-Baastad

FOR A STRUGGLING young Canadian poet of the past three decades, the discovery of an Irving Layton prose tirade must have been at least a boost to morale. Someone was on your **side**, **wielding** book reviews, letters to editors and introductions like black jacks against the dictators of the literary elite. Better yet, the pieces **were** scattered through time and space; **you** didn't encounter them all at once **as** a thick expensive volume and end up exhausted, with all that kindred spirit lost in 336 pages of **constant bitching**.

Irving Layton, as critic and **anti-critic**, behaves like a man **who** is cornered at a **party while** supporting an unpopular argument. He becomes so frustrated at not being understood, agreed with and heard that he slugs the face closest to him. His prose could have been much more effective if it emulated the African **bilharzia**, a worm that eats its way through its victim's skin to lay eggs in his body -more devastating to your mental and physical status quo than **Irving Layton** threatening to hit you over the head with a copy of **The Song of Songs**.

Though Layton's ultimate targets are stupidity and greed, **Engagements** presents him as a very petty man. The slightest attack on his poetry **was cause** to **fill** precious space in Canadian **publications** with windy rebuttals. Castrated professors, bald poets, imper-

ceptive reviewers (all negative reviews of Layton's books **were** written by imperceptive reviewers) and people **with** the wrong politics are named by proper name and dragged around the **arena**. **Some** victims, like **Louis Dudek**, are shot down **so** repeatedly that Layton's highest ideals seem swamped in personal vendettas.

The letters to editors **were** written in such angry heat that they occasionally lost their grasp on the **obvious**. "Like several other Canadian reviewers who **have** written about me," Layton complains, "Barry **Callaghan** has made the ritual **nose** dive for my groin. I can **only** conclude that there must be **something** irresistibly fascinating about my balls." That's a ridiculous lot of oversight, double standard or **conceit** coming from a man **who** calls his enemies **eunuchs** and **castrati** as often as **Irving Layton** does.

In the **10** short stories, Layton looks at himself more closely. Lines from the story, "Vacation in La **Voiselle**" may be a hint of what motivates most of his spleen: 'He. **could** no longer doubt that **Pamella** disliked **him** -for **what** reason he could' only **guess**. Good-naturedly, **or** to ease his **mind**, he put it down to her general **clumsiness** and stupidity."

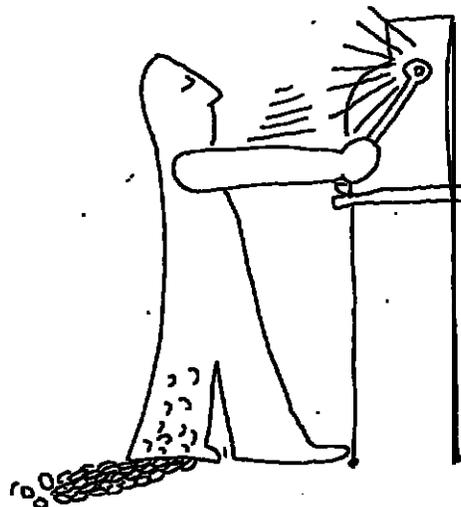
The desire to praise the short stories **is** especially great; they are such a 'relief from the constant hammering of

the rest of the volume. They contain many of the same ideas as the non-fiction, but the presentation is toned down to **an** effective roar. In the short stories Layton is the poet again and not a **polemicist** with hurt feelings.

Irving Layton will never be **dispensable** to **Canadian** letters as **Engagements** is, though after wading through all the bile, a **vindictive** reader **might** be inclined to think so. During political and literary crises, when other writers had lost their voices for safety's sake, Layton was screaming the truth as he saw it. A Jewish poet, he saw blood when careful aesthetic half-wits tried to negate **Ezra Pound's** literary **accomplishments** on the grounds of his anti-semitism. **A. M. Klein**, who perhaps suffered a worse fate than **misrepresentation** - neglect - has been **pushed** deeper into the **public's eye** by Layton, as have **fine** younger poets like British Columbia's Pat Lane.

Had I run across these pieces gradually, as they **first** appeared, **the** repeated petty viciousness and stock attacks would not have **struck** me as hard as they did. I **might** have been tempted to describe the best of Layton's prose with his own words on **Klein**, "Intriguing as today's headlines, and as devastating as only the truth can be **when** fused with wit." As it is, these articles better served **their purposes** and were more poignant when they **first** appeared. This volume is no great publishing event, unless **as history** to scholars of **Laytonia**. If any dare exist. □

ERLING FRIIS-BAASTAD, born in Norway, raised in Colorado, is a poet now living in Toronto; he also writes for Guerilla and Tabloid.



write in

Sir,

It was my conservative estimate that "prudery" had died in Canada in the early 1940s. In 1943, even staunch Northrop Frye could be heard denouncing the disease prudery: "the instinct to seek a conventional or commonplace expression 'of ideas'; 'a frostbite at the roots of the Canadian imagination'; the borrowed properness of a colonial thinker.

Douglas Barbour proves me wrong — prudery lives. He proclaims: "I can only say that I hope Garnet will soon get over his apparent awe at his own 'differentness.'"

Only the tyrant concerns himself with the destruction of difference in pursuit of uniformity. To be without difference is not to be a poet, but an imitator, a dull, grey plastic writer. As bii bissett has so aptly put it: "were yu normal today aid yu screw society." Good poetry can only be born in difference. The poetic walls of commonplace expression have obviously grown so thick over Barbour's eyes that he can no longer conceive of a poetry which exists outside his fixed boundaries of prudery.

Eldon Garnet
Toronto, Ont.

Sir,

I think it's your policy to print a short letter in rebuttal when a reviewer has contemptuously dismissed a book. So I am writing to defend Stan Persky's *The Day* against Ray Frazer's ignorant jokes.

The passage Frazer chose to quote is particularly Stein-like, and clear. The demand for coherence is not the same as that for clarity — "incoherent" is a predicate that may apply to a world, before art. "Coherence" has not seemed such a stock commodity this century. The whole drift of Frazer's implicit demand (which he never seems to make clear) is that one ought to turn away from the broken, fragmentary world and give a book-buying public some kind of a "form" as mental

renovation. Some writers may think that is not too much to ask; in fact, it may tit their abilities to perform this task, and there is money in it. But he ought not to expect every writer to do that, and he ought to take a little time to actually read some of The & y aloud and measure it against the rhythms or "coherence" that his own experience takes, if it admits as much as Persky's does.

George Stanley
Vancouver, B.C.

POLISHED BRASS

'THE CANADIAN 'MILITARY: A Profile

Edited by HECTOR J. MASSEY
Copp Clark
paper \$4.95; 290 pages

A SEAT AT THE TABLE:

The Struggle for Disarmament

Lt. Gen. E. L. M. BURNS
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$6.75; 268 pages

reviewed by Jack Hutchinson

THE CANADIAN MILITARY is a collection of nine essays. Eight are by academics, a journalist and a civil servant. Only one contributor, Lt. Gen. Guy Simonds, is a professional soldier. Like almost all such collections representing disparate disciplines, interests and points of view, *The Canadian Military* suffers from a certain unevenness and leaves some curious gaps. It tells us nothing, for instance, of how serving officers and men feel in the new, unified Canadian Armed Forces. And only Gen. Simonds meets head-on that touchy question of unification which is still so central to problems of morale and discipline. He is unequivocal: "It can be predicted with certainty that the unification of sea, land and air services will break down in any major crisis."

Gen. Simonds' comments and observations on the other eight essays are the outstanding single feature of this book. He thinks clearly and he writes clearly. There is no misunder-

standing what he means. Our military history would have been immensely richer if he had chosen to publish his memoirs of World War II. Not all of his ideas will be popular — particularly when he makes a strong case for universal military training — but his arguments are in all cases difficult to refute.

Much of the best Canadian military writing to date has been done by historians. R. H. Roy clearly traces the Canadian tradition of all but ignoring our armed forces in peacetime — a luxury we could afford because of our geography and our friends — and then shows how that tradition changed with the Cold War, when Canada first made military alliances and commitments and, also for the first time, established a relatively large — and expansive — permanent professional force. That

early tradition of neglect was responsible for the myth, so often repeated, that Canadians are "an unmilitary people," but Richard Preston undermines that myth by delineating the significant part played by the military in the shaping of Canada, its institutions and values. Dr. Preston argues that New France was able to endure until 1759 only because of its military tradition. The settlement of Upper

Canada was in large part a military operation. British army engineers laid out the sites of several of our cities, and built important canals and roads. The holding and opening of the West might never have been achieved without the RCMP. The performance of Canada's fighting forces in two World Wars made an immense contribution to the development and recognition of a distinct Canadian nation: And

since World War II, the armed forces have come to play a permanent and important part in the social and economic life of many Canadian communities.

John Gellner writes about the considerable impact of defence spending on the Canadian economy, and he is especially convincing on the benefits to Canada of the Defence Production Sharing program, not only for our balance of trade with the United States but also as a means of keeping our manufacturing industries abreast of advanced technology, research and development in such fields as electronics and aerospace.

Political scientist **Denis Stairs** contributes a fine **essay** on the difficulties of **co-ordinating** military and foreign policy decisions, applying his **model** to the **alterations in Canadian defence** policy since **1945**. He notes perceptively that Paul **Hellyer**, as Minister of Defence, in spite of all his bombast, merely **renovated** his **organization**, not his policies; and even the White Paper of 1971 did not announce any major **modification in the activities** of the Canadian forces, but only provided a new **"national"** rationale for their eroded capabilities. **"Holding the line" in defence** spending, along with the steady nibbling of **inflation**, has severely **limited** the present capability of the Canadian forces — and things will get steadily worse.

The four essays that complete the book are perhaps less compelling. Pierre Coulombe analyzes the social and **cultural** composition of the **Canadian** forces, particularly the **officer** corps, and **comes** to the altogether unremarkable conclusion that the "British charter group" is "over-represented." Dr. George Stanley, himself a former

Dean of Arts at RMC, **struggles** hard to justify the Canadian system of military education but cannot finally answer Gen. Simonds' assertion that the present system is both inordinately expensive and **does** not do the job. R. B. **Byers** treats a "non-issue" — the question of **civilian** control over the military — which was never a **question** until Paul **Hellyer** raised it in 1966 to silence **those officers** who were critical of the speed and extent of his **unification** experiment. Finally, Thomas **Stevens** provides a surprisingly interesting **study** of committees as a management technique in the Department of National **Defence**, even though his work was seriously hampered by a Privy Council **time-lock** on papers **relating** to DND committees.

Hector Massey has written a brief but thoughtful introduction to this collection of essays, pointing to the shortage of **military studies in this country** and proposing a Canadian Strategic Institute, preferably as a **completely** autonomous body. We should be **grateful to** Massey for The **Canadian Military. Gen. Simonds'** contribution

alone would make the **book** worthwhile, but there is much more.

A Seat at the Table by Lt. **Gen. E. L. M. Bums** demonstrates that at least two Canadian generals can write clearly and well. Gen. Bums led the Canadian delegation at **all** disarmament conferences **between** 1960 and 1968, and his book is based in part on the diary he kept through those **years**. **Although** a spectator **to most of the** important international events of the period, rather than a key actor **himself**, **Gen. Burns** is a keen observer of 'the men and issues' around **him**. His observations on Howard Green, John **Diefenbaker**, Lester Pearson and Paul Martin, among others, are much **kinder** than one would **expect**. And if the tangible results of those long and **often** frustrating years seem small in **retrospect**, it is **some** comfort to know that Canada was represented at those interminable conferences by such a **civilized and humane** man. □

JACK HUTCHINSON, who has played pro football and worked for CBC in many capacities, is now writing, broadcasting and acting in Toronto.

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GANG AFT A-GAY

A NOT SO GAY WORLD
MARION FOSTER & KENT MURRAY
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$6.95; 240 pages

reviewed by Ed Jackson

THE PAST YEAR has seen the publication of a number of excellent American books on the topic of homosexuality. They have been written either by homosexuals awakened to serious enquiry by the gay liberation movement or by straight sociologists and psychologists freed from the strictures of prejudice masquerading as scientific theory. For the first time it is possible to acquire a balanced view of the gay world without constant reference to dysfunction, deviation and disease, and without the introduction of those favourite stock characters: Castrating Mommy and Distant Detached Daddy.

It is therefore disappoint@ to discover that the first book on homosexuality in Canada fails in almost every way to inform or enlighten. *A Not So Gay World* is out of date and full of serious factual errors. At best it is an epitaph to a vanishing life. The title is a cheap and facile put-down, surely an example of publishing cowardice at its worst. One can only hope the authors were not party to its selection. As a homosexual active in the gay movement in Canada, I am appalled that those authors thought it too much of a "gamble" to use their real names. It is a gamble that must be taken now, not tomorrow, and if there were valid reasons for the caution, better the book not be written at all.

Why does the book fail? It fails because of a needless duplication of material found in more adequate books and because of a real confusion in purpose. What we don't need is one more tired glossary of gay world terminology such as "dyke" and "drag queen." What we don't need is another visit to the under-world, a guided tour for the naive mall-town lesbian couple of all the exciting dangers of Toronto bars, half of which no longer exist. And what we don't need is yet another book delineating the "giant shadow"

of loneliness haunting the life of the homosexuals.

Ostensibly an attempt to show Canadian homosexuals they are no different from heterosexuals, *A Not So Gay World* subtly demonstrates in various ways that there are pressures and attitudes in this society that frequently do force them to be different. The series of interviews that constitute the body of the book reveal some rather unusual people. It is not clear how free they were to choose their particular life style and how much they were powerless victims of an oppressive society. A young homosexual reading some of the interviews might well wonder if to be gay meant having to live a similar life and be, depressed at the prospect.

Because the interviewees are allowed only to discuss their adaptation to their sexual orientation, the cumulative effect is one of excessive preoccupation with sex. We learn little of other aspects of their lives, although presumably they do exist. There seems to be no unifying theme to the interviews, other than a rather defensive: "See, homosexuals are just people, aren't they?" This we should not have to be told. In addition, few of the people have really thought about their sexuality and consequently have picked up strange second-hand theories. Eugene, for example, thinks male homosexuals interested in anal intercourse are merely looking for a vaginal substitute.

What purports to be a study of homosexuality in Canada is in reality a look at homosexuality in Toronto, with a superficial survey of national gay life typified by the attitude expressed by a friend of the authors: "Them isn't a spot in the country where you can't find someone." Completely missed was the opportunity to interview gay people in small towns and rural areas in order to contrast the

kind of pressures they experience with the strains of urban life. The authors make no attempt to explain why a brief cruising guide is the best they can do and if that may change.

A certain nostalgia pervades the book. The most obvious example of the constant turning to the past rather than the future is the exchange between two lesbians remembering the good-old days. That was when Toronto the Good was completely unaware that lurking behind the bland moralistic facade was a lively subculture of sleazy bars, police raids and brawling leather-jacketed "dykes." There appears to be a genuine regret at the changes involved in a minority surfacing to full view. AU that is disappearing and with it goes the parody of heterosexual role-playing so often evident in these pages. The sole attempt at analyzing the changing social conditions and their influences on sexual attitudes comes in the interview with Chris Pox, who describes her experiences on the 24-hour distress line of the social service division of the Community Homophile Association of Toronto. Also valuable are George Hislop's discussion of CHAT's work in the courts and the persecution of homosexuals by the police and the legal system, and Charlie Hill's explanations for the initial growth of gay groups on university campuses rather than in the community, where fear of losing jobs and paranoia still immobilizes homosexuals.

Finally, *A Not So Gay World* fails to record the developments in the gay movement in the past half year, particularly in Toronto and in Vancouver. Some of the most notable events have occurred quite recently; for example, Gay Pride Week in August. The list of homophile associations in Canada is out of date and could easily have been checked before printing. Even the proof-reading is slap-dash. *A Not So Gay World* could have been worse but not much. □

ED JACKSON has been actively involved in the gay liberation movement in Canada for the past year. Formerly a teacher, he now is a regular contributor to Toronto's gay lib newspaper, *The Body Politic*.



RECORDING STONY ELOQUENCE

SCULPTURE OF THE ESKIMO

GEORGE SWINTON
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$18.50: illustrated

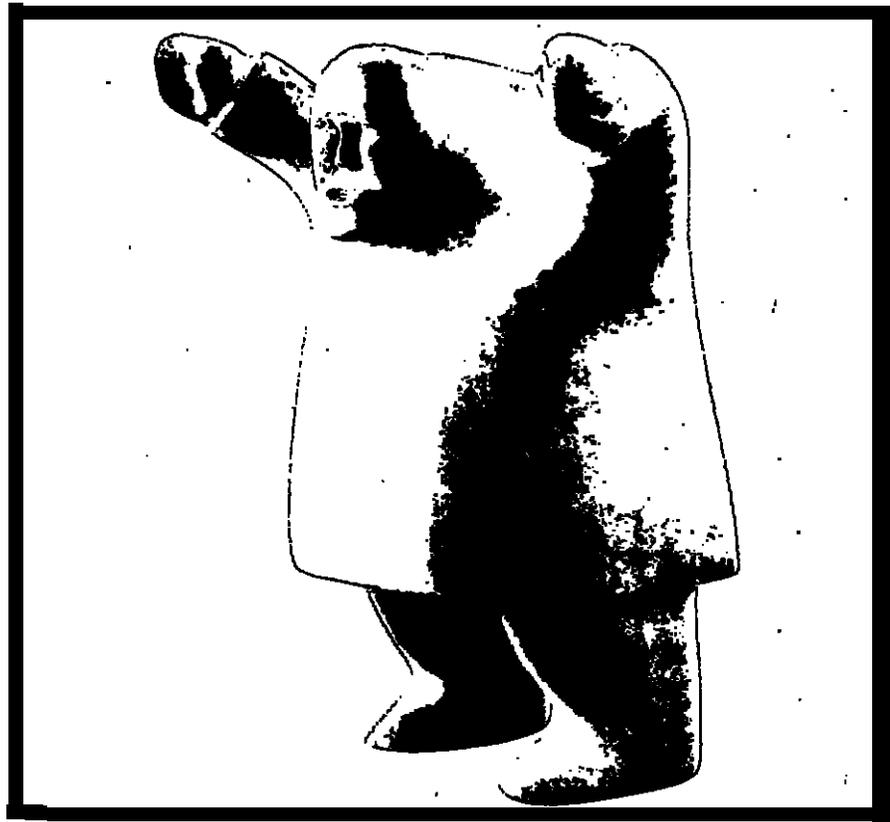
reviewed by Joe Tatarnic

I REMEMBER the late '50s and early '60s in Toronto when, as a passionate collector of Eskimo art, I, with other fanatics, would wait for hours in the November cold outside the old Canadian Handicrafts Guild shop on Bloor Street. We were devoted collectors and those mornings of the Guild's annual sale of Eskimo sculpture were exciting times. For days and weeks in advance we would dream of that 10 a.m. rush up the stairs to the second floor where those magical stones awaited us.

Those cold morning hours were spent talking Eskimo art with fellow collectors. We would speculate on the number of years of collecting that were left to us before the product dried up and died at the source. Three or four, perhaps five years was, the usual estimate.

But then a miracle occurred. The production of carvings continued year after year. Quality remained high, often improved. The culture, values and lifestyle of the Eskimo were being undermined but his art flourished.

George Swinton marvels also at this miracle, this paradox. His new book, *Sculpture of the Eskimo*, gives evidence of the continuing high quality which Eskimo art has maintained over the years. With this book, Swinton has produced the definitive work to date. Unfortunately, to publish a book of this size to sell for \$18.50 one must cut corners. Quality of paper, plates and layout must be sacrificed to economics. This probably makes the book more accessible to the public but the results are rather second-rate in terms of design.



Sculpture of the Eskimo is divided into three main sections. First comes 75 or so pages of mostly full page plates (some in colour). The sculptures, of course, are marvellous things but some are blown up out of all proportion to their actual size. One four-inch high bust of a woman is enlarged to 10% inches. I can't help but feel that, although actual measurements are carefully noted, there is a kind of misrepresentation here solely for the purpose of impact. This makes for fine powerful images but is misleading in the extreme. It takes the sculpture out of the spatial context that the artist intended. A piece fitting nicely in the palm of the hand becomes an entirely different thing when enlarged to more than twice its actual size.

The middle portion of the book, consisting of 10 related essays by Swinton, ranges on topics from prehistoric Eskimo art to contemporary Eskimo-versus-white aesthetiw. Much of it has been said before, but at least it's all here under one cover. (In both text and photographs, this is an intensely personal book and throughout reflects the author's tastes and preferences on the subject.)

The final section of the book is a sort of Eaton's catalogue, Arctic edition,

comprising nearly 100 pages of tiny plates, closely packed and rather tedious. Arranged geographically by area, it is a fascinating glimpse at stylistic tendencies and influences over the years. Although an incredibly bad piece of layout, it will prove a delight for students and collectors by virtue of the sheer number of works represented.

Finally, a generous bibliography of Eskimo art, archaeology and ethnography provides many avenues for the student of the Eskimo to explore.

Like all artists, Swinton realizes the impossibility of defining art in logical and intellectual terms. But he has made a brave attempt to create the germ from which Eskimo art criticism, for better or worse, will develop. It is inevitable, I suppose, that an edifice of art criticism be constructed to explain, pigeon-hole, classify, deify these pieces of stone, bone and ivory. If so, then it might as well be George Swinton (who, I know for a fact, deeply loves these simple stones) who should lay the foundation. □

JOE TATARNIC, who has long been a student and collector of Eskimo and Indian art, is himself an artist and printmaker; he lives in Toronto.

INSIDE CANADA

THE GOURMET'S CANADA

SONDRA GOTLIEB

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cloth \$6.95; illustrated; 277 pages

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ADELAIDE DANIELS

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cloth \$5.95; illustrated; 182 pages

us who love food passionately, who **delight** in eating it, enjoy **cooking** it, and who **find** cookbooks more **exciting** than raunchy novels, are compelled to keep our vicious appetites secret. For that reason **Sondra Gotlieb's** *The Gourmet's Canada* may well become an underground classic, to be conceded, stripped of its **luscious** food-flaunting jacket, in the freezer or the oven.

You might **imagine** that a book with this title would be somewhat emaciated; what after **all** is there good to eat in Canada but steak and maple syrup? In fact the book runs to 290 pages, each of them, based on the protein of solid research, dressed with a **rich sauce** of anecdote and description, seasoned with wit and enthusiasm, and served up with a lively panache.

Sondra Gotlieb is by background and experience the perfect cook for **this sort of literary banquet**. She openly admits to loving food herself, having come **from** a food-centred Winnipeg family and **having** lived for a period in that **region** on the **Franco-Swiss** frontier that is the **gastronomic** paunch of Western Europe. She is by repute a

superb cook and, **as co-editor** of *Where To Eat In Canada* (that definitive guide-book for all vagrant eaters, published by Oberon), she has roamed **the entire country** in search of good things and places to eat.

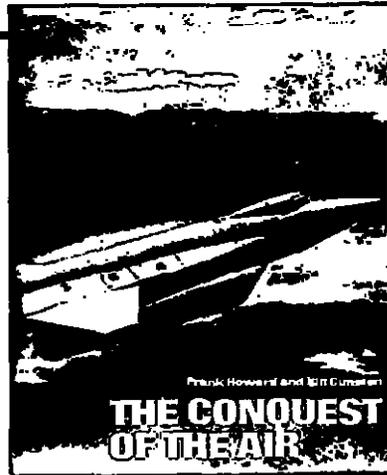
What she has found on her **travels** will come as an **amazing** revelation to those who may have a gustatory image of our country as the **Trans-Canada Highway**, punctuated between St. John's and Victoria only by **pulp-wooden** hamburgers and fat-saturated **chicken-legs**. **Region by region**, she writes her way **across** the country, **describing** what the local **delicacies** are and where you may **sink** your teeth into them: from cod and **brewis** and bakeapples in Newfoundland, **through** **poutine** and spring **shad** and snow crab in the **Maritimes**, **tourtière** and **fish** chowder and **cretons** in Quebec, caviar and blueberry pie in Ontario, borsch and **whitefish** and prairie **oysters**, **B.C. salmon** and loganberries and sourdough. The itinerary, laced with a series of irresistible recipes, is in itself an aperitif.

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The life of a gourmet in Canada demands that you be as dedicated & tough-minded as **Sondra Gottlieb** seems to be. To eat well, you have to try harder; you have to pursue good food in farms and stores and restaurants with the persistence of an antique collector. And you have to accept that, some battles, such as those to preserve the Atlantic salmon and the goldeye (which she discusses), are going to be lost eventually. You'll have to be prepared to pay for your pleasure, of course: her chapter on the Great Gourmet Shops for instance, will undoubtedly raise the incidence of bankruptcy amongst gourmets. But as compensation she provides a chapter on "Where To Eat When You're Pussy Aud Broke," backed up by "A Bad-Tempered Inquiry Into Canadian Restaurants." Add to that a succinct yet serviceable list of what wines you can find in Canada, bibliographies of cookbooks and restaurant guides, and a good Index, and you have a book that is well worth \$1.95, even if it means skipping two indifferent overpriced lunches in your local golden spoon.

George **Bain's Champagne Is For Breakfast** is similarly a love-story. And again the revelation of a passion that is still considered shameful in Waspy Canada, the love of wine. His erudite and lucid dissertations on the great wines of the world, blatantly based on Personal experience, should confirm his reputation as the Don Juan of Canadian drinking. Unfortunately, it is far more difficult to be a practicing wine-lover in Canada than to be a food-lover. As **Bain** acidly points out, our provincial liquor boards serve with varying efficacy as defenders of temperance rather than as procurers of bibulous bliss. By enduring the bureaucratic agony of having your liquor board import them specially for you, it is possible to lay your lips on most of the wines he so lovingly discusses and recommends. Those of us without the fortitude or the money to do that must put up with the Canadian wines **Bain** so justly despises or with the Inadequate and overtaxed liquor-board Imports he so justly criticizes.

Adelaide Daniels Weight Watching Cookery is for those gourmets who have degenerated into gourmands. It is brisk, efficiently laid-out and well-

intentioned, but for the passion of the other-two-books it substitutes a bright determination to eat wisely rather than well. If you have a weight problem that is making your eating and drinking guilty pleasures, this book may be your salvation. But the true gourmet will be repelled by all the substitute and frozen ingredients. **Adelaide Daniels** recommends in her recipes; the true drinker will retreat, appalled, from her initial section on non-alcoholic drink substitutes. □ VC

END OF A DREAM WORLD

FORMENTERA

ROY MACSKIMMING

new press

paper \$2.95, cloth \$7.95; 187 pages.

THANKS TO Clifford Irving, the Spanish island of Ibiza has had saturation coverage. The average newspaper reader knows as much about the expatriates on Ibiza as he does about the residents of his neighbouring province. The press has provided a Package of general distaste for the poseurs, the hangers-on and Franco's Guardia Civil. It took a very good writer to set a novel on Ibiza's similarly co-opted neighbour, Formentera, and make it as fresh and deep as Roy MacSkimming has done.

Experimental novels dominate the literary scene. Many of them require companion volumes of explanation; otherwise a reader might not know what effect the novel was supposed to have had on him. MacSkimming took a chance, writing a novel in intelligible and even beautiful prose. His writing is as sensual as his characters, yet does not hot overplay any scene, even ones so repeatedly thrown into contemporary novels as hash parties and seductions, to the point of pathos. He has rescued fiction from the literary mathematicians and the self-consciously cool.

The events on Formentera and Ibiza are presented through the eyes of two

young Canadians, John and Bruce, and two women, Deirdre and Sylvie. The technique is similar to Malcolm Lowry's in *Under the Volcano*; much of what happens, goes on in the silent reflections of the four main characters. Unlike Lowry, MacSkimming has managed to create an island full of real people, behaving very differently within separate personalities.

John and Bruce share a house on the Island. John rescued Bruce from a lonely hotel mom on the mainland and introduced him to some excitement and other people. But John is almost too successful, he lives with women Bruce can only dream of and that creates, jealousy which threatens to destroy their friendship. As they try to grow up to and over that barrier, a new threat is imposed on their idyllic retreat.

The destruction of the dream, The Age of Aquarius and of the Island. Formentera, comes about through the arrival of the hippies, striving toward mindlessness. John had lived fraternally with the natives, even the least tolerant. The newer arrivals want to be tolerated, yet the way in which they flaunt their drugs and their life-style in the faces of the conservative Spaniards amounts to studied effort not to understand them. When lights were seen off the coast for several nights, there was a lot of talk about flying saucers. "Then Sally was in town one day and explained about the night fishing, how sometimes the fishermen go out looking for octopus and eel, spearing them by the light of lamps hung from long poles, mid the guy with the huge afro and expensive leather vest said, Yeah, man, but how do you explain that crater on the moon? It's exactly the same shape as Formentera." And so with ignorance and irresponsibility, the newcomers eventually bring a violent climax to life on the Island.

Despite Roy MacSkimming's observations on the breakdown of a generation, *Formentera* is not an attempt to chronicle a contemporary phenomenon. The theme of the novel is a larger one: the struggle of an individual in any era and place to create a life and purpose for himself amidst a mass consciousness. Roy MacSkimming has handled all that with originality; *Formentera* deserves to be a best seller. 0 EFB

THE BREEZE & THE THUNDERSTORM

MIKE: Memoirs, Volume I

LESTER B. PEARSON
University of Toronto Press; cloth \$12.50; illustrated; 301 pages

THOSE THINGS WE TREASURE

JOHN G. DIEFENBAKER
Macmillan; paper \$1.50; 170 pages

reviewed by Philip Sykes

If Lester is my name, Mike is what I am usually called. . . . My Squadron Commander felt that Lester was no name for an aspiring fighter pilot and decided to call me Mike. It stuck, and I was glad to lose Lester. . . .

THIS IS THE **tone** of the Pearson memoirs and it is a pleasing one. It is the right tone for recounting the conspiracy **surrounding** the dog **Corky**, mascot of a Toronto regiment. **Corky**, an Aberdeen terrier, was heartlessly impounded at **Basingstoke** under British quarantine regulations, with serious effects on **regimental** morale.

Pearson, wartime High Commissioner in London, **relates** an elaborate combined operation by two of the **regiment's** sexiest private soldiers, the "comely lasses" of the Women's Land Army in charge of the Basingstoke pound (comely? One **wonders** if Pearson ever saw a land girl) and an Aberdeen that could **pass** for **Corky's** twin. The combined operation succeeded. And Pearson adds: "It may have been the most perfectly conducted operation of the war."

Years later, ambassador in **Washington**, he had to settle the **even** more **delicate** affair of James, "the stately and alcoholic embassy butler, of whom Pearson had written in his diary: "I don't mind his laying out my dinner clothes . . . but if he continues to **call** me 'Your Excellency,' he goes!"

There are many such enjoyments. Through the years that took him from an **Ontario** parsonage to the highest posts in the foreign service, Pearson presents Pearson **as** a Canadian boy of **disarming** fallibility. It was to become a stock pose, so much so that the reader who remembers Pearson only

as the political leader of the 10th decade receives this early picture with flashes of recognition. The modest, hedonism of the rising diplomat anticipates the mature folly of the beleaguered prime minister watching baseball games. At **least** he wasn't stuffy.

The memoirs are understated. Pearson was, after all, a highly professional diplomat, **working** smoothly through the best connections in Ottawa, the U.S., the Commonwealth and the UN. But he prefers to **sketch himself** as a **comfy** middle-class homebody **unaccountably** strayed into the corridors of power.

Pearson's diaries suggest a lively observer (writing freshly of personalities and **scenes** in the **League** of Nations, wartime London, San Francisco and **Washington**) but an **unexciting** thinker. There **are** sparks of the **peacemaker's ardour** — we survived the Depression, he writes, "**not** so much by radical new deals but by the old dirty deal of **war** and preparation for war" — but few indications of prescience. These are especially **rare** on Canadian politics, which must often have bored him. Deciding to serve as **External Affairs Minister** in Louis St. Laurent's Liberal government, Pearson adopts a less than extravagant partisanship: "There was, **no** difficulty for me in accepting the general **principles** and policies of the party."

For an insider in the structures of government, it was perhaps **commitment** enough. Commitment of the **populist** kind was to become the **property** of Pearson's rival for top

billing through the 10th decade . . . John Diefenbaker.

A new selection of his speeches is out, like a hot counterblast to Pearson's amused account of life with the elite. Perhaps the best speech is the old chief's celebration of the Supreme Court's 1970 decision to upset the conviction under the Indian Act of Joseph Drybones, a **Dogrib** who went to sleep in a **Yellowknife bar**. The conviction, possible only against an Indian, was upset because it **contravened Diefenbaker's** Canadian Big of Bights.

These books, the one of beguiling memories and the one of indignant rhetoric, cast oblique light on the necessary **continuing conflict** in Canada **between** the managers and the **libertarians**. The **conflict remains** necessary because the managers who **succeeded** Pearson's generation have not made government conspicuously more **generous** or more humane. □

PHILIP SYKES, formerly an editor of *Maclean's* magazine, is currently a feature writer with the *Toronto Star*.

PRO AND CON

A BOOK ABOUT BILLIE

BILLIE MILLER
with DA VID HEL WIG
Oberon
paper \$295. cloth \$5.95; 168 pages

reviewed by Penny Johnston

THE FIRST question I would like to ask David Helwig on reading this book is: Do you feel justified in encouraging **Billie Miller** and for what reasons? If they are therapeutic, should this extend to authorship?

Billie Miller, 37, junkie, now wanted for parole violation, has been a guest of such institutions as the Ontario Training School and **Burwash, Kingston and Millbrook penitentiaries**. He approached **David Helwig**, who was **giving**

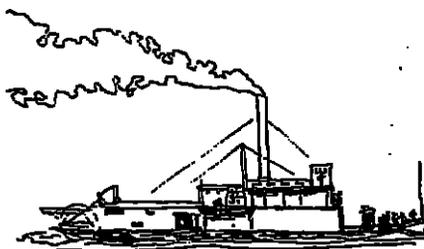
an informal literature class to inmates of Collins Bay Penitentiary, saying that he wanted to write a book. In the comments inserted between the chapters of Billie's narration, Helwig often refers to Billie's fantasies. I think that this whole book was just another ego-trip for Miller.

Billie's conversation reminds me a little of the dialogue running through Joan Butler's *Cabbagetown Diary*. But that was much more detailed and more descriptive. Prison stories can be fascinating if they have at least one of three ingredients — tongue-in-cheek humour, the colour and drama of the good eyewitness, or at least some emotional depth. This account just skimmed these essentials.

From the psychological viewpoint, Billie Miller's life story may be interesting. For despite everything, he still pushes drugs and uses them himself. Whenever he does come out of jail, it is not long before he gets busted again. In one case he stayed free for only 17 days. As he himself says, "So I took it easy for about two or three weeks and then I started in again. The same old grind."

He makes this most incredible statement in Chapter One: "I've always tried to climb to the top no matter what I've done, I could manipulate people because people started to depend on me. .. I could get pretty well what I wanted except my freedom." The survival instinct may be very strong in Billie Miller, but little else is. There is tremendous emotional immaturity about all his games with the law. He mentions a number of beatings administered to him by the RCMP and the police. One should feel outrage and anger at such injustices. But instead, one feels, despite oneself, that he got what he deserved. □

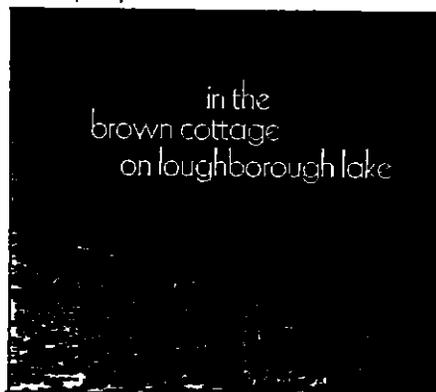
PENNY JOHNSTON is a part-time teacher and freelance writer who lives in Toronto.



In the Brown Cottage on Loughborough Lake

A long poem by JOAN FINNIGAN illustrated page by page with sensitive photographs by Erik Christensen (of the *Globe and Mail*, Toronto) which beautifully complement the idyllic, introspective mood of the poem. Joan Finnigan's script for the National Film Board feature; *THE BEST DAMN FIDDLER FROM CALABOGIE TO TO KALADAR*, won a Canadian film award. The poem was broadcast on CBC radio's *ANTHOLOGY*.

Hard cover, with dust jacket: \$6.25



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ILL-FITTING TRIBUTE

THE ART OF ALEX COLVILLE

HELEN J. DOW

McGraw-Hill Ryerson; cloth \$27.95; illustrated; 231 pages

reviewed by *David Slicox*

THIS BOOK should be a superb one, but it isn't. It is about one of Canada's finest men and one of our leading artists. Colville's work is in the realist tradition, and therefore has the potential of wide and general appeal. Yet the book fails, sadly, on at least three counts.

Firstly, it amounts almost to a complete catalogue raisonné of Colville's work: so far, and therefore catalogue and reproduction of the works is of prime importance. A few working drawings and paintings are omitted that would have completed the scholar-

ly task, but that wasn't the aim of the book. The reproductions, however, are very badly done indeed. They make it virtually impossible to appreciate the genuine power of Colville's work, and indeed the misregistration of the images, the changes in colour and the disregard for scale in the lay-out, all conspire to diminish the artist's real stature.

Secondly, the text is, literally, unbelievable. The author tells us that the book was 11 years in the making, but not that it was rejected by a number of publishers. Their reasons

seem dear. Ms. Dow mites as though trying to prove that she studied art history rather than trying to lead us into some of the more intricate and substantial characteristics of Colville's work.

We are given references to art of the past and present, to various philosophers and critics and to statements by the artist himself. The author conjures, unconvincingly, with the names of Seurat, Van Gogh, Manet and Van Eyck, but two very palpable influences on Colville are not discussed at all. Vermeer is not even mentioned (Col-

ville thinks he is possibly the greatest artist ever to have lived), and Wyeth is dismissed as a romantic Johnny-come lately. A picture of a boy greeting his dog as a school bus pulls away is described as paralleling a Freudian idea where "the bus represents reality and the dog the pleasure principle."

Take, for example, this sentence about the famous *Horse and Train* . . .

Nevertheless, within the limitations of his human capacity, creation is the proper function of man, what he is destined to perform, just as galloping at full speed is the proper activity of the horse.

... and its footnote:

Lincoln Kirstein misinterpreted the printing *Horse and Train* in an article entitled "Alex Colville," *Canadian Art*, Vol. XV, No. 3 August, 1958, p. 218, when he said that the artist represented "a mad horse" and "a mad train." Similarly erroneous are interpretations such as that of Paddy O'Brien in an article on "Surrealism," *Canadian Art*, Vol. XX, No. 6 November-December, 1963, p. 350, which regards this subject as purely fantastic. On the night of June 30, 1958, for example, the author was aboard the beautifully-appointed C.P.R. train, "The Canadian," when slightly east of Swift Current, Saskatchewan, its engine was attacked head-on and badly wrecked by a charging bull.

What Kirstein wrote in fact was: "The haunting pathos of his railroad-trains and tracks, a mad horse, a mad engine . . . remain in the memory."

And what O'Brien wrote was: "There is a certain sense of shock, but it comes from the imagination completing the painted action, or following (what is almost the illustration of a dream) to its logical conclusion (which is real disaster), not necessarily from the unusual aspect of the dream itself?"

Ms. Dow would have us believe, in the end, that Colville is the greatest painter since the Renaissance. Cezanne fails, but Colville succeeds. Seurat sought "the eternal quality in vain," but Colville found it. Colville emulates Van Gogh, but is more refined and precise. The denigration of others is unnecessary and only creates disbelief in the author's judgment.

Finally the introduction by Lincoln Kirstein, the ballet critic, could have added an informal and civilized note, but he too prefers to launch into the excesses of abstraction and drugs rather than extol the virtues of the artist.

Colville's preoccupation with death, with the fleetingness of crucial ex-

perience and with an underlying sense of the sinister, gives great resonance to his work. This is what needs to be dealt with and isn't. The author has used her PhD, but &her eyes.

Colville is at heart a primitive in the tradition of Rousseau. His images are powerful and they haunt the mind. But the execution, the drawing, is not "real" in the anatomical or structural sense in which illusion is normally portrayed, Colville's "real" is of a different, cruder order and tries to achieve a different end. He himself doesn't want to know where his images come from.

Colville deserves a serious study, but it is still to come. □

DAVID SILCOX, formerly of the Canada Council, is Associate Dean of Fine Arts at York University.

THE FACTS WITHOUT THE FANCY

THE STREETS OF ASKELON

TONY ASPLER
Collins/Secker
cloth \$7.95; 200 pages

reviewed by Richard Lubbock

OF THE ADVICE commonly given to aspiring writers, the most destructive is that they should begin by writing from their own personal experience. Underlying this admonition is a cultural tradition that refuses to concede the limitless creative properties of language.

The purpose of the verbal arts is to construct a novel experience, which is not founded upon reality, and which exists solely in the linguistic mode.

The sure mark of the accomplished writer is his ability to call up an original universe out of nothing, and impart the very feeling of it to the reader. This imaginary new experience may be quite unlike anything that has actually befallen either the writer or his audience. The gifted writer succeeds

because he is aware that language unaided can create reality.

Events in the literary mode of being, though insubstantial, are by no means inconsequential. They are able to change the perceptions of their audiences, and therefore their influence can lead to real reorderings of the "actual" world of physical processes.

Until recently it has been fashionable to decry the generative powers of language. Only since Noam Chomsky's rise to prominence has the creative force of The Word been taken seriously again in logical and scientific circles.

But your born writer has never been bamboozled by trendy logico-philosophical tractators. He has always known, to borrow Kipling's phrase, that he can cause words to walk up and down in the hearts of men. It is rare to find this ability fully developed in a writer, but English literature has recently been honoured by two such extraordinary vatic presences: Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan.

The Streets of *Askelon* by the Journalist Tony Aspler, recounts the misadventures of a Behan/Thomas-like creative spirit during a disastrous tour of Montreal.

I regret to report that, whatever Mr. Aspler's innate abilities may be, he lacks the confidence to create an imaginative structure out of nothing. Instead, he timidly relies on his experience, which inevitably is inadequate.

No writer's library of first-hand experience can ever be well enough stocked to achieve a major literary goal, such as the incarnation of the feelings in and around a Behan-type figure at a time of crisis. Mr. Aspler can never synthesize such feelings, no matter how frequently he shuffles his pack of memories. It is not enough to reshuffle the pack. The true writer must boldly design brand-new cards, and introduce whole new suits to the literary deck.

The Streets of *Askelon* doesn't convey the least assurance that Aspler knows, or can imagine what it's like to spend time in the presence of such a personage as the hero of the book, Bart O'Shea.

Bart O'Shea and his brothers in real time are essentially large and embarrassing chunks of the Life Force, who will insist on bouncing into your bar

or living room with all the friendly, puppy-like eagerness of a thousand-megawatt sample of ball lightning.

They sputter with whimsical **refulgence**, and whether they explode, destroying the **parlour**, or whether they wink out into unconsciousness, **only** to reignite the next day, **charmingly** apologetic, they are, you must understand, in touch with the gods, unpredictable and unprincipled.

The author of *The Streets of Askelon* doesn't seem to know **this**. And his imagination doesn't attain a **voltage** high **enough** to simulate a **personality** as powerful as **Behan** or **Thomas**.

Bart O'Shea never comes to life. The Streets of Askelon remain barren and **uninhabited** right to the last page. And this is **largely** because Mr. **Aspler's** confidence in words and imagination has been sapped by the **prejudices** and **superstitions of our** culture. **No wonder** Dylan Thomas and **Brendan Behan** drank themselves to death.'

After all, who can live without booze in a world that gives **rise to** books like *The Streets of Askelon*? □

ALL IN ALL IN AFRICA

YOU CAN'T GET THERE FROM HERE

HUGH HOOD

Oberon

paper \$3.95; 202 pages

reviewed by Pierre Cloutier

ANYONE FLIPPING through the Kellogg and Steele edition of *The Faerie Queene* looks at the introduction's section on allegory, thinks it is one of the most succinct and lucid **pieces** of **writing** on **the** subject and puts it **in** his **hat** for further reference. "In naive allegory:" the man **says**,

the commentary tends to focus upon the idea: in history and reporting it tends to focus upon the event. In all the forms of narrative fiction which lie between these two poles there is a tripartite relationship among idea, fiction, and the actual world that is subject to a more or less legitimate **allegoresis**.

In this sense, most of Hood's work up to now has **been an** allegory of salvation. It can be dealt with more or less **like** **Vittore Carpaccio's** *St. George Slaying the Dragon*. It has the cryptic, initiatory quality of a **mystère littéraire** which marks the disparity between verbal instrument and **mystical** object. It has its sacred names and numbers like the **work** of a **Renaissance** humanist.

The beauty of it is **that although** it is a **Christian** mystery of the modern age, its poetic theology is expressed in a remarkably concrete idiom because it does read like history and reporting. **Well**, name me **another** **Canadian** writer who masters the technical vocabulary of painting, price theory, **marketing**, politics and **management**, film editing, electronics and who can use these in a number of contextual **styles** ranging from high seriousness to camp.

His latest book, *You Can't Get There from Here* is a political novel, an experiment in the **allegory** of **damnation** and a statement on the tripartite relationship among idea, **fiction** and the actual world. Literally, it describes **Leofrican** independence nipped in the bud by **American** and Russian undercover work. He does think of it as a precautionary tale for **René Lévesque** and that may or may not be the book's **tropological** level of **meaning**. Then, its sacred numbers are 3, **10** and 20 since it's a triptych whose three main **parts** are segmented in 10, 20 and 10 subdivisions 'respectively. It can be spoken of in terms of **allegoresis** because, as Hood says, **Interfoods** is a dreadful parody of the injunction to clothe the naked and feed the hungry. It is a **mystère littéraire** since it gradually initiates the reader to the mysteries of power **incarnated** by **Amélie de Gaulaincourt** the omnipotent goddess who is always **fiddling** around with her **own** shit and drenching herself in dung, since it speaks of the death of Anthony Jedeb, the man who cannot use power and reaches "'the inner meaning of monotheism.' Finally, it **measures** the gap separating the human from the divine, what is and what should be, and brings the **Canadian** novel very close to sacred text.

Formally speaking, it reminds me of **Callaghan's** *A Passion in Rome* because both books use what I would

call the myth within the myth. In the *Passion*, individual salvation finds its collective and ritual embodiment in the funeral procession of Pius XII, the death and rebirth of the **archetypal** father. Factually speaking, the Pope's death keeps Sam Raymond in Rome long **enough** for him to save Anna. Their relationship is seen in the contextual and **contrapuntal** presence of religious archetype and the novel dramatizes the correlation of the one and the other. In *You Can't Get There from Here* the Ugeti mythology of death and rebirth is exploited and made subservient to the skillful and secretive use of force. Its parody brings about the assassination of Jedeb. Hood **defines** the function of naive allegory in the technological age by demonstrating the **inoperability** of tribal cult as well as of **think tanks** and **computerized** scenarios. **What does** make the **world** tick in **this** book is violence, **the crude tautology of power** according to which a **fact is a fact is a fact**. "You're no use to me if you're no use to me:" said the minister to Roger **Talbot** in *A Game of Touch*. Strictly patterned crossfire sends Jedeb to the bottom of the Ugeti. Hard facts. **No more** ideas in things.

It has been said that this novel is disparate and I don't think it is. Hood has a highly educated mind and a memory like Thomas **Wolfe's**. Admittedly his problem is not **putting** it all **in**; it's selectivity, and I found that an **earlier** work like *The Camera Always Lies* had a **digressive** talky-talky **quality** which **his** best **writing** never has.

But this is something else entirely. If **you** think of *You Can't Get There from Here* as an illegitimate mixture going **from farce to dismemberment** remember that books in which metaphor is **mystery** are large things that



grow into verbal cathedrals. **Mystagagic** writing is **always** The Book, the encyclopedic reconciliation of all **in** all. Any writer working on that scale will come up with a big mixed **genre, which is not such** a bad thing to have **in** a big, big country. □

PIERRE CLOUTIER, a writer with a major interest in comparative literature, teaches at the University of Montreal.

THE JOKE IS us

CHARLIE FARQUHARSON'S HISTORY OF CANADA

DON HARRON

McGraw-Hill Ryerson
illustrated; cloth \$5.95; 132 pages

STILL A NICOL: The Best of Eric Nicol

ERIC NICOL

McGraw-Hill Ryerson
cloth \$8.95; 248 pages

MY LIFE AS A ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

STUART TRUEMAN

McClelland and Stewart
illustrated; cloth \$5.95; 128 pages

NORTHERN BLIGHTS

MARY GEGGIE & PETER WHALLEY

illustrated by Peter Whalley

Upbank Press
paper \$3.50; 52 pages

NEWFIE JOKES and NEW NEWFIE JOKES

BOB TULK

illustrated by Derm Duggan
P.O. Box 1137, Mount Pearl, Nfld.
paper \$1.50 each; both 82 pages

reviewed by *Douglas Marshall*

THESE ARE GRIM times for **humour**. The funniest contemporary show on television is built **around** a pompous **Cro-Magnon-browed** bigot. The funniest current films **fumble indecently** among the **lacey** undergarments of **fetishism** and perversion, groping for coarse and **hairy** jokes about transvestite lumberjacks, queer Upper-Class Twits and mammoth **rampaging** tits. The funniest

magazines **savagely picture** **George Wallace** as a **drooling** cannibal **who fries his** blacks until they're "**finger-lickin' good**" and delight **in calling British cabinet ministers "dirty little pooves."** AU **in all**, we're living in a "age that's funny peculiar..

Small wonder, then, that our good, clean, conventional, Canadian **humourists** — those heroic **veterans** of a lost cause who wear their **Leacock** Award medals like Victoria Crosses — have been driven **rather** desperately back into the **past** in search of light relief. Tomorrow will be bleak, today is **confusing**, but yesterday ... ah, **yesterday** was just a barrel of laughs. How **come** Canadians have never developed a "a-tional sense of **humour**? You've **missed** the point of the **joke**. The point is Canada *is* the joke.

"Very little is known about the War of 1812," **writes** Eric Nicol, "because the **Americans** lost it. . . **The** U.S. expeditionary force sent to liberate **Canada** found that **the Canadians** could

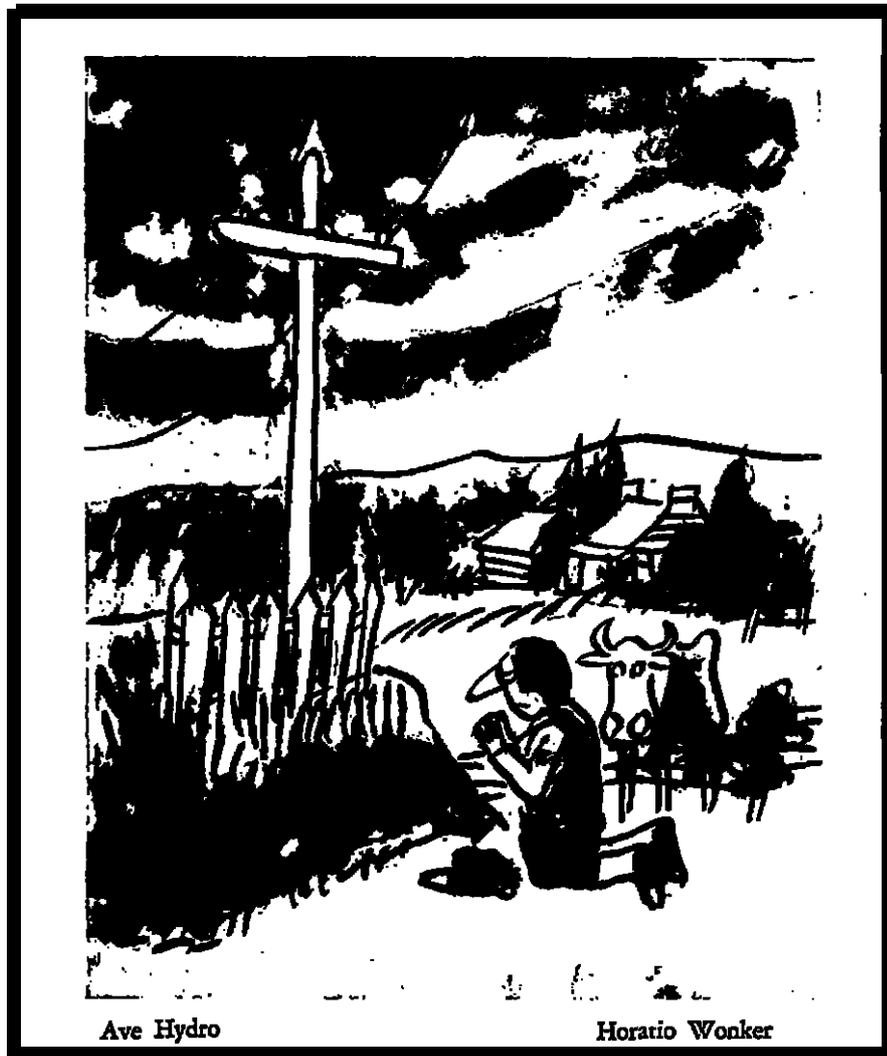
march backward eve" faster than they could march forward. Retreat was their strongest weapon. They finally retreated the **Americans** right 'into the ground."

The description of "**Yer Evasion from Yer Ewass**" by Don **Harron's** Charlie **Farquharson** **fleshes** out the war **in** somewhat more detail:

Well sir, General I. Sick Brock he **just** waited **in yer** am-bushes till them **Yanks** got to the **Hite** of yer **Queen**son hard by **yer Hydro**. Then-he **let** them have it **right in yer rear-guard** and beat the retreat **offa** them. Sad to say he got **hissself** nicked in the **fracass** when a **bullit** bounced offa **Rick O'Shay** and gave our **General** the **rigger's** morse.

And so on, without mercy, until the **Rube-iyat** is **milked** dry and **the last** pun is **Parry Sounded**.

The Ur text for **this** sort of drivel is, of course, **1066 And All That**, fit published in 1931 (those were grim times, too). The events of 1812 aren't mentioned in 1066 because, as you'll **remember**, the revolutionary was "was a Good **Thing** in the end, as it was a



Ave Hydro

Horatio Wonker

— from *Northern Blights*

cause of the British Empire, but it prevented the Americans from having any more History." Unfortunately, "it didn't prevent *Charlie Farquharson's History*, which takes some fairly rich comic material and stretches it toilet-paper thin. Whereas 1066 can be relied on for an occasional *Punch* line ("Shortly after, this cruel Queen [Broody Mary] died and a post-mortem examination revealed the word 'Callous' engraved on her heart"), *Harron* invariably opts for the leer. On the origins of the universe:

Now there you have yer two different theces to play with. You can b'leeve in yer solid state if you like, but the wife and myself is kinda parshul to yer Big Bang.

Harron at least is reinventing the past. *Nicol* and *Stuart Trueman* are merely republishing it. Some of the pieces in these collections go back 20 or 30 years. Never more than macarons even when fresh (white of ego mixed with whimsical sugar and sprinkled with nutty news items), they tend to taste like attic cobwebs today. Here, they lie: references to Fred Allen and

Robert *Donat*; tales about English plumbing and *Paris traffic*; anecdotes about neighbours' dogs and women drivers and long-ago holidays and all the other hilarious everyday adventures most of us have learned not to bore our friends with. *Nicol's reThurberations* on sex are often so innocently sexist as to be refreshing; *Trueman* on the disappearing den (it always becomes a sewing room) prows that he can sometimes rise above contrivance. But the subtitle for both these books should have been "Excuse my dust." That, however, would have required wit.

Wit, together with a healthy irreverence, are joyously present in *Northern Blights*, which tells "more than anyone needs to know about Canadian poetry and painting" and was published "without the sponsorship or support of The Canada Council, Opportunities for Youth . . . The National Design Council . . . The Canadian Saltfish Corporation . . ." and dozens of other culture-fertilizing institutions. 'Good parody is difficult to bring off. The

reader must be familiar with the works of *Scurving Blayton* (remember his *Coin of the Groin*?) to appreciate "A Poet's Non-Object Plea to the Canada Council":

*I have some backing
I have to get away from sumacs,
maples,
and slip Cinzano
while a mistress smacks
me
by the Bay
Of Naples.*

There are some sophomoric lapses, but chiefly *Northern Blights cheers* because of its defiant assertion that we are intelligent and literate enough to laugh at our present selves, a* well as past shades. Ostensibly, the Newfoundland-published *Newfie* joke books make the same assertion. A sample:

A n Italian is called a "wop," a Frenchman a "frog," all black people "niggers," so calling a Newfoundlander a "Newfie" Isn't so bad after all. is it?

Apparently these books have enjoyed phenomenal sales, mainly in Newfoundland. When Canadian humour gets that prim, it's clearly time to appoint a Royal Commission on Taste. □

THE AGE OF REMBRANDT AND VERMEER



The paintings of the three giants of seventeenth century Dutch art — Rembrandt, Hals, and Vermeer — are brought together with the finest works of the "Little Masters" in THE AGE OF REMBRANDT AND VERMEER, a handsome new book by the English art historian J. M. Nash. Lavishly illustrated with 132 black and white photos and 46 full-color plates. 528.75

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Published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston

SUDDEN DEATH PLAY-OFF

reviewed by Stan Obodiac

THE DEATH OF HOCKEY

BRUCE KIDD &
JOHN MACFARLANE

new press
cloth \$5.95; 165 pages

reviewed by Jack Hutchinson

THE TITLE of this book is most unpalatable, ludicrous in fact, particularly since its authors, Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane, have never played the game at any significant level.

What makes it so ludicrous is the fact that hockey is at this moment at a triumphant stage. The NHL has expanded to 16 teams and the new league of the WHA with 12 teams has been created. On the world stage we have witnessed the magnificent spectacle of Canada playing in Russia, Czechoslovakia and Sweden. In fact the whole world is embracing this exciting, ever-expanding sport.

The chief hypocrisy of the book is that while Kidd and Macfarlane deride NHL owners for making money out of hockey, they themselves have written this book (about hockey) to make money.

However, there are occasional merits in the book. In the very first chapter they have written a paragraph on hockey which is beautifully evocative. It is splendid.

They write, 'Hockey is the Canadian metaphor, the rink a symbol of this country's vast stretches of water and wilderness, its extremes of climate, the player a symbol of our struggle to civilize such a land. Some people call it our national religion... hockey captures the essence of the Canadian experience in the New World. In a land so inescapably and inhospitably cold, hockey is the dance of life, an affirmation that despite the deathly chill of winter we are alive.'

There are also some other magnificent references to the game by such Canadian literati as Al Purdy, Joan Finnigan, Hugh Hood, Morley Callaghan, Bruce Hutchinson.

There are errors in the book, those seen on the pages and of course many expostulations of attack which are built on inaccurate appraisals of the game. As an example, televised hockey started in 1952, not 1954. In their attempt to belittle the population of American franchise cities, the populous environs

are never considered. Is it fair to say that hockey players have not benefitted from the game? And immeasurably so? Kidd and Macfarlane make quite a case of Wayne Carleton of Peterborough not joining Canada's national team.. . only thing the matter is that Carleton never played for Peterborough. When such a strong point is made on an inaccuracy, some of the validity is lost. Financial page experts also tell me that 100 shares of Gardens' stock bought in 1936 is not worth \$18,750 now, but around \$60,000. To call Imperial Oil's Power player promotion of last year a vulgarity is abysmally ignorant. It was an inspired scheme and great for hockey.

Then to devote an entire chapter on how the sports writers are hacks of the hockey establishment is arrant nonsense. In the 10 years I have been in charge of the press box at the Gardens, I have never known a single writer 100% behind every Gardens' statement! I also think that this type of statement is an insult to Canada's fine hockey reporters, who I consider amongst Canada's best writers on any subject.

There may be other relevant things such as condemning the fact that out of 51 pro teams there are only six in Canada — but this is a much over-worked subject.

Kidd and Macfarlane claim to have a love affair with hockey. This is a peculiar claim when they are really trying to beat hockey to death.

Death of hockey? No. the LIFE of Canada! □

STAN OBODIAC is press officer at
Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto.

Have you done the
Readers' Survey?

THIS BOOK is dedicated to "the rightful owners of hockey, the Canadian people: as if the game were really some exclusively Canadian property, like the Peace Tower in Ottawa — which it isn't and hasn't been for more than 50 years — and as if the survival of hockey, as it was once played in our dim but glorious past before the emergence of the NHL, were absolutely vital to the survival of Canada as a nation.

Sure, a great many Canadians can become very emotional about hockey. The Russian series proved that. But coolly considered, hockey is only a game that happened to be invented in Canada — by British soldiers, if popular folklore is to be trusted — and games just do not belong exclusively to any one nation or people if they are any good..

Games — even Canadian games — belong to whoever wants to play them or watch them. We didn't "sell our game cheap" to the Americans, as Bruce Kidd and John Macfarlane would have us believe, any more than we allowed the Russians to "steal our game" from us. Such phrases are the clichés of hack journalism. Did the Japanese and the Latin Americans "steal" baseball from the United States, and did the rest of the world "steal" soccer from the British? Of course not.

Now Kidd and Macfarlane obviously know that the basic premise of their book is false. Canadians have never really "owned" hockey. But to pretend that we once did is to add a new dimension to the real and imaginary errors, crimes and sins perpetrated by the greedy NHL moguls. Everything wrong with hockey in Canada is their fault. And suddenly they are more than unpleasant and avaricious men — they are enemies of Canada.

The trouble with the journalistic overkill in *The Death of Hockey* is that it is irritating, rather than convincing. Shock tactics, such as those employed by Kidd and Macfarlane, finally become only silly. These writers

should try telling Bobby Orr and other rich young men that "turning hockey from a game into a business has benefited neither the fans, the players, nor the game itself." Even the title of their book is suspect in view of the NHL's successful expansion, the bid of the WHA, the doubling and tripling of players' salaries, and the rocketing interest in and growth of hockey in Europe and other parts of the world. Shouldn't Canadians be pleased that hockey has at last caught on in so many other countries? Or should we wrap ourselves in our Maple Leaf flags, like Kidd and Macfarlane, and whine? It is hard to share their apparently sincere belief that the future of hockey in Canada almost equals the future of Canada.

Kidd and Macfarlane to the contrary, hockey is still alive in Canada. We can still play the game or watch it at any number of levels if we wish. As far as the NHL's particular brand of hockey entertainment is concerned, we are only consumers, not owners, but at least we have some options. We can buy the NHL's watered-down product or we can refuse it. We can also seek alternatives. The alternative proposed by Kidd and Macfarlane is a 24-team Canadian professional league stretching from coast to coast. Even in the midst of so much other nationalistic nonsense, this immodest proposal stands out. Kidd and Macfarlane are extraordinarily optimistic about what their mammoth minor league might accomplish; but they don't even bother to discuss the question of its financing, whether Canadians would want such a league, or whether they would support it. We are left to presume that at least some of the money would have to come from the federal government if their players are going to be paid from 525,000 to \$30,000 a year. But in that case, my fellow taxpayers, where would our options lie?

To adopt Mark Twain, the reports of the death of hockey seem very much exaggerated. □

JACK HUTCHINSON is a Westerner of many sports and skills, including professional football, hockey, broadcasting, acting, and writing. He now lives in Toronto.

OUR COMMON CLAY

PORTNEUF POTTERY and other early wares

R. W. FINLAYSON

Longman

cloth \$24.95; illustrated; 134 pages

reviewed by Penelope Lorimer

WHAT IS Portneuf pottery? Mr. Finlayson convincingly puts forth his theory that Portneuf pottery is modest, functional, export crockery produced by several small potteries in the Glasgow and Edinburgh areas of Scotland, and the Staffordshire area of England, rather than produced by a Canadian pottery. It was made in the years between 1840 and 1915 and received the name Portneuf from a small village on



the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, 30 miles west of Quebec City, in the belief it had been made there.

The pottery itself is not important as an expression of technique or design, but as coarse tableware, kitchen and toiletware made for the settlers' log

cabins. The few remaining pieces have survived the normal breakage of at least 150 years, as well as the fires that so often consumed these log houses.

The Quebec View Series of pottery exported to the Thomas Company of Quebec City bears popular scenes of the late 19th century such as Montmorency and Niagara Falls. Descriptions of this crockery seemed ponderous in part, but as Finlayson progresses to the patterned ware, the briefer, livelier explanations caught my enthusiasm. These colourful patterns were done with the cut stem of a sponge and used as a block, in the manner of a potato print. As a potter I was drawn to the good honest bowls, then led by the author through the intricacies of pattern and place, and emerged smitten by the disease "to identify." He continues with the eagerness of an avid collector and carried me with him to pick out the most interesting designs. These appear when the craftsman had a flurry of originality such as lettering the name JUMBO under the childlike drawing of an elephant.

It is well that the Canada Council, when giving aid for the printing, should have suggested it be in both French and English because most of the crockery has been unearthed in Quebec. Perhaps this will pull more unique Portneuf pottery from forgotten cupboard boards.

The many excellent photographs give vivid meaning to the book. However, I had to hunt through the preface to find the one obscure acknowledgment of the photographer, Leighton Warren of the Royal Ontario Museum.

Finlayson ends with a plea for a National Ceramic Museum. To see a panorama of the growth of ceramics in Canada would be a tremendous asset to collectors, craftsmen and the general public. It's to be hoped something concrete can be started.

This book will obviously appeal mainly to collectors of Canadiana because the scope is fairly narrow, but potters should also look to it for a description of some of Canada's fit functional wares. □

PENELOPE LORIMER is a Toronto teacher and a part-time pot-thrower.

CANADA DRY & CANADA WET

HOMESTEADER: A Prairie Boyhood Recalled

JAMES M. MINIFIE

Macmillan; cloth \$9.95; illustrated; 222 pages

BOOZE: The Impact of Whisky on the Prairie West

JAMES H. GRAY

Macmillan; cloth \$7.95; illustrated; 243 pages

"AN OLD FAMILY" in Western Canada means a family that's had its money more than 10 years, or so goes the joke. Like all good jokes, this one is close enough to the truth to remind us of something we too often forget: how recent the history of the Canadian West really is. Few Westerners are more than two or three generations removed from their pioneer ancestors who first settled the Prairies. My own grandmother, for instance, was a young widow with three small children when she took up a homestead near Moose Jaw in 1907, and my aunts can recount detailed and incredible stories of pioneer life for hours on end. But not enough has been written or permanently recorded of the Canadian pioneer experience and the hardships so heroically endured in a harsh and unforgiving new land.

James M. Minifie's *Homesteader* is one of the best accounts we are likely to get of pioneer life on the Canadian Prairies. The book rings true down to the smallest detail. Minifie's father left Shropshire for Canada in 1909. He spent a year working as a hired man and then homesteaded near Vanguard, Saskatchewan, living and working virtually alone until he was finally joined by his wife and sons in the spring of 1912. Minifie has pieced together the story of those three lonely years from conversations with his laconic father, reinforced by later research, and it's this story that is the heart of his remarkable book. But as its sub-title indicates, *Homesteader* is also Minifie's own autobiography of his first 24 years. In the watchful, observant, shy boy with a passion to know about everything, we can see the man who went on to become one of our best-known, most respected, and most liked broadcast journalists.

There was little glamour in the homesteader's life, only backbreaking toil from morning to night, learning by trial and error, constantly fighting the inexorable deadlines imposed by the prairie seasons. It was a life of work and sweat and loneliness, and one question, of course, is why? Minifie says that his father left England and was lured to Canada by his sense of adventure, the promise of free land, and a determination to be his own master. In retrospect there is no doubt that the campaign waged by the Canadian government to populate the West was in fact a giant swindle. Few homesteaders found the freedom, the success or the riches they dreamed of. Life was too hard. And for too many, the Prairies meant only years of desperate labour and ultimate defeat.

But James Minifie is rarely bitter or angry. His book is written with the quiet good humour so familiar to his radio and television audiences. There is a Pig-butcher episode that turns into wild comedy. And there is his father's habit of buying a pint of rye whisky in Vanguard to cheer the long drive back to the farm.

My mother did not approve of this wayside cheer, so when he had finished the bottle my father used to throw the empty flask under the granary. Tracking a wounded gopher under this same granary one day, I discovered a treasury of old containers. I carefully retrieved them all with the garden rake and proudly displayed my discoveries to my mother. It was some little time before I connected this episode with the chill that came over my relations with my father about that time. I guess maybe I was not too bright, or was too innocent, which might be the same thing.

This is a warm and loving book, a tribute not only to Richard Minifie but also to thousands of other home

steads from Britain, Europe and eastern Canada.

James H. Gray's *Booze* is not so warm or personal a book. But like Gray's earlier social histories of the West, it is fascinating reading and a mine of little-known information. If documentation is somewhat sketchy and Gray has had to rely too heavily upon old newspaper files, it is not his fault. He himself writes, "If there are any people who have engaged in a massive conspiracy to bury their past, it is the people of western Canada." Perhaps this is because the past is still so recent. One reason why my grandmother homesteaded was to be near her sister who was married to a wife-beater, but this was never mentioned in our family, nor was old Uncle's fondness for drink, until all of the principals were safely in their graves.

The focus of *Booze* is the period roughly between 1914 and 1924, the decade during which Prohibition ruled the Prairies. But even in those "dry" years there was booze a-plenty, legal and illegal, for those with a thirst, and enough loopholes in the laws to make bootlegging, whisky-running and distilling both relatively safe and profitable — for some, immensely profitable. Among those who grew rich on booze during Prohibition were the Bronfmans, whose holdings now include the vast Seagram empire. What is most incredible about the Bronfman story, as Gray tells it, is the impunity with which they were able to bend and twist, if not actually to break, the liquor laws of the land. There is some question, of course, whether those laws owed their extreme flexibility to accident or design.

Booze dissipates some myths and legends. Gray argues quite convincingly that Prohibition was not a failure. And he is persuasive in his thesis that Prohibition was defeated more by the prairie governments' hunger for additional tax revenue than by the public's thirst.

Sixty years after the "Banish the Bar!" sermon had been sent on its reverberating way across the prairies from a thousand pulpits all that remained in the all-encompassing silence was the fluttering of paper money onto the plates of the governments taking up the collection.

JACK HUTCHINSON

THE LUCKY COIN & OTHER FOLK TALES CANADIANS TELL

LESLIE QUINTON
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$4.95; 126 pages

THIS IS a 'collection of folktales from all around the world. They come from Quebec, India, England and so on. There are 20.

The stories are awfully funny and the characters are funny. The book is really good and it is easy to read. If you ever read it you will like it because it has mystery, adventure and humorous tales. Mostly the stories are about silly people who do something true or right.

It starts off exciting. Usually the books you read you have to get into them deep to really be fascinated by them, but not this one. It stays exciting all the way through.

The notes at the back of the book could help you if you had to do a project. I would recommend this book for nine year olds to adults.

LAURA (9)

REDWULF THE OUTLANDER

HERBERT TAIT
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$5.50; illustrated; 187 pages

THIS is a story based on fact. It centres on the people of Wessex and the attacks on them by the Vikings. A strong, proud and brutal nation of warriors. Wessex was one country of seven in what is now England.

The main character is Redwulf. He is a Viking lad who preferred the harp over the sword. When he learns that his older half-brother, Stom, wishes to kill him, he is forced to flee his country by boat. During the storm the boat is wrecked on the shores of the Vikings' enemies, the country of Wessex.

Redwulf is accepted by the Folk despite the fact that he is a Viking.

The story revolves around the idea that he is a traitor to his country and fights against his own people in war.

It is clear that the author went to much trouble searching for the right information, and the people and their livelihoods are interestingly portrayed. In spite of its length and the small print, it is an excellent book even if one is not familiar with the 9th century. If one is familiar with that period, then so much the better.

DANIEL (14)

A HORSE FOR RUNNING BUFFALO

MADELINE A. FREEMAN
Van Nostrand Reinhold
paper \$3.95; illustrated; 88 pages

I THOUGHT this well-written adventure story of a Blackfoot Indian boy, Running Buffalo, and his horse, Red Arrow, was well illustrated. Different exciting sub-plots blend into the main theme of yet another Indian boy reaching manhood. The horse race, Buffalo hunt and raid on the Cree camp sounded real. The way the legends of the Blackfoot Indians are interwoven into the chapter on the magic bowl is very well done. Even though this is historic fiction, it really could have happened and the historic details are very well researched. If we compare this with *Ishi*, the story of the last California Indian living in the woods, by Theodora Kroeber, *Ishi* is a more realistic character while also being portrayed more poetically. While I enjoyed this book, I think we need more books about modern Indian children and more that include stories of girls. I would recommend this book for grade 4-6 children.

ANDREW (10)

TO BINGH

Children's books may be written and enjoyed by children. So our review written by children who properly represent unedited opinions will help children

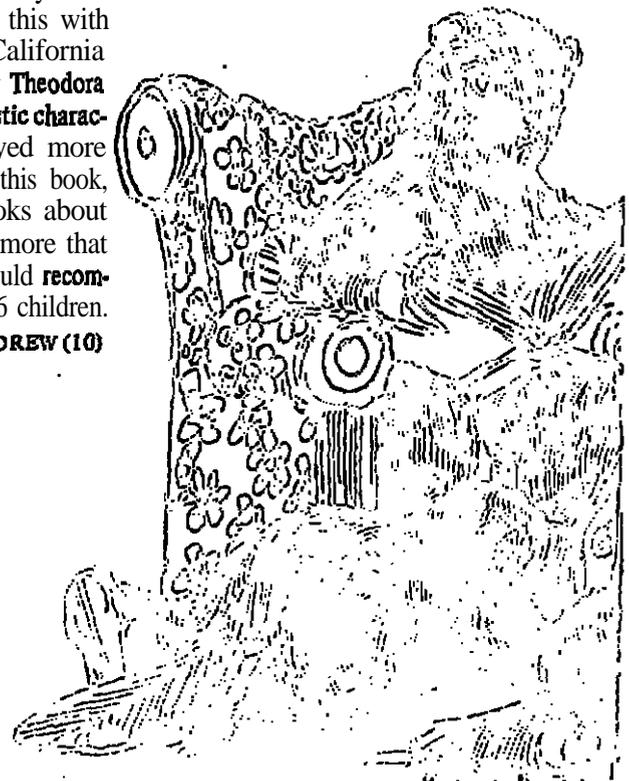
TALES FROM THE IGLOO

Translated & edited by
MA URICE METAYER
Illustrated by AGNES NANOGAK
Hurtig
cloth \$4.95; illustrated; 128 pages

THIS IS a collection of 22 legends told by the Copper Eskimos. Each story has its own tone - humorous, sad, or magical.

The stories show how these Eskimos looked at nature, and particularly animals. In some stories, the animals appear with human qualities such as reason and speech, and they sometimes take human form. The stories also tell about the Eskimos' culture, and the hardness of their life - they are all set in the cold, cold Arctic.

The drawings, by an Eskimo, are very good and capture the spirit and meaning of the text. They are primitive



illustrated by adults, but they are meant to be read for this selection of Canadian books are meant for the intended readers. We hope their parents will read them to them. We hope their parents will read them to them.

in style, and bright in reds, greens, oranges, blues and browns.

This is a quiet but delightful book that children, or anyone for that matter, will enjoy.

ERIN (13)

THE STANLEY SAUCER

MARNIE KLEIN

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$2.50; illustrated; 32 pages

STANLEY IS A turtle who loved hockey. And they named the book because he won the "Stanley Saucer".

Unlike other turtles who enjoy basking in the summer sun, Stanley loves to skate on the frozen rink of Lake Nipissing in February, and to imagine himself playing with his favourite hockey stars. Even in his wildest dreams, however, he never pictures himself actually going to Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, actually meeting

the players, actually seeing a game! And yet that is what actually happens.

It's a great adventure for Stanley. The part I like most is when he went to Toronto and I like it because he got the Stanley Saucer, and because it is very colourful and interesting. I recommend the book for ages 5 to 9.

ROBBIE (10)

FOXY GRANDPA

CHIP YOUNG

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$2.50; illustrated; 58 pages

CAN YOU IMAGINE animals playing hockey? I can, ever since I read *Foxy Grandpa*. Skinny Weasel, Grandpa Groundhog, Rink Rat, Kit Fox, Zipper Mink and Digger Wolverine are, the names of some of the hockey players. Nibbles Mousekin is the referee. The linesmen are two other mice. The play is broadcast by Corny Cm and Gabby Jay, and the game is hilarious!

If you enjoy hockey and have a sense of humour, you should read this story. I enjoyed it thoroughly. I thought the illustrations could have been more cheerful.

DEANA (10)

STORM OAK

ANDREE MAILLET

Scholastic-Tab

paper 65¢; illustrated; 64 pages

THIS BOOK IS about a bored princess named Claradore, who lives in a castle in a meadow. One Day Prince Almafloris comes to the castle, stopping for a night from his travels. Claradore falls in love, and asks advice from the ghost of her aunt on how to keep the prince for herself.

The ghost sends her to climb the Storm Oak tree in the middle of the Wood of Myths and throw herself down from the top. On her way, Claradore meets the Queen of Bees and seven vultures (who are princes in disguise) who keep her from climbing the tree, because it was a trick of the jealous ghost.

Finally Claradore meets Mr. Martin-Balloon, a honey bear, who helps her



catch her prince. So Claradore and Almafloris get married and live happily ever after.

I was bored by this book, because it has lots of hard and funny words, and because at the beginning I got bored reading about the princess being bored. And, you know, princesses in books always get to marry princes — maybe she should have married an ordinary young man. The pictures are good, but they are only in black and white and purple.

MAGGIE (9)

AGOUHANNA

CLAUDE AUBRY

Translated by HARVEY SWADOS

Doubleday

cloth \$4.50; illustrated; 89 pages

BLACK EAGLE, the famous Iroquois chieftain, is getting old with no son to succeed him. So when Agouhanna is born there is great joy in the village. But Agouhanna is different from the other boys. He hates killing, is terrified of blood and darkness and prefers com-

posing stories and poems near **his** mother to playing outside **the** fortress. He must endure the jeers and taunts of the other boys but he sticks to his belief that one can become a man without violence or warfare. Finally **Agouhanna** risks his life to saw his **village** from certain massacre and thus earns for **himself** the respect of his village and hi father.

This is a warm and **beautiful** story. It makes me respect and understand the Indian way of life **more** than ever before. Though this book is **aimed** at **the 10-14** age group, I **think** anybody from 10 up would enjoy it.

SUSAN (13)

TOYS FROM THE SKY

LYN COOK
Clarke Irwin

cloth \$2.95; illustrated; unnumbered pages

THIS BOOK is about two Eskimo children at Christmas. Their names are Chochee and Kodlook. Chochee came to **visit** Kodlook, and Kodlook told Chochee about toys from the sky. They thought the **toys** came from a bid, but really they came from an airplane.

I **liked** this book **because** I like Eskimo stories. The pictures are **very** good because they show what's hap-**pening** (there **is a** picture on each page), I recommend this book for ages four to eight.

DANIEL (8)

THE ROSE OF BAZIZ

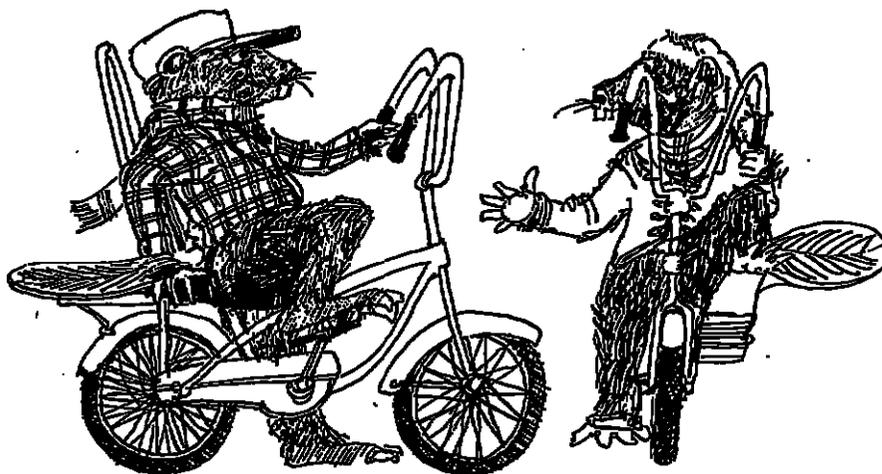
CHIP YOUNG
Clarke Irwin

cloth \$2.95; illustrated; unnumbered pages

THE STORY is about a king who always was sneezing. The royal family was uneasy about it. **So all** the royal doctors were uneasy too,

Once the townspeople found out that the king had "flower fickle fever; they **picked** all the flowers. There **wasn't** a rose left in the land of **Baziz**.

At the end, the land has flowers again. The king leaves the land of **Baziz**



to his son Iz. He went away to a desert because **he knew** that the children liked **playing** among the flowers.

I like the book very much. The pictures are funny especially the dog picture. I think other children would **like** the book too,

JOAN (8)

GUSHEY AND GOOEY AND OTHER STUFF FROM THE KIDS IN NOVA SCOTIA

an-dar-bo

paper \$2.00; illustrated; unnumbered pages

I **LIKED SOME** of **Gushey and Gooley** but some things were boring and seemed **to go on** for ever and ever. I **think** it was a very good i&a to have kids writing ideas and poems but **some** of the ones in the children's hand-writing you just couldn't read.

The book has written work by **schoolchildren** from ages **seven** to 15. There are questions like, What would you do if you were Prime **Minister?** and quite a few kids answered. **The** book has a lot of chasing girls, girls looking for dates, girls **in** bikinis etc. etc.

I think they should have typed out some of the poems they could **plainly** see had messy handwriting. There is part of a story about **Gushey** and Gooley at the beginning and the end. It is the same part. There are also a few poems **copied** over. I think it is quite careless. I **do** not **really** recommend it.

EMMA (10)

ADVENTURES INTO UNKNOWNNS

DA VID T. MACLAGAN

Hurtig

cloth \$4.95; illustrated; 116 pages

THIS BOOK consists of five mystery **stories**. Kent and Brad, two teenage boys, get **mixed** up in **all** sorts of strange adventures; whether it's escaping from a Banshee or **finding** treasure, it still gives you the creeps.

There **are 27** **colourful** illustrations (I do **think Mr. MacLagan** could have been a little neater in drawing some of the people). I really enjoyed this book and I think the stories in it were **very** exciting and original, **although** some **were** more interesting than others.

I recommend this book for kids of **10** to 14 who **like** tingling spines.

JULIET (10)

CASEY OF THE CHRONICLE

EDMUND COSGROVE

Clarke Irwin

cloth \$5.95; 170 pages

SET **IN TORONTO**, this **success story** is about **16-year-old** Kevin Callahan. While highly improbable, this story is suspenseful to read. Kevin gets a summer job at "The Chronicle" as a copy boy, buys himself a camera and becomes interested in photography, de-

veloping the prints in the paper's dark room. The plot thickens. There is strong rivalry between Kevin and the head copy boy and obviously when the head copy boy goofs up, Kevin is promoted. He moves up fast, writes some eye witness reporter stories, becomes well known in the office and is nicknamed Casey. Enter romance. Casey meets a girl through one of his friends and they are often together. When Casey attends the trial of a racketeer as an assistant reporter, he learns vital information — so vital it could put the racketeer behind bars for along time. As the Mafia know this, they have him and his girlfriend kidnaped. While not meant as a vocational guide, this book is very informative about the newspaper business. Recommended for boys and girls age 12-14.

MARC (13)

A DOG NAMED WOLF

ERIK MUNSTERHJELM
Macmillan
cloth \$5.95; 137 pages

I LIKED this book because it was interesting and adventurous and told lots about animals. It wasn't too short and it wasn't too long, and it had lots of excitement and trappers which I like when I read a book. The cover is interesting too and makes it look ad-

venturous, but what I didn't like about it is that it isn't very colourful.

What I liked best about the story is the way that Wolf survived and joined up with a pack of wolves when he was a dog. What I didn't like were some of the words that were used in it. Another thing that I didn't like was the way some of the chapters were started. Right at the beginning of Chapter Three there was the name of a man who had never been spoken of before in the story.

CHRIS (10)

RED, HORSE OF THE WEST

ISOBEL M. REEKIE
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
cloth \$4.95; illustrated; 100 pages

THE BOOK IS about a boy whose name is Donald Anderson and a horse whose name is Red. It is about how Red is stolen and Donald tries to find him. But he thinks Joe Partridge (an Indian boy) stole him. Donald goes to Montana, hoping to find Red, but does find other things.

I like this story because it is exciting, interesting and it is very sad. It is an excellent book.

My favourite part of the book is when Donald finds Red at a picnic. Another part I like is when Donald met his new friend, Dave.

I recommend this book for ages 8 to 12 years.

BRENDA (10)



Canadian Adventure Stories for Young People



Voyage Into Danger by Ted Ashlee
Adventure in the Queen Charlotte Islands

For Jim Ormiston and the motley crew of the SS. Gabriola, a routine trip turns into a whirlwind of intrigue and high adventure in and around the Queen Charlotte Islands. Illustrated in black and white by Alan Daniel.

Hardbound \$3.95



Red, Horse of the West
by Isabel M. Reekie

An adventure story, rich in historical detail, about a pioneer boy and his beloved horse, Red, which is stolen and eventually tracked down with the help of a young Indian friend. Illustrated by Alan Daniel. To be published in January 1973.



Robber's Roost by Carl Barton
A remote island off the coast of British Columbia is the setting for this fast-paced story in which Thea and Carol set out to solve the mysteries that surround them.
\$5.50/\$2.95 Paperback

For information about these and other books, write

HOLT, RINEHART & WINSTON
66 Horner Avenue, Toronto 18

JOHANN'S GIFT TO CHRISTMAS

JACK RICHARDS;
Illustrated by LEN NORRIS
J. J. Douglas Ltd.
cloth \$3.95; illustrated; unnumbered pages

THIS IS a story about an Austrian mouse who loves music. He lived 150 years ago, and wanted to be a church mouse so he could listen to the music of the organ.

I liked it because it has very nice pictures and the story has a lot of detail. It tells everything that is happening and shows it in the pictures.

At the end he was very happy in the church. Some of the words are a bit hard. For an example "threadbare" and "earnestly." But I still like the book and recommend it for children from five to 10.

DAN (8)

THE PRIME MINISTERS OF CANADA

JOHN McCROMBIE
Scholastic Tab
paper 65c; illustrated; 108 pages

THIS IS a very interesting book because it not only tells you a lot about the Prime Ministers, it tells about the Depression and it also tells in the last chapter how the Prime Miter gets elected and what ha has to do. I recommend the book for ages 10 and up because it's very good for doing projects and essays. If you would like to know what the story is about, I'll write down some things about it.

I myself feel sorry for Richard B. Bennett because he had so many things to worry about. For instance, people roamed the cities and millions of people were out. of work. People were hiding in empty box-cam. Everybody was starving for food. At that time there were eight million people in Canada.

The first question that you would probably ask Is, Why was Canada like that?

Canada was like that because of the great Depression when the stocks went down and everybody was afraid to spend their money.

Sir John A. Maedonald was our first Prime Minister. He was dishonest by

asking money from the CPR railroad company for campaign funds. But a group of Liberals found the papers asking for money, so the Liberals joined some American forces to prove that what the Conservatives did is against the law. In return John Mac. donald would let the CPR railroad company build a railroad in British Columbia. Another thing he did Is bribe British Columbia to be part of Canada and the Conservatives would give British Columbia the Eastern railroad.

The book is up to date. JOHN (9)

THE SATURDAY PARTY

ANN McKECHNIE
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$2.95; illustrated; 57 pages

ON EVERY second Sunday, three children went to their grandmother's to have tea. After tea they would listen to stories that their grandmother told.

One was about a girl who was ugly. No one much liked her. The second story was about an Emperor in Japan and his magical pond. The third was about a curious monkey who was bought by three children for their mother's birthday. No one story was better than the other. They weren't really bad but they weren't really

good. I didn't Eke the way it jumped from story to story. It was contusing.

The title did not tit the book. It could have been called *The Sunday Afternoon Tea*

Some children would like the book because the stories had happy endings and were funny. Others would not enjoy it because the stories weren't different or unusual. The events in the first and last stories were obvious.

LAURA (9)

HONKY T H E CHRISTMAS GOOSE ,

CHIP YOUNG
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$2.95; illustrated; 31 pages

THIS BOOK is about a goose named Henry who' ate too much and he couldn't swim, fly or honk. When September came all the geese except his parents and Henry went away for the winter.

In November his father announced that they had to move to a cave near water that was always running free. All the time they were there the Northern Lights were pretty and on Christmas Eve they were especially bright. Henry knew why.

That night Henry heard a jingling sound. He stretched on his tiptoes but



he couldn't see the upstairs world because he was too fat.

The next day at lunch he ate less. Soon he could **swim** and fly.

Nest year on Christmas Eve there was a space jam. Santa couldn't get get **through**. Henry came and blew **his honky** horn and everyone moved out of Santa's way.

I **like** the book. Some of the **pictures** are very **colourful** and funny.

JOAN (8)

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN MONSTER

BERT WILLIAMS

Nelson

paper \$2.50; illustrated; 123 pages

THIS **STORY** is about a boy who sees a **Sasquatch** ("Abominable Snowman" of the West) and the adventures **this** leads to. **The** writing is very good but it would have been a better book if **the** story had been based on **truthful** experiences instead of **fictional** people and places. I would recommend it for the **10-to-14** age group. MARC (14)

SONGS OF THE DREAM PEOPLE

JAMES HOUSTON

Longman

cloth \$6.95; illustrated; 83 pages

THIS is a book of chants and **images** of the **Indii** and **Eskimos** of North America.

It is not a book of poetry, nor is it a book that you can read non-stop from start to finish. Rather **one** should read pages at random and furthermore, it is best to read the selected songs very slowly so as to be able to understand the ideas behind them more completely.

The book is divided **into** four parts, each one representing a **particular** area and its people. The sections are the Eastern Woodlands, the Central **Plains**, the North-West Coast and **the Eskimos**, with the Central **Plains** having the largest selection by far.

In school, this book would be good for **thought-provoking class** discussions. It is excellent for **reading** when one wants to relax. I **recommend** it to anyone who **has even a vague** knowledge of North America's native people and to those who enjoy contemplating masterpieces of interpretation of life **around** us.

DANIEL (14)

HEAVY SCENE.

THE MANIPULATOR

BLANCHE HOWARD

MCClelland and Stewart

cloth \$7.95; 301 pages

reviewed by Doris Cowan

BLANCHE HOWARD does one brave **old-fashioned thing** in. *The Manipulator*: she attempts to create a **villain**, the embodiment of pure evil. This **volatile** being she then turns loose in a **comfy little Canadian town. where he proceeds** to do damage. If any irony or **imagination** had gone into this venture, Mrs. Howard's **first** novel, the result **might** not have been as depressing as it is, however, the impression she left with me **was** of a laborious solemnity.

The villain, complete with icy blue eyes, a loud bark, and a poisoned-fang bite, **is Bill Wentworth**, an ambitious young **architect** who arrives one day to disrupt the placid **cosiness** of life in **Phillipsburg**, ah unspecified but **presumably** Canadian place. The narrator, John Phillips, a member of the town's **Finest Old Family**, **prefaces** his story' thus:

I must start at the beginning. I must go back and work it out, step by step. I must trace the tortuous paths of living which started with innocence and plunged me. a man of good will, a non-violent, a gentle, even a mildly socialistic man, into that subterranean morass of the mind, where Good wages its incessant fight with Evil. when Cain Slays Abel, and bloody Macbeth murders sleep.

Nasty **Wentworth** takes over a local architectural **firm**, marries the boss's daughter, puts his feet on the **desk**, smokes **cigars**, and shouts orders; all the **while** quietly looking after **his own** interests by **engineering various suicides, traffic accidents, and deaths** on the operating table. This unpleasant fellow is apparently meant to fascinate as well as repel the reader; John **Phillips** refers repeatedly to **his** insidious charm. Unfortunately for the success of the **novel** the character as written **is** utterly **un-charming. He bullies, insults and humili-**

ates the narrator, who takes it all without **complaint** in order to **preserve** his image of **himself** as a "good man." **But, poor fellow, he does suffer terribly.** And why? Because he **feels guilty** about his growing desire to **strike** hack. At long **last**, when he is eventually goaded into violent, though totally ineffectual action, he is shocked to the very marrow. **"All those years,"** he exclaims in **horror, "I restrained the primitive man** in his secret cage and he **finally** overpowered me.. . was them some one 'moment when' **Dr. Jekyll turned** into Mr. **Hyde?" This** self-centered **crisis of conscience** seems particularly beside the **point** in view of the fact that he knows **Wentworth** has caused the death of four of **his** best friends, two of them **in** a way that can only be **called** murder, and that he has **evidence of this crime** in **his possession**. It does occur to him briefly that **possibly** he ought to **make** his suspicions and **his** evidence public, **in** an attempt to stop **Wentworth's** high-handed **activities** -- but as it turns out, he never **has** to. Fortunately for **Phillips' peace** of mind, the **wicked Wentworth** takes **his business** elsewhere; he **moves** to another town 150 miles away from **Phillipsburg**. Lucky **J. P.** forgets all about **any** feelings of **responsibility** he **may have** had. Out of sight, out of mind.

This reasonably squalid **story** is spelled out **in** bland, **colourless, un-audacious** prose. Every step of the plot is **first described then painstakingly** and quite unnecessarily **explained** and commented on; Mrs. Howard trusts her **reader's** imagination as **little** as she does her own. She keeps a **firm** grip on **her characters**; *one get out of hand for a moment; **though some are tall** and some short, some red-haired and some dark, they all, like **the** characters in Rex Morgan, M.D., seem to have the same face. Does she perhaps **think** that a **generalized** approach will create a "classic" effect, suitable for a fable of Good and Evil? Is **this** why she **rigidly** excludes all **specific** references to place? (**British Columbia**, for instance, or **even** Canada), and times (1958, 1964)? She even manages, behind the bland mask of her narrator, to avoid giving any impression of her own personality. If she meant this book to be in any way a response to genuine

experience, Mrs. Howard has been so evasive as to cancel herself out completely. Or possibly she meant it simply as an entertainment; in either case, it's difficult to see why she bothered. □

DORIS COWAN is a Toronto actress and writer.

WHERE SHEEP MAY SAFELY GRAZE

MAKE YOUR MONEY GROW

RAYMAGLADRY
Nelson

paper \$2.95, cloth \$7.95; 160 pages

reviewed by Raoul Engel

WHICH DO YOU prefer — to make a swift dollar, or have a laugh? It's one or the other in the stock market. If you want the delicious illusion of being an insider to the rogueries of Wall and Bay — but are resigned to poverty — publishers are more than ready to serve and amuse you. Books like *The Money Game and Supermoney*, both by "Adam Smith," turn the soulless ticker-tape into a carnival.

But if you really want to make money-ah, that's another thing. Now there's no laughter. No levity. And the sense of irony — mark of the genteel poor — is likely to be an expensive indulgence.

The necessary frame of mind of plodding seriousness is perfectly exemplified by Ray Maglardy, whose daily column in the financial pages of the *Toronto Star* is always useful, sensible, and responsible. Swingers with a big short position in "Rapid Data Systems" may laugh at Mr. Maglardy. But in the end, when the chips are counted, their laughter is likely to sour a bit.

Because he is what every novice has ever needed. Moderate and sane, his advice in this collection of articles will help newcomers navigate through the shoals to profits. Yes, profits, that strangest of experiences to the thousands whose first taste of the market is invariably bad. To lose, alas, is all too easy — just listen to tips, surrender to emotions, take a plunge.

How much more wearying to use your brains! To sit down and compare a company's earnings, and potential earnings, with its market action!

Make Your Money Grow doesn't glitter or amuse. But like any sound earnings report, it tells you what the facts are.

The hidden charges — the front-end loading — of mutual funds is laid out plainly in black and white. If it doesn't provide rebuttals to the next smoothie who wants you "to diversify risk through professional management", then you've never learned to load a gun.

The innumerable cross-currents of bond and stock markets, the terrifying (and exhilarating) forces that make stocks collapse or fly, the satisfactions of minimizing taxes and the ins and outs of home ownership, the almost sexual pleasures of high leverage in bonds, warrants, and options — Ray Maglardy has an informative word about every one.

And if the snap and sizzle of the pro's stock market isn't here-well, it isn't because the author is ignorant of them. Rather, he knows how dangerous they can be. Nor is the sheer heart-stopping excitement of commodity trading here; but if he offers no advice on how — and with what almost supernatural levitation — you can trade a contract of frozen porkbellies, he does at least show you how dumb it is to sock your hard earned money away in such low-yield bores as Canada Savings Bonds. Get the book. You need it! You'll sleep better. □

RAOUL ENGEL is an associate editor of *The Financial Post* and a well-known broadcaster on money matters.

Have you done the Readers' Survey?

COLOUR IT CANADIAN

CANADA IN COLOUR

Text by HUGH MacLENNAN
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$5.95; illustrated; 128 pages

THE COLOUR OF CANADA (Revised Edition)

Text by VAL CLERY
Hounslow Press
cloth \$5.95; illustrated; 82 pages

SIMILAR IN FORMAT and title, *The Colour of Canada* and *Canada in Colour* may perhaps confuse the buyer in his choice: the first is a re-issue of a 1967 edition (remember Expo?) by Hugh MacLennan and includes 30 new photographs; the second is a new book with a short text by Val Clery. In both books pictures begin with a section on the Arctic and then — translating from the Latin of our heraldic device — show photographs in full colour "from sea to sea."

Val Clery says briefly that his book is actually not much more than a pictorial rehearsal for the personal experience of getting to know our immense country, the second largest in the world. The young, he says, are already doing this, "an essential in growing their parents had allowed to lapse." In creating radio documentaries for the CBC, Clery has crossed Canada many times. It's unfortunate, but an expanded text based on his different experience would have offered more opportunity for equitable comparison with MacLennan's historical and sociological polemic.

Still holding to his purblind concept of Canada as "two solitudes" rather than two nations, MacLennan's quiescent, even acquiescent form of scholasticism still insists that the anglophone community represents technology while the francophone community represents culture, both elements still talking their way into some form of confederate unity.

Updating his text with comments about the role of the U.S. as a catalyst

in Canadian affairs, he refers to the People's Republic of China as "Communist China" or "Mainland China" and says that five years ago Canada did not recognize the Chinese political entity "for fear of affronting the United States." MacLennan is forgetful: about 10 years ago Canada had the positive "effrontery" to negotiate huge wheat deals with China, no matter what.

Though MacLennan says the word "empire" is not yet entirely a clean word in the U.S., he compares the American situation to that of the Roman Empire which, experiencing strategic defeat in far-reaching expansion — like the U.S. in Viet Nam — fell back on nearer colonies which he euphemistically calls "client states."

While MacLennan notes the announced intention of the U.S. to now concentrate its efforts much more heavily than before on Canada, how can he ask — which he does ask — if it is still wishful-thinking on the part of Canadians to establish "a pilot plan for a broader humanity in this frightened world"? Witness Margaret Atwood's book *Survival*. It is no longer a matter of saying "no" to the American Revolution or, as in 1837, of breaking con-

tinuities with European domination, tradition and authority. Experiencing victimization, nationalist radicals are giving voice to make a "pilot plan." Today it means saying "yes" with positive and direct assertion against American imperialism which must be identified in all its modes as such.

Despite MacLennan, who implies that Canadians are merely "tenants" on a terrain which belongs to all humanity, what Canadians actually own politically, and what needs to be saved, is shown in both books with colour images of documentary, aesthetic and interpretive value.

The McClelland and Stewart images were drawn mainly from the stock of photo-journalists and agencies while those of the Hounslow Press were commissioned from three photographers: Bill Brooks, Tom Hall and Chic Harris. As both art directors have included images of perennial favourites, it might be fun to buy both and compare the nuances: quiet coves in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the omnipresent Quebec church, the new Toronto City Hall. You may then find, as Val Clery puts it, "that your own journey through Canada has already begun." ML

WITNESS FOR THE CROWN

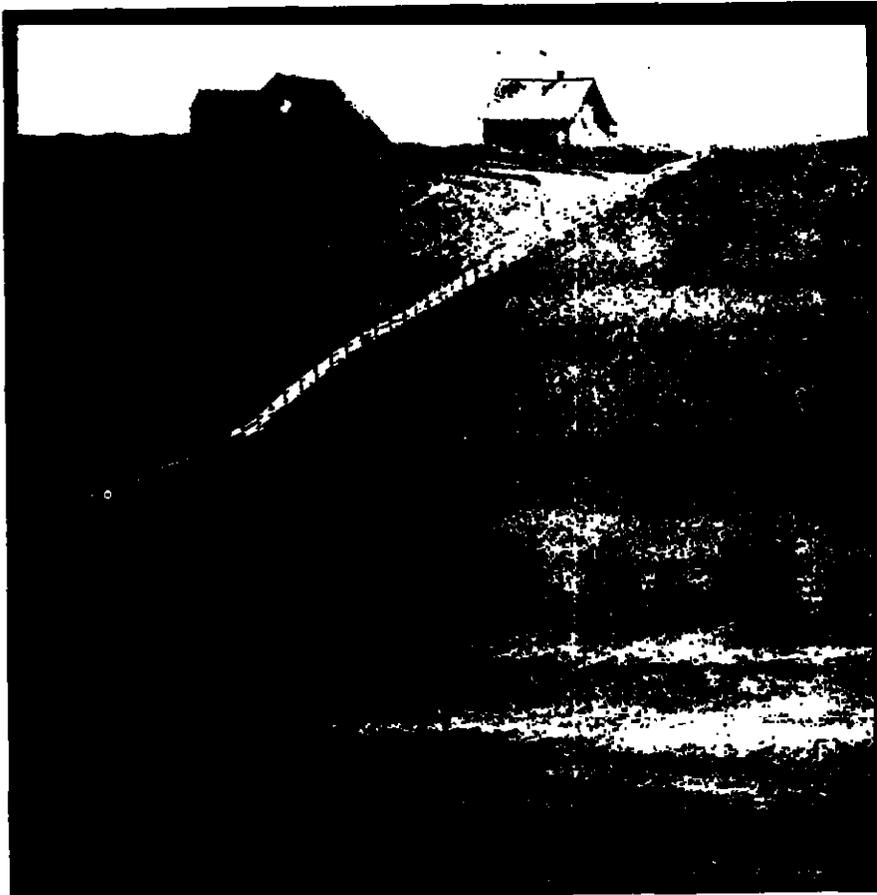
THOMAS DAVIES IN EARLY CANADA

Introduced and edited by
R. H. HUBBARD

Oberon
cloth \$4.95: illustrated; unnumbered pages

THOMAS DAVIES first visited Canada in 1757 as part of a British military detachment. A commissioned officer in the Royal Artillery, he was required also to record the topography of the country for military purposes. To this end he had received instruction in drawing while a cadet at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. In his military capacity Davies was an eye witness to some of the key events of history in 18th-century North America — including the siege of Louisbourg and important episodes of the American Revolution. He was present, also, at the fall of Montreal in 1760 and is thought to be the officer who raised, for the first time, the Union Jack over the surrendered city. While in North America he was able to pursue his pastime of landscape painting.

Davies' work was relatively unknown until 1953 when Christie's auctioned off over 50 of his North American views. More than half the collection was eventually acquired by Ottawa's National Gallery, and the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto, the rest going to American collections. These watercolours, which he painted from 1757 to 1812, are an invaluable historical record of mid- and late-18th-century British America. They are moreover works of art of great merit and charm. Davies was an amateur, but certainly no primitive. His compositions are simplified and stylized, with bold rhythms and daring treatment of sky, rock and water.



Mainly scenic views of farm and countryside, these works have been gathered together into a compact gem of a book that would make an ideal gift for the Canadiana enthusiast. An extremely well documented text has been provided by R. H. Hubbard, the authority on early Canadian art. He has also supplied detailed commentaries on each of the plates. The only other thing I would wish for is an index of the plates and, more important, some sort of indication of the measurements of the originals. These are totally lacking end, in my opinion, a glaring oversight.

In 1790 Davies, then about 53 years old, left Canada forever. Twenty-two years later, in 1812, shortly before his death that same year, he completed his last painting, now a part of the National Gallery's collection. It was a view of Montreal from the mountain and shows how deeply the Canadian landscape had imprinted itself upon his spirit. □ IT

OUT OF THEIR MINDS

THE LAND OF IS

JOHN MILLS

Oberon

paper \$295, cloth \$5.95; 199 pages

THE SWINGING 'HEADHUNTER

DAVID EVANIER

November House

cloth \$6.95; 99 pages

JOHN MILLS' novel *Is* very much a sign of the times, a would-be *Satyricon*, satirical and satirical, conceived out of the scribblerus stomachosus. That is why (I can think of no other 'reason') *The Land of Is* begins with a parody of *Under the Volcano*, a novel to which it is otherwise totally unrelated.

To the plot: one bland Englishman, penurious, of demeanour spirochetal, by name Anthrax Teitlebaum, arrives in Vancouver, there to seek out his twin brother Prospero — end fortune. At the Insalubrious Scrod Hotel, Anthrax discovers a set of documents unfolding his brother's seamy history. Dropped into wartime Yugoslavia, Prospero meets up with a German officer, Major Scheisshausen (Shithouse), and a freelance Cetnik brigand, Ariel (*verstehen Sie?*). In this company Prospero learns of the booty to be had, and decides to go into business as an entrepreneur himself. Unfortunately, Scheisshausen is roasted alive by the Bolsheviks: Ariel disappears, and Prospero fails to get at the loot. A postwar attempt at recovery with Ariel (whose real name is Aaron Eichman) and Pmpsem's army chief, General Barrow, ends with the latter's untimely death in Innsbruck. After various adventures, Prospero winds up in Vancouver, where he keeps a house of ill-repute, adding to his fortune the fruits of blackmail and extortion.

Enter Cyrus Aaron (alias Ariel, alias Eichman), Prospero's polyglot sidekick who, since he has learned English from *Finnegan's Wake*, communicates only in an incomprehensible stream-of-consciousness argot, but can write

effectively enough when he feels like it. And feel like it he does, for Aaron has summoned Anthrax to Vancouver with the aim of substituting him for Prospero. Iismotive? Prospero's prime floozy, Mirabelle, has discovered — In the Workmen's Compensation Board artificial lag of I. I. Kurz — a golden statuette, part of the Serbian loot. Km-z, by the way, is a survivor of Scheisshausen's unit. In a word, Aaron feels that his boas has betrayed him.

I have done neither book nor plot justice. There is, for example, a subplot, featuring Mirabelle and two of Pmpsem's victims: the cantankerous James Ezekiel Spmckett, and the wealthy, hunchbacked Eskimo half-breed, Dominick Fester. Sprockett's undergrad nephew, Ferdinand (yes!), is enamoured of Mirabelle, but Prospero has her in mind for Caliban. From Dominick's epistolatory confession, we learn that nature has apparently endowed him with a gargantuan penis, en implement so vest that in its turgid state it quite drams both body and mind of blood. Ergo, flaccid it most remain lest Fester faint. But — and here's the rub, dear reader — 'tis a mere fantasy of Fester's.

There is much talent, energy and humour in this novel. It belongs to that species of inguinal picaresque, ancient and modern, replete with verbal games, chapter titles, footnotes and asides, all done up in the 18th-century manner. The outrageous plot, the grotesque characters, the sheer delight in language, are sore signs that Mills has followed his model, and f&wed it well. It is a Rabelaisian shaggy-dog story, of its kind one of the funniest I have read in a long time.

My only reservation is that Mills never really gets beyond the level of caricature. Despite its humour, there is little humanity in this book, no informing spirit toward life end literature so characteristic of Cervantes and Sterne. Without this the contrivance fails, becomes merely mechanical, and one is led inevitably to question the author's motives.

While Mills revels at the end of the Great Tradition, David Evanier is content to fiddle in a very minor key. *The Swinging Headhunter* is a collection of six stories, loosely stitched together by the fact that they sham

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A tragic-comic story of an Irish poet's visit to Montreal, and the general unrest aroused by his outspoken discontent. (fiction) \$7.95

the same persona, Bruce Orav, who is, I suspect, the author's fictional alter ego. The stories are predictable and trendy: Women's Lib, Black Power. Jewish soul, the drug scene, psychoanalysis, and something called poetry, indicate the range of Evanier's social and artistic concerns. What used to be known as *acedia forms another tenuous connecting link*. The hero I found a spoiled, bourgeois prig; the book neither swinging nor cerebral.

For something not even 100 pages long and printed with wide margins, the cloth edition price of \$6.95 is far too expensive. Who but the gullible and the bibliophagous will pay this I do not know. □ cs

BARING AND WEAVING

INCISIONS

ROBERT FLANAGAN

Anansi

paper \$2.75, cloth \$7.54 82 pages

THE NIGHT UNSTONES

GEORGE ELLENBOGEN

Identity Press

paper \$2.25, \$4.50; 67 pages

IDENTITY PRESS and Anansi have done Canadian readers an immense service with their publication of new poetry by George Ellenbogen and by Robert Flanagan. Both writers are extraordinary in the clarity with which they perceive and express, and in their fusion of purpose and idiom. There, with few exceptions, the resemblance ends.

Flanagan's *Incisions* is just that — a three-stages series of sharp, deepening probes whose effects become more generalized with each layer of tissue pierced. From start to finish, Flanagan's economy and precision of words are at one with the headlong "rightness" of his motion.

From the gamesmanship of "self"...

Fear

As I break arms

Keeping a grip on method

I bow to the ceiling

... to the deadly fear of isolation and the knowledge that one's life is part of everyone else's, and finally the replacement of fantasy with reality:

Understand what you witness

What you must do

Stop the angel search

Feed the man

Disperse the wealth

Grow lean

It is in the third and final section — dealing with love in couplets — that Flanagan ends, inevitably, with a fullness, complexity and range of feeling that only a razor honed as close to invisibility as his could reveal. One need hardly be surprised that the book is dedicated to Montreal's grass-roots coalition (le Front d'Action Politique) when one considers its underlying challenge to us to recognize all our dormant vision and capacity.

George Ellenbogen, a dozen years older than Flanagan, has likewise published his second book (*The Night Unstones*). Fifteen years have passed since he was first seen in the McGill Poetry Series.

Though at times sharing Flanagan's moral-political impulses, Ellenbogen's directions and techniques are diametrically opposite. Where the former pares away at circumstance to find a new tool for the work of living, the latter elaborates on lived experiences like a weaver with a tune that won't leave him alone. Usually non-rational in its conclusions, his poetry builds by degrees either to a complex and purely imaginary state of mind, or to a climax that turns back on the beginning with overwhelming truth and irony.

It is to his credit that only rarely and briefly does he lose his grip on this

subtle and elusive material and slide into anecdote. The source and strength of Ellenbogen's writing lies in his devotion to surprise — a fearless unpredictability of tone, image and thought for which he assumes, and discharges superbly, all responsibility.

A portrait of "La Lectrice de Fran-@" begins in dryness and claustrophobia to end:

*I leave you — rugged
as the face of Greenland —
to the whalers
of foreign languages
and local small talk;
the cleft of you
subtracts my palm
into an old awareness
of loneliness,
of our northern wastes.*

By contrast, "From a Montreal Slide Collection" travels its impressionistic route through developing images of vague and passive violence which are sustained by a savage refrain. They begin "Beside the columned bank" and end ...

*Standing beneath a gift of carbon fourteen
watching the particles of drams
throwing what seems to burn the skin
behind you
waiting for the sighs to discharge
those discovered ions
and they will kill you
they will*

Perhaps the most impressive is the title poem, "The Nit Unstones," in which the complex but fully-seized motif of "the long white bone" conjures us from the thoughtless life of everyday, though the lifeless thought of Academe and politics, to brutal suffering and the cigar-ash of deception:

*You grind the Havana newly won
into a long and cancerous bone.* □

NS



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TAMING THE WILD WEST

THE LAW MARCHES WEST (New Edition)

SIR CECIL E. DENNY
Dent
paper \$4.95, cloth \$9.95;
illustrated; 319 pages

WE'VE ALL SEEN so many Western movies and read so much fiction about the Wild West that it can hardly help but spoil an account of the adventures of someone who was involved in the real thing. And this is ridiculous. After reading a couple of chapters of Sir Cecil Denny's *The Law Marches West* I found myself vaguely discontented because the writing lacked the sparkle of a Zane Grey or a Louis L'Amour. So I stopped, changed gears, went back to the beginning of the book and started again. Sir Cecil Denny, I had to remind myself, was one of the original officers of the North West Mounted Police and not a Hollywood scriptwriter. Having pulled myself together, I then set about reading what is really a concise history of Alberta in the last quarter of the 19th century, and a very good one.

This is the first of what is likely to be a fair number of books concerning Canada's celebrated national coppers because 1973 marks the 100th anniversary of the formation of the North West Mounted, which, in 1920, became the RCMP. Sir Cecil Denny was an Englishman who joined the Mounted as soon as he arrived in Toronto in 1874, and received a commission as they were about to embark on their famous march across in the prairie. He stayed with the force until 1882 and remained in Alberta for many years as an Indian Agent appointed by Ottawa, a rancher and a Police Magistrate. He died in 1928 in his 78th year and spent his retired days writing about his lengthy career on the plains. And while he was no novelist, Sir Cecil nonetheless wrote with a literate and lucid style. He laid down his words

in the no-nonsense manner he undoubtedly laid down the law. His papers were edited and published by J. M. Dent and Sons in 1939, and the work has been repackaged by Dent to cash in on the RCMP centenary. This is all to the good because Denny's writings deal with a lot more than the Mounties; *The Law Marches West* is an excellent primer on prairie history.

The title is a little misleading. Only one chapter deals with the 800-mile march the Mounties made in the late summer of 1874 from Dufferin, Manitoba, to the foothills of the Rockies. The long trudge was largely without incident and their arrival was somewhat anti-climactic because the Montana bandits they had been sent to clear out had heard about their coming and taken it upon themselves to clear out.

This must have been a relief to the 300 weary horsemen, but it's a disappointment to any film producer looking for a story spine on which to hang a screen epic. But any Sergeant Friday looking for the facts—'just the facts, m'am'—will find them here. The main fact is one Canadians might chew on in these hate-the-cop days: the Canadian West did not begin to develop until after the North West Mounted cleared the way. The land between Winnipeg and the Rockies was empty prior to 1874. A decade later it was bustling with farmers and traders. Sir Cecil Denny wrote his book with obvious pride: "I doubt if a hardier, or more courageous body of men ever existed than that first small force of Mounted Police who patrolled the plains in the early seventies and eighties." Amen. □ rr

A HARD-WON HISTORY

FOUR DECADES: The Canadian Group of Painters and their Contemporaries — 1930-1970

PAUL DUVAL

Clarke Irwin; cloth \$24.95; illustrated; 191 pages

reviewed by Jerrold Morris

ONE CAN ONLY welcome the addition of one more book to the narrow shelf of critical and historical works on Canadian art. Anyone wishing to do research on the subject in this country is faced with immense difficulties compounded by geography.

Because art institutions have been poorly supported financially in Canada, their collections are by no means comprehensive and never represent artists in depth. When one adds to this situation the extreme paucity of serious private collections in Canada, the amount of material readily available to the researcher, who does not have a lifetime to devote to his task, is very limited.

Business and industry have begun to move slowly (one might say timidly) into the area of forming collections more or less available to the public and it is to be hoped that the federal government's new Art Bank will dramatically increase the exposure of contemporary Canadian artists' work.

In the meantime books are the most valuable source of information on Canadian art, notably such classic works as Harper's *Painting in Canada*: and of these there are all too few.

Only the Group of Seven, either through catalogues of individual retrospective and memorial exhibitions, or by publications connected with the group's 50th anniversary, has been adequately documented — sometimes one feels to the detriment of the rest of Canadian art.

Paul Duval's book begins with the disbanding of the Group of Seven in 1931 and its expansion into the larger Canadian Group of Painters with an initial membership of 28. The inevitability of this step was foreshadowed by the addition of 13 guest contributors to the Group of Seven's exhibition of 1930. From the founding of the new group until its demise in 1969 the majority of Canada's most distinguished artists participated in its exhibitions. As Duval justly points out,

"Until the very recent past in Canada, artists depended upon societies to establish both their reputations and their markets. They banded together for mutual encouragement in an environment which was at best indifferent and at worst hostile."

This book is a mine of information concerning the artists who took part at various times in the Canadian Group's shows. The period covered is one of the least documented and it is refreshing to see so many artists who have sunk into relative obscurity brought to attention.

The reproductions are uniformly good and one's first impression in leafing through the book is that the majority of them are unfamiliar. This in itself is a virtue, as the high cost of publishing tends to force the use of colour separations over and over again.

With regard to the text, my only criticism stems from the heroic scope of Duval's attempt to describe and

assess the work of more than 100 artists. Everyone will have some disagreement with his critical appraisal of some of the artists and with the relative amount of attention he has devoted to each — that is to be expected. However I feel that his purpose would have been better served if he had eliminated artists who were not members of the Canadian Group or those whose connection with it was very tenuous. This would have given him more space (and energy!) to deal with those whose careers were most intimately linked with the fortunes of the Group. However, in fairness to him, it should be noted that the subtitle of his book is "The Canadian Group of Painters and their Contemporaries." A valuable book. □

JERROLD MORRIS, owner of the Morris Gallery in Toronto, is an authority on modern Canadian art and author of *The Nude in Canadian Painting*.

THE WARMTH OF YESTERDAY

ALL THE BRIGHT YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN

JOSEF SKVORECKY

Peter Martin Associates; cloth \$8.95; illustrated; 280 pages

reviewed by David Beard

IT MIGHT SEEM odd that a Canadian publisher would choose to publish a book on Czech Cinema when there is such a need for publications on Canadian Cinema. It is odd until one reads *All the Bright Young Men and Women*.

Skvorecky has created a human rather than an historic journey into his past. This could have been a great novel if the author had chosen to fictionalize his friends and associates in the Czech film world. That world of his is in the past and the book attempts to find what it all meant to live through that era in European history. The meaning this book creates and verifies is beyond the immediate world it describes. Its universality emerges because basically Skvorecky is a novelist.

His novels, stories and plays have been translated into many languages. The *Cowards* (1958), *The End of the Nylon Age* (1969), *The Tank Corps* (1969), and *The Lion Cub* (1969) are a few of his credits. Skvorecky has translated 10 novels from English into Czech. All this points to his keen eye for observation, a ready wit to delight and a nose to seek out the dramatic situation. The difference in the present work is, instead of make-believe there is a sense of a tragic loss of the past joys. Yet, the telling itself is joyful. The following extract is an example of the novelist telling the truth:

The three friends resembled somewhat the mystery of the Trinity on a rather secular level. Forman's original vision was, I would say, enriched and deepened by the sensitivity of

his congenial friends. Collective creation, which is one of the specific properties of the art of film, was ideally realized in the co-operation of the trio. When the three directors parted, each of them emphasized in their own work their contribution and their particular subject: their specific nuance of the school.

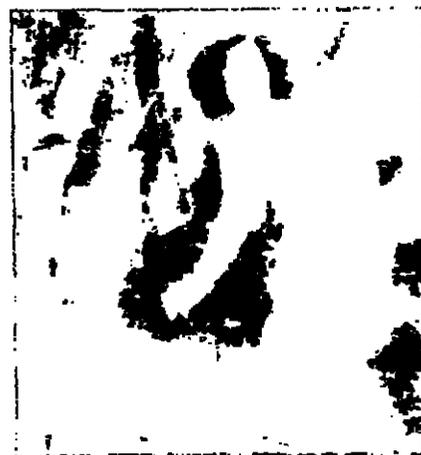
The "trio" could be any three romantic young men concerned with artistic realization.

Skvorecky's women of the piece could have been any one of the many he so obviously admires and appreciates, but Ester Krumbachova has universal appeal. Ester, a onetime fighter against the Nazi regime, a female bricklayer and later a costume designer of great distinction, became 100% a woman. Skvorecky gives her a superb entrance:

Ester cooked a traditional lentil soup; we baked sizzling hot-dogs impaled on her knitting needles in the fireplace.

Backing this novelist's treatment of the Czech Cinema is a wealth of factual background that Skvorecky has assimilated. For students and lovers of the cinema, the work is unsurpassed. But Skvorecky can impart all these facts and situations in an engaging manner. He never gets bogged down in the tedium of academic revelation.

One of the regrettable aspects of the book is its printing. It is always hoped when a book is published in



Canada, no matter what the price or subject, that the artifact will bear the mark of good craftsmanship and some aesthetic dimension; Any publisher who undertakes a volume on cinema should ensure that the photographic reproduction is attractive, the definition clear, and the cropping sharp. In *All the Bright Young Men and Women* none of these criteria is met. Repro-

ductions from magazines, newspapers and rough stills only decry the excellence of Skvorecky's work. The layout is poor, the printing margins, titles and cover are amateurish. It serves "one and defeats all. I say this because the fii that published this book has announced a book on the Canadian film scene. It is hoped that they will take these remarks to heart.

Despite this drawback, the book still delights the emotions if not the eye. □

DAVID BEARD, one of Canada's most knowledgeable students of cinema history, is the proprietor of Cine-Books in Toronto.

TOO LITTLE OF A GOOD THING

GREAT LEADER OF THE OJIBWAY: Mis-quona-queb

JAMES REDSKY

McClelland & Stewart; cloth \$7.95; illustrated; 127 pages

IT IS EVIDENT by now that there is a typical McClelland and Stewart Indian book, the contents of which may be worthwhile but not what you expected at all. For instance, last season's *Recollections of an Assiniboine Chief* by Dan Kennedy, to judge by the title and cover notes, was to be a "auto-biography. In actuality the book, perhaps "package" is more apt, mainly comprises legends and stories — only some of which involved the narrator. The editor's introduction made up one quarter of the slim volume.

The current book, even "slimmer, is of the same nature. Only 50 pages deal with Mis-quona-queb, a legendary figure in Ojibway mythology who was not only a wise man among his people but also the greatest of all leaders in the Sioux wars. The remainder of the package consists of legends with Mis-quona-queb as the story-teller, tales of the Mide-wi-win (a "Ojibway religion that amalgamated traditional beliefs with Christian doctrine), stories about the old ways of living, and editor James Steven's introduction. (It was Stevens who edited Kennedy's *Recollections* and *Tales of the Sandy Lake Cree*, the latter the most satisfactory India" book McClelland and Stewart has published.)

The best of the current volume are the parts of the introduction sketching James Redsky's biography and the story "The Way We Used to Live in the Old Days." Redsky grew up around Lake of the Woods, attended mission school at Shoal Lake, served as a machine gunner with the Canadian Expeditionary Force and was wounded at Passchendaele. After the war Redsky returned to Lake of the Woods to continue studying with his uncle, Bald-head Redsky, who was holy man of the Mide-wi-win religion. When the uncle died, James became his successor and inherited the pictograph scrolls that are the old testament of the religion.

Redsky's writings about childhood at Stull Island and Shoal Lake are rich in detail about the simple hunting-gathering existence in the old days. The five pages of this sketch could serve in place of all the faddist volumes of late about "living off the land." It shows that the Indians, like other living things, existed according to, and in harmony with, the changing seasons.

Unfortunately the rest of the book is hardly worthwhile. I found the material that did actually deal with Mis-quona-queb to be the least interest-

ing part. The stories about him seem to have lost much of their detail in the transference through generations of oral history. Anyone possessing more than a superficial acquaintance with Canadian Indian legends and traditions is familiar with other war leaders who are much more fascinating, One-Who-Holds-The-Knife, of the Assiniboine, for instance. Mis-quona-queb is conservative by legendary standards.

The scant 17 pages concerning the Mide-wi-win are not enough to do more than note its existence. The reader with no previous knowledge is not even offered enough information to stimulate his own researches. He is left confused by the vague picture of a pagan Christianity, riddled by sexual guilt, with a rock of Gibraltar in its scriptures, and a spiritual seat in Palestine.

Quite simply, when you spend \$7.95 on a book of only 127 pages called *Great Leader of the Ojibway: Mis-quona-queb* you should get a book about the leader. If what you receive in its place is interesting, well, fine, but the present volume is a matter of too little spread too far. This criticism is not levelled at the author but rather at the editor and the publisher. May the evil fellow Nene-bush castigate them for their rectitude and see that they give us no more of these skimpy, slick packages. □ JC



"I don't know about you, Eustace, but the Middle Ages have been mighty good to me."

A PLEA FOR THE VICTIMS

SURFACING

MARGARET ATWOOD

McClelland & Stewart cloth \$6.95; 192 pages

reviewed by Val Clery

NOTHING CAN diminish Margaret Atwood's standing as one of the most accomplished literary stylists that Canada has produced. And yet, while this her second novel demonstrates a further development of her stylistic command, it left me after a first reading with the disquieting sense that something had gone wrong. The disquiet was not eased either by subsequent re-readings of *Surfacing* or by the almost reverential treatment accorded it by other reviewers and accorded Ms. Atwood herself by interviewers in newspapers and magazines. It was heightened considerably by a reading of her second publication this season, the thematic guide to Canadian literature, *Survival*, which now strikes me as being crucial to any evaluation of her new novel.

In *Surfacing*, as in her earlier *The Edible Woman*, Margaret Atwood allows her central character the advantage of being also the narrator. In the first book, ironic in tone, in structure a comedy of manners, this advantage does not create too appreciable an imbalance between the narrator, Marian McAlpin, and the supporting characters; her irony is turned upon herself almost as often as it is on them, allowing each of them some depth of reality and some pathos. In *Surfacing*, however, mysterious and tragic in tone, the unnamed central character's morbid and complex introversion and her basic contempt for each of the secondary characters reduces them to little more than cardboard cut-outs; as such they seriously undermine her own validity as a character.

The intricate situation presented by the narrator concerns her return to the

small lakeside town in Northern Quebec where she grew up and where her father, a surveyor and amateur naturalist, recently bereaved by the death of her mother, has been reported missing. She is accompanied by three acquaintances, an uneasily married young couple and the artistic young man with whom she has been living in the city. She has been deterred from visiting her parents for some time by

the failure of her marriage and her separation from her husband and only child (this situation is subsequently revealed as an invention to cloak a far more tragic liaison with her art teacher, by whom she became pregnant and who in the end persuaded her to abort the child)

She is not convinced that her father, despite his long absence, is actually dead. She believes that grief, madness or some more mysterious cause has driven him to take refuge in the bush. She persuades her companions to accompany her to a cabin, built by her father on an isolated island in the lake, in which she and the family spent much time during her childhood.

On the island, as she searches the cabin for some clue to her father's whereabouts and attempts to continue with some book illustrations on which she is working, the caricatured nature of each of her companions is revealed: the young husband emerges as an amoral male chauvinist, animated obsessively by a crude anti-Americanism;



his wife as an insecure **weaking**, equally **amoral**; her own lover as being **immature**, self-pitying and **directionless**.

Eventually she does discover a map and some notes which suggest **that** her **father** had located a series of Indian **religious** rock-paintings.

The four of them set out by canoe to try and **find** them. In the **course** of their search, she reveals within herself a growing dread of the American hunters **and** the other intruders who they encounter **in** the area. "They: represented as **Americans** whether they are in fact a hydym survey team or Canadian hunters, are the **invaders**, the killers of the dream.

There are no paintings at the **first** location plotted on her father's map, but later, **diving** alone **in** a fruitless attempt to **discover paintings** at the submerged foot of a cliff, she is confronted by a vaguely mystical **realization** of their meaning and of her own situation. Later again, she persuades her lover, whom she had earlier **rejected**, to impregnate her. **When** a boat arrives to ferry **the** party back to the mainland, she suddenly takes Mght into the bush. For a few days she lives and hides like a wild animal **in** the vicinity of the **cabin**, evading **returning** searchers, **rejecting** as a trap their shouted **news** that her father's body has been found in the lake. In the end, however, deciding that her **destiny** is to survive and procreate, she **emerges** and prepares to return to society.

As I have said, Margaret Atwood's command of style compels admiration of the novel — at **first reading**. Subjected to reflection and related to **Survival**, it appears a souped-up demonstration model of the thesis of that guide: **heroine** moves **from** position of victim **to** that of creative **non-victim**. It would be **insulting** to suspect **Ms. Atwood** of **deliberately fabricating** a novel as **launching** pad for her **politico-literary** theme of **survival**, which seems destined to become the **sounding** board of our literary nationalists. It seems more **probable** that the idea may have occurred part-way **through** her work on **Surfacing**. Its emergence as a theme in the latter half of the **novel** does not ring altogether true. **But whichever** possibility is the case, the effect is not **very** different. The reduction of sup porting characters to caricature, while

it may be effective **in** a satirical or moralistic context, is corrosive **within** the texture of a naturalistic novel. Ultimately, the heroine's **identification** of **Americans** as the enemy ("**American**" becomes the generic term for male characters, hunters and all others who threaten the ecology) is no less **ludicrous than** the **crude anti-Americanism** of the young husband; the allusive and quasi-mystical revelation of her attitude can only delay the reader's **realization** of a set-up.

Surfacing and **Survival**, I have no doubt, will be adopted and emulated by many young nationalist writers.

Despite her disclaimers and qualifications, the **arbitrary** theme of her guide **is** laid down **in** terms too **incontrovertible** ("Position One: To deny the fact that you are a victim") to be ignored by any peer-fearing radical. **We** can expect a flood-tide of stories and novels replete with ecophobic **male-chauvinist** Americans and **victims**, both human **and** animal. The most **poignant** victims, I suspect, will be the young writers themselves, **victims** of **Ms. Atwood's** political passions, as **to some degree she** is herself. I only hope that the growing maturity of Canadian **writing will** survive. □

HOW THE BEAVER BARELY BEAT THE BEAR

DEATH OF A LEGEND

HENK W. HOPPENER

Copp Clark; paper \$295; illustrated; 102 pages

HOCKEY NIGHT IN MOSCOW

JACK LUDWIG; with drawings by AISLIN

McClelland & Stewart; cloth \$6.95; illustrated; 184 pages

The Canada-Russia Hockey Series

HOCKEY SHOWDOWN:

HARRY SINDEN

Doubleday; paper \$3.95, cloth \$6.95; illustrated; 126 pages

reviewed by Ken Ohtake

THE CANADA-USSR hockey series was supposed to **prove**, once and for all, our supremacy as **puck-chasers**. **We also envisioned** the **success** of our social system over theirs; of our boys over theirs. But when the **final** buzzer sounded **in Moscow's Dvoretz Sporta** and Canada exploded with the joy of victory, we had to ponder that while **winning**, we **glimpsed** an ugly side of ourselves.

Each of these three books examines the **price** we paid to be "number one."

Death Of a Legend, in spite of its melodramatic title, was the most **interesting** to read. It is a carefully prepared scrapbook of photographs and articles **which** appeared in the Canadian press as the series **progressed**.

Hoppener has chosen the articles to reflect the social undercurrent of the series and has tied these together with his own editorial comments. The **second from** the last excerpt was taken **from** the Montreal **Star's** John Robertson, who soberly reflects on the **final**



TWO TYPICAL RUSSIAN
HOCKEY FANS

impression that **the** series was not clearly **won nor** lost but was decisive in showing **our** beloved hockey for what it **is**.

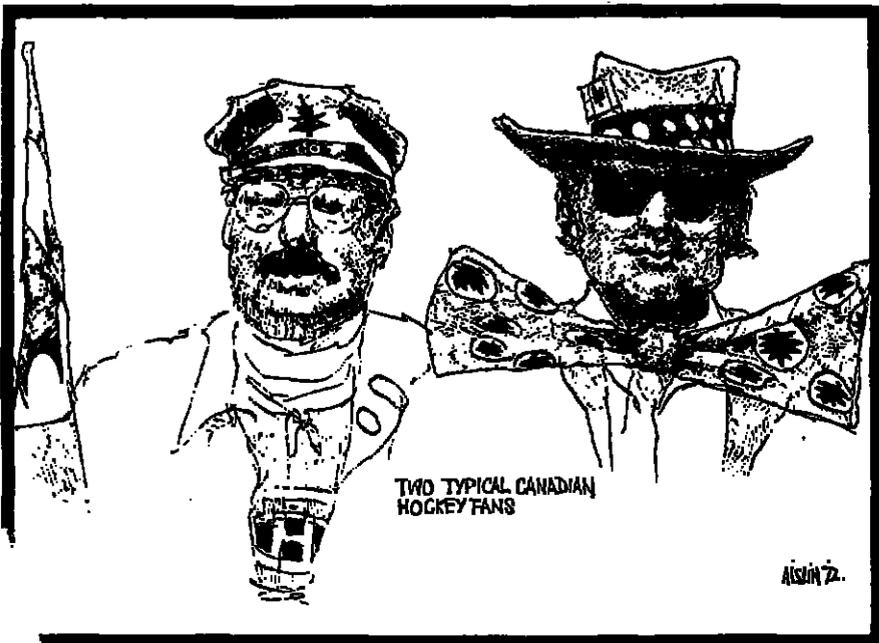
Hockey Night in Moscow also delves into **the sociological** aspect of the **series** but from a slightly different angle. **Ludwig** has a more protracted **view** of the four games played in Canada, then jumps neck-deep in deacnlmg the junket to **Moscow**. His exploits and discoveries in the Soviet capital are particularly detailed and provide background for those of us **who** were unable to make **the trip**.

This book has no photos and would be too 'heavy' for a **young** fan. For the older devotee it is excellent especially for the **Aislin** drawings.

Hockey Showdown (the coach's diary) is by far the simplest to read but tends to be repetitious. Obviously it details points that **Sinden** left unclear the first time around but it is hardly **an exposé**. He **does give** a more **personal** account and comes **across** as **evolving** from **an** impartial tutor to Team Canada **to** a close buddy of the team, emotionally involved to a fault.

I would recommend that *Hockey Showdown* be read along with *Death of a Legend*, for the sake of objectivity. □

KEN OHTAKE, a Torontonion, played and coached minor hockey until he felt the system too rigid; he is the editorial co-ordinator of *Tom Quarterly*.



TWO TYPICAL CANADIAN
HOCKEY FANS

AISLIN '72.

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- *a complete index of the year's reviews*
- *what YOU think of Canadian bookstores, libraries, publishers and writers (see center section)*

FROM THE SUPINE TO THE METICULOUS *continued from page 2*

had I review it or not. This owes less to virtue than to compulsion. I'm one of those people who reads anything that comes before their eyes, newspapers, signs, every label, package and handout. I can even read a whole book by Paul Bowles; I once read Russell's *History of Western Philosophy*; I manage to devour whole issues of "Plant Administration and Engineering" magazine: but Matt Cohen's *Columbus And The Fat Lady* and other stories offered the first genuine challenge. Cohen is even more boring than Robert Hunter. I did manage finish *Columbus* and the most concise statement I can make about it in that I'm none the better for the experience. The 15 stories are totally devoid of any feeling or style. I realize this is a matter of personal taste. After all his other three books were well received.

Whatever it is, it isn't in the characters who are so bland and so totally devoid of any depth, range, and scope that you care not at all about them.

The observations are trite and obvious but cloaked with a veneer of world-weary cynicism that is meant to be with-it-ness but succeeds in only being pretentious. The jacket says the stories are surreal and they are if you think, "You left me a note under a strawberry plant and I sent you flowers at Easter" is surrealism. The book jacket also allows that this all might be satire; nothing, however, is exposed.

The last story, the title story, is a partial exception. It is not as cloying and phony. Cohen actually creates a character in *Columbus*, a side show freak who claims to have discovered America. The attitude is just as world-weary as in the other stories but there is also the tension of the character struggling with his strange predicament. But nothing happens and the elements of the story are not powerful enough for the story to exist without resolution.

Terence Heath's collection, *the truth*, is nearly as alight as Cohen's is ponderous. It is only 69 pages. The pieces about childhood in the prairies should actually be considered prose poems and not stories. The vignettes recapture, separately, various moods of

being young, the precise shades of childhood experience. The reason they must stand as vignettes is that a short writer, someone particularly, who writes about childhood, like William Saroyan, will use several scenes like Heath's to build the action, create the mood, evoke the feeling essential to just one story. A director in the same way will make a film with an assemblage of shots. The analogy with film is particularly applicable to Heath because his writing is extremely visual. He has a camera eye for detail which he catalogues effectively to create a desired atmosphere. He's probably been reading the new French novelists and seems to have combined their technique with an older bleak realism appropriate to his prairie settings. The resulting scenes are haunting in their starkness.

the truth and other stories by Terence Heath definitely then deserves to be read. As for the Cohen collection, unless you're a reviewer, don't bother. □

JIM CHRISTY, an American writer and film-maker who has settled in Canada, is the editor of *The New Refugees: American Voices In Canada*, reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

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UNTERMENSCH UND OBERMENSCH

HONEST ED'S STORY

JACK BATTEN

Doubleday; cloth \$5.95; illustrated; 237 pages

'-BUSH PILOT WITH A BRIEFCASE

RONALD A. KEITH

Doubleday; cloth \$7.95; illustrated; 322 pages

reviewed by Isaac Bickerstaff

"Gee whillickers, Poppa," shouted Pete. "he's flying right into our field!"

"Gol-durn-me if he ain't!" Moose Magrichuk, now fully awake, leapt up from his rocking chair. "Is that feller plumb crazy? He's knockin' down my grain!"

Bush Pilot With A Briefcase

Ed put lots of scientific thinking into his ads. For instance, in the matter of the ads' position in the newspapers, Ed chose the page opposite the comics. Business roomed. Ed had found his customers' reading level.

Honest Ed's story

WHAT HAVE WE GOT here? A couple of humdinger biogs from Doubleday, guaranteed to keep you on the edge of your Morris chair. *Bush Pilot With A Briefcase* — "The happy-go-lucky story of Grant McConachie" and *Honest Ed's Story* — "The crazy rags to riches story of Ed Mirvish." Good reading. And that's no lie.

Take *Honest Ed's Story*, for instance. By Jack Batten, terrific Toronto journalist. Sort of Canada's answer to Tom Wolfe, the Kandy-colored King of the New Journalism, the Rickenbacker of rhetoric, the Great Neon Hope of the Slam, Bam, Thank-you-ma'am! corps. Get the picture?

Anyway, how the hell is a guy supposed to write a gripping life-story, book length, about a poor little Jewish kid from downtown Toronto who round up as the dapper impresario of the city's wackiest cut-rate dry goods emporium? I mean, who'd read such a thing? The people who shop at Honest Ed's, that's who.

Of course, you have to tailor your prose to suit your reader, so it's no put-down of Jack Batten's abilities as a wordsmith to mention that *Honest Ed's Story* reads like the reverse side of a real box. Snap! Crackle! Pop! Ics, name me just one honest

citizen of this great country who hasn't been dazzled by the sizzling stuff on the back of a box of Sugar Crunch or Honey Puff Flakes. Can't take your eyes off it, right? Right. Jack has found his customer's reading level, no mistake.

Not that Ed Mirvish is a sow's ear, but if he had been that old Batten magic would have fashioned him into a lovely silk purse in no time flat. Actually, what Ed Mirvish is is the hustling wheeler-dealer son of a couple of struggling immigrants, he from Kiev and she from Galitsiya, who never quite made it in this Promised Land. Ed's father tried selling *The Encyclopedia of Freemasonry* here and there. And when that didn't work out too well, he opened up this little grocery store on Dundas Street, downtown Toronto. But that turned out to be a losing proposition too.

Anyhow, his father's little store was where Honest Ed first learned some of the ins and outs, the dos and don'ts, of merchandising. And before you know it, Ed has expanded his wartime ladies' dresswear shop on Bloor Street, called the Sport Bar, into the first discount house in North America:

Ed was a blur of activity. He raced down to Spadina Avenue to pick out dresses and blouses and skirts and sweaters. Rushed them back to the store. Sold them on credit. Signed the purchasers to sale contracts. Walked the sales contracts briskly east on Bloor Street to the offices of Mutual Discount Company. Sold them to Mutual for amounts under the values shown on the contracts. Hustled the cash into a bank account. Sent out part payments to the Spadina wholesaler, keeping them content with the Sport Bar's business progress. It was, if you admire finesse, breath-taking.

Snap! Crackle! Pop! Ed parlays and

deals until soon he's grossing in the hundreds of thousands and, what do you know? Suddenly he's a millionaire. As well as the proud owner of the elegant Royal Alexandra theatre and a couple of classy restaurants and the better half of Markham Street. You can't keep a good man down. And you won't be able to put *Honest Ed's Story* down either. No kiddiig.

Now, Grant McConachie — there's another story altogether. How a young pilot with incurable enthusiasm and a winning grin barnstormed his way to the presidency of Canadian Pacific Airlines by the time he was 38, hedge-hopping his ancient Fokker into northern Alberta and the Yukon, and later bluffing and cajoling and badgering everyone from his unpaid mechanics to General MacArthur-into believing in the McConachie dream.

According to Ronald A. Keith, McConachie's biographer, the CPA Resident "could inject drama into the most mundane occasions," and although McConachie's bush pilot years were undoubtedly full of high drama and adventure, *Bush Pilot With A Briefcase* is peopled with so many fascinating characters and packed with so much hair-raising action you can't help thinking that Keith himself is no slouch in the injecting drama department. From his beginnings in Edmonton, through his hi&-flying times as an airborne maverick and until his death in 1965 at age 56, Grant McConachie's life is presented as a supersonic saga of luck, guts, charm and courage. Like Boswell, Keith knows how to infuse his material with an aura of immediacy, although the device of supplying his characters with verbatim dialogue occasionally requires that the reader willingly suspend his disbelief.

Here's a slice of McConachie's life and a sample of Keith's smooth style:

The fire spread with astonishing speed. Even as McConachie snatched at the tii extinguisher in its wall bracket he realized the situation was already beyond control. His position was desperate. In five seconds the enclosed cockpit would be his flaming coffin.

Gee whillickers, that's exciting stuff! Gol-durn-me if it ain't. □

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF teaches, draws and writes in Toronto and also lives there under the equally pseudo name of Don Evans. He happens to be writing a novel.

THE WAYS OF WOMEN

THE SCHOOL OF FEMININITY

MARGARET LA WRENCE GREENE

Musson
cloth \$8.95; 382 pages (Reprint)

reviewed by Beverley Smith

WELCOMED BY women of the 1930s as an important **stepping-stone** in their attempts at **self-recognition**, *The School of Femininity* is **even** more timely **today**, in view of the growing world feminist movement. The republication of this important book helps us to put **into an** historical perspective the whole **trend** of feminist thought that **currently** surrounds us.

Ms. Greene traces the development of women's **awareness** of themselves, **and** writing about themselves through the **key** works of nineteenth- and twentieth-century women writers of English **fiction**, and restricts her study mainly to those authors whose works present a "**feminist**" pattern.

In the selection of authors, the balance leans in **favour** of those of the nineteenth century, since time has permitted them to be viewed more **circumspectly** than their twentieth-century counterparts.

While Margaret Greene devotes several chapters to such **nineteenth-century** figures as Jane **Austen**, the **Brontë** sisters and George Eliot, she **feels** that such a division is not **valid** for twentieth-century women writers. Instead, the latter are grouped according to **certain** patterns which seem to run through their writings.

In *The School of Femininity*, a **clear** progression is indicated in the depiction these writers have given of themselves as women and of their relation to society. Furthermore, the author attempts to explain through her **personal** analysis of history why **and** **how** such a **progression** was achieved.

She **sees** the feminist revolt as beginning at the end of the eighteenth **century**, with middle-class women being **the first** to take to the idea of **rights**: liberty and equality; end, **there-**

fore, to the novel (which enabled them to set down these i&as).

Characteristic of these **first novels** **was** the recurring theme of sexual resentment which, however, took different forms according to the individual writer's viewpoint. Whereas **Jane Austen**, for example, satirically poked fun at women as she saw them (while, at the **same** time, accepting **the** status quo), the repressed **Brontë** sisters gave vent to their hatred of men and their **feeling** that women were battered down by society.

Only with George Eliot, does the author see a turning-point away from the theme of sexual injustice, towards the **inner** aspect of women's **conflict**. *The Mill on the Floss*, representing a plea for the understanding of children and a protest **against the** repression of the female's feelings and intellect, is hailed as the **first** work which introduces psychiatry into literature.

Other **nineteenth-century** writers such as Olive **Schreiner**, the author suggests, caught the tragedy **of** women, dependent economically on men, and stressed, for the **first** time, the **difficulty** for a more intellectual, more fully-developed woman to **find** a **satisfactory** mate.

However, it is to the English suffragette movement and the advent of the **working woman** (owing to the First World War) **that the new** confidence among women writers is attributed: these women refused to admit their intellectual inferiority, and scoffed at tradition and the sanctity of hitherto-held **values**. Thus, Anita Loos' *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* is seen as important for the feminist movement in being the **first** of several portraits of the courtesan done by women, in which men are **made** a mockery of, and no moralizing is done about the woman in question.

The new economic rivalry of women with men in business and the professions was also given a stimulus by such writers as Edna Ferber who approved of these "Go-Getters." This economically independent woman was something new in literature.

Other women of the period, such as Fannie Hurst, recognized the **prompts** to be gained from "sob&odes" stressing the traditional picture of woman as sufferer and giver — these lent them-

selves nicely to serial form — **while yet** another group emerging from the Great Depression, and whom Ms. Greene entitles "**The Matriarchs**," stressed the family and the **community** as the center of the race and of **civilization**.

The author sees the "**Helpmeets**," who dealt with the problems of marriage **in its positive and negative** aspects, as revolutionary in their plea for sexual equality. However, she considers such "Sophisticates" as **Mazo de la Roche** as **almost "anti-feminist"** **in** their ironic, often derisive contemplation of woman and the human situation. Still more removed from the human scene were the "priestesses" such as Pearl Buck, who pityingly and meditatively looked on from on high, and cried pity to the women of the world.

Lastly, Margaret Greene deals with the 'Artistes,' like Virginia Woolf, who, she feels, **wrote** to create a better world than that around them, and were driven by the conflict between their womanhood and self-containment.

Despite the variety in **its** approach to the treatment of women, what the literature of this period seemed to be expressing, according to Ms. Greene, was a general feeling of dissatisfaction with men: an admission of either the **inability** of women to fit into the traditional **mould**, or the failure of the new man to measure up to the **desires** of the new woman.

Margaret Green's treatment of these women writers shows a great deal of insight into the psychological and historical factors **which** prompted them to express themselves as they did. Her portrayal of women's increasing self-awareness is very sensitively and passionately drawn. And it is put down **in** a very non-academic and easily readable fashion, **which** holds the reader's interest.

It is remarkably **modem** in its **concern** for a greater mutual **understanding** between men **and** women, and for the need for both to develop themselves to the fullest. □

BEVERLEY SMITH, who has lived and studied in both Quebec and France, now teaches, translates and writes in French.

Have you done the
Readers' Survey?

ADRIFT IN AN ARCTIC ARK

ENCOUNTERS WITH ARCTIC ANIMALS

FRED RR UEMMER

McGraw-Hill Ryerson; cloth \$16.95; illustrated; 256 pages

reviewed by Michel Lambeth

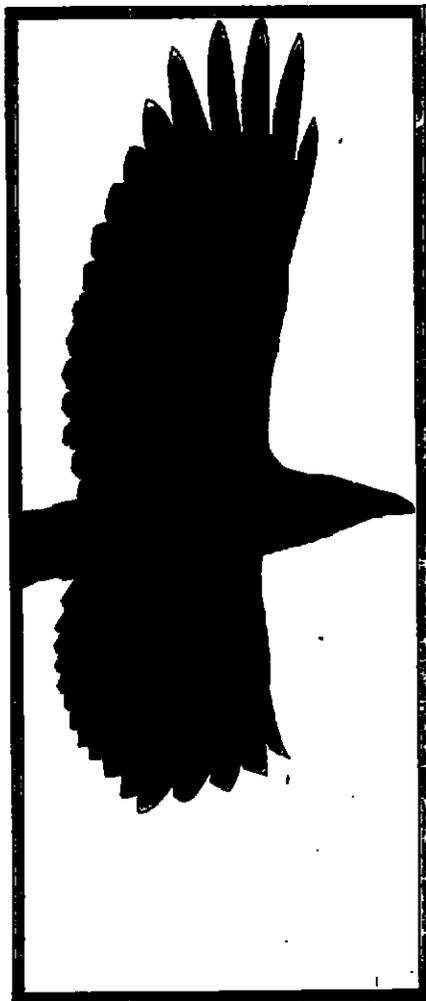
TODAY, ESKIMO soapstone and Ivory carvings, prints, stencils, films about the North, calendars, photographs, books, and government-sponsored internationally-travelled exhibitions: all of these tell the world at large that the Canadian citizen lives on a terrain that maintains a strange, and surviving arctic fauna.

Had this book been available to me in France, in 1948, when a Parisian sophisticate who had recently seen Robert Flaherty's film *Nanook of the North* asked me, while looking at Toronto's position on a map, if I had ever been molested by the polar bears of Lake Ontario, it might have been of some explanatory help. But then perhaps not; there's not a single map in Fred Bruemmer's book to show his wide wanderings over the whole Arctic in search of animals to photograph and study.

Bruemmer, Latvian born of German parents, is Montreal-based and has now lived in Canada for 12 years. He spends six months of every year in the Arctic. A successful photojournalist specializing in northern natural history and ethnology, he took up photography "as a good thing to learn when you don't speak the language" and produced two books, *The Long Hunt* and *Seasons of the Eskimo*. In his third, *Encounters*, Bruemmer's eye contact with arctic animals has now been extended into a long, written text but, unfortunately, with far too few good photographs not too well reproduced.

In the preface, the dangers of ecological disruption and pollution of the North by man's exploitation and penetration for mineral wealth, particularly are reiterated: "The mistakes we see there may be final - absolute irreversible." That's a good caution

because conservation measures and centralization of Eskimo populations, for example, which protect such species as caribou and seal may well-be reversed by unwitting, even stupid, actions. But book-publishing is also "absolute and irreversible"; Bruemmer - perhaps through an oversight - doesn't mention



what the eventual siphoning of freshwater resources away from the James Bay area to the south might also do to both Canadian human and animal populations.

Rather than showing a Garden of Eden at low temperature, Bruemmer actually presents us with a limited but encyclopedic sort of Noah's Arctic Ark, carefully arranged, deck by deck, for the worlds of seal walrus, polar bear, white fox, musk ox, falcon, goose, swan, duck, narwhal, shark and fishes, with some comment on smaller animals, such as the lemming, and 'their importance' in the arctic ecology. One animal I missed in Bruemmer's account was the muskrat of the Mackenzie Delta, an animal important to the Eskimo economy. Ten years ago in that area I found Eskimo ladies at sewing machines having trouble matching skins to fit properly into parkas. Owing to a shortage of cured skins the manager of the fur co-operative had imported American skins from a fur auction in Seattle.

Bruemmer's text seems to be filled with facts and statistics obviously gleaned from government wildlife reports - I know because I've read some of them - but very little of his personal reaction seems to come through in his writing. Rambling, unchronological, discursive and repetitious, including long passages on the history of falconry and the fable of the unicorn as related to the narwhal, Bruemmer's writing is not *dike* a successful attempt at mauve prose in a creative-writing clasp which can sometimes send you to the dictionary. As there is always something about "found erudition" which grates a little, I prefer the simpler, yet deeply felt, texts of Konrad Lorenz and Farley Mowat or even Ernest Thompson Seton who seem to place a real emphasis on their own lives vis-à-vis wild animals.

Encounters with Arctic Animals is neither encyclopedia, autobiography, government report, nor a collection of nature magazine articles; it's an admixture of all four ingredients and both the editor and art director of this' book, in my view, have done Bruemmer, a good man, a disservice to his writing and' photographic talents.0

MICHEL LAMBETH, a well-known photographer, has written on photography for the *Toronto Star*. He was publisher of the late lamented magazine *Foto-Canada*. He too has travelled widely in the North.

BY SELF POSSESSED

THE ENERGY OF SLAVES

LEONARD COHEN

McClelland & Stewart

paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.95; 127 pages

IF ONE IS to judge by the four-year absence of any publication of poetry by Leonard Cohen (the last being a collection entitled *Selected Works, 1956-68*), one can find ample justification for the title of his latest work, *The Energy of Slaves*.

Cohen seems to have been gathering his energy in the interim, and to have taken stock of himself as a poet. Indeed, in an almost Beckettian fashion, he is more acutely aware of the inability to express what he is trying to express; he finds himself a slave to his writing.

Already, in the earlier "Spice-Box of the Earth:" in an important poem

entitled "Credo," Cohen saw the poet as slave: "Slaves will build cathedrals for other slaves to burn." In "Flowers for Hitler" the master-slave theme was a recurrent one. Now, in inviting the reader to view his latest collection, the poet welcomes us to "this book of slaves" written during "exile." He stresses time and again that the writing process is a tortuous one: "The poems don't love me anymore." He feels "punished" when he does not write something.

But the poet is a slave not only of poetry or art; he is also, and perhaps most of all, a slave of Eros — thus, remaining true to the Cohen we know from the earlier poems. "The cunt" is his slave, he proclaims; he bemoans his "old slave's heart." The poet glorifies in seeing himself "a beautiful slave" whom women long to possess, yet protests to his lover the enslavement his love has brought about: "My greed has made me a slave of you."

However, in *The Energy of Slaves*, slavery and love are not far removed from the more sadistic aspects of the master-slave relationship, familiar to

the readers of Cohen's earlier poems. Too often, hate, brutality and scorn are the counterparts of love and tenderness. As Cohen spitefully remarks to a lover who is about to be rejected: "One of these days you will be the object of the contempt of slaves."

If Cohen does show himself to be primarily concerned with himself and his relationship with women, he does, at times, give evidence of a more far-reaching concern for human relationships, not without political overtones. He points out the violence common to all men, ready to erupt at any moment, in speaking of "the slave in his heart who tells him to kill." This theme of the assassin is common to many of Cohen's poems. One poem in the present collection speaks of the slavery of men in war. Cuba, Vietnam, the Greek junta — all find an echo in his poems, and overshadow the earlier preoccupation with Nazism.

On the whole, however, Cohen seems to feel that the poet's place is not in the political arena: "Bach man has a way to betray the revolution: he comments. "This is mine."

of Indians and Eskimos



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AND it is perhaps just as well, for Cohen still seems at his best in the bitter-sweet poems of love and hate. They dominate the latest collection and seem to set the tone of the work: **disillusionment** hangs heavy on the poet — **disillusionment** with himself as a writer, with politics, and with love or his ability to love: "I am no longer at my best." The new poems, in general, strike a more pessimistic, less comforting note than his earlier poetry. Torture and hate provide the mood, while Eros lurks around the corner.

It is Cohen's particular knack for using the familiar language of everyday, in juxtaposition with a not-so-commonplace idea that creates the strength of his poetry. Sometimes he does fall short of his goal, and the effect is a vulgar or jarring one, or merely comes out sounding like bad poetry. But, at the same time, Cohen still does show himself capable of writing simple, moving verse, when, for example, he speaks of the impossibility of reviving past love: "Don't walk on your shadow. Don't step on my broom, I will keep your shadow clean."

The breadth of Cohen's scope is evident even in the geographical settings of his poems: Montreal, Spain, New York, Tennessee, Greece — all are encompassed in his vision.

Belly dancers, Christ figures, Virgins, old lovers, holy men, old women — these are the people who inhabit Cohen's world.

Though the poet may be haunted by the creative act, he seems to be more at ease in the handling of these poems: they seem looser, freer, less tightly controlled than those of the early years, and take on added dimensions of meaning which bear witness to a maturing of his technique.

By its very versatility, Cohen's poetry lends itself to a variety of interpretations that makes its author, if not a "great" poet, at least one of the more important voices of our generation. His poetry combines such universal themes as love, freedom, justice, and their opposites, with the more particular daily considerations of the common man. Thus, it continues to appeal to people of all ages in all places. □

FABRICATED REALITIES

NOMAN

G WENDOLYN MacEwen

Oberon

paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.95; 121 pages

reviewed by Katharine Govier

THESE STORIES by a poet are like dresses made of original paintings. Miss MacEwen shapes her rich fabric of myth and magic into neat, contemporary forms. Some of the stories are sophisticated fables, short and emblematic. Others, like the two-part title story and "The Second Coming of Julia" the "Magician" are episodic and allegorical. I prefer the shorter, more suspenseful stories. I "Snow," "Fire," "House of the Whale" and my favourite, "The Oarsman and the Seamstress." Miss MacEwen's narrative technique is at its finest. She has a way of writing around the story; not through it, letting the coup *de grâce* fall in the last few lines almost as an afterthought.

She is deft with words. The writing is basic and flexible, making use of the speech rhythms appropriate to first-person narrations, rather than more complicated prosy structures. She has fun with such outdated slang as "right off the bat" and "go off the deep end." She has great respect for the Word; only by fidelity to it can one create the stilted letter-writing of a jailed Haida Indian and then transform it into the dignified voice of an Indian legend-teller.

All eight stories in *Noman* draw upon a store of images that includes the elemental and the fanciful. They are velvet capes, white horses, snow, Russian dancers, fire, and the Ferris wheel. The setting is "Trawnah" but the scenes are drawn with the trappings of dreams, magic and myth. People are overtaken by primitive urges to feed all their belongings to a fire so that it will last through the dark night; to die naked in fresh snow. The title story neatly, perhaps too neatly, completes a cycle of interchangeable characters and situations. *Noman*, who is many me, is a mystic case-worker, for all

has come to offer everyman the hope of "going sane."

Gwendolyn MacEwen attends upon myth — Christian, native, and "Kana-dian." Her stories and her people are there to show off the stuff. It is the fabric that is important, not the garment. The last question must be whether these Indian, immigrant, and carnival-inspired myths are legitimate. Are they simply more examples of what MacEwen herself calls "borrowed histories, imported ruins"? I think not. They are OUR, but young. □

KATHARINE GOVIER, who comes from Edmonton and who studied at University of Alberta and York University, now works as a freelance writer in Toronto.

REBELYELLS

CANNIBALS

STANLEY COOPERMAN

Oberon

paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.95; 110 pages

THE BEST NAME OF SILENCE

DA VID HEL WIG

Oberon

paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.95; 140 pages

reviewed by Fraser Sutherland

SOME PEOPLE collect stamps; Stanley Cooperman apparently collects periodicals. There are 42 of them listed in the acknowledgments section of *Cannibals*, and the result is that Cooperman seems less a poet than a poem-machine. Certainly the man must have energy.

The poems, too, have the energy that Earle Birney notes in a somewhat fulsome jacket blurb. So much of it, in fact, that they carom off each other like billiard balls. Although his principal subjects may easily be traced — love lyrics, poems on politics and society, wailing wall obsessions with the Jewish past — they do not make a satisfying whole. It's as if Cooperman, on learning of his 42nd magazine acceptance, said to himself, "Ah, now I have enough to make a book." Collection, not selection, is the operative principle.

cajoling, the poems sell very hard indeed, grabbing the reader by the collar and barking out **expostulations** and **imperatives**: "Pity"; "Listen"; "Look closely." The outbursts are also addressed to **fictional figures** ("Hoo/Malvolio/ Black hat!"), as well as literary and historical ones. Each stanza of "Cappelbaum's Rolcall," for example, opens with "TOLSTOY!" "ABB LINCOLN!" "LI PO!" etc. one of them will further illustrate **Cooperman's manner**:

SOLOMON!
*why are the lambs of the hills
 screaming
 for circumcised grass?*

Most of the poems are "hairy" in somewhat the same way; indeed, "hairy" is one of his **favourite words**: a "hairy arm," "hairy tongues;" "hairy dreams" and even 'hairy mud.'

When Cooperman gets off his soap box he can write affecting lyrics, quiet successes. Instead of noisy failures. But when he tries to be emotionally moving in the social or political sphere, it is a different matter. I wish poets would stop using a convenient disaster as a peg on which to hang a description of their current situation, or worse, personal anecdotes. In "For Henry Dumas," for example, he uses the death of a black poet to drag in by the coat-tails a memory of his father.

In one of his poems, "After the Deaths at Kent State," David Helwig is guilty of a similar offence. He speaks of England's "gentleness/ and the smell of the green growth," then concludes that for "the far-away dead, for them/ there are no gardens." The idea is trite.

In an age of rebellions and crypto-revolutions, poets who wisely stick to essentially mild and domestic themes seem compelled to write about violent politics. So in Helwig's *The Best Name Of Silence*, we find the predictable "Elegy" (for one of Che Guevara's guerillas) and "Poem for the End of the Revolution." These are no better than most of their kind.

Still, one can be grateful for Helwig's good moments. Though he can write with power, as in "Words from Hell," about an 18-year-old killed in Kingston Penitentiary, he is at his best in contemplative times when he is alone. or perhaps out walking in a quiet landscape. There is a turning inward, an

occasionally, as in "Wild Asters," one gets splashes of colour in the fashion of D. H. Lawrence), and an almost pre-Socratic concern with the processes of change. In respect to this last, one poem is even called "Parmenides Among. the Last."

Many of the poems are set in London, England, the home of grey poetry, though one excellent poem, "Balearic Winter," has Ibiza for a locale. The poem effectively handles time — the Majorcan past of Chopin and George Sand, and the poet's present:

*As the white walls darken, and the
 island loses its gold,
 the émigrés smoke drugs in tiny
 rooms.
 I drink white wine and coffee, and
 I think
 of those dainty effeminate fingers
 playing nocturnes
 through all the wind and rain and fear
 of death of that Majorcan winter.*

Few of the poems are exciting, it must be admitted, but after Cooperman one could use a tranquilizer. □

FRASER SUTHERLAND, who lives in Montreal, is Editor of *Northern Journey*; he has recently published a collection of poetry *Strange Ironies* (Fiddlehead) and a critical study of Callaghan and Hemingway is due.

PORTRAIT OF 'AN WYMAN

THE SHREWSDALE
 EXIT

JOHN BUELL
 Doubleday
 cloth \$7.75; 279 pages

reviewed by H. G. Levitch

A MAN NAMED Joe takes his wife and six-year-old daughter on vacation. They're driving to the coast. He's borrowed a long lens for his camera. And he got a second tent for his little girl. They stop to eat at a Howard Johnson's. Afterwards, Joe buys a package of M&M's for his kid. Back

mous stretch of road, three Hell's Angels-type bikers overtake his station wagon and force him off the road: he'd tried to outrun them, but his automobile started to vibrate badly at 85 miles an hour; then, one of the biers threw oil on his windshield; he couldn't see, and he had to stop.

He tries to defend himself and his family. But when he tightens back, they knock him unconscious with chains. Later, when he revives, he finds the bloody bodies of his wife and little girl, both of them sexually assaulted and murdered. The state police arrive:

The man in the car, Grant, was weeping quietly, and the trooper tried not to think of his own family . . . From the patrol car he [Joe Grant] kept staring into the dark beyond the station wagon, waiting for society to arrive.

When Joe discovers that the police can't find sufficient evidence to prosecute the three bikers, he decides to take justice into his own hands. He buys a .38 automatic pistol and spends an evening out in the woods learning how to shoot it. Unlike the hero of the movie *Straw Dogs*, he barely nicks his assailants. Instead, he himself is charged with attempted murder, and is sentenced to five years in prison.

A sympathetic cop tells him:

"You should've done it alone [Joe had picked up a local whore and used her as bait]," he [the cop] said, "with a shotgun, a repeater — Cc ballistics — and with that car you could've been long gone. Nobody woulda got ulcers working on the case."

"I couldn't do that than. Earlier maybe."

"Yeah. We know."

"Or later."

The door closed and Caught and became part of the wall.

When Joe had a chance to think about what had happened to him, and what he had done about it, he thought:

He couldn't deny what he did. Whatever the law might call it, he couldn't go back on it. It would be the same as denying what those three killers had done. The white bodies under his flashlight, the discovered horror, un-touchable by police or law, all this was central, everything derived from it, his feelings, his actions, the desire — perhaps impossible — to set it right. It all came together in him, and only him. It was a part of his person. So much living reality, so much good had been destroyed, he had to keep something of it in existence, in himself, he couldn't let it slip, un-fought for, into a final nothingness.

But enough of the synopsis. This reviewer has found a book worth **reading, and** recommends it highly. It's tempting to **reveal** the details of a most ingenious, exquisitely **non-chalant** prison escape — or, as one character **calmly** explains it to Joe, "Most breakouts **are walkaways** and this one's no different." But then, **the entire** prison **episode** remains, to this jaded reviewer's mind, **as** unimpeachably **plausible** and convincing, and **brilliantly** told.

What may **baffle** some readers is a curious **lack of colour**, or personality, even "individuality," about Joe. **He** may remind some of **Camus' Meursault** in *The Stranger*, **Sartre**, by way of **Kierkegaard**, used to describe the **Existential** Hem as a man "**who** is what he **does**." *In effect*, the identity of a character is determined by his actions. Quirks, **idiosyncrasies** and eccentricities **are superficial** and, according to **Sartre**, irrelevant detail **that** would be redundant and **false** to the essential **core** or real nature of that character.

Thus, although Joe may be singularly **colourless**, he ranges across the visible spectrum of **behaviour**, from ultra-violent to translucent **manual labour**. However, in the course of **Ms** actions, his **persona** (*née* "personality") resists definition. No one would **recognize** him on the street or in a subway car; he is the contemporary invisible man, courtesy of Poe's *The Purloined Letter*.

He "becomes:" **respectively**, a vacationing engineer; a beleaguered citizen protecting his **family** from the barbarians; a **grieving middle-class** husband and father; an avenging demon who cunningly prepares a murderous ambush for his enemies; a criminal in court; a model **convict**; a fugitive from justice; and a diligent, hard-working farm hand who learns how to **bail** hay and operate a tractor. By comparison, **Kafka's heroes/protagonists/narrators** are never anything but "themselves" (even when they appear to be cockroaches). Mr. **Buell** has written a **complicated** story **that** reads **like** a good, **intelligent** thriller. □

H. G. LEVITCH, who denies coming from Louisiana, now lives, writes and thinks in Toronto, mainly about linguistics, jazz and palaeography.

THE DOING THING AND THE BEING BIT

TIGERS OF THE SNOW

Edited by J. A. MacNEILL & GLEN SORESTAD
Nelson; paper \$3.25; illustrated; 213 pages

'72 — NEW CANADIAN STORIES

Edited by DA VID HELWIG & JOAN HARCOURT
Oberon; paper \$2.95, cloth \$5.95; 135 pages

THESE TWO short story anthologies are opposed in almost every sense. Their differences **illustrate** the changes which have come over the form of the short story.

Tigers of the Snow is an odd name for a **collection** of Canadian short stories. I **like** almost everything in this collection, and my **only** criticism is of the **editors**. I'm not very impressed by the title and what it implies: a slightly outdated **concept** of adventure, of prowling and preying through a wilderness of snow.

Some of **our** best-known writers are represented here — Sinclair Ross, **Hugh Garner**, Morley **Callaghan**, the late **Edward McCourt**, **Failey Mowat**, and **Ethel Wilson**. Although **all** the stories **have** been **published previously**, some, as the Introduction states, have not appeared in this **country**. The editors have undoubtedly done a service in **collecting** so many **fine** short stories **written** by Canadians in the past 25 **years**. I was particularly glad to see the work of Sinclair Ross and **Ethel Wilson**, since **collections of stories** by both of these writers' are **rare**.

The editors have been careful to demonstrate the **regional** variety of this **country**. There are stories from the **west coast**, an **Indian story**, two Eskimo stories, two **prairie stories**, and a story by Maritime poet Alden **Nowlan**. The choice leans to traditional adventure stories exhibiting **suspense**, **character** development and **all** those qualities **one** learns about in school. I judge that the book is intended for school, **on** the **evidence** of the "**Call-them-Canadians**" type photographs, and spicy **introductions** along the **lines** of "What would you do if you **were** trapped in a **submarine** with 20 men, with only enough air. . ."

If you **like** war stories you're in luck. Coiin **McDougall's** "The **Firing Squad**" and Michael Bruce's "Gentlemen, your verdict" emerge from the **Semnd World War**, and Hugh **Hood's** story describes a third world war, "Two **Fishermen**" by Morley **Callaghan** is about an executioner, and "**Always a Motive**" by Dan Ross gives us an **account** of a man's **arrest** for kidnapping. Them **is** certainly material here to demonstrate **the great** Canadian respect **for legal** and **military** authority.

I am not convinced that the Canada **that is illustrated** in these stories **still** exists. The Eskimo stories **tell** of **husky** dogs and long treks by sled **across** frozen wastes. The prairie is represented by a desperate log **cabin** outpost in a **blizzard**, and the exorcism of the **devil** in the form of a hilltop **still**. **Powerful** stories, and **powerful** history. I just hope the reader will realize that the North and the West have *own up a bit, **like** the rest of the muntry.

The 'stories I prefer are the least **dramatic** and the least pointedly regional. Ethel Wilson's depiction of an **adult squabble** in "**We Have to Sit Opposite**" is a **rare humorous** story. If you travel abroad and have been tempted to **tell** the uninformed some **tall** tales about Canada, you should mad this story. "A Few Notes **for Orpheus**" is **another story** which stands out in this collection; Don Bailey's style is **casual** and spare; and he too **avoids** staginess. Sinclair Ross' story is characteristically **excellent**.

The fact that I choose to praise these three stories brings me to a final criticism of **the** terms of selection. There **are only** two women writers in 18. In fact, aside from the stories I **have mentioned**, **where men and women** exist, they are scarcely any female

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characters in the whole book. Read-it -I'm sore you'll notice that something is missing. It's a man's world here, in *Tigers in the Snow*. But these are adventure stories, and I guess only men have adventures.

'72 follows Fourteen *Stories High* as the second of what is now an annual collection of new Canadian stories. Things have changed since most of the stories in *Tiger* first appeared. Crises are now all minor, all psychological, and understated, nobody writes about life and death situations, or battles to the finish any more. Everyone is writing art stories where nothing really happens and that is the point. Some of the stories are excessively enigmatic, but there is good reading for any devotee of the contemporary school.

I liked John Sandman's "One for the Road." It is a hitch-hiking saga where modern heroes rap for supremacy. Sandman has a lightly humorous touch and a relaxed style which tends toward unparagraphed think-talk. John Newlove's "Story of a Cat" is well-crafted, and "The Magicians" by Beth

Harvor is another I enjoyed. Don Bail9 appears in this collection too, and his story is again rewarding. George McWhirter's "The Harbinger" is impossible to understand but I have a feeling that I would object to it if I knew what it was about.

An air of greyness, alienation and indifference pervades '72. This may be appropriate to the modern experience, but it does not in itself make meaningful fiction. Some of the writers here have used this new attitude and technique successfully, while others have created nothing but more grey fog. While I don't believe that the traditional methods that predominate in *Tigers of the Snow* are the only ways to write short stories, I don't understand why all the writers have abandoned plot, action, and crisis simultaneously. Why are the styles in writing stories so arbitrary? Perhaps it is not true that all writers follow the trends so closely. Perhaps it is the editors who lack imagination, or have a taste for monotony. □ KG

THE MEN WHO WENT OUT IN THE COLD

DEATH ON THE ICE

CASSIE BROWN, with HAROLD HORWOOD

Doubleday; cloth \$7.95; 270 pages

reviewed by Tony Thomas

IN 1934 A Newfoundlander named Abram Kean was awarded the Order of the British Empire. His distinction was that he had killed more seals than any other man in history; he had, in fact, recently chalked up his millionth seal Pelt. Captain Kean remains the outstanding figure in the annals of Newfoundland's sealing industry but his is not a name that Newfoundlanders revere. Twenty years prior to his recognition by the Crown, Kean was the principal villain in a disaster that cost the lives of 77 men, and it is a shuddering comment on the power and the greed of the shipowners and the pelt dealers that Kean's career went unchecked.

Cassie Brown's *Death on the Ice* is a book full of shuddering comment. The sealing disaster of 1914 is the blackest page in Newfoundland history -- and it might be said that most of the other pages are tarnished with other tales of death, dreadful sufferings and bitter struggles against the elements in a bleak part of the world. Most Canadians are aware that life in Newfoundland was, and still is, hard but reading this book will shock all but those who have closely studied the island.

It is incredible to read that less than 60 years ago a ship flying the British flag -- an old, tiid ship -- headed into the ice fields without wireless communication, and that the crew

inadequately dressed, found sleeping space as best they could and prepared their own meals over tiny coal stoves in the holds. They were part of the annual, brutal adventure called seal hunting and they risked their lives for a handful of dollars. They earned barely enough to feed their families, and by the end of the voyage they stank with matted blood and grease, living in filth and dying for want of medical supplies.

Despite the rigours of the sealing expeditions, young Newfoundlanders vied for passage, to be part of the great adventure and prove their manhood. They quickly overcame the initial reluctance to kill seals, especially the babies who cried like humans, for no boy dared be thought a "sissy"; and after a few clubbings the apprentices became insensitive. There was also the matter of discipline; these were men who obeyed orders, unquestioningly, and even when stumbling around lost on the ice they looked for leadership. Their obedience is part of the honor of this story. They were superstitious and fatalistic, believing that the sea wailed a demand for victims. In the middle of March, 1914, 120 men of this kind climbed over the side of their old ship and walked out over the ice floes to hunt seals. Captain Kean ignored advice of a possible blizzard and ordered his men to go about their business. Within hours they were lost in swirling snow and bitter winds.

The men were lost for two days and two nights and their plight has been skilfully chronicled by Cassie Brown. *Death on the Ice* is not a great piece of literature but it is an excellently structured piece of dramatic journalism, thoroughly researched and lucidly explained. Collaborator Harold Horwood claims that his own part in the book was limited to advising and editing, and if this is true Cassie Brown deserves much credit. As a native Newfoundlander with an obvious compassion for her people she writes this astonishing account with precisely the clarity it needed. Her background as a reporter and her success as a writer of stage and radio plays here combine a proper union, so that *Death on Ice* moves with the pacing of a novel. Even as a documentary,

revealing merely the dreadful facts, it would have been grimly fascinating but with the addition of dialogue and the focusing on character and lifestyle, the book becomes something much more. It is an illumination, aided by a selection of 50 photographs, of how a body of Newfoundlanders lived and died in 1914. □

TONY THOMAS is a broadcaster (well-known on CBC Radio) and a writer whose special interests are the Old West and Hollywood; he is working at present on three movie biographies, having recently published a study of Peter Ustinov.

VOLUME OF BUSINESS

CANADIAN BUSINESS HISTORY Selected Studies.

1497-1971

DAVID S. MACMILLAN
McClelland & Stewart
cloth \$12.30: 346 pages

reviewed by Jack Routh

DAVID MACMILLAN of Trent University made an outstanding scholarly contribution to the field of business literature. The creative talent among the contributors to this book is considerable. Their respective titles made like the departmental calendar of a major university. In fact, brought together they would constitute a formidable faculty for a Canadian Business Studies centre. However they are all historians and inevitably their work is weighted in emphasis. This is not a criticism that historians differ in their business acumen. Simply put, it is their methods which differ considerably.

This factor is highlighted by the subject matter and the title of the book. One wonders if David Macmillan, faced with his material, selected a title which is deliberately ambiguous. The modern Canadian businessman, whom it is hoped is included among the membership of Professor Macmillan's "intelligent reading public," is concerned with the concepts of marketing,

distribution, research and development, manufacturing processes and the complex problems of financing; he would find little here to which he could relate with any immediacy. Surely a *Business History* should consider the evolutionary trends which have led to the entrepreneurial system as it exists in Canada today?

The book examines five general subject areas: first, the Outside Influences and Internal Developments, which considers the eastern mercantilist element of the 16th and 17th centuries as well as that of the mid-19th century entrepreneurs in British Columbia; second, the Social and Political Significance of Business Groupings, which relates entirely to the 19th century and is guaranteed to send the reader on a quest for some distant ancestor among the list of names included. This is followed by the section entitled Case Studies in North American Business, which comprises three studies of railway developers and one review of a major resource industry. The remaining two sections cover the Study of Canadian Business History, which is an historiographical sketch by three contributors outlining developments in this field and which, since it is from the student's point of view perhaps the most important section of all, should precede the other two. This is followed by a short paper titled Extra National Control, an Early Can Study, which relates to the shipbuilding and shipowning in the Maritimes during the early part of the 19th century.

The wide topical range of the work must be examined in relation to the objectives stated in the author's Introduction, since relatively few of these are relevant in a modern business connotation. Furthermore as a history it is neither linear in presentation nor is it evolutionary in its treatment of the subject. In the final analysis it is a mosaic of scholarly historical research placed between two covers under its somewhat euphemistic title. The qualitative description *Selective Studies* may have been added as an afterthought or as a protective device, like the chess player who leaves his King's knight at KB3 after having castled on the King's side. Regardless of the applicability of the analogy, Professor Macmillan's objectives remain questionable.

It is a work compiled by "established historians and their younger colleagues . . . for members of the intelligent reading public" — at what denomination, one might ask, does this criterion become apparent and at what leave? — "so that every aspect of the development of business in its setting within the community can be studied" to achieve a balanced, informative picture. Professor Macmillan points out that "such already well-charted waters as the fur trade and the lumber industry" are omitted. Likewise "the early development of the wheat-growing industry of the Prairies, the growth of the automobile industry, and the beginnings of

the iron and steel industry, shipping, brewing, distilling and textile industries and . . . the insurance and investment companies." Banks are not even mentioned. Take away these, Professor Macmillan seems to imply, and you have the nucleus for the foundations of a Canadian Business History. What does this leave? If one can judge by the four cases offered for study, it leaves only the railways and the nickel mines.

Surely the Canadian railways have been studied more than any other enterprise in our history? The classic History of Canadian Wealth by Gustavus Myers devotes six out of 15 chap-

ters to this subject. Recent popular histories have devoted volumes to it. Didn't someone state somewhere that the history of Canada was the history of its railways? Yet Professor Macmillan claims that the studies are designed to counteract "the narrowness which has tended to circumscribe the study in some other countries."

Regardless of the mosaic nature of the history, its contents make fine reading. As a field of study, much remains to be done. It is a painfully exacting task for the historian who ploughs through the innumerable documents and sometimes doubtful sources. The contributors to this book must be congratulated on their achievement. One hopes the initiative taken by Professor Macmillan will lead to further development of the study of Canadian business history. The services of an able business consultant sympathetic to the historical viewpoint would add weight in a crucial area and to borrow from the author's words will "contribute to the hopeful signs of spreading interest in this subject." □

JACK ROUTH, who studied history at University of Toronto and McMaster University. Is Course Director of Marketing Subjects at Seneca College, near Toronto.

A MAN OF . . . UM . . . PARTS
continued from page 4

Bay for a taste of "the real thing" — between meetings, of course.

Bacque manages to clothe the blatancy of Ramsey's search for "essentials" with an Indian girl by permitting them some truly fine elements of sensitivity and insight. This is in direct contrast with his laboured attempts at making the world of academic politics seem familiar and significant.

In between these two extremes lies the bulk of the book; an overindulgent tale of an overindulgent man, told in a third-person, stream-of-consciousness style that all too often isolates us from a person who is already alienated from himself. □

NIGEL SPENCER, originally from Montreal, is a graduate student of drama at University of Toronto and reviews theatre for Toronto Citizen

christmas 1972 Get free Clarke Irwin balloons at your favourite bookstore

canadian books for canadian kids

PAPERBACK RACK

Fred Dale's **Garden Book** (H. Fred Dale: PaperJacks; \$1.95): Dale, former **Garden Editor** of the Toronto *Star*, is that happy rarity, a literate writer who happens to have a green thumb. Most books of this sort are ploughed onto paper by gardeners who think *How Green Was My Valley* must be a memoir by a lawn-seed merchant. Dale knows his onions, loves his loam and writes pithily about everything from **ageratum** to **zinnia**. The chapter on **fertilizers** is a model of lucidity; the **illustrations** are dull but functional.

The **Shield Project** and **Operation Cuttlefish** (David R. Mounce; Pyramid; 75 cents and 95 cents respectively) are mildly exciting thrillers about the improbable adventures of — at long last — a truly Canadian secret agent. He's Paul Fox, he's "run" by a multinational corporate millionaire who is also the head of an amazingly efficient intelligence branch of our Department of National Defense (does Trudeau know?), and he sleeps with the same girl friend all the time. If the publishers can make up their mind whether Mounce is another John La Carré (*The Shield Project*) or "in the tradition of Alistair MacLean" (*Operation Cuttlefish*) or perhaps just himself, Fox may yet survive the critical hounds.

Two Islands (Katharine Scherman; Ballantine; \$1.25): They are cold, foggy Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy and sun-caressed Sanibel off Florida's Gulf coast. Miss Sherman is a less mannered, more direct Lawrence Durrell in her love of islands. She claims to write as an outsider but in her heart she belongs to these contrasting microcosms of man and nature. Complete with maps and illustrations, this is a delightful book.

The Pill — a true perspective (Dr. James C. Paupst; Clarke Irwin; \$1.75): Although it has been in widespread use for more than a decade, the birth-control pill is still the subject of an astonishing amount of rumour, misinformation and ignorance. Dr. Paupst's splendidly comprehensive, well-organized and objective book tells in plain language what every sexually active woman wants to know but didn't know where to ask.

Abortion In Canada (Eleanor Wright Pelrine; new press; \$1.50) is more of a report (frankly pro-abortion) on a cause in progress than a definitive document. However, it does answer all the questions that can be answered. And it persuades.

True To You In My Fashion (Adrienne Clarkson; new press; \$1.50) is the second in new press' New Women Series (the first is *Abortion in Canada*). The title ironically echoes Ernest Dowson, the pathetic late-Victorian poet who fell hopelessly in love with a waitress. She couldn't understand his Horace-inspired odes and ran away. Feeling his life was ruined, Dowson wasted away into early death — bequeathing in his verse a feast of future titles (*Days of Wine and Roses*, *Gone With the Wind*).

None of the 13 well-assorted Mrs. Clarkson inter-demonstrates such tic passion — and clear whether she

thinks they should. But they do let it all hang out in a remarkable, entertaining and informative way. But wouldn't the New Woman be better served by a book explaining women to men?

The New Ancestors (Dave Godfrey; new press; \$1.95) explores the personal commitments of a mixed cast of characters involved in the creation of a new African nation. The setting is alien but the definition of consciousness is universal. Dark, powerful, prophetic and worth the reader's effort.

continued *overleaf*



(David Lewis Stein; new press; \$1.50) is a "absurdist fantasy about urban warfare that reads like a smog-provoked traffic jam. Here and there, like police beacons, flash descriptive gems that prove Stein can write -and write well if he ever abandons abstract ideas and recollects himself. His characters call it getting yourself together.

Shall We Join the Ladies? and I" Darkest Domestica (Eric Nicol; Paper-jacks; \$1.25 each): If, as Nicol claims in his introductions, the coy pieces in these books represent the sort of light reading material being printed in Canada during the 1950s, then the whole social revolution of the last 10 years suddenly becomes much more explicable. Yucky. □

POOR PUSSY

THE EASTERN PANTHER: A Question

of Survival
BRUCE S. WRIGHT
Clarke Irwin
cloth \$6.50; illustrated; 180 pages

reviewed by Michael Cheda

BRUCE WRIGHT has written a book to prevent a rapidly disappearing animal from fading into extinction. His efforts are compounded because the eastern panther is not recognized as legally existing and instead is referred to as a myth known as "the Indian Devil." The big cat is thought to be a myth all over Eastern North America except in New Hampshire and Florida where its existence is acknowledged and the panther is protected by game laws. This book easily explodes the myth. After 100 pages documenting more than 300 sightings of panthers, each one described in laborious detail, there can be no doubt about the existence of the cats.

The book consists of stories of encounters with panthers sandwiched between a brief history of the cat and a description of the animal itself followed by a methodology for "panther watching" for those so inclined. The bulk of the accounts are from New

author runs a wildlife station.

In the prologue to the book, Wright criticizes the planned road through Fundy National Park, the Fundy Trail. This road will provide public access to an important breeding ground of the panther, thereby chasing the cats to the ever-shrinking wild areas and limiting the chances for their survival. Of course, any movement to impede the efforts of the New Brunswick tourist board should be regarded as an extreme ly difficult uphill battle. Since Bruce

ince checking on panther stories, he must realize how difficult it is to stop a highway being built in a province that probably has more miles of new highway per capita than any other political unit in the world with the possible exception of Nevada or Kuwait.0

MICHAEL CHEDA describes himself as "a harmless drudge working in the bowels of Canadian television." The anus mundi of television happens to be in Toronto.

ready & waiting

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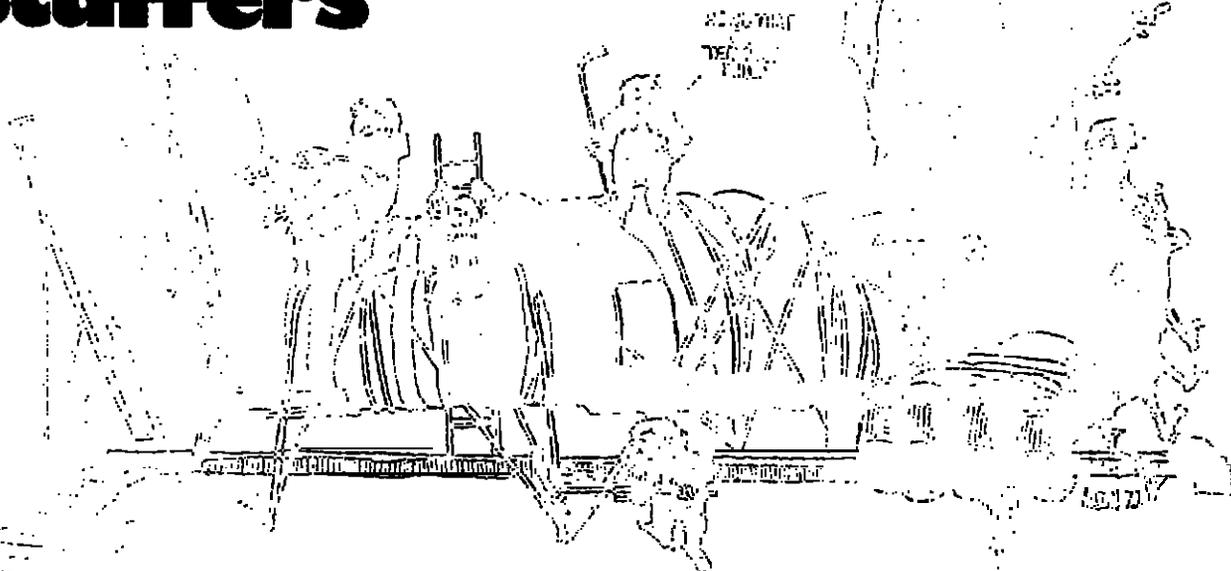
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1. Please indicate how often you visit your nearest public library and/or your nearest bookstore. Tick the appropriate box.

	More than once per month	2-3 times per month	Once per month	Less than once per month
(a) How often do you visit your library?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(b) How often do you visit your bookstore?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

2. Is there a bookstore that sells hardcover books, within easy reach of your home?

Yes No

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4. Approximately how many books do you read in a year? How many of these do you buy? Please tick the appropriate box.

	One	Two	3-4	5-6	7 or more
(a) How many books do you read in a year?	<input type="checkbox"/>				
(b) How many books do you buy in a year?	<input type="checkbox"/>				

(c) How many books (if any) do you buy through a book club or society, and which club or society?

Number from

5. (a) What was the last Canadian book you read?

.....

(b) How did you like it?

.....

.....

(c) Did you buy the book? Or borrow it?
 Bought Borrowed

6. Name your favourite Canadian author(s). ..

.....

7. Roughly how many of the books you read in the past year were published in Canada?

About 10% <input type="checkbox"/>	More than half <input type="checkbox"/>
Less than half <input type="checkbox"/>	Nearly all <input type="checkbox"/>
About half <input type="checkbox"/>	Don't know <input type="checkbox"/>

8. For each of the following kinds (a) whether or not Canadian countries.

(b) whether or not enough Can published

For each of the following kinds of books	As of Y
NOVELS	[
POETRY	[
MYSTERIES/THRILLERS	[
POLITICS/CURRENT AFFAIRS	[
HISTORY	[
BIOGRAPHIES	[
CHILDREN'S BOOKS	[
SPORTS/PASTIMES/HOBBIES	[
PERFORMING&GRAPHIC ARTS	[

(c) Have you any other special a

9. By ticking the appropriate box, each of the following statement:

- (a) Canadian books cost too much
- (b) More Canadian writers should be published
- (c) More emphasis should be put on Canadian writers in our schools
- (d) Canadian publishers do a good job in supporting Canadian writers
- (e) Canadian public libraries do not have a wide enough selection of Canadian books
- (f) Booksellers do not display enough Canadian books
- (g) Neither libraries nor bookstores stock a wide enough selection of Canadian books
- (h) It is easy to get information about Canadian books

1.0. Please complete the following:
 (a) What I like best about Canaa

Canadian books, would you tell us:
 Canadian writers are as good as those in other

Canadian books of each kind are being

Canadian writers as good as those in other countries?		Are enough Canadian books being published?	
YES	NO	YES	NO
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

Comments?

Please indicate how you feel about:

Agree strongly	Agree	Disagree	Disagree strongly	Don't know
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				
<input type="checkbox"/>				

Canadian books is

(b) What I like least about Canadian books is

11. By ticking the appropriate box, please indicate your attitude to the following features of Books In Canada:

	YES	NO	DON'T KNOW
(a) Do you find the reviews helpful in choosing books'?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(b) Do you find the advertisements helpful as a source of information about new books?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(c) Would you prefer Books In Canada to come out more than once a month?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
(d) Would you prefer to buy Books In Canada at your hookstore?	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

12. How well does Books In Canada satisfy your needs as a reader?

.....

13. In what ways could we improve Books In Canada?

.....

14. Finally, would you please provide the following details to assist us in our survey of readers:

(a) SEX: Male Female

(b) AGE: Under 20 years
 20-30 years
 30-40 years
 Over 40 years

(c) OCCUPATION

(d) INCOME: Less than \$8,000 per year
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 Over \$ 16,000 per year

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