

BOOKS *in* CANADA

a national review of books

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 5

MAY, 1975



A special issue
on and
mainly about
WOMEN



Myrna Kostash
ON
MARIAN ENGEL



Adele Wiseman
ON
SYLVIA FRASER



PLUS
REVIEWS BY
June Callwood,
Linda Sandier,
Aviva Layton,
Margaret Hogan,
and
Nancy Naglin



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POEM

"Sometimes, Suddenly" by Sally Bryer

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Vol. 4 No. 5

May, 1975

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NOTES & COMMENTS

THE PREPARATION OF this special issue on women writers and publishers in Canada drew a number of points to our asexual editorial attention. To begin at the business end of things, we were depressed to realize just how slowly the presses of this country are rolling toward full sexual equality. An arrogant codpiece is still the predominant colophon in this and, we suspect, most other lands. With few exceptions, major publishing houses tend to funnel promising female employees into their promotion departments — presumably on the grounds that women have innate gifts when it comes to organizing functions, acting as hostesses, and caressing the egos of neurotic authors. Even the nationalistic fires of the supposedly enlightened Independent Publishers' Association seem to burn with a curiously phallic heat. There are 18 positions on the IPA-executive committee; only three are occupied by women, although in theory all are open to any designated employee of the 44 member firms.

As a result, there's a woeful deficiency in the contributions from women to the process by which books are selected and edited for publication. Those emotional attitudes and intellectual judgments peculiar to a group representing more than one half of Canadian society are all too often subordinated to male conceptions of literary taste. In publishing, the pen may be mightier than the sword but the sword cuts a lot more ice than the scabbard.

Small wonder, then, that alternative organizations are springing up to challenge the established order. As Morris Wolfe notes in his revealing article on women's presses (page 4): "In a sexually egalitarian world, such alternatives wouldn't have to exist, and one assumes the day will come when they will no longer be needed." So we salute the women's presses as current social necessities. (And to anticipate a reflex protest from *The Body Politic*, we also salute the homosexual presses for the same reason.) But we won't be sorry to see them fade away.

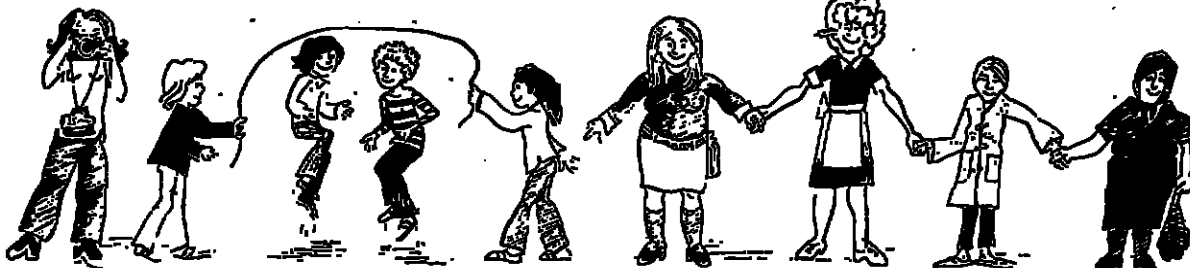
If we need alternatives on the business side of publishing, do we also need them on the creative side? Should Women's CanLit (or Gay CanLit) be isolated as a separate field for critical study? Of that we are not so sure — even though the very existence of this special issue might be interpreted as tacit recognition of such a field. Certainly several of the contributors to the issue would share Myrna Kostash's enthusiasm for the emergence of a literature that speaks from "the land of uterus and premenstrual tension." In her review of Marian Engel's *Joanne* (page 6), Ms. Kostash argues that "good books may indeed some day be trans-sexual, but for now, given the social realities, good books are still decidedly intra-sexual."

Well, it's true that no man can speak from the land of uterus and premenstrual tension, just as no woman can speak from the land of testicles and premature ejaculation. And it's also true that few male novelists have ever created a totally successful female character. Poor old Arnold Bennett, for example, evidently lumbered through his entire *œuvres* with some distinctly odd notions about how women's bodies work. But if we cite Bennett and his unconvincing old wives we should also cite James Joyce and the immortal Molly Bloom. Surely writing, like all art, should at least aspire to universal understanding? To put "intra-sexual" limits on literature is to diminish both it and ourselves. Worse, it is to accept defeat. For if the creative imagination can't conceive of that richer social harmony where men and women interact as equals, there is no chance we shall ever attain it in life.

In the area of women's contributions to non-fiction, we encounter a different problem. A glance through this and previous issues will confirm that precious little is being written by Canadian women in the fields of history, politics, economics, sociology, and the pure and practical sciences. Why is this? Our guess is that there are still far too few female academics in the relevant departments. And the few who should be producing such books can't find the time because they are being sidetracked into conducting endless courses under the general heading of Women's Studies. One obvious result is that we are being denied an essential perspective in a number of disciplines crucial to our social and intellectual development.

Finally, there is the touchy (to us) subject of sexism in reviewing. A recent correspondent, Mavis Volpe of Brandon, Man., took us to task because our March issue contained only one contribution written by a woman. Fair enough; we were caught with our slip unshowing that time. But in the December issue of a radical feminist periodical mysteriously called *Emergency Librarian*, we were taken even more harshly to task by an F. Geirsson for being blatantly male chauvinistic in our editorial policy. She berates our reviewers, males and females alike, for confining themselves to the books under review and not exploring or commenting on the collective subconscious of the feminist movement. For Ms. Geirsson we have no apologies at all. She is talking arrant nonsense. As a librarian, emergency or otherwise, she should know that the policy of this magazine, like that of every other responsible review publication, is simply to mate books with the best reviewers we can find at a given moment — regardless of sex. And the more they concentrate on the books at hand and refrain from venturing into speculative psychology, the happier we will be.

To sum up, we are presenting this special women's issue partly because it is International Women's Year and partly because we seem to be at a turning point in Canadian publishing that deserves recognition. This is our first women's issue and it will also be our last. Henceforth *Books in Canada* will be about just that — books in Canada. Good criticism should be colour-blind, creed-deaf, and gender-mute. All that's really needed is a nose. □



OF MS. AND MEN IN PUBLISHING

Since the invention of movable type, publishing has been cast in a male mould. Here's how The Women's Press is offsetting that.

By MORRIS WOLFE

IN OUR SPECIAL issue on education a couple of months ago, I complained about the lack of Canadian content in my kids' textbooks. That after almost a decade of the "new" nationalism. The same textbooks are, if anything, even worse when it comes to propagating traditional sexual stereotypes. And that after more than a decade of the "new" feminism.

Male-centred stories and pictures in Canadian readers — and other texts — outnumber female-centred ones three to one. (The same figures are roughly true of the content of television). Other kids' books are just as bad. In the popular *What's Good for a Six-Year-Old*, for example, we find the narrator saying, "First I asked Paul/What's best of all?" The answer?

*Wrestling! Cowboys! Climbing trees!
Swinging on the high trapeze!
King of the Mountain! Funniest clown!
Being the fastest runner in town!*

Then the narrator asks, "How about Sue?/What's good for you?"

*Sewing things and playing nurse,
Telling stories, writing verse,
Wearing mother's shoes and dresses,
Saying riddles, making guesses.*

To help combat sexism in a society where the media remain almost totally controlled by men, Canadian women have found it necessary to organize alternatives — alternative publishing houses, news-gathering agencies, and journals. (In a sexually egalitarian world, of course, such alternatives wouldn't have to exist, and one assumes that the day will come when they will no longer be needed.) The bi-monthly magazine *Branching Out*, for instance (\$5, Box 4098, Edmonton), is now almost two years old. The first issue of *Room of One's Own*, a feminist quarterly of literature and criticism (\$5, #9-520 Prince Albert Street, Vancouver), has just appeared. A national women's news agency, *Feminist-News*, was recently organized in Winnipeg to collect and disseminate information about the Canadian movement. In those areas of the media where alternatives can't be organized — television, say — women have instead put considerable pressure on those who can effect change. Last year, Women for Political Action presented an excellent critical analysis of the treatment of women on television at the CBC licence-renewal hearings in Ottawa.

The sexist excerpts from *What's Good for a Six-Year-Old* quoted above are from *The Women's Kit*, a 25-pound multi-media box assembled and distributed by the Ontario Institute for Studies in Education in Toronto. It's the best thing I've seen produced by OISE, which has been frequently (and often justifiably) maligned. The box, which sells for

\$50, contains records, slides, filmstrips, posters, photos, drawings, poems, articles, stories, booklets, and excerpts from newspapers — all by and/or about women (mostly Canadian). At \$2 a pound, it's the best reading/viewing/listening bargain I've seen in some time. I'd promised to return it to OISE in two days; in fact I kept it for 10 because my wife and kids and I (and assorted guests) were having so much fun rummaging around in it. The material is handsomely designed. Its occasional bits of editorial and explanatory prose are effectively understated. My only criticism is that there isn't a junior version of the kit, one that would work for elementary-school children as effectively as I suspect this one does for those in secondary schools and colleges.

The best *individual* item to have come out of the Canadian women's movement, in my opinion, is the recently published collection of essays *Women at Work: Ontario 1850-1930* (Women's Press, 416 pages, \$12.50 cloth and \$6 paper). This well-designed book, edited by Janice Acton, Penny Goldsmith, and Bonnie Shepard, and superbly illustrated by Gail Geltner, is the first collection of *scholarly* articles on women's work to have been published anywhere in North America. Included among its nine essays are first-rate pieces on the political economy of 19th-century Ontario women (by Leo Johnson), on prostitution in Toronto circa 1900 (by Lori Roteberg), on being a schoolmarm in Ontario (by Elizabeth Graham), and on the Toronto dressmakers' strike of 1931 (by Catherine Macleod). [Editor's note: This book will be reviewed at greater length in a forthcoming issue of *Books in Canada*.]

Women at Work was produced by the oldest women's publishing house in the country, The Women's Press (or Canadian Women's Educational Press). In the fall of 1970, a group of Toronto women attempted to have published a collection of essays on the women's movement in this country; at that time, virtually all the printed material on the movement available in Canada was American. When they couldn't find an established publisher sympathetic or interested enough in what they wanted to do, the women decided to publish the material themselves, although they knew little about publishing. They became the Canadian Women's Educational Press, asked for and got a LIP grant, and in July, 1972, put out their first book, *Women Unite!* The women at the press themselves admit that they've learned a lot since then. *Women Unite!* is not particularly well designed or edited, and is full of typos. Still, there are some good pieces there that more than justify the book's existence. My favourite essay is Sarah Spinks's "Sugar 'n' Spice" — particularly her discussion of the sexism of Paul Goodman and Edgar Z. Friedenberg.

The next major project The Women's Press turned to was the publication of non-sexist Canadian children's books. In 1973 three such books appeared — *The Travels of Ms. Beaver* and *Mandy and the Flying Map* (both by Bev Allin-

son and Ann Powell), and *Fresh Fish and Chips* (by Jan Andrews and Linda Donnelly). The latter two, although restricted to two colours (the possibilities of which are not that well exploited), have gone into a second printing and have sold almost 7,000 copies each. *The Travels of Ms. Beaver* (originally published by Kids Can Press), which has also gone into a second printing, has done slightly less well — mostly, one suspects, because its text is printed in script and is difficult for children to read to themselves. The press's fourth children's book, an attractive retelling of the traditional tale *Stone Soup* by Carol Pasternak, Allen Sutterfield, and Hedy Campbell (\$3.25 paper and \$6.25 cloth) has just appeared. Three more children's books are on the way.

In addition to *Women at Work*, *Women Unite!* and the four children's books, The Women's Press has published eight other works, including a couple of women's calendars, *The Daycare Book* (now out of print), *Cuban Women Now*, and *Never Done*, a popular overview of women's work in Canada from the 16th century on. (*Never Done*, 10,000 copies of which have just been ordered for use in British Columbia schools, was reviewed in our February issue.)

The press operates out of six crowded, busy rooms on the third floor of a large old house next door to OISE in downtown Toronto. An interview consists of sitting in the corner of the main room talking to three or four members of the collective (the three or four keep changing) as a constant

One can subscribe to the views of The Women's Press (and I do) and admire their dedication to those views (and I do) and still wonder about the wisdom of collective decision-making when it comes to deciding what books to publish and how they should be edited and packaged.

stream of staff members and visitors drift in and out. The phone doesn't seem to stop ringing.

The 14 women who run the press range in age from 20 to 35, and come from a variety of backgrounds. They operate as a collective: everyone participates in all major decisions (including the selection and editing of manuscripts), and everyone shares in all work, including the "shit work" — filing, typing, packing, etc. Four of the women draw salaries from the press; the other 10, all of whom have some other means of support, work as volunteers. Through some combination of luck and skill, the press has been able to avoid the kinds of ideological and personal conflicts that have destroyed so many other collectives. It may be as simple, as Donna Bobier of the press earnestly puts it, as the fact that they "share so much that it's easy to underplay conflict." Although there's been some turnover, 10 of the women have been with the press for a year and a half or longer.

The collective discovered early that if its books were going to be read, members would have to distribute them themselves. As a result, a considerable amount of their energy has gone into the establishment of a national distribution system, which includes the distribution of some material other than their own — the women's calendar and books produced by

the Press Gang in Vancouver, for example, and two pamphlets produced by the Halifax Women's Bureau, *Women at Work in Nova Scotia* and *Women and the Law in Nova Scotia*.

One of the more interesting distribution problems the press has run into is a bookstore — Mary Scorer Books in Winnipeg — that refuses to handle Women's Press books; those wanting them are referred to another bookstore. John Oleksiuk, co-owner of the store, said in a telephone interview that the decision not to carry the press's books was taken by his partner, a woman, who "doesn't like women's libbers." In any case, Oleksiuk added, "the books don't sell that well." Mr. Oleksiuk said his partner did not want her name revealed, and that he had been authorized to speak on her behalf.

One can subscribe to the views of The Women's Press (and I do) and admire their dedication to those views (and I do) and still wonder about the wisdom of collective decision-making when it comes to deciding what books to publish and how they should be edited and packaged. I'm with Susan Sontag, who recently criticized those in the movement who are "all too eager to dump the life of reason (along with the idea of authority) into the dustbin of 'patriarchal history'."

An example of what I'm talking about is the collective's latest book, *Born a Woman: Songs* by Rita MacNeil (40 pages, \$4.75 paper), "the first songbook," we're told, "to emerge out of the Canadian women's movement." "What better way to celebrate International Women's Year," reads another blurb, "than with a song? This book makes it possible for everyone to share Rita's musical vision." Except that Rita's musical vision consists of kindergarten tunes and such mind-numbing lyrics as: "I have a friend, she has a good mind,/She's afraid to use it sometimes./She depends on the man she has/To decide most things she feels he knows best./You know, my friend told me that her mind died,/To stand alone she could not survive." What partially redeems the book is its design (by Pat Bourque) and the splendid photographs taken by 10 different women. The hearts of the women in the collective were obviously in the right place when they chose to do this book; one can't say the same thing about their heads. (In fairness, one has to point out that the decision to publish the excellent *Women at Work* was also a collective one.)

One of the results of the work that's been done by The Women's Press, The Women's Kit, and other groups is that established publishers have begun to realize that publishing feminist and non-sexist material can be profitable. D. C. Heath has just put out a simply designed but attractive series of four small children's books by Bev Allinson and Judith Lawrence, each a photographic essay about an actual Canadian woman. *Doctor Mary's Animals* is about a woman veterinarian; *Maryon Makes Shapes* is about sculptor Maryon Kantaroff. The subjects of *Myra Builds a House* and *Ellie Sells Fish* are obvious.

All these developments in publishing sound good until one recalls how insignificant they are in the overall picture. As I pointed out at the beginning of this piece, little seems to have changed where it counts most — in the textbooks that our kids use in their classrooms, and on the television screens they spend 25 hours a week watching. □





GRAEME GIBSON

Marian Engel

THAT NICE WOMAN NEXT DOOR

Marian Engel's Joanne may look 'as round as a ring
and fertile as a trout' but she's haunted by
phantoms of despair

Joanne: The Last Days of a Modern Marriage, by
Marian Engel, PaperJacks, 134 pages, \$1.95 paper.

By MYRNA KOSTASH

THE HEROINE IS a chrysalis, her life as realizable as that of the butterfly on the cover of the book itself. Well, why not? Let us be done with the stunted possibilities, the paranoid retreats and the grim self-betrays of other heroines —, from Elizabeth d'Aulnières to Audrey Moore (the heroine in Marian Engel's own *Monodromos*) — and celebrate the more-or-less successful getaway of Joanne, the nice woman next door.

"It's always struck me," says Engel in an interview, "that dead marriages are the dreariest things there are." That's the idea the CBC commissioned her to develop into a serial novel for radio. She took the dreariness as given, then wrote a story about a woman who ends with a vision of seeing life "steadily and whole." It is more than we are used to from our writers: think of Ross's Mrs. Bentley, Callaghan's Midje and Ronny, Roy's Rose-Anna Lacasse.

Joanne writes a diary, and that is the book. An intimate, confessional, sometimes wry, sometimes heart-broken record of the commonplaces of a failed marriage and the effort to start again as Joanne herself. It reads at one level very much like a catalogue of women's complaints, a resource book for Women's Studies in which we learn that women's salaries don't pay for the daycare and the housekeeper, husbands treat wives like "old boots," children get battered, single women flourish and divorced women lose status, housekeeping is uncompensated work, motherhood is a tenacious if vulnerable identity, and lawyers cost money. "I

ought to make a sign for the kitchen wall, memorize it and paint it all over the Toronto subway: THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE LEADS TO DOMESTIC TYRANNY: TURN THE OTHER WAY. "It is avowedly anti-romantic — no white knights to carry off our lady from her kitchen sink — a timely antidote to dreamy, perpetually adolescent ambitions of romance achieved amid the artifacts of housewifery.

It is also funny, which stands to reason. Joanne is nothing if not a survivor — self-irony is a weapon brandished at the phantoms of despair and dissolution — and her farewell letter to her husband is a triumph of that preservative hilarity that rumbles below the surface of chaos. She picks up her kids, having successfully retrieved them from their kidnapper-grandmother, settles into a creepy apartment in a small town, gets a mediocre job, makes friends, endures the prickles of guilt, vengeance, and loneliness, and pauses, finally, for moments of self-assessment. "Sometimes I think I am a shallow woman, shallow and passive and mean. Other times I think, you can't be all things to all men, and I'm all I've got and lucky to be alive." There are those who would call this a penurious enough reward for struggle. Let us remember, however, how often such women have been finished off in novels through suicide, schizophrenia, and death in childbirth. And remember also how often women characters have not even been recognized as people in trouble but rather, as Joanne says, as "round as a ring and fertile as a trout, good to their babies, sexy and free. Too good to be true."

At another level again, *Joanne* is a queer sort of book offering another set of pleasures. There is a tension in it between the need to keep the story moving, to provide a "cliff-hanger" at the end of each episode for the radio audience by keeping the heroine embroiled in dramatic

scenarios, and the opposite pull of the character's inner life. This latter dimension, after all, is one in which Engel has previously written with considerable flourish, not to say panache, particularly in *Monodromos*, that story about Audrey Moore, a person who is "holding desperately onto surfaces. She has a very cracked interior, things aren't working for her, she hasn't managed to live sensibly." With such an interesting inner decor, it is not surprising that the book was as much a travelogue from the psyche as from Cyprus, a gorgeous compendium of psychological resources, fantasies, flashbacks, pathogenies, and symbols, which only from time to time referred back to the real life of Audrey's material world.

In *Joanne* the situation is reversed. The heroine's objective world is constantly pressing in on her, demanding to be *dealt with* — money, suitcases, school principals, flu, funerals — and this is after all what the story is about. Her retreats into reflection and self-analysis are luxury items, but when she does indulge herself, she worries that she is too trivial. "But then, I lead a trivial life." This has much to do with the way the book was written as well as who the book is about. Engel points out that, since it was a commissioned book, "Joanne was very quickly invented. I hadn't been thinking about her at all. My other characters I'd lived with for years. I gave them whole heads."

Joanne's preoccupations also have to do with the book's initial audience. Radio is a popular medium and it just wouldn't work to have Joanne too arty, too transcendental, too middle-class Toronto bohemian. "I determinedly made her not terribly well-read. I find that my characters read too much. I tend to write books about reading." One thinks of Minn Burge in *The Honeyman Festival* and her references to the *New York Review of Books* and matriarchal myths and Jean-Luc Godard. One thinks especially of *Monodromos* and its lists of Cypriot village names, medieval genealogies, and Classical epigrams. No such riches for Joanne. Well, she does have a David Milne painting and remembers word for word a Matthew Arnold sonnet, but by and large one misses here that whole self-indulgent, elitist, and delicious play with allusions, word games, footnotes, and half-registered references from musty libraries that pepper the other novels. What was always so much fun about these verbal bon mots was that

It is avowedly anti-romantic . . . a timely antidote to dreamy, perpetually adolescent ambitions of romance achieved amid the artifacts of housewifery.

they emanated from the reflections of sloppy, fleshy women living in large, sloppy, disordered houses filled with dirty laundry baskets, diaper pins, and encrusted frying pans. Who would have hoped to find, behind the dusty potted fern, a bulging-bellied woman ruminating on D. H. Lawrence and the "dark blue furred vagina flower."

However, one does get the secondary characters in *Joanne*. Engel admits that they are unused characters left over from other novels. I, for one, am glad they were summoned up. Faber, fat, 50, with long hair, a gold earring, and a "torrent of venom;" Rosie, the gutsy chicken-gutter; Uncle Stanley, the genteel father figure; Mr. McTavish, the stingy landlord; Isobel the alcoholic, descended from Scots-Irish dissenters, "perverse as hell;" Aunt Frieda, true grit and Trotskyite; and Mother Millie Macrae, remarried to a bootlegger having already worked as a cook for a camp of fruit-pickers.

SAANNES

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JONATHAN SIMPSON

No Virgin Mary



No Virgin Mary by Jonathan Simpson is the story of Mary Waboss, born and raised on a northern Indian reservation, who finally gives in to the insincere entreaties of a community worker to accompany him south to join the "good life" in Toronto — only to face a life of confusion for which she is totally unprepared.

124 pages, paper \$2.50

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POETRY SPRING

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AT GOOD BOOKSTORES

McClelland & Stewart/The Canadian Publishers

There is in this book, as in the others, a sense of family tribe; it is impossible, says Engel, for her to imagine people *not* having families. In this, she is very much like Margaret Laurence. But "my daughter's generation will write a different sort of book, without that sense of family, because they've been fleeing it." This is a troubling possibility, given the still-so-covert history of mother-daughter relationships and their disguised appearance in our literature. In Laurence, Munro, Roy, and Engel we have one generation's record of it. In their books we get a sight of the indomitable grandmother ("Ma Burge taught them at home until Polly, the youngest, got measles and went blind. . . . A month later, the father was killed in a traffic accident. She got work as a cleaning-lady and was glad to have it. . . . Ma Burge still rises at six and sings while she works"), the present-day mothers, the 1950s casualties emerging rather blowzy but pugnacious into the 1970s, and the mysterious daughters, growing up secretly outside the family circle. To break this thread of generational continuity (the boxes within boxes that are mothers and daughters), now that there is finally an explicitly feminist context within which women writers may write,

We need to know that we've descended along female blood lines as well as male ones and been imprinted as indelibly by them.

would be a loss indeed. We need to know that we have descended along female blood lines as well as male ones and been imprinted as indelibly by them.

Engel suspects that "the parameters of my imagination are biological." Meaning, I suppose, that she is *read* as a "woman writer" rather than as a "writer," by no means androgynous but a female narrator writing from the land of uterus and pre-menstrual tension: A narrator, that is, of fully one half of human experience. Reports from the other half — masculinity — have rather arrogantly been appropriated as literature *in toto*, even though they too are shaped by that "thermostat between the legs," as Engel calls it. Good books may indeed some day be trans-sexual, but for now, given the social realities, good books are still decidedly intra-sexual. No one need to be alarmed or depressed. They are what Engel has written, and they are a treasure. □

SOMETIMES, SUDDENLY

*Sometimes, suddenly
through the bitter rind of your name,
I come upon your eyes again
green with the light.
In the furious flush
of racing the cold-fingered air
you bring with you
the yapping woods, the crush
of fuming leaves and unblended spice.
I catch you in free arms
and feel the cold prickles of your face
and your peppermint breath.
We meet there in the yellow air
in leaves and nut-wet grass
and I find you crowing
in the green light,
laughing at me
sometimes, suddenly.*

(From *Sometimes, Suddenly*, by Sally Bryer, J.J. Douglas, 25 pages, \$3.95 paper.)

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It takes allsorts to make a world

The Candy Factory, by Sylvia Fraser, McClelland & Stewart, 304 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By ADELE WISEMAN

THE LAST PACKAGE I received like this was filled with luscious *bon-bons*. It came all the way from a celebrated chocolate manufacturer on the West Coast and was signed "Love." The contents did not disappoint. Nor do Ms. Fraser's, and her message to the reader is similar. She is essentially concerned with the miracles that a modicum of goodwill may effect in a world brutalized by the knowledge of mortality and the destructiveness of man himself. She is a gifted story-teller who creates a coherent, self-consistent world, a world at one and the same time serious and comic, delicate and gross, a humanly recognizable world filled with echo and resonance.

The Candy Factory is a middle-class Canadian fairy story. Ms. Fraser could have chosen any of our classic paternalistic enterprises for the setting of her fictional world — a newspaper, say, or a biscuit factory, or even a publishing house. But her choice affirms her genuine inventive gift. The candy factory is all of them and then some. It is explored in a series of brilliant episodes, alternatively chilling, touching, and comic, each cunningly shaped and

Occasionally one must note: "Aha, Ms. Fraser has got into her own liqueurs." But that is a fault on the generous side . . .

neatly dovetailed so that in the end we are left with the feeling that we have encountered life and perhaps even something more.

For Ms. Fraser deals in magic too, and sleight of mind. Nothing too demanding, mind you, nothing to tax a public faith, which, she implies, is at the very least moribund. The magic's priest, latterly relegated to the position of night-watchman, living in the loft of the candy factory, now is dead. His inheritor remains. She's Mary Moon, a spinster daughter accomplished in forgery and Special Accounts, as essen-

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tially faceless as her uncompleted portrait, the helpless daemon of the upper regions of the chocolate factory, who can only bashfully rewrite, but cannot, on her own, change the lives of those below. To complete herself and her "program of modest miracles, HUMAN miracles," she needs the help of the other resident daemon, the death-saturated tramp who lives in the disused sewer beneath the candy factory. The tramp, weaned on gore, constantly hallucinating the horrors of the fate of all flesh, who sucks his wine bottles in the fresh cribs of newly opened graves, is a tormented, brutalized, anguished human being ("What's the use? oh, what's the use? what's the use? . . .") who sees in the act of delivering death the reaffirmation of his own despair. Preoccupied with waste, with destruction, his is the earliest play on the "chocolate" theme, the act of elimination his art form, and shit his creative material. But this is so, too, for very young children, and the wino sucking his bottle in the grave, and wilfully smearing his faeces on canvas during a briefly hilarious period of success in the art world, can't help implying rebirth as well as inevitable decay.

The violent meeting of these polarized beings, it's suggested, is enough to shake the natural order sufficiently for the swift enactment of a few modest miracles among the also-polarized characters in the middle regions of the chocolate factory. Structurally, then, we have here a not unfamiliar metaphysical scheme, entertainingly up-dated.

The episodes in which the characters of the middle world receive their small miracles are imaginatively conceived, sometimes shocking, and often very funny. The author is clearly a lover of words, and creates a world full of haunting echoes and characters who are simultaneously selves and symbols. Occasionally one must note: "Aha, Ms. Fraser has got into her own liqueurs." But that is a fault on the generous side, and this book has a beguiling prodigal quality to it anyway. Occasionally, also, there is a tendency on the part of the writer to indulge in an intensely didactic interlude, such as the one in which she wraps up the problems of marriage, a brilliant bit of verbal falderol that I'm sure the fiction-writing part of her knows is a neat laundry job that won't survive one wearing.

The book ends with the transformation of Charles X. Hunter, scion of the firm, who opts out, a middle-aged knight, to go in search of himself.

"Himself" is a classic lost character in today's middle-class fairy stories, like "The Only Woman" the searcher long ago missed out on. His wife, having also had her little miracle, turns up transformed from a frilly society matron to a chic woman of affairs, providentially ready to take over the business. There is something so very Canadian about all this, so very wistful and pragmatic and essentially conservative. Mary Moon and her fucked-out fellow daemon operate on goodwill and goodies after all — not, heaven forbid, on those silly old thunderbolts that might make a man risk everything and so threaten, even by implication, a social order. And the author was right to have it so. Had she arranged it otherwise, who would have believed her?

Soft, hard, and crunchy-nut centres, I was glad to see each in his appropriate department get his measure of grace, though I was at the same time well aware that they were collectively out to destroy me — tooth, figure, and pancreas. Have one! □



ELLEN TOMLIE

Sylvia Fraser

Missionary positions

The Goddess and Other Women,
by Joyce Carol Oates, Gage, 295
pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By AVIVA LAYTON

FOR THE EPIGRAPH to her latest collection of short stories, Joyce Carol Oates quotes John Donne: "Things natural to the Species/are not always so for the individuall." What her book illustrates is that "Things natural to the Species/are not always so for the female." In each one of these 25 stories we are presented with wives, mothers, daughters who have been wrenched from their true natures by the forces of a male-dominated society. Like the classic master-slave relationship, the male-female relationship is one of mutual hostility and mutual dependence, a constant destructive jockeying for position that depletes and reduces both.

Throughout the stories the man is reduced to using his hands to enforce

his power — he punches women, scratches them, burns them — and most often he is described in terms of his hands. They are invariably hard, hairy, knotty, ugly, threatening. The punishing hand of the perverted stranger, the subtly sinister hand of the "loving" father — it is essentially the same repressive force. Like the Macedonian bronze of the naked girl on the dust-jacket who is armless, like the Siamese kitten in "Free" who is de-clawed ("Oh, it was hilarious to see that smooth little cream-coloured cat paw desperately at the sofa and scratch, but nothing happened, over and over again its paws paddled and never caught hold . . .") the woman is helpless and incomplete.

Thus the girl (in "The Girl") does not exist as herself; she can only exist as The Girl. No matter that she has been severely brutalized by the bogus film director, her "salvation" lies in the reassurance that she has been captured (imprisoned) on film — that is, in the camera-eye of the male. Or the ironically titled "Free" where Lea takes on the protective colouring of the men she lives with and finally gives herself over to the "state presence of nothing."

These are the women who see themselves at many removes, who lodge un-

easily inside their bodies like strange unidentified objects. From childhood on they have, like Linda in "& Answers," been given "paper dresses to fit over cardboard dolls" or like Betsy in "Blindfold" are literally blindfolded by men and psychologically blindfolded by their mothers who, throughout the stories, seem to bequeath to their daughters their own unhappy legacy of hypocrisy and passivity. There are those who try to escape their passivity — a 12-year-old who kills a dominating friend and who waits to feel shock; remorse, anything at all. She waits in vain however: she is not real to herself and thus her acts, even the ultimate violent act of murder, cannot be real either. Various other avenues of escape are explored but they are all marked No Exit: the woman doctor is patronized and manipulated by males; the potentially brilliant girl composer settles for a second-rate teaching job and finds her fulfilment in a few throwaway lines written about her in her former lover's autobiography; the woman intellectual seeks refuge in a super-rationalism and squeezes the emotional life out of herself and her son.

In "The Goddess," the title story of the collection and in my opinion the



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FEW MEN WHO REACH THEIR ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY HAVE SO MUCH TO LOOK BACK UPON AND—IF HIS FIRST CENTURY IS ANY INDICATION—SO MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO.

Publication date: June 15, 1975 Price: \$10.

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best. the wife knows only too well the weaknesses and the pretensions of a husband whose "very soul itself" resides in the taxation documents in the stolen brief-case. She sees so clearly what he cannot see, yet she knowingly submits herself to him. What she comes to understand — although we know she won't act overtly on this knowledge — is the true nature of her goddess-hood. She is *not* the pretty, pure, passive creature of the male's creation. Rather she is the Kali-like goddess whose image, which she glimpses in a store window, fills her with a "rush of quick angry blood." Her recognition of this destructive passion in herself leads her to identify with the black porter whose lifetime of suppressed rage and contempt she understands and shares fully. Unlike the blacks, prostitutes, and criminals she sees from her hotel window, though, she wears her protective veneer of acquiescence, plays her role of the Great White Goddess while round her neck she wears — invisibly — Kali's necklace of skulls.

Strange that the book should end with a man's voice; but also sinister. In the surrealistic "The Wheel" an accident-victim gets up from his hospital bed — is he already dead? — and walks through the night streets there to meet the woman into whose body he literally dissolves. The story ends with the sentence "I was born," but in the context of what has gone before the words are deeply ironic. Man needs woman to give him life but once born he bends his energies towards snuffing out the source of that life. It is the wheel of destiny. Not a pretty thought. Not a pretty story.

Most of these stories take place against a parched, scratchy, unyielding landscape. The prose is correspondingly sparse. There is a flatness of tone that works best when its deliberate understatement is in dramatic contrast to the chilling, sinister, often nightmarish events that take place in the lives — inner or outer — of the characters. In stories like "In the Warehouse," "A Premature Autobiography," and "The Goddess," this dramatic tension is present. In many others this same flatness of tone, combined with Ms. Oates' frequent use of fragmented sentences and fragmented sections, her weaving back and forth in time, produces a monotony of tone, a fuzziness, a sense of claustrophobia. It is as if one is looking at images on a screen that have been filmed by a jumpy restive hand-held camera; the eye becomes tired, the nerves frayed. □

Six characters in search of a plot

The Struggle Outside, by Raymond Fraser, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 138 pages, \$7.95 cloth.

By NANCY NAGLIN

RAYMOND FRASER is known mainly for a successful collection of short stories (*The Black Horse Tavern*) and for four books of poetry. *The Struggle Outside* is his first meandering stab at a novel. He has concocted six loosely drawn characters, set them down in the New Brunswick woods, and hoped they would stumble over a plot. While all six are busy bumping into one another's eccentricities, he would have us believe they are involved in some wild, hare-brained but hopelessly funny scheme to bring radical politics and revolution to the slumbering province of New Brunswick.

The idea is fine. A decade of political unrest, revolution, counter-revolution, and kidnappings have certainly prepared the way for a satirical exposé of the hearts and minds of the "activists." Unfortunately, Fraser's homegrown cast with their rather commonplace bickering and ambitions hardly prove worthy of the match.

The plot — what there is of it — unravels a long list of unending calamities and plans gone wrong. A brief prologue introduces a shadowy narrator who follows the action like a TV sports commentator but who never reveals an identity or assumes a persona. At the outset he tells us that he alone is left of all the conspirators. By a neat trick of coincidence, *The Struggle Outside* is the narrator's underground manuscript, a record of events leading to his capture and subsequent incarceration.

The story-line, already a little too familiar, might be saved by an outstanding set of characters. But Fraser has reworked all the tired-out characters of the contemporary pop and Canadian scene into a predictable, uninspired crew. There's Leblanc, the feisty French Canadian with the broken pidgin English; Liz, the raspy-voiced, slightly crazed female accomplice; Cavanaugh, the sex-starved, scientist-intellectual; Moses, the bearded dark

man of the woods (who wants to shoot kittens); a dispossessed Indian chief; and, of course, the narrator, omniscient and mysterious, but vaguely reminiscent of an ex-jock in a Waterloo jacket. Calling themselves "The Popular Liberation Army," they ramble around in the woods, trip over one another, and alternately freeze, starve, and complain. Eventually, in what turns out to be the novel's highspot, they kidnap a passing motorist and are thereby burdened with Brother Bill, "pastor of the First Church of the Resurrected Living Christ."

The exploits of such a crazy bunch should be hilarious. Sadly, they are not. The protagonists are mouthpieces for far too familiar jargon and they never come to life in a way that would make us care about them. The muffed kidnapping of a government official, even the explanation of the band's goals, as the declaration of a national New Brunswick Day fall flat. At the end, the cast is left cursing and clamouring over each other until spotted by a helicopter. Then silence. After a private ordeal of his own, the narrator regains consciousness in what we are to believe is an insane asylum.

The main problem with *The Struggle Outside* is a diffusion of satire. Is it the girl Liz with her whining, self-centered bitchiness who is the target? Is it New Brunswick as a symbol of Canadian restiveness? Is it Cavanaugh as an example of effete, revolutionary academe or Moses as the strong-armed, hairy representative of wayward youth? The narrator exiled in his own delusions offers no answers. Neither does Fraser who leaves us hanging in limbo. □

One summer's psalter

Lot's Wife, by Monique Bosco, translated by John Glassco, McClelland and Stewart, 160 pages, \$7.95 cloth.

By BRIAN VINTCENT

AS EVERYONE KNOWS, the French have a passion for rationalizing and the Jews suffer acute feelings of guilt. The offspring, therefore, of a French father and a Jewish mother is liable to be a complex, restless soul, tossing and turning in a cultural dilemma. Of course, in such cultural oversimpli-

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fications there is the problem of Proust, but who would carp at placing him *hors série*, a race apart? And anyway he stayed at home while Monique Bosco has her heroine emigrate to Montreal.

Where her miseries begin in earnest. *Lot's Wife* is, that very French article, the impassioned biography of a soul in which the subject wrangles with herself, accuses and absolves, confesses and generally lays bare her innermost being for the reader's benefit.

And what a battered life she leads. No woe or anguish passes her by. While being persecuted by the nuns at her convent school, a car accident leaves her an orphan. She becomes a wall-flower, a nervous adolescent frightened of her own shadow. This Héléne is far from Belle. She grows up lacking a "front" and such cruelty of nature is compounded by a generous behind. She finds much to criticize, like the "black cattle" of the religious orders who fill the front rows of the lecture halls and block her view. She belongs nowhere and finds her life a purgatory.

In desperation she marries the homosexual son of a family that requires a daughter-in-law for decoration and an heir. He drags her to Paris where he assaults her sensibilities as well as her person when he is not chasing after alluring uniforms.

At 30, Héléne extricates herself from this nadir of despair and agony by engaging in a long affair with a shadowy married doctor. He insists on secrecy and camouflage. She submits entirely. At last, she finds a certain fulfilment in this precarious arrangement. Until her world collapses again at 40 when her mystery man withdraws from the liaison.

So Héléne embarks for Venice, which she decides is an appropriate setting for her suicide. All through the summer she continues her sinuous self-inquisition — analyzing, justifying. *Lot's wife* looks back over her life, but instead of turning into a pillar of salt, she turns her life into literature. This serves to flush the misery from her soul. It is hardly a surprise when she decides to continue living.

What saves all this from being self-indulgent nonsense of the movie-magazine variety is Monique Bosco's sharp eye for vivid description, especially when she creates brief, fully realized word pictures of places and settings. These are sometimes exquisite, as in the two or three passages evoking the mood and sensations of Venice.

One suspects a good deal of this is owing to John Glassco's translation, which is a masterly work and gives the novel considerable appeal. Readers of his *Memoirs of Montparnasse* will remember with pleasure the precision and grace of his prose, the lack of flab, the elegance and ease of his style. Happily, these qualities are very much in evidence in *Lot's Wife*.

But it seems a pity that Glassco's great talents as a translator couldn't be exercised on more gratifying material. There are so few first-class literary translators and so many excellent French Canadian novels that remain unavailable to English readers. Glassco and Réjean Ducharme, or Glassco and André Langevin. Now, there would be something. □

J'accusatives and other cases

Outlaws, edited by Erling Friis-Baastad, Alive Press, 139 pages, \$3 paper.

Wheelchair Sonata, by Valerie Kent, Coach House Press, 86 pages, \$3 paper.

By MICHAEL SMITH

TODAY'S ANARCHISTS, so the argument always seems to go, eventually end up so hidebound that they turn into tomorrow's conformists. The current outlaw genre, for instance, seems universally to require a few funky photos of the writers involved, biogs that sound like high-school yearbooks, and intros that read as if they were written by demagogues.

According to Erling Friis-Baastad, *Outlaws*, which shares a lot of this clutter, has something to do with getting together some people who feel they're writing "for their own souls." To which I should add, from Jim Christy's opening tirade, that "the idea is to live first, the recording of it all should be secondary."

Neither one is a premise that many writers would argue against, though some might object to anybody making their aims seem so banal. Writers as a bunch seem quite adept at self-congratulation, and to further reduce their work to the living and recording of experience — however true — seems to me to limit it to a kind of flashy reportage.

This seems to be the problem in Marcel Horne's entries here, especially "Hastings Jungle Vancouver," a scene from a skid-road cafe that appears ultimately just the kind of mood piece that even turns up in straight newspapers from time to time. And it's a much greater problem in Christy's rambling, interminable hobo epic, "'Bo,'" which might well have been a good (short) story had he imposed a little disciplinary style.

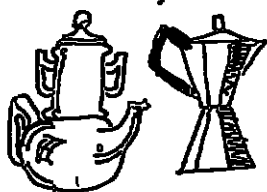
Of course, no good outlaw wants me hectoring him about discipline. Aside from Horne, Christy (an American expatriate) lists himself and two of the other three writers — Baastad (who grew up in the United States) and Charlie Leeds (of Atlantic City, N.J.) — as among the best (if not the most modest) writers around. The one he leaves out is the West Coast poet Pat Lane, by far the best in the book.

By contrast, Valerie Kent's stories seem to lay a special importance on form. All are extremely impressionistic, depending on compressed images rather than conventional detail to establish their effect. Often they blur the distinction between prose and poetry, and she's able to play with form through such visual tricks as opposing columns, side-by-side, to juxtapose two points of view:

I watched my father	God Damn
Watching me. Bent	Old Man...
All worn out...	

Because of this, Kent's stories usually appear fragmentary, and they lend themselves best to such tortured characters as the girlfriend of a maimed young man in the title story, "Wheelchair Sonata," or the high-school girl with dangerously round heels in "Polly Wants a Cracker" — which is also perhaps the best story in the book.

This is Kent's first collection (her work has appeared in *Northern Journey*, *Outset*, *The Canadian Fiction Magazine* and others). Occasionally her images seem pretentious and ill-framed ("Rising slowly like a beer belly on a necrophile trumpet player he lets himself down again..."); others ("Pinwheel sun, in a grand *jeté*, rolls over the dry earth") seem exactly right. □



Northwest rites of passage

Stories from Pacific & Arctic Canada, selected by Andreas Schroeder and Rudy Wiebe, Macmillan, 284 pages, \$12.50 cloth and \$2.95 paper.

By CLIVE COCKING

THIS VOLUME IS typical of a kind of book that seems to be appearing with dreary frequency these days: the CanLit anthology. The CanLit anthology, in my definition, is to Canadian literature what the Opportunities for Youth program is to the Canadian economy: an irrelevant, ephemeral make-work project. It's the bastard offspring of publishers eager to capitalize, quickly and cheaply, on the current wave of nationalism and of writer-anthologizers of a pigeon-holing nature who are desperate to keep their names before the public. Quality, in other words, is not the main criterion.

The anthologizers, writer-critic Andreas Schroeder, who selected the Pacific stories, and novelist Rudy Wiebe, who chose the Arctic stories, justify this basically uninspiring collection on the grounds that these stories (most published here for the first time) speak to us of the West Coast experience and the Arctic experience. If obsession with the physical landscape is part of those experiences; then there is some truth to this, since in most of these stories there is an irritating tendency toward overblown description of the environment at the expense of sharp, memorable characterization.

But, in fact, this stated concept of the book is spurious. Half the Pacific stories (significantly, there are 19 compared to only seven Arctic stories) could have been written anywhere by anyone and there's still a very ho-hum conventional adventure story quality to the Arctic section: it's characteristic that Jack London is resurrected here. The point is that it's simply too soon, in terms of quantity and quality of writing, to begin talking about (let alone defining) expressions of the West Coast experience or the Arctic experience in Canadian literature.

The bulk of these stories are simply not good enough to merit being preserved in anthology form. For example, Jane Rule's interior monologue, "If

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There Is No Gate," is simply a gloomy, pointless piece of fluff; Rudy Wiebe's "The Naming of Albert Johnson" fails to work because of its jarring time-shifts; Paul St. Pierre's three pieces, "A Depressing View from Cardiac Climb," "Chief Bill Scow," and "Harry Boyle's Volkswagen" are nothing more than amusing vignettes; and (why is he here?) Malcolm Lowry's "The Bravest Boat" remains a classic study in overwriting.

But having said that, there is nevertheless some real talent presented (notably Beverley Mitchell, Anne Marriott, Audrey Thomas, Jack Hodgins, J. Michael Yates, Andreas Schroeder and E. G. Perrault) and what's most refreshing is the willingness of many of them to break with the conventional and to experiment with new styles. There is thus some fascination here with the bizarre, the insane, and the surreal, exemplified most imaginatively and skilfully in Yates' "The Sinking of the Northwest Passage," Schroeder's "The Roller Rink," and Perrault's "The Cure."

What this book really reveals is how desperately we need magazine outlets in Canada for the fiction of developing writers. If there were such outlets (and the Canada Council could play a role here), then the CanLit anthology would have no excuse for being other than what it should be: a discriminating publication offering selections of the distinctive and the best in Canadian writing. □

Chewing the lips of Pan

Magic Animals: Selected Poems Old and New, by Gwendolyn MacEwen, Macmillan, 154 pages, \$9.95 cloth and \$5.95 paper.

By GARY MICHAEL DAULT

OF ALL THE BOOKS of poetry loosed upon the world during the last 15 years, I always felt Gwendolyn MacEwen's *A Breakfast for Barbarians* (Ryerson, 1966), despite its fissures and soft spots, to be one of the most satisfying. I shall no doubt always regard its title poem with what is more or less the same happiness with which I encountered it then:

by God that was a meal

By God, what a genius she had when she wrote that. The poem lived despite 16 Books in Canada, May, 1975

its over-stateliness, despite the semi-religious flatulence that fell heavily into the middle of the poem like an undesired intermission ("O my barbarians/ we will consume our mysteries"). "Cosmic cuisine," was it? Radical juxtaposition held me in thrall; if Ms. MacEwen wanted to reacquire the transcendental with the domestic, I, like Dickens' Barkis, was willing. She had written in the introduction to *Breakfast for Barbarians*:

I'm basically concerned with the sense of appetite, even though it be satisfied with such diverse first courses as kings, dancers, sperm whales, astronauts, escape artists or fruits from algebraic gardens.

And:

The key theme of things is the alienation, the exile from our own inventions, and hence from ourselves. Let's say No — rather enclose, absorb, and have done. The intake.

The "intake" did it. I became a fan. Ms. MacEwen had wedged herself as a living metaphor energetically between the body and the city, the brain and the body, macro and micro.

Now, nine years and three books of poetry later (and some novels), we have the retrospective *Magic Animals, Selected Poems Old and New*. It is now that the scan takes place, that the images are run through and logged for frequency and consistency, now that the new poems are held up to the light of the old ones and evaluation roughed out.

Gwendolyn MacEwen has a brain as big as a circus tent and little sharp teeth honed upon a number of demanding devourings. Her brain mythologizes the mythologizers; *Armies Of the Moon*, 1972, came after Mailer's *Of a Fire on the Moon*, and continued in poetry what Mailer had begun in prose — to punch up the idea of the moonwalkers as outposts of the imagination. And her devourings continued, intake after intake; from an early free play of the womb over the particularized world.

*and the bean was like, you know what, yes,
like a womb,
that's what I said, a womb with 10 ivory
elephants in it,
and I thought i wouldn't mind 10 ivory
elephants
in mine, if it came down to that, I wouldn't
mind it at all,
I'd enjoy it in fact —*

to recent problematics about the absorbing sympathetic magic of the intakable animal:

*I too have eaten lamb's head on several
occasions the succulent mouth I suck*

*French kiss of my hunger tongue
whirling
round its juicy gums and tiny bestial teeth*

*French kiss of my hunger? you cannot kiss
a living lamb much less pluck out its
creamy brain*

"Insatiate" remains a favourite word. There are a lot of kissings and chewings and tastings and feasting in the new poems as well as in the older ones.

Commensurate with the insatiable is the potential richness of the idea of escape. Astronauts are flyers who, where they are,

*God does not need to be.
You have gashed the white void of His
memory,
and orbits of verbs describe strange
poetries —*

God and the world are always being rent and escaped through. The consciousness slips through lattices of bone or webbings of restraining Urizenic mind and streams into space. Though of course since both the cosmos and the mind are "positive zeros" in need of "puncture," one equals the other and an exotic flight into space becomes really just another intake, another absorption, another breakfast.

Thus since everything in Ms. MacEwen's poetry draws toward becoming everything else, things ultimately need neither to be eaten nor escaped from. Now the presence of mere magic, inherent in everything (especially animals) is enough. MacEwen has written herself into an enormous all-enveloping Pan-urge: "I need to hear an anthem played with hooves and horns." In the new poems, things have patched themselves up again; the centre now holds both the ordinary and the extraordinary together at one time in a sort of tenderized poetical middle age:

*The gorilla picks up his rubber tire
and holds it like an old black halo on his
head*

When it isn't working, the later language falls prey to a Simon and Garfunkel ("At the Zoo") sweet whimsy. When it does work, as it does most of the time, the new poetry is as absorbing as the old:

*I sing the single everchanging Lord, who
threatens me with paradise* □



Woodcock: from open house to open season

Poets and Critics: Essays from Canadian Literature 1966-74, edited by George Woodcock, Oxford University Press, 246 pages, \$4.25 paper.

Colony and Confederation: Early Canadian Poets and their Background, edited by George Woodcock, University of British Columbia Press, 218 pages, \$6.50 paper.

By LINDA SANDLER

ONE OF THE MORE interesting intellectual phenomena is the dogmatic anarchist who ends by being trapped in his own dogmas. George Woodcock, since the founding of *Canadian Literature* in 1959, has made his magazine an open forum of critical discussion. He has housed orthodox critics and refugees from critical orthodoxies. The value of such openness for a burgeoning national literature is immeasurable, and its effect has been to keep the writer's options open, while offering some direction. But *Canadian Literature* no longer commands the respect it once did: prosaic expositions of established writers abound; dialogue and debate have congealed into quasi-critical denigration and rebuttal; young poets are all too predictably ranked according to pastoral, symbolic or experimental divisions, and Woodcock, professed anarchist and eclectic, is not averse to making *ex cathedra* pronouncements about regionalism, thematic criticism, and the like. One theory is that the magazine has grown arrogant over time, and has forgotten its first goal: excellence through freedom. I think though that all the glory and the shame of *Canadian Literature* is inherent in the intellectual position of the editor, and two recent anthologies of criticism, edited by Woodcock, confirm this supposition.

In his introduction to *Poets and Critics*, Woodcock points out that when cultures flower, poets, because they are working "intensely on both the intellectual and the intuitive levels," are incisive critics. Woodcock has assembled 17 essays by poet-critics on 18 major poets; one expects a lot from a

book like this, and some of the essays are superb. Frank Davey cuts through brambles of metacritical controversy to uncover E. J. Pratt, the "somewhat uncritical spokesman for the values of industrial man"; Milton Wilson takes an alarmingly close look at the semantic consequences of Earle Birney's verse cosmetics; Woodcock explores the magnificent paradox we call Irving Layton — in terms of an ideal balance between critical and creative impulses.

The premise of *Poets and Critics* is that practising poets are illuminating critics. Why then are there so many uninspired theme-hunters and expositors? Why not Robin Skelton's close study of Dorothy Livesay, rather than Peter Stevens' uncritical (and badly written) exegesis of her notion of love? Why not Ralph Gustafson on the New Wave poets? Why pass off Gloria Onley's intelligent but overpoweringly academic essay on Margaret Atwood as poetic illumination, when Al Purdy has written a revealing review of *The Journals of Susanna Moodie*? Why not even, since the editor has chosen a respected scholarly press for his book, venture outside the garden of *Canadian Literature* into the critical wilds?

Editors anticipate questions. God gave them the editorial introduction so they might justify their principle of selection. Woodcock has not anticipated these questions, but he has anticipated others. The predecessor of *Poets and Critics* was called *A Choice of Critics* (1966). But really, the eclectic hates to choose.

This book features some major poets. Woodcock won't say they are the major poets — that "would have been a manifestation of critical author-

The anarchist sits unhappily in his editorial role, knowing that to choose is an authoritative, even authoritarian, act.

ity which I have no desire to perpetrate." The anarchist sits unhappily in his editorial role, knowing that to choose is an authoritative, even authoritarian, act.

Colony and Confederation is the latest literary history in the "Canadian Literature Series." Or rather, it would be a history if the editor had been less embarrassed about imposing shape on honest chaos. And Roy Daniells' apologetic introduction suggests that the 15 essays somehow materialized and arranged themselves by accident



(even the five commissioned ones?). As you might expect in the "singularly unstructured" world of Canadian poetry, they don't represent anything like "a natural ideological or chronological sequence." Daniells is sorry to offer you essays on poets like Lampman, Carman and Service, but the poets, he says, are only the "ostensible subject matter" of the book. The book is really about colonialism — a subject of continuing relevance.

None of the essays is as bad as the introduction. The "Canadian Literature Series" is a valuable one, and the ideal value of Woodcock's "eclectic detachment" is its emphasis on exploration rather than orthodoxy of method. Norman Newton produces radio dramas, and his comments on the public writer in a conservative, commercial society come from active involvement with Heavyside's "Victorian Synthetic" style; Woodcock's sociology of verse forms has a special relevance because he has participated in a pioneer culture. Of the writers on individual poets, Gary Geddes excels because he has engaged with D.C. Scott's poetry, rather than hung opinions on a conventional frame.

The trouble with eclecticism, when the believer's energy slackens, is that anything goes. Why not? Diversity is truth. So we have various dull, systematic applications of entirely orthodox theses to available verse material. Daniells has suggested that "the capacity of our Victorian and Edwardian poets to express ultimate truths . . . should perhaps be viewed, if only momentarily, against a general background of Canadian writing." How daring. W. J. Keith, known for his rural interests, presents a Maritime Tennyson (Charles G.D. Roberts); John



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Robert Sorfleet presents an Emersonian Carman; Barrie Davies presents an Emersonian Lampman.

The fundamental goals of *Canadian Literature* have been "the development of a critical attitude among Canadian writers, and the fostering of a tradition of criticism as one of the attributes of a maturing literature." Ideally, the critic has a vital and constructive function, but Woodcock's open house has welcomed as many parasites as builders; that's the price the patron pays when his principles of eclecticism, excellence and preference are at war. When he functions as patron saint and foster father of Canadian criticism, Woodcock (to paraphrase his verdict on Layton) forgets the critical faculty that should balance "the irrational forces of the [fathering] impulse." □

Look what
they've done
to my See, Ma

**The Gates of Hell: The Struggle
for the Catholic Church, by Anne
Roche, McClelland & Stewart, 224
pages, \$4.95 paper.**

By J. A. S. EVANS

MERE PROTESTANTS like myself do not frequently find their way inside Roman Catholic churches, unless it is to admire the stained glass or the pipe organ, and the run-of-the-mill Catholic church in Canada has not much of that sort of thing to admire. Still, I found myself at a Catholic wedding ceremony not long ago, and came away shaken. Not only was the liturgy in English, which I accepted, though without enthusiasm, but the English was of the sort that might have been produced by a fresh young graduate in journalism who was rewriting the Anglican *Book of Common Prayer*. Several of my Catholic friends remarked that it was all very beautiful. I listened in disbelief and silent disagreement.

Now, here we have Anne Roche, a conservative Catholic, ex-nun, and, I am sorry to add, a reactionary lady, who insists that the English liturgy is not beautiful. I am glad to hear it. But she insists on a great deal else besides, that I read with less joy. Ms. Roche is a Catholic of a type I never encountered

before Vatican II. When Pope Paul agrees with her, she is totally behind him. She supports *Humanae Vitae*, which rejected artificial birth control. In fact, she sounds like a cheer leader demanding blind support for her team on this point. "The question [about the Church's teaching on birth control] for the non-theologian is not whether the Pope uses natural law arguments correctly, or rides roughshod over collegiality. The question is whether one is going to line up behind the Pope and 2,000 years of Christian tradition, or behind the 'Cream of Antigonish.' As far as conservative Catholics are concerned, there is no contest."

Yet, when it comes to the question of the liturgy — where Pope Paul's leadership appears uncertain and weak — Ms. Roche is ready to act without him. If the hierarchy will not lead the laity in the correct direction, then the laity will lead the hierarchy. Ms. Roche seems to have no doubt that the vast majority of the laity is conservative, like herself, and longs only for a return of the old liturgical forms, and the old authoritarianism. Her final chapter is an instruction pamphlet for the guerilla Catholic. It informs the presumably eager layman (or laywoman) how to challenge priests who appear to be falling too much under the influence of such liberal theologians as Gregory Baum of Toronto or Hans Kung of Germany, to say nothing of the suspect Dutch hierarchy. If the Pope will not silence these theologians, then Ms. Roche and her friends will. All the energies which, in my youth, Catholic women's leagues used to apply to forcing improper books off library shelves and book stands will be channeled in a new direction — against the liberal enemy.

Yet, I, as a mere Protestant and not a good one at that, read Ms. Roche's *Gates of Hell* with a sense of sorrow. I can well remember the Catholics I knew in the days before Pope John XXIII's short tenure of office. When questions of theology came up, they used to tell me smartly that they did not think religion was a democratic matter, and with that, the doors of their minds slammed shut with an almost audible snap. I have wondered how those Catholics felt when they found theology being discussed, in what seemed to be a very democratic fashion, in the Vatican council summoned by Pope John. Vatican II changed nothing substantial in Catholic dogma; Ms. Roche emphasizes that again and again. But it changed the style of Catholicism. Ms.

Roche's book makes sad reading, even when she is being querulous and snappish and bigoted, for she is a devout Catholic who loved the old authoritarian Church, and whose mind would have remained happily closed, had not Vatican II and its aftermath swept away her old landmarks. She writes without a sense of history. The Church she wants to restore is simply the Church of her childhood. One finds oneself occasionally agreeing with her, but not for long. The future of the Roman Catholic Church, as with all churches, I am convinced, lies with moderate, open-minded persons, not with the far-out radicals or with the reactionary ecclesiastical guerillas whom Ms. Roche endeavours to instruct.

And indeed, has the Catholic Church really lost its will, or the power to censor controversial theology when it sees fit? While I was reading the *Gates of Hell* I noticed an Associated Press dispatch tucked into the back page of the *Vancouver Sun*. Father Kung, 46, professor at Tübingen University and a theologian whose very support of a doctrine is, in Ms. Roche's view, enough to damn it, had been barred from further publication "because of his controversial concepts questioning the infallibility of the Church and the Pope." Chalk one up for Ms. Roche's side. But I doubt if Catholicism really has any cause to rejoice. The lintel block of the gates of Hell is called "Censorship." □

Gimme shelters

The Trouble with Co-ops, by Janice Dineen, Green Tree, 159 pages, \$3.95 paper.

By JUNE CALLWOOD

"THE TROUBLE with co-ops," observes Toronto city planner Joe Berridge, "is that everyone has to co-operate." He does not mean, in this case, living in a co-op; that's another book that would be equally illustrative of the human genius for not co-operating. Berridge is referring instead to organizing co-op housing for low-income people, a type of housing arrangement that three levels of government have declared to be their heart's desire and three levels of government unflinchingly manage to

discourage, dismember, and annihilate whenever it shows signs of breathing.

Janice Dineen is a Toronto *Star* reporter who happened to be omnipresent when a group of residents of the Don Vale area of Toronto, calling themselves DACHI, managed to succeed in purchasing 36 houses in order to retain a population mix in an area that had suddenly gone berserk for stone dogs, stained-glass windows, sand-blasted brick, and other signs of neo-Rosedale upward mobility.

With lucid calm, Dineen unfolds the contemporary version of the vigilantes against the sheep farmers. Anyone who has ever tried to close a street, open a daycare centre, step on a crack and break a developer's back, or whatever, knows how it goes: night raids by petition, cold coffee in the City Hall cafeteria, and setbacks that come in the mail on government letterhead; a blizzard of trivia, zoning regulations, intrigue, and hallucinations.

In addition to the traditional political harassment, bureaucratic muddle, and the sweet incompetence of the good guys, DACHI was beleaguered by some of its own neighbours who openly confessed what they were about, which was the preservation of the community from a tacky element. "What's wrong with being middle class?" one of them asked publicly; he said he wanted a neighbourhood full of "people like us — friends."

Dineen leaves the spaces between the lines littered with her low opinion of snobs, knaves, and Margaret Scrivener (parliamentary assistant to Ontario's housing minister) and her strong hunch that some of the opposition came from those who wanted to buy the houses themselves for resale at staggering profits. She sticks to facts, documents where she can, and shafts DACHI's enemies, both internal and external, as neatly as an entomologist having a fine day.

The Trouble with Co-Ops is history caught at the full, dishevelled gallop. It's great theatre. It's also a handbook for all grassroots movements: one of the gang finally made it. All it took was a little co-operation — and heart-blood. □



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Libbers and bacon

Her Own Woman, by Myrna Kostash, Melinda McCracken, Valerie Miner, Erna Paris, and Heather Robertson, Macmillan, illustrated, 224 pages, \$11.95 cloth.

By SANDRA MARTIN

TRADITIONALLY freelance writers are a close-mouthed lot. They work in isolation, evolving story ideas that will dazzle editors and creating copy that is, depending on the writer and the market, more dynamic, perceptive, flashy, or authoritative than any one else's work. Competition is the name of the game.

Yet it's International Women's Year and five prominent women journalists have collaborated on a *festschrift* comprising 10 articles profiling women who are "energetic, expressive . . . independent and self-determining persons." The choices — each contributor had two — probably reveal as much about the writers as they do about the subjects.

There is something for every taste. Each of the geographical regions is represented, although none so heavily as Ontario, naturally, and the subjects run the gamut from student to homemaker, labour organizer to politician, writer to athlete, singer to artist, and radio journalist to documentary film producer. There is about the articles a timeliness, but not necessarily a timelessness. In short, *Her Own Woman* seems more a magazine — perhaps a special issue on women — than a book.

Predictably, Heather Robertson's subjects are Judy La Marsh and Barbara Frum. Both are aggressive, dynamic women with highly developed political consciousnesses, able to command large numbers of loyal fans. Curiously, each comes from Niagara Falls, not known as the font of the talented and successful. La Marsh emerges as a tough-minded, strongly principled fighter who camouflages her vulnerability behind the screen of her physical and mental girth. The fast-paced article is perceptive and well researched and very much in keeping with Robertson's reputation as an historian (*Grass Roots, Salt of the Earth*) and political writer.

Robertson's profile of Barbara Frum, star of CBC-Radio's *As It*

Happens is annoyingly inconclusive. Robertson never really plumbs the power of someone like Frum, who literally has the ear of thousands of Canadians every evening and who can cause cabinet ministers to jump to the ring of her telephone call, and industrialists to tow the line and clean up their plants. We still don't know how Frum scaled the pinnacle of her profession or what transformed her from a rich, "happy as a clam" mother into the award-winning dynamo who is heralded, rightly, as the best radio interviewer in the country. This hastily written piece is not Robertson at her best.

Next there is an abrupt change of pace into the long rhythmic sentences of Melinda McCracken and her homespun selections: her mother, and artist Eleanor Warkov. McCracken has a sharp eye for nostalgia that pricks emotional responses. (Didn't every girl celebrate her birthday with "steak, frozen strawberries, and a Dominion Stores cake with roses and your name on it in icing"?) Yet, ultimately, her work is inclined towards flab and sentimentality, particularly when she writes about her mother.

McCracken's "mom" is the modern madonna who "whomps up" blue-

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berry pies and "who never asked anything of you while you asked the world of her." This piece is characterized by such *non sequiturs* as "Life is longer and slower than we sometimes realize" and "Far from being a non-person, my mother is a wonderful person."

Esther Warkov who chain-watches TV soap operas while she works on her enormous canvases in a garage behind her Winnipeg home, fares better from

From ... can cause cabinet ministers to jump to the ring of her telephone call, and industrialists to tow the line and clean up their plants.

McCracken's mawkish pen. She emerges in full dimension, acerbic, isolated, highly opinionated and zealously committed to her work.

If any writer can claim a vocational *raison d'être*, surely it must be Myrna Kostash. Occasionally her need to proselytize about feminism overwhelms the reader, but there is about her writing a precision, a logic, that

quietly convinces. "Kathleen: Amazon Daughter" is a stark comparison: — perhaps microscopic analysis would be more accurate — of Kostash and Kathleen, eight years apart in age yet sharing the same ideology. In contrast to Kathleen, Kostash's feminism seems complacent, conventional, and chary. "Where I and my friends drove ourselves with self-contempt, Kathleen was sure she was something special. And where we out of all that put together Women's Liberation, she has inherited it."

Kostash aches with sympathy for her second subject, feminist song writer and singer Rita MacNeil. A fat blowsy woman full of emotional tension, but not enough resolve, MacNeil desperately wants to escape the confines of husband, home, and children. But these chains are her security and although her songs have "bridged the chasm between the rhetoric and sensation of Sisterhood," MacNeil, like most of us, is trapped on the other side.

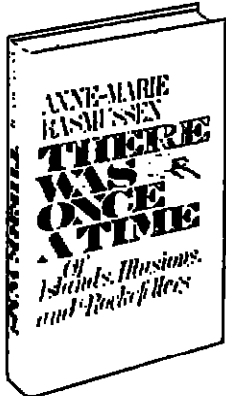
Abby Hoffman and Margaret Atwood are natural role models to most women. One a runner, the other a writer and poet, each is elusive, confident of her talents, jealous of her persona, and ultimately indefinable. Is it this

elusiveness that makes them such tantalizing subjects for magazine articles? Valerie Miner has patiently stalked her prey, mindful always to keep a respectful distance, but she too has failed to bag her catch. Miner has worked diligently and well, particularly with Abby Hoffman; her admiration for Margaret Atwood tends to obscure her vision at times.

The final selections, by Erna Paris, concern older women who have achieved self-definition without the prodding or aid of a movement. Madeleine Parent, a Québécoise labour organizer for some 35 years was an active opponent of Premier Maurice Duplessis and a leader of such famous strikes as the one by the Valleyfield textile workers in 1946. Her determination and singleness of purpose is diametrically opposed to the spontaneous wanderings of Barbara Greene, film-maker, radio producer, and traveler. Because these women are older, they have more experiences to share and their dimensions are fuller and more satisfying. This is most true of Greene, who is vulnerable, fallible, but always resilient.

All these women are worth knowing, even if only vicariously through inter-

Every man interested in women will benefit from reading . . .



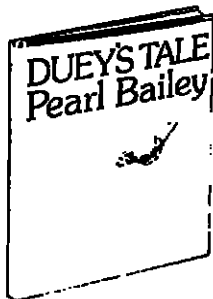
THERE WAS ONCE A TIME OF islands, illusions, and Rockefellers by Anne-Marie Rasmussen
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Three years after arriving in the U.S. Anne-Marie Rasmussen, who had found employment as a domestic in Nelson Rockefeller's household married Steven Rockefeller. Her book relates the events leading up to a wedding that captured the imagination of the world, and those that ensued in the next fourteen years. There are fascinating glimpses of life among the Rockefellers and many photographs of the family. But, above all, this is the affecting portrayal of an intense relationship between two exceptional human beings who found, in the end, that neither love nor good will nor earnest endeavour could surmount the barriers between them.

About the author:

Anne-Marie Rasmussen, daughter of a fisherman, spent the first 18 years of her life on the small island of Borøya off the southern coast of Norway. She now makes her home with her son and daughters in a rural area of New York State.

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About the author:

Pearl Bailey singer, actress, and entertainer, was widely acclaimed for her autobiography *The Raw Pearl*. Her second and third books, *Talking to Myself* and *Pearl's Kitchen: An Extraordinary Cookbook*, were also best sellers. Miss Bailey won the theater's highest honor — A Tony Award — in 1971 the President of the U.S. appointed her "Ambassador of Love to the entire world". She lives in California with her husband and their two children.

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views. But there are plenty more out there who deserve the same thoughtful treatment. Why can't *Her Own Woman* be turned into a soft-covered, large-format publication, with lots of photographs. It could appear once or twice a year under the title *Their Own Persons*. □

Heavens to Betsy

The Incredible Mrs. Chadwick, by John S. Crosbie, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 240 pages, \$7.95 cloth.

By MARGARET HOGAN

YOU WON'T FIND tiny Eastwood, Ont. — where Betsy Bigley was born — in the atlas, but she's buried in nearby Woodstock under a big granite marker, upright in its respectability and bearing a minimal inscription. "Elizabeth Bigley, wife of L. S. Chadwick, M.D., 1857-1907," it says, chastely. At 30, Betsy wore a plain dark dress with quiet frills at wrists and throat, pulled-back, centre-parted hair, and a benign

and slightly vacant expression for her photographer; at 40, her full figure is amplified and dangerously top-heavy, the firm young chin multiplied. At 50, she looks like a kindly, old-fashioned grandmother, with neat striped blouse, and homely face. So much for appearance.

The grandmother Betsy (by then known as Cassie L. Chadwick) was photographed in a cell in Ohio State Penitentiary. A collection of press clippings published in 1905 is grandly titled "The History and Doings of the Famous Cassie L. Chadwick the So-Called 'Queen of Finance' Showing How She Fleeced the Bankers As Told By the Press During the Period of Her Exposure, Negotiation, Arrest and Imprisonment in Jail." The puerile and simplistic motivations author John Crosbie provides for Betsy in his feeble first chapters are contained in slightly off-colour flights of fancy — offered without documentation — but in general he has written a lively, if superficial, account of this female rake's progress.

Betsy first saw the inside of a cell in London, Ont., after a shopping spree financed with rubber cheques. She was 13. The funds to open her too-meagre

London bank account had been provided by a love-sick farmer she'd bilked of \$50 in exchange for her favours. Her future was to include stints as a prostitute — in London, under the *nomme de guerre* of Emily Heathcliff — and a madame — in Cleveland, as Cassie L. Hoover. The Hoover was after a Cleveland woman with whom Betsy stayed during the birth of her son Emil, a product of a brief liaison with a farmer named Scott. He was another easy mark who she sweet-talked into signing away his property on the occasion of their marriage; it was marriage number two for Betsy, who used up stupid men at a greedy rate.

Betsy's third marriage was her best and final coup. She seduced a silly Cleveland doctor, heir to an oil fortune and ill at ease with his society neighbours on fashionable Euclid Avenue, and hooked him with a confidential admission that she was the illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie. Leroy Chadwick swallowed the bait, turned over his assets — he owned property all over the city — to her, and stood aside in wonder at his new wife's social daring and their increasingly splendid lifestyle. Betsy went through Leroy's for-

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tune quickly, and amassed another — on paper — by forging Carnegie's signature on promissory notes (using the illegitimate daughter story) and kiting cheques from Boston to New York. She gulled her bankers with helpless looks and tête-à-tête dinners and managed to get away with millions. Carnegie himself attended her trial in March, 1905, and sat attentively and with a certain amusement through the proceedings.

Always, in the last years, she'd lived in style. Her cell was comfortably furnished with her favourite chaise longue, Windsor rockers for the guests (the warden charged an exorbitant 25 cents a visit), a Turkish rug, and a Paisley shawl — this draped discreetly over the toilet bowl. Sick, she arranged for that chaste and expensive gravestone and for her own funeral, and the minister who took the service (it developed into a circus) followed her catalogued "last wishes" to the extent of reading a Betsy-written oration. "In my Father's house," he added, "there are many mansions." Small-town girl makes good, a hack subtitler might have dubbed that book of press clippings. □

Me Jane, you Tarzan

Africa Take One, by Carlotta Hacker, Clarke Irwin, 260 pages, \$9.50 cloth.

By **BARBARA NOVAK**

PART TRAVELOGUE, part Women's Studies, *Africa Take One* is a collection of vignettes and impressions gathered by the author while on a documentary film expedition with her husband. Subtitled "Wherein the Author, on a Modern Film Safari. Uncovers a Continent in Transition and the Ghosts of Victorian Lady Travellers," it takes into account both the traditional and the modern characteristics of five African nations (Ethiopia, Tanzania, Botswana, the Ivory Coast, and Liberia).

The author, Carlotta Hacker, might have been wiser to have exorcised some of these ghosts and concentrated more upon her own impressions of Africa. To compare her experiences with those of seven "Victorian Lady Travellers" is a bit like comparing one's impressions of Canada with those of Susanna Moodie. To be sure, the old and the

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new co-exist in Africa as in no other continent. This, however, is made quite clear by Hacker's own experiences. Frequent comments such as "Good Lord! I know this village. I was here with Mary Kingsley eighty years ago!" and "As soon as they started to eat, I knew I had been here before. With Helen Pease," prove to be unnecessary, and rather silly.

Like her second book, *The Indomitable Lady Doctors, Africa Take One* is, at least in part, a study of women's achievements. Both books were published in 1974, in time to usher in International Women's Year. The tribute paid to these seven adventurous women, however, is strangely sprinkled with rather naïve statements that are inconsistent with the nature of the subject matter. For example, when describing Mary Kingsley, who toured West Africa in the late 19th century seeking "Fish and Fetish," Hacker quotes a male acquaintance of Kingsley: "Sir George Goldie said that she had the brain of a man and the heart of a woman" (my italics). A Victorian gentleman might be forgiven such an evaluation, but Hacker's commentary upon his statement might cause some eyebrows to be raised: "A fair assessment, even by today's conventions, for Mary was no simpering Miss."

If the Victorian women explorers do not succeed in providing a meaningful structure for the author's purposes of comparison, they certainly emerge as colourful and exciting characters in their own right. In particular, I might mention May French Sheldon, who was affectionately known as Bébé Bwana. With her bejewelled court dress and blonde wig, this 43-year-old woman led a caravan of natives inland from the east coast, directly into Masai war territory.

Despite its weaknesses, the book makes good, light reading, especially for one, like myself, whose knowledge of Africa is somewhat limited. The book is certainly not aimed at anyone with a solid academic background in African history and politics. What makes it worthwhile, I think, are Hacker's descriptions of her own experiences. Though perhaps not as exciting as those of her Victorian predecessors, they come alive through the wit and the enthusiasm of the author, as she relates with a disarming frankness how her many preconceptions about Africa are proven false. □



One man and his jump cuts

Inner Views: Ten Canadian Film-makers, by John Hofsess, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 171 pages, \$8.95 cloth.

By PETER HARCOURT

I MET JOHN HOFSESS briefly at the Stratford Film Festival a couple of summers ago. He seemed a quiet, withdrawn man and, dressed in leather jacket and matching cap, he reminded me of a famous picture of the Soviet film-maker, Sergei Eisenstein. Something stoical, self-consciously stylish, and apart. I didn't know much about him. I knew that, along with Ivan Reitman, he had been one of the key creative forces at the MacMaster Film Board and that, with Reitman as producer, he had scripted and directed a feature called *Columbus of Sex*, a film that was confiscated by the morality squad and, as far as I know, destroyed. Since this trouble with the authorities, Hofsess has been doing journalism, writing regularly for *Maclean's*. He also was about to manage a theatre, I was told. It all seemed a bit sad. A typically Canadian story. Another reject from the film industry. More than that, a martyr. I couldn't find a way of talking to him about these problems. The situation seemed so unjust. I felt ashamed for my own country.

I begin anecdotely because there is something naggingly personal about *Inner Views*, something almost private for a book supposedly consisting of interviews with film-makers. There is even a striking picture of Hofsess on the back of the dust jacket — just a little bit larger than any of the pictures of the film-makers themselves that appear in the text. From this picture, Hofsess still seems self-consciously stylish (though now looking more like Jay Gatsby than Sergei Eisenstein), still withdrawn, yet looking directly at us, as if challenging us in some way.

This is very much how I read the book. It seems a kind of challenge, a personal confrontation that might coax us into a new awareness of the paradoxes of our culture. Yet the challenge is rarely stated directly. It is more a matter of tone, more a matter of the attitude that he brings to his interviewing — an assertive, even aggressive

attitude he adopts at times. But the challenge can also be found within the many contradictions that make up the book.

The main text consists of long conversations with 10 selected film-makers — "conversations" I now call them, because we hear as much from Hofsess as we do from the film-makers. The film-makers have apparently been chosen at random, but with curious results. A conversation with the low-budget, West Coast film-maker Jack Darcus is followed by one with Graeme Ferguson, of Imax and Cinesphere fame. Thus Darcus' talk of his very personal cinema is followed by Ferguson's excitement with the (to my mind, empty) technological potentialities of the medium. There is no attempt to reconcile these conflicting attitudes or even to build a bridge between them. They are simply placed there, back to back, both part of the Canadian scene.

Similarly, the most moving conversation occurs with Claude Jutra, himself an outsider; for a long time (before *Mon Oncle Antoine*) he was, like Hofsess, a reject from the industry. In fact, like so many of the conversations in this book, the Jutra piece really reads like a little novella, so lovingly are all the details of his life re-created for us, so fictionalized does it seem. Yet this strong involvement in Jutra's work (which begins this collection) in no way directly contests the equally strong admiration for that complete insider, Pierre Berton, in the conversation that closes the book. Hofsess seems genuinely excited by the "vision of strength, joy, and health" that, in his view, is characteristic of Berton's films, a vision (I wish Hofsess had said it) obviously intertwined with all the power he possesses, with all the money he has made.

In this way, the main text of *Inner Views* consists of blocks of quite different colours, so different in fact that it is difficult to seize the final shape of the whole. The same process characterizes the introductory chapter. In "What is this thing called Canadian film?" Hofsess presents us with a strong and polemical account of the evolution of Canadian film. Full of questionable analogies (at times, Hofsess seems to be equating as minority groups blacks, homosexuals, and Canadians), it is nevertheless an important piece of writing. "What we have to decide about ourselves," Hofsess exclaims, "is whether we have sufficient grounds for a separate culture." He then proceeds to analyze some of the issues involved

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Jack Batten Freelance Journalist. He has written for *Maclean's*, *Chantaine*, *The Canadian*, *Star Weekly*, *The Globe & Mail*, *T.V. Guide* etc. Books include *HOCKEY DYNASTY* and *CHAMPION*. Robert Fulford describes his biography on Ed Mirvish, *THE HONEST ED STORY*, as "funny and engaging and highly readable." A new book of his will be published this fall by Macmillan.



Mott Cohen Matt Cohen has published a book of short stories and four novels including *WOODEN HUNTERS* (McClelland and Stewart, 1975). His novel *THE DISINHERITED*, has been called a "tour de force" by Jack Batten and Faulknerian in scope by Nancy Neelin in *Books in Canada*. Mr. Cohen has published articles in *Tamarack Review*, *Harbinger*, *Saturday Night*, etc.



Alise Denham Associate Professor of English at John Jay College, Ms. Denham has drawn from her experiences as former Playmate of the Month to write her second major novel *AMO*, described by Barbara Seaman as a "women's liberation classic." Frances Berach (*Village Voice*) calls it "a rare new novel, a deadly and hilarious feminist book." She has published in *Playboy*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Look*, *Author and Journalist*, *New York Times Book Review*, etc.



Doug Fetherling Doug Fetherling is a poet and former literary editor of the *Toronto Star*. He's a regular contributor to *Saturday Night* and *The Globe and Mail* and is film critic of *Canadian Forum*. An experienced editor, he has written for such publications as *Take One*, *Tamarack Review*, *Chicago Tribune*, *Toronto Life*, *Books in Canada* and *The Canadian*. His books have been published by Anansi, Macmillan and Press Porcupine.



Phyllis Godlieb Her novels *SUNBURST* (sci. fi.) and *WHY SHOULD I HAVE ALL THE GRIEF* have brought her wide acclaim for her "vivid dialogue, very humour and a poet's sensitivity." She has published several sci-fi stories in *Fantasy*, *Science Fiction*, *If*, *Gaudy*, etc. She has published 3 books of outstanding poetry, including *DR. UMLAUT'S EARTHLY KINGDOM* (Calliope Press, 1974).



John Herbert Actor, director, playwright, poet, John Herbert has written for *Saturday Night*, *Village Voice*, *Variety*, *Glitter*, etc. He has written several plays including *BORN OF MEDUSA'S BLOOD*, *OMPHALE AND THE HERO* and *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES* (produced in New York, Paris, London, etc.) His film script for the MGM movie version of *FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES* has received critical acclaim. He has just completed a novel *A PRETTY PLACE LIKE EDEN*.



Gerald Lampert Founder and director of The Writers' Workshop at New College, his writings have appeared in *Panorama*, *Dialog*, *Books in Canada*, a biweekly anthology, etc. He and Arlene Lampert organize national tours for Canadian prose writers, poets, and playwrights. His first novel *TANGLE ME NO MORE* has been republished by General Publishing (Paper-Jack) this year. A second novel, *CHESTNUT FLOWER EYE OF VENUS* is pending publication.



Harvey Markowitz Winner of a Canada Centennial Award for Drama 1967 and the Theatre Ontario Award for best New Play 1968. *BRANCH PLANT*, produced in 1971 was a controversial play criticizing foreign economic domination in Canada. A portion of *BRANCH PLANT* is in *SCENE ONE*, an anthology of significant Canadian plays (Van Nostrand). He is currently at work on a new play called *INITIATION RITES*.



Steve McCaffery A member of the sound poetry ensemble The Four Horsemen. Contributing Editor of *Open Letter* and co-founder of The Toronto Research Group, which concentrates on analyzing experimental literary genres. McCaffery's latest books include: *DR. SADHU'S MUFFINS* (Press Porcupine), *OW'S WAIF* (Coach House Press) and *HORSE D'OEUVRES* (with The Four Horsemen). His sound texts and non-linear poetry have been performed and shown through North and South America and Europe.



Martin Myers Professor, advertising man, editor, contributor to several magazines, his novel *THE ASSIGNMENT* (republished by Paper-Jack this year) received critical accolades in England, U.S. and Canada. Time calls his writing "inventive and full of controlled madness." Myers' second novel *FRIGATE* (General Publishing) dramatizes the hilariously metaphysical dilemma of Gilbert Frigate whose manhood, suddenly and mysteriously, has become divorced from his body.



P.K. Page One of Canada's most prominent poets, she has received the Governor General's Award for Poetry, the Oscar Blumenthal Award for Poetry (*Chicago*), and the Bartram Warr Award awarded by *Contemporary Verse*. Her most recent books of poetry, *CRY ARARATI* is published by McClelland & Stewart and *POEMS SELECTED AND NEW* (Anansi), *THE SUN AND THE MOON AND OTHER FICTIONS* was recently published by Anansi.



Joe Rosenblatt Nominated in 1968 for the Governor General's Award, his poetry has been published in *The Nation*, *Prism International*, *Quarry*, *Chelsea* and in numerous other Canadian and U.S. periodicals. He is the author of 7 books of poetry, including *DREAM CRATERS* (Porcupine Press) and *VAMPIRES AND VIRGINS*, to be published this fall by McClelland & Stewart.



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The Four Horsemen (Rafael Barreto-Rivera, Paul Dupont, Steve McCaffery, bp nicol) Canada's collaborative sound-word-performance group will present current works in progress. The group has recently extended its interest towards theatre and prose, and is working on a four-man collective novel. Their most recent publication is *HORSE D'OEUVRES* (General Publishing) Evening performance only.



in that decision, issues involving more than cinematic matters.

I am not speaking as a nationalist, but as a strategist, understanding media. If a film doesn't fulfil some psychological need, if it doesn't have some sociological purpose, if in short there is no minority to buy it, then you can't have a film industry.

Just why Canadians should see themselves as a "minority" within their own country is, of course, a political question that Hofsess never fully confronts; and this failure of confrontation explains the contradictions that characterize the book.

Hofsess's eclecticism is very much the eclecticism of a colonized mentality, a mentality of which, as Canadians, we are all a part. We too can sympathize with a man like Jutra who for years and years has struggled to stay inside the industry. We can identify with men like Allan King and Don Shebib who, while having made a most significant contribution to our film culture, can now only stay afloat by working in television. But we can also admire a man like Pierre Berton who seems so supremely successful and thereby confident and optimistic about the world.

Identifying with failure while admiring success: this is the contradiction with which most Canadians live, a contradiction that's inscribed within the pages of this book and is the substance of its challenge. The book is thus as important as a cultural document as it is as a volume of Canadian film. Irritatingly arbitrary, assertively personal, as much an autobiography as a book of film interviews, *Inner Views* is nevertheless an important achievement if we are concerned with our national culture. What we still need, however, and I think the time is ready for it, is a book that will provide the scholarship and a sufficiently rigorous analysis not only to embody the paradoxes of our culture but also to strive to make sense of them all. □



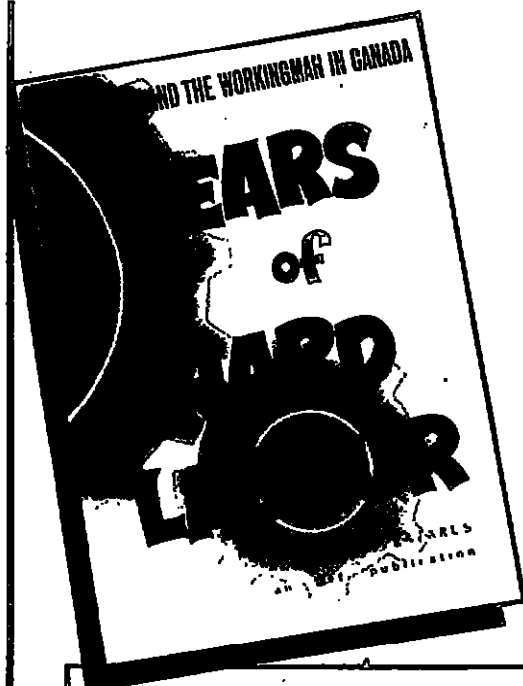
The ally in our house

Canadian-American Relations in Wartime: From the Great War to the Cold War, by R. D. Cuff and J. L. Granatstein, Hakkert, 205 pages, \$9.95 cloth.

By JOHN W. HOLMES

THAT CANADA WAS delivered into continental servitude at some time during the last half century seems to have become an unquestioned assumption. "Some bondage!" envious members of the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development might exclaim. While some critics may seek to name the "guilty men," Professors Granatstein and Cuff look rather for the wrong turn. They almost suggest that the continentalization of Canadian economic and foreign policy was inevitable, but they can't quite forsake the view that somehow or other Canada could have been detached from the bondage of geography. After all, East Germany did it.

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It is unfair to link two such good historians with the more romantic school of nationalist historians. In this welcome and fascinating book they ask all sorts of valid questions — all except that central one: Are we really supine and was there a feasible alternative that would have left us in better shape, economically, culturally, and, of course, morally? The answer may well be yes, but it ought to be argued. Granatstein and Cuff, for example, show how our habit of seeking exemption from American regulations, conceived in wartime and continued in peacetime, made us more dependent on the United States economy: "Exemptionalism has offered only an illusion of independence while it bound the country ever more firmly into lockstep with American policy." The first part of the sentence is well argued; the last, presumably, is something any fool knows.

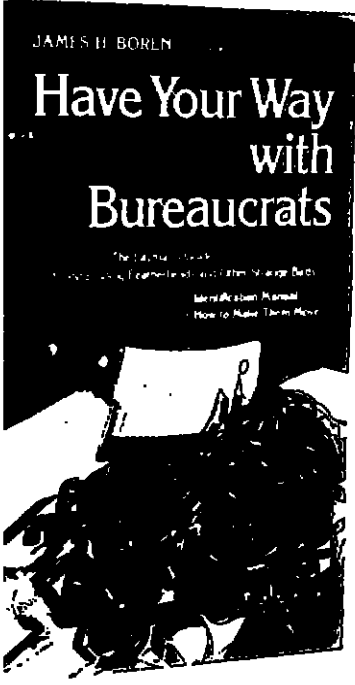
The central thesis of these informative and provocative essays is that the exigencies of the past three wars — the First and Second World Wars and the Cold War — did much to integrate Canada into the North American economy even though our leaders were concerned about the political conse-

quences. Granatstein and Cuff offer particularly interesting evidence of this trend in the First World War, a trend that didn't go as far as in the Second simply because the Armistice cut it short. They recognize the severe post-Second World War problems of the Canadian economy, but they may underestimate the element of calculation in government policy, the conviction that independence would be a product of prosperity rather than austerity, and the gamble with American investment and trade had to be taken. Among the paradoxes to be kept in mind is that the Canadian wartime profits from the Hyde Park Agreement enabled us to buy out the United States military installations in Canada and send the U.S. forces home in 1945.

The book is essentially a series of questions for further research. Without committing themselves to the conclusions of revisionist historians, the authors rightly argue that the latter have raised questions about the U.S. and the origins of the Cold War that should also be asked about Canada. They ask us also to reconsider our harsh judgments of Mackenzie King. It is a point well taken. In retrospect, King's views on

the folly of a collective security system now look more like the wisdom of experience. To accept, however, his view that poor little Canada ought not to try to play a constructive part in creating a United Nations in which the interests of countries such as ourselves would be protected is another matter. The idea that our diplomats were off pursuing globalist ambitions in the U.N. and other more remote places, thereby allowing the Americans to buy us out at home, has become a favourite *non sequitur*. The Canadian interest was involved on both fronts. Lester Pearson was countering the Americans on a world stage. C. D. Howe was on guard at home. It was the Canadian citizenry who were selling their shares of the country to the Yankees for fast bucks.

It is impossible in a paragraph to answer the author's questions about Canada and the Cold War. Without seeking to justify some of the Canadian public rhetoric of the time, one might suggest more attention to deeds than words. It may have appeared as if Pearson believed in the monolithic Communist conspiracy, but his whole effort over the Korean War and truce to frus-




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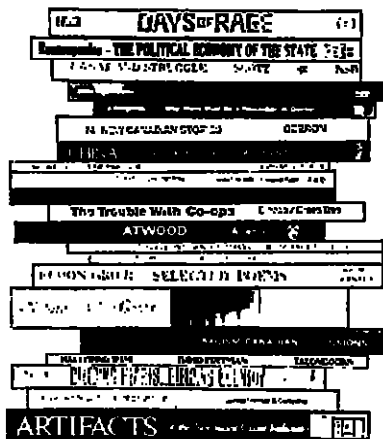
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trate the American hawks was based on a distinction between the Russians and the Chinese and a recognition that Asian "communism" could not be disentangled from anti-colonialism. As for our having been beguiled by U.S. intelligence, it was regarded in Ottawa very sceptically. It was the alarming reports from impeccably European sources that led Canadians reluctantly to believe, rightly or wrongly, that fears about Soviet policy might have to be taken more seriously.

One other historical point might be raised. The authors make no reference to the Gouzenko affair, the revelation by a defecting member of the Soviet Embassy in Ottawa in 1945 of an intelligence network it had established among Canadians. The point in mentioning the case is not to prove malevolent Soviet intentions. It is rather that the Canadian handling of the case, fully documented in *The Mackenzie King Record*, makes clear the extreme reluctance of Canadian policy-makers to spoil the chances of peaceful relations with the Russians, let alone exploit the incident to whip up what was later called the Cold War.

This is a broad subject, however, and Granatstein and Cuff deserve broader answers. One might hope that they will pursue their investigation further themselves. Answers are best given by historians with their ability to be sceptical in all, or at least most, directions. □

Why we're so defensive

Canada: The Heroic Beginnings,
by Donald Creighton, Macmillan, in
co-operation with the Department of
Indian and Northern Affairs and
Parks Canada, illustrated, 255
pages, \$14.95 cloth.

By NEVILLE THOMPSON

BY THEIR MONUMENTS ye shall know them. And the monuments in this beautifully illustrated book are a reminder of the fundamental importance of war and empire in shaping the peaceable kingdom. This was a convention before the end of the Second World War. It has since become more fashionable to emphasize the indigenous factors in the making of Canadian history. But perhaps this book will help to redress the balance, for no one can look at these fortifications and canals, built

by the French and British armies for the defence of an outpost of empire, without realizing that for most of its existence the fate of Canada has been determined largely by decisions made in Europe.

The Department of Indian Affairs could not have found a better historian than Donald Creighton to "link the historic sites and buildings of Canada with the historical themes which they illustrate and thus to enrich the meaning of both." He has not forgotten the imperial connection and has not ceased to warn his countrymen in their euphoria at casting off the easy burdens of the British Empire that they have unwittingly submitted to the heavier yoke of the United States. Perhaps it was inevitable or perhaps, as other writers have demonstrated, even those who proclaimed their loyalty to the old flag most loudly were also working to strengthen Canada's ties to the American economy. But the subject matter of this book allows Prof. Creighton to state his views once more, though, since he is dealing with exploration, trade, settlement, and defence rather than recent policy decisions, in a more restrained way than in *Canada's First Century*. The efforts of the British government to defend the North American colonies even after 1815 are amply illustrated. By 1871 the danger of invasion had disappeared, only to be replaced by the "more insidious intrusion of American capital and technology and American standards and values."

But Creighton's great contribution to this book is the quality of his prose style. For 40 years he has set the standard of historical prose for English Canada. But more than that, he is one of the best historians writing today, an example and inspiration to his fellow practitioners in all fields. Compared to him, even such well-known historical writers as Samuel Eliot Morison and A.J.P. Taylor are positively slap-dash. What he has to say here is not new — it is not that kind of book — but the way he says it is admirable. His paragraphs ring with authority and are so well constructed that they slide into place like parts of an intricate but precise machine. The reader is carried through complex events with no sense of hurry or suspicion that vital aspects are being left out. This is the mark of the true professional: not only great knowledge but also unremitting attention to form. To reverse the usual order of compliments, it is no derogation of the pictures to say that they are worthy of the prose.

Heroic Beginnings is not an illustrated narrative history of Canada but a series of essays on a number of beginnings, from the earliest migrations across the land bridge that then linked Asia to North America to the conquest of the North by dog-sled and by air and the voyage of the *St. Roch* through the North West Passage in the 20th century. There are great contrasts between the centuries but all these beginnings are characterized and linked by "an heroic spirit, compounded of initiative, perseverance, endurance and courage." The only chapter that seems a bit out of place is the one on the political makers of Canada, which begins with John A. Macdonald and the background to Confederation. Earlier leaders and administrators are discussed in other contexts but their contributions to the political tradition of the new nation are not analyzed. Even more surprising, the chapter ends in 1919 with the newly elected Liberal leader, Mackenzie King, exhibiting a degree of historical consciousness as strong as Laurier's or Macdonald's — a great tribute to Creighton's endeavour to present an impartial account.

A French translation of this book will soon be available. In both languages it should sell well in Canada and abroad. There is no better or more attractive introduction for those who want to know about Canada and even for Canadians in an urban and cosmopolitan age who want to come to terms with their heritage. □

Still lonely at the top

The Canadian Corporate Elite: An Analysis of Economic Power, by Wallace Clement, Carleton Library Original, 479 pages, \$4.95 paper.

By GUY STANLEY

IN THE MARXIST Utopia, the free development of each is the condition for the free development of all. In the Canadian reality, the condition for the free development of the elite is the restricted development of the masses.

This is the essential message of this often turgid and difficult, overwhelmingly impressive, yet ultimately flawed study. Chock-a-block with hard-to-discover lore about the top Canadian companies and their interlocking directorships, this book at least updates

the 10-year-old findings of John Porter's *Vertical Mosaic*, the work that pioneered investigation of Canadian elites.

Far from becoming more egalitarian since then, Canada's economic elite (637 executives who dominate the 113 most powerful corporations through 1,848 interlocking directorships) has become more upper-class and socially exclusive in origin, more closely inter-related, and has remained virtually impenetrable to all but Anglo-Saxons.

Nor has the invasion by, multi-national corporations in the 1960s challenged the elite's economic dominance. Instead, the multi-nationals have created their own, more middle-class, "comprador" elite that shares control of the branch plants with more senior management from head office.

Clement supplies an historical section that shows how this pattern of a continuous family-based elite reflects Canada's colonial role in the North Atlantic triangle. As Canada supplied raw materials and staples to the metropolis, the economic elite took over finance, commerce, transportation, and utilities. In the process, they virtually ignored Canada's industrial development.

Consequently, the skills of manufacturing and industrial entrepreneurship were supplied by foreign-based and controlled multi-nationals. But Canada's traditional commercial elite still managed to do well out of the burst of U.S. direct investments, although often having frozen out Canadian entrepreneurs on merely snobbish grounds. The elite, says Clement, "enjoyed a favourable position of serving the industrial boom" and now finds its position reinforced by industrial development.

Ultimately however, despite his heroic encounter with the data, despite his often masterful discussions of sociological theory (for example, technostructures), Clement fails to convince. At most, his findings challenge, but do not overturn, the proposition that equal opportunity is possible in a liberal capitalist democracy. Then, in arguing their significance, Clement sidetracks himself into a sociologists' quibble over "models" in which he takes an untenable position. As Porter, his former teacher, remarks in a graceful and witty foreword that demystifies this aspect of Clement's case, this part of the book is "less striking."

So *The Canadian Corporate Elite* will not start the revolution after all. But even if the author had stayed on the

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beam, it is hard to see how it could have. For in focusing exclusively on elite composition, Clement disregards elite behaviour and the forces (such as public opinion) that shape and protect the public interest. (Why, for instance, do mining company chief executives now quake when they see environmentalists? Why couldn't the interlocked "state" and "business" elites of 60 years ago prevent the rise of organized labour?) It's a silly, perhaps even fashionable shortcoming. But it bespeaks the same attitude to common sense that at the highest levels cost kings their thrones, lately lost a president his job, and, among academics, too often reduces good sociology to sociologese. □

IN BRIEF

J. E. HODGETTS' name alone should be enough to rally the student of public administration. With O. P. Dwivedi, he has assembled *Provincial Governments as Employers* (McGill-Queen's, \$4.50), yet another indispensable survey of government practice — this time scrutinizing the comparative size, growth, and managerial organization of Canada's 10 provincial governments' personnel structures. Rafts of shifting data have been securely anchored in accessible shallows of plain informative tables and charts. Style as ever is pleasantly uncluttered and elevated by some drily humorous observations on management-staff relations. Analysis of joint negotiation and collective bargaining positions, staff associations, and employee appeal procedures lays bare the tender under-belly of these royal leviathans, and of course by definition the public itself. All credit to Hodgetts and Dwivedi for a difficult pioneer study. Now for a labour-relations study with the same title?

GORDON DODDS

FOR A GENERATION given to the notion that the annual Nov. 11 Remembrance ceremonies now are little more than occasions for editorializing on the utility of ritual, the publication of a book about military cemeteries will excite no great enthusiasm. Yet few who visit those brooding stretches of Northwest Europe consecrated to the dead of two world wars ever fail to achieve some personal understanding of the awesome price paid for their nation's place in the world. These same sensations are present in Herbert Fairlie Wood's and John

Swettenham's *Silent Witnesses* (Hakkert, \$13.95) which, published for the Department of Veterans' Affairs and the Canadian War Museum, is the first work devoted exclusively to Canada's war memorials. Taking their lead from the National Film Board's 1963 award-winning documentary *Fields of Sacrifice*, the authors have produced a comprehensive survey and contemporary guide to these cemeteries found in some 70 countries around the world. The text describes the major campaigns in which Canadians have participated since 1914, accounts for the casualties they engendered, and outlines the unending commitment of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission and related agencies, even going so far as to tabulate the plants and shrubs that beautify these sites. Particularly interesting is the inclusion of cemeteries in Canada where, for various local reasons, the work of bringing veterans' plots up to overseas standards has been somewhat less successful. Extensively and tastefully illustrated, this handsome volume is itself a sensitive tribute that all generations can appreciate.

BARRY HUNT

MORE OF A PSYCHOLOGICAL puzzler than a real whodunit, Marion Rippon's *Ninth Tentacle* (Doubleday, \$5.95) is an enjoyable murder mystery set in rural France. Viktor Rolland, brilliant, arrogant, and tyrannical, falls prey to a murderer's bullet. There are plenty of suspects around, but it takes the frail and ageing Gendarme Ygrec to solve the crime. Ms. Rippon has done a competent enough job and her portrait of village life rings true. But, oh how enervating her women are, all fluttery and foolish with neither the wit nor the spark to take command of themselves. Surely women like that don't exist anymore, except perhaps in thrillers.

SM



- A. Father of narrator in *The Manticore* (full name) 143 24 207 98 9 116 33 52 150 99 69
- B. Marked by secrecy and deception 139 78 22 158 185 202 7 65 104
- C. Strongboxes; chests 165 133 111 100 5 183 57
- D. Stephen Franklin's answer to information pollution (2 words) 211 14 88 178 50 130 86 108 3 205 126
95 166
- D. Nimble; easily fixed 39 54 72 10 210 152 180 18 146
- F. To cover, as a sword 172 103 34 67 184 167 94 125 195
- G. Money, cash 193 132 38 62 174
- H. Depression-era march (2 words) 189 47 79 90 173 139 128 4 203 101
- I. Sex indicator (2 words) 71 208 25 84 151 162 19 136 32 76 133
- J. The "hanging judge" 119 29 147 115 102 35
- K. Endeavours; exertions 40 190 73 77 204 112 188
- L. Machine in which work is rotated about a horizontal axis 105 176 42 209 11
- M. Guarded information 49 109 36 60 164 75 168
- N. "_____ *comme à Wall Street*" — Michèle Lalonde (2 words) 8 97 144 83 157 181 37 36 214 120
- O. In; receiving (2 words) 13 137 16 192 122 118
- P. Poetry collection by B.C.'s Gilean Doyle (4 words) 212 17 131 48 149 66 80 156 87 177 64
154 113 141

- Q. Canadian literary quarterly 169 21 194 140 161 91 187
- R. "This white patch pronghorn is running south of _____"
— R. G. Everson:
"On & On Beyond White Mud & Stone Pile Post" (2 words) 53 213 143 127 6 44 155 93 196
- S. How (3 words) 26 55 15 179 121 170 30 148 92
- T. Pungent, fleshy root of the mustard family 138 186 63 96 81 2
- U. Substitution of an agreeable expression for an offensive one 68 142 82 58 114 175 198 45 163
- V. Immediately; right now 110 182 117 1 191 43 106 124 31
- W. Abundant; profuse 134 61 20 200 123 171
- X. Lacking pity, kindness, or mercy 41 201 129 31 12 197 28
- Y. "In ampler _____ a diviner air . . ."
— Wordsworth:
"Laodamia" 85 23 160 74 199
- Z. The quality or state of being identical 27 153 89 59 107 70 206 46

SOLUTION TO ACROSTIC NO. 4

S(heila) BURNFORD: ONE WOMAN'S ARCTIC
We had bacon and eggs for supper — mures' eggs from the cliffs at Agpah. They are beautiful; about the size of duck eggs, and varying tremendously in colour from pale blue with black specks to almost-turquoise, mapped with large black continents.

I	V	T	D	H	C	G	R	B	N	A	E	L	X	O	D	S
16	O	P	E	I	U	Q	B	Y	A	I	S	Z	X	J	S	
31	V	I	A	F	J	H	N	G	E	K	X	L	V	R	U	
46	Z	H	P	H	D	X	A	R	E	S	H	C	U	Z	H	N
62	G	T	P	B	P	F	U	A	Z	I	E	K	Y	H		
76	I	K	B	H	P	T	U	R	I	Y	D	P	D	Z	H	Q
92	S	R	F	D	T	H	A	A	C	H	J	F	B	L	V	Z
109	D	H	V	C	K	P	U	J	A	V	O	J	H	S	O	
123	U	V	F	D	R	H	X	D	P	G	C	W	I	I	O	
138	T	B	Q	P	U	R	H	A	E	J	S	P	A	I	E	Z
154	P	R	P	H	B	H		Y	Q	I	U	N	C	D	F	N
169	Q	S	W	F	H	G	U	L	P	D	S	E	N	V	C	
184	F	B	T	Q	K	H	K	V	O	G	Q	F	R	X	U	Y
200	U	X	B	H	K	D	Z	A	I	L	E	D	P	R	H	

N.B. *Books in Canada* is offering a prize for the first correct solution to Acrostic No. 5 opened after May 31. The prize? A copy of the book on which the acrostic is based. Send solutions to: *Books in Canada Acrostic No. 5*, 501 Yonge Street, Suite 23, Toronto, M4Y 1Y4.

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