

ILLUSTRATION

Gary Geddes ventures into
Atwood and MacEwen country

Morris Wolfe explores
the strange world of Margaret Gibson Gilboord

REALITY

Peter C. Swann ponders
the 49th and other parallels

Brian Vincent discovers
a '60s terrorist in a novel form

FREE

Peter C. Swann:
 Taking in Borders. *Between Friends/Entre Amis*,
 produced by Lorraine Monk *et al.* 3

Gary Geddes:
 Now You See It . . . *The Fire-Eaters*, by Gwendolyn
 MacEwen; *Selected Poem.* by Margaret Atwood 4

Morris Wolfe:
 Sad, Mad, and Good. *The Butterfly Ward*,
 by Margaret Gibson Gilboord 7

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Michael Smith:
Spit Delaney's Island, by Jack Hodgins 8

Pat Barclay:
Ash, by David Walker 8

Ron Waldie:
The Street Where I Live, by Maura Haas 9

Brian Vincent:
Class Warfare, by D. M. Fraser 10

Michael Cook:
Blood Ties, by David Adams Richards 10

Douglas Hill:
The Man Who Wanted to Save Canada, By R. J. Chick Childerhouse 12

Alice Sinclair:
The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler, by George Hulme 12

George Melnyk:
Wood Mountain Poems, Andrew Suknaski: *on first looking down
 from lions gate bridge*, by Andrew Suknaski 14

Len Gasparini:
Alan Crawley and Contemporary Verse, by Joan McCullagh 14

Jim Christy:
When I Was Young, by Raymond Massey 16

Linda Pyke:
Women in the Canadian Mosattc, edited by Gwen Matheson:
. . . and mighty women too, by Grant MacEwen 17

Doris Cowan:
Gerhard: A Love Story, by Betty Kennedy 18

Clive Cocking:
Elwood Glover's Luncheon Dates, by Elwood Glover:
The Great Canadian Beer Book, edited by Gerald Donaldson and
 Gerald Lampert 18

Ronald S. Ritchie:
The Tar Sands: Synecrude and the Politics of Oil, by Larry Pratt 20

L. M. Owen:
The Law Is Not for Women! A Legal Handbook for Women,
 by Marvin A. Zuker and June Callwood 21

Nelson Luscombe:
The Law and the Press in Canada, by Wilfred H. Kesterton 21

John Warkentin:
The Canadian Settler's Guide, by Catharine Parr Traill, edited by
 Michael S. Batts; *Camera in the Interior*, by Richard J. Huyda;
Alberta at the Turn of the Century, edited by Eric J. Holmgren;
Eldon Connections: Portraits of a Township, by Rae Fleming 22

In Brief:
Kingston: Celebrate This City, by Joan Finnigan; *Action Française
 French Canadian Nationalism in the Twenties*, by Susan Mann
 Trofimenkoff; *The Violin*, by Robert Thomas Allen with photo-
 graphs by George Pastic; *The Canadian Essay and Literature Index
 for 1974*, compiled by Andrew D. Armitage and Nancy Tudor 24

DEPARTMENTS

So" & Recycled, by Paul Stuewe 24
 Letters to the Editor 25
 CanWit No. 13 26

ILLUSTRATIONS

Photograph of Gwendolyn MacEwen by Ellen Tolmie 4
 Photograph of Margaret Atwood by John Reeves 5
 Drawings by Gail Geltner 2, 22, 23
 Drawings by Howard Engel 3, 16

Pat Barclay's novel, *Buy Canadian* (Simon & Schuster) will be reviewed shortly in these pages. Gentleman Jim Christy, author of record, grew up in South Philly some years after Raymond Massey grew up in Toronto. Vancouver freelancer Clive Cocking nearly became the editor of a still-born B C magazine in recent months. Michael Cook is a Newfoundland playwright; his *Colour the Flesh the Colour of Dust* has been published by Simon & Pierre. Doris Cowan is a Toronto actress and freelance writer. Alexander Craig teaches political science at the University of Western Ontario. Howard Engel will be producing *Anthology* for CBC-Radio this fall. Poet and critic Len Gasparini has retreated to his native Windsor, Ont. for the summer. Gary Geddes, who is based in Victoria, B.C., recently completed a long narrative poem called *War and Other Measures*; (Anansi), it will be reviewed in our next issue. Gail Geltner is a Toronto artist. Douglas Hill teaches English at the U of T and summers in an exclusive Newfoundland outpost. Nelson Luscombe, who grew up in the same outpost, is the managing editor of *CA magazine*. Edmonton's George Melnyk is the editor of *NeWest ReView*. Stephanie J. Nynych is a Toronto poet. I. (for Ivon) M. Owen was the editor of *The Tamarack Review* during a period in the recent past when that magazine was something more than a rumour. Linda Pyke is a Toronto freelancer. Between photography assignments, John Reeves camps out on CBC-TV's *The Bob McLean Show*. Gord Ripley is a librarian in St. Thomas, Ont. Ronald S. Ritchie, a former vice-president of Imperial Oil, now lives in Ottawa. Raymond Shady teaches English at the U of T. Alice Sinclair is a CBC-TV script editor. Michael Smith is a freelancer based in St. Marys, Ont. Paul Stuewe is a regular contributor to these pages. Peter C. Swann, the former director of the Royal Ontario Museum, now heads the Bronfman Art Foundation in Montreal. Ellen Tolmie is a Toronto photographer. Brian Vincent is a leading Toronto freelance reviewer. Ron Waldie recently abandoned the security of university administration for the life of a writer. John Warkentin teaches geography at York University. House-husband and writer Morris Wolfe also teaches film history at the Ontario College of Art.



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TAKING IN BORDERS

A transplanted Englishman looks at Canada's million-dollar Bicentennial gift to the U.S.

Between Friends/Entre Amis, produced by Lorraine Monk et al., McClelland & Stewart in association with the National Film Board, 336 pages, \$29.50 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-67186).

By PETER C. SWANN

THIS IS A proud, affectionate, splendid book. It is worth every cent of the one million dollars that went into its production and the \$29.50 it costs in the bookstores. Well, I've said it and, in a rash moment of enthusiasm, broken the first Canadian law. This law decrees that we denigrate every good thing we do, take a negative stance toward every Canadian achievement, nit-pick to death anything positive, starve anybody with talent, drive out anybody who dares to show cultural or artistic leadership or excellence. And, even if it seems naive, what a pleasure it is once in a while to break that law.

Somehow, in the stifling atmosphere we strive so hard to create for ourselves. Lorraine Monk and the stills department

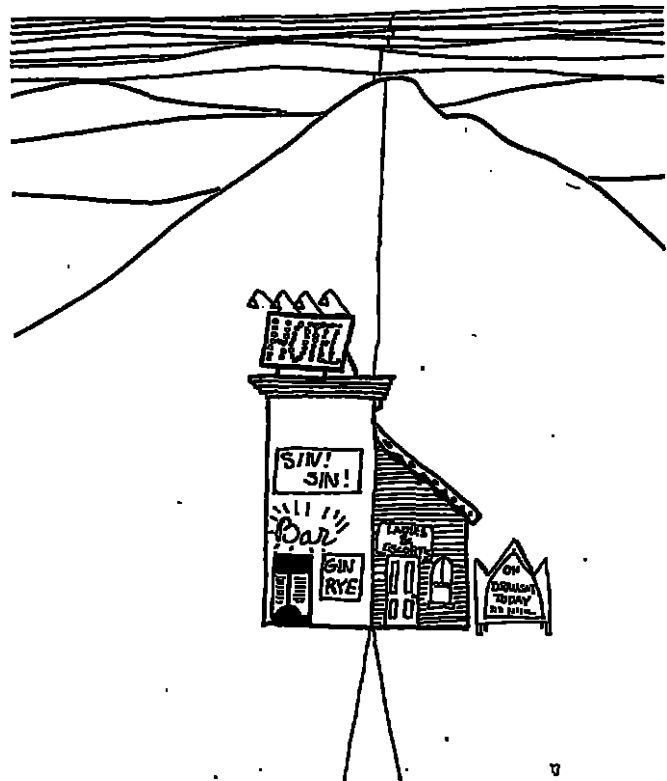
The first Canadian law... decrees that we denigrate every good thing we do, take a negative stance toward every Canadian achievement, nit-pick to death anything positive, starve anybody with talent, drive out anybody who dares to show cultural or artistic leadership or excellence.

of the National Film Board have managed to survive. God knows how they have done it — and in doing so produce book after book of a grandeur to match this vast, unmanageable, largely unlivable, rich, and often totally frustrating land. This is probably their best-yet defiance of the first Canadian law. I am sorry to say that I have become sufficiently Canadian to fear that they will be struck down in their prime.

Books of photography, however good, can become tedious. This one is not — possibly because it is charged with the most sensitive emotion that affects Canadians. That emotion, of course, is our feelings toward the United States and the long, undefended artificial line that divides their way of life from ours. It is the one permanent reminder for Canadians that they share a border with only one more-powerful neighbour. We are lucky. Yet it is a neighbour that controls so much of our economic destiny. Although it protects us with its armed might, it also floods us with its cultural products as well as its manufactured goods. It often seems maddeningly to ignore us. It is only on the border that the relationship is really close — and therein lies the genius of the book. The emotion is all the more effective through understatement.

The Englishman who has made Canada his home finds Canadian-U.S. relationships somewhat baffling. He grows accustomed to the soul-searching, the identity-seeking by Canadians, the negative attitudes punctuated by short periods of euphoria when we do something grand like Expo '67. Only then do thinking Canadians feel less threatened by American cultural forces overwhelmingly directed at us through the various media. The Englishman sees in this country a tremendous energy and creativity that now is beginning to find support from governments — not, of course, without deep reservations about government controls and threats of *dirigisme*.

The border is an area where the differences are, in a peculiar way, both blurred and sharpened at the same time. Border people, like mountain people the world over, share common characteristics. It is an interesting exercise to look through the portraits that alternate with the glorious landscapes and try to guess who is Canadian and who is American. There is a difference and instinctively one makes few mistakes. The difference is usually much more subtle than the pair of six-guns that Mr. Action Jackson totes outside his bar in Boundary, Alaska. The Stars and Stripes seem a natural appendage in a U.S. group while in Canada it is left to the Hutterite children to cling almost defiantly to the Maple Leaf. Few others show it. Do we Canadians look out from



these pages with less ebullience, less confidence? Some of the Quebec portraits look almost hostile. But the team of 26 photographers who have been nurtured by the National Film Board have responded to the challenge of the border with humour and humanity.

There will certainly be criticisms of a technical nature. The spread photos running across the gutter of some of the vast landscapes may annoy some readers. I found them preferable to reducing the views to what would be postcard size on one page — especially if the book remains vertical. After all, "Canada is a horizontal country." The separation of plate notes from photographs, at least for this reader, was more of a challenge than an annoyance — but then I am accustomed to seeking the "Notes in the Back." The standards of production for such a large run are excellent. In my copy only one photograph was spoiled. Given so many different talents, the whole book hangs together remarkably well. The captions, made up of selected quotations, are a mine of wit and wisdom.

The choice of end papers was a touch of genius. Their pop-art quality is a part of life we both share. They prevent the book from becoming as pompous as it so easily could have been, and in doing so, pander to our inherent heaviness. Many of the portraits are amusing and touching at the same time. And, thank heavens, no Mounties!

The sentiment and sensitivity behind the idea are most fitting. This is a birthday present for an important birthday — and one that the Americans are celebrating with some sobriety and introspection. If often they do tend to ignore us, it may serve to remind them where we are and what we represent. It is a gift that we can be proud to give and, one hopes, the Americans will be equally proud to receive. What better birthday present than a good and lasting book? Who needs another statue?

Meanwhile, as incidental information, I know of one crossing into the United States via a back road that is hardly marked and seldom patrolled. I am sure there are many others and, it seems, nobody gives a damn! □

NOW YOU SEE IT...

... now you don't; an appreciation of
Atwood and MacEwen, two grand illusionists



Gwendolyn MacEwen

4 Books in Canada, July, 1976

The Fire-Eaters, by Gwendolyn MacEwen, Oberon Press, 63 pages, \$7.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-179-6) and \$3.50 paper (ISBN 0-88750-181-8).

Selected Poems, by Margaret Atwood, Oxford, 240 pages, \$6.95 cloth (ISBN 0-19-540251-0).

By GARY GEDDES

SOME YEARS AGO, Margaret Atwood reviewed James Reaney in the pages of *Canadian Literature*. Her description of Reaney, who is one of her poetic mentors in Canada, may serve as a useful starting point for a discussion of her new *Selected Poems* and Gwen MacEwen's *The Fire-Eaters*:

"Reaney gets down to the basics — love, hatred, terror, joy — and gives them a shape that evokes them for the reader. This is conjuring, it's magic and spells rather than meditation, description, or ruminating; Coleridge rather than Wordsworth, MacEwen rather than Souster. The trouble with being a magic poet is that when you fail, you fail more obviously than the meditative or descriptive poet: the rabbit simply refuses to emerge from the hat. But you take greater risks, and Reaney takes every risk in the bag, including a number of technical ones that few others would even consider taking."

This is an important passage for what it says about Atwood and MacEwen, as well as for the division that it draws within the ranks of Canadian poets. The distinction between realists and fantasists, if used carefully, can be a useful tool for identifying certain major strains in Canadian poetry, and in modern poetry generally. All poets are committed to the

REAL; no one has a monopoly. However, certain poets stake claims on external reality, on the visible, photographic world of their senses: others, like Virginia Woolf in fiction, prefer to search for treasure among "the dark places of psychology."

Among the fantasists, or illusionists, in Canada, Atwood

It may well be that this book represents the first phase in MacEwen's transformation, or the prelude to her rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of her discontent.

and MacEwen hold a special place. MacEwen, it seems to me, is what I would call an auditory illusionist. She seeks to create, primarily through rhythm and sound, some sort of transformation in the reader; thus, she is; at times, inordinately food of repetitions and beautiful or clever lines, whose meaning will probably not rest in reason or logic. Her best early work, such as "Manzini: Escape Artist" and "The Red Bird You Wait For," derives much of its effect from hypnotic rhythms, which, as Yeats suggested, can "prolong the moment of contemplation ... keep us in that state of perhaps real trance, in which the mind liberated from the pressure of the will is unfolded! in symbols."

In *The Fire-Eaters* MacEwen's particular gift is evident from the outset, in a fine poem that exploits the colloquial and the familiar. Early middle age, the singer says,

*is a stage before the Renaissance
when all the glamorous crimes of youth
return to bug and prod you into being*

*and all your friends blame everything
on comets and petroleum*

Here sound is a son of embroidery for the intellectual conceit that gives rise to the poem:

At its worst, this son of poem can easily deteriorate into mere cleverness, as is the case when too much weight is placed upon a banal or absurd line: "last night my dentist died." Sometimes, too, the poem never rises to the line that seems to have given it occasion, or which is its main justification: "My thoughts have all turned into stalactites" and "The man whose name is bigger than the universe." MacEwen seems, in this book, to be out of touch with her muse, since even a potentially interesting poem such as "The Clouds, the Birds and the Wind" can be scuttled by a careless final line: "I submit the theory that the wind has no clothes."

Whatever magic exists in *The Fire-Eaters* may be found, ironically, only in the prose poems, particularly in a sequence called "Animal Syllables." In these places the poet is no longer straining for effect and can, therefore, surprise the reader with minute illuminations, such as the observation that "art is a small crime I commit against the seasons" or the notion that "Beyond these words is a private dance. It is as silent as that." MacEwen's crime is, perhaps, not as large as it was; and it may be that the private dance behind the words absorbs her more now than it did when she was a young woman, living in seclusion and shooting arrows the length of her basement apartment. If, as the epigraph suggests, the poet has herself passed through fire and survived, it may well be that this book represents the first phase in MacEwen's transformation, or the prelude to her rise Phoenix-like from the ashes of her discontent.

Atwood is quite a different kind of fantasist, or illusionist. Reading her poetry, I am always reminded of that famous limerick about the woman from Niger:

*There was a young woman from Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside
And the smile on the face of the tiger.*

There is about her poetry something of the outrageousness of that tiger's smile, with Mona Lisa's grin and the Sphinx's expression thrown in for good (or-bad) measure. Perhaps the mystery lies in the question of whether this is the work of a tiger-woman or simply a tiger with a woman in its tank.

Too much has been said about Atwood's themes — women's liberation, the politics of sex, Canada's search for identity, to name the most obvious and, inevitably, least interesting ones — and too little about her craft. This situation has not been without some encouragement from the poet herself, whose sallies into the critical wilderness have been with the aim of bagging the thematic BIG GAME in Canadian literature. Atwood's more specific criticism, to be found in reviews and articles, however, reveals more clearly her basic preoccupation with the craft of poetry.

The remarks on Reaney are a good example, particularly the reference to "risks" that the poetry must take if he is to "evoke" terror joy or hate in his reader. Or her reader. These sentiments suggest a conception of poetry as device, as artifact, not as a form of self-expression, or as confession. In an interview conducted by Chris Levensen she makes the point quite clearly: "I would say that I don't think what poetry does is express emotion. What poetry does is to evoke emotion from the reader, and that is a very different thing. As someone once said, if you want to ex-



Margaret Atwood

press emotion, scream. If you want to evoke emotion it's more complicated."

Not only the word "evoke" but also the reference to poetry and magic appear in the interview. "There are always concealed magical forms in poetry," she says. "By 'magic' I mean a verbal attempt to accomplish something desirable. You can take every poem and trace it back to a source in either prayer, curse, charm or incantation — an attempt to make something happen. Do you know anything about autistic children? One of the symptoms of that is they mistake the word for the thing. If they see the word 'clock' on the paper they pick it up to see if it ticks. If you write 'door' they try to open it. That sort of thing is inherent in language in some funny way and poetry is connected with that at some level."

Atwood does not belong in the tradition of describers, ruminators, and meditators; . . . rather, she belongs with Coleridge.

I dropped into a literary *soirée* in Vancouver recently, only to be told that Atwood is a *cold poet*, perhaps even an *insincere* one, that her work *lacks feeling*. What the teacher had done, it seems, is to apply the wrong criteria to Atwood's work. She is not a romantic, who convinces us of her feeling or humanity by explicit statement: "I fall upon the thorns of life, I bleed," or "I turned away and wept." Her expressed aim is to evoke disgust or weeping or terror in the reader, not to parade her own bleeding heart. Atwood does not belong in the tradition of describers, ruminators,

and meditators (though this last quality is not entirely absent from her work — it is usually undercut by some sort of ironic aside); rather, she belongs with Coleridge, whose realm was the supernatural or the unusual, and with Edgar Allan Poe. The struggle between Eliot and W. C. Williams in this century is no more than an extension of the division between Wordsworth and Coleridge, or Whitman and Poe, in the last; and Atwood prefers *The Pit* and the *Haunted House* to the *Vernal Wood*. There is more magic, she would contend, in the sacred wood.

I do not propose, in this short essay, to analyze the games that Atwood plays in her work, but *Selected Poems* offers an excellent occasion for such analysis. The surreal imagery, the intentionally matter-of-fact tone (which is a poetic equivalent of Robbe-Grillet and the *New Novel* in France), the disappearing narrator, shifting points of view within a single poem (as in the recent "Newsreel: Man and Firing Squad"), the espousing of surprising or unexpected views — all of these devices serve to make her poetry fascinating and truly affective.

This is where the magic is, in craft. What sincerity a poet has, as Pound never tired of suggesting, lies in technique. Atwood takes risks. Her development through new phases and interests does not preclude technical growth as well; in her recent separate collection, *You Are Happy*, where sheep are hung like fruit, where pigs sing hymns to garbage, where rats ask for love rather than humanism, where mirrors are perfect lovers, and where the siren confesses, "I don't enjoy it here/squatting on this island/looking picturesque and mythical" — even in this familiar but subtly altered world, there is sufficient technical innovation to make the poems work. □

SIMON AND THE GOLDEN SWORD

A Canadian Fairy-Tale in Pictures by
FRANK NEWFELD

This story, collected in New Brunswick, weaves many traditional elements of the European fairy tale in recounting Simon's eventful search for a sword that will bring its owner a lifetime of good fortune. After triumphing over a furious king, a giant, and two wicked stepbrothers, Simon not only gains possession of the sword, but marries the King's daughter.

24 pp. of full colour illustrations
August 1976

\$4.95

Oxford

Coming next month in

BOOKS *in* CANADA

- George Woodcock on
War and Other Measures
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- Bill Banting on
Canada's two great
bird illustrators
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Crean's survey
of Canadian culture

SAD, MAD, AND GOOD

A fine talent, its hour come round at last, creeps toward Bedlam to be born

The *Butterfly Ward*, by Margaret Gibson Gilboord, Oberon Press, 133 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-186-9) and \$3.95 paper (ISBN 0-88750-188-5).

By MORRIS WOLFE

REMEMBER THE NAME Margaret Gibson Gilboord. One way or another you'll be hearing a great deal more of this enormously talented 27-year-old whose first book this is. The lead story in *The Butterfly Ward*, "Ada," has been turned into a one-hour CBC-TV play written and directed by Claude Jutra. (It's Jutra's first work for English-Canadian television.) Some of the other stories in the book — "Making It" for example — are so rich in cinematic detail that I have little doubt that they too will soon find their way onto our television (or movie) screens.

Ms. Gilboord's subject is madness. With the exception of the weakest story in the book, "A Trip to the Casbah," which focuses on a man, each of the other five stories has as its central character a crazy young woman. She writes about these women with an intensity that's haunting. (My 1&year-old says reading *The Butterfly Ward* helped her to see for the first time what it must be like to be mad.) Ada was once brilliant and an enormous problem to everyone but she's been lobotomized and turned into a psychiatric ward vegetable. She has enough of a sense of her former self that she murders an inmate who makes fun of what she's become. Catherine in "The Phase" spends 12 years of her life fantasizing a relationship with a man she once barely knew. Clare in "Considering Her Condition" commits suicide shortly after giving birth. Liza in "Making It" struggles to affect sanity so her baby won't be taken away from her after it's born; but the baby is born dead. Kira in "The Butterfly Ward" symbolizes madness in the last quarter of the 20th century as she lies pinned insect-like to a board while S-rays are taken of her water-logged brain: it's assumed that whatever demons torment her will show up on film.

"Ada" first appeared in David Helwig and Joan Harcourt's New Canadian Stories (1974). In a patronizing review of that anthology in *Northern Journey 6*, David McDonald states that Gilboord's work shows promise but he accuses her of "encroaching on the territory Ken Kesey staked out in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*." He hopes she can find something more original to write about. In fact Gilboord is writing about madness in a fresh way — differently from the Kesey/Laing approaches that have been so dominant for the past dozen or more years. Gilboord's crazies aren't just the victims of sick families and a sick society. It's more complicated than that. In her world we're all victims -sane and insane alike desperately try to comfort one another. In "Ada," a mother comes to visit her daughter in a psychiatric ward and, as usual, becomes upset; the daughter comments, "I always end up feeling terribly sad for her. Hers is the life filled with pathos. not mine. Mine is predictable." In "The Phase" Catherine



Margaret Gibson Gilboord

takes satisfaction in the power she has over other people as a result of her madness. At the same time she is overwhelmed with sympathy for them.

Gilboord's world is filled with physical terrors -mirrors that won't reflect, broken glass, suicidal and homicidal blood, ominous pregnancies. Even the colour green — the colour of several characters' eyes — becomes frightening. Her world is peopled without exception by psychological misfits -women who can't or won't talk for fear of letting go their "bottled craziness." Jewish men who have somehow been crippled by their Jewishness, another man who experiences life as if through a camera lens. (Gilboord handles men much less well than she does women. It's interesting that the most successful male character in the book is a homosexual female impersonator.)

Margaret Gibson Gilboord is the most powerful new writer of fiction I've read in this country since Juan Butler came along. But while Butler has yet to learn to harness his talent, Gilboord demonstrates in at least two of her stories — "Ada" and "Making It" (despite its somewhat melodramatic ending) — an ability to write remarkably controlled prose. "Ada" is as good a story as I've read in years. Nonetheless, it seems to me that what Gilboord needs is what Butler has needed — a first-rate editor to help her become the very best writer she can be. Someone who could encourage her to explore alternative endings to "Making It"; who could get her to rework a story like "The Phase," which despite its power is disjointed; who could show her how to pare a story like "Considering Her Condition" down to its bare bones. (Do we really need the New York whore in that story?) I'm not saying these things to be picky. I say them only because we're dealing with a major talent hem-someone who can be not just good, which she already is, but excellent. Remember the name. □

Great expectorations

Spit Delaney's Island. by Jack Hodgins, Macmillan, 199 pages, \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1391-3).

By MICHAEL SMITH

THE ISLAND Spit Delaney inhabits is the island no man is supposed to be. Physically, it's Vancouver Island, but spiritually it's an island made flesh through Spit himself. Fonyish, funny-looking, despised by his children. Spit lives in a disused B/A gas station full of the relics of defunct cars. His wife is leaving him. And the paper mill where he faithfully nurtured Old Number One — a twosome as close as Roy Rogers and Trigger — has lately sold the steam locomotive to the National Museum back east. With the phasing out of every reason for being, Spit finds himself retired to the bone-heap of the lonely.

That's the way we meet Spit in "Separating," the first of these stories by Jack Hodgins. Spit examines the same problems again for us as narrator of the title story, which comes last. They're the only two stories in which Spit turns up, but together they seem to form a framework for the other eight. All are about people whose lives have been cut off — abandoned women, idealists and recluses — and their attempts and failures (pardon the cliché) to relate. "Where is the dividing line?" Spit ponders in "Separating." "... And what does it take to see it?"

The answer depends on who's talking. Some of the characters can only offer cant. Mrs. Bested in "Spit Delaney's Island": "Vision is a thing of the heart.. The important thing is to see." Hallie Crane in "After the Season": "You can't touch someone else without it affecting your life in some way." Others, in several different stories, believe in the power of the mind to heal. Though drawn with humour, most are bound by irony — unattractive characters, fat like Big Glad in "Every Day of His Life" or "not pretty" like Crystal Styan in "By the River." Like Spit and his beloved engine, some are obsessed.

Such characters appear at their best, I think, in "Three Women of the Country" in which events unravel from each woman's point of view. As neighbours,

their lives have bumped together but never really meshed. They never do — even after one's awful secret is accidentally exposed. In "After the Season" a man and woman work at a remote fishing camp "like employer and employee, like invisible beings" — that is, until all the guests have gone home. When a stranger is cast ashore by a storm, he threatens to spoil their ritual mating dance. In "The Trench Dwellers" the trench is the gulf within a family as well as the strait that divides the island from the mainland.

Much less successful, for me, was "At the Foot of the Hill, Birdie's School," a surreal story about a teenaged boy who descends from the purity of his mountain solace looking for corruption. The story alternates (I think) between the boy's daydreams and (maybe) reality. After a couple of readings I'm still not sure I got it. Though I did like "By the River" — in which a young woman rushes through the forest, anxious for the arrival of her husband's train — I was also a little disappointed by the ending, which seemed to me to depend too much on a somewhat predictable surprise.

By the time we meet poor old Spit again he hasn't progressed much. He's living on the coast now, his marriage demolished, and — we soon learn — so is his cherished tape cassette of the chuffings of Old Number One. An encounter with a freaky woman poet doesn't totally help. Spit remarks of her: "You can't trust people who write things on paper, they think they own all the world and people too, to do what they want with." On the contrary, Hodgins — for whom this collection is the first — is one I think we can trust. □

Wives within wiles

Ash, by David Walker, Collins, 2.56 Pages, \$10.95 cloth (ISBN 0.002:21042.8).

By PAT BARCLAY

READERS ARE accustomed to novels that require a certain suspension of disbelief. But should we extend the principle to biographical notes on dust jackets? Surely when a dust jacket states that a writer "has lived in Canada since 1948," one should be able to take it at its word.

Then how to explain David Walker's conception of the way Canadians talk, as evidenced in *Ash*? When Walker's protagonist, Scotsman Nigel Ash, asks his Canadian sister-in-law what she is carrying in her basket she replies, "A raspberry tart." And when Nigel's teenaged Canadian nephew drops in for a party, he produces a Styrofoam box saying, "The lobsters, simply masses." Dialogue like this, combined with a consciously studied style ("Would you like to go home now? he asked when they had finished luncheon. But the dog lay by the fire, head between paws, in some contentment"), gets Ash off to an unpromising start.

Yet Walker, who now lives in St. Andrew, N.B., is an old hand at the novel-writing game (*Geordie*, *Where the High Winds Blow*, *Black Dougal*, to name but a few), and experience tells. His latest novel rings a little too false too often, and it will bedistasteful to some on moral grounds, but there's no denying that it's an absorbing read.

Nigel Ash is the black-sheep brother of a staight-laced Westmount big shot who owns a summer house with nearby cabin in the Bay of Fundy area. Nigel moves into the cabin to recuperate from pneumonia. He ends up writing a novel, falling in love with his brother's wife, shooting a particularly brutal poacher in the back, and high-tailing it for the bush with the provincial constabulary in hot pursuit. (He has a hidden and spotty past, together with a dread of prison developed during the Second World War, to prevent him from giving himself up.) And as if all that were not enough, Walker also offers large chunks of his 'hero's' novel-in-progress, so that the reader is really following two trails at once.

Most novels about writing novels, as with films about making films or poems about writing poems, come across as copouts at best. But Nigel Ash's novel is also about a good man gone wrong and hunted by the police; the parallels with the story proper are intriguing and enable Walker to lure the reader on with the promise of two agreeably suspenseful endings.

Less easy to take is Nigel's killing — execution, rather — of the poacher. Walker attempts authorial detachment here, but oddly enough it is his views on conservation and forestry that suggest his true feelings. Close to Nigel's cabin is a grove of birches that requires "tidying." So Nigel bashes away with a bucksaw, cutting "a fair lot of useless stuff like alder;" until ignorant and messy old nature is finally made to con-

form to civilized standards. The implications are clear. For one, the conservationists' slogan, "Let it be," should be applied selectively. For another, once one accepts the necessity of cutting away "a fair lot of useless stuff," it would seem pointless to stop at poachers. □

Ful wel she soong

The Street Where I Live, by Maara Haas, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 215 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-07-092771.5).

By RON WALDIE

HERE IS YET another and quite delightful addition to the ever-growing phenomenon of Winnipeg in this country. Maara Haas has produced a" evocative and whimsical collage of the people and places of her childhood street in North Winnipeg. The book provides a non-Winnipegger like me with a tangible feel for that city's fascinating cultural mosaic.

Haas set herself a difficult task. Choosing to create a scrap book, she

allows herself no opportunity for leisurely description of characters or events. Instead, she relies on Chaucerian touches of detail that suggest the whole person and the complete setting. The technical design of the book enhances this sense of pastiche. Units of no more than five or six sentences are deliberately, often amusingly, separated from each other, thus giving an impression that they have been pasted onto the page. It is a tricky business and Haas succeeds remarkably well. The characters do not become caricatures and most of the episodes are not only complete, but are also vested with a gentle, ironic perspective.

The design of the novel reveals Haas' real strengths. She has, first, a superb descriptive technique that, in one sentence, can capture a mood, a smell, or a characteristic that would take most writers a paragraph to approximate. One of my favorites is her descriptions of the smell of camphor her father's drugstore: "All year round the air is choking with camphor, a kind of furry ice-cube smell that goes up your nose like a hot pepper icicle."

Secondly, by a complex manipulation of her point of view, she neither sentimentalizes nor patronizes her

street and its people. Haas assumes, throughout the book, the eye of her childhood but writes with the hand of her maturity. Consistently the childlike stance and tone are balanced by the subtle and loving perspective of the mature person looking back, seeing what is important, then letting the child tell us about it. The result of this technique is the creation of a satisfying and subtle irony; it gives the entire book a dimension of poignancy that softens and enriches the harsh realities of poverty, pettiness, and pain. This ironic perspective, however, never intrudes to moralize or judge. Haas knows and loves her street and its people too much for that. She has chosen to reveal them at neither their worst nor their best, but at their most typical.

Finally, her ability to find the intersections in her street — those points where the mundane, often crushing, realities of day-to-day existence intersect the universal rhythms of human experience — gives this collage its cohesion and strength. Episodes such as the Ukrainian Christmas dinner at Uncle Vladick's or Mrs. Vloshkin's appointment at the dressmaker's are both highly particularized and movingly universal. They are, for me, the two most successful scenes in the book.

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The Street Where I Live has a Chaucerian ring about it. Here's hoping it is only the Prologue, since these people all have stories to tell and Haas clearly has the talent and vision to tell them. □

The terror of his ways

Class Warfare, by D.M. Fraser, Pulp Press, 176 pages, \$8.95 cloth and \$3.50 paper.

By BRIAN VINTCENT

IF YOU'RE A terrorist at 20, I don't suppose you're thinking much about what you'll be doing at 40. Of course, there's always the hint from Frost, who didn't care to be radical when young for fear of being conservative when old. But who wants to believe him, a crazy old farmer and a poet who never did anything?

As far as poets are concerned, you're likely to find Wallace Stevens more useful and push "We live in an old chaos of the sun" at people, forgetting that this dismal cosmic revelation spurred him on to the search for order and that the creation of more chaos was not what he had in mind.

And so, the earnest flower children, concealing weapons in their baskets of blooms, peered through their granny glasses at the hostile world, how many upheavals ago? Or, full of a pushy fury and a disarming innocence, peddled their Mao books from a store in Toronto's little Italy. That is, until a Sicilian began to feel his dream of dollars built on the laying of bricks was threatened and put one through their front window.

The books went back to Mao. The children grew defensive and, in a group for strength, moved on. Solidarity weakened. Some cut their hair and put on accountants' faces. Others vanish into drugs. It is over. The whine of disillusion lingers.

But periodically there is a ritual reunion, spontaneous and fervid. A popular place is the cinema where through the ceremonial smoke they make a mighty noise for *The Battle of Algiers* and remember with a sad ache the days of action.

Such thoughts come from reading *Class Warfare*, a collection of short fiction by D. M. Fraser that Pulp Press

is issuing in a second edition after the success of a limited first edition last year. You don't have to read very far in the book to realize that Fraser is one of those radicals grown old, and what sets him apart from the type is that he faces the fact with candour and a devastating honesty.

His stories tremble with fervour for "les neiges d'antan." If he wrote about flowers, you know instinctively that the petals would have fallen, the leaves shrivelled. His characters can only be himself. They ambulate in confusion through a world of confrontation trying hard to remain true but always failing. Taken together, the pieces in *Class Warfare* present a remarkable portrait of a generation that was so busy trying to change the world it forgot to prepare for its own maturity. One day teacher's whistle blew signalling the end of play time. Ruin and bewilderment engulfed the playground.

But there's something else besides his candour that sets Fraser apart from his fellow radicals and that is his articulate language. Pulp Press, of which he is literary editor, claims he writes magnificent prose that is both dense and clear. They are right and how such a stylist, who has apparently been writing for years, has escaped general notice is a mystery. One suspects he has not advertised himself, made no concessions, and that if he was read at all it was in spite of himself. Not through being shy or retiring, but because he didn't much care and preferred, as he maintains in a note at the end of this new edition of *Class Warfare*, to write for his friends.

But then, why should you care when things seem always to turn out so badly? You kidnap a rich son in the book's title story and it's all devoted terrorism until you get caught. And doesn't everyone get caught in the end, like Marie Tyrell in another story? You find yourself an amateur in a scenario that is out of control. You grow dispirited battering a system that doesn't crack because it is doing something much less spectacular — giving way and reshaping in an altered form. This should fill you with infinite satisfaction since you are helping to provoke the slow change. But it doesn't, since you are impatient for speed.

The last half of *Class Warfare* is a novella called "Lonesome Town" to which never-never holiday resort Jamie goes to pull his head together. You don't expect he'll succeed since none of the book's other Jamies under different names have done so. But this Jamie has

some vivid experiences in the attempt and he goes home maybe just a mite wiser.

It is important that he do so because Fraser's future as a talented and interesting writer will depend heavily on whether he finds new material or not. *Class Warfare* mines a thin seam and though Fraser mines it deep, it is not inexhaustible.

So *Class Warfare* can be greeted with celebrations. But also with a fearful hope for what the second book by Fraser, which is in preparation, will hold. It is easy to write brilliantly for one's friends. Ultimately, though, it is in the big, hard, greedy world where it counts. And no one can know that better than an ageing radical. □

Eastern reproaches

Blood Ties, by David Adams Richards, Oberon Press, 278 pages, \$11.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-188-51).

By MICHAEL COOK

TO LIVE IN the Maritimes is to be aware of pain and loss. Which is not to say there is no joy or laughter. There is a great deal, but its wellsprings are the true source of all comedy — pain and loss. Perhaps it has always been that way, but not as sharp as now, not as keen as now. As a new poverty born of the shredded spirit manifests itself in anarchy, anger, and a wild despair.

To live in the Maritimes is to be conscious always of the power of nature. It beats through the blood; the bitter winters, the ivide and wasteful ocean, the rich-smelling and sudden summers, the skies burdened with bewildering change.

To live in the Maritimes is to be a celebrant of unspoken rituals; the rites of passion and blood, of silent communal drinking, of times and gatherings commencing, as the days commence, with slow and studied purpose but moving inexorably towards an orgasmic explosion of energy that can be either joyous or violent.

It is to belong, and yet not to be. It is to love powerfully with all the strength of history and landscape and yet, like the landscape, finding love inarticulate after all, secondary to bonding and the silence of the self that is at the core of being.

Blood Ties, David Adams Richards' second novel, speaks to these things. Richards examines the evolution of a family in a specific place and time — the Miramichi region of New Brunswick, from July, 1967, to October, 1969. The MacDurmots, at the book's opening, are adrift and do not know it. The forces of change that threaten roots and mythology swirl about them, but Maufat and Irene, the parents, resist or ignore them, burying their unease in routine and ritual: if you wear the same face each day then surely the days will remain the same. Up in the old family home, Annie, the grandmother, lives alone in senile tranquility, her memories trapped behind the eyes. Fed and changed daily by Irene and her granddaughter, Cathy, she is propped up nightly against pillows, the radio blaring, bursting out occasionally into wild, high singing. By the book's end, she has gone. And the house has gone, sold to an unpleasant pair of radical-chic Americans. Maufat remembers her at a lobster broil when she told him: "You know, I've lived to see long rafts on this river — I've lived to see long logs on this river — I've lived to see pulp drives on this river — and now I've lived to see nothin' on this river."

He could not answer her. Maufat is a vivid creation, a slow, powerful gentle man, a labourer at the rail yard. I have known Maufats, still know them. They drink beer before breakfast. They speak of things that are of interest but no real concern, avoiding emotion. They do things as they have always been done because there is no other way, and they accept what fate decrees because that is also what they have always done. They inspire love or hate, but never indifference. Occasionally, they wonder why they were born. They are of that generation of Maritimers whose destiny it is to be the last of their kind.

The book is assembled with the brilliance and clarity of a prism. As the principals turn in their orbit against the light, so the text is shot through with the radiance of insight:

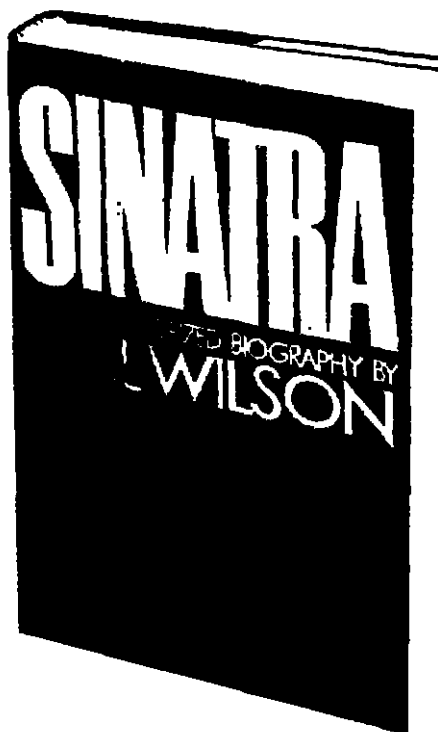
Partridge in the winter bury themselves in the snow, to be warm and at times when a crust forms they are lost underneath, and stab with their beaks at the crust from underneath . . . and when they stab at the crust from underneath sometimes they are freed and sometimes they aren't freed. -

All the family are buried, to some degree, beneath a glittering crust. Leah, Irene's daughter, is unhappily

married to Cecil, a man in whom nature has turned sour. He is of the woods and the water and the trees (as is everyone in the book) and his frustrated passion is diverted to alcohol and violence. Only the accidental death of an unknown infant can release the spring of tenderness in him, and then fleetingly. Leah, pecking at the crust, finally breaks free. Cathy, her half-sister, is moved to repeat her experience, indulging in a helpless, abortive affair with John, a more schizoid, self-destructive and destroying version of Cecil. But Cathy's sense of self is stronger than Leah's; it is a strength drawn from Maufat. She too breaks free. The driving themes are the predominant ones of the contemporary Maritime experience. Frustration, a frustration compounded by a sense of helplessness in the face of the erosion of dignity and identity, and the struggle for survival, now emotional where once it was physical. In this, the women, less rigid, aware of the creative potential of their nature, become the survivors.

The plot is character. To examine that in detail in the space available would perhaps prompt the idea that this is yet another agonizing narrative of life in rural Canada where mutual mastur-

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bation is the critical rite of passage. This is not so. *Blood Ties* is a poetic, complex, and deeply moving work. The author has created a verbal canvas in the style of **Brueghel**, and in that style examines with compassion and love the characters poised on their particular sod. moving towards their individual and unknown destinies. An almost-abstract attention so physical detail illuminates a secondary theme. the place of people in their landscape, the possibility of **harmony** between men and a nature that, when it seems most remote. remains a bright and flashing hope.

Above all, this is a magnificently honest book. At a time when **Maritim**ers are regarded as either delinquent welfare bums (Ottawa) or latter-day **Robinson Crusoes** (Departments of Tourism). it is **critical** that a **work come** forward that illustrates for Canada the distinction that makes all **four Maritime** provinces a nation apart, with elements of a common cultural **sensibility**. Oberon press have made a happy and significant choice for this, their 100th **publication**. □

The populist who forgot the people

The **Man Who Wanted to Save Canada**, by **R. J. Chick Childerhose**, Hoot **Productions** (Box 1869, Victoria, B.C.), 196 pages, \$10 cloth.

By **DOUGLAS HILL**

PACKAGES containing mysteriously dead birds — killed by some unidentifiable form of airborne pollution — land on the desks of three federal ministers. Neil **Brody**, ageing **war** hero. failed businessman. closet idealist, is summoned by an old friend in **External Affairs** and given a contract to investigate the case **and** any implications it may have for branch-plant biological-chemical **war** research. In this Ottawa of the (**near?**) future, preparing with opaque bureaucratic calm for the separation of Quebec and union with the United States. Bmdy is frustrated into political action. **He** becomes the self-appointed founder and leader of the people's Movement. His **mis-**

sion: to save Canada **from** her **govern-**ment.

This is the scenario, and **R. J. Chick Childerhose** has **constructed** a **fast-**moving and more or less plausible political thriller **upon** it. The realities of current **events, recent** federal legislation, and nationalist pressure **groups** **are** all here. thinly **disguised**, and supplemented by a number of carefully invented peripheral details and incidents. Although the outcome of the novel is predictable and unoriginal, its message is **nonetheless** affecting, and even frightening. The story touches too many **of the** reader's shared doubts and anxieties about Canada's future to **be dismissed** as silly.

Paradoxically, it's this same relentless plausibility, I think, that keeps Childerhose from realizing the fictional possibilities of his novel. The book is simply too earnest and correct. As a statement, a description of a situation that might just be lurking **around** the next corner, it's convincing: but as **fiction**, because it's all so cautiously believable.. it seems flat, mechanical, without life.

The Man Who Wanted to Save Canada lacks flesh and blood. The skeleton is properly assembled, but within a **few** pages the reader begins to notice **some essential** parts are missing. For one thing, the **prose** is not particularly accomplished: dialogue is wooden and stilted: characterization is riddled with stereotypes and **clichés**; narrative is labored and jerky. Telling the reader that the hero's "natural dignity, his honest outrage, ma& him a compelling figure." is no substitute **for-creating** a character who is genuinely compelling on his merits. Nor **do** fast, **short** paragraphs alone make for thrilling action. *Nor* does the repeated use of the word "erotic" to describe the effect the love-interest has upon the hem (as in, "her **proximity** awakened **his** erotic feelings") stir the reader to more than a yawn.

Similarly with the. book's politics. They are clear and consistent — the **novel** wears its populist Canadian heart upon its sleeve — but never more than rudimentary and simplistic. "What is lacking is a human **element, a complex-**ity **of nuance and** motive that could **turn** the raw material of speeches, arguments, and positions into a drama with characters who give the illusion of being actual people. It's a failure of **imaginative integration**, really; all the pieces **fit** together **properly** — plot, character, ideas — but the energy that could charge the book is wanting.

Childerhose calls his novel "prophe-**tic.**" It isn't: that word implies **inspira-**tion, a level of creativity beyond the facile and merely competent. A book that depends upon a gimmick, as this one does — upon a clever, precisely measured juxtaposition of fantasy and reality — must make an extra **effort** to surmount its own limitations. Once a reader catches on to the gimmick, h's too easy for him to see whether or not **the book** offers anything beyond it. *The Man Who Wanted to Save Canada* is entertaining and thought-provoking — with its subject-matter it could hardly. be otherwise — but it's definitely not inspired. It's workmanlike, no more. □

Keep Mein Kampf 'fires burning

The **Life and Death** of Adolf Hitler, by **George Hulme**, Macmillan. 256 **pages**, \$18.95 **cloth** (ISBN 0.7705-1482.2).

By **ALICE SINCLAIR**

two **QUESTIONS** leap to the mind on picking up this book. Why another work about Hitler and why in **the** form of a stage play? **Hulme** is a playwright, of course, so drama is a natural medium for him to choose. Drama also speaks to **us** directly and, by confining **itself only** to what is relevant. can cover a lot of **ground**. Hulme wants to remind us of the fact of Hitler and **to** show us his life as a consistent whole. A play — even an enormously long one like this — is compact enough to enable him to do just that. I don't think he could have done it as clearly and economically in **another** medium.

This juggernaut of a play is both a monument and a warning. It is a monument to the five million Jews murdered by Adolf **Hitler**. Genocide is not new. of course, but we had been kidding ourselves that we had **grown** less brutal, more humane. somehow "better." And the shock of learning that we are as bestial as our ancestors has unalterably changed the emotional climate of the 20th century.

The play is a **warning** because we just couldn't believe that Hitler meant exactly what he said. How wrong we

were. And Hulme hammers the point home.

Hulme is a Canadian living in England. His work has been widely and successfully produced there and also in Europe. In fact, he writes very much in the European tradition. *The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler* is more reminiscent of the work of Rolf Hochhuth than it is of most Canadian writing. There is the same interest in world figures, the same didacticism, the same larger-than-life characters. The only Canadian example of this kind of writing that springs to my mind is J.T. McDonough's *Charbonneau et Chef*. However, while McDonough and Hulme paint their scene in stark black and white, they don't share Hochhuth's penchant for exposing the good guys (the Pope, Churchill) with feet of clay.

The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler is exactly what its title implies. It presents Hitler's life from baptism to suicide with admirable clarity and growing momentum. However, the monster does not exist in a vacuum. We are given plenty of information about the world he was born into and later manipulated. We are made aware, for instance, of the Catholics who were so fervently religious that they could hate the Jews as murderers of Christ. The final solution for the Jews may be Hitler's most abominable crime but Hulme does not forget to remind us that there were others — the killing work camps for political prisoners, for example, or the vengeful bombing of open cities, such as Guernica.

We are never at a loss to know what is going on and, more important, its significance. The passion and drive of the play force us to witness a career of pure evil without being able to turn our heads away. We are deeply disturbed, as Hulme intends us to be.

The Canada Council awarded Hulme a Senior Arts Fellowship, its highest award, to help him in researching and writing *Hitler*. An award to an expatriate to write on a non-Canadian subject is unusual. In Hulme's case, the council felt it should step beyond the bounds of nationalism to encourage a recognized Canadian writer of world stature, dealing with a subject of world importance. Good for the council.

The play is long — two to three hours' reading time and more than twice that in a theatre. The large cast, the multitudinous sets, properties, and costumes, put a production beyond the budget of small and medium-sized theatres. Will this uncomfortable play

Three good books

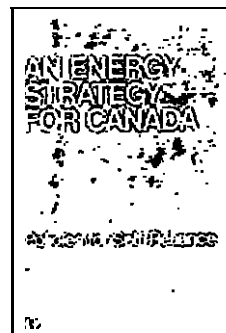
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therefore reach the readers and audiences it deserves? I doubt it. I have found no mention of any production and \$15.95 is a stiff price to pay for the book.

What Hulme has written is important and it is frustrating to think that the play's length and expense seem likely to doom it to failure and to make it dwindle into a mere unread closet drama. □

Harnessing dream horses

Wood Mountain Poems, by Andrew Suknaski. Macmillan, 127 pages, \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0-7705-13883).

on first looking down from lions gate bridge, by Andre Suknaski, Black Moss Press (R.R.1, Coatsworth, Ont.), 24 pages, \$1.95 paper (ISBN 8-88962-021-0).

By GEORGE MELNYK

WOOD MOUNTAIN is a village in south-central Saskatchewan. A hundred years ago Sitting Bull camped here and at the turn of the century Romanian immigrants came to plough the land. Soon Wood Mountain's history will take another leap. The government has plans for a national grasslands park in the vicinity. It is within this continuum that Andy Suknaski writes.

He was born here in 1942, the son of a pioneer who came to farm in the district in 1914. Andy still keeps a house in the village where he spends a part of each year. It's just around the corner from his mother's place. This book of poems is a tribute to his home town, his family and the local personalities who are his friends.

He began his career as a poet in the 1960s, writing concrete poetry and travelling to the distant city-meccas that are the escape dreams of rural Prairie life. Eventually, he stopped running away and returned. These poems represent a peace that he has made with himself and his past. They are the voice of the populist agrarian West.

Suknaski's style is journalistic. In poems titled "Johnny Nicholson," "Eli Lycenko," "Jimmy Hoy's Place," and "West Central Pub," he documents the people and stories of Wood Mountain. "There is nothing flashy or sensational about these

poems, no verbal surplus or gymnastics," writes Al Purdy in his introduction to the book. This uncluttered form suits the simple realities that the poet describes. It also carries the full force of the peasant moods he expresses — the ethnic rage, the stalwart determination and the heavy sadness of existence.

There are no love poems in this book, no midnight passions one would expect from a young man, only the premature voice of an old *geedo* (grandfather). This family album is a record of suffering and tenderness. Whether they be about his father walking to Moose Jaw and back six times (100 miles each way) to get title for his land, or his mother shovelling coal onto flatcars for 16 hours, or friends like Vasile Tonita, the village milkman, or Lee Soparlo, gas station operator, schoolbus driver, and postmaster, his stories ring with a pessimistic matter-of-factness that occasional comedy only accentuates.

Rudy Wiebe has said that Suknaski's poetry captures the sounds and rhythms of the language of Prairie people. His poetry is not only full of "foreign" words but also the broken English of the Eastern European immigrant and the Indian, who has become an immigrant in his own land. This use of Ukrainian (*geedo, loshka*) and Dakota (*mashteeshka, heehhreson*) in the poems is not just a sprinkling of local colour; it is also a form of respect, and an affirmation of cultures and languages other than the dominant one.

The significance of Suknaski's poetry rests not in its form but its content. It is part of a new genre developing in the West today (best exemplified by Rudy Wiebe's *Temptations of Big Bear*) which dares to cross the powerful boundary between the white and Indian world. With the decay of agrarian civilization in the West, the present generation of writers has been freed to explore its identity beyond the white immigration of the 20th century. As Andy proclaims:

*I claim these things
and this ancestral space to move through and
beyond
to chronicle the meaning of these vast
plains
in a geography of blood
and failure
making them live*

His poems move beyond the chronicling of white ancestors, which the poet Dale Zieroth had done so well in *Clearing* a few years ago. They enter the Indian world, where they touch on myth and legend. The poems to Sitting

Bull and the Nez Percé are a courageous attempt to appropriate the Indian past, to give the immigrant farmer and the buffalo hunter a fragile oneness. At present this is happening only in the realm of imagination, as Andy explains in a poem that concludes the collection:

*rime....
to unsaddle
this lame horse ridden
into ancestral dust
and cease living like an indian
of old*

*time to do things with the hand
working all seasons
with pride
and three weeks vacation
each year*

*time to tie this dream horse to a star
and walk
ordinary earth*

There is yet to be a response from the Indian side to these white offerings. Nevertheless, these new "dream horses" in the West's culture are circulating before the public. They are creating the outlines of a new identity and whether we like it or not, it is true that cultural renaissances often prelude political revolution.

Suknaski's poetry gathers its strength from this movement for reconciliation. It is based on the need to build a new relationship with the land that is not just white, agrarian, and populist but is also indigenous and native. That he has strived to bring together the Indian and the ethnic, the two peoples of the land, in a fledgling promise of unity is a great achievement and a political act.

Those who do not want to pay \$6.95 for this paperback, can read some of the same poems in a small chapbook published by Black Moss Press entitled *looking down from lions gate bridge*, which sells for a modest \$1.95. □

Though blind, he could see

Alan Crawley and Contemporary Verse, by Joan McCullagh, University of British Columbia Press, 92 pages, \$11 cloth (ISBN 0-7748-0047-X).

By LEN GASPARINI

LITTLEMAGAZINES have a way of happening. No matter how humble their inception — whether cranked out on a mimeograph in a basement or launched

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6. What did you particularly like, or dislike, about this issue?

.....

7. We get varying reactions about the magazine. Would you tell us how you feel about the following statements?

Strongly Agree Agree Disagree Strongly disagree

- (a) Full of good articles u u
 (b) For the general reader
 (c) Great for news about Canadian books u u
 (d) Reviews are current u u

- (e) For the academic reader
 (f) Witty and light
 (g) Too many reviews
 (h) Reviews help me choose books
 (i) Ads help me choose new books

8. In what ways do you think we could improve *Books in Canada*?

.....

9. How often do you visit your library and/or bookstore?

- | | Library | Bookstore |
|------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| Once a week | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 23 times a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Once a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Less than once a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

10. About how many books do you (i) read (ii) buy?

- | | (i) | (ii) |
|---------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| One or more a week | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2-3 a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| One a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| Less than 1 a month | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

11. Finally, would you please provide the following details to help us interpret the information you have given us.

sex M
 F

Age Under 20 20-30 30-40 Over 40

Household Income

- Less than \$10,000
 \$10,000-\$20,000
 \$20,000-\$25,000
 Over \$25,000

Occupation: _____

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in slick format by a university English department — the doggedness and often fly-by-night nature of their existence have always been the circulatory system of literary culture.

Today there is certainly no dearth of them in Canada. But in 1941, when Alan Crawley began to publish *Contemporary Verse* in Vancouver, there were only two in the whole country — *Canadian Forum* and *Canadian Poetry Magazine* — and neither was in any way committed to “modernism”.

In this book Joan McCullagh chronicles the poetic activity between 1941 and 1952, when Crawley's quarterly magazine charted the establishment of modern Canadian poetry by publishing the largest, most impressive, and most representative collection of early 1940s poetry. McCullagh also quotes extensively from hitherto unpublished correspondence between Crawley and nearly every important poet of that time. And Dorothy Livesay's intimate foreword sheds much light on the character and background of this man who, though blind, acted as a critic and as a talent scout for Canadian poetry.

The first issue of *Contemporary Verse* was “small, thin, and unpretentious.” It contained 14 lithographed pages, nine poems, and a brief foreword by Crawley explaining its purpose. The board of founders included Crawley, Livesay, Floris McLaren, Anne Marriott, and Doris Ferne. Reaction to this magazine venture was immediate and enthusiastic, but not uncritical, as McCullagh points out: “Too often Crawley had to use poetry which did not meet his standards in order to get an issue out, and throughout the course of the magazine he was forced to delay issues while he waited for good poetry to arrive.” For the most part, “Crawley had to rely on regular contributors such as P. K. Page, Earle Birney, Louis Dudek, Raymond Souster, and Anne Wilkinson. And it is interesting to read how much these seasoned poets benefited from his criticism and encouragement.

During the war years *Contemporary Verse* reflected the various phases of a growing body of Canadian writing whose concerns were predominantly political and socioeconomic; but it was a measure of Alan Crawley's eclecticism that his magazine managed to capture all the moods and trends of Canadian poetry in this period. There was a perceivable development towards a natural, idiomatic poetry, and Crawley's efforts to prevent *Contemporary Verse* from being a

“chapbook of a limited or local group of writers” were successful.

After the war this sort of social-realist poetry was supplanted by lyricism and myth. However, a comfortable Wasp mediocrity pervaded the culture, and the years 1947-1952 were somewhat depressing as regards any literary divergence from the norm. Crawley continued to solicit work from new writers, and because he had that “rare ability to see the way a poet was going and help him move in that direction without imposing his own views and preferences, his interest and letters bridged the isolation many poets felt.”

Almost single-handedly Crawley set the dial for poetry in this country. McCullagh's well-researched book concludes with pertinent notes to each chapter, a comprehensive bibliography, and an index. The book is a veritable labour of love, and one that's been long overdue. □

How clean was his valet

When I Was Young, by Raymond Massey, McClelland & Stewart, 269 pages, \$13.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-5854-3).

By JIM CHRISTY

TORONTO reviews of Raymond Massey's book about his youth have concentrated on the family's imprint on the city face — the Massey-Ferguson implement company, the U of T's Hart House, the Massey Hall auditorium, even the Fred Victor Mission. And they have mentioned the sibling rivalry between Raymond and Vincent, who was to become the first native-born Governor General. The writers on the same reviews have avoided mentioning, no doubt deferring to the position of the Masseys, out of respect, that the book is a bit, uh, lugubrious. Very nice, but like a dignified uncle whose stories have you nodding continually to keep from yawning.

Unfortunately, there is nothing included concerning Raymond Massey's 50-year career in stage and film. The man has done virtually everything that the professions offer. Yet this volume (I hope another follows) restricts itself to pre-career memories, to a late Edwardian setting. Top of same, to be pure: a mansion on Jarvis Street; fine

heavy furniture and ‘gloomy drawing rooms that are never used; plenty of servants; and much reserve. The telling suffers from a lack of either snobbery or irony.

Not much happens. Huckleberry Finn, Raymond wasn't. He was pulled the two blocks to school in a buggy cart. Then there was, of course, Upper Canada College, a commission in the Royal Canadian Artillery, Oxford, where he rowed, and a brief stint in the family business. It is all a 268-page set-up for the last-page punch line when the 24-year-old Raymond announces his decision to pursue a career on the stage and brother Vincent queries: “And what name do you intend to use?”

We do not possess exactly a plethora of Edwardian reminiscence in this country and *When I Was Young* fails, alas, to record who came to dinner or sipped sherry in those overstuffed parlours. Someone other than relatives must have visited or else it is true that there were no peers — only the Masseys and the masses. That the latter existed in those days is evidenced by the time Raymond's grandmother lay sick in bed, depressed by the late March snow lingering outside her window. Raymond's father got in touch with the “skid row department” at the Fred Victor Mission (a memorial to Raymond's uncle) and while grandmother slept the winos removed the snow and painted a sign:

Spring is here
MR. Hart Massey.

A perfect background to enable one to change forever the image of Abraham Lincoln in the public mind. Perfect for a Dr. Gillespie or James Dean's father in *East of Eden*.

This book will be bought by historians and elderly Anglican ladies and others on whose bookshelves it will be displayed. Half-read, I'd wager. □



Nellie, Nellie Tekel Upharsin

Women in the Canadian Mosaic, edited by **Gwen Matheson**, Peter Martin **Associates**, 353 page*, \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0-88778-125-x).

... and mighty women too, by **Grant MacEwen**, Western Producer Prairie Books, illustrated, 300 pages, \$5 paper (ISBN 0-91930665-9) and \$9.95 cloth (ISBN 0-91930664-0).

By LINDA PYKE

THE CANADIAN identity crisis is not yet over. Largely unaware of our roots, having few heroes and heroic myths, overwhelmed by our love-hate relationship with the U.S., we remain undefined as a nation. Our problem is compounded by regionalism that continues to play a divisive role, interfering with our sense of self. In such an atmosphere, it is not surprising that the Canadian woman has been victimized twice over: for if the talents and achievements of Canadian males have,

until recently, been undervalued, then our females, members of the "second sex," have been all but invisible.

In order for any group — be it a country, a class, a sex-to rise from a position of oppression, to affirm themselves as useful and worthy, they must first come to grips with their history. We are familiar with the writings of de **Beauvoir**, **Friedan** and **Greer**, but what about **McClung**? **Gwen Matheson**, aware of this problem, devotes the first section of *Women in the Canadian Mosaic, essays* by Canadian women about Canadian women, to a discussion of our past. But only two of the following essays are particularly useful: "The Canadian Suffragist" by **Deborah Gorham**; and "Nellie **McClung**: Not a Nice Woman" by **Ms. Matheson** and **v. E. Lang**.

Ms. Gorham's essay traces the Canadian woman's slow acquisition of rights. The vote, for instance, may have been won for women in **Manitoba** in 1916 but women in **Quebec** didn't win it until 1940. Canadian women, alas, even as they voted nationally and, in most cases, provincially, were not declared "persons" until 1929 when the Famous Five, a group of Western women including **Nellie McClung**, ap

pealed to the Motherland, after having lost their case before the **Supreme Court of Canada**. Indeed, **Ms. Gorham** takes a strong feminist stance, contending that the Canadian woman's lack of militancy (a national characteristic?) may have been, in some ways, counter-productive. Militancy by women in other countries, she states, "produced as a reaction a clear realization of 'masculine hostility' from which these women were forced to confront the basis of their oppression and to realize a need for more dramatic change. Our suffragists were, in the main, of the "maternal" variety with a desire to end wars, injustice, and cruelty, believing they could do all this by virtue of their "feminine" qualities once the vote was won. Canadian women, however, remain abysmally under-represented in government and most professions, and possess little power.

The other essays in this volume are uneven in quality and approach. Quebec women, in the essay devoted to them, are given short shrift; Indian women, except for a few references, are ignored. Three promising essays concern women and education: women's studies; sex stereotyping in

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textbooks and promotion practices; and women in the university. But they are not wholly satisfying. They contain no fresh insights but merely a reiteration of the same old arguments backed up by Canadian examples. The struggles of farm women, women in **labour**, and immigrant women are dealt with **superficially**; "Changes in the Church" by Cecilia Wallace, however, is a thorough analysis of religious thought with regard to women, its bases throughout history and current trends in Canada. Among the stronger essayists are Margaret Atwood and **Maryon Kantaroff** who, with wit and clarity, explore the dilemma of woman in the arts: female perception as conveyed through her chosen medium, and society's (the **male's**) perception of woman as creator in the non-biological sense.

Confronting ... **and mighty women too, one is** reminded of the column in *Ms.* magazine. "Found Women," wherein formerly unsung heroines are unearthed and given their due. Grant **MacEwan** has collected and recorded the stories of 32 Western Canadian women. Some of his choices—**Nellie McClung**, other members of the Famous Five, **Pauline Johnson**, **Emily Carr**, **Hilda Neatby**, **Ma Murray**, and those who were "first women" in their fields — **can't** be questioned; other women are included because of their husband's position, because of their fertility or longevity or both. Although this is an unambitious volume with no pretensions to feminist analysis, it can be, at times, informative and moving. Often, however, historical events, geographical descriptions, husbands, fathers, and lovers overshadow the women themselves. Still, ... **and mighty women too** would be useful as supplementary reading for Canadian studies or women's courses. □

And after that the dark

Gerhard: A Love Story, by **Betty Kennedy**, Macmillan, 71 pages, \$5.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1411-1).

By **DORIS COWAN**

IN 1895 Virginia Woolf's mother died, and her father spent the next few months **writing** a memoir. *My Julia*, also known later on as the *Mausoleum Book*. It is by all accounts a work of **extravagant** emotion, into which Leslie

Stephen poured all of his grief and despairing sense of loss. It is a **catalogue** of her virtues and makes no attempt to be objective: she was a miracle, a paragon, a saint. He wrote it primarily for himself, secondarily for his friends and children, and subsequently it was made available to biographers. It was never published, since it **was** considered to be an indulgence of private grief, and not a work of art.

Betty Kennedy **seems** to have written **Gerhard: A Love Story** in a similar spirit. But unlike **Leslie** Stephen, she has seen fit to publish it for all the world to read. **Why?** As a private expression, of love and grief, it need have no purpose beyond the **relief** of the author's feelings. As a published work, it **must** be measured by other standards, and by these standards it is a failure. The writing is uneven and clumsy; her insights are not new or striking; and although she recounts the medical facts of her husband's decline and death without flinching, there is about her account of the emotional experience of these months a **strong** smell of evasion and prettification.

This dishonesty is probably largely unconscious, and is natural enough in her situation; but it is still fatal to the truth. Her description of her marriage as perfect and blessed, though obviously heartfelt, is not complete enough to be convincing. I think she is leaving things out, important things: that she has decided that a positive attitude of courage and love must be adopted; that any feelings that do not fit must ruthlessly be suppressed and never mentioned; and that, despite all this, an appearance of and belief in unsparing honesty must **be** maintained.

The result is neither truth nor art, and the publisher's claim that "this book will help" **others** "to face the challenge of coping with pain and grief, with bereavement and death," is a hollow one. For what comfort or inspiration can be drawn from such an idealization? These poetic beings, Gerhard and Betty, with their **perfect** life, their beautifully traditional holidays in Bermuda, their gallantry in the face of death, their perfect devotion and last splendid gifts to each **other**, what feelings can they amuse but **a** **slightly** antagonistic envy? What have they to do with you and me? What have they to do with the **real** Gerhard and Betty Kennedy?

I think Mrs. Kennedy believes she is being honest. I think she believes her book answers a need. She's **wrong** on both counts; and **Gerhard** should have stayed in the drawer with *My Julia*. □

The bull and the beer

Elwood **Glover's** Luncheon Dates, by Elwood Glover, Prentice-Hall, 187 pages, \$6.95 cloth (ISBN 013-274498-8).

The Great Canadian Beer Book, edited by Gerald Donaldson and Gerald **Lampert, McClelland & Stewart**, 126 pages, \$16.95 cloth (ISBN 7710-4665-0) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 7710-461X-9).

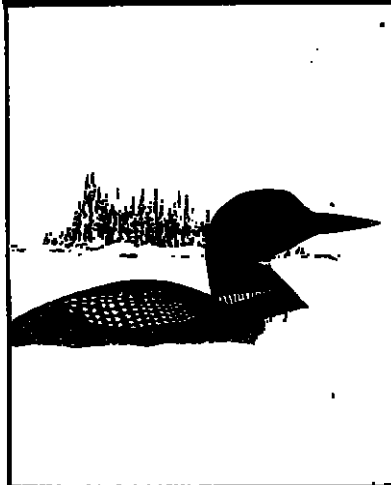
By **CLIVE COCKING**

Editor's note: **The following review, commissioned before Christmas, finally sidled into our office at the end of May. For once, the Post Office was not to blame. It seems that Mr. Cocking needed the six months to familiarize himself fully with the subjects under discussion. Thus, while his views are belated, they are also definitive.**

ELWOOD WHO? I confess: that was my **immediate reaction**. Until his book landed on my **desk** I had never even heard of Elwood Glover. let alone avidly followed any stage of his **40-year** career in Canadian broadcasting. Now having read his memoir, I have the uncomfortable feeling of having learned more than I'll ever need to know about Elwood Glover.

There is, shall **we say**, a certain eminently **resistable** quality to this saga of how a young Moose Jaw radio announcer **rose** to become a CBC television personality in **Toronto**. (Why is it, by the way, everybody seems to come **from** Moose Jaw — is it something to do with the birthrate there?) This is a book **for Glover groupies** only. To his credit, Glover acknowledges the limited fan-only appeal, describing his book as "a handy bit of nostalgia to thumb through during an idle hour, the very thing to **prop** the door back or to serve as a pad to catch the water stains of a potted plant." Admittedly he did develop a national following during his **19** years as **host** of CBC-TV's *Luncheon Dote*, a celebrity interview show, but whether the Elwood Glover cult is **strong** enough to keep this book off the remainder tables is a dubious question.

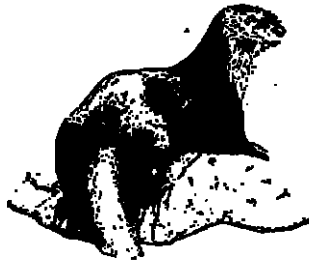
What we have here, you see, is a self-portrait of **Early** CBC Man in full (but evenly balanced and tasteful) **col-**



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dered common.

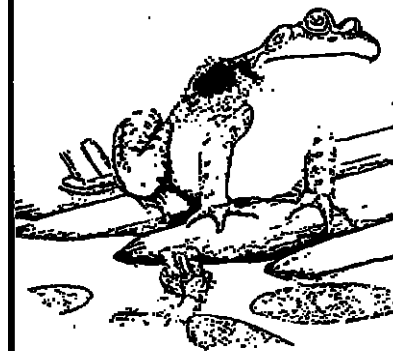
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our. Elwood, it seems. **was** the sort of **man** who planned his wedding day around the commercials he had to read on radio and for whom a high point of **showbiz** excitement was the day, on some early TV **jazz** show, he had to hold up a collapsing backdrop with one hand while cueing a **record** with the other and still continuing his bright. on-camera announcer's patter. Then there were all those celebrities **inter-**viewed on **Luncheon Date**: of Buzz **Aldrin** he recalled that "it's a little unnerving to interview a man who has walked on the moon*": he noted that "**success** does not sit well **with** Gordon Lightfoot — he almost seems embarrassed by it": Tony Bennett, however, "carries his super-stardom **with** grace and humility"; and Merle Shain he found to be "**a** soft puppy." His nostalgic vignettes **are** full of such weighty insights.

I leave the book puzzled. Has the Canadian publishing industry succumbed to a kind of publish-or-perish virus — that they feel their lists must be filled with something, **anything** — or is there a vast market **out** there for trivia? It may be more the latter, since **The Great Canadian Beer Book** is also likely to appeal only to collectors of the inconsequential.

The Great Canadian Beer Book contains a **hodge-podge** of essays (in themselves **interesting** and amusing) by some of our better writers on aspects of Canadian beer culture. sandwiched in with reproductions of beer labels, biographical sketches of Canadian brewers, antique woodcuts, descriptions of the brewing process and — **ugh!** — a picture of the so-called "gourmet pub meal": pickled egg. pepperoni. dill **pickel**, beer nuts, meat pie served on a paper plate with plastic utensils, mustard. **ketchup**, and a jug of beer. **The ultimate in kitsch.**

The book, however, may prove of some use to those who **frequent** cocktail **parties** and occasionally find themselves at a loss **for conversational** grabbers. Here is a gold mine of incidental information to astound, befuddle, or titillate: the earliest brewers have been n-aced back 8.000 years to the town of **Catal Huyuk**; the Egyptian **Pharoahs** used to appease the gods with beer; Canadians rank 12th in the world as beer tipplers, swilling **18** gallons per capita a year; and **the** basement bar of the Lord **Beaverbrook** Hotel in **Fredericton**, N.B.. has **ice** cubes in the urinals.

Donaldson and **Lampert** are of **course** trying to create a mythology of

Canadian beer. (And **methinks** there's a cunning brewing-industry plot somewhere here.) But this is, to my mind. an absurdity: it's **like** trying to create a mystique of poverty. Beer is the drink of the working classes **only** because they can't afford other, **more** elevating (shall we say) beverages. It is, like water, a drink of necessity. No. if you want a drink that has **truly** magical and mystical qualities, you must **turn** to scotch. **The Mythology of Scorch** — that's the book that needs to be written. Now if the scotch distillers could **pro-**vide me with some research support, say, IO cases to start. ...□

Too crude by half

The Tar Sands: **Syncrude** end the Politics of Oil, by Larry **Pratt, Hur-**tig, 197 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN **0-88830-098-0**) and \$3.95 paper (ISBN **0-88830-083-2**).

By RONALD S. **RITCHIE**

THE **CLUE IS** in the sub-title. Professor Pratt has produced a political **tract**, not a balanced, objective study. It contains much interesting and "even useful information, but the conclusions are pte-programmed. They will seem familiar to any **who** have followed the polemics of the Committee for an Independent Canada: "The American corporation has ... become a central cog **in the national** politics of Canada... Private oil is corrupting the **possibility** of national sovereignty and independence... The politics of **Syncrude** are the politics of imperialism."

Alberta's tar sands are, potentially, one of Canada's great sources of energy. Estimates of their size depend on **assumptions** about success in developing commercially viable methods for **in situ recovery** of the larger part of their potential, which lies at too great depths for the current surface mining techniques. Given such assumptions, they can be conservatively estimated (in recoverable oil equivalent) as something **like** one sixth the size of the world's current **proved** reserves of conventional oil.

The tar sands' possibilities have held a fascination for many since they were observed by Peter Pond, Alexander MacKenzie, and others during the **exp**

lorations of the latter **part** of the 18th century. In this century, entrepreneurs, researchers, corporations, and the governments of Alberta and Canada have spent time and money for their development. So far there has been no economic return. The **one** existing commercially oriented project, **Great Canadian Oil Sands**, has run up many millions of dollars of operating losses, so many that it can probably never hope for any **return** on the \$300 million it has invested in its open-pit mining and bitumen separation and upgrading operations. The newest **project, Syn-**crude, now under construction at a final cost of some \$2 billion, would have collapsed at a cost of several hundreds of millions of dollars to its private-sector shareholders had it not been rescued by a dramatic decision by the Governments of 'Alberta, Ontario and Canada to join in as owners.

The story is not unusual — **great** hopes brought down **to earth once** paper economics and unproved **technology** meet the hard test of reality. It now is clear that earlier calculations, of economic attractiveness at energy **val-**ues not far above then prevailing prices for oil were invalid. **Pratt** does not appear to accept this. It is also clear that it is the recent dramatic rise in world oil prices that gives the tarsands a **prospect** of economic **value** in the short term. Just as it is that the prices might not stay as high over the next decade or so that adds a real element of risk to tar-sands **investment. Pratt** appears to see the latter point, but finds it iniquitous that the **Syncrude** owners took this risk into **ac-**count in their negotiations with the three governments who became their **partners.**

For him, all is imperialistic conspiracy and long-sighted, **insatiable** greed **on** the part of the oil companies, a colonial mentality and a pattern of dependency on the part of both governments and business executives in Canada. Perfectly normal reluctance to make huge, long-term investments when risks **seem** high and prospective returns low becomes **blackmail.** When governments, whose decisions about **royal-**ties, taxes, and prices, **have a determin-**ing effect on both risk and return, take steps to improve the balance sufficiently **to** induce activity they consider desirable, it becomes a defeat for the public **interest.**

Some preoccupation with power, and even with conspiracy, would **seem** an acceptable occupational bias for a political scientist! But when carried to the point of **an** obsession that neglects

in analysis inherent economic and other facts of a situation. the results are apt to be coloured. It is instructive to compare the treatment here with another recent appraisal of the tar sands and Syncrude story (chapter four of the C. D. Howe Research Institute's *Policy Review and Outlook, 1976: Challenges to Complacency* by Judith Maxwell) — not for an emotional and dramatic impact but for analytic balance and soundness of assessment of past fact and future significance. □

Punch and justice

The Law is Not for Women! A Legal Handbook for Women, by Marvin A. Zuker and June Callwood, Pitman, 176 pages, \$7.95 cloth and \$5.95 paper (ISBN 0-273-04250-5).

By I. M. OWEN

NEITHER THE exclamatory title nor the restrictive subtitle does justice to this sensible little hook. Essentially it's a citizen's handbook on the law, with special attention (which God knows is needed) to its application to women. Its straightforward, accessible information is certainly vital to women, but most of it is useful to us all.

Labouring under the double disability of being neither a woman nor a lawyer, I can only assume its accuracy. That granted, if you want to know about the law as it affects children, wills, arrest, old age — to name four subjects where gender hardly impinges — here are the answers briefly set forth free of the hieratic language in which lawyers love to veil their mystery from profane eyes. Those technical terms that the citizen ought to understand are clearly defined in a glossary.

The differences in the application of the law to the two sexes are many and curious, and not all one way: a man, for example, is not free to have intercourse with his stepdaughter, but what a woman does with her stepson is of no concern to the law. If Phaedra had only known. But that's a flippancy. In serious matters the law still does discriminate against women, especially if they are or have been married. As the authors know and make clear, this is not because of a conspiracy by the dominant sex but because of vestigial remnants of genuine historical relation-

ships—which are almost as horrible as if they did arise from deliberate conspiracy. As the authors succinctly put it: "The marriage law, and such critical social agencies as welfare departments, take the view that the sexual apparatus of women is a money-maker. Whoever uses it pays." An appalling thought, but the facts bear it out.

Historical relationships still leave their imprints on the language of the best of us, and not even the authors of books such as this escape. In their introduction Zuker and Callwood say: "We still hear the same question being asked, 'Do you work or are you a housewife?'" We do indeed — for instance on page 72, where these same authors, speaking of separation, allow themselves to say: "If you both worked during the marriage. ..."

I find nothing important to question, so I'll question something unimportant. How can a birth certificate be "irrefutable proof of your identity"? Twenty-odd years ago a friend of mine who was a stateless person living in Toronto used to cross the border regularly, successfully, and quite illegally armed only with a borrowed Ontario birth certificate.

The authors deserve special praise for the chapter on abortion, a lucid exposition in which the opposing points of view are stated fairly and without rancour. There is little doubt which side they are on, but fairness such as theirs is the last thing we expect from either side in that shrill controversy.

With 11 legislatures legislating and 11 bureaucracies interpreting the law, Canadian law and practice are in constant flux. If this book were to sell as well as it deserves, there would be room as well as need for annual revised editions. Perhaps in some future edition somebody will give it an index. □

Quill and quod

The Law and the Press in Canada, by Wilfred H. Kesterton, A Carleton Library original, McClelland & Stewart, 242 pages, \$4.95 Paper (ISBN 0-7710-9800-6).

By NELSON LUSCOMBE

THE AIM OF this book, says the author, is to give the front-line journalist a "feel" for the law of the press. Al-

though some journalists may find Kesterton's heavily documented scholarly work more of a feel than they really wanted, it's unlikely that any will accuse him of delivering less. His study is a virtual mini-course on press law and covers contempt of court, free press and fair trial, revelation of sources, civil defamation, criminal libel, obscenity and censorship, copyright, the problem of privacy, and government secrecy. As might be expected, Canadian common and statute law is explained against the backdrop of legislation in the United States and Britain, often falling somewhere in between.

There are, however, some important differences. For example, in Canada and Britain, fair-trial considerations prevail heavily over those of a free press, whereas in the U.S. the First Amendment tips the scales the other way. Nothing underscores Canadian-American differences more, says Kesterton, than the fact that in the Dr. Sam Sheppard case (F. Lee Bailey's first big one, and termed by one judge "the perfect example of trial by newspaper") both court and counsel agreed that judges, prosecutors, and policeman, not the press, were responsible for preventing newspaper coverage from con-

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terminating juries. Kesterton warns that the more lenient contempt-of-court provisions in the U.S. offer pitfalls for the unwary Canadian journalist who, influenced by international wire-service crime coverage, applies American groundrules to Canadian Stories:

There are also important similarities. Canada, like most U.S. states, has no shield laws protecting journalists. From revealing sources and requires them to do so in certain circumstances. One of these was viewed (wrongly) to have led to the 1969 jailing of John Smith, CBC interviewer of an unnamed FLQ terrorist. For his refusal to testify at the bombing investigations of the Montreal Fire Commission. Kesterton discusses the Smith case at some length, pointing out how editorial outrage, resulting from misinterpretation of the law, almost made it a Canadian *cause célèbre*.

The two chapters on libel display Kesterton's penchant for legal definition and for quoting from statutes when a concise summary might better wit his audience. But they are nevertheless worth a good read. Aside from the law, they impart some interesting observations. For example: libel is technically an everyday occurrence in most Canadian newspapers but few instances result in court action: apology is often the best tactic for reducing libel-action damages; and in the U.S., both parties to a libel action share the court costs whereas in Canada, the loser pays all — including a large portion of the lawyers' fee on both sides.

The chapter on obscenity and censorship, the book's longest, is also its most tiresome, primarily because it's mostly old stuff. Any journalist who remembers the post-trial versions of *Lady Chatterly* and *Fanny Hill* (complete with appended court decisions), the banning of *Peyton Place*, and the emerging "Playboy Philosophy" can give this short shrift. Kesterton repeats what we already know: despite our so-called "awareness," Canadian law governing sex on paper and film is still uncertain and unsatisfactory.

So, too, is the law of copyright — simply because the work of the Canadian journalist, author, musician, or artist crosses international boundaries and the world does not follow a uniform copyright practice. Various international copyright conventions are discussed, but Canadian writers will probably be most interested in those which protect their work in the U.S. market.

U.S. legislation is again the background against which Canadian privacy

law, or lack of it, is explained. The Canadian position. Falls between the privacy laws in the U.S. (wall-defined) and in England (non-existent). Although three provinces (British Columbia, Manitoba, and Alberta) recently enacted privacy laws, most Canadians must seek recourse against invasion of privacy in the common law of torts in criminal law.

The closing chapter — on government secrecy — suggests that if Canadian law does too little to safeguard the privacy of the private person, it is overly protective of the public official and the public institution. Our government's propensity to classify information, compares poorly with the more open systems in the U.S. and Sweden. Unlike Americans, Canadians cannot seek access to government files by court action and, worse, they find it practically impossible to know just what law does govern access. "Perhaps," says a disgruntled Kesterton, "it is typical of our Federal government's attitude to information that the rule governing access to government documents is itself inaccessible."

A one-page postscript preceding the voluminous (80-odd pages) collection of endnotes, bibliography, and digest of Canadian cases, ends the book much too abruptly, and rather simplistically, by reminding us that the law is ever-changing and that journalists should increase their "competence and value" by remaining alert to the changes. A good summary covering the state of Canadian law in each of the areas discussed would have been better. On second thought, have made the entire study superfluous. □



History in available light

The Canadian Settler's Guide, by Catharine Parr Traill, edited by Michael S. Batts, The Alcuin Society, 58 pages, \$9.50 cloth.

Camera in the Interior, by Richard J. Huyda, Coach House Press, 55 pages, \$14.50 cloth.

Alberta at the Turn of the Century, edited by Eric J. Holmgren, Provincial Archives of Alberta, Edmonton, unpaginated, \$3.75 paper.

Eldon Connections: Portraits of a Township, by Rae Fleming (R.R. 6, Woodville, Ont.) 384 pages, \$7.95 paper.

By JOHN WARKENTIN

IN 1834 Catharine Parr Traill, a member of the well-known Strickland family of writers, some of whom settled in the townships north of Lake Ontario in the Peterborough country in the 1830s, wrote of the pioneer life she had experienced for barely two years:

My husband is becoming more reconciled to the country, and I daily feel my attachment to it strengthening. The very slumps that appeared so odious, through long custom, seem to lose some of their hideousness, the eye becomes familiarized even with objects the most displeasing, till they cease to be observed. (*The Backwoods of Canada*, 1836).

These words were intended for a class in England that, though it might not have much money, could at least afford servants, and if members of this class migrated they did so with intentions of re-establishing their fortunes.

In 1853 Mrs. Traill published another book, *The Canadian Settler's Guide*, intended for families that would do all the farm work themselves if they migrated to the Canadian bush. In the 17 years between the two books, Mrs. Traill had become quite reconciled to the new land, and she presents practical advice for settlers, together with descriptive sections reflecting her genuine appreciation and considerable knowledge of nature.

Mrs. Traill's advice to settle & tends to be somewhat heavy-handed; well-intended but firmly laid down words on the need to learn how to bake bread, the necessity for precautions to prevent migrating families from being inadvertently separated because of the

difficulties of finding one another again in the New World. the **differences** in values between Canadians and **Australians**, and so on. The remarks on **nature partly** take the form of comments on the characteristics of the various months. and since she is a good nature writer there are excellent descriptions of the new land. Such sustained passages on the land are rare in writings on Upper Canada and thus are of value to anyone interested in the Ontario landscape.

The **Alcuin Society** has reprinted its own revision of **the Settler's Guide**, in a limited edition of **450** copies, specially printed in **12-point Janson (monotype)** with **IS-point Goudy Text** running heads on Krypton Parchment. The editor **has cut** much of the advice to settlers. and taken the liberty of rearranging material so that Mrs. **Traill's** descriptions of the months are expanded. We are informed that this has been done. but the end result is that this **is not Mrs. Traill's** book. and the edition is worthless **for** scholarly purposes. attractive as it may be as a good piece of printing. The **McClelland & Stewart** New Canadian Library edition edited by Clam Thomas, where there are minor excisions. is immeasurably better.

In **1858 a 24-year-old** surveyor and photographer, H. L. **Hime**, accompanied the Canadian Exploring Expedition to the Saskatchewan and **Assiniboine** country. **Hime** was the **first photographer to accompany a Canadian** exploring party and likely the first person to take photographs in the western **interior of this country**. The expedition, which had already spent a field season in the west in **1857**, was **concerned, as was** a British expedition under Captain John **Palliser** of 1857-60, with appraising the agricultural resources of the prairies and examining possible **routes** from Canada West to the interior.

Richard Huyde, Chief Curator of the National Photography Collection of the Public Archives of Canada, has **prepared** a splendid book. **It** reproduces **49 Hime** photographs, together **with** an account of **Hime's** role on the expedition. comments on the photographs, and an essay on landscape photography in the **1850s**. Taking landscape photographs was no easy task in mid-19th century. Chemicals, trays, and a portable dark room. had to be taken right to the site of the photographs, and since the whole business of taking a picture and preparing a negative required **3½** to six hours, it is obvious that clear weather was essential.

Hime photographed different **modes of travelling**, the Prairie and park landscape from Red River westward to the **Qu'Appelle** River. Indian teepees, buildings in the Red River Colony, and portraits of native people. **The landscape** pictures are somewhat soft. **lacking** sharp definition, but the photographs of buildings give a good impression of the settlement facilities at Red River. and the portraits are remarkably fine, well-composed and revealing of character. This book illuminates land and life in the West in the period when Europeans were living in association with the native people, just before commercial agriculture and urbanization based upon the railroad transformed the landscape and swept **away** a distinctive way of life.

The Provincial Archives of Alberta has published a book of photographs showing Albertan life at the end of the 19th century. The pictures are by four early Albertan photographers- Ernest Brown, Harry Pollard, C. W. **Mathers**, and Robert **Hoare** — whose collections of photographs are in the provincial archives. It is a pleasure to leaf through this book, but it remains a bound portfolio of pictures lacking well-organized themes.

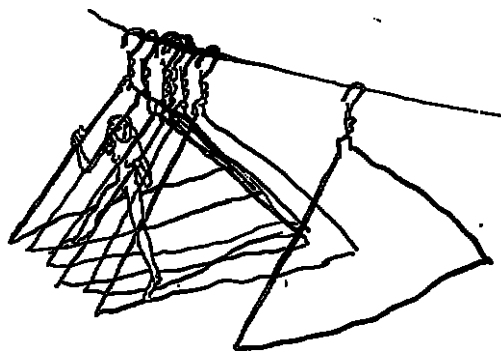
The photographs are simply subdivided into 12 categories. including fur trade, homesteading and ranching, towns, Edmonton. Calgary, coal mining, transportation. and play. There are short introductory statements to each section, and brief captions identifying the pictures. Photographs by themselves are not enough: they must be integrated. not just classified, and must be accompanied by **an** interpretive text to help the reader gain a greater understanding of the land and the people who **live there**.

If pictures are really **rare**, taken within a span of a few months, and reveal a society of which we have few illustrations, **then** it is a worthwhile task to bring these to light, as in the **case** of H. L. **Hime**. His photographs are a unique cross-section of a time and place. But by the end of the century

there **was** a great abundance of valuable illustrative material on Alberta, and it badly needs a reasonably **full** explanatory text to explain how Albertan life was being transformed in this early period.

The pictures (they are not listed or numbered but **I** estimate about 170) do convey the feeling of rawness and of buildings "just going-up" — best shown in the photographs of the towns. Robert **Hoare's** photographs of **Bowden**, illustrating many interiors of shops, give a fine sense of some aspects of pioneer life that we don't often see. There are illuminating pictures of coal mines at Edmonton, of conveying goods by York boat, and of a mule train. Despite my criticism of the lack of a text, this is a most useful view of life in Alberta. The photographs vary in quality, but this is **to** be expected in old pictures and presents no difficulty; one **can learn** a lot about Alberta at that time by studying the photographs carefully.

County or township histories usually only have a local sale. This will undoubtedly be **sure** of **Eldon Connections: Portraits of a Township**. by Rae Fleming. But this book is somewhat unusual because it consists of splendid reproductions, printed on glossy paper, of early portraits of the pioneers of a particular township. The township of **Eldon**, just **east** of Lake Simcoe, in Ontario, was settled in the 1820s so that many fine, formally posed **19th-century** faces stare at you. These are the farm and village folk who along with subsequent immigrants shaped this **country**. Sometimes, when we are working on or reading about the history or geography of an early period in Canadian development, it is useful to browse through a book such as this, a "township album" as it were, to catch a glimpse of the ordinary people who were active at that time. It would be helpful if even approximate dates could be given for each photograph. But the excellence of the reproductions make this volume much more useful than most books in this genre. □



IN BRIEF

JOAN FINNIGAN'S new book about Kingston is a sheep, but a well-kempt, amusing, useful, and nice-smelling sheep. As a pastoral social history of that town renowned for its colleges and prison, it is charming and competently designed, even if the passion suggested by the title is missing. *Kingston: Celebrate This City* (McClelland and Stewart, 127 pages, \$17.95) might more accurately be titled "Kingston Through The Years. In Pictures." Poet Finnigan and painter Frank C. Johnston explore the history of the city by reproducing old and new photographs, paintings, maps, drawings, and engravings. They provide informative and lucid cutlines or vignettes for the illustrations. The selection is broad enough to extrapolate the sociology of most of Upper Canada from the photographs, minor variations of locale and flavour excepted. Altogether it is a model, I think, of the familiar documentary format, a pretty history of a pretty city. Joan Finnigan has included some of her poems with the text, and they are poems that hint that her paean is really for the sweep of change, for the lives of future and past citizens. She may not celebrate with shouting the rough-tongued, big-toothed now of the place, but she does gently and fondly salute the town she calls home, the Kingston rooted in history.

DOORD RIPLEY

NATIONALISM in Quebec has grown since it separated itself from religion, but it may never have been able to take root had it not been for earlier efforts by priests and Catholic laymen to retain a separate identity. This is one of the main points brought out in Susan Mann Trofimenkoff's *Action Francaise: French Canadian Nationalism in the Twenties* (U of T Press, 157 pages, \$10.95). This is a well-written book, crisp and business-like, about an organization that seems to have been the exact reverse. The dilemmas that ceaselessly confront French Canadian nationalists are very much to the fore here — Quebec or French Canada, separatism or special status, and so on. One question above all appears again and again in this meticulous and extensively documented study: Should the Québécois be encouraged to take up the arms of the threatening dominant culture — industrialisation and general business orientation — or would this

only hasten assimilation? Action Francaise in Quebec (whose relationship with the rather more famous French movement led by Charles Maurras was only tenuous and of no real importance) had, as the author concludes, only a "very slight" impact on French Canadian society in the 1920s. So what was a quirky, quixotic attempt to "make of nationalism not simply a persistent theme of French Canadian history but a fact of French Canadian life" failed. Yet the durability of Quebec nationalism has been such that anyone wanting to understand why it has been so resilient would do well to include this brief and suggestive book in his bibliography.

ALEXANDER CRAIG

AT BEST, *The Violin*, (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 79 pages; \$8.95 cloth, ISBN 0-07-082300-6), a narrative by Robert, Thomas Allen with photographs by George Pastic, is a book-form documentary of a film. It is intended to be a children's story relating the experiences of friendship and learning between two children, Danny and Chris, and an old man, through the medium of a violin that the old man teaches Chris to play. The long, complex story is a series of events filled with human pathos and sadness, sprinkled with flashes of joy. What seems to be lacking are dialogue and good illustrations. Most of the information comes as near-say, which in this instance fails to create the excitement of "hearing" the characters speak for themselves. The black-and-white photographs may well please a film buff; but as illustrations they are trite, out-of-focus pictures. Adding to this greyness is an unrelieved monotony of layout; both the photographs and tight blocks of type are presented in rectangles, occasionally varied in size; The story itself is potentially interesting and instructive, but the potential hasn't been realized.

STEPHANIE J. NYNYC

A GOOD LIBRARIAN must learn soon enough that there are limits to virtually every standard reference book. No one source contains "everything," but each contributes something to one's understanding of the maze of bibliography. *The Canadian Essay and Literature Index for 1974*, compiled by Andrew D. Armitage and Nancy Tudor (U of T Press, 489 pages, \$35) is no exception. The index is the second volume of an annual series that lists by author, title, and subject a "wide range of printed materials appearing in English

Canadian books and magazines that have not been indexed in any other reference tool" — essays, book reviews, poems, plays, and short stories in 77 anthologies and collections, and 55 magazines published in Canada in 1974. Technical works and textbooks are understandably omitted, but so too are all collections of poems, plays, and short stories by one author ("for reasons of space"). What this means is that we are able to identify every essay or poem in any of the selected anthologies (e.g., there are 60 entries listed under "Davey, Frank *From there to here*" in the Essay section), but we are not provided with the titles of collected works by specific authors. By cross-checking the book-review and literature sections, though, it is possible to get an idea (though far from precise) of, say, Irving Layton's poetical output for 1974. Ben Jonson and Professor Sheldon Zitner share the dubious honour of being mis-spelled throughout the volume — Jonson, which reads "Johnson," nine times. There are several more minor spelling errors, but this in no way should take away from the usefulness and precision of the Index. Armitage and Tudor have done a very thorough job in cross-referencing their material. Who would have expected to find under the subject heading of "Chickens" the following entry: "Atwood, Margaret. Song of the hen's head (poem)"? Or to be directed from the listing of "Pests" to "see Flies: Insects Injurious and beneficial"? The Index has its limitations in scope, but within its selection of anthologies, collections, and magazines (including a useful key to library holdings of the indexed periodicals), it is delightfully exhaustive and extremely valuable. CI

RAYMOND SHADY

SOFT & RECYCLED

By PAUL STUEWE

THE LATEST BATCH of McClelland & Stewart's New Canadian Library titles includes a pair of real sleepers in among the critically acclaimed award-winners and the not-so-critically acclaimed mediocrities that M & S hasn't yet given up on. If you're in the mood for something offbeat but excellent, kindly commit the following to memory: T. G. Roberts' *The Red Feathers* (\$3.50) and Patricia Blondal's *A Candle to*

Light the Sun (\$2.95) are two dazzlingly brilliant fictions that will richly reward your venturing outside the bounds of the familiar.

The Red Feathers was published in 1907, but its effortless blending of myth, romance, and folklore in the retelling of Canadian Indian legends should commend it to those who find enchantment in the fantasy realms of J.R.R. Tolkien and Mervyn Peake. The book is written in spare, forceful prose that fuels the imagination without choking it, as the worlds of gods and men flow into one another and illuminate the wonder at the roots of creation, and it is quite simply a delight from beginning to end.

A *Candle to Light the Sun* is an intense psychological examination of a Prairie town in the 1930s and '40s, a dark and disturbing novel that strips its characters of those artifices and pretensions that mask their sense of all-too-human inadequacy. There is no malice in the author's dissection, but rather a mature recognition of what chaos must result when individual desires clash with each other and an established moral code. It is an uncompromising vision, and it is expressed here in a shockingly powerful manner that dares the ultimate fictional heresy: death is not a happy ending. Patricia Blondal was terminally ill when she wrote *A Candle to Light the Sun*, and we must assume that she knew whereof she spoke.

The new NCL releases from better-known writers are something of a mixed bag. Brian Moore's *I Am Mary Dunne* (\$2.95) and Gabrielle Roy's *The Road Past Altamont* (\$2.50) are choice examples of skilled craftspeople writing at the top of their form, and it is good to have Jacques Godbout's *Knife on the Table* (\$2.50) in English even though it is cryptic, experimental fiction that makes sense only in the context of his other writings. Rudy Wiebe's *The Temptations of Big Bear* (\$3.50), on the other hand, impressed me as an "historical novel" in the negative sense — in that it is of more historical than literary interest while Margaret Laurence's *This Side Jordan* (\$2.95) is an early work that only hints at the marvels to come.

Two of the new NCL brood are recent novels that simply do not belong in such fast company; Sylvia Fraser's *Pandora* (\$1.95) is an extremely tedious and over-written attempt at conveying a child's conception of the world, and Percy, Janes's *House of Hate* (\$2.95) is irreparably weakened by the

detached, Olympian tone taken by the narrator of a Newfoundland family's internal conflicts. If the NCL imprint is supposed to identify works of some literary or social-historical interest — as it largely has done to date — then it cannot also serve as M & S's mass-market paperback line. Both *Pandora* and *House of Hate* would have been better served by releasing them in some other format, thereby avoiding the inevitable comparisons with stronger NCL titles.

If either had been published as one of Collins' Totem Books series, for example, reviewers would have been forced to acknowledge their relative superiority. Faced with the sheer ineptitude of *Palma Harcourt's Climate for Conspiracy*, the culture-bound platitudinizing of *Arnold Edinborough's Some Camel... Some Needle*, and the plodding viciousness of *R. Lance Hill's Nails* (each \$1.95), one is more than ready to cherish simple competence. Fortunately, it can be found in *David Walker's Black Dougal* (\$1.95) and *Spencer Dunmore's Bomb Run* (\$1.75), two slickly predictable thrillers that at least do not assault the intelligence; and there is both laughter and humanity in *Morley Torgov's A Good Place to Come From* (\$1.95), which fully deserves its Leacock Award. But as *Peggy Lee* asked of life in general: "Is that all there is?" With regard to mass-market paperback publishing, PaperJacks has learned how to say that it ain't necessarily so; and if Totem Books doesn't straighten up and fly right, even we literary nationalists aren't going to be able to give them any love, baby. □

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROSPERITY'S PANGS

Sir:

As a supplement to David William's review (My issue) of the latest three novelists to be published by Macmillan as a result of our Search-For-A-New-Alberta-Novelist Competition, might I point out that this search was undertaken between ourselves and Macmillan on the clear-cut understanding that the final criterion was literary merit and publishing viability. So whatever Mr. Williamson means by "the Alberta government's necessary financial help," the fact is that each winner has received no, only our cheque for \$1,000, but a cheque for \$1,500 (representing advance royalties) from Macmillan: and each finalist has received Macmillan's contract and advance of \$500 against royalties.

Whether we will continue to find three new novelists each year is purely academic: the rule remains. (In the months when the firs, competition was gestating, I wondered if we'd find one!)

I can assure Mr. Williamson our more established writers are not being overlooked. As one example, we give a \$1,000 outright award for the best general non-fiction book published by an Alberta author in any calendar year. Andy Russell's *Horns in the High Country* (Alfred A. Knopf) won the first year. Russell then contracted with Hurtig for a book *The Rockies*, which has been 23 weeks on the Canadian best-seller list at time of this writing and sold some 19,000 copies during its first two months in the bookstores.

Mr. Williamson wanders if we will ever hear from any of these new novelists again. I think yes. Fred Stenson, still only 24, has won two *Miss Chatelaine* short-story competitions and has finished another novel. Jan Truss, the first winner, was good enough to make *Redbook*, and has been translated into Danish. A play, *Oomeragi Oh*, has been published in French and distributed in Russia. A juvenile novel, *A Very Small Rebellion* (about Louis Riel) is due soon from LeBel Publishers. Another of our new novelists is so busy on television scripts (plus a non-fiction book) that I can't even pay her to instruct at a weekend workshop.

I don't want to detract from Mr. Williamson's review, but the "prosperous Alberta" bit is honestly misleading. I believe literary arts would succeed, under serious direction, far better in a "poor" province. It's hard to get people to work seriously, at novels that might return \$2,000 to \$5,000 in royalties when kids out of high school earn \$16,000 as bartenders in plush cafes.

John Patrick Gillese
Director, Film & Literary Arts
Alberta Culture
Edmonton

PLEA FOR TOLLERANCE

Sir:

I'm afraid Myfanwy Phillips missed me in her blithe categorizations of those who have bought a copy of *Toller* during the past few months (April issue).

Perhaps I don't qualify at all since the book was a gift but since I did read it cover to cover and enjoyed it, I can't help but feel I belong in there, somewhere between the professionals who flock to parties held in Arthur Erickson designed buildings and beer-loving aficionados of Woolco art.

But something's wrong. True, I do use Tupperware (in fact so do many doctor's and lawyer's families I know) but mainly because they have complained their crystal does a pretty poor job at keeping potato salad fresh.

But I don't watch *The Edge of Night* (not even when I'm home sick from work) and I don't own a collapsible pool (I live near the ocean and use it, instead.)

But I did enjoy *Toller*. If the thoughts and poems weren't as profound as Muggeridge and St. Augustine it's probably because the man doll the talking is only 21. Theatrical photographs seemed apropos for an artist who considers his ice a stage, and as for his art — that's a very personal commodity and his style is bound to aggravate some and interest others.

At least Ms. Phillips gave Cranston credit for feeling out his market before launching a book — and guessing it correctly (not all artists are that shrewd) but let's give him further credit for leaving us with thoughts that while not profound are at least several steps up from the monosyllabic locker-mom jock patter of many of our "pros" on the circuit.

Oh yes, I also am familiar with Arthur Erickson — and his book. But *Toller* was more my price — something else a clever skater thought to check out.

Patty Pitts
Victoria, B.C.

OMISSION CONTROL

Sir:

Like any other author, I hope, I can take a bad review with the same grace as a good one.

However, because your reviewer, Nicholas Steed, chose to make such an impressive punch line out of a typographical error (May issue), I feel compelled to write one of those indignant letters I am sure reviewers love to provoke.

The fact that the dust cover stated that I was once an editor of *The Financial Times* when in fact I was investment editor was purely a typographical omission which I and the publishers take full responsibility for. It was not intentional. And, incidentally, the position of investment editor on a paper like *The Financial Times* is not quite such a "lowly employee" appointment as a financial neophyte like Steed obviously thinks. He also failed to mention various other credentials for a book of *Swindle's* genre — such as investment editor of *The Financial Post*, publisher and editor of *Investor's Digest of Canada* (published by Maclean-Hunter), correspondent for *The Economist*, etc.

Be all that as it may; he, quite correctly, does mention that I was a public relations man for Irving Kott, a one-time promoter whose Onyx Investments empire collapsed — a financial fiasco which has led to various court cases.

Interestingly, and I think, again, correctly, Steed stated that Irving Kott's "many problems with the law could fill another book."

And that is precisely why the Kott story is not in *Swindle*. I am now negotiating with my publishers to do the definitive story on Kott, and the reason for the delay is simply that when *Swindle* was being written, the charges against Kott had not been settled in the courts. Every case in *Swindle* concerns matters which have been before the courts and have been resolved in convictions. You can hardly call a man a swindler unless he has been convicted as such.

Roger Croft
Ottawa

OH LETTUCE ALONE

Sir:

I was delighted to see your second printed review of Carol Leckner's *Daisies On A Whale's Back* (May issue) to go along with the book's third printing. Tell me, does that mean if I send you a copy of the 2nd edition of my *Vegetables* this time I'll make it out of the gardening section?

Ken Norris
Cross Country magazine
Montreal

CanWit No.13

ALTHOUGH CANADA has an international reputation for expertise in linguistic translation, we are not infallible. Especially when it comes to idioms. The editors of the bilingual *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* report that the English sentence, "He lived off the

land." surfaced in the French edition as, "He lived on the water." Readers are invited to speculate on how other idiomatic English phrases might suffer similar logical transmogrification. The winning entry will receive \$25. Address: Can Wit No. 13, Books in Canada, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto, M5A 1N4. The deadline is July 31.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 11

HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY, hundreds of entries came. Unfortunately at least 50 per cent of them, including some with the wittiest punch lines, simply didn't scan as double-dactyl verses. For want of a bent the battle was lost. The winner is Donald Winkler of Franklin Centre, Que., who receives \$25 for this selection:

*Meekery-mockery
National Hockey League,
Mayhem is nice, it will
Bring in the buck.*

*Coo; turn back now 'cause it's
Uneconomical —
Anyway, who do you
Think gives a puck?*

* * *

*Mumbalo-jumbalo,
John Bob Columbalo,
Honest purveyor of
Other men's wit —*

*Disinterestedly
Making his mark as the
(quote — unquote) Scavenger
Prince of CanLit.*

*Lottery-slnottery,
Drapeau's Olympiad,
See how the circus soaks
Up all the bread.*

*Megalomania's
Nice for a bobby but
Ought to stay put once it
Goes to your head.*

* * *

*Fuddledly-duddledly,
Trudeau and company,
Marching in step towards the
Ultimate Poll —*

*Stunned to discover that
Incomprehensibly,
Heaven's a Sky Shop you
Cannot control.*

A second prize of \$10 goes to Paul Romney of Toronto for these entries, which arrived in relays:

*Mackasey-jackassy,
Post Office policy
Seems to be: "Give them less
But charge them more."*

*Now Bryce has clobbered the
CUPW
Post Office service
Is worse than before.*

*Judgery-fudgery,
Trudeau and Company,
Liberally lying, but
Lying in vain.*

*We've had enough of your
Giguery-pokery:
Get lost, you shysters! You
Give us a pain.*

* * *

*Fuddledly-duddledly,
Pierre the Prime Minister
Smugly, when blamed for his
Vanix huge,*

*Like the Sun King in pose
Antediluvian*

*Shrugs and intones: "A;
près Moi le déluge."*

Honourable mentions:

*Fuddley-duddledly
Trudeau and company,
Parliamentarians
lacking in tact:*

*Canada needs them to
fight off inflation, so
Let us give thanks for the
War Measures Act!*

—D.A. Morrison, Ottawa

*Trudeauty-pearsonly,
Québec, Ontario,
Geopolitical
Allies, not friends,
Avid for dividends,
Bullish on Canada,
Squat in the middle and
Suck dry both ends.*

— Elwin Moors, Lucknow, Ont.

*Fuddledly-Duddledly,
Trudeau and Company,
Arrogant bastards the
Lot of them ore.*

*Dispensers of Patronage,
Francofanaticists,
Clark and his cohorts were
Better by far.*

— Colin J. Riley, Ottawa

*Fuddledly-duddledly,
Trudeau and Company
Built a fine swimming pool
Thanks to good friends,*

*Went on a holiday,
come back to Onawa,
Coincidentally
Curtailed wage trends,*

— Shirley Josephs, Toronto

*Higgledy-piggledy
Bryce "Bruiser" Mackasey
Fumed at gay postles with
Bottoms awag.*

*Said, "Up your skirts and your
Flibbertigibbeties.
Stiff upper lips are
Becoming a drag."*

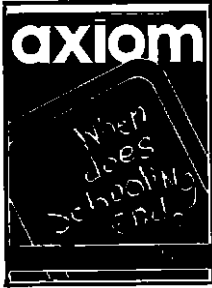
— Dan Doyle, Ottawa

*Fuddledly-duddledly,
Trudeau and company,
Packaging progress and
passing their air:*

*Anti-inflation is
Wind to the nation, which
Aerodynamically
Smells like a prayer.*

— Gerald Lynch, Sarnia, Ont.

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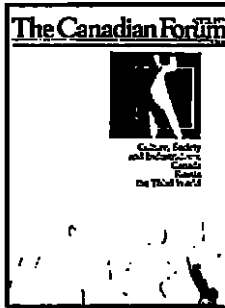
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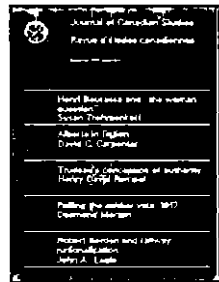
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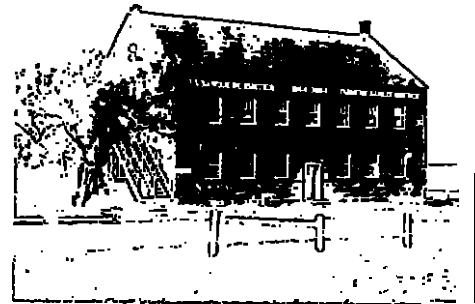
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