

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 11

NOVEMBER, 1976



BRUE HURENSON THOMAS RADDALL

Journalof an inside observer,

Voyage of a 20th-century man, reviewed by Pierre Berton reviewed by Hugh MacLennan

Paul Stuewe on publishing's Bill Clarke, family rebel

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EDITOR: Douglas Marshall. MANAGING EDITOR: Peter Such. ARI DIRECTOR: Mary Lu Toms GENERAL MANAGER and ADVERTISING MANAGER: Susan Traer. BUSINESS MANAGER: Robert Farrelly EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: Pier Giorgio Di Cicco. CONSULTANT: Jack Jensen.

Books in Canada is published 12 times a year, with the assistance of the Canada Council and the Ontario Arts Council, by the Canadian Review of Books Ltd., 366 Adelaide Street East, Suite 432, Toronto, Oni M5A 1N4 Telephone. (416) 363-5426 Available free in participating bookstores, schools, and libraries. Individual subscription rate: \$9.95 a year (\$15 overseas) Back issues available on microfilm from. McLaren Micropublishing, P O Box 972. Station F, Toronto, Oni, M4Y 2N9. The editors cannot be field responsible for unsolicited material. Second Class Mail — Registration No. 2593 Contents: 1976 Printed by Heritage Press Co. Ltd.: ISSN 0045-2564

RADDALL OF THE SANDS From Canlit's warden of the East, a magnificent journey of self discovery

by Hugh Maclennan

In My Time. by Thomas H. Raddall, McClelland & Stewart, 369 pages. \$13.95 cloth (JSBN 0-7710-7250-3).

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N 1

• **EXAMPLALL** read **the** bromide that anyone can write the • wry of his own life, but the troth is different. Good **autobiographies are** so **rare** that it would be **hard to** name **a dozen** of them. A true autobiography is not the story of **a** career but of a human life; of the author's values and feelings, above all of what his life has taught him. Its demands are as **contradictory** us they are **exorbitant**. There must be **a** precise **b.dance between** tact **and candour**; still another between the inner life of the subject and the **public** one. There must be modesty but no false modesty. The writer must have enough **confidence in his** own worth. or at least in the worth of his experience, to feel sure that his book has **something of** value to say to his readers.

Paradoxically, the **mind** of man least **likely** to succeed in **this form** is the professional novelist. This is not because novelists are neurotic: these days any imaginative person **who** is not neurotic is likely to be insane. **No**, the teal **trouble** is that the **novelist** spends most of his **working life** in **a** series of **disguises**. Into his created **characters** he projects Fragments of his **own experience and** elements of his own personality, but he **can never** project the whole of himself into **a** novel. The thought of **an** autobiography written by Dickens, by the older Tolstoy or by Hemingway is enough to make one wince **from embarrassment**. **Conrad?** Yes, he might have done it, but the fact remains that he **never** tried.

To come to the point. For the post five **days** I have been immersed in one of the **finest** autobiographies I ever read and its author is best known as **a novelist**. Thomas **Raddall's** *In My Time*. without any trace of selfconsciousness. **self-vindication**, or self-depreciation, **fulfils**

most of me necessities mentioned m above. He is of course more than a novelist. He has also been a prolific writer of short stories for Canadian. British and American magazines in the days when there was still a good market for short stories. His history of Holifux (Warden of the North) is the hest history of a North American city I even read. Now. after passing the seamark of his 73rd year, he offers what to me is the most encompassing book he ever wrote, his own life story. I fear it will seem strange territory to the sophisticate, who cut their literary teeth in the urban Canada of the 1950s and 1960s.

The title is well chosen. **Raddall** was born in 1903 and is just old enough to have an accurate memory of g the time when the **present** century began to show its true character. which was 1914. He was **born** in the living **quarters** of a musketry school located in Hythe, one of the ancient Cinque **Ports**, historic **ground**, and this makes him **a** Man of Kent and not **a Kentishman**. Almost in sight on **a clear** day was the coast of **France** and when Tom **was** six **years** old, well able to remember the excitement, Louis **Blériot** flew over the Channel from France nod landed a few miles **from his home**, thereby proclaiming to the **world** that England's **days as** a tight little island were numbered. So **were** Tom's **days** in England.

In 1913, the **Raddall** family emigrated m Canada, his father (an NCO in the Royal Marines) having been engaged as a small-arms instructor by the Canadian government. A year and a month after the sinking of the *Titanic* (another seamark in the 20th century) the little Allan liner that bore the Raddail family to Canada crossed the Grand Banks en mute

He offers what to me is the most encompassing book he ever wrote, his own life story. Ifear it will seem strange territory to the sophisticates who cat their literary teeth in the urban Canada of the 1950s and 1960s.

to Halifax. Tom's father loved Canada instantly and Tom came m love it a little later. The soldier-father (a remarkable **man**, splendidly portrayed) was promoted out of the tanks and in 1914 he sailed with the first Canadian contingent to the war. He was wounded at Second Ypres in 1915 and again in 1917. On August 8. 1918, now Colonel of the Manitoba Rifles, he was killed at the bead of the Canadian spearhead in the war's final great battle, the day Ludendorff called "The



Black Day of the German Army." Meanwhile Tom had been growing

up **in Halifax** and **in** the frenzied pa triotism of the time, he once lied about his age and tried to enlist. On Dec. 6, 1917. he narrowly escaped death in the Halifax Explosion and he describes the experience unforgettably. But dreadful though the scenes were in Halifax that month, what happened eight months later in the Raddall home was far worse for the growing adolescent. One of those fatal telegrams **arrived from** the **government**: "My mother hesitated a **few** minutes before opening it... I watched her Face as she drew the telegram **from** it6 in a moment Ι knew. My sisters wept with her, but I had no tears, only a stony resignation.

A clargy man came to comfort the widow with prayers and years later Tom wrote the following:

In myself I felt the first stirrings of a doubt that grew as the years went by If there was an all-powerful and merciful God, why all the suffering I had witnessed in my home and the city during the last eight months? ... It seemed to me that what we had been taught was non-sense. In the course of experience, like the ancients of Greece and Rome, I had found the world a tough place where appeal to the gods met only silence and a mocking echo. Prayer with shut eyes and bended lances, addressed to some mythical power, was like shouting down a drampipe in the dark. It was better to face things on your feet and with your eyes wide open, watchful for trouble and maybe a bit of luck here and there along the way.

So. at the age of 15. Thomas Raddall became a **Dut-century** man. His adopted country and province, of course, did all in their power to behave as though they were still in the 19th century until sometime during the Second World War, which may explain why so many Canadians went morally and socially overboard in the 1960s. As for Nova Scotia, she was in a profound economic depression from 1920 until 1939 and Raddall felt the pinch of it. The shamefully small pension left to his widowed mother made it impossible for him to go to college. To support himself and

We killed only for food and has a withering contempt for Hemingway as an egomaniac slaughterer of beasts, birds and fish.

help his family, he learned the trade of wireless operator and became in expert at it before he was 20. It was a hard, ill-paid and often dangerous and lonely life. He served on several small freighters, on an antiquated cable-repair ship and for an entire year on Sable bland, that grim and lonely ship gravey ard where stood the most important offshore radio station on the Atlantic coast of Canada. His year-on Sable famished **him** with background material for **The** Nymph and the Lump, which **he considers** his best novel.

After Sable Island. Raddall quit the Marconi Company and became a **bookkeeper** in a failing lumber company,' which ultimately was taken over by Isaac Walton Killam and converted into the large Mersey Paper plant in the little town of Liverpool, where Raddall has lived ever since. Queen's County is a sternly beautiful, foggy shore **backed by** hundreds of thousands of acres of spruce and pine forests. In those days they abounded in trout, salmon, deer, and moose and Raddall became an expert fisherman, hunter. and woodsman. He killed only for food and has a withering contempt for Hemingway as an egomaniac slaughterer of beasts, birds, and fish. It a little south-shore village he had for the first time an opportunity to meet girls of his own age. and hisdescription of his loss of virginity at the age of 21 is so natural I can't resist quoting it:

One evening in the late summer of 1924 I went to a party of young men and women to a com boil beside the Medway River. . . The lights and shadows thrown by the fire, the delicious taste of com plucked fresh from the stalk and cooked and coated with butter, the young people laughing and ringing, all made it a delightful affair. After a time I noticed couples leaving the firelight and sauntering

After a time I noticed couples leaving the firelight and sauntering into the darkness of the wood. I turned to the girl sitting beside me and suggested that we do that, too. She arose without hesitation. Her face was plain, but she had a friendly smile and the good figure and legs of a healthy country girl in he, twenties . We sank down in a mossy hollow. Without a word sonken she granted me release from the tension that had troubled me increasingly in the past three years... For all my supposed experience t was awkward about it, but happily for me the young woman had some experience and an amiable patience, for which I was silently and humbly grateful. On furtheroccasions we enjoyed each other much better. Eventually, like so many Nova Scotian girls in those hard timer. she went to the states to train as an hospital nurse and she married there. I never saw her again, but I never forgot her.

Wordless love-making in a puritan society!



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Years later, looking back on a marriage which was like the sea, sparking and beautiful at times, dark and stormy at others, with long intervals in which I plonged myself into study and writing, I knew the taste of salt was an omen. Our differences of background, outlook and temperament were so wide that only the haze of young love could have concealed them. Love really is blind. Like many other blind marriages in those days, when divorce was too difficult and expensive for any but the rich, ours had a lot of ups and downs before we learned how to live with each other on an honest plain.

The first child was stillborn and his wife almost died with it. but some years later rhc couple produced a small family and Mrs. Raddall lived until 1975.

It was after his marriage that Raddall's true professional life began. He had always loved books and his favorite novelist was Conrad. He began with short stories only to find trustration with the editorial board of *Maclean's*, which in those days was not only tasteless but insisted on editing and changing the stories they published. Raddall soon turned to the famous old *Blackwood's* of Edinburgh end with *Blackwood's* his career as a writer of fiction was launched.

Raddall wrote, as I did myself when I was young, in the years when modern Canadian literature was aborning, when Conadian publishers were little more than jobbers for British firms unifine only hope was to break into the British and American markets. Maclean's used to pay \$60 for a short story and if a Canadian novel sold 2,000 copies in the home market, it was called a best seller. For anyone interested in the struggles of those who sought m found a literary tradition in Canada, and to graft it to the tradition of the Western world, the last two thirds of In My Time is prime source material. It's all there, blow by blow. disappointment after disappointment, successes coming slowly and paying badly. There is also an hilarious description of a pompous professor reading a paper to the Royal Society of Canada in the 1950s. I happened to he sitting next to Tom during this performance and was delighted to hnd that he had written about ir. The professor's thesis was that Canada's greatest need was literary criticism and that writers were letting the critics down by being so mediocre and provincial that they offered no materid for their skills. He was totally oblivious to the fact that

"I may be remembered also as one who never asked a penny of subsidy from any fund, institution, or government, even when such money was casily available. From first to last I paddled my own canoe...."

present in the room were several writers who had been translated into more than half a dozen languages.

[could continue indefinitely talking about in My Tim.? but my own time is running out. Let me say that whoever reads this book will come to know a magnificent human being, of a ruggedness and independence that now seems old-fashioned. "Whatever the merit of my published works now or in the future," he writes. "I may be remembered as a Canadian outhor who chose to stay at home, wrhing entirely about his own country and its people. and offering my wares in the open market of the world. I may be remembered also as one who never asked a penny of subsidy from any fund, institution or government, even when such money was easily available. From lint to last I puddled my own canoe. and this is a condensed but frank account of my voyage."

Raddall's country did not include Quebec, Toronto, the West, British Columbia, or *le grand nord*, but for all that he is as authentically Canadian as Faulkner is authentically American.

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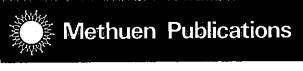
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The Far Side of the Street, by Bruce Hutchison, Macmillan, 420 pages, \$15.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7705-1431-6).

"ALWAYS IN affairs great or petty," Bruce Hutchison writes near the opening of this long-awaited memoir, "I would watch from the far side of the street, the safe side, as **spec**tutor merely. while other men fought the fire." It is a modest disclaimer, typical of the author — but nobody is likely to believe it. More often than not, for most of his 58 years as a political journalist. Hutchison has managed to be something more than a dispassionate observer. His own book attests to that.

There are some who will find his me **moir** old-fashioned. The style is richly **resonant**, something like the author's own deep voice, which issues organ-like from a wiry body. Nor dots Hutchison expose his heart, in the way that many young journalists do today. The **most** poignant moment of his life, one that clearly tore him apart never quite to mend — the sudden death in an automobile accident of his wife, Dot occupies little more than a **paragraph**. Yet it is all that is needed. Hutchison does not have to tell us how he feels. The reader has grown to know this warm and remarkable woman and to understand what she means to him. That single**parag** raph comes as an axe blow.

There is another aspect to the story that is distinctly **oldfushioned** and that is the author's personal involvement in the **politics** of his time. Hutchison is the last of avanished breed of **English-Canadian** journalists who actually played a role in the events they reported. Along with such men as **Grattan** O'Leary. Grant Dexter. **George Ferguson**, and John **Dafoe**, **Hutchison** was **admitted** to the inner circle of party politics, where secrets were shared. advice given and accepted. and decisions made. His book is thus an important footnote to the

history of his period. At Mackenzie Ring's request, Hutchison became a sort of secret agent, wearing the guise of a correspondent on the Wendell Wilkie campaign trail in 1940, but actually charged with winning isolationist American editors overto the Canadian way of thinking in the war.

Lester **Pearson**, who was always "Mike" to Hutchison, often confided in him the top secrets of the British and American governments. Pearson asked for and sometimes took the journalist's advice. had him write portions of some of his speeches: demanded and got him as a TV interviewer and rehearsed the questions and answers in advance.

6 Boolts in Canada, November, 1976

Even the Tories sometimes admitted Hutchison. the Liberal, into their charmed circle. Howard **Green**, **Diefenbaker's** minister for External Affairs, **once** dispatched him on a secret mission to Mike Mansfield, the head of the U.S. Senate. without his own Chief's knowledge.

Nobody needed to tell Bruce Hutchison when aconfidence was off the record; he knew instinctively and was trusted. He may have lost several hot stories that way but the trust paid long-range dividends. Chubby Power, King's errant cabinet minister, secretly slipped him a diary of his role in the conscription crisis, which helped to enliven *The Incredible Canadian*. Another Liberal friend, Jack Pickersgill, ar-

Hutchison is the last of a vanished breed of English-Canadian journalists who actually played a role in the events they reported.

ranged for a notable scoop on the now-notorious "general's revolt" against Mackenzie King during the same crisis. Hutchison, whose lively sense of **humour** is **often** directed at himself; reports that the public **received** the story "with a great yawn."

But then Hutchison does not take himself or his work with total seriousness. A thread of self-deprecation **runs** through these "twilight memories and rambling reflections." He • began he says, as "probably the worst cartoonist who ever sold his work to Canadian newspapers." **The Unkown Country, long** a Canadian classic, was written in "haste. ignorance and carelessness" **and** he now cringes when he rereads it. **The Incredible Canadian** he describes as "my **hack** job as an amateur biographer." His'description of Pearson in **Mr. Prime** Minister was '*a bungling attempt at **psychoanalysis.**"

He is kind to almost everybody but himself. He failed. he confesses, to see the meaning of Munich in 1938. When he reported from Washington, in 1940. his opinions of the American government's state of mind **were** "quite worthless." He did not foresee the tragedy of Vietnam as many others claimed to have done and when he first encountered Pierre Elliott **Trudeau**, no light bulb **exploded** above his head to indicate the presence of a future prime minister. Those who know Bruce Hutchison will understand that none of this is **false** modesty; it is genuine humility.

He is at liis very best when he takes the reader behind the closed doors of Ottawa or Washington-or into the



Pierre Berton



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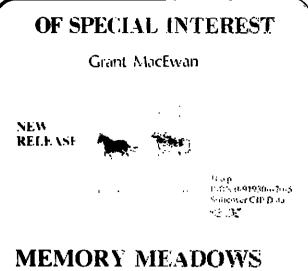
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In britliant, hallucinatory scenes, Ondaatje recreates the mood of Bolden's world and the inner obsessions which shaped his art. As with his award-winning poem, THE COLLECTED WORKS OF BILLY THE KID, Ondaatje has translated the biography of a unique man into a fresh and compelling literary form.

NEW from ANANSI \$10.00 cl/\$4.95 pa Distributed by Buros & MacEachern Ltd. newsrooms and press galleries. His description of some of the great men of his time are crisply evocative: Aberhart "like some Buddhistic statue in white porcelain"; Woodsworth, "like saint on a stained-glass window"; Beaverbrook, "his wee figure snuggled in a massive couch like a kitten. or facade"; King, rising in the House perhaps a gargoyle on a Gothic "fluttering and fussing like a sparrow."

Here is liutchison, the **young** reporter., watching King's **bêtenoire** from the Ottawa Press Gallery **in** the mid-1920s:

Meighan stood lean, haggard, motionless, a solitary eagle poised for the kill. His hands were locked together as if the prey were not worth any gesture. His voice was calm and metallic, his diction letter perfect, his sentences sharpened to penetrate like talons, his arguments marshalled clause by clause in neat syllogism, his irony corrosive, his loathing of King naked, contemptuous and self-destructive.

There are other. less public memories: a lonely dinner with King in 1937 in a candle-lit dining room, the Prime Minister attacking food and wine ravenously while lecturing the journalist non-stop for six hours; a sojourn spent with Dean Acheson in the Prime Minister's Habitat apartment during Expo '67, each feeling a little guilty at being allowed, as VIPs, to circumvent the queues to the exhibits: a final hour spent with Pearson in the autumn of 1972, both men party to the unspoken knowledge that the former Rime Minister was dying.

Refreshingly Hutchison makes no **secret** of the fact that he often took assignments because he needed the money. And so he did, for during a long period, he was themajor **support** of three households **under** one roof **in** Victoria. Yet at the same time he was able stubbornly to resist a symphony of siren calls designed to lure him East from his Vancouver Island retreat with promises of wealth and power.

As a **young rep**otter he could have had a job on the New York **World at \$5**0 a week — then a princely sum. Yeats **later**, Henry Luce did his best to buy him for the Time-Life organization. In between, John Dafoe tried to shift him to Winnipeg. Hutchison refused to budge from his exquisite garden at the end of Quadra Street in Victoria or from his summer cottage on Shawnigan Lake. From these twin sanctums he has managed to edit three Canadian newspapers, the Victoria *Times*, Vancouver Sun, and Winnipeg Free Press. It is the most remarkable feat in the history of Canadian 'journalism. Hutchison has done what every newsman longs to do: he has made the publishers beat a path to his door and accept him on his terms.

It sounds insane-the lean, spectacled journalist pounding out a daily column and a fistful of editorials for at least two newspapers before lunch in order to spend the rest of the day grubbing in the soil. "Insane" is, in fact, a **favourite** Hutchison word. He **sees** the world as he sees himself, as half-crazy. Yet Hutchison is the sanest of writers, always generous in his accolade-s, never mean or petty, and unhampered by such useless emotions as rage or self pity. Involved though he has been in the *dementia praecox* of his time, he has also managed to view that madness from the point of view of a nature lover toiling among the rhododendrons and azaleas of Saanich, several light years from the political vortex. There is also **in him**, and **in** his book the optimism of one who has seen shoots of spring poking greenly through the **grey** garbage of winter. **"After** a life of **scepticism** I cannot doubt that **the sun** shines," he writes near the end of his memoir. This is a remarkable admission from a man who has generally been gloomy to the point of despair about the state of the world and of the nation. It suggests that Hutchison, at 75, is not the aging and cranky journalist he pretends to be. but that through some curious regenerative process, not unlike that of the wallflowers and roses which sometimes take on new bloom at **Christmastime in** Victoria, he is actually **growing** younger and more vigorous by the minute, preparing perhaps the second volume of memoirs fmm the far side of the Strait of Georgia.

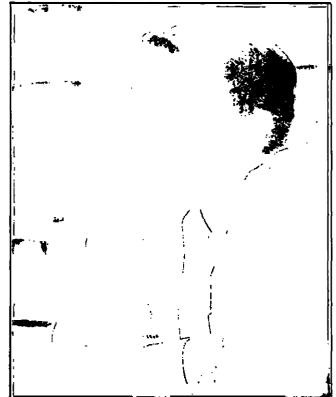


PUBLISHERS JUST don't make good copy. Each year at the time of their "3 for?" sale, McClelland &Stewart's publicity department bombards us with pictures and stories featuring Jack McClelland handing out shiny new paperbacks to surprised citizens at some downtown intersection, and yet I still don't think I'd recognize him even if he sidled upto me on the street and said. "Hey kid. want a free book?' So when *Books in Canada* suggested that I do a profile of Bill Clarke, of Clarke Irwin. my first reaction was "Who?"; and when I called up Clarke to arrange an interview, his first reaction was, "Why me?"

Authors. you see. are the stars of the publishing game: temperamental, egotistical, but *creative*, dontcha know, whereas all it takes to play the supporting roles of publisher, reviewer. reader. and so forth is a commitment to the work etbic and an intelligence hovering around what the LQ. tests define as "Dull-Normal." Thus when Bill Clarke, as director of one of the largest Canadian-owned publishing houses, receives a request for an interview from one of the major national book-review media, he can be pardoned some initial skepticism regarding its intentions: he hasn't exactly been overwhelmed with media interest in the past, and his publicity department is doubtless more accustomed to protecting its authors from would-be groupies than it is familiar with the techniques of insulating the boss from eagle-eyed investigative repot-ten.

Surmounting these difficulties with apparent ease. however, we settle down for a long chat in Clarke's bright, boo!;-lined office in a nondescript building on the fringes of downtown Toronto. The Clarke family has been involved with publishing for some time now, and **the** history of Clarke Irwin reflects the massive changes that have shaken **the** industry to its roots and put it **squarely** in the middle of the **truggle to** construct and defend an independent Canadian . culture.

Clarke Irwin was founded in 1930 by Bill Clarke's parents with the **hejp** of his uncle John. **Initially** the **firm published both educational** and trade books **of its own**, and **also acted as** the **Canadian** representative of such major Engliih **houses** as George **Hurrap** and Co. **In** 1939 the Canadian branch of Oxford University Press asked Clarke's father to become its **general** manager, and this resulted in a rather unusual **ar**-



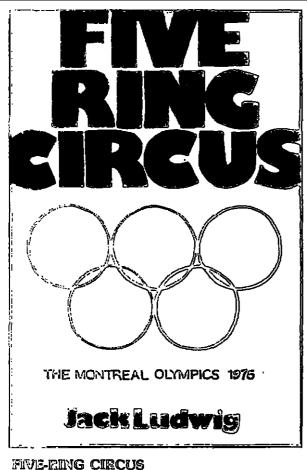
rangement under which Clarke Irwin specialized in publishing the educational versions of books while Oxford issued the trade editions. Oxford would publish Emily Carr "for the trade," for example, and_ Clarke Irwin would then do the Canadian school edition. During this time Clarke Irwin continued to add to the number of foreign firms for whom it acted as Canadian agent-Jonathan Cape and Chatto & Windus were two of the most respected-and by the late 1940s it was an established and prosperous member of the Canadian publishing community.

But Clarke's father was still anxious to do his own trade editions, and so in 1949 this **arrangement was** ended. From 1949 to 195.5. when **Clarke's father** died and his mother assumed **control** of the company, Clarke **Irwin** built **up** a strong trade publishing program subsidized by the continued success of its educational rides. At this moment of apparent success, let's backtrack a bit and **fill** in Bill Clarke's personal history up to the point at which adramatic **change of circum**stances required his rallying to the support of the family firm.

Bill Clarke was born in Toronto in 1939, three days before the German invasion of Poland. and spent the war years on a farm near Streetsville, Ont. After the war the Clarkes returned to Toronto's Rosedale district, and Bill continued his education at the Crescent School-where, he recalls, "we were all poor as churchmice" -and then participated *in* the

Clarke made one of the decisions that earned him the reputation of being ... "the rebel of the family": "Mom and Dad went to Victoria College and my brother to University College, but I decided to attend Trinity."

family's rising fortunes by attending **Upper** Canada College and the University **of Toronto.** At the latter. Clarke made one of the decisions that have **earned him** the reputation of being what he describes as "the rebel of the family": "Mom and Dad went to Victoria College and my brother to University College, but I decided to attend Trinity." Well, it's not **quite** the same as running off to **Haight-Ashbury** and **becoming** an LSD magnate, but in the context of an **upper**-



FIVE-RING CIRCUS The Montreal Olympics -Jack Ludwig

Published on the heels of the 1976 **Olympics**, this book **reports** and analyzes in minute **detail what** forces drive men **and women to the peak called the** Olympics. Using the Montreal. games as **model**, Ludwig tells the story of the kind of **ambition that causes countries** and individuals to risk **all** in a bid for Olympic immortality. Not a sports book, **FIVE**-RING **CIRCUS** is an "inside the **games" book** which in itself Is something of an Olympian feat **Illustrated** \$9.915

AND BY THE SAME AUTHOR. . .

THE GREAT AMERICAN SPECTACULARS Mardi Gxas, The Kentucky Derby and Other Days of Celebration Jack Ludwig

Here are Ludwig's **marvellous** anecdotes abaut unforgettable **people who** ail act for one day out **of** the year as if there **were** no tomorrow. And **while** describing them, Ludwig tells us a **great** deal **about** Americans and the **American** scene — **some** of **it** funny. some of it sad, ail of it highly entertaining.

\$8.95 # DOUELEDAY Canada Limited middle-class family in 1950s Toronto it pmbably does **count** as a positive assertion of individuality.

Clarke was in his first year at the U of T when the Russian orbiting of the "Sputnik" satellites touched off an explosion of interest in the hard sciences. By the time he reached his third year he had decided to major in astronomy. and after completing his B.A. he went on to do both an M.A. and Ph.D. in astrophysics at the University of California at Los Angeles. Perhaps surprisingly. Clarke is not particularly interested in the corresponding growth of science-fiction literature, although Clarke Irwin's recent publications of Donald Fernie's The Whisper and the Vision: The Voyages of the Astronomers indicates that he is still involved with his scholarly pursuits. as does the fact that he teaches astronomy on a part-time basis at the University of Toronto.

Paralleling Clarke's academic career was a **growing** degree of interest in the **family** enterprise. He bad been involved with it since **childhood**, and when his father died the **16-year-old Bill** naturally **took** on greater responsibilities than he would otherwide have assumed. **He** became a **director** of Clarke **Irwin** at **the** age of **24**, while still a graduate student at UCLA, and two years **later -(in** 1965) returned home for good just when the **traditional** balance of the company's publishing activities was being radially disturbed by **fundamental** changes in the marketplace.

Basically, the situation is one of turmoil and uncertainty in the market for educational books. which **Clarke** altributes to two new factors. "First of ail, you have the encouragement of local **control** at the individual board or school level, which means that a much greater variety of textbooks is being used, with some schools trying to get away from printed material in any form. Secondly, in Ontario, which is the largest educational market in Canada, there have been drastic changes in the organization of school boards and in the ways in which monies are handled; educational budgets no longer include specific **allotments** for the purchase of books, and this seems to work **out** so that less money is in fact spent on books. When you add the effects of inflation to **this decline** in actual spending, there has been something like a50 percent loss of purchasing power for school boards and a corresponding drop in the market for our educational titles.

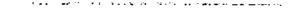
Since Clarke Irwin's prosperity has always been based on its educational lines, these changes precipitated a period of severe financial crisis. Capital resources built **up** over many

You will find a large number of people ...who criticize the firm for what they describe as antiquated business methods...But Bill Clarke isn't having any of that: "People sometimes say, "The Clarkes want it this way," but that's usually just an excuse for not doing it better."

years were completely eroded, and *like* that **other** ailing giant, McClelland & Stewart, Clarke Irwin might well have gone under if not for the provision of substantial loan guarantees by the Ontario government.

Despite this experience. however, Clarke is not convinced that government should greatly expand its role in the publishing industry. "Ideally. I would like to see publishers make it on **their** own, although under present conditions — and particularly the confusion in **the** textbook field — it just isn't possible for us to generate sufficient capital to be sure of survival. Those houses that have specialized, such as **Harlequin**, have done very well, but the broadly based publisher **trying** to satisfy a number of different markets just can't get on **a** sound footing as things are presently structured."

What **Clarke** does **advocate** in the way of government assistance is something he defines as "market **stimulation."** "There are many ways of encouraging the market without **resorting** to **direct** grams **to** publishers. Our experience is that





the more you tell people about Canadian books the more they buy them, and so government could help by sponsoring **Canadian review** media or promoting national tours by authors. One of the problems of being a publisher today is that it's so easy to go to government and ask for money, and this **makes** it **that** much **harder** for us to find the bold, **innovative** stroke that would help us successfully **promote** our books:'

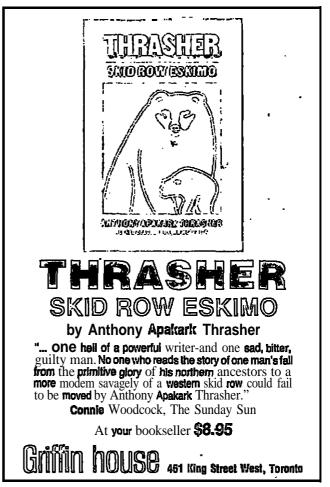
Although Clarke is fully **aware of** the **difficulties of** being a Canadian publisher. he is also convinced that he is part of a rewarding and exciting profession. "Publishing isn't like making breakfast cereal: the product is always changing, **vou're always** meeting new people and encountering new ideas. and the whole thing is enormously stimulating. Publishers **are** fortunate in **that** they'm at the focus of an exciting situation. whereas authors are by definition solitary, lonely creators who **are** of course always in danger of being rejected by publishers."

Clarke admits that the publisher-author relationship is basically a '*tense" one. 'never easy even though it almost always proves to be satisfying." Additional strains have been provided by Clarke Irwin's economic problems: 'We've not always been able to do everything we've wanted to do in promoting our books. But we're very lucky in the authors we have. and on the whole I think we have excellent relationships with them."

In the publishing community Clarke Irwin has thereputation of being a traditional and somewhat straight-laced firm — no alcoholic beverages are served at public relations functions, for example-and Bill Clarke confirms the traditional part by describing Clarke Irwin as being "constructively tied to the past." Characteristically, he does not go on to throw in some meaningless gobbledygook about facing a bright future with a smiling face: Clarke is no smooth 1960s human-relations expert nor even a poker-faced 1950s greyflannel suiter, but rather represents an earlier constellation of virtues variously known as puritanical, Victorian, or bourgeois — you can fill in your own politics-which include respect for family, thrift; hard work, and personal responsibility. Thus Clarke's definition of success in publishing is neither abstract nor other-directed, but places its burdents squarely upon his own shoulders: "The successful publisher is not the one who publishes the certain money-makers, but the one who does a good job of promoting those problematic books which still deserve to be published."

Back in the **publishing** community again, you will find quite a large number of people — many of them former Clarke **Irwin** employees — who criticize the **firm** for what they describe as the antiquated business methods and **snail's-pace** decision-making of a family **firm** no longer **attuned to the** demands of change. But Bill Clarke isn't having any of that: "People sometimes say, 'The **Clarkes** want it this way,' but that's usually just an excuse for not doing it belter."

Notice, if you will, the moral tone of that last statement. Our faults are not in our stars or in our social systems, it asserts, but are instead to be found in that individual moral nature whose internal dramas comprise the stuff of serious literature fmm the Reformation to some time following the Industrial **Revolution**. As far as Bill Clarke is concerned, this has not changed: no matter how un-cool, un-hip and un-with it he may appear, he is not about to trade in ethical assumptions that were good enough for his family and are certainly good enough for him. "Everybody's business is nobody's business," the old saw has it, and the age of collective responsibility brought in Auschwitz and Hiroshima as the prelude to the modem drama of man the social insect versus man the conscience-racked individual; and if we are bold enough to conclude that time has to some extent passed Bill **Clarke** by, let us also consider that this is not necessarily a matter for celebration, but quite possibly au occasion for regret. 🗖



Wish that it ciscaux

Enchanted Summer, by Gabrielie Roy. translated from the French by Joyce Marshall, McClelland & Stewart, 104 pages. \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-7831-5).

By RAY ELLENWOOD

THE JACKET BLURB assures us that Gabricile Roy has captured "the moods and rhythms of a life permeated with simplicity and peace that arise from close union with nature." Not only that. "she has accomplished the task with rare sensitivity and a gentleness that is enhanced by the power of her art." Date we ask what all that means?

Enchanted Summer is a series of short, poetic prose sketches, eclogues of sorts about Arcadia, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. east of Quebec City. The city comes to this pastoral landscape only in the shape of visitor:. who talk too much to hear the birds. The city is the place where Martine. having bathed her aged and arthritic feet for one last time in the river, goes to die:

Scarechy had she returned to the cramped title flat with no outlook and no light than whe departed for those open spaces she had longed for all her life.

There is a child-like simplicity to Roy's descriptions of the rural landscape from the opening pages of the book where, "on the edge of the inhabited world," we pick wild-flowers and talk with Mr. Toong, the bullfrog. But if at first we expect another child-pastoral, child-marrated, we soon learn otherwise. Speaker and friend Berthe are women of a certain age who. it is true. can skip like girls and often show a child's goodness.

Roy's peaceable kingdom is inhabited by dogs. cats. cows. and wild things remarkably in tune with people's emotions as people (some, anyway) are with theirs. Thus Skinny Minny the cat. taken for granted as a producer of Littens. humiliated when she unexpectedly decides to follow her mistress on a walk. suddenly shows her genius as a rail-walker and "on her features was that vaguely amiable expression that comes to people as to animals when for once in their lives they have been admired." It's a Lassie-lover's, not Lafontaine's. view of the animal world. Birds. especially, are characters.

Our killdeer is certainly the most nervous and apprehensive of living creatures. That is to ray. he and hi wife. For these two are one. lust let Madame Killdeer weep and Monsieur Killdeer also weeps,

Arcadia has its evils in the form of such men as Monsieur Simon who kills Jeannot the crow, but here theevil-doer is besieged by a flock of crows shouting abuse:

Finally they left a place now forever detestable in their sight. They flew to my house and circled round the small black shape in the branches. chanting the funeral service of Jeannot.

Human beings and animals are all caught up in the natural cycles, as suggested even by the form of the book. We begin with Monsieur Toong and his pond. Monsieur Toong disappears. perhaps food for a crane, and "this comer of the world has been emptied," yet in the end we return to the same pond now inhabited by mallards. A majortheme of the book concerns death and regeneration, the constant exchange of one form of life for another. In the background rolls the big river, smelling of therides.

We are also reminded that one living form sometimes prospers while others do not. In "The Festival of Cows," the cows bask in a warm, strong wind that gives them relief from insects. egotistically unperturbed that the flowers are broken and scorched. This, in fact, is the closing note of the book.. Having come full circle to Monsieur Toong's pond, we are reminded of his misfortune and that of others. while three killdeers, tranquil and content this time, fly back and forth.

To the "paltry human" questions of why others are not as happy as they, why others have not found this spot, they reply simply:

Al, are no, happy at the same moment.... One day it's one, the next day another... Some never, alas.... Here we are happy... Over there they an not... When everyone is happy together. it will he paradise paradise paradise...

I can't help reading this as an analogy for the situation of the narrator in the book and. as such, it bothers me intensely, particularly when I have no "limited point of view" justifications. It seems to me that what the killdeers offer us and the narrator, while we are waiting for paradise, is no guilt. no guilt, no guilt. As my jaundiced eye moves back over the incidents of the book, I admit that Gabrielle Roy has a fine sense of the movement and sound of birds, especially, and that there are truly charming passages in this book. But finally clawless cats cloy. Eli Mandel's image of country boys piercing gophers' eyes with needles keeps flashing through my mind, perhaps as a sort of defence mechanism. Not that one vision is more true than the other; they just need each other to be healthy. Even in a book dedicated to "the children of all seasons," pious quietism is objectionable. 🛛

Out with the new and in with the old

- CONTRACTOR - 1

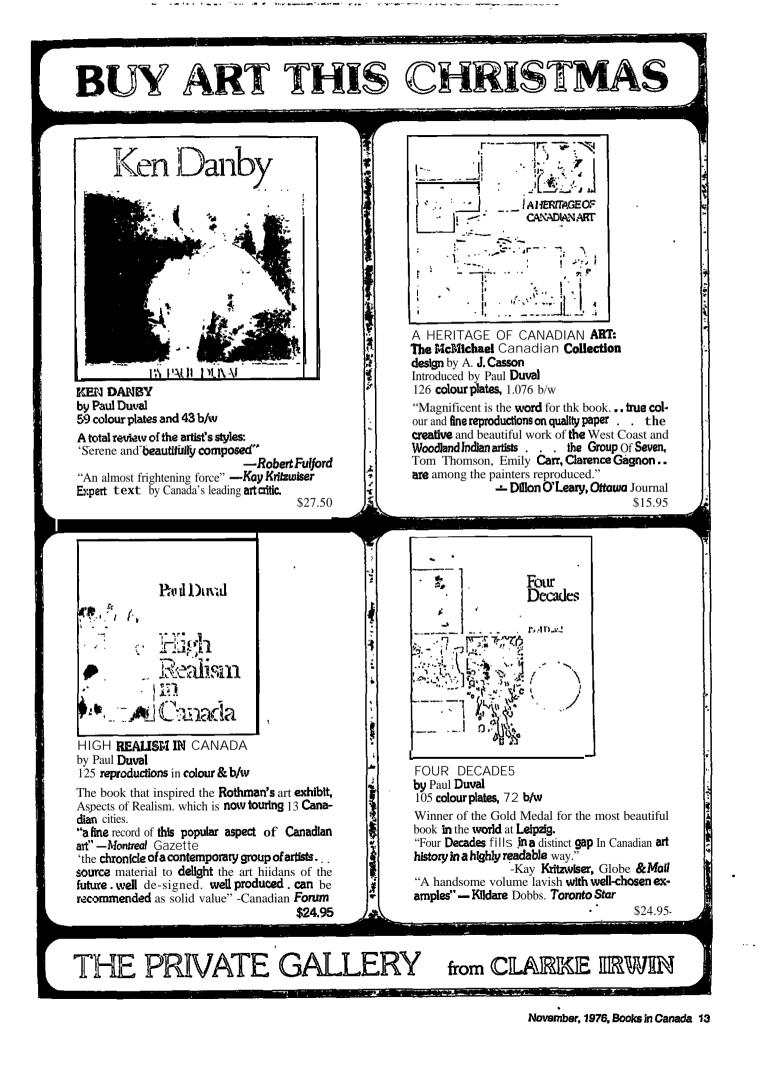
76: New Canadian Stories, edited by Joan Harcourt and John Metcalf, Oberon Press, 156 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN. O-88750-193-1) and \$4.50 paper (ISBN o-88750-195-8).

By MICHAEL SMITH

THIS IS the last edition of the annual anthology. New Canadian Stories. No longer does Oberon Press plan to quibble whether a story is actually new. And to mark the change, next year's issue will be titled 77: Best Canadian Stories. Even the current edition acknowledges that five of its IO stories first appeared elsewhere. and I heard a sixth on the radio before I read it here. New they aren't. One by Norman Levine titled, fittingly enough, "We All Begin in a Little Magazine '--- has been published three times before. Another ----"Wintering in Victoria" by Leon Rooke — won a prize from Canadian Fiction Magazine, where it appeared two years ago.

Next year the editors plan to glean almost all their stories from literary magazines and the CBC-Radio program, Anthology. The reason may be that they weren't getting enough previously unpublished material (I know John Metcalf wrote letters to solicit stories) by their annual Nov. 15 deadline. If that's so, it's a shame, because some magazines and CBC's Robert Weaver lately have complained of too many submissions possibly to publish as many as they would like. From a writer's point of view, the market for original work has shrunk again - con-. trary to Oberon's stated aim when it opened the series (with Fourteen Stories High) in 197 I

The editors also admit that next year's issue will be "in frank emulation" of Martha Foley's Best American Short Stories, which "year after year . has listed as American some of Canada's best writers." I don't know why these writers haven't appeared in Oberon's anthologies before. I guess they haven't, for the editors add that "the time has now come for us to honour them ourselves." Alumni of the Oberon series such as Alice Munro. Marian Engel, Matt Cohen, W.D. Valgardson, and many others evidently don't count. It seems odd-even lazy to start scalping stories fmm little magazines when Obemn has offered,



solo, some fine new stories in the past.

If the current edition indicates accurately what Canadian writers are thinking about these days, the answer appears to be alienation. There's an air of sumeness — which may or may not be deliberate --surrounding most of these stories. Unfortunately. it just makes the whole book seem dull. In Hugh Hood's "God Has Manifested Himself Unto Us as Canadian Tire," a man and woman are so consumed with consumerism that they can't, ahem. consummate. In Donald Cameron's "Composition: Double Explosure," the narrator has become so obsessed with photography (and himself) that even his daughter's death is reduced to mother subject for composition, distanced as through a lens. In George Elliott's "four Little Words," a financial exchange clerk-who spends his working day inside a cage-briefly tries to correspond with his counterpart in a bank.

Each of these relies too much on the paraphernalia of the author's central **gimmick**. I think. though Elliott's is more subtle than the other two. Hood's story is hopelessly overstated, and Cameron's **photographer** goes through his spiel in such excruciating detail that the story violates a fundamental law: it's horing. By contrast, in "Scar Tissue" H. R. Percy relies on a slender premise-a man whose face has been changed by surgery returns as a stranger to confront his Maritime home - and yet the story's interesting enough that we're willing m put up with ir. The idea that the situation is really pretty phony doesn't overly intrude. One I liked is "The More Little

One I liked is "The More Little Mummy in the World" by Audrey Thomas, in which a woman on the rebound from an affair is visiting Mexico. On a tour of crypts she goes into a museum of mummified corpses. When she sees the mummy of a tiny baby she's inspired to select just the right post cord to remind her former lover of the abortion she's recently had. Other break-ups: In Elizabeth Spencer's "I, Maureen" a wife leaves her husband m live a more bohemian life, and relates it all at length. In Rooke's "Wintering in Victoria," a wife leaves her husband mostly because nothing matters m him.

A character in Thomas's story says at one point: "When I talk about Marlene Dietrich I don't know if you even know who I mean." I got the same kind of feeling from "The Sense of an Endinc." a memoir — presumably autobiographical — by Clark Blaise, subtitled "The Writer Reaches 35." This one didn't work for me. I think because Elaise gets carried away reminiscing a danger he has brushed with in other stories too. I was also perplexed by Andreas Schroeder's slightly surreal "One Tide Over." in which a group of campers meet an austere stranger. Though the narrator announces confidently, "Abruptly. in a flash I realized what was going on," it was never clear to me.

The Laurentian shield stays up

Heart of a Stranger, by Margaret Laurence, McClelland & Stewart, 221 pages. \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-4710-X).

By JOHN HOFSESS

FOR SOME YEARS now the most innovative and fascinating work in Canadian literature has been done by women. There is intriguing promise in Jack Hodgin's Spit Delaney's Island. there is marvelous, mature artistry in Robertson Davies' trilogy; but taken as a group (and I can hear Margaret Ahvood saying, quietly, "That's not how women like to be taken"), there has been little from male writers to compare with Marian Engel's Bear, Margaret Laurence's The Diviners, Atwood's Surfacing and Lady Oracle, Audrey Thomas's Blown Figures. and the novels and short stories of Jane Rule, Marie-Claire Blais, Alice Munro, and Adele Wiseman, among others.

Many of these novels strike me as being ultimately unsatisfying. But their usefulness. and **importance**, is that at a rime when hardly any other branch of Canadian culture seems vital to our lives (certainly not our movies. and rarely our television programs), these novelists give us something stimulating m belong **to**, **to** think about-a sense of the country and our times. Indeed, they form the only cultural wave going these days in Canada of any significance and momentum.

In another **year** or two the situation may have changed. Old (male) writers **recharged,** new ones **breaking** through, may show us **that**, in fact. a **great** deal of important **creative** activity was going on in *their* minds this year and last; not published, but in-the-works. Until that happens, however, it is primarily women — struggling with **their** own self-definition, freeing **themselves from** old stereotypes — who provide reading Canadians with the stimulus, and moral courage, to wake up and be something, other than oppressed. **depressed, subservient** colonials.

If the strength of these writers **comes** from their being women at a crucial point of redefinition in **history, their** weakness comes from an acute sensitivity, as women, to being considered merely "lady novelists" and their attempts to prove themselves intellectually awesome hy writing novels that are complex, difficult, shot through with defensive irony. Rarely do any of these novelists speak to us, simply, plainly, straight from the heart, or any other organ; the way, say. that Brian Moore's The Doctor's Wife is written, or much of Ian McLachlan's The Seventh Hexagram. Whether it is a widespread response, or a **peculiarity** of personal taste, my most frequent reaction m theii fiction is, "Yes, but....'I keep waiting to be moved, to be touched. by honest thoughts and words; but they keep darting and dodging, performing clever tricks. It's a frustrating experience, like trying to communicate with **someone** long-distance on a bad line.

In their non-fiction however -Atwood's Survival, Rule's Lesbian Images, and in the volume at hand, Margaret Laurence's Heart of a Stranger — there are not so many shields and veils. Here the relationship between author and reader seems less prickly and ironical; but closer, warmer. more humanly vulnerable. Margaret Laurence has said: "I feel that fiction is more true than fact." And Clara Thomas (The Manawaka World of Margaret Laurence) reports that "when working in other areas, she feels she is using her left hand only." But in the'20 essays and articles published in Heart of a Stranger, there is no diminishment of wonder or magic but considerably less sleight-of-hand. As someone who expects artists, writers in particular, to be more candid and illuminating about "the human condition" (beginning with themselves) than, say, lawyers and politicians, I

still have some disappointment with this collection because **Laurence** ap **parently** believes that the fall truth about her life, whatever that may be. can't and shouldn't be known until 20 to 50 posthumous years have passed and all the principal **characters** have died.

In a prefatory note to one of **the** pieces, "Put Out One or **Two** More **Flags,"** she writes: "This article is relatively frivolous. perhaps because any deeper feelings about **our** life in Elm Cottage [in **Buckinghamshire**, England, **where** Laurence spent **10** years, raising her children] seemed and still seem **to** be a private **matter."** One naturally does not **expect Dostoyevs**kian **dark-nights of the soul in articles previously published in** *Holiday*,



Maclean's, the Vancouver Sun and Weekend; but Heart of a Stranger would be a stronger entry if it had included new and "declassified" matcrial. An article such as "Ten Years' Sentences" (published in The Sixties. edited by George Woodcock. and not included here, is more informal and personally revealing than the items collected in this volume. The boundaries of the book are a limitation, not a weakness, for within those boundaries Laurence is an astute. amusing. compassionate observer of people and events. She is not a member of the Achilles heel school of journalism, savoring human weaknesses from a supercilious stance. In the first article she had published, "The Very Best Intentions" (1964), a description of a thorny relationship with a proud black friend in Ghana during Nkrumah's regime. and in "The Poem and The Spear. " a previously unpublished essay about Muhammed' Abdille Hasan in Somaliland, Laurence provides exemplary models for the writing of "profiles"; she understands "difficult" people, and refuses m serve up merely one side of them in superficially clever caricature. Her relationship to her subjects is one of empath - stretching her own understanding. rather than judgment. closing them down.

Other highlights of the collection are "Mm of Our People," a superb, long review of George Woodcock's The **Rehel Chief and His Lost World:** "Living Dangerously - By Mail." about the perils (and odd pleasure) of being a famous author with fans from, as they say, "all walks of life"; and "Where The World Began." a beautifully graceful essay that deals with several themes to be found in The Diviners ("The question of where one belongs and why. the meaning to oneself of ancestors..."), which winds up the book and explains why. after many years spent abroad the "stranger" came home. There are also trivial pieces: "I am a Taxi" (1970). describing some amusing vicissitudes of cab travel: "The Wild Blue Yonder" (1974, a sequel on airline travel; and "Upon a Midnight Clear," an article describing Christmas traditions in her home over the years. These are examples of mass-audience. folksy journalism that looks not only bad but unconvincing when performed by a writer who is not a native hack.

Some of the best things Laurence has done ore preserved in this book; that alone justifies its publication. But the selection of articles could have been more judicious; a few new pieces could have been added, probing, revealing, the "heart of a stranger" in greater depth: as it is. Laurence drops the mask of fiction but retains the far, shy. rectitude of a sphinx. \Box

History and herptiles The More Northerly Route The photographic story of a unique achievement in Canadian history. Personal recollections and quotations, combined with the photographs, provide an entertaining ac-count of the famous 1944 voyage of the St Roch through the Northwest Passage. Paperbound. 25.5 cm x 25.5 cm (10" x 10"). 184 pages. W-126 74. \$7.50 Foul and Loathsome Creatures With splashes of humour, this book gives the facts about those "foul" reptiles and "loathsome" amphibians that live in Ontario's 3 most southerly national parks. A fascinat-ing book which will make you appreciate these harmless and beneficial creatures. Colour photos and cartoon illustrations. Paperback. 22.5 cm x 15 cm (9" x 6"). 58 pages. R62-98-1976. \$1.50 Overland to Oregon in 1845 The remarkable transcontinental trek by a British soldier through the wilderness of Canada Is vividly depicted through his own drawings, water-colours and excerpts from his journals. Bibliography. 66 illustrations with maps. Billingual. Paperbound. 25.5 cm x 21.5 cm (10" x Owned Dames and the second restored and the 8½"). 149 pages. SA2-86-1976. \$12.00 Available by mail fmm the Publishing Centre, Ottawa K1A OS9, at our authorized agents and through your local bookstore. Supply and Services Approvisionnements et Services Canada Canada The Hon. Jean-Pierre Goyer L'hon, Jean-Pierre Goyer Minstre Minister Printing and Publishing Imprimerie et Édition

THIS YEAR IN JUVENILES A survey of recent Kid lit, a twig of CanLit that is fast growing into a tree

produced by Janis Rapoport

NDECADE AGO. roughly 50 children's books were published annually in Canada. By 1974, the year for which the **latest** statistics are available, that number had tripled. This is still a small output by international standards, with 2.500 new children's titles each year coming from the United States and nearly that many again from Britain.

In an attempt to round up the latest in Canadian children's literature. **4S** publishers of children's books and magazines were canvassed **from** coast to coast. Canadian children's literature, happily, now ranges through almost as many categories as does literature for adults: history, fiction, historical fiction, science fiction. fantasy,, folklore. and poetry. Then there are the magazines, which cover a broad range of subjects themselves. And last but nor least, there is that **marvellous** phenonienon Lnown as the children's annual.

Many of the books and magazines considered in the following pages will also be reviewed in *In Review* and *Canadian Children's Literature*. The former also carries feature articles and author profiles: the latter publishes scholarly criticism, biographical sketches, interviews and/or dialogues with **authors** and illustrators, historical data, and specialized bibliographies. L

These' are especially exciting times for children's literature in Canada. In May of this year a task force on children's literature began conducting a pilot project to develop a Centre for Canadian Children's Books (86 Bloor St. W., Suite 215, Toronto M5S1M5). The centre will provide a primary source of information on Canadian children's books as well as involving itself in the creating, publishing, and promoting of children's literature. Through its library and many associated activities. the centre will serve this country's juvenile readers and those consumers closely connected with them-parents, teachers, and librarians. In addition, information and guidance will be available to writers, publishers, and booksellers. The centre hopes to stimulate interest in Canadian books for children **both** at home and abroad.

The future for Canadian children's literature looks very auspicious indeed.

In our forests of the night

The Green Tiger. by Enid L. Mallory, McClelland & Stewart, 139 pages, s7.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-5475-5).

By JANET LUNN

END L. MALLORY'S *The Green Tiger* will be a valued addition to school libraries and a treasure to kids who love soldiering. It's a carefully researched, clearly written chronicle of the War of 1812 in Upper Canada.

Ms. Mailory has a good sense of the war. the period, and the people. Her book is a clear portrait. What it isn't is a biography of lames Fitzgibbon, which it purports to be and which it starts out to be.

The tale begins in the year 1798 in an Irish cottage with IS-year-old Fitzgibbon packing up to join the British regulars. A natural leader, James became a sergeant within two years in Lieutenant-Colonel *Isaac* Bmck's 49th regiment. Three years later the 49th was sent to the Canadas, where Fitzgibbon became Brock's "faithful sergeant major," and the 49th eamed the name Green Tigers (partly because of the green in their jackets., partly because they were brave and daring).

Considering Fitzgibbon a young man of great promise, Brock undertook to

teach him the *manners* of an 18th-century gentleman and, by 1812, James was a lieutenant in charge of his own company, Major-General Brock was administrator of Upper Canada, and the war was on.

From this point the tale ceases to be James Fitzgibbon's and becomes the war's story. The picture Ms. Mallory shows us is of two inept navies shadow-boxing on Lake Erie, of soldiers and militiamen marching up and down the province on our side, more of the same in upstate New York on their side, of ill-planned battles and skirmishes until the Canadian winter is too much for everybody and the Americans go home.

We see Fitzgibbon now and then, a brave man whose exploits ma& headlines, whose character inspired men, and whose sense of fun enlivened the war wherever he was. An instinctive



KOVI TO TURNLEMONS INTO MONEY: A Child's Guide to Economics

Louice Armstrong

Using the operation of a child's lemonade stand as an example. Louise Armstrong gives a painless lesson In economics, Illustrated with outrageously funny pictures by Bill Basso. An easy and delightful way to learn. Ages 8-11. \$5.95



I LOVE vou, MOUSE

John Graham A warm, playful romp through a small boy's peaceable kingdom of woodland and farm animals. Tomie de Paola's exquisite illustrations weave the daydreams together, darkening and softening until dusk falls and the moon rises. Age 4-7. 35.25

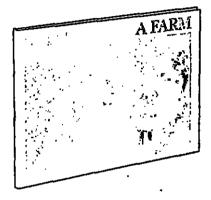
THE OLD JOKE BOOK Alan **Abiberg**

With a cast of **zany** characters drawn by Janet Ahlberg. *The Old Joke Book* is crammed full **with slapstick** and' nonsense. For instance, do you know how tc make antifreeze? It's **simple** — steal her nightle. Ages **6** up. \$3.95



LOTS AND LOTS OF CANDY Carolyn Meyer

All about candy — its origins, chemistry, and traditions — with a liberal sprinkling of recipes. Anecdotes explain how sugar, honey, and chocolate have met and mixed all over the world. Line drawings by Linda Allen. Ages 10 up. 39.95 A FARM Paintings by Carl Larsson, text by Lennart Rudström Carl Larsson, beautiful, detailed paintings and Lennart Rudström's text capture the life on a Swedish farm at the turn of the century cutting wood, working in the oarpenter's shop, leading frisky cows to pasture. All ages. \$5.35



WHAT **IS YOUR** DOG SAVING? Dr. Michael Fox and Wende Devlin Gates

With photographs, informative text, and lively question-and-answer sections, this book show how to understand what a dog is saying at every stage of its life. It opens a new world of enjoyment for dog owners. Ages 8-14. \$5.25





We believe that some children's libraries are Inadequate in that many Important topics are avoided. We are trying to supplement as well as fill the gaps in existing children's literature by writing stories about: one-parent tamilies, separation. handicaps, Canadian culture, death, etc. We would also emphasize that our characters are non-stereotyped.

"Please Michael, That's My Daddy's Chair"

A story Of a fatherless child. The father's absence is complicated by the introduction of the mother's male friends. \$2.75



The Last Visit Mary visits her dying grandmother tor the last time. \$2.75

Families Grow In Different Ways A gentle introduction to adoption. \$2.50

Minoo's Family A story about a little girl whose parents are in the midst of a separation. \$2.75

Irene's Idea A fatherless child is faced with Father's Day. \$2.50

VEW TITLES FOR FALL 1976:

Wheelchairs Are for Going Places and Doing Things \$2.75

Tracy and Friend \$2.95

BEFORE WE ARE SIX 15 MING ST. N., WATERLOO, ONT. CATALOGUES AVAILABLE.. soldier, he saw early that guerrilla war was the only sort to wage in the deep woods. In the spring of 1813, with permission from his superiors., he collected 50 men from his regiment to form a band of irregulars. One soldier, writing years later. said: "We all wanted to go; We knew there would be good work wherever Fitzgibbon led, for though impulsive he was prompt, and as brave as a lion...."

The little band became thescourge of the Americans in the Niagara district. The U.S. forces were determined to stop "those damned green tigers." which is where Laura Secord comes in. biking her 20 miles through woods and swamp to warn Fitzgibbon that attack was on its way.

With considerable courage and bravado, Fitzgibbon got 500 enemy soldiers to surrender to his 50 mm and was thereafter called "the hero of Beaver Dam."

The following summer. Fitgibbon, now captain in the Glengarries, fearing he might be killed in battle, made up his mind to marry so that he could at least leave his love a widow's pension. In the middle of the siege of Fort Erie in August (with official sanction) he raced 230 miles to Adolphustown where he married Mary Haley and was back in Fort Brie. all in three days — an incident that says a lot for both the determination of Fitzgibbon and the respect in which he was held by his superiors.

After the war the Fitzgibbons settled in York. They had 17 children of whom only the tint five survived infancy. James held several posts in his lifetime, retiring in 1846 as clerk of the House of Assembly. He was also the arch-enemy of William Lyon MacKenzie and the key man in putting down the 1837 rebellion. He never received, adequate financial recognition for his services to Upper Canada and. after Mary died. he went to England to seek help. There he was given a life pension and died in London in 1863. There are awkwardnesses in this book — chief among them being its lack of focus - but it is full of information and it has charm.

What has fascinated me, though. more than the story that's written is the one that isn't — the Canadian-hero tale. Surely James Fitzgibbon was a hero-as surely, say. as Davy Crocket or Buffalo Bill. He provided drama in plenty during the war, the most noticeable kind of heroic drama. What hap pened then? His exploits faded. as all our exploits do, into that simple statement. "We won the war."

Ms. Mallory sets out to illuminate the hero and ends by fitting his exploits so carefully into the pattern of the war that his book is remembered not as a biography of James Fitzgibbon. hero, but as a War of 1812 story. Ergo: We have no Canadian heroes because we don't make heroes of our Canadians.

Tossed on high seas to Jamaica

The Last **Voyage** of The **Scotian**, by Bill Freeman, James Lorimer & Co., 192 pages. \$9.95 cloth (ISBN O-88862-1 13-2) and \$3.95 paper (ISBN 0-88862-1 12-4).

By ROGER J. SMITH

THIS STORY not only has all the required ingredients forasatisfying adventure, it also has blended them smoothly with an interesting and credible bit of Canadian history.

The children, of course, prove to be wiser than their elders. and their sense of justice wins out over the existing greed. But it's accomplished with quiet implication. not with the smugness that one so often finds in children's literature. Meg is 13 years old, and her brother John is 14. The year is 1873. Without stopping to question why the pair were able to take jobs on a timber raft on its way to Quebec City, the reader can fast become a participant in the exciting events surrounding them. They have been away from home for a long time and are looking forward to being with their family once again. Tomorrow they will head back to Ottawa, so they have an evening to discover the colourful lifeofthii important seaport.

As it happens, they also discover the desperation of the sea traders who will go to any devious length to shanghai a crew to sail their ships back for more cargo. John is captured and forced to sign an agreement to work on board for the heartless. miserly Captain Barnard. Meg stows away in an attempt to free him. but they both end up at sea, first on their way to Jamaica, then to Britain. The ship is old. the hull is weak. the men were, for the most part, wicked or drugged into being crew; the picture is bleak. Meg and John, however, decide to make the best of it and soon learn the skills and dangers of sailing the hilh seas.

Terms and techniques are actually quite detailed, but the explanations are carefully woven into the story and interest reigns. More important. perhaps. is the interplay of personalities on board. Meg asserts her individuality, determined to prove herself in spire of the long cumbersome skirts she is obliged to wear. Her perseverance for what she thinks is right sets off a chain reaction. making the others question their own motives. Meanwhile, John proves himself a sailor, and as a man when, in the end, he selflessly saves the

18 Books In Canada. November, 1976

 $old\ \mbox{captain}\ \mbox{who}\ \mbox{had}\ \mbox{created}\ \mbox{a}\ \mbox{floating}\ \mbox{horror}\ \ \mbox{show}.$

The trip from England is a gruesome account of the mass emigration during that particular Depression. The crowding. the sickness, the quartels, the filth. are described. But the description, though shockingly realistic. is accompanted by an underlying optimism. When some passengers are sick, the healthy ones help to care for them: when it's discovered that the ship is sinking, everyone takes turns pumping out the water. Everything has a sensitive rationale. Even the captain's seemingly inherent malice proves to he a man's desperate struggle to achieve a sense of pride. He wanted to own a ship. but he lost sight of his **responsibil**ity for the people on it. It took a storm. two children. and an understanding sailor named Canso. to show both the captain and the reader that people are more important then ships, and that trying to understand someone is certainly preferable to flogging him.

Freeman has succeeded in balancing a suspenseful plot with a sensitive play of characters. The adventure seems credible as well as thrilling. Meg and John are not presented es prototypes for Superkid, hut rather as basically honest. courageous young people with their share of naivety. Freeman also wrote Shantymen of Cache Lake. which won the **1975 Award for Juvenile** Literature. Together these' books offer a delightful and, substantial reading package.

Where pluck is still pure

Breakway, by Leslie McFarlane, Methuen, 127 pages, \$1.50 paper (ISBN 0-458-91710-9).

The **Snow** Hawk; by Leslie McFarlane. Methuen. 127 pages, \$1 SO paper (ISBN 0-458-91700-1).

By GRACE LORD

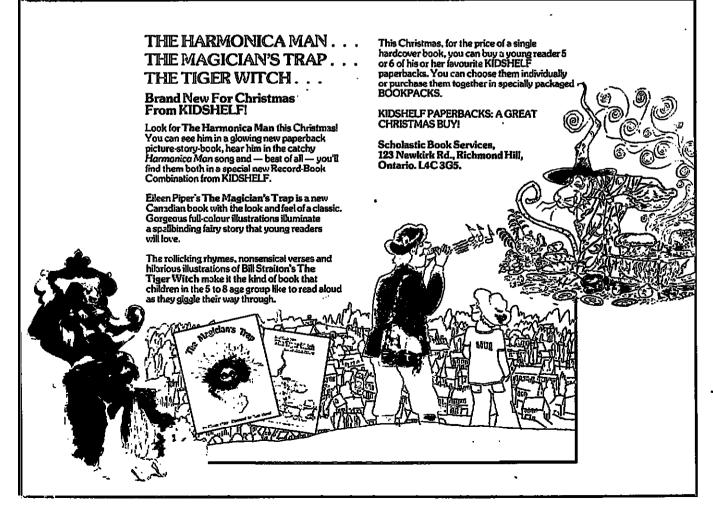
LESLIE MCFARLANE is an original ghost writer of the Hardy Boys series and shows in both these **books** that he can still build tension and **capture** the interest of readers through action-packed stories.

In **Breakway**, the young hero is Simon **Parmalee**, who leaves his uncle's home' with a goalie, **Bunny** Baker, to seek **work** with **professional** hockey teams. **Both** Bunny **and** Simon **show talent** for the game end must try to **overcome** the hostility of older players. Simon's uncle **thwarts an** opportunity for Simon to become a **forward** on the Blue Sox hockey team and Simon is forced into minor-league teems. A second chance for Simon to play with the Blue Sox arises and Simon decides to face the problem with his uncle.

Throughout **the** story. detailed descriptions of exciting hockey games are given. The games **are** also the scenes where the contliit between the various **players** and Simon and Bunny are developed. The reader is encouraged to sympathize with the main **characters** as the couch notes the player conflict **on** the ice nnd how the fans wrongly judge the reason for a goal. The concentration on the hockey games **probably** makes the story **attractive to readers** of hockey stories, hut it **also leads** to the development of cardboard figures.

Other than Simon and, to. a lesser degree **Bunny**, the characters have little personality and **are used** solely to develop the "good" character of Simon as he interacts with the figures in the book. All the figures tend to he stereotypes. The good characters are talented, friendly. hard-working, kind. nod uncomplaining, while the bad characters with whom they are in conflict are unfriendly. aggressive, and cowardly.

The Snow Hawk is the sobriquet of a **Mountie** on special assignment who has

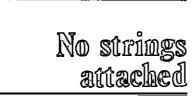


CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

been living in isolation in a mountainous region posing as an outlaw. He follows **Ivan**, a deserter from Blackjack Adler's gang. as he tries to find the secret hideout of the notorious gang of criminals. Snow Hawk. or Dan Delaney. is trapped by Ivan but is rescued by Gilstrom, another member of Blackjack's gang who also has followed Ivan and now kills the deserter. Gilstrom takes Snow Hawk by airplane to the home of Blackjack Adler's gang high in the mountains. Although Dan is able to rescue three prisoners from the gang, their airplane crashes before they reach safety.

The story relies on the numerous conflicts between Snow Hawk and the gangsters to create tension that will attract readers. The characters are not developed into believable figures. The gungsters are stereotypes who look mean, have shifty eyes, and who sneer. Snow Hawk, on the other hand, is clean-cut, has clear and alert eyes, and is determined. The only female character is used to emphasize the bravery and manliness of Snow Hawk in contrast to the frightened, helpless woman.

The conversation is **terse** and emphasizes the action of the story. This concentration on action may make this story attractive to readers age **10** and **up**.



2000

The Wooden People. by Myra Paperny, Little Brown (M & S), 176 pages. \$7.95 cloth (ISBN 316-690-40-6).

by **ELINOR** KELLY

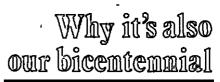
FRIENDLESS and unhappy in **the isolated** Alberta hamlet to which Papa has abruptly moved them, the four Stein children amuse themselves by making marionettes. These have to be hid&o from Papa, who is opposed to anything frivolous-and especially the **theatre**, which caused the ruin of his sister in the old country.

The children manage somehow. They live right over the store, which is a tine source of supply for scraps. If only they-can keep Papa away, they will enter the **school.concert and** compete for the Moose Lodge prize.

The author has shown a good feeling for the time — 1927 — and the place. The action is believable and arises naturally fmm the setting and characten.. **and** not from those well-known bank robbers often inserted into children's **books** to provide the excitement. Lisa goes to a vaudeville show in the city; Teddy falls into the creek: and Suzanne freezes her tongue to the **pump**.

The characterization could be sharper. The writing has flaws. **Edmon**too is not the "capitol" of Alberta; "disinterested" is used for "not interested." Were cellophane and plywood around in **1927?** More likely **crêpe** paper **and** pine boards.

crêpe paper **and** pine boards. If it is not the great Canadian children's book, it is one that will give pleasure and a sense of place to the teen-aged child. There is a rich vein to be mined in Prairie and Jewish life. as has already been demonstrated by many books for adults. It is to be hoped that more writers like **Myra Paperny** will **turn** their attention to this **source** of vibrant **material**.



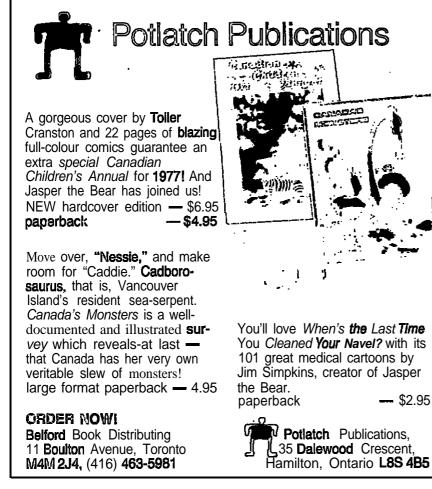
Escape: Adventures of a Loyalist Family, by Mary Beacock Fryer, J. M. Dent & Sons, 152 pages, \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-460-91410-3).

By ANNE ROCHE

IN THE PART of Ontario where I live, close m the American border. we switch our allegiance from the U.S. television channels only for the hockey game. We get **our news from** Cronkite, **our** views **from Sevareid**, our **manners** and morals from **Archie** and Rhoda. And our history ... well, in this **bicentennial** year. we got our history every evening in snappy **commercial-style** pitches, delivered in ringing tones by a succession of famous Americans. Heart-stirring stuff — brave colonial **Nathans** and **Abigails**, taxed, arrested, harassed, shot. and so forth, by bloody British tyrants. "That's how it was, 200 years ago today."

Enough to make those of us of British ancestry feel pangs of shame. Enough too, m make us wonder why our own country was celebrating, officially **and** at considerable expense, the **anniversary** of **that unfortunate occurrence**, the American Revolution.

We celebrated because it was our bihdtty **too**. Our bicentennial. For the American Revolution, **b** forcing the Loyalists north. created **Canada. From** that time, there were two nations in North America. The combined weight of the Loyalists and the French was able



to resist the republican thrust of the new States. And the Loyalists imprinted forever on the English-Canadian **psyche** that complex of attitudes **towards** the U.S. **that ensures that no matter** how much American television we watch, we'll go on being North Americans who don't want to live in the United States of America.

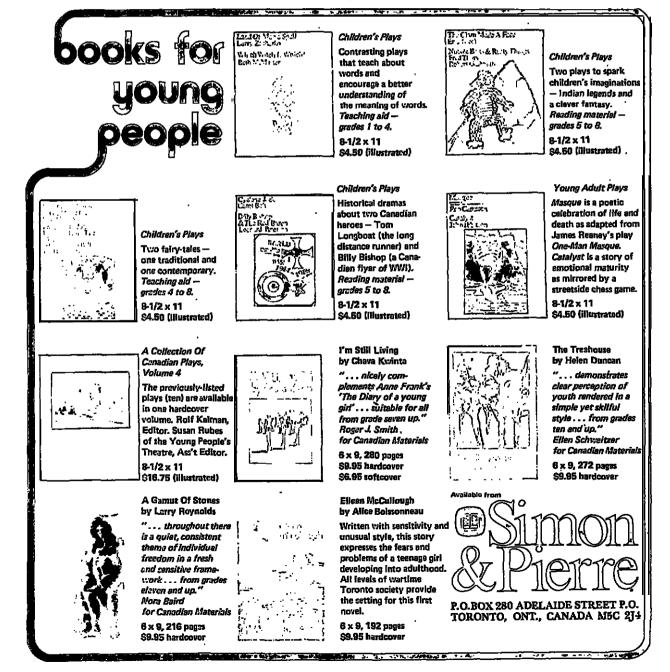
So it's a particularly good moment for the **publication** of a novel for children about the heroic Loyalist **experience**. *Escape: Adventures of a Loyalist Family*. Mary Beacock Fryer's story about the trek nonh of her Loyalist great-great-great-grandparents, is an excellent venture into healthy nationalist myth-making. Caleb and Martha Seaman and their children am archetypal Canadian heroes, persecuted by America, yet winning and keeping their independence.

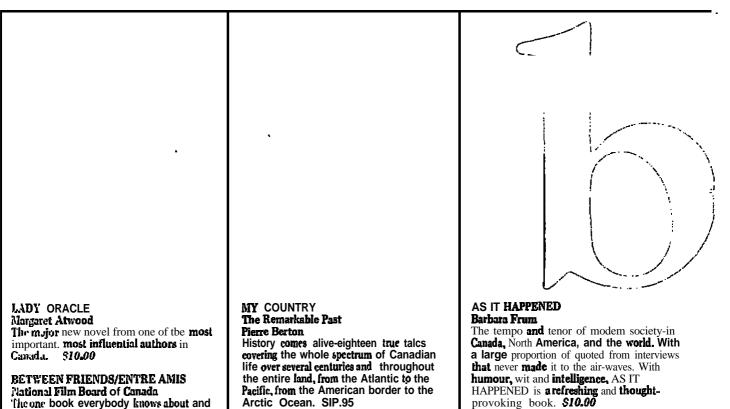
The Seamans are late Loyalists, not

being forced to flee until 1789, when Caleb is denounced by a rebel officer for having spied for the British during the war. They leave stealthily by night, taking with them eight children, one a baby at the breast, and whatever they could **carry** in one wagon. Pursued by the vengeful Captain Fonda, they make their way north along the Indian trail through the beautiful difficult country of Upper New York State, helped by friendly Oneidos, encountering bears. rapids, and black flies. They lose a child and a dog in the forest, but eventually arrive safely in what has come to look to them like the Promised Land, to settle on the St. Lawrence in what is now the village of Lyn. Ont.

A good story about a good past. The Loyalist experience would be "something to sing about': if we were given to such pastimes. But it is inconceivable that Canadians, English-Canadians anyway. will ever sit and watch the CBC ringingly celebrate any of our victories. It's not Canadian to do that. My children's history texts still say that the War of 1812 ended in a draw. (**"Of** course we won it," I tell them. "Here we are, aren't **we?"**).

Probably it's a wise thing not to air old wrongs, but politeness and forbearance don't make for strong nationalist emotions. However, in praising the Loyalists, we don't have to dig up buried hatchets. Though they may quickly prove to be unsuitable heroes for an increasingly left-leaning nationalism. having been staunchly monarchical. conservative, businessoriented and religious. surely we can justly celebrate forebears who refused to break swom oaths or to switch allegiance when the going got tough, who put principle before possessions. and who were willing to suffer and die





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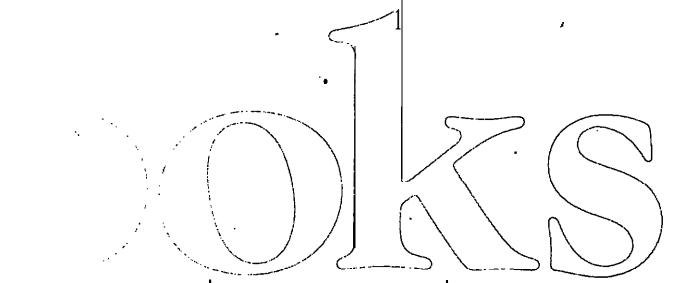
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Paul O'Neill

Beothuk existence revealed in imaginative reconstructions of the shape their legends might have taken. \$3.95

UNDER **PROTECTIVE SURVEILLANCE** Mariis Flemming A **bombshell** book that blows the whistle on

A **bombshell** book that **blows** the **whistle on** the \$500-million-a-year stock market racket. \$10.00

Autumn 1976

CANADA NORTH NOW Farley Mowat

The final warning: a loud and impassioned call to Canadians everywhere... a condemnation of industry's greed and government's complicity. fmm Farley Mowat. 35.95

THE MILL

1

Produced and Designed by Wiiim For Produced and Designed by Wiiim For Photography by William Brooks Text by Janice Tyrwhitt Paintings and Illustrations by Helen Fox A large and beautiful book . . . 200 years of the mill in North America. Stunning photographs and drawings. Magnificent text. \$29.50 to year and; 335.00 thereafter

BEN WICKS' CANADA Ben **Wicks**

A favourile cartoonist, T.V. and radio personality gives us his cockney-eyed view of his adopted country. 55.95

THE BOAT WHO WOULDN'T FLOAT

Farley Mowat A new, illustrated, clothbound edition of Mowat's hilarious classic ... this internstional bestseller now has over ninety black-and-white drawings and a full-colour jacket. 310.00

COMPULSORY PARENTHOOD The Truth About Abortion Wendell W. Watters If today's government can forbid abortion, tomorrow's can forbid birth. A crucial, important book. \$14.95

McClelland & Stewart/The Canadian Publishers

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

for **deeply** held beliefs. Nice to live in a country founded by such people, **tell** the kids.

If you're **looking** for a good Cans **dian book** for the IO-to-IZyear-old. *Escape*, is perfect. Unideological, exciting. clean, simply and gracefully written. with pleasant traditional illustrations by Stephen Clarke. Highly recommended.

> Cats, crocs, golden swords

Fred the Red Cat in Three in a Tree. by I. J. Sinder, illustrated by J. Simpkins. Summerbird Books (1659 Bayview Ave.. Toronto), 30 pages. \$4.95 paper.

The Pollywog **Who** Didn't Believe, by **A**. P. Campbell, illustrated by Andrea Campbell. Borealis **Press**, 31 pages, **\$4.95** p a p e r (ISBN 0-919-594-409).

Crocodile, Crocodile, by Peter Nickl. illustrated by Binette Schroeder, Tundra Books, 32 pages. **\$7.95** paper (ISBN 0-38776-073-2).

Simon and the Golden **Sword**, adapted by Frank Newfeld and William **Toye**, illustrated by **Frank** Newfeld, Oxford University Press, **24** pages. **\$4.95** cloth (**ISBN 19-540-270-7**).

By **RUTH** EPSTEIN

DR. **SNIDER** says *Fred the Red Cat in Three in a Tree* was conceived with three goals in mind: to delight, as part of the reading curriculum. and as a moral guide.

These intentions are only partially realized. The story is conveyed by means of poetry that doesn't quite succeed. Instead of delighting in the narration. the reader finds himself struggling to put together poetry that is hampered by erratic rhythms and lines that slump. There are also problems with the morality component of this story. The moral according to Dr. Snider is: "If we don't bother a bee in a tree/ The bee won't bother us." Conspicuously ignored are intentions for actions upon which seven- and eightyear-olds begin to place importance. Multiple motivations confuse the central moral issue.

However, children will enjoy this bookmainly because of the humour and illustrations. It can be read by a bright six-year-old or can provide extracurricular reading for the eight-yearold. The Pollywog Who Didn't Believe is also poetically narrated and, as in Fred the Red Cat, the poetry is lacking in quality. Instead of flowing smoothly and pleasurably, the verses are. stuffed with facts and sophisticated phrases.

However. the story about a pollywog who feli he. would become a fish became he **swam**, and would **not** be turned into a frog who is **land-bound**, is innovative and educational. The illustrations, although original, would probably hold a greater attraction for **children** had they been more. **colourful**. Unfortunately. human heads on the tadpoles-and especially on the **frogs** — obscure their identity and **distract** from the educational value of the story.

In contrast to Fred the Red Cat and The Pollywog Who Didn't Believe, every component of Crocodile Croco*dile is* harmonious, well-balanced, delectable, and satisfying. Each imaginative illustration is a beautiful surrealistic painting, which takes the spectator on an exciting and pleasurable journey into fantasyland. The journey begins with **Omar** the crocodile, who while lying on a beach heats two ladies talking about the magnificent things they sell in the crocodile store. Believing this to be a store for crocodiles. he sets out immediately on an adventurous journey to France. Here he finds to his disappointment that the articles in the store are not for crocodiles but are made from the skins of his crocodile friends. The story ends with him taking the appropriate and humorous revenge.

Although the book **was originally** conceived in German, the illustrations **and** text are so cohesive and balanced that **they can** better be perceived as a unified work of art than as **pictures** and **words**.

The experience that **Peter Nickloffers** should not be missed by young and old **alike**.

Simon and the Golden Sword. a fairy-tale adapted by the authors from a story told by Wilmot McDonald from New Brunswick, is the usual fare in which the good stepbrother triumphs over the bad brothers, marries the princess, and lives happily ever after.

The beauty of this book lies in the illustrations, which are reminiscent of a magnificent antique mpestry, appropriately **weaving** out the various actions of the story.

However, unlike Crocodile, Crocodile, the text and illustrations are not complementary. At times the illustrations make the words seem Iii flat soda pop. Thus on one of the pages we perceive. a magnificent and colourful picture of a large bird amid a background of bright green, purple. mauve, blue, and gold quadrangles, each containing a bii. and in the comer we read: "He turned into a beautiful bii. As he flew into the air, all the blackbiis left the tree and followed him."

Instead of a **few** prosaic **comments**, the **text** would better serve the **illustrations** if the author had included some sensuous details about the flight of the **birds.** Also, the illustrations are aptly romantic but words of love are conspicuously absent. We are **never** told about Simon's love for the princess, but only that he **returns to pay court to** her and that they live **happily ever** after. □



Drawing by Frank Newfeld from Simon and the Golden Sword.



an faithe .

Harry Paints the Wind, by Les and Rosemary Arnold, Applegarth Follies, unpaginated, \$4.95.

How Bruises Lost His Secret, by C. H. Gervais, illustrated by Patric Ryan, Black Moss Press, unpaginated, 57 cloth (ISBN 0-88962-024-5) and \$2.95 paper (ISBN 0-88962-017-2).

Second Songbook, by Lucille Panabaker, illustrated by Pat Dacey, Poter Martin Associates. 68 pages, 56.50 paper (ISBN O-8875-123-3).

By GRACE SCOTT

THESE BOOLS remind me of the days of childhood, always fascinating. always fleeting. and sometimes very difficult.

Harry Paints the Wind describes a problem that troubles children of all ages. Harry lives in an apartment block. Six floors up and overlooking the sea. His ambition is to paint the wind but he finds the task as illusive as the wind itself. Harry pictures the human quality of the wind "as it walks restlessly around the playground waiting for recess." The wind reflects Harry's feeling of anger, sorrow, and joy.

He paints the wind first as a dragon and then as a fish but realizes neither drawing is that of the wind. The story ends with Harry still struggling with his problem.

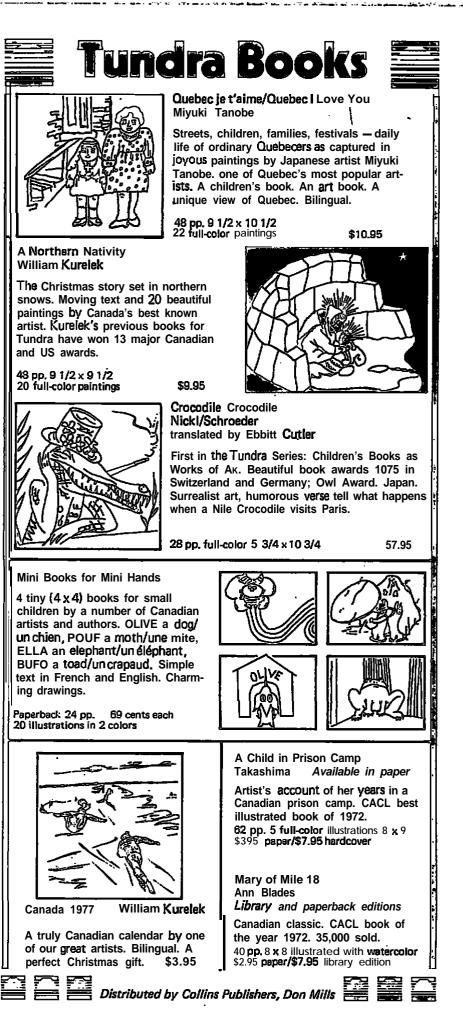
The test is appealing and thoughtprovoking but abruptly falls off on the last page. Throughout the story Harry dreams. schemes, and thinksofnothing else but the wind till the last moment he is suddenly taken up with rainbows. The ending takes away from the story and leaves the child (and this adult) confused.

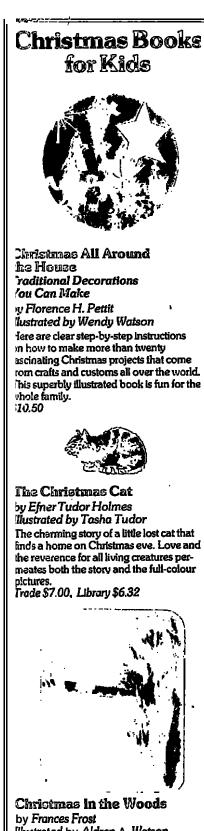
The major fault of the book is the graphics. Although beautiful in appearance and design. they appeal more to an adult than to a child. The attractive collages appear as excessive window dressing. The lettering, again graphically appealing. is difficult for a child to read on her own.

On one page in the book, the graphic design has been indulged to the point of destroying legibility. White letters appear on a black polka-dotted background. The letters recede and instead of letters, all you see is spots.

Harry Paints the Wind seems geared to entertaining the adult rather than the child.

How Bruises Lost His Secret is the apposite of Harry Paints the Wind. It is less sophisticated and eye-catching, but





lilustrated by Aldren A. Watson Amid the breathless beauty of the winter woods on a Christmas night, the creatures pause to bless "That Child who loves the trembling hearts./ The shy hearts of the wilderness." This is the relssue of a book that has been cherished by both children and adults for over thru years. Trade \$5.15, Library \$4.36

Fitzhenry & Whiteside

it is definitely a **children's book**. It oFfers a mystery. a little **humour**, and a lesson in human nature.

Mr. Brousseau is a farmer living in Western Ontario. Everyone calls him Bruises (not to his Face, of course) because of the very odd mark on his Forehead. All the adults of the town know why he has the mark but it is kept from the children.

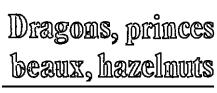
Some children believe Bruises had the mark as a result of being so mean. Others thought he was Cain From the Bible.

The secret is revealed unexpectedly when Pierre, visiting from the nearby city. decides to milk Bruises' cow and gets kicked in the Forehead For his efforts.

Pierre now has the same mark as Bruises. and everyone knows the secret except Bruises. He still considers his secret safe from the children, who he thinks would certainly laugh at him. The children not only discovered the secret but also Found out that Bruises wasn't as mean as he looked.

The text is simple but entertaining, and easy to read by a child.

All children love to sing and move in time with music. The Second Songbook provides music and words that are changeable to fit a child's own world. The suggestions at the end of each song enable the parent or teacher to help a child grow and express himself as an individual.



The Dragon Children, by Brian Buchan, illustrated by Kathryn Cole. Scholastic-TAB, \$1 paper. The Magician's Trap, by Eileen

The **Magician's** Trap, by Eileen Piper. illustrated by Alan Daniel. Scholastic-TAB, \$1.30 paper.

The Time to Choose, by Ann Rivkin, illustrated by Affic Mohammad. Scholastic-TAB, \$1 paper.

Amanda Grows Up, by Norma M. Charles. illustrated by Carol Moran. Scholastic-TAB, \$1.30 paper.

By ADRIENNE STEINBERG-JONES

THE BEGINNING of *The Dragon Children suggests* the musings of a junior Sam Spade. presumably just the tongue-in-cheek tone the author had in mind. John, the youthful detective in question, is accosted by mysterious and elusive Steve, who enlists his aid and subsequently that of brother Scott and cousin Cathy. to investigate the dastardly activities of a con man exploiting the elderly.

Armed with Steve's information. the kids visit all the crook's victims to find out how much money has been extorted. The enterprising trio *come* up with the right deductions but. alas, close in on the trail of the wrong man.

In the process, they make the acquaintance of the local **eccentric**, a "witch" called Mrs. Winch. In reality a pleasant woman with an underlying sadness and strangely familiar gray eyes, Mrs. Winch turns out to play a pivotal role in the proceedings. And a dragon-shaped acupuncture case she lends brother Scott plays a small but vivid part in capturing the real crook.

Somewhat in the style of the Bobbsey Twins and the Hardy Boys adventure series, The *Dragon Children* has a supernatural twist that gives the story a slightly bent but benign Focus. an approach that's a bit more imaginative than many other books of this genre.

From the supernatural, *The Magician's Trap* takes *us* back to Fantasy. Complete with an evil and ubiquitous magician, a handsome prince. bizarre tests of courage, and a kingdom up For grabs, this story contains ingredients that might provoke detractors of violence in Fairy-tales. However, none of the violence is fatal, just

inconvenient to the prince For a time. Inconvenient. too. For a strangely assorted trio. each of whom attempts to steal the magic pearl that will break Duke Rollo's evil spell on Prince Harold the Daring.

This'story has a switch in that daring Prince Harold, instead of saving the beautiful damsel, is saved himself by a plucky blind girl named Elsa From a Fate, if not worse than death, certainly more humiliating For a mobile character like the prince.

An enjoyable story in classic fairytale style, *The Magician's Trap* is pleasant reading, suitable For kids six to nine years old.

The Time to Choose is a short novel that incorporates the intertwining themes of love and career. Refreshingly, the story has the heroine choosing. not between love or a career, but between what kind of love and what kind of career is best for her.

Cindy. the pretty and talented heroine, hopes to be chosen For a semi-professional mad show along with her boyfriend and mentor, the sophisticated and self-confident Tim. Unfortunately. Cindy comes down with the bane of singers, laryngitis. before the tryout and misses her chance.

While Tim travels around the country in the mad show. Cindy goes on tour with a co-operative theater gmupgiving plays For small towns and villages. Among her colleagues is Steve, stolid, resourceful, and disconcerting. Which one Cindy ends up with is telegraphed pretty much from the beginning. But which one she ends up with is clearly less important to the author, and hap pily the reader, than why she makes the choices she does.

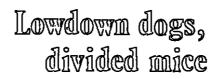
Cindy's personality, unfortunately, lacks real interest. More intriguing are the problems, the real doubts and fears that plague most women at one time or another, often when a good deal older than 17-year-old Cindy.

The style is reminiscent of many stories thut pepper the pages of socalled women's magazines — sweet. mildly moralistic, and with all crises and confusion dispelled in one summer. Its tidy symmetry, however, makes it no less substantial for the young teenager, High-schoolers, one hopes, are into meatier stuff.

In Amundu Grows Up. Amanda is a hazelnut. us nice-looking and plump as any hazelnut could be. But Amanda was too scared to join her pals when one day they dropped to the ground to be picked up by kids and taken to school. She had another destiny: to grow into a hazelnut tree.

The growth cycle from nut to tree and back again is delightfully portrayed and beautifully illustrated in this short book for preschool-age children.

The illustrations for both Amanda Grows Up and The Magician's Trap arcfar more imaginative and elegant than those for the older children. Presumably the publishers operate on the theory that as kids grow older, they want their stories more realistic and their drawings more representational. That may he true, but the results, while competent, are dull.



Olive, a Dog. by Philip Stratford (ISBN 0-88776-062-7): **Pouf.a** Moth. by Peter Angeles (ISBN 0-88776 065-I); Ella, **an** Elephant. by Jan Andrews (ISBN 0-88776-063-5); **Boffo**, a Toad, by Marla Stevenson (ISBN 0-88776-063-3). all Tundra Books. 24 pages. 69 cents each.

Hurry Up, Bonnie. by Sue Ann Alderson, 50 pages; Sammy Sulmouse, by Brownwyn, 45 pages (ISBN 0-889967-012-9). both Tree Frog Press. \$2.95 each.

By IRMA McDONOUGH

THE SOONER children meet pleasure on the printed page, the faster they become friends of books. And what a treat to find friendly. indigenous products for our very youngest readers! They could have appeared anywhere, but Canadian creative artists and writers have produced these books that the whole world's children could enjoy as well.

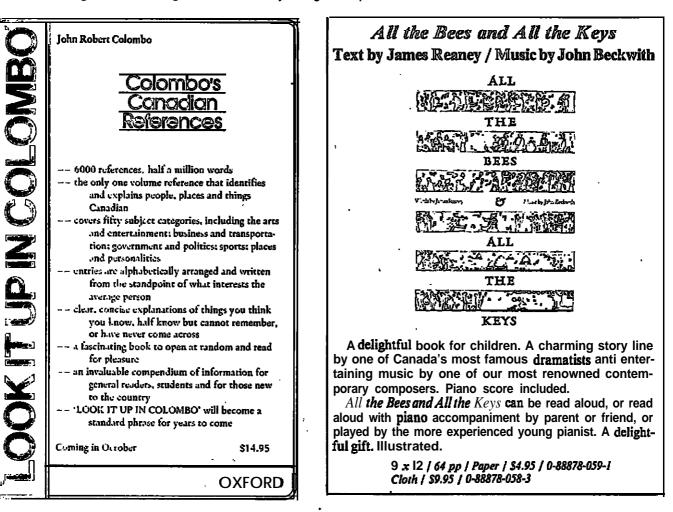
Tundra's mini-books for mini-hands are four animal stories that must appeal even to the parents who read them as bedtime fare. A dog, an elephant, a moth. and a toad sport about in line drawings and two languages through the philosophical but realistic problems of their kind. My favourite is Olive, a dachshund whose problem is that the ground is too close for too long -- a problem children can identify with sympathetically. But when Olive finds Oliver. another dachshund, all of her worries ate halved - but later multiplied.

The authors and illustrators 'have obviously given their audience the respect that acknowledges children's sensibilities. And we have these beautiful, bilingual *biloux*.

The publisher's decision to include French and English versions in tandem may arouse curiosity about the unfamiliar language. but these little books have perhaps been overburdened by a surfeit of riches with that one extra language.

Librarians will especially welcome the hardcover reissues.

Tree Frog is another publishing house that takes children as readers



seriously. Last year they gave us the altogether delightful *Bonnic McSmith*ers You're Driving Me Dithers by British Columbia poet Sue Ann Alderson, appropriately illustrated by Fiona Garrick.

Now they have repeated their coup with Hurry Up, Bonnic by the same ' author and illustrator. Bonnie continues to be very much her own person' with a sure knowledge of what is important in life. And it is more important to watch two ants carry "something very heavy for ants" and stoop to dig out a "very good. slightly used screw." never mind that mother is calling. "Hurry up, Bonnie" to her daughter. "the snail." As a matter of fact, Bonnie again teaches hermotherthe facts of living life to the full. Stopping at the playground and swinging high and low surely are more important than rushing home.

But Bonnie and her mother are very much in contact (minds and bodies) as they finally do go home. Bonnie riding on her mother's back as the "shell on the snail's back." A satisfying conclusion to an everyday incident in a child's life when going "to get the paper" is a voyage ofdiscovery.

Every child should have the opportunity to read these bonny books.

Sammy Sulmouse is a more pedestrian production. Visually it can't be faulted. The mice reach out for. sympathy. and the test, using Alf Ebsen-taught calligraphy, is attractive..

But good form needs comparable content to make satisfying reading. And Sammy's story (really two stories) does not arise out of a credible world. The mouse is sometimes too much mouse, sometimes too human; that dichotomy should have been resolved before the book was published.

Welcome to placebo city

Toronto is for Kids: The Complete Handbook for **Families**, by Sheila Clarke. Marilyn Linton, and Jeanne Scargall, Greey De Pencier Publications, 208 pages, \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-919872-21-2).

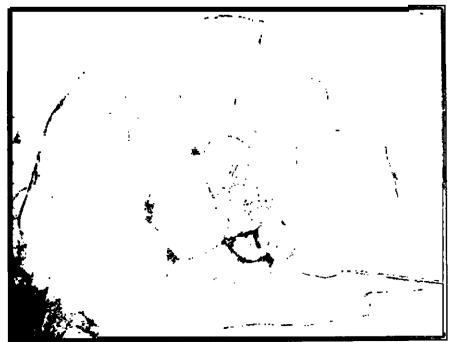
Where to Go and What to Do with Kids in Toronto. by Keith Noble and Stephen Jack, Treehouse Publications. 128 pages. \$3.95 paper.

Toronto in a Nutshell: The Complete Guide to the City of Toronto with over 90 Children's Drawings and Comments. by The Toronto in a Nutshell Learning and Resources Centre (4'5 Queen's Quay West, Toronto), 48 pages, \$2.50 paper.

By RICKY ENGLANDER

THREE TORONTO 'guidebooks. jampacked with imaginative suggestions for places to go and things to do with children, have recently appeared in our bookstores. It may be that Toronto has just discovered children as a tourist industry. Or perhaps local publishers have uncovered a new market of readers who are eager for kid-centred activities. Whatever the impetus, they are a welcome addition to the Toronto scene.

The most complete and versatile of them is Toronto 'is **for** Kids. The authors. three local women, have taken all aspects of the city's **resources** into consideration. Systematically, they have itemized an incredible number of



Detail from William Kurclek's A Northern Nativity: Christmas Dreams of a Prairie Boy, Tundra Beeks, 20 jull-color plates, \$9.95 (ISBN 0-8877-6071-6). 28 Bool:s in Canada, November, 1976

places and included relevant hours, phone numbers, addresses, and costs. Whether the interest is historical, cultural, or intellectual, they disclose surprising angles and new twists even for the old standbys. Most useful is the comprehensive information on such topics as day-care; birthday patties, children's clothing, health care, and baby-sitters. This material is treated extensively and includes hard-to-come-by phone numbers and addresses.

Toronto *is for Kids* is also fun for kids. There are riddles., sick-in-bed activities, kid-tested recipes, and funny illustrations that beg to be coloured. Crammed with useful "why didn't I think of that" hints and wise advice on everything hum teddy beats to choosing a doctor, this attractive handbook is chatty. candid, and, because of its intimate style, thoroughly engaging.

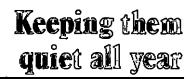
In contrast, Where to Go and What to Do with Kids in Toronto is a straightforward listing and description of places to play, sights to see, entertainment, food. and out-of-city trips. The authors have succeeded in the awesome task of gathering together a large number of interesting places, but their matter-of-fact style and verbal economy robs the guide of enthusiasm and personality. However, it is crossindexed and, for this mason, is more accessible than the first guide. Teachers, group leaders, and others Frequently in need of quick reference to phone numbers, addresses and concise descriptions will find this a useful, if sometimes limited handbook.

Different in concept, and exciting for this reason, Toronto in a Nutshell represents the fruits and labours of an experience. It involved a group of "intellectually gifted/talented students ages 9-14" who explored the city under the guidance of Helen English and The Toronto in a Nutshell Learning and Resources Centre. This booklet is an attempt to share through poetry, prose. and illustration their insights, adventures, and interests.

Toronto in a Nutshell also purports to be a capsulated tour book of the city. A random selection of places to go and things to see are treated more systematically, with brief descriptions that include addresses, phone numbers, prices, and hours. Although the booklet is liberally illustrated with maps, labels, and directions, it suffers from cluttered design and confusion of numbering systems. This seriously inhibits use of the book. The arrangement of places by district, which is intended to facilitate walking tours, dismns distances needlessly and will be frustrating if not exhausting for visitors. This choice of arrangement and the lack of a proper index makes the handbook less useful to residents than it might otherwise have been.

Monetheless, this is an exciting little publication. It is interesting, not so much as a tourist guide to Toronto, but rather as a creative example of juvenile energies.

One word of caution concerning all three books: time and price changes occur frequently and without warning; it would be prudent to phone ahead where possible.



Canadian Children's Annual 1976, edited by Robert F. Nielsen, Potlatch Publications, 176 pages, \$4.95 paper (ISBN 0-919676-04-9).

Ey BRYAN NEWSON

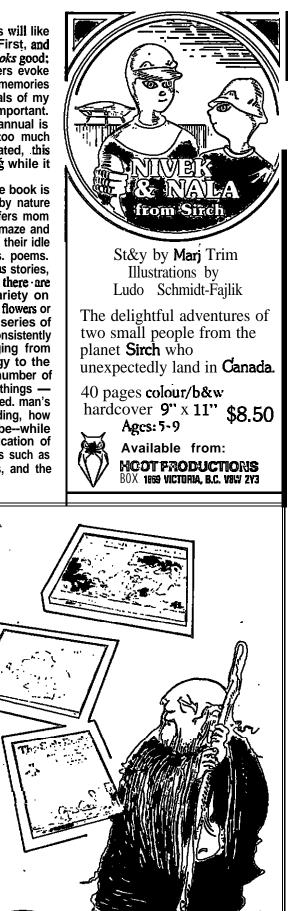
ISUSPECT SOME children's books are designed to appeal to the adults who buy them. rather than the children who read them, much in the way that fishing lures are made to catch fishermen as well as fish. But this handsome publication from Potlatch once again proves that a well-designed book can appeal to both parents and children without much

Wind's Press

more.

compromise to either. Adults will like the book for two reasons. First, and least important, the book *looks* good; its format and attractive covers evoke (at least in this adult) happy memories of the boy's and girl's annuals of my youth. Second. and more important. most of the material in this annual is instructive without smelling too much of the classroom; bluntly stated, this book will keep kids thinking while it keeps them quiet.

What kids will like about the book is another matter. Annuals are by nature assortments, and this one offers mom than 80 items calculated to amaze and amuse the young and some of their idle elders. There are, for starters. poems. puzzles, and a poster, as well as stories, comics, and quizzes. Then there are articles of the "how-to" variety on making such things as paper flowers or batik. And then there are a series of items which describe. in a consistently exciting way, subjects tanging from history through anthropology to the human uses of science. A number of these discuss the origins of things how the Olympic Games started. man's earliest attempts at hang-gliding, how the Braille alphabet came to be--while others demonstrate the application of mathematics to concrete things such as calendars, weekly allowances, and the buoyancy of steel ships.



popular series that features the world's BIGGEST red dog: THE SICK BOOK, an excellent title that explains childhood ailments to the very young; HOW TO EAT YOUR ABC'S, a book about vitamins; CATCHTHEWIND.

FOUR WINDS PRESS, Scholastic Book Services. 123 Newkirk Rd., Richmond Hill, Ont.

a book of windmills and windpower - and there are many .

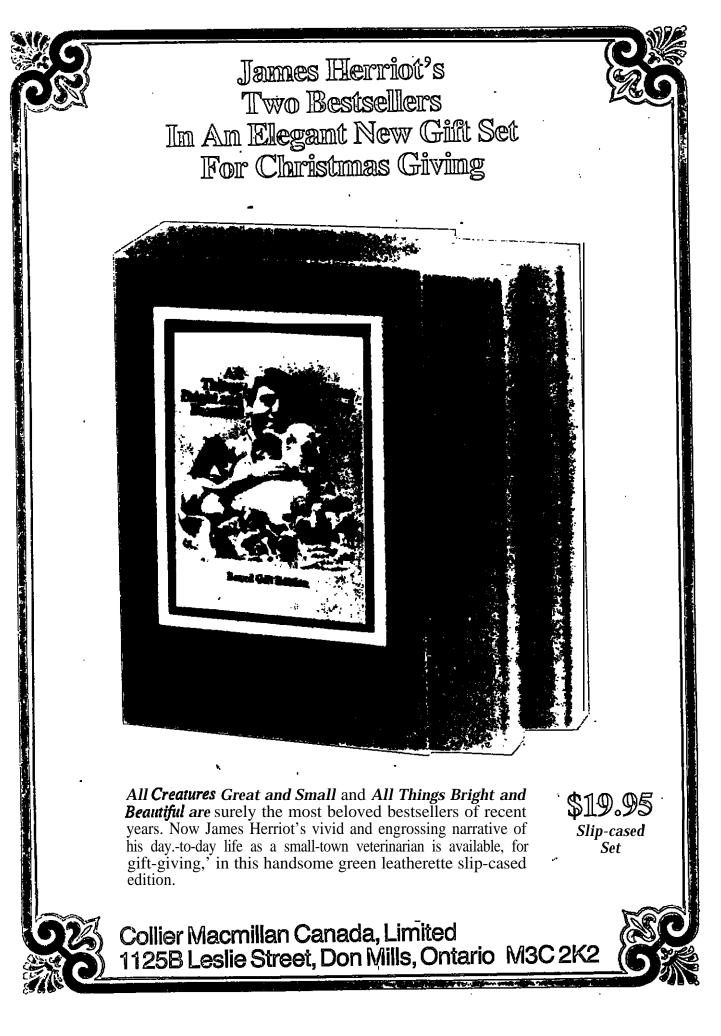
EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT A DRAGON LOOKS LIKE . . . (or at least they will soon!)

Eeautiful Gift Books From Scholastic's Four

LIXE, a fable by Jay Williams with full-colour illustrations by Mercer Mayer. Publishers' Weekly has called this title "the most e::quisite children's book of the current season." Award-winning illustrator Mercer Mayer has created luminous full-colour illustrations for this charming story, which points out that annearances (especially in the case of a dragon) can be deceiving. For ages 5-8.\$7.95.

Other new hardcover titles for Christmas include: CLIFFORD'S GOOD DEEDS, the latest book in the

EVERYONE KNOW'S WHAT A DRAGON LOOKS.



Now rhis is all in the nature of **annu**als, and not unusual as such. What does scem to me unusual about this one is the cditorial attitude towards social values, a quiet insistence evident throughout the book on the positive things to be learned from the family. the community. and **cultures** other than our own. Such an attitude seems implicit in the opening article on the Olympic Games, a timely entry that could remind more than the youth of this country that the Games were not first and last conceived in Montreal. The piece is informative. accurate. and exciting to read, marred only by a perplexing interpolation informing us the Games in Montreal "will be marked by eurythmy, the right balance of man's intellectual and physical faculties in perfect **harmony** with himself." After the events last summer. the youngest rcader will balk at that one. But the remark has merit as an invitation to skeptical thinking and as a reminder not to write too far before the fact.

Themes of tolerance and rhe value of community occur in some of the fiction as well. Heather and the Maple Leaf, in spite of an ending that will make the most ardent nationalist blush, is an intelligent, sensitive exploration of the tensions homeward-looking immigrants (albeit white, Anglo-Saxon immigrants) undergo when they leave familiar cultures to enter the Canadian mosaic. In "Jason's Boy," questions of responsibility to self and community we explored in the context of a docker's strike portrayed from a point of view not unsympathetic to the strikers. The story seems to me remarkable for the way it introduces serious social issues without losing its integrity as fiction; it remains a children's story, not a social tract. There are, of course, other fictional offerings, ranging from the sugar and the romance to good oldiashioned adventure story.

A **characteristic** of the annual is the comprehensive coverage given some subjects by placing together two or three hems having a common subject but differing imaginative intent. The value of **this** overlapping approach. a plied here to things as diverse as%nosaurs and Canadian history, is notably clear in the entries covering some of the Indian cultures of Canada. Here, young readers may enter the Indian world at the point their imaginations are engaged. whether it be Indian poetry. mythology, games. or art. Thus, a brief but comprehensive article on totem poles, accompanied by photographs, is followed by an illustrated legend of the son totems commonly embody. Next comes **un** exciting account of how the pictographs at Agawa, in Lake Superior **Provincial** park, were sought from legend and finally found. The series concludes with an exposition of Indian games, offering an interesting

parallel to the Olympic Games mentioned earlier, and readers will learn that for Indians as well as ancient Greeks, sports often evolved from domestic concerns. such as rhe need to hunt, as well as from the arts of war.

There's a good deal more of an ethnic nature, including two beautiful **Inuit** poems and a Thompson Indian creation myth, translated into rather difficult French. Which prompts me to mention the book's one surprising omission. I find it extraordinary that an annual calling itself Canadian could so completely forego any coverage of French-speaking Canada. This is doubly curious in view of the book'6 overall ethnic and regional sensitivity. Surely there could have been one item, at least, from or about Quebec, apart from the odd allusion that province receives. My only other complaint is minor: some of the material, good in itself, tends to reinforce traditional sexual stereotypes (boys race snowmobiles, girls play with dolls). But these are quibbles about what remains a very fine book- exciting, instructive, and on the whole, socially alert. I think most kids will value it, and look for a successor next year.

For parents who give a hoot

ومنجودة والمناوة فيحب ومتعط فليسر

Owl (formerly *The Young Natural-ist*), 59 Front Street East, Toronto. \$6 a year for 10 issues.

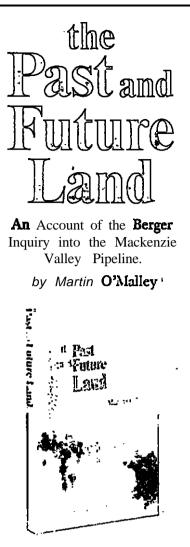
Canadian Children's Magazine. 4150 Bracken Ave.. Victoria, B.C., \$5 a year for **four** issues.

By BARBARA SMILEY

FOR MANY YEARS there has been a nearfamine in the field of good Canadian children's magazines. Now quite suddenly we have a **feast**. *Owl. in* its fourth issue, and the **Canadian** Children's *Magazine*, with one bumper issue so far. **both** provide a wide selection of features that will delight children and broaden their knowledge in many areas.

Owl, published by The Young Naturalist Foundation under the joint editorship of Annabel Slaight and Mary Anne Brinckman, is dedicated to making children more **aware** of the environment on a national scale. The editors hope their readers will grow up knowing that a pair of binoculars is infinitely preferable to a gun *in* stalking wild life.

Owl's pages are full of beautiful **illustrations**, including a **centrefold** in each issue that children **will** want as a decoration for their moms. **Features** in



"Maybe it is time the metropolis listened to the voices on the frontier, time the metropolls realized it had something to learn fmm Old Crow and Hay River. Because what happens in the North will be of great importance to the future of our country. It will tell us what kind of people we are. hk. Justice Berger.

Veteran Globe and Mail reporter Martin O'Malley draws from the testimonies of northerners and his own experience on the "Inquiry beat" to explain what the Berger hearings mean for the future of the North and, ultimately, the future of the country.

Available at better bookstores,

\$15.00 hardcover; \$8.95 paperback

Peter Martin Associates 35 Britain,Street Toronto M5A 1R7 the first issue include: an article On making bird feeders from readily available materials; a feature by centenarian skier Jack Rabbit, with easy-to-follow illustrated instructions on crosscountryskiing for the younger child: and an account of an expedition to North Baifin Land in search of narwhal by Dr. Joseph MacInnis with his son and nephew — both in their early terns. Told fimm the point of view of the two boys, this last article will certainly encourage the spirit of adventure in young Canadian readers.

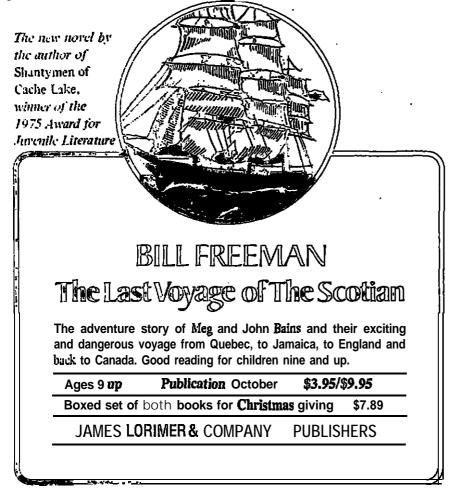
Other issues are equally exciting and include excerpts from *Growing a Green Thumb* by Lorraine Surcouf, (Greey de Pencier, 1975) — an excellent children's hook on gardening. There are also recommendations of other titles that have a bearing on the various articles, as well as competitions, puzzles, and a section devoted to readers letters and poems.

At first glance. the Canadian Children's Magazine is not quite as appealing, since there are no colour illustrations. But it's packed with a tremendous variety of features. Children cannot fail to he interested and there is something to spark the imagination of every reader. The magazine is produced in Victoria, B.C., and has no government or corporate funding. Thus it's a little more expensive than Owl. One good feature. called "My Grandparents." teaches social history in a highly palatable fashion through tbe recollections of grandparents. This is especially valuable now that the extended family is becoming a thing of the past. An article on a deaf child is full of insight and includes the alphabet for the deaf and illustrations of word signs. There are games. puzzles. a pen-pal column, book reviews. a careers page. and a stamp column. In fact there is so much in this first issue that one wonders how the editor can possibly keep up the pace.

Let's hope that public support will help these two fine Canadian magazines to keep going.

CONTRIBUTORS

Rick Englander is a former children's librarian and now a fulltime mother. Ruth Epstein specializes in children's an therapy. Shirley Gibson is a Toronto poet and editor; her profile of novelist Wright will appear in out next issue. Elinor Kelly and Grace Lord are Toronto librarians. Janet Lunn is a former children's-book editor for Clarke Irwin. Irma McDonough is the editor of *In Review* and a director of the Canadian Books for Children project. Bryan Newson is a freelance writer and critic. Janis Rapoport is a poet, playwright, and mother. Anne Roche is a Newfoundland-born author now based in Welland, Ont. Grace Scott is a regular review for Branching Out and Other Woman. Adrienne Steinberg-Jones is a Toronto writer and photographer. Barbara Smith is a professor of education at the U of T.



Everything here but excitement

Kanata: An Anthology of Canadian Children's Literature. edited by Mary Rubio and Glenys Stow, Methuen, 244 pages, \$10.95 cloth (ISBN 0-458-9138-0) and \$6.95 paper (ISBN 0-458-91320-0).

By SHIRLEY GIBSON

THIS ANTHOLOGY of Canadian writing for children starts out by telling us two ways in which Canada might have got its name. Some people say the Spanish explorers sailing into Chaleur Bay took one look at the rocky cliffs and said Aca nada, meaning. "There is nothing here." In 1534 Jacques Cattier disagreed and called the new land Kanata, the Indian word meaning village or community.

Either way, the book is filled with valuable material. presented under three headings: "In the Beginning," made up of Indian and Eskimo myths: "Voices in the Wilderness." dealing with pioneer and homesteading stories; and "Mosaici." a catch-all for many things. including several contemporary writers. We are given prose. poetry, song, and illustration. The writers are among the best: Grey Owl, Charles G. D. Roberts. Susanna Moodie. James Houston, L. M. Montgomery, Emily Carr, Ernest Buckler. and Raymond Sower, to name a few, and they come packaged in a cover of flying geese. All is praiseworthy and highly commendable. Given the breadth of its contents. it ought to alert thousands of Canadian children to their literary heritage and provoke them into reading the original books. I doubt if it will.

It's obvious that the collection has been put together by informed and dedicated adults. It carries a long list of acknowledgements to educators and librarians, and has the approval of novelist Margaret Laurence. The editors teach English at the University of Guelph and work with the journal *Canadian Children's Literature*. They had the advice of the educational media consultant for Wellington County Board of Education. Who should know better than these people what children need and want?

My childhood was filled with the sort of stories that make up this anthology. I discovered the books on the library shelf, took them home, read them. and came back for more. I didn't know they were Canadian. Nor were they required or compulsory reading. I simply enjoyed them. With this in mind I handed *Kanatu* to a bright. inquisitive, 1-year-old who read at it for a while. then handed it back saying: "It's kind of nice. ..like the things we get at school. And there's that old Canada goose flying!"

His lacklustre response confirmed my own feeling that the book is heavy with literary expertise but shows little awareness of children's sense of disenvery, to say nothing of their critical powers. The anthology includes first-rate pieces and some of them work well, such as Carr's Doctor and Dentist and Buckler's A Man. Other excerpts are fragmented and jagged. catapulting us from Grey Owl's Sajo and Her Beaver People, to Anne of Green Gables and her crotchety aunt, bang into Ernest Thompson Seton's Silverspot, which deals in a sophisticated

way with the vocabulary **of the** crow. In their original context most of the selections are excellent but these **truncated** versions fall **short** of their goal. Among other confusions. I **was** left wondering for what age group the book is intended.

I'm sure the anthology will be hailed by teachers and librarians and recommended by **Departments** of Education across the country. It's chock-full of **CanLit and** that's the ingredient that's been missing. But there's something called excitement that is **essential to u** children's book and it's lamentably lacking here. *Kanata* offers Canadian writing in the way that mothers impose a nourishing breakfast — on the grounds that it's good for you. The book is timely and earnest and Canadian and every child **should read** it. Whether they'll want to or not is another matter.□

Say, the struggle naught availeth

Separation. by Richard Rohmer. McClelland & Stewart. 231 pages, 58.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-7704-1).

By DON BAILEY

THIS NOVEL appears to be about struggle. Britain is being torn apart economically. It can no longer support it. 55 million people. A large portion of them most emigrate — two million of them to Canada. Quebec threatens lo sceede if the Canadian government agrees to accept them. Canada agrees. **Ouchec** prepares to separate. The **Canadian government** supports this move and enters into the delicate negotiations necessary io help the struggling Quebec emerge as an independent country. Meanwhile Britain also needs mass injections of foreign capital. The prime minister of Britain strikes a bargain with the president of the United **Stated** whereby the U.S. will loan Britain the required money in exchange for the right in take over Britain's oil developments. No Britons will be allowed to **work** on the oil project because of the difficulties their trade unions cause. The British prime minister reluctantly agrees to the bargain and flies home. **There he** is greeted by open rebellion in his cabinet and is forced to call an election. Back in Canada the federal government has forced Quebec to hold a plebiscite on the question ofseceding. **Everywhere** we tom, seething struggle.

The real struggle, though, is to read your way through this book and remain awake.

The last experience I had that was in any way similar to the reading of this book was when I attended a cocktail party. The hostess was a person 1 knew only by reputation and the moment after my arrival I was sure the invitation was a mistake. Everyone in the room looked hmiliar but I didn't know anyone. I gallantly introduced myself to people and engaged in short, glib conversations that were continually interrupted by the arrival of **new** people. When 1 finally located an attractive, interesting woman who appeared to be prepared to reveal mote of herself than the others I'd met, the hostess appeared again, tapped me on the shoulder, and said the party was over. I went home with a feeling that I'd wasted my time.

At the completion of **Separation** I had a similar feeling.

The difficulty I encountered with Separation was not so much related to the plot (although I did find that pretty thin too) but rather the way Rohmer develops his characters. I should say. doesn't develop them. The Canadian prime minister for instance. Joseph Roussel is a French Canadian who is depicted as an arrogant, power-hungry drunk. On the positive side, he is supposed to be a gifted orator. We are told this bat never see it demonstrated. Instead Rohmer uses this technique:

Roussel proceeded to outline in detail all the events that hrd brought about the Quebec crisis, stressing the reasons for his personal vote against the open-gate immigration policy and pleading for its reversal in the name of national unity and Confederation. As he reached the end of his emotional speech he played his last card.

Wait a minute. What emotional speech? Sure Rohmer puts some words

Memoirs of an Arctic Arab by Peter Balter

A free-trader in the Canadian North recounts his adventures during the years 1907-27. This book is told by a natural story-teller who involves readers in his exciting experiences.

You won't want to put this book down once you start it — a perfect gift which you can count on for anyone.

ANGRY SOCIETY by Colin Alexander

This is one of the most important books for Canada published in 1976, essential reading (and a thoughtful gift!) for all Canadians.

"I heartily recommend this boot,..." Carl Bock, Northern Miner.

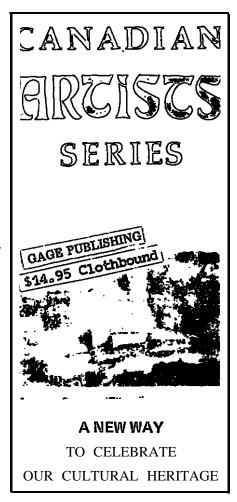
"The author la particularly impressive ...It is an absolute eye-opener." V/.D. James, Picton Gazette.

"A cympatholic accessment of $t\,h\,e$ native in society..." Sackatoon Star-Phoenix.

This book about native people and northern development is written by an experienced journalist, economist and businessman who has lived in the North for 12 years among northerners of all backgrounds.

These books are available in good bookstores at \$4.95 or by mail (please add 30¢ postage) from

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Some of the ways Rohmer deals with his characters are absolutely hilarious. Alichael Lucas is the deputy prime minister and therefore a key figure in the progress of the plot. We see and hear a lot of Lucas but it's hazy what motivates the mun. Is he too a powerhungry maniac determined to become prime minister? Rohmer attempts to humanize him and hereare some of the results:

When Michael Lucas walked in the door of his home that Sunday evening. Martha and the two boys greeted him in the entrance halt, the luttle ones throwing themselves ogainst their father's long legs with screams of delight, clamouring to be picked up and loved and kissed, which they promptly were, to the laughing scolding of their nucleic who said. "Now boys, I've rold you never to be familiar with strangers." It had been a happy family hour and halt for the Lucases, with the boys demanding and getting almost all of their father's attention.

Later the intimate family scenario continucs.

Martha said she would put the kids to bed, while her husband went to a meeting with the Prime Almister. Then, giving him a warm, noting kiss, she volunteered to wart up for him. This was an invitation that Michael Lwais was always delighted to have and never failed to accept.

Sounds like the bingo night at the **legion** — a heck of a lot of fun but only **members** allowed. And it gets better after Lucas strives home from his meeting:

He poured two glasses of port, which he took upstairs to greet his freshly bathed Martha, who was, as promised, waiting in bed for hm. He didn't get the first sip of port until holf an hour after he entered the room. The kiss of greeting just never stopped.

Well, 1 never.

Earlier I said the book appears to be about struggle and the ingredient I didn't mention is the one thing that saves the hook from being an absolute disaster. The reason Britain is in such a bad way cconomically is that the Arab countries have withdrawn \$30 billion in investments from the country and cut in the oil supply. Rohmer introduces Rashida, who is a memberof the Popu-Lr Front for the Liberation of Palestine and as such has been involved in mnny terrorist actions. Rashida represents real struggle and Rohmer has created situations where she can act this out. For a huge sum of money that is donated to her people by another oilrich **country**, she agrees to assassinate the Ling of Saudi Arabia. In order to accomplish her mission she must have plastic surgery on her face. The operation transforms her'into a **strikingly** beautiful woman. She begins to **reconsider** herself as a person. She has **never** been **attractive** to men before. Now she is. She no longer feels crippled or scorned. In fact, there is akindofjoy in her. She bounces from the pages with her **aliveness. In** the few pages we en**counter Rashida, Rohmer demonstrates** that he can create characters who **are** real and involved in breath-gripping conflict. **Rashida** ultimately dies, and I as a reader felt her loss but was not surprised.

The marvelous thing about the Rashida character is that you feel she is involved in the real struggle of trying to bring about change. In this case, it's change for her-people. But as happens in that sort of personal, highly committed struggle, Rashida herself changes. These changes could easily have caused her to refuse to take on the risky assassination assignment. but she goes ahead anyway and takes the risk.

This is why to me, the rest of the book fails. No one else takes risks. No one else changes. **Things** remain the same. I nod off and dream of the beautiful **Rashida.**

Requiem for the way it was

The Death of Harold Ladoo. by Dennis Lee, The **Kanchenjunga Press** (3334 West **Ist** Ave., Vancouver), **25** pages, \$3 paper **(ISBN** O-913-600.5821.

By PETER SUCH

DREDGING UP Harold Ladoo from the **harbour** of his consciousness has landed Dennis Lee with a boat load of seaweed memories — other bodies, other enterprises. once luminous and precious to him. So it is that Lee's chapbook. *The Death of Harold Ladoo*, should not. as **the author warns** in his preface. "**be** considered as a biography." It captures with eerie truth the contmdiitions in novelist Ladoo himself and the "tough caring" that *grew* between him and those who encouraged him in his hectic, selfdestructive **literary** career.

Ladoo was murdered after choosing to return alone to his native Trinidad to settle a family feud. Lee knows, as many did, that this was deliberate:

But you heard your own death singing, that much I know: And went to meet it mesmerized . .

... plain wooing it, telling Peter you'd never be back alive....

For the choice was death by writing, that airless escape from a world that would not work unless you wrote it

- and could not work if you did -or death in the only place you cared to live in
- except it christened men with boots, machetes, bloodwash of

murder and vengeance.

There's no sense in saying "I love you" to the corpse. But those of us who watched Harold play out his dizzy mythmaking, and were drawn in to play our bemused roles in it, can't help but be touched deeply by this poem. We all knew that Harold "had us taped," that he knew "white liberals inside out: how to/guilt us; which buttons to push; how hard: how long./The last of the wily bleeders!" But we also knew he knew we knew what he was doing in a complicated double-mirroring of mutual exploitation. "Say it: I used you, Harold/like a hypocrite voyeur." What we all ultimately knew, however, was that ritualistically and inarticulately he loved us and we loved him.

Those familiar with Lee's Governor General's Award-winning *Civil Elegies!* could easily see this poem as a **postscript** to that book, almost another elegy. **Here** are the same **discursive** philosophic lines, the same **jazz-like alternations of different** voices, the **colloquial** changes **and** rhythmic **surprises.** And because Harold was published by **Anansi**, much of this **chap**book goes into detail about those "quirky **particulars**" that haunted **Lee** in the Sibelius Park elegy **from** his **previous** book. It is those sections that refer directly to that dizzy revolutionary time that **often** come most "close to the **bone'':**

We were a tiresome group of honking egos: graceless, brawling, greedy, each one in love with

style and his darling career. And images of liberation

danced in our fucked-up heads

oh – and Canada. but all it's done is make us life-and-blood clichés. Media fodder. Performing rebels. The works. Wack-a-doo! For this I tied my life in knots?

But for all that there may be redemption in a patient waiting for the Gods to exercise **their vengeance on** a world that still denies them. Meanwhile them is the **real** particularity of those flawed **loves** left to cherish:

And I value the books, but now what fastens me is not the words but the lives. And my heart spins out to hold each one, to cherish them entire although I could not say that face to face...

Lee realizes that saying it face to face at the tight *time to enemies* and friends alike is the most **difficult**, the most **necessary** thing. In tliii chapbook, Lee says it all honestly and riskily. And is it not **through** that riskiness and honesty that a man **can** ultimately say the important things face to face with himself?

This Fall from NC Press

The Poetry of the Canadian People 1720-1520 Two hundred years of hard work edited by N.Brian Davis

The first anthology of poems and songs by the working people who built our country and fought for its freedom: Native Peoples, Voyageurs, Early Settlers, Lumbermen, Fishermen, Farmers, Amers and many other workers; the Revolution of 1837, the Nine Hour Mevement, the Metis Uprising and the Winnipeg General Strike. Poems are accompanied by an historical note. Introduction by the editor.

A Books for Everybody selection.

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"We have come". The lively and hard-hitting literature of a talented group of Canadians new and old. They give us a fresh look at Canada and a window on the Third World. This book is dedicated to the spirit and ideals of the Second World Black and African Festival of the Arts and Culture to be held in Nigeria in 1977. It is the collective consciousness of the African diaspora in Canada today.

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I Come From the Valley

by Joan Finnigan 45 photographs by Erik Christensen

The Ottawa Valley more than any other part of settled Ontario, is still a colossus astride two worlds: the primitive and civilized. High-pewered nuclear stations rise above hand-hewn, moss-clunked complexes of the carliest settlers.

In the play A Prince of Good Fellows, the feudal Laird MacNab is finally forced to flee the determined resistance of the earliest softlers.

The Best Damn Fiddler from Calabogie to Kaladar is the NFB texture film which won 9 of the 11 Canadian film awards in 1969 including the Etrog for the best screenplay.

Also included are poems and prose on the Valley and reminiscences of long-time residents.

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The Heart of London Jack Chambers · Grag Cumos · John Boyls

As to'd to S.M.Crean and Peter Wilson

Jack Chambers is an internationally-known realist painter and founding chairman of Canadian Artists Representation. He believes that "When you are interested in life more than you are in painting, then your paintings come to life."

Greg Curnoe is representing Canada in the 1976 Venice Biennale. He turned his back on Toronto and New York for London in 1960 to make drawings, paintings and collages which reflect hk dotty life there.

John Boyle has been encouraged by Chambers and Curnoe. He has been particularly influenced by the lives of Canadian heroes but, for Boyle, everyday people are also very much heroes.

In the artists' own words, how a new art, anti-metropolitan, frankly Canadian, began in London, Ontario. Their spirit of self-help and co-operation has given rise to new organization and a new spirit in Canadian art.

A Books for Everybody selection. papers.95 dothSlZ.95

How they sold OUR CANADA to the U.S.A.

by Andrew Lamorie

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Originally written in 1963 by a prominent Canadian (under a pen name), this little book went Wrough four large printings. It is an impassioned indictment – complete with facts, figures and names – of how this country's government and business leaders turned our wealth over to the Americans. It is outstanding not only because it pioneered in the fight to save Canada: in it, you discover basic and correct truths about the sellout to the U.S.A., truths which are, to the day, distorted, ecaded and denied in many a "profound" study. Updated and revised by the author.

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Understanding Canada

by Jim **Lotz**

"Regional and Community Development in a New Nation." Perhaps the best-known figure in the field of community development in Canada, Jim Lotz brings the fruit of 20 years of toork and research in the U.K., Africa, and Canada to the book. A history and analysis of community development in Canada, how it's been done and its future prospects. Jim Lotz k the author of many articles, research papers, and books including Northern Realities.

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I feel this is a transitional poem. flawed as if sometimes is, teetering but never falling over the edge of selfindulgence. Lee here is pushing toward a new and clearer voice. a voice that will be ready for that time when the gods "... call on us again / for passionate ave in our lives, and a high clean style." c



A Walk Through Yesterday, by Jessie L. Beattie, McClelland & Stewart. 320 pages. \$12.95 cloth (ISBN 0-7710-1 163-6).

Ey DuBARRY CAMPAU

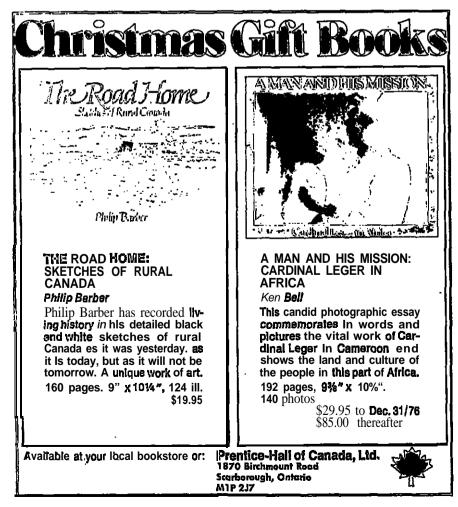
THE LUCID recollections of an **SO-year-old woman** who was born on an Ontario farm and made her mark as a **teacher**. librarian, social worker. and writer, are a valuable contribution m Canadiana.

But this is an unbalanced book **be**cause Miss Beattie evidently revelled in recalling the episodes of her youth, which take up **almost** two thirds of her memoirs. **These** are a celebration of family solidarity, a &light in loving, intimate relationships with her parents and brothers and sisters, the scents and sounds of the changing seasons. and the pleasures to be found within even the **most** restricted limitations of rural life.

Strategic Concernance in Subject

To Miss Beattie, in retrospect, it was idyllic. Even a prosperous farm, at the rum of the century, must have lacked comforts — yet she mentions only its coiincss and charm. If blizzards banged at the windows, it was safe and warm inside. And every **member of** the large family seems to have loved each other without impatience or irritation. She herself suffered acutely from a painful and recurrent illness, which was cured only when she was in her 20s. Yet all illnesses and even death were born by this family with strength and they seemed to leave no shadows behind them.

Her **own** ill health and the isolation of farm **life** in the days when even a trip of four miles was a serious project. limited Miss Beanie's opportunities for formal education or for exposure to a variety of people and experiences. Thus her early years were **almost** totally family-oriented and her attachment to these close relatives became **almost** an obsessive factor throughout her life. **Yet** her intellectual curiosity and **crav**-



ing for culture was evident from her childhood. although there was so little on which to feed them.

She wrote poetry and prose that was instantly published in magazines and newspapers but even after she became a **novelist** she was canny enough to realize that this would always be a precarious way m earn a living, so with no training she went to work at an amazing assortment of jobs. She was accepted as a librarian in Buffalo, taught neighboring children at home, was a summer governess for a rich Toronto family. originated the idea of taking dramatic productions through rural Ontario under the auspices of the Community Welfare Council during the Depression, became a house mother at the Galt training school for girls-and kept on writing. In Vancouver, after the Second World War, she even did a turn as a fortune-teller in a tea room and was briefly an attendant at a steam bath.

But the people she encountered through this variety of experiences never seem as vivid to Miss Beattie, nor to the reader, as do the immediate members of her family. Nor do the cities in which she lived ever appear to have had anything like the visual impact on her as dii the countryside around Galt and Preston — which. of course, had been her entire world until she was an adult.

From the pictures of her in the book it is clear that Miss Beattie has always been an attractive woman, yet her relationships with men were limited to two --- and one of them was too ephemeral m count, except in her memories. When she was in her early 20s she met and, spoke briefly with a young man as they were walking in a marsh near her home. She never knew hi name, nor saw him again. but still remembers him romantically at 80. Then, when she must have been in her late 40s, she met and married another man, about whom she speaks affectionately although the marriage was dissolved after only a few years. And her written recollections, at least, of him are more casual than those of the man in the marsh.

It is m" bad that Miss **Beattie** should have told us so sketchily about herself as a grown-up for she must have had an unusually interesting adult life, especially in contrast to thesimplicity of her early years. But, at **80**, she is entitled to emphasize what she chooses **and** *m* tell us most about what she considers important.

Unquestionably, she has evoked the vanished past of the isolated Canadian farms and the interdependencies of the families who lived on them. perhaps because of her own illness she wasn't totally aware 'of the hardships and fortitude of the men and women who worked on them, whilh may account for the pastel-like quality of **the** picture she gives us.

first **impressions**

by David Helwig

Swept away by medieval philosophy to an isolated East Coast village

The Falling World of **Tristam** Focket. by David Kellum, Tree Frog Press. **154** pages. \$7.95 cloth (ISBN 0-33967-014-5) and \$4.95 paper (ISBN 04X967-015-3).

Middlewatch, by Susan Kerslake, Oberon Press. 133 pages, \$8.95 cloth (ISBN 0-88750-205-9) and \$4.50 paper (ISBN 0-88750-206-7).

JWASON a bus. somewhere between Toronto and Kingston, reading The Fulling World 'Of Tristram Pocket, when it came to me that reviewing first novels is and ought to be the sailing of uncharted waters. The attempt to find any familiar framework for thinking about the experience of a new book may cause the reader or reviewer to miss what is truly new in the writer's approach. Yet having thought that through, I recalled Northrop Frye's remark that **all** books are created out of the material of other books. To return to my metaphor. even the sailor in uncharted waters has a knowledge of wind, sail. compass that will hold for most conditions

The Falling World of Tristram Pockey by David Kellum and Middlewatch by Susan Kerslake are both oddities. Neither fits the obvious categories of naturalistic narrative that include most Canadian novels. The Falling World is a fantastic. voyage that becomes a powerful fable of the nature of history. Middlewatch is a psychological romonce.

The initial effect of **David Kellum's book** is a sort of whimsy; a lonely and imaginative small boy. alone in his grandfather's attic finds a miniature moni, inside an old cuckoo clock. There is a slightly fey quality to these opening pages that made **me** begin to wonder if the material wasn't suited to a Disney cartoon, but once Tristram makes his way into the monastery. the boo!: begins to gain power. and by the end, it has a real and mature authority. While **Tristram** is visiting the idyllic monastery, a rebellion takes place, led by his tutor in philosophy. Demos **Ex**oppido. a type of the *revolutionary* idealist.

He was convinced that he hated anything that was extraordinary, and recognizing cerwin extraordinary things harboured even within his own being. he undertook with steadfast resolution to purge himself of them. His suffering unfolded fmm the incontestable fact that he most certainly was not ordinary. and it was futile and frustrating — not to mention the sheer folly of it — to pretend otherwise.

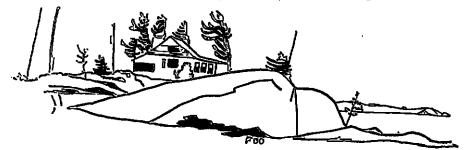
Through the precognition of Brother Pmcopius, Exoppido's rebellion is linked to the French revolution and the **conquest** of the ancients by the modems in philosophy.'

They projected visions of their own making, and secretly mocked at the dalliance of those who were committed to the world as it was, rather than as it should be.

This reminds me of George Grant's **re**mark that even the best of modem thought "teaches always the exaltation of potentiality above all that is." and in fact the whole book **relfects** a conservatism not unlike **Grant's**.

Tristram's experience of the **pleas**ures of the monastic life, the gentleness of the monks. makes the rebellion painful for him to observe. **Part** of the book's poignancy springs fmm the sense that the rebellion is destructive, but inevitable, that if **Exoppido** is like **Danton**, he is also like Lucifer, an embodiment of the perpetual and necessary cry "I will not serve."

The book has other themes, paedogogy, chess, the development of the individual, and it is full of remarkable insights and epigrams. Now and then an insight seemed to me a bit flat, especially those concerning "individualism." I found myself wondering about the propriety of having a medieval monk as a spokesman for individualism. and while the book is written in a tine literate prose. I wonder if





Without Our Past? A handbook for the preservation of Canada's architectural heritage

ANN FALKNER

This Is a special handbook for those concerned about preserving heritage structures, based on Ann Falkner's many years of experience in various government departments and familiarity with several successful building conservation projects. It covers clearly and in detail the problems to be faced and actions to be taken, and analyses the assistance available at all three levels of government. Hem Is a step-by-step guide to using the buildings of the past for the needs of today. Cloth \$15.00, paper \$5.00

Karsh Portraits

YOUSUF KARSH

This collection presents in superb reproductions 48 memorable photographs fmm the Karsh portfolio. Together with the classics - Churchill, Shaw, Hemingway, Einstein, Casals, Sibellus, Schweltzer - are some fresh views of Henry Moors, Marshall McLuhan, Pablo Picasso. The new portraits reflect the rapidly changing world of the Seventies -Muhammad Ali, Fidel Castro, Prince Charles. Jacques Cousteau. Norman Mailer. Vladimir Nabokov - and Karsh's continuing interest in the advance of medical science - Hans Selve and Helen Taussig. Accompanying the pictures are Karsh's recollections, as incisive as the visual images themselves. of the subjects' thoughts and characteristics. Karsh 'makes visible what others only sense; he makes pictorial what to others is only a mood.' \$24.95

prices are those suggested at time of publication

University of Toronto Press

November, 1976, Books in Canada 37

"individualism" isn't just too banal a word for **what** the author intends.

The Falling World is complex in theme and solidly built. One of the characters remarks: "In the final analysis, it is the number and kind of friends that a book has that make it great." I expect that The Falling World of Tristram Pocket will have a number of very interesting friends.

Susan Kerslake's Middlewatch is like David Kellum's novel in being somewhat idiosyncratic. It takes place in on isolated village on rhe East Coast at some undefined time in the past. It involves a school teacher. a mysterious girl named Sibbi, and her brother, along with a few townspeople and some gipsies. Clearly these are the characters of a romance, and with the potential for rhe sentimentality of Harlequin Gothics as well as the power of Wuthering Heights.

The book is a bit **top-heavy with** style in a few places, but it's saved from capsizing by the weight of physical detail and by the author's commitment to the mate& The **reader** believes in the **story**, most of the time at least. because the author believes in it totally.

Middlewatch is an odd **mixture** of the psychology of **emotional** repair and of fairy-tale. **the** orphan brother and sister building a cabin and living there alone. the maturing girl **who** finds around her three me?. a brother whq in

writers&artists

MAKARA is a new and different Canadian magazine based in Vancouver. We are looking for writers and artists who are interested in people who are thinking up and testing out alternative ways of working, living and relating to each other. Non-fiction articles should focus on unconventional approaches to politics, sports, economies, the arts, health, education and therapy. We also feature artwork, fiction, photography, poetry, children's stories, Canadian history and reviews. We enjoy humour and controversy. The result is an unusual general interest magazine—a mellow blend of intriguing facts, entertaining writing and beautiful art.

we suggest that you keep a copy of your final manuscript and that you do not send original artwork or negatives. Send copies. All material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. MAKARA will not be responsible for the damage or locs of any material.

MAKARA cannot afford to paya lot for material we use, but weio pay.

The Canadian magazine by women for people. Malsara, 1011 Commercial Dr., Vancouver, B.C. V5L 3X1 conquering the physical world is mming m steel. a gentle teacher.. and a gypsy **boy** who brings affection and sexuality. These characters do not have personalities in the ordinary sense. They are emotional forces, their sensibilities reflected in the facts of land and sea.

والمحمد والمروادة فيستنقون الاستنقاد الالافاتية

At times I fell there was too much working of the style and of the sensibilities of **the characters**, but the book has a brooding power that insists on itself. **Sibbi's** brother Jason is a Cana-

the browser

dian archetype. "The ritual of surviving the ice **was** rigorous," she says to him, and he can **attain** the discipline he needs to dominate the world only by destroying things in himself. To confront the **ice**, he turns to ice, but beneath there **is** a volcano **ready** to explode.

Each of these books offered me surprises, an angle of vision **that** was as refreshing as unfamiliar. They kept the **promise** of uncharted waters -to offer **something** race.

by Morris Wolfe

On not finishing Gonickand enjoying Young...whileeating won tons in Ottawa

1 GAVE UP reading Cy **Gonick's Infla**tion & Wage **Controls** (Canadian Dimension, **145** pages, \$1.95) after the first paragraph of the first chapter. I got a bit uneasy when I saw that the publisher had crossed **out** the **price \$3.50** on the cover and had handwritten \$1.95 above it. I got a bit more uneasy when I read Cy **Gonick's** foreword, which states: **"This** essay attempts to lay a framework for understanding the elements of the crisis and untangle the real meaning of the wage control program that the Trudeau government has elected to deal with it. ... I have written in as clear and **straight-forward**-fashion as I know how." Then I **turned** m Chapter 1, which begins: "Inflation is by no means a recent phenomenum [sic]. Throughtout [sir] ancient rimes. for example. the Mediterranean civilirations periodically experienced higher prices in terms of metallic money when new mineral deposits were discovered or more efficient methods of mining and metallic money in relation m a relatively stagnant output of goods would **naturally** cause prices to rise." It's at that point that I put the book aside.

\$ \$ \$

ATTEMPTS TO regionalize and Canadianize reading material can go to absurd lengths. especially when those attempts represent no more than a kind of window dressing. Things have gone so far that it wouldn't surprise me to discover books tilled TV Repairing on the Pacific Rim or The New Brunswick Dandelion Book. Take for example Make Your Own Furniture, by Paul Howard (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 160 pages, \$8.95) subtitled "How to Do It the Fun and Easy Way With Canadian Materials." It was written by an American and printed and bound in the United States (probably with Canadian materials). But. except for the cover, there's **no** reference to anything Canadian in **the book.** I bet I could smuggle *Make* Your Own *Furniture* across the border and give it m an American friend, and thar he or she could build everything described in it using American wood and nails. It might even work in Thailand. Any place that them's wood.

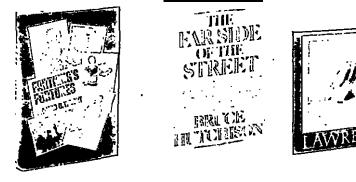
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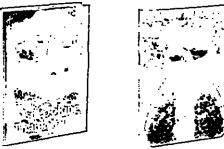
Ken Dryden, by Fred McFadden (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, 48 pages, **\$2.95),** is the first in what's called the "Superpeople" series. One of the objectives of the series, we're told in an accompanying press release, is to present positive character models for young Canadian readers. . . The biographies are written to emphasize the positive aspects" of each superperson. While I agree that young people need "character models," **and** would guess that Ken Dryden is a good one. there's something icky about this book. "Ken **Dryden,**" reads a. concluding para-graph, "has faced many challenges in his life: As a boy, he wanted to imitate his older **brother** Dave. As a teenager, be wanted to excel in sports. As a student. he wanted to keep up good school grades. In all these challenges he has been successful." I'm looking forward to the upcoming books on Bobby Clarke and Sir John A. Macdonald in the Superpeople series. I'm eager to see how the series deals with their respective elbow problems.

ຮູດ ຍ

Canada A **to Z**, Revised Edition, by Robert S. Kane, an American **travel** writer. (Doubleday, 346 pages, **\$4.50**), is a book whose title leads one to expect the worst. The knowledge that **Kane** has **produced** a **shelf** full of **similar** books — Africa A to Z, Eastern

WINNERS FOR THE FALL OF '76





FARTHING'S FORTUNES Richard B. Wright

"... earthy, hilarious, richly imaginative. Farthing is a latter-day Tom Jones. The action tumbles along ... from backwoods Canada to New York in the gay nineties, to the Klondike, then to England... Richard Wright is a story teller par excellence; thii novel should be a winner." *Publishers Weckly* \$10.95

THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREET, Bruce Hutchison

The author of the best-seller, The Unknown Country, here records 60 years' experience as a newspaperman, among the great and "eargreat. From personal observation of several Canadian prime ministers and many famous Americans, Bruce Hutchison provides a sometimes humorous, sometimes poignant, but always vivid chronicle of the old nation and the new. \$15.95

LAWREN HARRIS

Edited by Bess Harris and R. G. P. Colgrove

This handsome paperback edition contains 68 full-colour illustrations portraying the work of a great Canadian artist. \$14.95

JUST LOOKING, THANK YOU Philip Marchand

These brilliant reports on the Canadian social scene by Canada's most penetrating young journalist are wickedly accurate and wickedly funny. \$10.95

SONG OFTHEPEARL *Ruth Nichols*

Fantasy and the occult are intertwined in this enchanting story of a journey beyond death. A delightful novel for those who love Tolkie". Ruth Nichols is the 1972 winner of the C.L.A. Book-of-the-Year for Children Award. \$7.95

THE SEVENTH HEXAGRAM lan McLachlan

Against the background of a Hong Kong gripped by fear of revolution, this thrilling novel by a new and brilliant Canadian author is part detective story, part love story, part probing character study. Guaranteed to keep the reader turning the pages in a" agony of suspense. \$9.95

DUAL ALLEGIANCE

Ben Dunkelman

The true story of this unassuming Canadian hero who fought first for Canada in World War II and then for Israel in 1948 is a saga of excitement and danger more incredible than fiction. \$14.95

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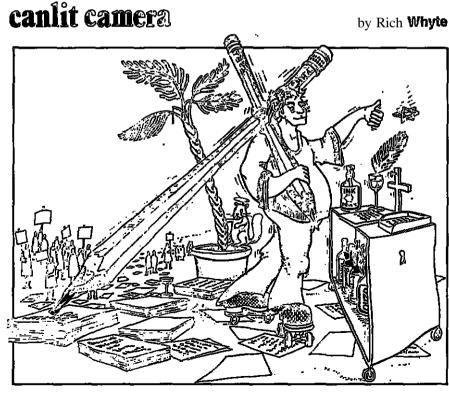
Europe A to Z, Grand Tour A to Z. Asia Ato Z. and so forth - doesn't help. Nor does the patronizing tone of some of the introductory pages. "Not every Canadian one meets is scintillat-ing, heaven knows." writes Kane. "Every nation has its share of dullards. But there's a high proportion of in-teresting, thoughtful, amusing. sensitive people - from the Atlantic to the Pacific. from the Northwest Territories to southern Ontario." Despite these things. Canada A to Z'offers a good. readable introduction to Canada. Although originally intended for American tourists, it may also serve newcomers and other Canadians only now becoming familiar with their own country. First the book offers a brief review of Canadian society and some advice m tourists on matters such as tipping ("There are still Canadians who tip only for exceptional service - a commendable philosophy"). That's followed by a chapter on each of the provinces and territories. Each of those chapters deals with the history, climate. geographical landmarks, and "creature comforts" of the territory under discussion. *Canada A to* Z is a cond companion volume to George Woodcock's Canada and the Canadims.

> 0 O 3

MA Scott Young fan and have been since I mad Scrubs on Skates almost one quarter of a century ago. He's wise, witty. and one of our finest prose stylists. Take a look sometime at how beautifully made his columns in the Globe and Mail are. Young's 16th book, War on Ice (McClelland & Stewart, 250 pages, **\$5.95**), is the story of Canada's involvement in international hockey from 1954 m 1974. He takes a mass of material — more than most of us would ever want to know about Canadian teams in world hockey — and turns it into a compelling story about teams such as the East York Lyndhursts (remember Moe Galand?), the Penticton Vees, the Whitby Dunlops, the Belleville McFarlands and the Trail Smoke Eaters (the last amateur team to beat the Russians). They're followed in the early 1960s by Father Bauer's teams and finally in the early 1970s by Team Canada.

10 DE

IN THE PAST few months I've done a fair bit of travelling in Canada and have taken to carrying with me Anne Hardy's Where To Eat in Canada 1976/77 (Oberon, 284 pages, S4.95). I've followed Hardy's advice in St. John's. Charlottetown, Montreal. Ottawa, Toronto, and Vancouver. About four times out of five I've found her to be right on. Which seems a pretty good average to me. One of the problems, of course, is that restaurants that make it into the guide in some parts of the country — in Newfoundland and **Prince Edward** Island. for example aren't nearly as good as the best restaurants in Vancouver, say. Hem's my



NO. 2 THE TEMPTATION OF SAINT IRVING

scorecard for the past six months. Best Chinese meal: at the Won Ton in Ottawa. Best sea food meal: at The Round Window in Toronto. Best Greek meal: at Orestes in Vancouver. I went to all those places on Hardy's recommendation. 🗖

Letters to the Editor

ASININE IMPUTATION

Sir:

Your Auger, number contains a letter by Lela Parlow which has just bem brought to my atten-

Parlow while has just been brought to my atten-tion. In my long career es poet, teacher, and editor i have read many silly letters but this one, with its tone of aggrieved self-righteousness enveloping be, not entirely souffing out its silli-ness, merits some kind of prize. I have never maintained that "al anti-semitism today results from one Christian axiom." What I have said and what a growing number of coo-cerned theologians, historians, and scholars are also saying is that Christianity, by institutionaliz-ing the anti-Judaism esplici, in the New Testaing the anti-Judaism esplici, in the New Testa-ment, prepared the roil on which grew the death camps end crematoria where six million Jews perished. I recommend to her and other dumm-kopfs who have distorted my position Littell's The Crucificion of the Jews and X. Malcolm have The Crucifizion of the Jews and X. Malcolm Hey's Europe and the Jews. Littell is a Protestant theologian, Hays is a Catholic historian. For now, she and the other dummkopfs can munch on the following tidbit: "Historically i, is clear that the heart and soul of antisemitism rested in Chris-tianity." (Christian Beliefs and Antisemitism by Charles Y. Glock and Rodney Stark). I have never maintained, nor do I do so now, the total Christian way how the aspectibility

that "all Christians must beer the responsibility for Jewish genocide." There were many Chris-tians who risked their lives to save their Jewish filendo and neighbours, thereby nobly vindicating the faith they lived by. Some of those who escaped the death camps I taught a, the Jewish Public Library in the late 1940s. Contrary to Ms Pa-low's asinine imputation I

do no, presume to speak for all Jews. least of all for herself of whose existence I was until now happily unaware. My advice to her is to spend less time on cooking up imaginary grievances and more time on strengthening her metrics and imagery. Eve,, a poem full of lousy highblown rhetoric should know where to smp. is silence "the only word for Auschwitz"?

> Irving Layton York University Toronto

SMARTING ABOUT OUTRAM Sir:

I would like to take issue with the misinformed and presumptive tone of Hubert de Santana's piece on Richard Outram (September issue). The gist of some 2.000 words is that Outram is not appreciated in this country and that we will be sorry for it. De Santana forwards three reasons for sorry for it. De Santana forwards unce reasons for our nearsightedness: (a) Outram is a private man; (b) the CanLit industry is chauvinistic; and (c) Outram is a craftsman. The first reason pays no heed to dozens of poets who keep a low profile by intent and still manage a wide readership, for example Atwood, Ondaatje, Dennis Lee, etc. Second. Canadian nationalism is no less biased than the brand of formalism that fired the British immaination over Outram's book. Tbil, de imagination over Outram's book. Thii. de Santana's understanding of craft disallow the

metred poeties of Gustafson, Jay MacPherson, George Johnston, and Daryl Hine who seem to have found an audience in spite of the "ogre" of free verse. De Santana's ecstasies over a poem that is a single sentence in length will not convince me of the value of studied forms.

Exchard Outram may well be the peculiar wonder of a misguided and sloppy literature. But defences claiming that Outram "will say nothing about his personal life because it has no relevance to his art" strike me as plainly risible, or at least destructive of the poet as "a man speaking to oth r man." It is that dichotomy, between the life and the art, that is the fit subject for de Santana's debate, responsible as it is for a world of illfeeling towards poetry.

Pier Giorgio Di Cicco Toronto

THEY DO IT TOO

Sir:

In his thought-provoking review of *The Univer*sity: *The Anatomy of Academe*(September), Mr. Robin Mathews says that the "elegant Marxist thinker and writer," Mr. Stanley Ryerson, was "held... at arm's length for years" by the university community of Canada because he was a Mervist. Too bad for Mr. Ryerson.

Would any university in a socialist or communist country employ an avowed capitalist who would be "doctrinaire in his teaching"?

> Willie Chevalier Montreal

THROWING US A CURVE

Sic

By all means control the use of "paradigm," "vi.tble," and "parameter" (Notes and Comments, September). While you are about it, chronaste altogether such words as "guestimate" and "curvaceous," both of which appear in the September issue.

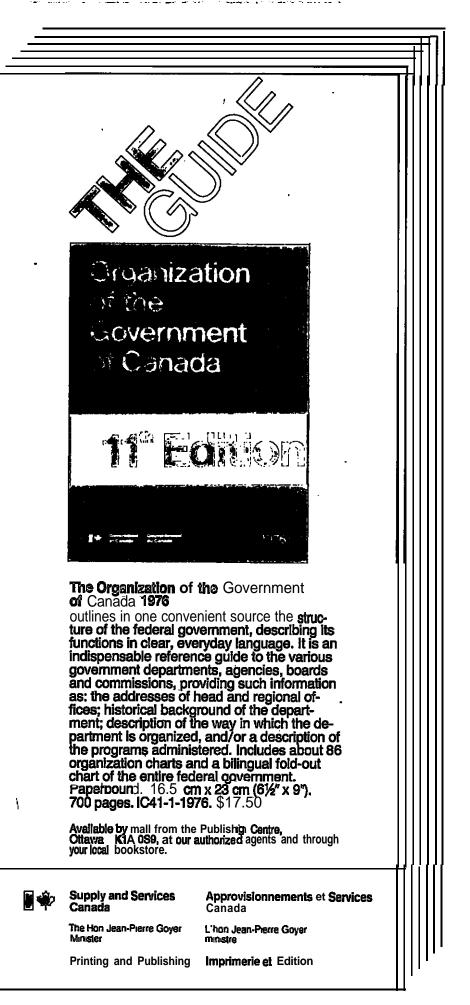
> W. M. Davies Vancouver

CanWit No. 17

A CELEBRATED TV ctilic of our acquaintance has recorded the following message on his telephone-answering device: "This is Bob Blackburn on tape. I shall be appearing live et this number sometime after 6 p.m. Meanwhile. if you have a message. ..." Blockburn, as is his wont, anticipated by a couple of years something that has become the rage of urban North America — the idiosyncratic phone re-cording. Readers are invited to suggest what sort of similar recording we might hear if we phoned, say. P. E. Trudeau or any other prominent Canadian (maxinum: 50 words). The winner will receive \$25. Address: CanWit No. 17, Books in Canada, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A1N4. The deadline is Nov. 30.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 15

WE WERE SEEKING possible titles for McClarkan & Newspider's new series, How Grey We Ate, and we were rewarded by a national orgasm of selfabuse. Many turned-on contestants



gave us not only titles but also authors and (sometimes lengthy) outlines and dust-jacket blurbs. We wish we could print the best of these, but space limitations dictate that we confine ourselves to the requested titles. The winner, by a narrow yawn. is Samuel Clement of Dollard des Ormeaux, Que. He receives \$25 for these potentially stupefying volumes:

a The Care and Breeding of Canadian Fungi

- Lawn-Mowing Techniques in Eastern Canada E Fanunis Canadian Gravediggers 1) The Biography of Victor Snail, Exterminator
- Extraordinaire
- D A History of the Toronto Tclephone Book D The Canadian Furniture-Polish Industry: A
- Giunt Among Pygmles Gull Lake: Canada's City of the Future Great Landfill Sites in Canada
- n Things to do in Kirkland Lake (with an expanded section on weekend activities) a Anecdotes from the LCBO
- n Collected Wit from the Sudbury Star
- Great Cunudian Wineries: An Illustrated Edition

Honourable mentions:

- The Canadian Dream, Sort Of
 One Hundred and Nine Lost Years: 1867-1976
- 1) Nearly the Last in a Long Series of Spikes
- Baronacter Steady, Maybe Falling Slightly
- Great Moment in Canadian Sport
- D Aliacist Surfacing
- a Group of At Least Several: Canadian Art in Perspective
- a Canada: A NICE Country - Edwin Boothroyd, Sackville, N.B.
- \$ \$ \$

- D The Weekday-Afternoon Man
- D The Not-Really-That-Bad Canadian Novel
- La Guerre, It's Possible n A Passion in Peterborough!
- - Michael P. J. Kennedy. Saskatoon 0 0 C
- a Peripheral Man: A Sociological Survey of Canada
- D The Null Set: A History of Canadian Contributions to Mathematics
- The Broken Atom: The Story of Canadian **Pinesics**
- It's Just a Store: The Later Years of the Hudson's Bay Company Di Major Canadian Cabinet Decisions.
- 1965-1974
 - Griffith Evans, Toronto . . .
- The History of the Science of Phrenology in Canada: Its An and Usage, Volume VII. 1889-1899
 - Chris Green, Clearwater, B.C. a: 1 0
- n Let Us Now Praise Famous Foreigners
- 1867 And Then What?
- How To Make \$1,000
- a The Date Effect: Why No One Will Ever Assassinate a Canadian Prime Minister
 - Jim Roberts, Toronto ¢ 0 🤉
- in The Sigmund Samuels Collection of Picture Postcards Featuring Members of the Royal **Conadian Mounted Police**
 - Edward S. Franchuk, Saint-Jean, Que. ¢ 0 ¢
- n I'm Okay But You're an American
- n The Liberal Alternative
- Downtown Toronto in the 1950s
- D Quotes From the Flag Debate

42 Books in Canada. November, 1976

-Ellen Tolmie, Toronto Ċ. • 35

- Quest For Identity: A Compendium of Essays by Eminent Canadians from All Walks of Life
- IOOI Delicious Potato Recipes from the Great Kitchens of Prince Edward Island
- D Aspects of Creative Canadian Pulp-Mill Management by Objectives: An Interdisciplinary Overview, with Charts, Tables, and a Photograph
- One Hundred Years of New Brunswick Humour
- om Seedling to Forest Giant: Memoirs of a
- Professor of Lag&g Round Worms of Canada: A Fresh Approach D The Maritime Poet: A Complete Alphabetical
- Listing in Three Volumes
- Snow-Shovelling for the Beginner: The Official Step-by-Step Guide The Day the Dam Nearly Broke: A Novel of Suspense Set in Runal New Brunswick
- a Whisky on Ice: The Saga of a Hockey Player with a Secret Problem
 - Simon Leigh, Fredericton 40 *
- De The Fastest Losing Times: The Story of Canada's Olympic Successes
- B When in Doubt, Call it Adanac: A Survey of Mythic Reversals in National Nomenclature -Shirley Josephs, Toronto
 - 2 2 2
- Plastered: A Look at the Adhesive in the Canadian Mosaic

-Ken McFarland, Thunder Bay



THE FOLLOWING Canadian books have been received by Books in Canada in recent weeks. Inclusion in this list does not preclude a review or notice in a future issue:

- Birthday. by Carole Iner and Gerry Gilbert. Caledonia Writing Series.
- Four Island Poems, by Pierre Coupey, Caledonia Writing Series. The Shadow of Sound, by Andrei Voznesensky,
- translated by Andrew Suknaski, Caledonia Writing Series.
- Songs and Speeches. by Barry McKinnon, Caledonia Writing Series.
- Certs, by Pal Lane, Caledonia Writing Series
- Immigration and the Postwar Canadian Economy, by Alan Ct. Green. Macmillan. The Seventh Earl: A Dramatized Biography,
- by Grace Irwin, M & S.

A History of Japanese Lacquerwork, by Bent-rix Von Rague, U of T Press.

Cavaller Carcass, by Larry Leclair, Square Deal Publications.

- Of the Swimmer Among the Coral and of the Monk i" Ike Mountains, by John Smith. Square Deal Publications.
- Red Clay Soil, by A. P. Campbell, Square Deal Publications.
- The Little Emperor, by John S. Galbraith,
- Macmillan. The Pioneer Years: 18951914. by Barry Broadfoot, Doubleday.
- Murder on the House, by Dorothy Cadwell,
- Musson. A Story of the Group of Seven, by Harry Hun-kin. McGraw-Hill Ryerson. Song of the Pearl, by Ruth Nichols, Macmillan. Poetry of the Canadian People, edited by Brian Davis. NC Press.
- The Wild Life I've Led, by Stuart Trueman, M & S.
- The Master Mason's House, by Frederick Philip Grove, Oberon.
- Twelve Prairie Poets, edited by Laurence Ricou, Oberon.

Discover Toronto: John Richmond's lifustrated Notebook. Doubleday.

- Queen of the Ser. by George McWhirter, Oheron.
- The Noronic is Burning!. by John Craig. Ganeral Publishing Where Do the MacDonalds Bury Their Dead?,
- by Ronald Sutherland. General Publishing.
- Take a Winning Hand, by Anthony Dunham, General Publishing. Taxi, by Helen Potrebenko, New Star Books. Mini-Bike Racer, by Claire Mackay,
- Scholastic-Tab Publications. Bluenose Ghosts. by Helen Creighton, McGraw-Hill Ryerson.
- Cariboo Runaway. by Frances Duncan, Bums & MacEachern. Brinco: The Story of Churchill Falls, by Philip
- Smith. M & S
- Indian Tales of the Northwest, CommCept Publishing Ltd.
- Exploring Golden Ears Park, by Dan Bowers, J. J. Douglas. How to Get the Most Out of Your Cruise to
- Alaska, by Lois Kerr, J. J. Douglas.
- More Exploring by Bicycle. by Tim Perrin, J. J. Douglas.
- The Land That Never Melts. edited by Roger Wilson, Peter Martin & Associates Robert Service, by Carl F. Klinck, McGraw-

A Birth Account, by Gladys Hindmarch, New

300 Years of Canada's Quilts, by Mary Conroy.

Lemon-Ald. by Phil Edmonston, Musson. A World of My Own. by Mii Tomkies, Fitz-henry & Whiteside.

William Butler Yeats and the Idea of Theatre, by James W. Flannery, Macmillan. McKerrow: A Brief History of Blacks in Nova

Scotia (1783-1895), edited by Frank Stanley Boyd Jr., Afro Nova Scotian Enterprises. My Third Eye, edited by Russ Hazzard, All About Us/Nous Autres, fac.

About Us/ Nous Autres, Inc. Timber Policy Issues in British Columbia, edited by William McKillop and Walter J. Mead. University of British Columbia Press. Canadian Flying Operations in South East Ash (1941-1945), by T. W. Melnyk. Supply and Suprime Constants

Dual Allegiance, by Ben Dunkelman. Macmillan. The Mill, Brooks, Tyrwhitt, Fox. M & S. Pioneer Churches. Harold Kalman and John de

Visser, M & s. Goodbye Momma, by Tom Moore. Breakwater Books.

Stumpfarms and Broadaxes, by Jack Mould.

The Lands I Am. by Pat Friesen, Turnstone

Open Country, by George Amabile, Turnstone

In the Gutting Shed, by W.D. Valgardson.

The Alders nnd Others. Peter Trower, Harbour

Whittlings, by Hubert Evans, Harbour Publish-

After the Gold Rush, Archie Satterfield, J. B.

Lippencott Co. Indian Summer. by R. G. Everson, Oberon. The Greenlander's Saga, by George Johnston.

Hawks Falcon & Falconry, by Frank L. Beebe.

Hancock House. The Proper Sphere, edited by Ramsay Cook and Wendy Mitchinson, Oxford University Press. The Writing of Canadian History, by Carl Berger, Oxford University Press.

The Literary History of Canada, edited by Carl F. Klinck. U of T Press.

Prelude to Bonanza, by Allen A. Wright, Gray's Publishing Ltd.

Master Caliban, by Phyllis Gotlieb, Fitzhenry &

The Haunted Wilderness, by Margot Northey,

Tecumseh, by Don Gutteridge, Oberon.

Hill Ryerson.

Griffin House

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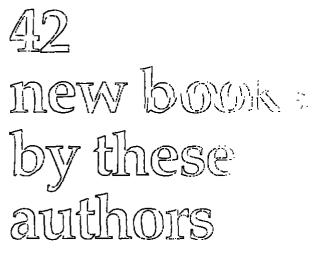
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