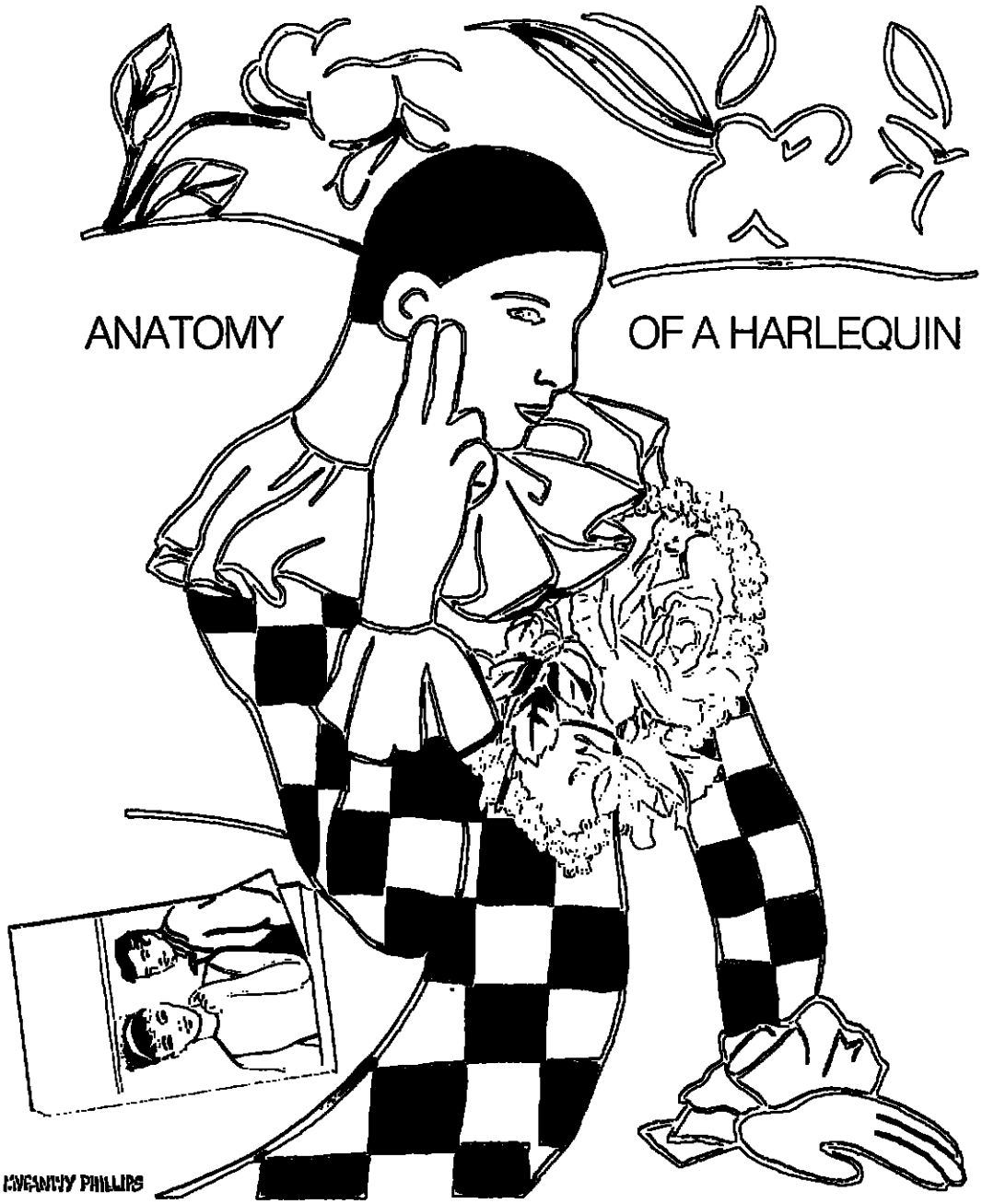
Volume 7, Number 9 A NATIONAL REVIEW OF BOOKS November, 1978

Why A.J.M. Smith never reached his new Byzantium

Down the chute with this season's crop of gift books

George Woodcock on both sides of Hugh MacLennan

BOOKS IN CANADA



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $9.95 A YEAR

A Canadian best seller

Appreciated around the world

Only V.O. is V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky.

Volume 7, Number 9 November. 1978

BOOKS IN CANADA

FEATURES

REVIEWS

DEPARTMENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

Cover by Myfanwy Phillips

Drawings throughout **the** issue by Rosemary Allison

CONTRIBUTORS

Mark Abley, a former Rhodes Scholar from Saskatchewan, recently won the **£ 500** first **prize offered by *Punch* for the best humorous essay by a student. Rosemary Allison is a Toronto artist. DuBarry Campau** is **a Toronto freelance writer** and **gourmet** cook **whose** dinner invitations **are** eagerly **sought** by **the *cognoscenti.* Jim** Christy **files** his reviews **from** such **places** as **Dawson City, Y.T. and Bogotá.** Colombia. but **calls Toronto home. Vancouver freelancer Tara Cullis** is spending **the winter** in Toronto. **CBC-Radio producer Gary Michael Dault writes an art** column for the **Toronto *Star*. With this** issue. **regular contributor Wayne Grady joins *Books in Canada* as Associate Editor. Deanna Groetzinger is a Toronto freelancer who has worked on daily newspapers throughout the Midwest. British novelist Tim Heald recently completed a year** as **an** editor-in-residence **at *Weekend Magazine.*** Joan **Hind-Smith** is **a Toronto** critic. John **Hofsess** pronounces on **Canadian literature from Calgary, Alta.** David **Toby Homel** is **an editor** and **translator** who **recently arrived** in **Toronto from the** U.S. via **Paris. Poet Christopher Levenson teaches English at Ottawa's Carleton University.** Gerald L&itch is **a classical** murk **editor of *Audio Scene Canada*. Anne McKee is a** Toronto freelance **editor** who **likes to** gamble. **Mary Novik** is **a freelancer** *based* in **North** Vancouver. **Myfanwy Phillips, artist and photographer extraordinary, winters in Canada and summers in Florida. Linda Pyke's first collection** of poems. ***Prisoner*** **(Macmillan),** *will* be **reviewed in a future issue.** Michael **Smith is a short-story writer living** in St. **Marys, Ont.** Paul **Stuewe owns the Nth Hand Bookshop in Toronto and contributes a regular column on mass-market paperbacks to these** pages. **Phil Surguy** is **a critic, screenwriter,** and **editorial round-up artist. Michael Thorpe teaches** English **at** Mount Allison **University** in **Sackville,** N.B. **Vancouver** legend George **Woodcock** is the former **editor** of ***Canadian Literature.***

EDITOR: Douglas Marshall. ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Wayne Grady. SMALL-PRESS EDITOR: Pier **Giorgio** Di Cicco. COPY EDITOR: Marvin **Goody.** ART DIRECTOR: **Mary Lu Toms.** GENERAL MANAGER and ADVERTISING MANAGER: Susan **Traer.** CIRCULATION MANAGER: Susan Aihoshi. CONSULTANTS: Robert **Farrelly** and **Jack Jensen.**

Books in Canada is published 10 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, Ont. M5A 1N4. Telephone: (416) 363-5426. Available to the public free in subscribing book stores, 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, Ont. M4Y 2N9. Indexed in the Canadian Periodical Index. Member of the CPPA. Material is commissioned on the understanding that both parties are bound by the terms of the standard PWAC contract. The editors cannot be held responsible for unsolicited material. Second Class Mail — Registration No. 2593. Contents © 1978. Printed by Heritage Press Co. Ltd. ISSN 0045-2564.

'WHO IS THIS MAN SMITH?'

So asked an angry E. J. Pratt some 4-O years ago. It turned out A. J.M. Smith was a poet sailing to a new Byzantium, Although he never found it, he remains a monument of unaging intellect

by Wayne Grady

SATURDAY, 3:30 P.M., the dead centre of the Great Canadian Poetry Weekend near Collingwood, Ont., a three-day extravaganza that has draw" poets and "poetry enthusiasts" from across the country to Blue Mountain for a "hillside happening." 0" a low platform in the Lazy Lounge of the base lodge, Henry Beissel is the focal point of four semi-circles of plastic chairs. He is reading a long poem. surrounded by bunches cf faded white lilacs, drooping and lost. and having kcubk with the microphone: it works, then it doesn't work. He taps at it with an anxious forefinger and it works again. By the heat outside, by the momentum cf Beissel's flattened voice, by the dull thudding of flies against the window behind him, his audience is held captive:

This Is thc nor th, my love, this rockface .
This is the north, my love, snow thatched and frost fretted

The heat is oppressive. Across the room Jay Macpherson stretches her feet and stares at them furiously. as if not recognizing them. Farther along, R.G. Everson is biting his lips, arms folded defensively across his chest. He is reading next. Beside me, Arthur lames Marshall Smith braces himself against the back of his chair as though against a tropical storm, elbows rigid, head thrown back. eyes clamped shut, a study in concentration. He is almost certainly asleep, rocking gently to the internal rhythms that have helped make more than 50 years of teaching, talking. and attending enjoyable. He has the old soldier's trick of sleeping while standing guard duty. inhabiting that ambiguous region between at ease and attention. Beissel clears his throat: "Part Two."

Fully awake, A.J.M. Smith can be just as evasive. When asked about his part in the poetic drama that was Montreal in the 1940s he pleads a collapsed memory, then launches into a detailed anecdote about a boy named Royter whom he had strapped 49 years ago when teaching at Baron Byng High School. More than half blind after a" unsuccessful operation last year fcr cataracts, he says he can no longer see well enough to write ("My writing days are over, I'm afraid. Don't repeat that"). But when a young lady hands him an anthology tc sign he flips through it tc his own poems and inscribes: "For Leigh, Blue Mountain, 1978. with all good wishes." And he recounts with enigmatic precision an anecdote about Wyndham Lewis, who wrote his last three novels in the 1950s when he was almost totally blind. Smith had brought Lewis to Michigan State University during the Second World War to lecture on "Tclstcy. Hemingway and War." Lewis, in a fog of gin and advanced myopia. mumbled through tbe lecture, dropped his notes, and generally botched the whole affair. But at the reception later, fortified with more gin and not needing notes, Lewis told a kind of mousetrap anecdote about T.S. Eliot's first days in London. It seemed the Bloomsbury group couldn't decide whether or not they ought to receive the young American poet. Logan Pearsall Smith offered tc invite Bliit tc tea and tell the group next week how it went. A week later Pearsall Smith made his report: "Well, I met the man. took him up tc lunch. and I *think* he'll *do. He* speaks English; very slowly. of course, but quite correctly."

"Get that down," Smith says tc me, and repeats the punch line. "Make sure ycu get it right."

If Smith Is ambiguous, he comes by it honestly enough. He was bcm in Montreal's Westmount in 1902, and it is hard to think of a place and time more centrally located yet determinedly detached than Westmount before the First World War. Westmount was (and is) a kind of Canadian Vatican, a tight pocket cf Saxon stoicism amid a torrent of Latin cosmopolitanism. As late as 1948 Stephen Leacock acknowledged its ambiguity: "There is no doubt that Westmount, thus included in Montreal, is an oasis of something in something else ..." Smith's only direct reference tc tbis nurturing oasis is a telling one. It appears in "My Lost Youth":

I thought of my birthplace in *Westmount* and *what* that *involved*
--An ear quick to recoil&m the faintest "false note".

A.J.M. Smith

"We learned our grammar by studying Macaulay," Smith says to Jay Macpherson during her seminar session on Blue Mountain. The workshop consists of a dozen enthusiasts — most of them high-school teachers — sitting around a little concrete walkway on the sunny side of the hill. Macpherson is at the centre, her back lo the broiling sun. Smith takes out a pair of clip-on sunglasses. removes his tweed jacket and folds it carefully over the back of an empty chair. tugs at his trouser legs. and resumes his seat. One of the enthusiasts mentions Charles Olson, departed gum of the Black Mountain school of poetry. Macpherson clasps her left knee and looks at the lodge wall above the enthusiast's head. "Olson." says Smith slowly. watching her, "Olson has invented a new metric. Based on breath control, apparently." It's impossible to tell how serious he is.

"Olson didn't interest me at all at first." says Macpherson. "But when I heard him reading in Toronto I must say I was greatly impressed. 1 think he is the originator of a refined and conscious craft. We are living in a tremendously eclectic time."

"Before Eliot," says Smith, "all of us were living in the same tradition. Now there are dozens. There is a need now to be conscious not of our place in time. but of our *places* in time."

In "Confessions of a Compulsive Anthologist" (1976), Smith wrote:

> In Westmount High and McGill in the '20s no modem poetry (except Kipling) was taught — and little Canadian poetry (except Carman). In the Westmount Public Library I came upon *The New Poetry*, published in 1917, and here I read with delight and fascination the new poetry of Ezra Pound, Wallace Stevens, T.S. Eliot, Yeats in his middle period, Conrad Aiken, and H.D. [imagist Hilda Doolitle]. This. I think, is a complete list of the poets whom I deliberately began to imitate.

At McGill, Smith studied science and edited the literary supplement of the *McGill Daily*. In 1925 he launched the more ambitious *McGill Fortnightly Review* with F.R. Scott, Leon Edel, and Leo Kennedy (who was at the Université de Montréal). In the two years it existed the *Review was, as* Desmond Pacey has remarked, "the most lively magazine in Canada." It introduced many of tbe poets who went on to become the advance troops of the new poetry in Canada. Smith himself printed 44 poems in it, as well as some of his early critical essays containing the embryo of his later theories. "Contemporary Poetry," for example, appeared in 1926. It was an examination of the poetics of Yeats. Eliot, the Sitwells, Stevens, and Cummings-poets who. Smith wrote. had been "hurled into poetry under the compulsion of bitter and poignant disillusionment." and who had "turned aside from the world, concerned themselves with abstruse questions of technique, probing with the best instruments they can forge the wounds of their own subconscious." The next year most of the editors and contributors graduated, the magazine folded, and Smith began his own process of turning aside from the world.

Jay Macpherson has been asked to name the poets whose work has influenced her own. She places ha right ankle under her left knee and considers: "First I want to say not Emily Dickinson. A.E. Houseman. I've always considered myself a minor poet, worked with minor themes. and have a great sympathy for other minor poets. As a young girl in Newfoundland before the war, when there were no books available. I borrowed from the St John's Public Library and copied books by C. Day Lewis, all of Eliot. translated Rimbaud, Rilke of course, and Hölderlin. Milton's *Lycidas*. The Old English Riddles."

Smith watches her, nodding. "You know," he says, "I first met Al Purdy in Vancouver in the '40s. I think it was in the Georgian Hotel, and we got to talking and I asked him what books be was reading. 'Oh.' he said, 'I never ready anything. I'm afraid it might spoil my originality.' " There is some laughter and clucking among the enthusiasts. "I must say now, though, that he seems to have changed bis mind completely."

The year 1936 was an important year for Smith. and in many ways a contradictory one. *New Provinces*. "the first anthology of 'modem poetry in Canada and the first I had anything to do with," was published, placing its contributors — Smith, Scott. A.M. Klein, and Leo Kennedy from Montreal, E.J. Pratt and Robert

Finch fmm Toronto — in the forefront of the new poetry movement in Canada. That same year Smith began teaching at Michii State, where he would remain until his retirement in 1972. and although he has rebuffed the suggestion that his withdrawal to East Lansing kept him out of touch with subsequent developments in Canadian poetry, it is at least true that Smith's role in the poetomachia brewing in Montreal was played. *for Ihe* most part. fmm the wings.

Smith's polemical introduction to *New Provinces* ("The Canadian poet is' ...a half-baked, hyper-sensitive, poorly adjusted, and neurotic individual") was rejected by Pratt ("Who is this man Smith?"), and the Toronto poets threatened to withdraw fmm the anthology if it were used. Smith, who was spending the summer in

The "bitter and poignant disillusionment" that had hurled Yeats and Eliot and Bound into poetry had driven Canadian poets into law firms, English departments, and banking houses.

the Eastern Townships, threatened to withdraw if it weren't. Scott. caught in the middle in Montreal, tried to appease both extremities by writing a new. toned-down version of Smith's introduction (Smith called it "vague. aimless jargon"), but the rift between Smith and Pratt remained unbridged until 1942, when Pratt helped Smith prepare the controversial *Book* of *Canadian Poetry*.

It was the *preparatory* work for this new anthology that seems to have changed Smith's mind about the health of Canadian poetry. What in 1936 he had found "romantic in conception and conventional in form." by 1943 bad become "a significant body of verse, at its best cogent. intense, and finely shaped." Whatever the cause of this volte-face (we can only assume he hadn't read much of it before), its effect was to lay the seeds for the now-famous battle between the *Preview* and *First Statement* groups (both magazines were started in 1942) that made Montreal in the 1940s seem like England in the 1590s. In hi introduction to The Book *of Canadian Poetry* (all of Smith's major battles seem to have been fought in introductions to anthologies) Smith proposed a division of Canadian poets into two groups: the "cosmopolitan" and the "native." The former group, he wrote, "has made a heroic effort to transcend colonialism by entering into the universal. civilizing culture of ideas." The latter group he praised faintly by saying it had concerned itself with the attempt "to come to terms with an environment that is only now ceasing to be colonial." Among the "cosmopolitans" Smith counted Finch, Ralph Gustafson, Patrick Anderson, P.K. Page, Scott, and L.A. Mackay: in other words, the Preview group. The modern "native" group Smith ignored completely. Not until 1945, when *First Statement* editor John Sutherland brought out his own anthology, *Other Canadians*, were *the First Statement* poets — Raymond Souster, Irving Layton, Louis Dud&-adequately represented in an anthology. Sutherland's introduction was a vitriolic attack on Smith's "hilarious catholicism," and championed the cause of social realism in Canadian poetry. After such a head-on clash. it is amazing that the two magazines merged soon after to become *Northern Review;* it is even more amazing that, after such a show of energy and dedication, the new magazine folded after a few years.

. "*The* lasting impression of our time," Yeats wrote to Dorothy Wellesley near the end of his life, "is in a sense of something steel-liie and cold withii the will. something passionate and cold." Smith's ode on the death of Yeats ends with the lines:

> *Over the Galway shore*
> *The white bird Is flying*
> *Forever. and crying*
> *To the tumultuous throng*
> *Of the sky his mid and passionate song.*

By 1955 Smith had developed Yeats's attraction to "cold beauty" into his own concept of "eclectic detachment," which he announced in a paper delivered to the Canadian Writers' Confer-

ence al Queen's University. It appears again in hi introduction to *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse* (1960): "The Canadian poet has one advantage — an advantage that derives from his position of separateness and semi-isolation. He can draw upon French. British, and American sources in language and literary convention; al the same lime be a-joys a measure of detachment that enables him to select and adapt what is relevant and useful." Behind these words lies a great dream: that Canada could become the new Byzantium envisioned by Yeats and prepared for by Pound and Eliot. Canada enjoyed that degree *of* involvement in the world of ideas and aloofness from the miasmas of politics, that mixture of frailties, the cold and passionate existence, that could nurture "pure" poetry. In 1961 Smith even quotes with approval Milton Wilson's remark: "I even wonder whether colonialism may not be, in theory at least, the most desirable poetic slate." "Nobody took much notice of it at the time." Smith recalls.

The reasons for the failure of Smith's dream of a new Canaan for poetry are long and complex. They involve the personalities and accidents of birth of the poets themselves, and of their times ("The First Statement Press had no sooner published *Other Canadians*," wrote *John* Sutherland in 1950. "than the whole purpose and driving spirit of the 'new movement' were in a stale of decay"). For a generation of poets too young for the first war and too old for the second, and sheltered from the Depression by Westmount families, university posts, socialism and geography, an aesthetic of *dégagement* would naturally be attractive. The "bitter and poignant disillusionment" that had hurled Yeats and Eliot and Pound into poetry had driven Canadian poets into law firms, English departments. and banking houses. Add lo that the pathological failure of all dreams. utopias, promised lands, and there is not much room left for surprise. Smith's own attitudes toward society — lii bis best poetry — are in any case satirical rather than tragic: they spring from a smouldering, mature, and enduring cynicism, not from the hard gem-lie flame, the cold beauty. that flares early and dies young.

Smith. of course. knows this and is not bitter about il. Now 76, he still spends his winters in East Lansing, Mich., "where I have many friends," and his summers in Georgeville, Que., just down the road from Magog, "first big white house on the right." where he lives with his son Peter. There he's only a few miles from North Hatley, where he visits Frank Scott, Buffy Glassco, Ralph Gustafson. Despite his protests. he intends to go on writing. "Give me another year," he says in another mood, "to see what happens with my eyes." A plastic lens surgically implanted in his right eye doesn't work. and the doctors won't take a chance with hi left. But he sees well enough. At the Chinese Wall Poster, a great sheet of paper taped to the wall of the base lodge dining mom on which everyone is supposed to wile a slug of inspired graffiti, Smith pauses to compose:

> *Dennis Lee likes children,*
> *Bill Bissett can't spell,*
> *Milton Acorn doesn't drink.*

Henry Beissel steps down from the podium and R. G. Everson takes his place behind the microphone. The effect on Smith is like a dash of cold water: he rouses from hi deep concentration, looks up quickly. and moves to a row farther back and around lo get a better look and to be closer to the speaker. He listens with a slow smile as Everson reads an anecdotal poem about W.B. Yeats in Montreal, Yeats sick in bed in a hotel mom being visited by Everson when there is a knock on the door and Stephen Leacock enters, "a little too soon, a little too eager." Everson, annoyed al the interruption, introduces Leacock as "a professor of economics at McGill."

"I write, too," adds Leacock. "Fifty-three books."

"A pity," replies Yeats, turning his face lo the wall. "So *few* read." □

From both sides now

Two books by Hugh MacLennan reveal how the novelist's essays shed light on the essayist's novels

by George Woodcock

The Colour of Canada. text by Hugh MacLennan. McClelland & Stewart, 128 pages, $9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 5809 8).

The Other Side of Hugh MacLennan, edited by Elspeth Cameron, Macmillan, 240 pages, $11.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7705 1716 Il.

HERE ARE TWO books mainly by Hugh MacLennan. Neither of them is entirely new, and both of them sail under misleading titles. but together they present a mass of evidence of MacLennan's outstanding quality as an essayist and also a great deal that illuminates his considerable achievements as a novelist.

The Colour of Canada is really a picture book of Canadian scenes, with a long introduction by MacLennan. The illustrations — by a variety of photographers including Roloff Beny and John de Visser, Peter Varley and Horst Ericht, Fred Bruemmer and Eberhard Otto — are what literally contain the "colour," the vivid tints and tones of the Canadian landscape and the Canadian cities at their most dramatic. They are toned-up versions of the reality, and give very little idea of the look and feel of a windy February day on the corner of Pottage and Main, or a wet September afternoon in Vancouver with greyness pouring down out of the sky into the green dankness of my garden. *The Colour of Canada was* originally a celebration volume for Expo 67. and something more varied in tone, more shadowed by the sombre, would have given a truer sense of the year-in, year-out "colour of Canada." and indeed of the spirit of the land in 1978.

It is only in a figurative way that MacLennan's introductory essay can be regarded as having anything to do with the "colour of Canada." He rarely even mentions a colour, and one has the feeling-as one does when reading his novels — that he does not in fact approach the land with the kind of painter's sensibility that might have responded more diitly and more particularly to the illustrative material. What one remembers, reading his introduction, is that MacLennan is by training a classical historian; when he looks at the land it is as if a historical map were spread out before him, and In the hills and valleys and waterways he were marking the advance of mankind over the terrain. The fact that in visual terms this is so emphatically a book about Canada rather than about Canadians does modify his approach, and leads him, as a good look at our map must lead all sensible Canadians, to realize that our true destiny does not lie in political centralization and megalopolitan urbanism, both of which our present rulers have tried to foster, but rather In diversity and decentralization:

> I believe that the perennial Canadian "racial problem" is our greatest single asset. Again and again it has prevented us from opting for the kind of unity that turns a government into a huge abstraction. In our muddled way we are still trying to provide in Canada a political home for diversity.

In one of his captions hc remarks on our good fortune in receiving from Europe, after the Second World War, the kind of immigrant flood that would indeed lead to diversity, and he asks the question: "Will Canada move toward decentralization in the next few decades or will her cities develop into a cancer growth?" And the lover of the classical world, who is never far below the surface in MacLennan, presents a vision of what Canada could still be if those who plan and control its development were also visionaries.

> A culture of cities with unspoiled nature in abundance, more fresh air and water than in any other part of the earth — if only our imaginations could look both back and forward, back to the loveliness of the cities of ancient Greece and forward to what such a combination of urbanity and wilderness promises us! If only, instead of multiplying urban high rises, our city developers had the wisdom of Sir Christopher Wren, and kept the building lower and seeded the cities with parks.

There is one phrase there, "a combination of urbanity and wilderness," that I think tells us a great deal about MacLennan's particular life-view, his special genius. For the insistence that the values of civilization and the virtues of nature must be kept in interplay. never regarded as separately viable, runs through his writings and particularly inspires the best of his essays, many of which are included in the collection Elspeth Cameron presents under the title The Other *Side Of Hugh MacLennan.*

As I have suggested, this also is a somewhat dubious title. since anyone who has read MacLennan attentively will realize that his crafts as essayist and novelist are interfluent and interdependent. Perhaps, as MacLennan at one point in tbii volume suggests. his insights come from intuition more than from intelligence, but the fact remains that even in his novels he tends to express himself discursively, to fall often into the voice of the essayist. just as his novelist's intuitions often provide his essays with unexpected insights into the human condition. I have never thought of MacLennan as a divided man, either in mind or work, and while that sometimes means he is less interesting as a literary figure than our more psychotic writers (in rather the same way Tolstoy was personally duller than Dostoevsky). it does make it appropriate and easy to see him in the round, rather than trying to invent an "other side." The essays Elspeth Cameron has collected are useful precisely because they help us to achieve an integrated view of a reasonably well-integrated man.

Like all writers who have at times had to rely on their pen for a living. MacLennan has written a good many essays in his time. on a considerable variety of subjects, and as in all such cases they have varied a great deal in quality. Ms. Cameron has located 400 of them, which is a respectable total, and out of there she has selected 35. Just over one half of there are taken fmm one or other of his earlier books of essays (Cross *Country, Thirty and Three,* and *Scotchman's Return*); most of the rest have been published in magazines varying from *Canadian Literature* to *the Imperial OR Review;* but rather surprisingly there are five that have "ever been printed, and these apparently represent a considerable pool of unpublished MacLennan material. In time they range over more than 30 years. from that marvellous vignette of childhood. "An Orange from Portugal," which appeared in *Chatelaine* in 1947. down to an adapted speech. "Two Solitudes: Thirty Three Years Later." delivered at Queen's University early in 1978. Thus almost the whole of MacLennan's creative life is represented.

In my view the best pieces are the reflective and reminiscent ones, or those in which MacLennan discourses philosophically on some semi-historical theme. rather than the polemical ones, which tend to date in flavour as well as to lose the topical appeal they had at the time of writing. For MacLennan, in so far as the distinction can be drawn, is an essayist rather than a journalist (at least in the modem sense of that word). MacLennan has inevitably thought about his craft. and in the first essay in his book. "The Writer and His Audience" (a previously uncollected piece that appeared 24 years ago in *The Montrealer*), he in fact points out tbe ways in which essay writing differs from journalism:

> [The essay] depends more than any other form of writing on a relationship between author and reader so close that at times the author at his desk has the illusion that he is lounging in his library late in the evening of a well-spent day, a glass of beer at his elbow and a personal friend in the opposite chair. For this reason it is almost impossible for a good essay to find its way into a mass-circulation magazine and totally impossible for anyone to write enduing essays with a large audience of foreigners in the forefront of his mind. This does not mean that he cannot reach foreigners if his essays are good. It means merely that be is not thinking about them when be writes.

In the same essay MacLennan chooses Bacon, Addison. and Charles Lamb as the "three supreme essay-writers of England"; I am surprised that he leaves out William Hazlitt, for in his breadth of approach, in his concern for public issues. and even in his manner of writing he has probably more in common with Hazlitt than with any of the writers he mentions. He also remarks: "I suppose the best essayist Canada ever produced was Stephen Leacock," and here again I am bound to disagree. Leacock was essentially a fiction writer, if not a novelist, and it is when he expresses opinions indirectly through tales. not when he expresses them directly in essays, that Leacock excels. If I were asked to pick the best Canadian essayist I would hesitate between Roderick Haig-Brown and (on the strength of these essays) MacLennan himself.

MacLennan, one becomes quickly aware, has all the true qualities of a good essayist. One of these is a degree of self-complacency that touches on vanity. Even to think of interesting someone in the details of one's everyday life betokens a feeling that there is something special about oneself, and the trick is to efface the ego in the process of writing so that self-complacency is diluted by self-deprecation. The reader must smile with the author at his self-satisfaction. I think this comes out admirably in the "Confessions of a Wood-Chopping Man," in which MacLennan portrays himself in his own woodlot, solemnly emulating Gladstone.

Balancing the self-complacency in a goad essayist is the curiosity toward other people and ways of life that makes him a chronicler of manners. MacLennan has this tee, emerging in his sketches of the odd manners of the British in such essays as "Orgy at Oriel" and "The Last Colonel."

Finally, the good essayist must be a man of strong opinion. even of prejudice, and MacLennan shows himself to be one, with the prejudice running particularly strong against anything resembling modernism in literature. His formal conservatism as a novelist has always been obvious, but only on reading his essays does one realize how he glories in it, denying emphatically that his books *contain any* symbolism or can be taken to mean anything more than appears on the surface, and resolutely damning Eliot, Joyce, Pound, Faulkner. even Marcel Proust, and the "power élite" of modernism he sees flowing from their influence. I cannot agree with him. I think that as a

novelist Proust is infinitely better than MacLennan or then people like Sinclair Lewis or Joyce Cary, of whom MacLennan speaks with approval. But I am glad, in our mealy-mouthed age. to encounter a man who has prejudices and voices them.

In addition to these necessary characteristics of the true essayist, MacLennan has two other qualities that he shares with the best of them. especially with Hazlitt. The first is the deeply personal and often autobiographical quality of much that he writes. "Scotchman's Return," concerning his first journey to the Highlands, and "Remembrance of Men Pest" are good examples. And there is the sense of the present emerging out of a splendid past that is the vestige of his historian's calling and emerges in such pieces es "The Rivers That Made a Nation" and "The Scottish Touch: Cape Breton," which reveal one different scale the same noble vision of Canada's origins as Donald Creighton developed in. his more massive and more formal histories.

The Other Side of Hugh MacLennan is a fine book. I hope it will be successful enough to encourage the editor and the publishers to dip further into that treasure of 400 essays for other volumes like it. □

Cloistered virtues

At Peace, by Ann Copeland, Oberon Press, 164 pages. $15.00 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 270 9) and $6.95 paper (ISBN 0 SC750 2717).

I've Always Felt Sorry for Decimals, by Robert Gibbs, Oberon Press, 148 pages, $12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 268 7) and 95.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 269 5).

By MICHAEL SMITH

IT'S PROBABLY UNFAIR just to say that both these collections of short stories are about religion. Though religious life is important to both — the one cloistered Catholic, the other avowedly Protestant — it's important as context rather than theme. Neither preaches. The convent in Ann Copeland's *At Peace fosters the* same kind of narrative isolation and scrutiny es U.D. Valgardson's fishing camps, say, while the connecting link among most of the adult characters in Robert Gibbs's *I've Always Felt Sorry for Decimals* is an addle-headed kind of fundamentalism that deals in Nothingarians and Pre-millennial Dawnists.

What's fascinating about Copeland's seven stories is less the glimpse they afford into lii inside the cloister than the striking similarity they reveal between the operation of a convent and that of any large corporation. She writes in "Jubilee." the story of an old and increasingly disillusioned nun, of the "manipulative nuance, the religious masks of power." In "The Lord's Supper" she portrays a reverend mother who tends to be the stereotype for all the others, critically surveying her nuns much as an executive officer might evaluate a group of not entirelv co-operative employees. By the end of tbc story we learn how participation in one of the convent's ceremonies by a male cook's helper, a non-Catholic, can be bought with an extra bottle of wine.

Copeland spent her youth in a convent, thee went on to become a university teacher and writer, and so perhaps it's not surprising that her stories share disillusionment as a central theme. It's stated most strongly in the tide story (the only one narrated in the first person by a former mm), which tells how a homely, rebellious lay sister has been laundered into en "effigy of nunhood" by the rules of her order, even after her death. Such stories es "cloister" and "The Golden Thread" also show the effects of the claustrophobic administration of convent life. In "Higher Learning" we see an idealistic young nun who becomes alarmed at the phoniness of academic pretense and, worse. at the way the reverend mother is willing lo adapt herself to it in the interests of public relations.

A more naive view of Catholicism is given in Gibbs's six stories, set in New Brunswick during the late 1930s and murated by eight-year-old Hutchison Killam who, along with hi six-year-old brother, Pompman, lives with an aunt and uncle following the death of his missionary parents among "the Zulus" in Africa All the family members are fundamentalists of various sects and, as in many smell tower, people get classified es Holy Rollers or Baptists or Adventists, as if that explains why they act the way they do. In "Catholics, Catholics, Ring the Bell," for instance, Pompey believes he has become a Catholic because the priest happened lo bless him et a church bazaar, bet by the end he learns basically that "the mickeys" are just like everybody else. Variants on this are the boys' growing perception of "niggers" (Gibbs's word) in "You Know Whet Thought Dii" and Jews in "Come On and Play War."

A major problem with these stories, I think, is their discursive length. which really isn't excused by Gibbs's use of the child narrator. *While* short stories don't have to be short any more, these sometimes covet so many events that even potent scenes end up seeming incidental. In "Get on Board, Sinners" the boys take a train tide to visit their grandmother. On the train they meet a coarse woman who knew some of their relatives. Then they take a side hip to the shack of an eccentric great-uncle. By lhe lime they reach their grandmother's farm — where an axe-wielding confrontation between her and a drunken neighbour ensues — the whole sequence suffers from chronic anti-climax. Gibbs is supposed lo have drawn heavily on his personal recollections lo write this first collection. Maybe he remembered loo much too well. □

A meeting of the twain

East and West: Selected Poems of George **Faludy,** edited by lobe Robert Colombo, Hounslow Press; 160 pages, $4.95 paper (ISBN 0 88882 025 9).

Soviet Poems: Sept. 13 to Oct. 5, 1976, by Ralph Gustafson, Turnstone Press, 47 pages, $4 paper (ISBN 0 88801008 7).

By CHRISTOPHER LEVBNSON

PERHAPS IT IS still too soon to ask Canadians to look beyond their literary borders with the U.S. and to a lesser extent England and France and take an interest in what is happening in other languages. until our own major poets have woe substantial recognition abroad we will probably continue to import British or American translations of. se-j', Neruda or Enzensberger. But while the government busily subsidizes the translation of minority ethnic writers living in Canada into bi-Canadian, we should et least be looking at some of the major figures with reputations already made in their own languages who have chosen to come and live here, such as Czech novelist Josef Skvorecky and now the Hungarian poet George Faludy, who has been living in Toronto since 1967.

John Robert Colombo, who was responsible for introducing soother good Hungarian-Canadian poet, Robert Zend, and who has published much contemporary Bulgarian poetry, has now edited a substantial body of Faludy's work in the English versions of, among others. George Jones, Dennis Lee, Michael Yates, and himself. It would be easy to carp et tbe occasional typos or object that some of the translations, notably the editor's own, are et times heavily prosaic: the fact remains that we have enough of Faludy's work in one place to form et least tentative conclusions about his stature.

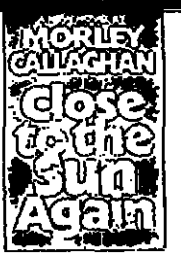
First of all, it is apparent that Faludy, now 65, writes out of his whole life, a full life that has covered es much ground emotionally as it has geographically. Like Neruda, and in a way that few Canadian poets can equal, be comes across es a man whose grasp of tbe contemporary world is in several senses all-embracing: he is an experienced traveller, an experienced lover, a cosmopolitan. His subjects range from a moving sequence on his wife dying of cancer, through such historical projects es "Lorenzo de Medici, about 1480" and evocations of Western Australia or Morocco, lo poems written from a Hungarian prison in the early 1950s. His poetry alternates, and indeed often mediates. between public and private worlds.

Even in translation it is cleat that Faludy

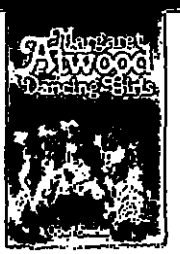
Meet the Best Canadians

1439 One Canada Vol III. John Diefenbaker The Chief In power Accurately subtitled "The Tumultuous Years" Illus $15 95

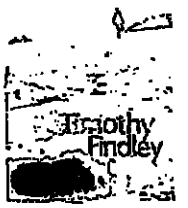
1488 McClure: The China Years. Munroe Scott. The bestselling biography of the medical missionary who became United Church Moderator Illus $14 95



1471 Close to the Sun Again Morley Callaghan. The master's latest novel A powerful man unhappily confronts the truth about himself. $9.95



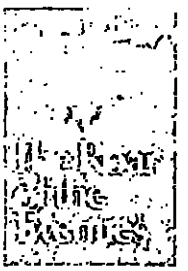
1434 Dancing Girls. The bestselling first collection of Margaret Atwood's powerful, very short stories $12 95



1473 The Wars. Timothy Findley. A compelling, unforgettable novel about a well-born young Canadian in the madness of WWI. G G Award winner. $9.95

1389 Max Braithwaite's Ontario. From Kirkland Lake to Niagara, a loving and surprising portrait of the province Illus. $10 00

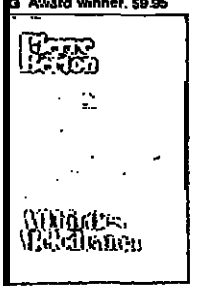
1401 Canadians on the Nile. Roy MacLaren The amazing saga of voyageurs in a Victorian imperial campaign in the Sudan Illus $14 95



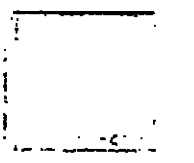
1515 The Roar of the Twenties. James H Gray The Prairies in the flamboyant years before the Depression brought vividly to life Illus $9 95

1425 Six Journeys: A Cdn Pattern. Charles Taylor's biographies of unusual Canadians in search of excellence. James Houston, Emily Carr, others. Illus. $14 95

1614 The Harrowsmith Reader. A glorious anthology. Energy conservation, food, farming, alternative lifestyles. Heavily illus. b & w and colour. $12.50



1433 The Dionne Years. Pierre Berton's absorbing story of the Quints and the people and events in their strange, sad lives Illus. $12.50



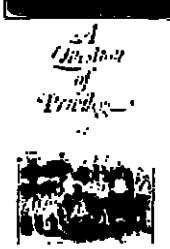
1059 Colombo's Canadian Quotations. A treasury of Canadian lore and learning 6000 quotes from 2500 sources Great browsing, reference. $15 00

1160 Not In Vain. Ken Bell's photos show WWII Canadian battlefields then and now Text by C P Stacey Undiscovered $9 95

Take THREE of Canada's Best for Just $4.95! Values to $51.85 Right Now in the Readers' Club of Canada!

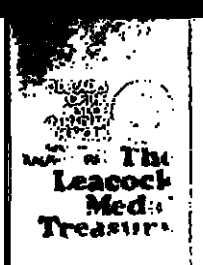
1302 Crafts Canada: The Useful Arts. Una Abrahamson A big, beautiful display of Canada's rich crafts heritage. Illus. $19.95

1472 Out of the Shadows. W A B Douglas & Brereton Greenhous The only comprehensive history of Canada in WWII Very readerable. 151 Illus $14 95

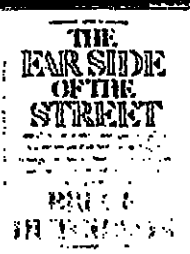


1417 A Question of Privilege. Carolyn Gossage. The surprising, often funny truth about our prestigious private schools Illus. $15.00

1510 One Half of Robertson Davies. Essays and pronouncements by our preeminent man of letters. Polished, elegant, entertaining. $10.95



1301 The Leacock Medal Treasury. Ed. Ralph L. Curry. Three decades of the very best of Canadian humour. $11.95



1517 The Far Side of the Street. Bruce Hutchinson Our best-known journalist writes about people and events over a half-century of

1516 But Not In Canada. Walter Stewart. A witty, indignant, iconoclastic assault on all our treasured myths about ourselves

Save money now with a **no-strings-attached** trial membership in Canada's own book club. The books on this page are typical of the offerings of the only Canadian book club. And you can have any **three** of them for **just $4.95** with your trial membership.

The Readers' Club is owned and operated by Canadians to serve the distinctive requirements of thoughtful Canadian readers. Now. with the help of the Secretary of State and the Canada Council. the Club is able to enroll additional members.

The Club offers you the carefully-chosen best of the new and important Canadian books. Them is no membership fee, and no **minimum** purchase requirement – you buy as few or as many books as you please.

Lou to gain ... and nothing to lose . . . choose your introductory books today!

The Readers' Club of Canada **B118**
33 Britain Streęt. Toronto. Ontario **M5A** 323

Enroll me in lhc **Readers'** Club and **send** mc **the three** books I have indiwlcd by **number** in **the boxes** below. 1 **cnclosc** 54.95 **(cheque or m.o.)** as **payment** in Ml for my **introductory** choicer. **Send me *Canadian Reader* each** *month.* describing forthcoming **Selections** and **other** important new Canadian books. If I wish **to reccive** a **Selection, I need** do nothing. **Otherwise I will give you** my **instructions** on a form which is **always** provided. I can buy **as few or** as *many* books **through the** Club **as I please. I** will **benefit** from **the** Club's Bonus Plan. I will bc **offered frequent** savings on my **purchases.** And **I** may **resign from the** Club at any timewithout penalty.
MY INTRODUCTORY SELECTIONS:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____ Postal Code _____

has a way witb metaphor. In "To Suzanne from Prison," for instance. he thinks of how long he may have to remain in jail:

And if it is ten or twenty years? I will endure it:
My eyes will retreat in their sockets like
train lamps
You see at crossings streaming by the fields
at night.
My flesh will dangle from my bones like
dough . . .

Sometimes this power grows merely fanciful, as when in "Ave Luna, Morituri Te Salutant" the young poet-persona views the pre-NASA moon as "Ophelia's mad breast floating naked/in the dark waters of the sky." or later as a "transcendental angel's rump/sitting tranquil/on heaven's latrine/Hercules' adolescent scrotum," while sometimes, especially in the love sonnets. which strike one as rather conventional and tawdry, a rhetorical strain surfaces that must surely be present also in the original. So too, in "In the Reading Room of the British Museum." one finds a more overt didacticism than is generally acceptable in Canadian poetry. The museum's readers. he concludes. "will know that their lives have had a meaning/That they have not lived vainly, as have billions of others." But both rhetorical and didactic excesses may derive partly from the higb status still accorded to the artist as seer in Hungary and indeed many other countries, a role with which Canadian poets are neither blessed nor cursed.

Faludy's further stylistic qualities have to be guessed at: in "To the Mayor of Philadelphia." for example, the irony is mostly unsubtle but sometimes suggests subtlety; likewise his historical habit of mind is effectively enlisted, as when he says of the poet himself: "he did.. . observe the local custom of squatting/in his own apartment after sunset/in the manner of his cave-dwelling fur-pelted/ancestors, listening to the shrill/sirens of squad cars passing in the dark/much as they did to tbe trumpets of mastodons."

Underlying all is a sense of inventiveness and energy, even in his surprisingly successful treatment of such a conventional motif as the *danse macabre.* Faludy's committed humanism — his impatience with poverty, cruelty, ignorance, and the tyranny of petty bureaucrats. his boredom with amoral technologies, no less than his enjoyment of what is fully alive in man and nature — shines through even the less inspired translations and obviously springs from a life full of both thought and *action.* so that I for one am prepared to take on trust the linguistic control of the original and welcome his work as a powerful addition to the Canadian literary scene.

Inevitably. Ralph Gustafson's *Soviet Poems* suffers by comparison. Visiting Russia briefly as part of an official cultural exchange organized by the Department of External Affairs, how could he not have written poems that were self-consciously journalistic? For Gustafson's poetry this is a mixed blessing: the sequence has spontaneity but also an air of casualness that borders cm the random. Gustafson, for all his intelligence and sensitivity, lacks Purdy's ability to move obliquely fmm apparent trivia to major statement, and when he tries the result is laboured. Hen he looks at an old woman street sweeper:

This is September: soon the snow
Will cover the shivering gutter
And the plough will supersede the broom.
We all feel it. No matter the labour,
Snow and death come.
Do they not?

Most of the poems and their accompanying prose introductions read like snapshots. even down to the predictable ironies. Of the mosaics at St Sophia, for instance. be comments: "Do we/Need natural faith? Ichthys / Worship of a fish? Do we need that?/Of course not. Xerox reigns." On the other hand, when in such poems as "On the road to Novgorod," he is content for once simply to evoke a scene rather than apostrophize or self-consciously meditate, we can share the experience in all its simplicity and strangeness. □

One for the road

Stories for Late-Night Drinkers, by Michel Tremblay, translated from tbe French by Michael Bullock, Intermedia, 123 pages, $7.95 paper (ISBN 0 88956 055 2).

By JOAN HIND-SMITH

AT FIRST GLANCE these demonic fables by Michel Tremblay are surprising to those of us who think of him as a harshly realistic playwright. The stories are actually bizarre and horrifying nightmares, peopled by vampires and witches and surfacing from tbe darkest abysses of tbe psyche. Initially published in Quebec in 1966 as *Contes pour buveurs attardés, they* slightly predate hi plays.

The stories are fascinating psychological and political allegories. chiefly interesting because of tbe insights they provide into the imagination of one of our major playwrights. They are about evil, the kind of evil gleaned from a church with a rich sense of damnation. English Protestant readers sometimes have difficulty understanding this particular preoccupation of French-Canadian writers. The threatening forces in English-Canadian literature are more likely to be vast spaces, ice and snow, cold seas and city concrete than florid devils. Emptiness is our terror, not damnation. But with this newly translated collection of Tremblay's stories we begin to see that evil and its consequence — eternal damnation — provide tbe controlling consciousness

behind Tremblay's sordid depictions c f poor people in his plays: *Les belles soeurs* describes empty, shoddy lives, but it is essentially a play about greed and guilt; *Bonjour, là, bonjour* is about incest; *Forever Yours, Marie-Lou* *demonstrates the evil that* results *from sexual ignorance* and repression. Tremblay's characters live in an earthly hell, as do the creatures in these terrifying stories. The *Contes,* lii the plays. seek to destroy by revelation. The politic31 satire, "Mr. Blink." is about an ordinary little man (the Québécois) who suddenly finds political responsibility thrust upon him. To his amazement. by saying and doing nothing at all, he is elected Rime Minister. and some of the political comment that ensues is far from subtle. The false idol, made cf a mysterious metal called graft, hammers its point rather heavily. People who make impossible wishes and then find them granted pay heavy prices. Tremblay seems tc be saying that it is time Quebec stopped whining for fulfilment and began to consider the price of destruction and re-creation. The psychological fables are about twisted beings who devour each other. also a familiar theme in his plays.

These are stories of destruction written by a man who seeks destruction. While his annihilating forces (spiders, hideous bird women) are frightening en&h. the most terrifying story of all is about people waiting for revelation, for a change that never comes. A drunk enters a tavern. He seems to be about to speak, and the other drinkers wait. The tavern shys open past closing timescthatthe word may come, but it never does. "The drinkers no longer locked at the drunkard; they knew they could expect nothing more. They looked at each other. They watched each other grow old." □

The menace according to St. Mathews

Canadian Literature: Surrender or Revolution. by Robin Mathews, edited by Gail Dexter, Steel Rail. 250 pages, **$13.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88791 014 9) and $6.95 paper (ISBN 0 88791 012 2).**

By MICHAEL THORPE

IT IS EASY to react against thii collection of combative essays. While one could go far toward endorsing Mathews' consistent, reiterated views — principally. that Canada suffers both economically and culturally from massive American penetration. that Canadians can resist only by developing faith in their distinctive identity, which he finds in our commitment tc "civil community" rather than "anarchistic individualism" -these views are compromised by a forced and undiscriminating mode of argument. His thesis cannot be swallowed whole. es is doubtless hoped by the excited editor who locks forward to the book's adoption "for courses in Canadian literature cc Canadian studies." Few students would be proof against so overbearing a critic.

The main section, IO essays heeded "Literature and Colonialism," repeatedly identifies "Americanism" as the villain. In the first sweeping essay we are told that to further its insidious influence, "U.S. power began shipping classics abroad in the holds of their gunboats." No titles are given, which is just es well. for what imperialists ever counted cc "classics" to further their aims? The British didn't ship *Bleak House* to Africa or A *Passage to India* east, MC could American expansionists safely back such sceptical geniuses as Hawthorne, Melville. Howells, or James (even before the port-1918 tradition cf radical dissent). As Joyce. thinking especially of the titer's position. observed. "The state is concentric, man is eccentric."

Why must Mathews denigrate American genius? Simply because it's American. Willy-nilly, William Carlos Williams is lumped with his compatriot T. S. Eliot da malign "individualistic" influence. ignoring Williams' concern in so searchingly critical an exploration cf "community" as

Paterson to counteract what Williams himself saw as Eliot's alienating example. Americans may not, however, espouse "Canadian" ideals. Certainly not those who have crossed the border to live and work among us: they emerge as an undifferentiated menace. especially suspect if they take Canadian citizenship.

Throughout Mathews over-simplifies and distorts: America means rapacious frontierism; all redskins. no palefaces. His strategy to promote CanLit is. ironically, reminiscent of such unlamented American critics as Parrington and Van Wyck Brooks, who extolled "native" over aesthetic qualities. Canadian writers are divided into sheep and goats depending on whether Mathews considers them "psychological colonials." Extravagantly praised are those patriots remarkable rather for their sentiments than their art: Richardson, Roberts, W. 0. Mitchell (whose "act of faith" in "community" earns *Who* Has Seen *the Wind* the stamp of "greatness." wanting of course in the anarchistic individualism of *Huckleberry* Finn). Canadians who fall short of Mathews' ethic have written American, not Canadian, works. An example: Kroetsch's *Gone Indian* (which surely satirizes American mythologizing?). Richler is accused of "loyalty" to the U.S., to be expected of one who, like Leonard Cohen, Atwood, and Graeme Gibson. treats "individualism and self-regarding conflict." Canadians who choose such American — or are they timeless? — themes are cultural traitors. Let Grove be their example, who created in *Fruits of the Earth* "a classic structure of the Canadian imagination." Perhaps. but Grove was German first and his earlier German novel, recently translated as *The* Master Mason's House, though a weaker work, embodies the same ethical standpoint. Never mind, since Grove elected Canada he qualifies as a contributor to Canadian "uniqueness."

• Mathews' critique of Callaghan's American mimicry is well argued, but should surprise no one; Callaghan belonged to a 1920s generation that felt bound t" shape its work to appeal to an American audience — not so Atwood, Laurence, Davies, or Engel. Mathews matches the selectiveness he indicts in the (indeed) "over-simplified, naggingly half-true" *Survival* with his own assortment of complementary half-truths.

I recommend the curious reader to begin by comparing with the original the distorted critique on pages 48-52 of *Charles* G. *D. Roberts by* W. J. Keith, "an Oxbridgean . . . who won quadruple firsts in his tripod [*sic*]." Mathews judges Orion *and 'Other Poems "often* quite stunning . a book of exciting promise." More temperately, Keith recognizes it is largely derivative in subject and manner and reasonably points out that "we have to search the volume with considerable care in order to detect any indication of distinctively Canadian content." But then Keith, like his academic colleagues of American origin, is a "cultural imperialist" who cannot know "what the Canadian imagination is about" — whereas Mathews naturally knows the American imagination inside out. Alas for the common pursuit of true judgement, or is that an American ideal?

The notes on pages 244-6 have incorrect chapter headings and those for one chapter are missing. □

Québec, les pieds noirs sont là

The Quebec Plot, by Leo Heaps. Collins. 212 pages. $11.95 cloth (ISBN 0 432 06600 4).

By DAVID TGBY HOMEL

PATRICK O'FLAHERTY's otherwise trivializing review in the Toronto *Globe and Mail* was right *about* one thing: there's a paternalistic attitude in Leo Heaps's *The Quebec Plot* toward both Quebec and Canada. One more "what if" book about separation, it has all the markings of a spy thriller: tbe combat-trained hero is called away fmm his pursuit of pleasure to solve. through an artful combination of brawn and brains, an international intrigue and thwart the power-hungry villains. Generous helpings of gadgetry and teasing sex make this a good page-turner. even if the prose isn't as finely tuned as in most spy stories. Sex and violence are' toned down sufficiently to mike this a middle-of-the-road thriller. But there's something insidious going on behind the unremarkable plotting of this book.

Heaps's fantasy is that the day of reckoning has finally arrived for Quebec. Under the auspices of a high-ranking PQ official, a group of nationalists has decided to declare 'their independence at the point of a gun. France backs them up with, promises of diplomatic recognition and nuclear weapons; the leader of the main armed cell also turns out to be French. Then Mark Hauser, an American newspaper correspondent, arrives on the scene. *A* colleague of his stumbled cm tbe story and has since disappeared. Hauser is in Quebec City to find him, and in the process he discovers the nationalists' plot. Thd American Defence Department takes over, and the Quebec Plot is foiled..

But the plot is really a face-off between two imperialisms. between the French submarine sent to rendezvous with tbe Quebec rebels and the Americans who destroy it. The French general who engineers the mission earned his stripes in Indochina and Algeria, and for him Quebec is just another campaign, a theatre where two colonial powers compete for influence. We hardly, hear from the Quebeckers themselves, and when we do, they're portrayed as naive men out of control of their destinies.

What looks like a stylistic lapse in hi scenes with heads of state really uncovers one of Heaps's prejudices. The Prime Minister. the Presidents of the United States and France. and the Premier of Quebec are totally lifeless: they talk ineffectually while the real action passes them by. This fits in with the author's rugged-individual myth. For Heaps. power belongs to tbe tough men on the edges of the law who know how to seize it, leaving the elected officials to pick up the pieces when their schemes fail.

Heaps's stock thriller characters can't carry the weight of the political moral he wants to make. The story ends with virtue rewarded: the hem basks in a beautiful woman's arms. What's the moral? "Vigilance: he says on the last page. "Everywhere in the world there arc people who are eroding our freedoms." True enough. But Heaps is looking down the wrong end of the telescope. And he has added nothing to our understanding of what's happening in Quebec today. □

Up the Cree without a paddle

Scars, by W. P. Kinsella, Oberon Press, 154 pages, $12.95 cloth (ISBN 0 88750 285 7) and $5.95 paper (ISBN 0 88750 286 5).

By MARK ABLEY

"INDIANS SOMETIME a lot like animals," says Silas Ermineskin, the Cree narrator of Scars. "We ain't been away from our wild ways for very long." Hauled out of context, the sentence is flat and clichéd. But the idea kkes flesh throughout this collection of storks. Rigorously avoiding the sentimental, W. P. Kinsella writes with a bittersweet scepticism that refuses to let anyone adopt the easy stance of sympathy.

There should, on the face of it, be lots of room for pity. Kinsella's Indians kill others, kill themselves, make themselves and others miserable, and drink like starving fish. They live uneasy and misunderstood lives on the fringe of our foreign culture. If they haven't adopted ik values, they're not above using ik technology — with comic and sad results. Silas, a trainee medicine-man, covets a milkshake machine and would "like someday to be this here Donny Osmond fellow on TV."

It comes as no surprise when he informs us that "Indians and RCMP be Iii oil and water. don't mix at all." But these Indians do mix with the whites of northern Alberta, and in *Scars* the blend is as healthy as oil and beach. Left to themselves the Cree survive flamboyantly. The Hobbema reserve is rather less rich than the Alberta of eastern imagination, but by a little "creative borrowing" and some intermittent work ik inhabitants manage quite well. There's no self-pity. "On some people." an old and wise and huge lady comments, "scars don't take."

Scars is Kinsells's second volume of stories, and the technique is often masterful. While characters and ideas are interlaced from tale to tale, the location and the point-of-view remain constant ("me and my friend Frank Fence-Post" sit at more small-town bars than I could count). And gradually the reservation becomes as familiar to us as a memory. Kinsella is especially good at tying emotions to physical objects; when a teacup, for instance. is smashed against a wall "and fall into the carpet. some of the orange flowers off the alp look like they growing in white grass." The stories are full of breakages.

As narratives of *action* and portraits of character, Scars is a very fine collection. I can't help wishing, though, that Kinsella bad extended himself a little more: he's at his best in the longer stories, the complex

emotions. Too often he's content to make a neat, small point. The prose aims for authenticity at the expense of much else, end yet Scars occasionally rises to an unforced eloquence:

> Etta she know the old-time death songs of our people and she start up to chant some, first soft as the voice of a small animal then . rise up slow to the scream of the hawk. We take up the rhythm of her voice and· we pretty soon move along the snowy trail like dancers.

"Like" dancers. Silas's best friend does a war dance only before having sex with en American white. The abandoned wife of the tribal chief does "the saddest chicken dance this side of the cross," twice. And even the Northern Lights are not dancers anymore; they merely resemble the shadows of dancers. Kinsella's Indians are not exactly losers, for they have never had the chance to do battle. They are the inheritors of loss, and their daily lives are little skirmishes. Yet they grin and bear children.

Though Oberon promises "laughter above all" from Scars. its title tells more of the truth. Only a third of these stories could possibly be classed as comedy. The Indians may be close in time to the old ways, but their past is growing es alien es the taste of buffalo. Did the Cree once bury their deed in trees? "I don't know for sure," says Silas Ermineskin, "and neither do anyone else but we all seen it done in the movie *Jeremiah Johnson* that showed et the Wheatlands Theatre." □

Self contemned

Mrs. Duke's Millions, by Wyndham Lewis, Coach House Press, 385 pages, $7.50 paper (ISBN 0 88910 082 9).

By GERALD LEVITCH

WHEN YOU'RE A neglected British novelist, they really bury you. Before reading the present book1 thought I'd refresh my fading university memories of Lewis's work by re-reading some of his better-known novels. That proved unexpectedly difficult. I tried three branches of the Tomato public Library and found only one volume of Lewis's literary criticism. The bookstores were worse. Three paperback specialists yielded nothing, and 1 discovered that the old Penguin edition of Apes *of* God has been dropped. No one, presumably. is interested or cares. If anyone outside a university reads Lewis, it obviously requires an inordinate amount of initiative.

Then, too. there's some confusion about Lewis himself, or more precisely, his origins. The present volume's wrapper states that Lewis was Canadian-born, end a publicity release from the publisher declares that he entered this world by way of Amherst, N.S., in 1881. *The Oxford Companion to Canadian History and Literature* says only that Lewis was British and lived in Toronto during the Second World War. The *Atlantic Brief Lives says* he was born of English parents et sea on the Bay of Fundy, off Maine, in 1884. *The Everyman Dictionary of Literary Biography* confirms *the* 1884 date but simply declares that he was born in Maine, while Benet's *Reader's Encyclopedia* reduces that further to "American-born" and gives his birthdate as 1886. Finally, *The Oxford Companion to An* accepts the *1884 date* and *says that he was* born in America. It strangely reassures me to know that something as simple as one's birthdate and place CM so successfully elude the proper authorities. But it's probably no secret that Lewis, who died in 1957, spent the war years in Canada (in Toronto and Windsor, Oat.) and later used Toronto as the setting for his rather ungrateful novel *Self Condemned,* whiih is now available in a New Canadian Library edition.

The antecedents of Mrs. *Duke's Millions* are *no* less peculiar thee those of Lewis himself. The editor's note explains that the manuscript for this previously unpublished novel was found in a London junkshop in tbe 1950s. It was his first novel. written either in 1908 or 1909. Lewis sent it to a London literary agent with a covering letter in which he described the book es a "miserable pot-boiler ... done to get a little money."

I think for once we can accept Lewis et his word. The novel is populated by paper-thin characters who bumo about in an obscure plot that scrambles untidy elements of a purported mystery. What quickly becomes evident is that Lewis had no particular knack for writing "popular" novels and certainly wasn't likely to give Conan Doyle or H. Rider Haggard stiff competition.

Indeed, his convoluted plot seems to have exhausted his powers of imagination; and his skills es a storyteller are embryonic et best. Even the raucous satirical humour that marked his later work is absent here. What we have then is an historic example of a talented writer trying to write a trashy book for quick cash and discovering that the

authors of "cheap" novels possess certain distinctly literary gifts not so readily despised or easily imitated. That the English literary agent refused the book, calling it "unmarketable," strikes me as an indisputably Fair assessment of its chances. □

Citations for Gallantry

Canadian Fiction Magazine, Number 28, edited by Geoff Hancock, 133 pages, $3.75 (F.O. Box 46422. Station G, Vancouver B.C. V6R 4G7).

By JOHN HOFSESS

CANADIAN FICTION MAGAZINE is the most consistently interesting and lively literary quarterly being published in Canada today. This special issue devoted to the work of Mavis Gallant — like earlier issues on Jane Rule and Robert Harlow, offers a long interview by editor Geoff Hancock. a recent sampling of the author's fiction (in this case a new story by Gallant, *"With a Capital T"*) and several essays. Robertson Davies writes on the early novels of Gallant. George Woodcock and Ronald Hatch contribute long and substantial appraisals of *The Pegnitz* Junction, Gallant's favourite among her works. and her "Linnet Muir" collection of stories set in Montreal prim to the Second World War. five of which have appeared in *The New Yorker*. Finally, there is an invaluable bibliography compiled by Douglas Malcolm that lists most of Gallant's incidental writings (more than 100 newspaper and magazine articles). and quotes from reviews she has received over the years.

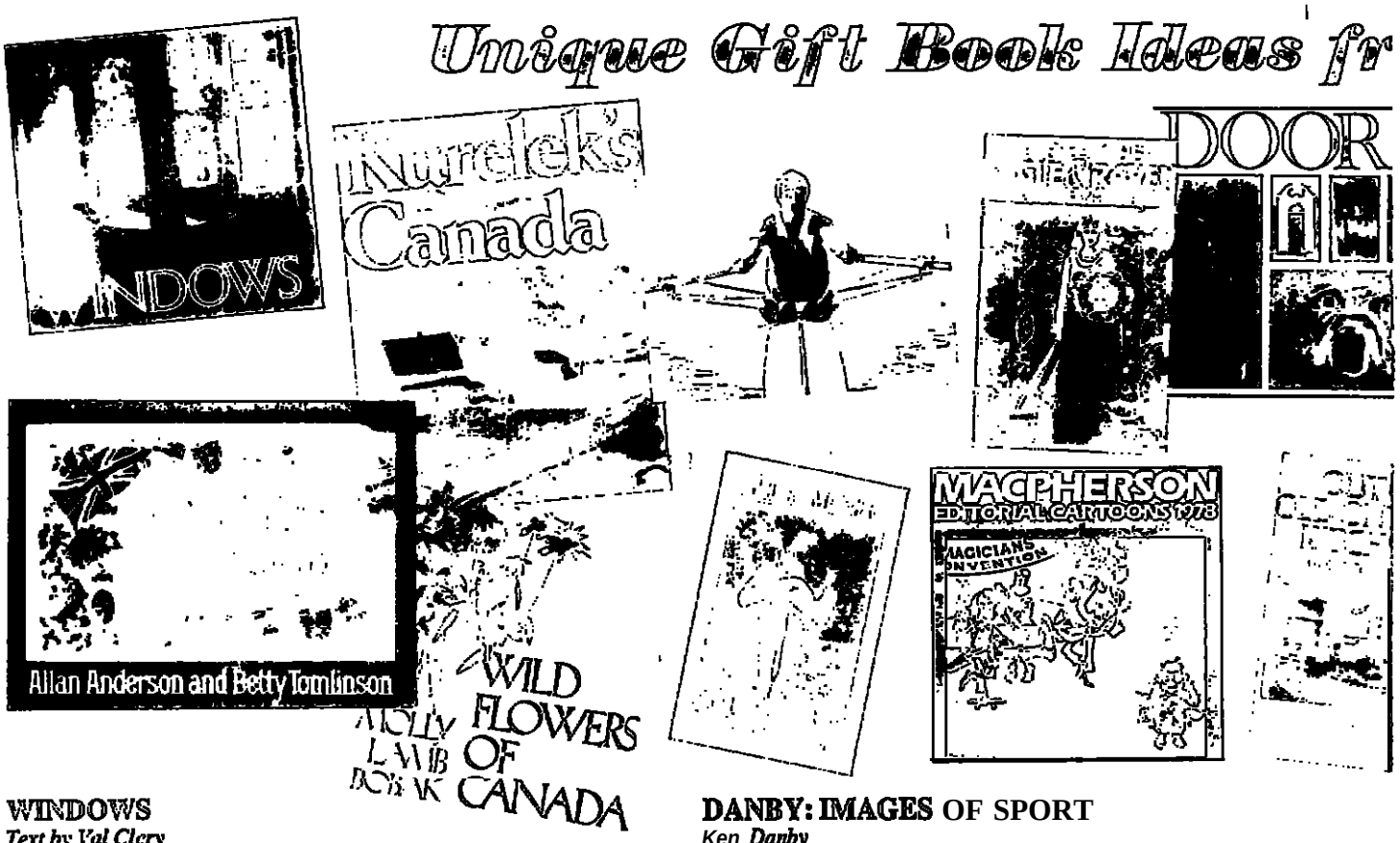
The Focus of the issue is the 48-page interview with Gallant. She generally avoids interviews, and regards "profiles" as "a form of aggression which society inflicts upon its artists." The truth is "profiles" can be anything: brilliant in the hands of Lillian Ross, competitive in the hands of Barbara Amiel, illuminating when done by Penelope Gilliatt, cheaply exploitive when done by Gail Sheehy. Even if one grants that most profiles resemble an intellectual *pas de deux between* one person who is genuinely talented (usually the subject) and one who is all feet, there is little evidence that Gallant has been abused by interviewers. Rather, her avoidance of publicity, of talking about her work, seems to be a way of never confronting her philosophical paradoxes, or having to clarify (to herself) a life based apparently more 0" strong feelings than on sturdy ideas.

She says here that she avoids knowledge of any "patterns" in her work. She can't abide rereading any story once it is published. She has an astute grasp of the work of others (especially Proust, her favourite author) but prefers to know little of her own techniques, themes. and implicit values. Her greatest gift is a fine sense of literary pitch and cadence that makes practically anything she writes a joy to read. The weakness in Gallant's fiction is that she accepts the irrational without a fight. Some readers may regard it as a profound view of human life that everything. ultimately, passes into mystery; it strikes me, however, as a common laziness among literary aesthetes (Nabokov, For example, whom Gallant admires) to accept life as a fogbound thing, making so little effort to live and write without shields of irony and masks.

In Gallant's non-fiction — her splendid introduction to *The Affair of Gabrielle Russier* (1971), and presumably in her work-in-progress on the Alfred Dreyfus case — she is more than an elegant stylist. She becomes en incisive analyst of society, combining a wide knowledge of history with an important morel and dramatic theme, and an author's trained eye for revealing details. Given her own reluctance to be personally known, publicly translucent, it is no small irony that Gallant does some of her best work as a journalist prying into the lives of others — sifting through material never intended for public view.

Whether well or scarcely acquainted with her work, readers will find this edition of *Canadian Fiction Magazine* an informative reference on a fascinating writer. It tells us all that she wants us to know. □

Unique Gift Book Ideas fr



WINDOWS
Text by Val Clery

One hundred end fifty magnificent photographs in full colour, complemented by a perceptive and thoughtful text, provide a feast for the eye and imagination in Windows. With photographs by John de Visser, Wim Noordhoek, Bill McLaughlin, and many others, *Windows* is a timeless gift book. $9.95 paperback

GREETINGS FROM CANADA:
An Album of Unique Canadian Postcards from the Edwardian Era 1900-1916

Allan Anderson. author of the best-selling *Remembering the Farm*, and *Betty* Tomlinson, a well-known broadcaster, have put together a charming book which nostalgia buffs will find irresistible. Illustrated with 600 authentic Edwardian postcards, along with the messages they carried. end thirty-two pages of full colour depicting life in Canada before the First World War, this book is a one-of-a-kind gift.
$14.95 paperback
529.95 cloth

WILD FLOWERS OF CANADA
Molly Lamb Bobak

The delicate and subtle watercolours of one of Canada's foremost nature artists, Molly Lamb Bobak, are accompanied by the artist's charming account of her own life and her views on the Canadian art scene over the past 30 years. The book contains 20 original impressionistic watercolours of Canadian wild flowers. $19.95

KURELEK'S CANADA
William Kurelek

The late William Kurelek was one of Canada's best-known artists, and in this paperback version of his best-selling book he has captured many aspects of Canada es he knew it. The book contains 30 colour paintings. and covers the nation, province by province. The text by the artist speaks of bis love of the country end the influences which guided bis painting. 88.95 paperback

DANBY: IMAGES OF SPORT
Ken Danby
Text by Hubert de Santana

A new end exciting concept in the real of art books, *Images of* Sport is a unique gift package containing six magnificent prints, never before available, depicting Canada's Olympic athletes in action. Accompanying the beautiful watercolour prints is a handsome book containing additional paintings. reproductions and sketches by Ken Danby, Canada's most renowned realist painter, along with a fascinating text by Hubert de Santana. Complete portfolio of book and six prints, $39.95

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARR?
Alice Munro

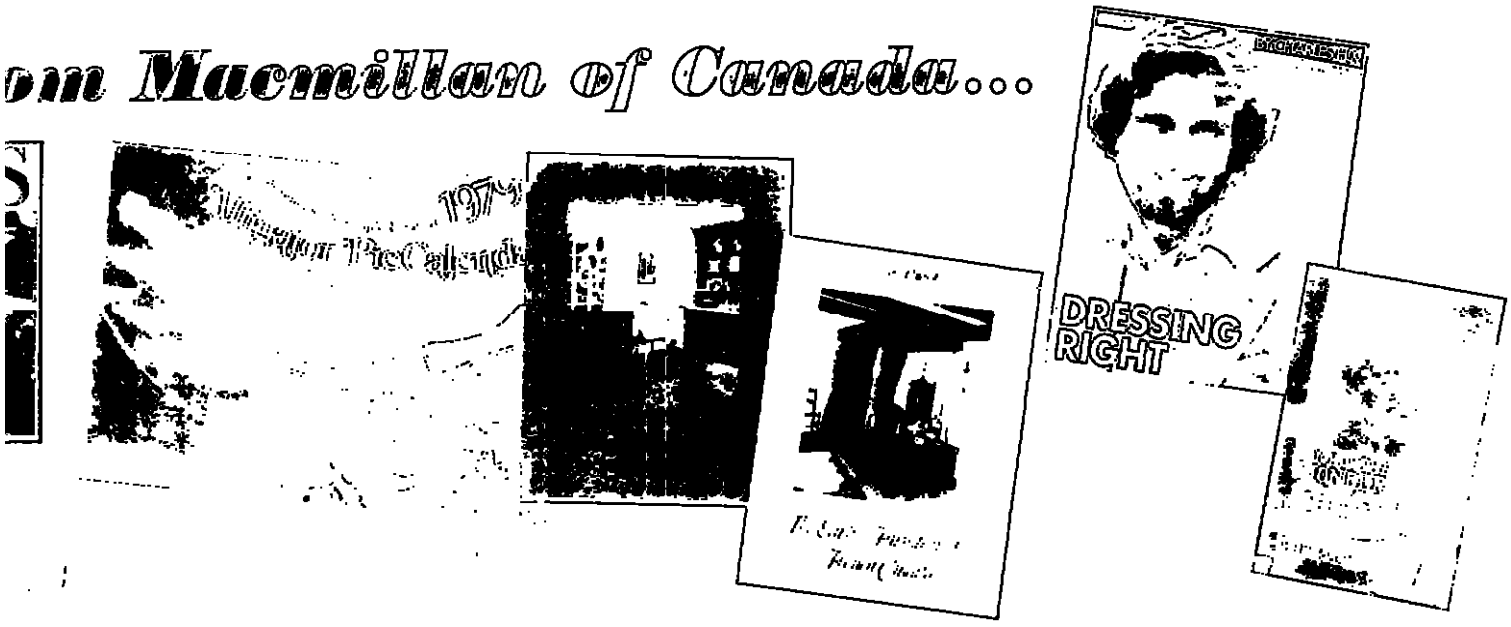
Alice Munro is surely one of Canada's most remarkable writers. Her first book, *Dance* of *the Happy Shades*, won the Governor *General's Award* for 1968, and her Lives *of* Girls *and Women* (1971) end *Something I've Been Meaning to Tell You (1974)* have further enhanced her fine reputation.

Who Do You Think You Are?. a superb collection of linked stories that has been four years in the making, will delight both long-time admirers of Alice Munro's work, end those who are discovering her irresistible style for the first time. $10.95

THE EAGLE AND THE RAVEN
Pauline Gedge

The Eagle And The Raven is the glorious successor to Pauline Gedge's best-selling first novel, *Child of the Morning*, which is currently being filmed for television. Another work of brilliant historical fiction, *The Eagle And The Raven* is set among the Celts of first-century Britain at the time of Boadicea, and will be published simultaneously in the United States by Dial Press with a striking jacket designed by the same talented artists who created tbe design for *Child of the Morning*. $12.95

...m Macmillan of Canada...



DUNCAN MACPHERSON EDITORIAL CARTOONS 1978
Duncan Macpherson
Introduction by Christina McCall Newman

As a political cartoonist. Duncan Macpherson has few peers. His devastating insights and artistic skills have provided brilliant commentary on the current headlines in the editorial pages of tbe *Toronto Star* for 20 yeas. Here are the best of bis 1978 reflections on the news stories of the year. Any Canadian concerned with today's events will find this book a delight. 34.95 paperback.

DOORS
Text by Val Clery

One hundred and fifty full-colour photographs portray, in astonishing variety, doors around the world. Combined with a vivid and perceptive text, the result is a rich repast for eye and mind. The exquisite colour photographs are by John de Visser, Wim Noordhoek, Fiona Mee, and many others. $9.95 paperback

OUT OF OLD ONTARIO KITCHENS
Christina Bates

Following in the wake of the success of *Out* of *Old Nova Scotia Kitchens* comes *Our of Old Ontario Kitchens*. Here for the reader to share, is a rare glimpse into the liver of the gentlewomen of pre-Confederation days — how they cooked and how they lived-with scores of tested recipes such as Mulligatawny Soup. Dressed Haddock with Lobster Sauce, and illustrations from pioneer cookbooks never before reproduced. $9.95

THE DENNIS LEE & FRANK NEWFELD 1979 ALLIGATOR PIE CALENDAR
Dennis Lee & Frank Newfeld

This calendar combines some of the best poems from *Alligator Pie*, *Nicholas Knock* and *Garbage Delight* and four droll and delightful new poems with completely new illustrations in full colour. Each month has been linked ingeniously to a province or territory. and treated with tbe magically infectious Lee/Newfeld originality and humour. 14.95

THE FURNITURE OF OLD ONTARIO
Philip Shackleton

THE EARLY FURNITURE OF FRENCH CANADA
Jean Palardy

Both regarded as classics in the field of antiques, these two books are now available together in a slip case for easy reference. Philip Shackleton, author of *The Furniture of Old Ontario*, has compiled over 600 illustrations in black and white, along with details on tbe most interesting furniture made in Ontario from the beginnings of settlement to 1860. The *Early Furniture of French Canada*, a companion volume, is fully illustrated, and provides ik readers with a wealth of information on the most exquisite pieces of the early Quebec cabinet makers.

Together. these two beautiful books combine to make a superb gift set.
Boxed Set: $29.95 paperback

DRESSING RIGHT
Charles Hix with Brian Burdine

Charles Hix, author of the best-selling *Looking Good*, has done it again! *Dressing Right* is an indispensable fashion and grooming guide for every man, regardless of his shape. sire, or age. This handsomely-illustrated guide reveals how any man can select a wardrobe that suits hi professional needs. bis own unique form. and, most importantly, hi pocketbook. $21.95

VOICE OF THE PIONEER
Bill McNeil

One mention of this forthcoming book on Bill McNeil's coast-to-coast radio programme elicited an astonishing response from listeners — 4,000 people wrote to ask when the book would be available. Since tbe programme began in 1968, radio listeners across Canada have been enthralled by Bill McNeil's interviews on the CBC with people who made Canada. Fmm every comer of Canada, from every walk of life come the stories, from tbe discovery of insulin to mining in Cape Breton, from tbe experiences of the Dumbells to the adventures of prospectors and bush pilots. $14.95

Macmillan

The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited
70 Bond Street,. Toronto M5B 1 X3

There are too few rats in our fourth estate . . .

Canada from the Newsstands: A Selection from the Best Canadian Journalism of the Past Thirty Years, edited by Val Clery, Macmillan, 224 pages, 510.95 cloth, (ISBN 0 7705 1720 x) and 57.95 paper (ISBN 0 7705 1727 7).

'By **TIM HEALD**

NICHOLAS TOMALIN, arguably the best all-round British journalist since the war, believed that an essential part of a journalist's make-up was "rat-like cunning." The assertion will not strike many chords in Canada. Canadian journalists are far too bury being nice. responsible. fair, worthy, and practising what Val Clery refers to in his introduction as "the integrity of judges." As this anthology effectively demonstrates. it is one thing to be "ice and quite another to be interesting. Tomalin's best-known piece of writing is his much-anthologized account of a U.S. general, "Zapping Charlie Cong." It is a brilliant piece of character assassination that could only have been achieved by a number of deceptions and trickeries. If the general ever read it, he would not have slept well thereafter. This book contains a veritable chorus line of latter-day saints ripe for the reaping, and yet they nearly all emerge unscathed. Morley Callaghan, Pierre Tndeau, René Lévesque, even the convicted embezzler Valdmanis of Newfoundland and the late Maurice Duplessis, would scarcely blanch on reading about themselves here. John Diefenbaker might have been less than enthralled to see what Tom Alderman wrote about him in The *Canadian* in 197 1, but it is significant that the piece deals with Diefenbaker at 75. alter his years in office. Alderman is one of the few writers in the book not using rubber bullets. but the weaponry is superfluous: the victim was half dead before-he opened Sire.

How representative a selection it is I don't know. The anthologist's craft is not easy, but the dominance of *Maclean's* does seem unduly complete. I make the score *Maclean's* 21. *Chatelaine* 2, *Saturday Night 2, The Canadian 2, The Globe Magazine 1. Weekend Magazine 1, Toronto Life 0. Maclean's,* arguer Clery, *has* always paid more money, and has also "been able to afford a" editorial staff large enough to impose stringent standards on both its staff and outside contributors." The supposition seems to be that the quality of pmse increases in direct proportion to the "umber of editors employed. That's not my experience.

Given the seemingly disproportionate quantity of *Maclean's* pieces I would have expected to see something by the magazine's present editor, but there is no Newman. Nor. more surprisingly. is there anything by Mordecai Riiw, who seems to me to be the most distinctive journalist now writing in Canada and the only Canadin writer I have met who exudes the authentic whiff of rat-lie cunning. I sup. pore his excellently astringent "Lament for a Divided Country" in last December's *Atlantic is* barred from these pages by dint of its original publication in Boston.

The subject matter is revealing. There is only one article about "abroad." and that is about photographer Roloff Beny in Iran. There must be more compelling reasons for writing about Iran, but it is at least a welcome reminder that there is another world out there beyond these shores. There is no article — or even allusion — to Canada's appearances on the world stage and, perhaps significantly, no profile of Lester Pearson. Three writers deal with oppressed Canadian minorities: Pierre Berton with the Japanese in postwar B.C., Peter Gzowski with Saskatchewan Indians. and Sidney Katz with the Sons of Freedom (an extremist faction of the Doukhobors). All three articles have a sense of commitment and outrage that isn't immediately apparent elsewhere, as well as being diligently researched, adequately narrated, and commendably anxious to avoid any undue bias. The incidence of profiles increases with time, partly because it's a cheap form of journalism (in literal economic terms — no gibe intended) and partly because. in Clery's words, "personality has seemed the runaway cult of journalism in the 1970s." Apart from the aforementioned gallery of famous names there are also celebrations of the young Bobby Orr and Paul Anka. The best is Alderman's Diefenbaker, not least because he is detached enough to let the old boy hang himself. By contrast, Stephen Overbury's attempt to cut down Morley Callaghan seems ludicrously shrill and opinionated. Tbe monarchy is not dealt with, nor are the armed forces. There is surprisingly little about sport and nothing about the Canadian Establishment — no profile of E. P. Taylor or Bud McDougald or any of the other moneybags. Popular sqciology gets a nod, though this is leadenly handled. For example, Barbara Amiel's story. "Trouble in Batonia," about Baton's going trendy, is a wonderful opportunity for some wit and incisiveness. but turns out to have all the bite of a peanut-butter shake. It cries out for a Katherine Whitehorn or a Jilly Cooper — just two of a monstrous regiment of sharp-clawed British journalists.

Considering that this anthology contains the work of 30 different writers, including editor Clery, there is a curious similarity of style. Thii could well be explained by the excessive powers of the Canadian editor, though I suspect it has more to do with the Canadian condition. (No editor, surely, could have wittingly let through this perora-

tion from a writer I'm too kind to identify: "With the passage of this resolution, the effort to establish some formal community, in tbis country. of writers -notorious for every eccentricity and defect of character that works against harmonious co-operation among human beings — was launched." There's far too much of that kind of clumsy, earnest, overblown writing for it to be the exclusive fault of an editorial class far more numerous and significant in Canada's journalism than Britain's. It's a symptom of something else, I think, and that is a desire to be taken seriously and to be regarded as responsible. It breeds long words for short and two words for one.

Clery, in hisepilogue, expresses the hope that "the present fragmented and over-processed content of magazines, and to an even greater extent of newspapers, may well stimulate in a viable proportion of readers an appetite for content that is substantial, richly imaginative and fresh in insight." That's all very well. but I'd trade any amount of substance for some joie *de vivre. I* wish I felt more of these writers really enjoyed what they were doing, derived some pleasure from causing a row, aspired to brilliance rather than competence, were prepared to fail miserably in the pursuit of excellence or take sides in someone else's quarrel. I long for some quirkiness and individuality and bloody-mindedness. And, above all, for some rat-lii cunning. □

. . . but once we had a splendid shrew

Kit Coleman: Queen of Hearts, by Ted Ferguson, Doubleday, 192 pages, $9.95 cloth. (ISBN 0 38.5 13447 9).

By TARA CULLIS

"IF A WOMAN can do as good as a man, she ought to be paid equal wages." "What is the matter with Canadian Literature? ... Why do our writers have to leave us to make fame in other lands?" "It's a pity there is not more patriotic spirit throughout the Dominion." These words are from the turn-of-the-century Canadian journalist Kit Coleman, whose columns are collected in Ted Ferguson's *Kit Coleman: Queen of Hearts*. They jolt our contemporary ruminations on feminism, Canadian nationalism, political corruption, strikes, and modem technology into a refreshing (and somewhat sobering) perspective. Much of it was first published in the 1890s. One wonders just what we've been doing for the past 80 years.

We're indebted to Ferguson for reintroducing us to the wit and wisdom of this larger-than-life personality. Well-travelled editor of the Woman's Kingdom page in the *Toronto Mail* (later the *Mail and Empire*) for 21 years, Coleman has impressive credentials: journalism's first accredited female war correspondent; Canada's first syndicated columnist; first full-time women's-page editor; first advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist; founding member and first president of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Her subjective style, at odds witb much of today's journalism. abounds in colourful metaphor and witty epigram. For her, wrecked Spanish warships were beached monsters that had "died horribly"; death and misery were always personal ("We are very little creatures. Very small and cheap and poor"). Her nationalism was unselfconscious: "My! but I love Canada greatly." In her popular lovelorn column Coleman mixed warm sympathy with cold sense. "My dear, let another homely woman comfort you. Time can rob you of but little. . ." "Dismount, little god . . . and be a sensible little human worm, wriggling along with the rest of us." "By all means dismiss tbe man. For his sake, not yours. It would be cruel to allow him to marry a little cad."

Woman's Kingdom was a fascinating pot-pourri of news, commentary, humour, old wives' tales. and Toronto gossip. "I thoroughly detest fashion, and I write about its nonsensical whims solely because you ladies are so keenly interested." "The new hats are weird." History leaps into life: the enormous impact of the bicycle, the telephone, the telegraph, is recorded and mused on, while Coleman's first-hand knowledge of Sii Wilfrid Laurier, Timothy Eaton, William Randolph Hearst, Sarah Bernhardt, Eleonora Duse, Lillie Langtry, Cassie Chadwick, Gladstone. Paderewski, gives us fascinating glimpses into their lives.

Editor Ferguson's introductions are informative. but we would greatly benefit from clearer organization and presentation of the, material (Ferguson's listing as "author" contributes to tbe confusion). Non sequiturs, misused pronouns, and fuzzy chapter divisions are also disconcerting. But Coleman's journalistic aim was entertainment, and her success carries tbe book. □

What happens to ugly Christmas trees?

They become beautiful books -or so the publishers hope. Here's an extensive guide to this season's crop

produced by Phil Surguy

LIKE IT OR NOT, the Christmas season begins right after Remembrance Day. Santas start parachuting into shopping malls across the land, decorations appear overnight in department stores, and most of us resign ourselves to grumbling and worrying about Christmas shopping for the next month and a half.

But ***Books in Canada*** has no patience with grumblers, especially among our readership. Nothing should be allowed to diminish the seasonal cheer. So as a service to our more sensible readers, those who have the wit to start their gift-buying before five o'clock on Christmas Eve, we offer this opportunity to plan ahead. Books make the best presents; even illiterates get a kick out of a thick volume of glossy pictures.

Originally we intended to cram this issue with reviews and notices of every new gift book, foreign and domestic. available in Canada this season. However, that proved impossible for a couple of reasons.

At press time many Christmas books were still in production and far fewer review copies were available than we had anticipated. For instance, we have still to see McClelland & Stewart's much-heralded ***Summer Places,*** Prentice-Hall's ***The Tangled Garden,*** or General Publishing's ***The Promised Land.*** (The *advanced* publicity for the latter promises: "Not since the Bile has there been a book that will mean so much to so many people.")

Furthermore, the extraordinary volume of new art and gift books rolling off the presses this season' threatened to overwhelm us. So what follows are reviews and notices of the books we've seen so far, plus lists of suitable and interesting volumes chosen from the catalogues we've received. We have tried to note, in one form or another, every appropriate Canadian book. No children's books have been included; they will be covered in a special section of our December issue, when Christmas is even closer than it is now.

Art, the herald angels sing

By PAUL STUEWE

BEFORE UNDERTAKING this omnibus review of recent art books. I decided to see how previous *Books in Canada reviewers had* handled the assignment. I discovered that each reviewer prefaced hi or her comments with an example of what we might call the "superfluous anecdote." Since I seem to be expected to offer my own version of the superfluous anecdote, I did come up with one of marginal relevance.

Once upon a time the book store I operate was patronized by a most personable customer, with whom I often exchanged pleasantries but never chanced to exchange names. Passing him on the street one day. I overheard a friend address him es "Art," and thus on his next visit to my shop I greeted him with a cheerful "lii, Art!" He seemed somewhat taken aback, and inquired as to how I had learned hi name. "That's easy," I replied in a moment of inspiration. "I have a whole section named after you."

And since some lackluster wit will doubtless accuse me of material self-interest here if I don't confess to it myself, I will admit that I did not address him es "Art" only for Art's sake.

With these necessary preliminaries out of the way, let's move on to a consideration of a potpourri of Canadian and foreign titles suitable for our forthcoming rites of giving and receiving.

CANADIAN

Christmas is traditionally a time to forget ancient grievances end redress past wrongs, so I'll do my bit by bringing to your attention two older books which have been somewhat neglected. Mary Allodi's Canadian Watercolours and Drawings In the Royal Ontario Museum (Royal Ontario Museum, two volumes boxed, $30), first published in 1974, is a treasure-trove of unfamiliar views of our landscape and people. Many result from visits made by British military officers, who received training in drawing as part of their professional education. and these are of a very high quality indeed. But even those done by untutored artists are of interest because of their subject matter, and on the whole this is a delightful compilation combining the best aspects of both art and Canadiana.

David Waterhouse's Images of Eighteenth-Century Japan (Royal Ontario Museum. $14.95), first published in 1975. is a generously illustrated catalogue of Ukiyo-e print.5 from the museum's Sc Edmund Walker Collection. The reproductions are accompanied by fascinating historical and literary material, and the book thus provides a comprehensive education in the subject es well as a series of visual delights. All of the ROM books I've seen are attractive in both scholarly and popular terms, end they should be more widely

known among book buyers and sellers.

Exhibition catalogues at their best are a valuable remembrance of enjoyments past, and an unusual case in point is provided by Louise d'Argencourt and Douglas Druick's edition of The other Nineteenth Century (National Gallery of Canada. $29.95). which spotlights paintings and sculpture in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. Tanenbaum. The Tanenbaums had the courage of their rather unfashionable taste in putting together an assemblage of works by such *once-popular* artists as Alma-Tadema, Meissonier and Tissot, and the bock's excellent explanatory notes painstakingly recapture the atmosphere of a badly neglected period of aesthetic history. *The Other Nineteenth Century*, besides being a most enjoyable work in itself, is also a superior example of the kind of *cultural* reclamation project Susan Sontag encouraged with her seminal "Notes on Camp."

A contrasting case of the catalogue as ideological forum is Mayo Graham's Another Dimension/Une autre dimension (National Gallery of Canada, $5.95 paper), which bilingually presents the artwork and aesthetic principles of sculptors Ian Carr-Harris, Murray Favro, Michael Snow, and Norman White. For all the fluency of their arguments. I found the actual achievements cf these experimenters with motion and conceptual frameworks to be disappointingly unengaging, although this may partially stem fmm the limitations imposed by reduction to book form. But for the *avant-garde* types on your list. this may well be a desirable acquisition.

Much more suitable for the printed format is The Inuit Print/L'estampe inuit (National Museums of Canada. 512.95 paper), the bilingual catalogue of a travelling exhibition of the National Museum of Man. The illustrations are lavish, the notes are concise and to the poinl, and the attractions of this fine form of graphic art are splendidly conveyed. Since this *exhibition* will he seen by many more Canadians than are most museum offerings, those involved in teaching art appreciation might consider using such work as a replacement for those "Old Master" paintings, which in fact presume a specific type of cultural background.

A related volume is Dorset 78 (M. F. Feheley, $15 cloth, $10 paper), the latest in the annual series cf Cape Dorset Graphics Collections. The prints here have been stunningly reproduced to a standard we have come to expect from Feheley, and the book also included a selection of lithographs and photo portraits of several of the Mists at work. Of all the books mentioned here, I think I'd choose this one for that special someone; and if they didn't like it. I think I'd start looking around for a special someone else.

But if I were feeling generous, I'd give them one last chance with Joe Rosenblatt's Doctor Anaconda's Solar Fun Club (Press Porcépic, $10). Rosenblatt is a Toronto poet whose drawings are at least the equal of his charmingly deranged verse, and the opportunity to possess a whole book of same is nothing to be sneezed at. unless. that is. you're kin to one of Dr. Anaconda's grotesque menagerie. in which case you're probably going to do something pretty weird with this magazine after you finish reading it; but if you're not, joining the Solar Fun Club is pmbably the best *known* cure *for post-nativity depression.*

FOREIGN

While we're in a fantastic mood, we might as well take a lock at several American and British titles that will be getting stuffed into a lot of stockings. Terry *Gilliam's* Animations of Mortality (Methuen, $8.95) is a visual extravaganza from Monty Python's resident intimator, its tone firmly set by the jacket's warning that "If you don't lii to see large pneumatic ladies exploding this book may disgust you!!" Speaking of large pneumatic ladies, the explicit charms of the women portrayed in The Fantastic Art cf Boris Vallejo (Ballantine, 88.75 paper) ate perhaps the most noteworthy aspect of this collection of SF cover illustrations and other ephemera, of interest to pubescent minds only. And much the same applies to the record album covers depicted in Dennis Saleh's Rock Art (Comma Books / Ballantine, $9.95 paper),

not because album covers can't be art — I possess several displaying the best in contemporary graphics — but because Saleh's selection is so pedestrian and downright unattractive. For fans only, and probably not for most of those.

Another level of fantasy entirely is represented by the work of the Austrian artist Hundertwasser, as introduced by Pierre Restany (Ballantine. $11 papa). Hundertwasser, whose work has been widely exhibited across North America, brings the freshness of a child's perceptions and the skills nf a mature artist to his depictions of contemporary reality. and he will be most appreciated by those not averse to a substantiak portion of *schlag on* top of their Viennese pastry. If that sounds too much like "a little bit goes a long way." let me amend that to "a whole book may be too much of a good thing." But in measured doses. a little Hundertwasser is undubitably most *gemütlich*.

Also a bit on the fey side is Henry Terry's A Victorian Flower Album (Penguin. $14.95). a reproduction of an 1873 floral gathering that may nonetheless appeal to the collector of Victorians: I'll confess that it speaks to the side of me which revels in the extended civilities of Anthony Trollope novels. Rabid anglophilia may likewise be a requirement for the maximum appreciation of Terence Cuneo's The Mouse & His Master (Methuen, $80). a sumptuously produced compendium of Cuneo's art and life experiences, both of which are firmly rooted in the world of British magazine illustration: reverence for the Royal Family and the military, romantic patronization of everyone else. But for a friend or relative who never misses the Queen's Christmas Message, this could be the most desirable book of any of those discussed here.

A somewhat more realistic view of English life can be observed in David Coombs's Sport and the Countryside (Bums & MacEachern, $60), wherein the appropriate paintings and prints are presented in the context of contemporary revolutions in agriculture and industry. Coombs writes well, and the illustrations effectively blend such major figures as Hogarth and Rowlandson with lesser-known artists. Michael Wilson's choice of paintings from The National Gallery (Methuen, $11.50 paper) provides a selection of the London museum's embarrassment of riches, and the text supplies the necessary background information as well as a sketch of the National Gallery's history. It's a good choice for a gift because all the illustrations are in colour. and thev have been beautifully reproduced.

If you're more interested in the heritage of our U.S. cousins. Dorothy Harmsen's American Western Art, Volume II (Harmsen Publishing, $40) Is definitely an attractive possibility. The book gives the biographies of 125 different artists, each faced by a full-colour, full-pa& example of their work. and for every Catlin or Remington there is a host of-talented unknowns whetting a reader's curiosity. And If you know anyone who would rather try it than look at it, Wendon Blake's The Watercolor Painting Book (General. $22.50) appears to be a most comprehensive guide to the techniques involved, with the added refinement of including a series of step-by-step demonstrations to help you learn as you go.

And as I go, admittedly a bit fatigued by the consideration of so many titles, allow me to exit with a relevant quotation from that old master of the double whammy, Oscar Wilde:

> The only thing that the artist cannot see is the obvious. The only thing that the public can see is the obvious. The result is the Criticism of the Journalist.

Have a nice holiday.

Also available or expected:

Modem Painting In Canada, by Terry Fenton and Karen Wilkin; Hurtig, 514.95. The jacket copy suggests that this is Hurtig's all-out effort to achieve the same combination of dollar value and book quality that made M & S's *Tom Thomson* such a success last year.

landmarks, by Peter Mellen; M & S, $50. Canadian art from prehistory to the present.

Sam Borenstein, by Leo Rosshandler and William Kuhns; M & S, $35.

A Heritage of Canadian Art: The McMichael Canadian Collection (revised edition), de signed by A. J. Casson; Clarke Irwin, $19.95.

Sky Painter: The Story of Robert **Newton Hurley; Western Producer Prairie** Books. **$14.50.** Biography **and retrospective of the** work **of the** Saskatchewan **watercolourist.**

Lemieux, by Guy **Robert, translated** by David **Ellis; Gage, $45.**

Fox: Mytyta, by Bohdan Melnyk, illustrated by William **Kurelek;** Collins. $12.95. A **Ukrainian** folk **classic.**

Ken Danby: Images of Sport, by **Hubert** de Santana; **Macmillan,** $39.95.

"Our **Own** Country Canada": Being **an** Account of **the National** Aspirations **of the Principal** Landscape **Painters in Montreal and Toronto 1860-1890,** by **Dennis Reid; National Museums of Canada, no price set.**

The Works of Joseph Légaré 1795-1855, by John R. **Porter;** National **Museums of Canada,** S29.95.

Walter J. Phillips: His Works and Thoughts, by **Michael J. Gribbon; National** Museums of Canada. $8.95.

Twenty-Five African Sculptures, edited by Jacqueline Fry; **National Museums of** Canada, 519.95.

Mr. Jackson's Mushrooms, by H.A.C. Jackson: National **Museums of Canada, no price set. Watercolours and** pencil **drawings** by **A.Y.'s brother.**

Vermeer of Delft: A Complete Edition of the Paintings, by **Albert Blankert;** Bums & **MacEachern, $33.**

Painters of Ireland 1660-1970; Nelson Foster & Scott, $42.

The **Best** of **Aubrey Beardsley,** by **Kenneth Clark; Doubleday, $19.**95.

Images From the Floating World: The Japan- & **Print, Including an Illustrated Diction? ary of Ukiyo-e,** by **Richard** Lane: **National Museums of Canada, $77.95.**

James McNeill Whistler, by Hilary 'Taylor; Collier Macmillan, **$47.95.**

Isamu Noguchi, by Sam **Hunter;** Methuen, 569.95.

Ivan Albright, text **by Michael Croydon;** Medu~enS69.95.

With Henry Moore: **The Way of** the **Artist, commentary** by **Moore** and **photographs by** Gloria Levine; Griffin **House, $26.95.**

The Tangled Garden: The **Art of J.E.H.** MacDonald. **by Paul Duval; Prentice-Hall, $42.50.**

Western European **Painting in the Hermitage Collection, introduced** by B. **Piotrovsky;** Prentice-Hall, $48.

Also available **or expected:**

The Vanity Fair Gallery: A **Collector's** Guide **to Caricatures,** by **Jerold J. Savory;** Bums & **MacEachern, $37.**

Duncan **Macpherson: Editorial Cartoons 1978; Macmillan, $4.95.**

"We Are **Amused":** The **Cartoonists'** Vim **of** Royally; **Clarke Irwin, $7.95. With an introduction** by **Prince** Charles.

Let's Boogie!, cartoons by James **Stevenson; M & S, $11.25.**

Relax! **This Book is** Only **a** Phase You're **Going** Through, **gay cartoons** fmm ***Christopher Street Magazine***; Macmillan. $5.95. □

Into the Punch lines

CARTOON COMPENDIUMS, depending o n your **point** of view. are **either** a feast of **plenty or** too much of **a** good **thing.** Admirers of **Garry** Trudeau will **likely fall** eagerly upon **Doonesbury's** Greatest Hits **(Holt, Rinehart &** Winston. **224** pages, **$15.50** cloth **and** $9.75 paper). Subtitled A ***Mid-Seventies Revue***, **it** reminds us that Trudeau is one of the funniest **commentators** on **what** has so **far** been a **pretty humourless** decade.

—ANNE MCKEE

Friends of St. Francis

Living With Your Cat. by Dr. **Frank Manolson** and David Hardy (Viking Press. 157 pages, $9.95) introduces fact and **myth** surrounding **the** feline. The **various** breeds **are described,** and then the life cycle and **life-style (instincts,** needs — physical. psychological) **are** elaborated on. A par**ticularly** useful guide for the **potential** cat-owner. Includes beautiful **colour** and black-and-white **photographs.**

—LINDA PYKE

All The Queen's Horses, by Bill Curling, (Clark Irwin. 146 pages, **$21.95). Horse** lovers, racing fans, and monarchists will enjoy Ibis history of the breeding, **training** and **racing** of the equines bearing Her Majesty's **colours.** There **are** some charmingly **natural** photographs of the Queen on her prize mounts.

—LINDA PYKE

Ravens, Crows. Magpies and Jays; by Tony **Angell** (Douglas and McIntyre, 105 pages. $16.95). These **birds** are all species **of corvids, a** fascinating and **much-**mythologized family. A life-long **naturalist, Angell** physically **describes** each species and details **their behaviour traits.** His black and white dnwings **more than** complement the text.

—LINDA PYKE

INTENDED AS a supplement to existing **bird** guides, **Colin** Harrison's A Field Guide lo Nests, Eggs and Nestlings of **North** American Birds (Collins. 416 pages, $12.95) fills **a** gap by providing documentation of the crucial nesting period. **Colour illustrations** of 622 eggs and 147 nestlings, plus black-and-white dnwings of nests, make **this** a useful guide for the weekend **birdwatcher and ornithologist alike.**

—ANNE MCKEE

HAVING LEARNED how birds get **their precarious start** in life, it is disheartening **to** read how many species **have** ended up in Tim **Halliday's Vanishing** Birds: **Their** Natural History and Conservation **(Sidgwick** and Jackson. 296 pages.

$18.95). Halliday sees their extinction as symptomatic of man's over-exploitation of his environment and argues in favour of biological manipulation to preserve our natural heritage.

—ANNE MCKEE

FOP. URBAN armchair naturalists and daydreamers, A Plank Bridge by a Pool by illustrator Norman Thelwell (Methuen, 160 pages. $14.95) offers an enjoyable escape into an English cottage garden inhabited by a rich and amusing variety of wildlife. Innocuous but engaging pen-and-ink drawings. accompany the author's pastoral musings. A surefire grandfather book.

—ANNE MCKEE

Also available or expected:

Animals in Peril, by David C. **Grainger;** Macmillan. $14.95. An artist preserving 20 endangered species on canvas.

Cat **People,** photographs by Bill Hayward; Doubleday, $14.95 cloth and $8.50 paper. Photos of famous people with their cats. with an introduction by the Old Curmudgeon.

Seal Song. by Brian Davies, photos by Eliot Porter; Penguin, $17.95. The publisher assures us that, "In spite of its grim message, this is a beautiful book. not an appalling one.. ."

Dog Catalog, by Don Myrus; Collier Macmillan, $19.95 cloth and 59.95 paper. Cats and the whole earth have had similar treatments already. □

Ingredients for the feast

By **DuBARRY** CAMPAU

EVERY DEDICATED GOURMET and enlightened glutton is doing his own cooking these days. and his kitchen may have more books in it than his library, but one or a dozen more may still be welcome. The ideal gift, of course, for tbe amateur chef is one that expands his culinary repertoire, suggests new cuisines, or teaches him more about the basic facts of food.

Cooking With Michael Fleld, edited by Joan Scobey (Holt, Rhinehart & Winston, 475 pages, $17.95), is a rare combination of simplicity and elegance. The recipes are lucid — ingredients, preparation, time, and serving are given in readable language and in their proper order. But the results are exquisite and unusual. Leg of lamb with lemon sauce, sesame seed crackers. braised veal with prunes and madeira, and spinach with pine nuts were among the many, many delicious dishes I found to my fancy. Also included is a thorough table of metric equivalents for weights and measures.

Food Processor Cuisine, by Bonnie Stem (Methuen, 128 pages. $6.95), is intended especially for those cooks who can afford those new, elaborate and expensive machines that smash, mash, mince, dice, slice, and whip every conceivable edible material. Any reasonably experienced cook. however, can adapt most of the recipes to his own simpler and cheaper equipment. What's mote. he will want to. as most of these dishes are irresistible. Who could not want to make a rainbow terrine with trout, shrimps, spinach. brandy. cream. and other good things? With a blender and a sharp knife it can be done.

The Twenty-First Cent my Cook Book, by Florence H. Aldrich and Marilyn D. Patrick (Ermine Publishers, 608 pages., $14.95), is not, as you might expect from its title, a summary of even more prepared, pre-cooked or even pre-digested food than we have already seen emerge in the last 100 years. but a summary of 600 recipes and 20,000 foods analyzed for their contents. Exact measurements of calories. minerals, cholesterol, vitamins, etc. make this invaluable for people on special diets or for those who are just generally interested in eating well-balanced, healthy meals. Tbe recipes themselves are of the popular, women's magazine variety — creamed tuna and peas casserole, macaroni and cheese, canned corned beef hash, salmon croquettes, and lots of cakes, cookies, and candy. And there is a strong leaning toward southern and southwestern U.S. taste: New Orleans sweet milk johnny cake, fried bullheads, beef-cheese enchiladas and beef-tortilla casserole.

The Taming of the C.A.N.D.Y. Monster (Musson, 140 pages, $4.95). is both charming and useful. It provides delightful alternatives to the no-value snacks gobbled up by so many children. No kid lucky enough to have a parent making Polynesian popsicles, banana bread, hamburger heroes and dozens of other yummy stuff to be found in tbii simple, amusingly illustrated book. will be hanging around the comer store munching on candy bars and chips.

The Thursday Night Feast, by Sid M. Shepard (J.J. Douglas. 443 pages, $10.95), contains 800 recipes For both plain and exotic dishes based on eastern or health foods. Many of them sound interesting, but most of them depend upon the availability of their ingredients in your locality and they also seem to demand more preparation (i.e., chopping, fairly constant attention, and intermittent additions) than many of today's busy cooks are willing to give to a meal.

Vancouver Aquarium Seafood Recipes, compiled by Ainley Jackson (Gordon Soules, 106 pages, $4.95), deserves a welcome if only for its encouragement to fish-eating. The recipes vary considerably in their originality and elegance. There is, for example, an exquisite smoked salmon quiche. yet something else called Easily Deviled Crab Meat made with (ugh) a can of mushroom soup and a can of crabmeat, whose devilment seems to depend on mayonnaise and a bit of curry powder. However, the good dishes fat outweigh the mundane and it contains many fascinating things to do with that fine food, fish.

The Cheese Stands Alone. by Joyce Wells (Hancock House, 144 pages. $4.95), tells you the equipment to buy and how to go about making a variety of cheeses. To most it would seem like a lot of trouble just to produce something that can be bought in most supermarkets, but to ardent "do-it-yourselfers" this book should be a joy. Even they, however. may find themselves baffled by having to answer such questions as — What type of cow did the milk come from? What did the cow feed on? end What type of soil was the feed grown on?

For your more macabre friends what could make a jollier gift than The Dracula Cookbook. by Marina Polvay (M & S, 256 pages, $12.50). The recipes don't require human blood es their main ingredient, but they do include menus Dracula might have served (high on hemoglobin. no doubt). foods to ward off vampires and evil spells end aphrodisiacs.

Madame Benoit Cooks at Home, by Jehane Benoit (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 320 pages. $14.95), is a recital, with instructions en how to make them, of the many good things that come out of the reliable Madame's own Quebec kitchen.

Fine Canadian Cooking. by Elizabeth Baird (Lorimer, $11.95). is a boxed set of her two popular volumes, Classic *Canadian Cooking* and *Apples. Peaches and Pears.*

Nova Scotia Dow-Home Cooking, by Janice Murray Gill (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 224 pages, $14.95), is a collection of Scottish-Canadian recipes from the Maritimes — from braised goose glazed with apple jelly to partridge casserole and oatmeal cookies.

Every Day a Feast. by Muriel Breckenridge (McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 224 pages, $14.95). is a celebration of food — and how to make a holiday out of any occasion. The recipes originated in every part of Canada and include such old-fashioned favorites es tourtière, baked clams and bread pancakes.

Out of Old Ontario Kitchens, by Christina Bates (Macmillan. 192 pages. $9.95). is tilled witb traditional and authentic recipes from pre-Confederation days. Such dishes es chestnut soup, boiled turkey with oyster sauce, and baked mullets in paper cases sound es good today as they must have been then.

The Canadian Family Cookbook, (McLeod, 816 pages. $15.95); is more than a cookbook — aside from 3.000 recipes, it contains instructions for party-giving, carving, outdoor meals, serving wine. low-calorie meals. and much, much mote..

The New World Encyclopedia of Cooking. (McLeod, 819.95) is just that — 4,000 recipes including dishes for two, freezing, preserving, pickling. meal planning. nutritive values, and tables of metric and imperial measurements — 16 full-colour photographs and 1,250 illustrations.

Goodlock! □

No peace from the wars

DAVID WOODWARD is a veteran British war correspondent who saw action on D-Day and has since written a number of books on military subjects. Hi latest. Armies of the World 1854 to 1914 (Griffin House, $21). examines military changes es they relate to modem advances in technology and warfare. He approaches the subject on sound historical grounds, treating conscript armies of Europe. volunteer armies in Britain. India. and the United States. followed by treatments on the Chinese end Japanese armies and the Swiss militia. The many historical photographs are fascinating. —GERALD LEVITCH

Also available orexpected:

Men-of-War 1770-1970, by J. M. Thornton; Holt, Rinehart, 88.95. Pen-and-ink drawings by a retired Royal Canadian Navy captain.

War in the Pacific, by John Wilson; Griffin House, $16.95.

Hitler: A Pictorial Documentary of His *Lii. by* John Toland; Doubleday, $17.95.

The Samurai: A Military History. by Stephen Turnbull; Collier Macmillan, 819.95.

Assault from the Sky, by John Weeks; Optimum, $16.95.

Fine Arms from Tula: Firearms and Edged Weapons in the Hermitage Museum, introduced by Valentin Mavrodin; Prentice-Hall, $30. □

Snaps, crackers, and cheese

By GARY MICHAEL **DAULT**.

ALFRED STIEGLITZ was not only **a** great pioneer photographer. He was also, by **virtue of his patient and his fanatical esthetic will** (he **nearly did** himself **in** during **the winter** of 1905 **when** he **crawled** from **his** sickbed **and** went out into the freezing New York streets to make photographs of **a** *particularly* oppressive ice storm) one of the **great** and slavish devotees of **photography.** It **was, in** fact, **almost singlehandedly Stieglitz's** doing that photography came to be **regarded as a** high art in tbe first place:

Stieglitz was a photographic dandy. For him, photography shared **certain** of **the** concerns of **painting** and fine **book-making,** and one thereby acquired **an understanding of a** photograph's beauty and its meaning the same loving and laborious **way** one acquired **an** intimate and personally pleasurable **relationship** with any **artifact** of the sensibility.

Stieglitz's passion for **photographic truth** and beauty extended far beyond the **making** of his **own** photographs. He was **a** tireless **promotor** of **the work** of other **photographers in** whom he sensed a seriousness **similar** to **his** own, and committed himself to **their** careers both through the organizing of **important exhibitions** abroad **and** also **through** the **establishing** of his own important vanguard galleries in New York (the famous "291" and "An American **Place"). And** of **course there** were hi gorgeous, brilliantly produced **photography magazines,** Camera *Notes* and Camera Work. The magazines' **photogravure** illustrations, **carefully** supervised by **Stieglitz** himself, **now are** eagerly sought by **photo**-collectors and ore indeed **among** the most beautiful photo-reproductions ever made.

Stieglitz was also **(of course) a** collector. ***His collection — chosen*** with ***the same care*** **and** personal **rigour** he extended to all of his **activities — has been a part of the collection** of New York's Metropolitan Museum **since** 1949. Between 1894 **and 1910 Stieglitz** had **acquired** 650 prints — of photographs by such **honoured** contemporaries **as** Clarence White, **Alvin Langdon Coburn, Gertrude Kasebier, Adolphe** de **Meyer,** Paul Strand, **and Edward 1. Steichen. Stieglitz himself** gave 400 of his prints **to** the museum **in 1933. The rest were acquired by a bequest** in **1949,** three years **after** his death.

It is this **collection** that now has **been** gathered together in the monumental The **Collections of Alfred Stieglitz: Fifty Years of Modern** Photography **(The** Metropolitan Museum of Art/The **Viking Press,** 529 pages, **$35).** The text by Weston J. **Naef js an** admirably scholarly **setting** into context of **Stieglitz's** philwophy of **photography** and **the tortured real-life wrangles** it got hi ***into. It also*** does **an** excellent job of **tracing** the growth of **Stieglitz's** taste and the **parallel** growth **of** his **activities as curator,** publisher. and photographic pundit and law-giver. The second **half** of this ambitious **work** is **an** exceedingly detailed annotated **catalogue** of the **Stieglitz collection** — exhaustively thorough and yet **compulsively** readable in a close, **chewy way-a model** of how **this** sort of thing ought to be done. There are hundreds of large black-and-white **reproductions** of the photographs in the collection, many **of them rather indifferently** reproduced for **a** book as **intellectually immaculate** and **as** expensive as **this.**

One of **the** glories **that *hath*** passed away **from** the earth is the **majesty** of, well. **majesty. Royalty** just **isn't** what it used **to** be. All **this is** eminently **clear** N anyone browsing **through** Royal Family Album

(text by Don Coolican, produced by Ted Smart and David Gibbon. Collins. 319 pages, $29.951. Here, in a grab-bag of photos both formal and not-so-formal (snapshots, really) by everyone from Karsh and Beaton to Lord Snowdon, is the Royal Family's plenty: see early childhood pix of the two princesses; see Philip courting Elizabeth; see the tacky wedding pictures (as appalling as the wedding pictures of anybody else): see the dumb official portraits through the years; see the family at play (a surfeit of cardigans and corgis); see Charles looking intensely at an Indian Chief; see Andrew run his fingers through his wind-blown hair; see Princess Anne in a soft-focus field of wildflowers with Captain Mark Phillips. See everyone smiling bravely through tbe aging process — and mostly in despicable hopped-up colour.

There cow is a sub-species of animal within the zoo of books-with-photographs (as opposed to "photography books" -by which I mean *books about photography*): the *picture* book of the dance and the dancer. The newest Canadian entry in tbe class is David Street's Karen Kain, Lady of Dance (photos by David Street, text by David Mason. McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 128 pages. $14.95). On page seven of the book is a curious photograph of Miss Kain taken beside a mirror so that she looks out at us — twice. She looks for all the world as if she is speaking directly to us, and underneath the photo is the caption (signed by Miss Kain) "David Street end I have worked together closely on this book. He has captured many beautiful, fleeting moments o-f my dance and my life with tbc sensitivity of a great artist." Which is just not true.

The Colour of Alberta et least delivers what it promises (photographs and text by Bii Brooks, Hounslow Press, unpaginated, $11.95). It is a book of colour photographs of Alberta. The "text" is no more (mercifully) than cone-linecnption affixed to each photo. The colour is standard for this sort of book -bright. acidic. gleaming. Not really unpleasant. The photographs are theatrical, rarely atmospheric. Photos of tbe prairies are best. Brooks' photos of people going about their lives are pretty tacky.

The photographs in The Okanagan (photographs by Hugo Redivo, introduction by Eric Sismey. Oxford. unpaginated, $9.95) are just about on a par with those in The Colour of Alberta. I like them a little better because while the colour is about the same in both, there is more detailing here (a cluster of De Chaunac grapes. an-old gas pump) — detailing that, while it isn't quite what you'd call "telling," is a relief from the photographic heroism of many of these volumes.

Canada (photography end text by Edmund Nagele, introduction hv Harry J. Boyle. Locust House Press, unpaginated, $12.95) is a cranked-up calendar-photograph tour of this land. The photographs are horrible. The colour is (yes, one is grateful for the low price but there is more to life than economy) unrelievedly awful.

"Shooting the Breeze," from Punography, *by Bruce A. McMillan (see page 34).*

Who decides to make these books? Why? Who buys them? Why? Wby did Harry J. Boyle decide to write an introduction for this one?

After all of those turkey gift books, itisa great pleasure to encounter a real book of real photographs in the pile. I cm referring to Great Days in the Rockies: The Photographs of Byron Harmon, 1906-1934 (edited by Carole Harmon and the Peter Whyte Foundation, witb a biography by Bart Robinson and an appreciation by Jon Whyte, Oxford, 110 pages, $14.95). Hermon was an American from Tacoma. Wash., who fell in love with the Canadian Rockies. He arrived in Banff in 1903 and never again left, not spiritually anyway. Harmon's expeditions. many of which were undertaken at the behest of the Alpine Club of Canada, resulted in a superb (although hitherto little-known) collection of prints. Some of the photographs reproduced in this handsome and carefully made little book are of very high quality indeed -not just as "alpine photographs," but as works of photographic art generally. See for example Harmon's delightful (and beautifully composed) "Climbers on the summit horn of Mount Resplendent, Mount Robson ACC Camp, 1913," his fine "Around a smudge at Calumet Creek (1911)," his "Bathers at the Cave and Basin. Banff, c. 1910," and "Home Race at Banff Indian Days, c. 1920." Harmon's "Elsie Brooks with a Bear" (1920) ought to be in the National Gallery. When? has the work of Byron Harmon been all this time.? Where CM I see the prints — in the flesh, so to speak?

Courthouse: A Photographic Document (conceived and directed by Phillis Lambert, Horizon Press, 256 pages, $18.95 paper) is a serious and scholarly undertaking. Employing the resources of six writers (one of whom is the delightful Calvin Trillin) and 24 photographers (including such photographers as Tod Papageorge, Lewis Baltz, and Geoff Winningham), Miis Lambert has undertaken a definitive study of the American courthouse as a compression of American ideas about the style of authority and the shape of a societal understanding of civic centres. The photographs are absolutely superb, including, miraculously, the few that are reproduced in colour. The reproduction of these fine photographs is a triumph of tbc printer's art and a model of the way the thing ought to be done.

And of course there's always Photographis '78: The International Annual of Advertising and Editorial Photography (edited by Walter Herdeg, Hurtig, 227 pages, $42.50), a rich and (when you get right down to it) intellectually vivacious collection of the best and the classiest of the year in advertising. The most amusing and instructive feature of these mighty annuals is tbc directness of their providing us with an intense end delightfully inadvertent cultural history. These volumes look better and better, by the way, as they recede into history. Good browsing forever.

In Vogue: Sixty Years of Celebrities and Fashion Fmm British **Vogue** (by Georgina Howell, Penguin Books, 344 pages. $14.95) is yet another cultural history in pix. As might be expected, the further back you go into Fashion-time, the more entertaining the ride. Ms. Howell's text is more invigorating than you might think ("By 1941 Londoners had settled down to a routine of chaos. Life was not only dangerous, but uncomfortable, dirty and odd") and her marshalling of style into blocks of essentially political time ("Fashion by Government Order") is happily surrealistic. Only occasionally do we hear that "the waist is back," and that the 1920s were as "reckless" as the 1960s were "revolutionary."

Eisenstaedt's Guide to Photography (Viking, 176 pages. $19.95) is a manual for better picture taking by veteran photojournalist Alfred Eisenstaedt, a photographer I have always regarded as handsomely work-a-day rather than profound. His book is a no-nonsense guide to the technical aspects of photography, studded with examples from Eisenstaedt's *oeuvre*.

Ernst Haas is best known for exceedingly spectacular colour photographs often taken with strange lenses, from strange angles, and for psychologically strange reasons. His latest tome is the very weighty Himalayan Pilgrimage (text by Gisela Mii, Viking, 184 pages. 855). This book is a magnificent visual experience if you are up for being blown completely away on the winds of your willing suspension of disbelief. If you are stuck with some less hieratic. less celebratory philosophy of photography, however, Haas's obsession with visual excess may not delight you. Lavish, for lavishness' sake.

Last and least (nah, that's not true) is Bruce A. McMillan's Punography, a swell little black-and-white photography book from Penguin (unpaginated, 8.95). predicated entirely on the assumption that if verbal puns are as unacceptable as they seem to be (in terms of human conduct) then verbi-visual puns are even outrageously more so. All of the photographic puns take place within a series of four photographs. The pun emerges by the time you gel to the fourth (or faster, if you're quick). For example, there's this guy shooting a rifle diligently up into the sky. This pun Is yclept "Shooting the Breeze." *A* perfectly innocent-looking salt shaker sidles up to a small Eveready battery and knocks it over — resulting, of course, in "A salt and battery." And. well, you get the idea. No groaning, now.

Also available or expected:

Canadian Photography 1839-1928. by Greenhill and Birrell; Coach House, 106 duotone plates, no price set yet. The catalogue promises the definitive work cm the subject. Given Coach House's record of high-quality craftsmanship, this should be something to look forward to.

A Richer Dust: Echoes From a Victorian Album, by Colin Gordon; Thomas Nelson, $17.95. The author found the negatives of there remarkable photographs in a market junk-stall and set out to learn all he could about the photographer and his subjects. The result is an unaffected chronicle of the rise and fall of a prosperous Late Victorian-Edwardian family whose genteel life seems far more remote than the 70-odd years that separates us from them.

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet: The First Forty Years, text by Max Wyman: Doubleday. 80 black-and-white photos, $16.95.

The National Ballet of Canada: A Celebration, photos by Ken Bell. memoir by Celia Franca; University of Toronto Press, $24.95.

Antarctica, by Eliot Porter; Clarke. Irwin, w.95.

Summer Places, by Brendan Gill and Dudley Witney; M & S. $29.95. Witney photographed *The Barn*; Gill is *The New Yorker*'s theatre critic.

Karsh Canadians; University of Toronto Press, $24.95.

Doors and Windows, texts by Val Clery and pictures by various photographers; Macmillan. each $15.95 cloth and $9.95 paper. To be reviewed next month.

Canada/A Year of the Land: Copp Clark and the NFB. A new edition of tie big Centennial hit. French or English jacketed editions, 549.95, French or English presentation editions, S79.95.

Ernest, by Peter Buckley; Beaverbooks, $18.95. A "photo/biography" of Hemingway.

Magic Worlds of Fantasy, edited by David Douglas Duncan; Longman, $19.50. A collection of fantastic stuff by nonprofessional photographers.

Portraits: A Matter of Record. Victor Skrebenski; Doubleday, $33.00.

Avedon Photographs 1947-m McGraw-Hill Ryerson, $65.

Berenice Abbot: A Lie In Photography; Bums & MacEachern, $63.00. A limited, signed edition is going for $375.

To Be a Woman In America 1850-1930, by Annette K. Baxter and Constance Jacobs: Fitzhenry and Whiteside, $19.00 cloth and $8.95 paper.

Imperial Chins: Photographs, edited by Clark Worswick; General. $29.

Walker Evans First and Last; Fitzhenry and Whiteside. $32. A survey of Evans's career: no text except for a list of captions at the end of the book.

The History of Fashion Photography, by Nancy Hall-Duncan, Prentice-Hall, $35 until Dec. 31, $42 thereafter. □

Surprise packages

MAPS TELL THE story in The Times Atlas of World History, edited by Geoffrey Barraclough (Fitzhenry & Whiteside, $59.95 until Christmas, $65 thereafter), an awesome tome that contains more than 600 new maps and some 300.000 words ot text. Everything from the origin of man to the emancipation of Africa and the emergence of the independent nation-states of the Middle East is clearly described in a concise narrative and illustrative graphs, maps, end sundry illustrations. As a reference tool. it

should be regarded as invaluable; but no browser should dare open it with less than an hour to spare.

—GERALD LEVITCH

Old Woman at play, by Adele **Wiseman** (Clarke Irwin. 160 oages, $13.95 cloth). Dulls made From discarded scraps, left-over buttons and used bleach bottles seem unlikely objects with which to depict an aesthetic point of view or to tell a life story. Adele Wiseman, however, successfully dues both in this lavishly illustrated book of unconventional wisdom. The old woman is Wiseman's mother Chaika, who has made thousands of whimsical dulls and Chagall-like button pictures for no other reasons than making others happy and the sheer joy of creating. Wiseman argues that her mother's work illustrates the artistic impulse that exists everywhere and nut just in officially recognized "Art." The book is also the touching, often funny biography of a woman of indomitable spirit who fled with her children and husband fmm post-revolutionary Russia to North Winnipeg, where only endless hours at a sewing machine provided food and shelter during tbe Depression. But Chaika's creativity could not be destmycd, and the proof is in the beautiful handmade art works of *Old Woman at Play.*

-DEANNA GROETZINGER

WRITTEN TO accompany a 13-part BBC series, Jonathan Miller's The Body in Question (Clarke Irwin. 384 pages, $19.95) is thankfully nut another tiresome "body us marvellous machine" treatise. Miller discusses the body as a form of experience and makes thought-provoking comments us the nature of disease and the "science" of healing. Well illustrated.

—ANNE MCKEE

Thomas More: The King's Good Servant. by Gordon Rupp (Collins. $14.95) combines an admirably succinct and lucid text by a noted ecclesiastical scholar, and an assortment of pictures that mostly serve their purpose without especially distinguishing themselves: The text is nut disagreeably "written down" and should make a fine present fur the bright, historically minded child.

—GERALD LEVITCH

FOR GRANDMOTHER, The **Illuminated** Language of Flowers (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 80 pages, $10.75) delightfully unites Kate Greenaway's nostalgic Victorian flower illustrations with verse by poets such as Shelley and Wordsworth, text by Jean Marsh (of TV's *Upstairs, Downstairs*) and an alphabetical list of more than 700 flowers and their meanings.

--ANNE MCKEE

PHOTOGRAPHER Susan Szasz's The Body Language of Children (Norton, 160 pages, $14.75) is a welcome relief from verbose and sanctimonious tomes on child-rearing. Her candid and perceptive photos of children expressing every emotion from pin, fear, and jealousy through to creativity and joy. are accompanied by a brief text that is insightful without being intrusive.

—ANNE MCKEE

WHY IS IT that all old advertisements look better than the new ones? Maybe it's because we're not buying what they're selling: and once bereft of their commercial associations, bygone advertisements tiequently possess all the charm of Folk art, especially when they're executed in as artistic a medium as enamels. **Street Jewellery:** *A* **History of** Enamel **Advertising Signs,** by Christopher Baglee and Andrew Morley (Methuen, 92 pages, $11.50) concentrates on the English examples, dating Fmm the 1880s to the early 1950s. when this peculiarly permanent form for an impermanent art gave way to more ephemeral competitors.

—GERALD LEVITCH

Also available or expected:

The Northpart of America, by Coolie Verner and Basil Stuart-Stubbs; Longman, $250. A Facsimile atlas of the discovery, exploration, and settlement of Canada.

The Promised Lund. drawings by Gordon Wetmore, text by His Excellency Abba Eban and a foreword by Leon Uris; General, $65. A contender at least for this year's *chutzpah* award.

Together We Stand, by Don Swinburne; Gage,

$25. Prose and photographic expressions or Canadian Unity.

A Literary Map of Canada, by Morris Wolfe and Graham Pilsworth; Hurtig, $6.95.

Geared to the **Stars:** The **Evolution of Planetariums, Orreries** and **Astronomical Clocks,** *by Henry C. King in collaboration with John R.* Millburn; **University of Toronto Press,** $50.

Stravinsky in Pictures. by **Vera Stravinsky and Robert Craft; Musson, $32.50.**

Love is Most **Mad** ond **Moonly,** poetry by **E.E.** Cummings and photographs by John **Pearson; Addison-Wesley. $8.50**

The Founders and the **Guardians,** by Irma Coucill; John Wiley & Sons. $9.95. **Biography** and drawings of the Fathers of Confederation and all our Governors General end Rime Ministers.

A Rockwell Portrait: An **Intimate Biography,** by Donald Walton: Gage. $16.95.

The Pobble Who Has No Toes, by Edward Lear, illustrations by *Kevin Maddison; Penguin,* 56.95.

Seeing Through Clothes. by Anne **Hollander;** Penguin. $25.

The Women **We Wanted** to **Look** Like, by **Brigid Keenan; Macmillan,** 514.95.

The Best Things on TV: **Commercials,** by **Jonathan Price;** Penguin. $17.95 cloth and SS.95 paper. Apparently this is where you can learn what happened when the Hamm's beer bear got carsick. More than 200 photos.

The Films of Hedy **Lamarr,** by **Christopher Young; McLeod, $19.50.**

The Bed and Both Book. by **Terence Conran;** General. **$35. Ingenious places people** have found to put their bedrooms and bathrooms.

The **Magpie's Companion: A Guide to Things Found, by Steven Banks; Longman,** $13.95. If you find something and don't know what it is, you can look it up here.

English **Enamel Boxes,** by **Susan** Benjamin; Collier Macmillan, 119.95.

Dennis Smith's **History** of **Firefighters** In America; **Beaverbooks, $32.50.**

The **Watership Down Film Picture** Book; **Penguin,** 56.95. □

Hopes and fears of previous years

By PAUL **STUEWE**

THE MOST impressive book in the **illustrated-history** section is George Woodcock's **Faces** From History **(Hurtig, $24.95** before Dec. 31, 529.95 **thereafter),** *which juxtaposes camera portraits and trenchant* biographical sketches of figures from Canadian history. The photographs are marvelous, ranging from formally posed daguerreotypes to mote revealing snapshots. and they have been beautifully reproduced on high-quality stock. In this case, to venture an old but appropriate cliché, the photographs alone *are* worth the price of the book.

An additions1 dimension is provided by Woodcock's accompanying text. which is much more candid and critical than one expects in a book of coffee-table proportions. Snappy asides — "Tupper's appetite for women was almost es strong as Macdonald's for alcohol" — and uninhibited summations — "Grey Owl ... was retarded in a world of boyhood fantasy" — do much to enliven the task of furnishing tbe necessary biographical data for each subject, es Woodcock has made a remarkably readable volume out of what could have been just another picture book. *Faces From History is fun* to flip through and just as much fun to read, and we'll be seeing a lot of It underneath the nation's Christmas trees.

A trio of other new titles covers the spectrum of Canadian transportation. **Sternwheelers & Sidewheelers:** The Romance *of Steamdriven Paddleboats in* Canada (NC Press, $20.00 cloth and 59.95 paper) by Dr. Peter Charlebois is a well-researched and profusely illustrated account of an era when every journey was an adventure. It's all aboard for readers es Charlebois skillfully blends anecdotal historical material and hard technical information into a most enjoyable book. Coming up fast on an adjoining track is Robert Leggett's Canadian Railways in Pictures (David, Douglas & Charles. $14.95), a book of well-chosen historical and contemporary photographs of interest to train buffs; and zooming in overhead is David Collins's Wings Across Time: The Story of Air Canada (Griffin House, 58.95 paper), an informative company history that would have benefitted from some more exciting illustrations.

Other books in this category include Photographs and Journal of an Expedition Through British Columbia (Coach House, $14.50), tbe findings of Benjamin Baltzly's 1871 survey party edited by Andrew Birrell, and Calgary: *An Illustrated* History (James Lorimer, 519.95) by Max Foran, the second entry in the promising History of Canadian Cities Sties. More Western Canadiana will be available in Andy Craig's Trucking: British Columbia's Trucking History and Ed Gould's Ranching: Ranching in Western Canada (Hancock House, each 514.95). *and any remaining ghosts of Christmas past* will have company fmm Harold Fryer's Ghost Towns of Alberta (Stagecoach Publishing, $10.95). As Humphrey Bogart said when he walked onto that New York stage with a camera around his neck, "Photography, anyone?"

Also available or expected:

Folk Songs of **Prince** Edward Island, second revised edition, edited by Christopher Gledhill; Bums & MacEachern, $5.95.

The Heritage Book 1979, by Edna McCann; Collier Macmillan, $2.95. Inspiration and anecdotes from Nova Scotia.

A **Picture History** of **Ontario,** by Roger Hall and Gordon Dodds; Hurtig, $15.95.

A **Toronto** Album: **Glimpses of the City That Was, photographs from the collection** of Michael Filey; University of Toronto Press, $8.95.

Family **Chronicle:** Poems and **Photographs** of the **Canadian West,** by James M. Moir; Gage., SS.95.

A **Picture History of Alberta,** by Tony Cashman; Hurtig, $14.95.

Towboats of the **Pacific Northwest,** by Bob *Sheret with Norman Hacking; Gray's, $24.95.*

People **of the Totem: Indians** of the **Pacific Northwest,** text by Norman Brancroft-Hunt, photos by Werner Forman; Doubleday. $12.95. •I

The big outdoors

Faces of Everest, by *Major* H.P.S. **Ahluwalia (Methuen,** 238 paged. **$29.95),** is a compendium of general and esoteric information about the highest peak in the world. The author, a Sikh and military man, has written three other books on mountain*eering and* has *reached* the *summit* of Everest himself, so he is quite prepared to offer this book except that his prose style is so inept as to be charming. He writes as if Peter Sellers is imitating him. For relief there are plenty of photographs, charts, maps, drawings and diary extracts. Tbe author presents a brief history of every assault on Everest, including his own three and an unauthorized one by a Canadian in 1947. This may be quibbling on my part but the colour photographs of the later expeditions mb Everest, for me, of much of its wonder. You see large teams of climbers in shocking orange down-filled suits surrounded by mounds of expensive quip ment, including the precious oxygen tanks and radio gear. More awful are the logos of the supplying companies intruding on us from 28,000 feet. Nevertheless, if there is anything one wants to know about Everest. this is &place m look.

—JIM CHRISTY

The Mountains of Canada, by Randy Morse, introduced by Andy Russell (Hurtig, 144 pages, $29.95). Is a beautiful selection of colour photographs of Canadian mountains *accompanying a grab-bag text.* Some of the views are traditional (Mount Rundle and Mount Eisenhower) but others present peaks many of us have never seen even in photographs, such es the haunting vistas of the Ram Plateau in the Mackenzies of the eastern North West Territories and the peek clusters of the Pangnirtung region of Baffin Island's Cumberland Peninsula. But even less familiar than tbe remote mountains is the history of their conquest by man. The author presents quotations from the writings of these little-known adventurers and capsule histories of the more notable ascents. Many of these climbers are Canadian and one becomes aware that there is a substantial history of climbing in Canada m be written. But the photographs are of primary concern and there are just enough

of them to convey the infinite wonder of the mountains without overburdening the senses.

—JIM CHRISTY

NOT EVERYONE out West is an oil millionaire and Men of the Saddle: **Working Cowboys of Canada** by Ted Grant and Andy Russell (Van Nostrand Reinhold. $19.95) is a handsome volume that takes a realistic but not entirely unromantic approach to the cowboy life. The nicely anecdotal text tells us why six-shooters were more commonly five-shooters and how uncomfortable cowboy boots are for walking. The photographs are superlative.

—GERALD LEVITCH

THE TITLE The Big Walls (by Reinhold Messner, Methuen, $22.95) refers to the sheer rock faces of certain mountains that pose the greatest challenge to climbers. The author is a professional climber of considerable experience, and his narrative is both *vividly* descriptive and surprisingly personal. Although the profuse illustrations are suitably attractive, this is more than simply a picture book on mountains and appears to be aimed at enthusiasts.

—GERALD LEVITCH

Also available or expected:

Greetings From Canada: A" **Album** of **Unforgettable** Canadian **Postcards 1900-1916,** by Alla,, **Anderson** and Betty **Tomlinson; Macmillan, $29.95 cloth and** $14.95 papa,

The Rockies: High Where the Wind is Lonely, photographs by **Shin Sugino, texts by John Whyte; Gage,** $16.95 **cloth** and **$8.95** paper. Canada; **Gage, $29.95.** A **picture book with a text by Pierre Berton.**

Sahara, by **Kazuyoshi Nomachi; Grosset & Dunlap,** s27.50.

American Rivers: A **Natural History,** by Bill *Thomas; General,* $38.95.

The **Outlaw Trail,** text by **Robert** Redford **(yes,** *the* Ruben **Redford), photos** by **Jonathan Blair; Grosset & Dunlap, $22.50.**

Wildflowers Across the **Prairies,** by F.R. Vance. J.R. **Jowsey,** and J.S. **McLean; Western Producer Prairie Books, $9.95.** □

Yule tidings of great joy

By GERALD **LEVITCH**

THE WELL-KNOWN **English** musician, Edward **Heath,** presents **Carols: The Joy** of **Christmas (Griffin House, $5.95),** a personal selection of mostly traditional musical **offerings** of the **season,** plus **some uncommon fare, such as a 15th-century Coventry** carol **and** exotic **French** and **Czechoslovakian tunes.** Altogether, **an outstandingly** produced music folio with well-chosen **engravings** and **assorted** illustrations.

A **Christmas Posy,** edited by **Celia Haddon (Thomas Nelson, $4.95)** makes a dainty little volume that reproduces quaintly charming **Victorian Christmas cards** and illustrations. These arc accompanied with **yuletide verse** by divers bands. *including* Coleridge. **Wordsworth,** Tennyson, and Scott.

Given the vast quantity of **Christian art produced** during tbc **1,200** years between the **seventh** and **19th** centuries, any **selection** the size of the present volume **would** have to be regarded as **somewhat arbitrary.** The **Christmas** Story in **Masterpieces, introduced** by **David Kossoff** (Collins, **$13.95) doesn't pretend to be otherwise,** but **it does unearth** little-known **works as** well as the **more** familiar **masterpieces** among its 53 plates. The **colour reproduction** is **satisfactory,** and **the** text is minimal. A fair **trade-off.**

Also available **or expected:**

He **was One** of **Us,** by **Rien Poortvliet;** Doubleday. 85. **The life of Christ by the illustrator of** Gnomes.

Old **Christmas,** by **Washington Irving, illustrated** by **Randolph Caldecott; McLeod, $12.95.** A **facsimile of the 1875 edition.**

The Christmas Story in **Stained Glass,** with text **from the Bible; Beaverbooks, $6.50.**

An Interview With Santa **Claus,** by **Margaret** *Mead* **and Rhoda Metraux; Beaverbooks, $5.25.**

A Christmas Story. by Jay Frankston; Musson, 56.50.
The Father Christmas Letters, by I.R.R. Tolkien; Methuen. $7.95.
The Victorian Christmas Book, by Anthony and Peter Miall; J. M. Dent. S15.95. ❑

No grand illusions from Elwy

Magic Moments from the Movies, by Elwy Yost. Doubleday. 264 pages. $9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 385 13691 9).

By JIM CHRISTY

MANY PEOPLE CONSIDER Elwy Yost the necessary evil accompanying all the old or rare movies on the TVOntario educational network. The man is so flat-out enthusiastic it mortifies some viewers. mostly Torontonians, who refer to themselves es *cinéastes* rather than by the low-rent tag, film buffs. They're the kind who can tell you that the life saver tossed into the pond in *Last Tango* in *Paris* bore the title L'Atalante, which is. of course, a reference to the great film by Jean Vigo and must mean something. They're not the type to wax warm and eloquent about such classics es *The Great McGinty* or Laurel end Hardy's *Swiss Miss.*

Elwy Yost is the type end he does in recounting his Magic *Moments* from *the Movies*. Outside Toronto and apart from the smart set you won't hear a word against him. and you won't in this review. If Elwy (somehow I can't bring myself to call him Yost) has any bad words for the movie world tbcy are not to be found between the covers of his book. It is obvious from the movies that have provided him his moments that what he cherishes on the silver screen are such old-fashioned virtues es warmith, romance, gallantry, camaraderie. and emotion. He also likes to be gleefully scared out of his wits.

Elwy picks his *magic moments* — scenes, vignettes. occasionally a masterpiece of editing or a single mood-evoking shot -and arranges them chronologically, with brief histories separating each decade from the beginning of film to the present. It is joyous; at least until the lest chapters, when a darker mood becomes apparent like sombre background music.

His choices always focus on the human: Chaplin preparing for bed in his water-filled foxhole in *Shoulder Arms* (1918); Mary Philpin sneaking up behind Lon Chaney and tipping off his mask in *The Phantom of the Opera* (1925); Lew Ayres pitifully reaching over the top of a trench to touch a butterfly and catching instead a sniper's bullet in *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930); and Errol Flynn in *Dawn Patrol* (1938), who "salutes his victor with his gloved hand and, a tragic grin on his mustached face, rolls slowly off screen to his oblivion."

The 1940s dominate because it was during that decade that movies were at their peak. and all over North America the weekly trip to the theatre became a ritual. From *The Great Dictator* to Give *Us This Day*, Elwy Yost lavishes his attention on these and 20 other great films. In referring to John Ford's epic of the Welsh coal mines. How *Green Was My Valley*, he tells precisely what he believes a great film should be. "one of the loveliest affirmations of life ever presented on the silver screen."

It was in the 1950s that the trouble started. Anti-trust laws broke up the powerful monopoly grip of the huge companies, and television grew up. People began to stay away from the theatres in droves and when they did return it was to play bingo. Production fell off. The companies tried to lure back the audiences with Vista Vision, Todd A-O and 3-D. Magic moments increasingly gave way to technological ones. The new great films questioned the old ways, and the feeling of permanence vanished from the screen. Elwy forages through the new, freeze-frame. jump-cut despair trying to rescue old-fashioned virtue where he can: Marlon Brando's half nod et Eva Marie Saint, for instance, at the end of *On the Waterfront*. "The gesture, the expression, are a genius ofsimplicity and our souls rejoice."

He seems to be struggling to find anything particularly reassuring in the films of the 1960s and 1970s, and the book almost ends on a depressing note with the thought that perhaps it is only his remove fmm these earlier films that lend them their enchantment. But he knows better. Gratefully. there is an epilogue wherein nostalgia returns: Elwy recalls crying because Tom Mix was stuck in the desert one Saturday afternoon without any water. and if Ehvy hadn't mentioned that his aunt had come to pick him up outride the theatre in ,her Durante you might think he saw the movie lest weekend. He writes in a straightforward style aptly filled with wonderment. His style is not unlike that of a normal Jack Kerouac, with people "disappearing into the night" and the "intense gloom that shrouds them." There are ominous footsteps, stealthy villains and portents of evil reminiscent of shadowy Doctor Sax.

Magic *Moments from the Movies* is altogether an enjoyable experience, the kind of book that can be dipped into again and again. Where I have seen the movie, I invariably agree with Elwy. Of course I em aware that others may hate these particular moments. But then I em the kind of guy who loved *How Green Was* My *Valley*. ❑

first impressions

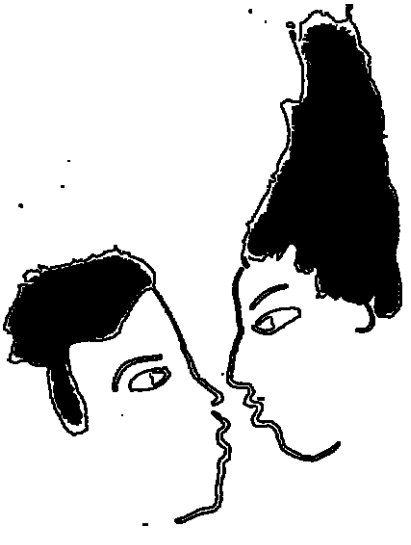
by Sandra Martin

Bucolically speaking, one woman's pits can be another's li beration

Where the Cherries End Up. by Gail Henley. McClelland & Stewart, 244 pages, $10.95 cloth (ISBN 0 7710 4065 2).

Abra, by Joan Barfoot, McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 199 pages, $9.95 cloth (ISBN 0 07 082740 0).

MY HUSBAND AND I struck a bargain this spring: fore couple of months I agreed to do all the weekend housework while he end a friend finished a book they were writing. It seemed okay to me-plenty of dishes and grocery shopping, but no typewriters. no blank sheets of paper. and best of all, no editors. Every Saturday the two men locked themselves in an upstairs mom while I scurried around making beds, cleaning cupboards, and vacuuming. I liked it. It was good productive work that had both a beginning and an end. Nobody ever suggested dinner wasn't quite right and perhaps I could try again with peas instead of carrots or that crème caramel was too sophisticated for his palate. Yet all the time we were eating and discussing the book, my work was disappearing. The food was being consumed. the dishes were getting dirty again, and, hardest blow of all, crumbs were falling on the floor. 1 had Worked es hard and es creatively, but et the end of the day they had written six, maybe seven pages and I had a stack of dirty dishes. It occurred



to me one evening. my hands red and wrinkled fmm the dishwater. that it was this transiency that is at the mot of women's discontent: so much of women's work vanishes before their eyes. No wonder housework is considered menial and valueless. What possible difference can it make to have the cleanest wash on the block if you also have the dirtiest kid?

The leap from the work to the worker is short. If *everything* you de *disappears*, soon you begin to fade as well because we tend to measure significance in terms of tangible accomplishments, to equate progress with building one completed task on another. The problem of significance, of existing in a real way, is at the heart of these two novels.

Where the Cherries End Up is a clumsy title for a clumsy book. It is the story of Genia Luckoskie, one of eight children of a Polish-Canadian family struggling against the climate and the sisyphean tasks on a rocky farm in Jasno Gora, a community in Northern Ontario. Genia wants to make something of herself and escape the misery that is her mother's life — the wife of a drunken brute, the mother of too many children. a woman who knows nothing but hard work, viciousness. and poverty. The book works only because the narrator's voice is authentic and her sincerity palpable.

Gail Henley (née Olsheskie) is herself one of eight children of a Polish-Canadian family from Barry's Bay in the Ottawa Valley. She escaped first to McGill, where she took en honours degree, and the" to the University of Cracow where she earned a Diploma in Cultures and Languages and finally to the University of Toronto for an M.A. in English Language and Literature. Since the" she has had a bit pert in the film *Julia* and invented an ultra-strength deodorant for actors working under television end film lights.

Henley has guts and verve and they both come across in this novel-cum-autobiography. She is a poor stylist and her characterization is sloppy, but her tale, which isn't so much written es told, is wrenching. *Where the Cherries End Up slops while* the heroine is still struggling against academe and government grant-giving bureaucracies. Presumably there is a sequel in which Genie's lurk changes and she becomes a successful deodorant inventor end actress. After that, Henley's career as a novelist may well become aid.

By comparison, *Abm by* Joan Barfoot is meticulously constructed. It *is* the story of a young woman who grew up in southwestern Ontario end et 19 left her parents' home to become her husband's *wife.* She worked while he finished law school and then they had two children, a boy and a girl. Stephen, the husband, laboured mightily and became very successful. And far a while Abra gave dinner parties and organized ever larger and more luxurious houses. The", one day when her se" was 11 and her daughter nine. Abra disappeared. She had been fading for years in a metaphysical sense and now the corporeal side vanished as well. In fact she withdrew $67,000 from the bank — an inheritance from her grandmother — bought a cabin in the country, filled up the family car with groceries, and simply drove out of her own life. The book "pens nine years later when Abra's daughter Katy, now 18, arrives at the cabin and demands to know why ha mother deserted the family.

The confrontation between daughter and mother, se common in our lives and our literature, is different in *Abra*. This is note neurotic end boring argument about clothes or political end sexual beliefs, for here the daughter has an incontrovertibly legitimate complaint: desertion. And the mother, the unnatural creature who could abandon both her nest and her offspring, seems childlike and vulnerable, more frightened the" frightening. Abra tells the story in a series of flashbacks, but she is so foreign to the person she used to be that her voice is impartial, more curious than defensive. She had "ever bee" very independent or brave — Abra and her mother both cried the night before her wedding and then smiled all through the ceremony -but courage end self-reliance are net the sorts of qualities parents nurture in nicely brought-up, well-behaved girls. As she got older her life became mere and more empty despite a loving, empathetic husband and healthy and attractive children. The more her life filled up with other people, the less mom there was for Abra — until the day she escaped. As the book progresses, Abra's voice becomes less distant and she becomes closer to her daughter Katy, the intruder in her new life. Indeed, Abra almost leaves her cabin to return to the city, but et the last moment she balks like a frightened horse and refuses to go. Taking Abra beck to the city is like caging a wild animal — contravening the natural order of things.

Abra is a strange and important book. Some readers will find this female Grey Owl implausible or contrived, but the persona behind the trappings is both believable and compelling. It is a risky book, exploring new territory, and it works. □

the browser

by Morris Wolfe

Credit factories, droughts, myths, and gift books for all your favourite bigots

THE QUALITY OF serious writing about education has declined in the past few years. There's no journal, for instance, that compares with This *Magazine Is About Schools in* thelasthalfofthe 1960s. What a pleasant surprise, therefore, to come across Reading, Writing, and Riches: Education and the Socio-Economic Order in North America, edited by Randle Nelson and David Nock (320 pages. $10.50). This attractively designed book is published by a new house. Between-the-Lines, 121 Avenue Reed, Toronto. Upton Sinclair wrote in his 1923 study of America" education, *The Goose Step,* that colleges in America aren't "organized on the principles of American government, but on those of American business; the college is not a state but a factory." The essays in this book explore the extent to which that continues to be true. Of particular interest is Edgar Z. Friedenberg's "Education for Passivity in a Branch-Plant Society." American society. he says, "is less like a school and feels less like a school than Canadian society. There is, notoriously, no Freedom of Information Act here in Canada; but, rather. a" Official Secrets Act. Citizens are expected to raise their hands respectfully before they ask questions. and not to get smartasses about it, or the authorities may get very nasty. Judges in Canada still seem to inspire a kind of awe: contempt of court is regarded as a serious crime. It can get you into serious

trouble in the United States. too; but the offence carries little stigma. Americans are mom likely to regard contempt of court as either a natural state of mind or, occasionally, as when a judge sends a journalist to jail for refusing to reveal his/her sources, a civic duty." Worth reading.

* * *

IT TOOK ME a little while to become accustomed to Claude Lévi-Strauss's Massey Lectures for 1977 on CBC-Radio. Instead of the carefully prepared talks I've come to expect from this annual series, I found myself listening to edited transcripts of conversations. But once I got used to this approach. I found the "lectures" extremely interesting and the subject melter of structuralism accessible in a way it hadn't been before. And Lévi-Strauss has a wonderful voice. Especially interesting to me is his view that from the 17th century on, music -the music of Frescobaldi, Bach, Mozart, etc. — came to take over the traditional function of mythology in Western civilization. The Massey Lectures for 1977 have now been published (Myth and Meaning, U of T Press, 54 pages, 52.95). The irony is that what worked well on radio comes across as rather slight on the printed page. It would be bettor to own the cassettes of this particular series.

* * *

I FIRST READ lean Burnet's Nwl-Year Country: A Study of Rural Social Organization in the lute 1950s. The story she told about the effects of the drought of the 1930s on rural Albertans was. as the *Canadian Geographical Journal* put il. "as fascinating as a novel." The book made me aware of the stark documentary appeal of sociological writing at its best. *Next-Year Country*, originally published in 1959. has now been reprinted (U of T Press, 188 pages, $5.95); it serves as a reminder of how rarely what Burnet achieved has been achieved by others in the 27 years since it was published. One question the book doesn't answer — I haven't seen it answered satisfactorily anywhere — is why similar conditions brought the right-wing Social Credit to power in Alberta and the left-wing CCF to power in Saskatchewan.

* i t

IN A PLURALIST society it's only reasonable that one be able to find gift books for everybody — however ignorant, kinky or perverse they might be. Allow me to help you make some choices. For your favourite male chauvinist pig may I recommend Ben Wicks' Women (McClelland & Stewart, 160 pages, $8.95). The book includes quotations such as "Woman may he said to be an inferior man" (Aristotle); lots of Wicks' so-so drawings; badly reproduced photographs with "funny" captions under them (Hitler. for example, raying "When the heil is Eva?"); and scads of Wicks' inimitable prose — "Why is it that woman is less intelligent than man? For the simple reason that with man around to do the thinking for her, woman has had little need for intellect." Guaranteed to keep your male chauvinist friends in stitches.

* * *

FOR YOUR FAVOURITE francophobe I recommend French Power by Sam Allison (BMG Publishing. 112 pages. $3.50). Last year's BMG success, *Bilingual Today. French Tomorrow*, sold *a* mere *120,000* copies. *Its* message was simple: Trudeau's objective is the conversion of Canada to a French-speaking nation. "That objective," wrote 1. V. Andrew, "will remain until every city, town and village in Canada has become French-speaking and French-controlled." Sam Allison develops these arguments hut his approach is more sublte and therefore, perhaps. more dangerous. Allis"", who teaches history in a Montreal hi school, has studied et the London School of Economics and at McGill and is now completing his Ph.D. (So much for the view that such opinions are held only by the uneducated.) According to Allison. although "Big Business is English . . Bii Government is French." And there's no doubt in his mind that real power these days is in the hands of government.

* * *

FOR YOUR FAVOURITE knee-jerk cultural nationalist I recommend William Arthur Deacon: *Memoirs* of a Literary Friendship by Jessie L. Beallie (The Fleming Press, 93 Paradise North — no kidding — Hamilton, Ontario, 58 page-s. $7.00). Jessie Beattie is a minor. not particularly good Canadian writer who received a great deal of kind encouragement from the enthusiastic but not particularly perceptive literary critic, William Arthur Deacon. The book celebrates Deacon as an "intellectual giant" end "a great Man *of* letters." That's twaddle. The quotations from his letters certainly don't prove that. And hi reviews in *Saturday Night* and *The Globe and Mail are* embarrassing to read now. But it's only natural that women such as Beattie and Mazo de la Roche thought *hi* brilliant; he doted on them. Douglas Bush's wish in the mid-1920s for a nationwide and lengthy outbreak of writers' cramp was pertly in response to the boosterism of such men as *William Arthur* Deacon.

* * *

FOR YOUR FAVOURITE obfuscator: A collection of readings tilled The Regulatory Process in Canada, edited by G. Bruce Doern (Macmillan, 565 pages, $11.95). Even reading the jacket copy on this one was enough to make my eyes start to blur. "This collection of commissioned essays." we're told, "presents the first comprehensive examination of the political economy of the Canadian regulatory *process through an* analysis both of the aggregate factors influencing the "se of the regulatory instrument of governing and of the behaviour of selected federal and provincial regulatory agencies." The fact is. as Herschel Hardin made abundantly clear in A *Nation Unaware, one of the things that* distinguishes Canada hum the U.S. is the number and kind of crown corporations and regulatory bodies we have. Although admittedly, a book about the regulatory process isn't going to make the best-seller list, surely that doesn't mean it has to be as drearily written as this one. The subject is *not* without interest. *Too* often *I* find an infuriating obfuscation in this kind of prose that says to the layman, "Keep Out: Specialists Only." The book proves the old saying that regulatory agencies (and those who work for them ad write about them) tend to become captives of the industries they were intended to keep watch over. It's ironic *that there* isn't a chapter on the Canadian Radio-Television and Telecommunications Commission in the book; the CRTC has worked harder than any other regulatory body in Canada at making its proceedings and its rulings accessible to the *general* public. ❑

Letters to the Editor

A LUPINE GROWL

Sir:

What a disappointment W.H. Now's review of *Aurora:* New *Canadian Writing 1978* was (October). It's not *that he* didn't *have* kind things to say about the book. He did. It's that so much of what be said was so vague. so lazy, that it's hard to believe the piece was written by the editor of *Canadian Literature*.

New mentions 12 writers whose work in *Aurora* he likes. Which is fine (although even here he's not as specific as. I think, a reviewer should be; he talks in detail about only *one* work out of well over 100).

But when he turns to discussing the work he *doesn't lie. New* indulges In flabby generalization after flabby generalization without ever naming one writer or giving one example of what he's talking about.

Its not clear, for example, just who or what New is referring to when he rays. "It is disappointing . . . that the pieces in the 'Love' section, striving so desperately for Novelty or Significance, seem variously so trite, so adolescent, so televised, so banal." Is it George Woodcock's poems7 Susan Musgrave's? The poems of Gail Fox, Ronald Bates, Brian Dedora? Is it Irena Friedman's story? Is it all of these people? None of them?

Surely the Association of Crummy Reviewers of Canada has enough members without W.H. New joining the club. If be wants to brush up on what a book review should be, he'd da well to read I.M. Owen on Morley Callaghan and John Hofsess on Margaret Gibson in the same issue of *Books in Canada* his review appeared in.

Morris Wolfe
Toronto

ON HILL AND HISTORY

Sir,

As a consultant in the preparation of Hodgetts and Gallagher's *Teaching Canada in the 80s,* reviewed by Lorne Hill in your August-September issue, I must quarrel with his interpretation even though he makes some valid criticism of the volume.

In the first place what is proposed is not a syllabus for teaching Canadian Studies but a framework. The distinction might seem semantic, especially to the non-educator, unless we realize that "syllabus" implies a common course to be taught in all Canadian schools. This would be utopian and undesirable but a "framework" suggests a means, as the book intends, through which courses and programs could be organized using a variety of disciplines and interdisciplinary or thematic approaches. The preface explicitly refers to a "common framework" that would touch all curriculum areas.

While it can be conceded that the social studies is strongly emphasized, Hill is wrong in suggesting that history and thematic approaches are ignored. One would not divine from his review that a special plea is made for the place of history in the upper elementary years or that in the succeeding studies of the Canadian environment, political and economic systems. and public issues, many historical topics are suggested, an historical perspective is often implicit, and that sets of "historical analysis" questions are proposed for the teacher's use. In fact, every one of these questions could be used as a basis for the very thematic treatment that Hill proposes.

Hill's own bia shows in his reference to the "distinctly American flavour" of the "syllabus." Thii will surprise anyone who knows Hodgetts, to say the least. Presumably Hill is referring to the public-issues aspect of the framework. The evidence is abundant from Hodgetts' own investigations repotted in *What* Culture? *What Heritage?* that our students too rarely have the chance to confront public issues in the classroom — whether in historical or any other perspective. What would be "distinctly American" about doing so? For the record, British schools are now far ahead of us in this regard. (And Hill must know that the Harvard public issues project in the U.S. has a very strong historical bent. suggesting that such an approach need-and should — not ignore history.)

I have seen too many of the tired "detailed treatments" of the Rebellions of 1837 in Canadian classrooms in recent years to be enthused by Hill's traditional prescription. Not that ddi and other topics are unimportant. Nineteenth-century Canadian history as it is taught (and as Hill seems to advocate) persists in the "cart-before-the-horse" syndrome, i.e. in presenting political-constitutional events that, I would argue, were the *surface manifestations* of deep-seated social and economic change. We badly need a good social history of Canada for the schools — certainly written by historians from all parts of Canada. Such a history would be fully compatible with the framework proposed by Hodgetts and Gallagher.

Finally, there is no presumption that general Western history would be ignored if tbii framework were adopted, as Hill seems to fear. If I devise a framework for teaching chemistry, it does not imply that I am ignoring physics. Even now, a good deal of social studies is comparative, i.e. Canadian Studies in a global framework (as Hodgetts and Gallagher clearly intend) or "world studies" seen in part from a Canadian perspective when not taught. as they should be, "for their own sake."

George S. Tomkins
Professor/Co-ordinator
Faculty of Education
The University of British Columbia
Vancouver

CanWit No. 37

— FLASH —
(NEW LEAD NATIVITY)

FORT CHIMO, Que. (CP) — Informed sources here confirmed today that world church leaders. summoned to this northern Quebec settlement by flabbergasted welfare officials, now agree the Inuit girl born in a local snowmobile garage is

CONTESTANTS ARE imiled to speculate on how the Second Coming (anywhere) might be reported by The Canadian Press wire service (see above). *Maclean's* (the 52-times-a-year Cana*Time* newsmagazine), *your* Metro-news-first afternoon *news-*

paper, your get-the-bastards morning tabloid. your local rock radio station, the CBC. *The Last Post*, or *The Body Politic*. Maximom: 75 words. The winner will receive $25. Address: CanWit No. 37, Books in *Canada*, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. The deadline is Nov. 30.

RESULTS OF CANWIT NO. 35

WHAT CANADA'S hard-pressed fiction writers need is an imaginary gazetteer. Accordingly. we asked readers to invent place names for particular regions that are unmistakably of that region. The winner is W. Ritchie Benedict of Calgary, who receives $25 for these apposite locations:

- ☐ Flounder. Nfld.
- ☐ Establishment. Ont.
- ☐ Mal-les-dents. Que.
- ☐ Forgotten Lake. Mm.
- ☐ Dividend. Alta.
- ☐ Nirvana. B.C.
- ☐ Stuffed Nose, Sask.

Honourable Mentions:

- ☐ Rumbling Gut. Nfld.
- ☐ Waspville. N.B.
- ☐ Byzantium. Ont.
- a Prong. Sask.

-Gordon Inglis, St. John's

* * *

- ☐ Far Out Inlet. B.C.
- ☐ Diet. Sask.
- ☐ Matter-of-Fact, Nfld.

—Sandra Wilde. Fredericton

* * *

- ☐ Whet. Nfld.
- ☐ Crikton, Alta.
- ☐ Creeps, Sask.
- ☐ Creet, N.W.T.

—Victoria Johnson, Ottawa

* * *

- ☐ Riviere de Castor. Que.
- ☐ Urania. Ont.

—Michael F. J. Kennedy. Saskatoon

* * *

- ☐ Rainflower, B.C.
- ☐ Nicolinco (an Italian suburb of Sudbury, Ont.)

-Ray Smith, Parry Sound. Ont.

* ⊠

- ☐ Crumpetwack, B.C.

-Anne Hicks. Kitchener, Ont.

* ⊠

- ☐ Torriesland, Ont.
- ☐ Blandland, Mm.
- ☐ Frozen Moose. Y.T.

—S. Raber, Winnipeg

* *

- ☐ Patronage, N.B.
- ☐ Bricklyn, N.B.

—Michael 0. Nowlan, Oromocto, N.B.

* * *

- ☐ Blue Brass Monkey. Baffin Island, N.W.T.
- ☐ Dotted Line (on the Ontario-Quebec border)

—Joan McGrath, Toronto

*

- ☐ Carptown, N.S. * *
- ☐ Inquiétude, Que.

—Robert J. Harrison, Sudbury, Ont.

* *

- ☐ Eh, N.B.
- ☐ Budworm, N.B.

—Peggy Holt, Fredericton

CLASSIFIED

Classified rates: $5 per line (40 characters to the line). Deadline: first of the month for issue dated following month. Address: 'Books In Canada Classified, 366 Adelaide Street East, Toronto M5A 1N4. Phone: (416) 363-5426.

The editors recommend

THE FOLLOWING books were reviewed in the previous issue of Books *in Canada*. Our recommendations don't necessarily reflect the reviews:

FICTION

The Assumption of the Rogues and Rascals, by Elizabeth Smart. Clarke Irwin. After 30 years of exile, silence. and coping, Ms. Smart has written a sort of sequel to *By Grand Central Station I Sat Down and Wept*.

Death of a Lady's Man, by Leonard Cohen, McClelland & Stewart. In which the poet plays Hamlet and meditates on failure. An astonishing book.

Aurora: New Canadian Writing 1978, edited by Morris Wolfe. Doubleday. One mm's contemporary sampler. offering variety and quality:

Who Do You Think You Are?, by Alice Munro, Macmillan. A novel of literary and nostalgic value in a minor, sadder key.

The Italians, by F.G. Paci, Oberon Press. A tine first novel about an immigrant family's attempt to find a middle-ground between old and new worlds.

NON-FICTION

Cruel and Unusual, by Gerard McNeil ad Sharon Vance. Deneau & Greenberg. Damning indictment of our prison system.

City for Sale, by Henry Aubin, James Lorimer & Co. How Montreal sold out to the multinational developers.

The Canadian Senate: A Lobby from Within, by Colin Campbell, Macmillan. Succinct reasons why the Upper House should be abolished forthwith.

Books received

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

The Joy of Hockey. by Eric Nicol and Dave More. Hurtig
Ploot, by James Judd. Borealis Press
The Heterosexual Game, by Ronald C. Pyrch and Kenneth Allan Puzder. Vesta Publications
The Glass Prairie, by Bluebell Stewart Phillips. Vesta Publications
Harvest The Sun: Solar Construction in the Snowbelt, by Nick Nicholson, Firefly Books Ltd.
The Goat and the Tiger, by Derek C. Askey, PaperJacks
I Miss You, Hugs and Kisses, by William Crichton, PaperJacks
The Prime Minister. by Austin Clarke, PaperJacks
White Eskimo, by Harold Horwood, PaperJacks
Daughter of the Regiment, by Jane Barrett, PaperJacks
Catherine Schubert. by Vicky Metcalf. Fitzhenry & Whiteside
Lucy Maud Montgomery, by Mollie Gillen, Fitzhenry & Whiteside
Mystery at the Edge of Two Worlds, by Christie Harris, M & S
The Tightrope Dancer, by Irving Layton, M & S
Being Alive: Poems 1958-78, by Al Purdy, M & S
The Poets of Canada, edited by John Robert Colombo, Hurtig
All This Night Long, by Robert Gibbs, Fiddlehead
When a Girl Looks Down, by Kay Smith, Fiddlehead
The Loneliness of the Poet/Housewife, by Mary Humphrey Baldridge, Fiddlehead
Poems of a Very Simple Man. by Christopher Heide, Fiddlehead
The Terrible Word, by William Bauer, Fiddlehead
Ikons of the Hunt, by Theresa Kishkan, Sono Nis Press
Richard Leiterman, by Alison Reid and P. M. Evanchuck, Canadian Film Institute
The Films of Don Shebib, by Piers Handling, Canadian Film Institute
A Gift to Last, by Gordon Pinsent and Grahame Woods, Seal Books
Crow's Black Joy, by Lorna Uher, NeWest Press
Palatine Cat, by Jim Christy, The Four Humours Press
The Conserver Solution, by Lawrence Solomon, Doubleday
Growing Up Dead, by Brenda Rabkin. M & S
Moosemeat and Wild Rice, by Basil Johnston, M & S
Ben Wicks' Women, by Ben Wicks, M & S
Christopher Breton, by Selwyn Dewdney, M & S
Letters of State, by Lazar Sarna, The Porcupine's Quill Inc.
Curlota: Prose and Poems from Havana, by Margaret Randall, New Star Books
Yankee Unions, Go Home!, by Jack Scott, New Star Books
Inside the Nicaraguan Revolution, by Doris Tijerino, translated by Elinor Randall, New Star Books
Selected Essays and Criticism, by Louis Dudek, The Tecumseh Press
Fall By Fury, by Earle Birney, M & S
Names of Thunder, by Scott Lawrance, M & S
Olde Charlie Farquharson's Testament, by Don Harron, Gage Publishing
The Railroad's Not Enough, by Heather Menzies, Clarke Irwin
The Boy in Buckskins, by Iris Allan, Western Producer Prairie Books
The Emperor of Peace River, by Eugenie Louise Myles, Western Producer Prairie Books
Livingstone of the Arctic, by Dudley Copland, Canadian Century Publishers
The Magic Battle, by Lee Bryant, G. R. Welch Co.
French Power, by Sam Allison, BMG Publishing
Plants: Answers That Work, by Ken Reeves, Clarke Irwin
Clairtone: The Rise and Fall of a Business Empire, by Garth Hopkins, M & S
Natural Dyes, by Hermine Lathrop-Smit, James Lorimer & Co.
Cross-Currents, edited by C.J. Porter, Macmillan
A Reminder of Familiar Faces, by Joan Finnigan, NC Press
Hands Get Lonely Sometimes, by Gwen Hauser, Blewointment Press
The Abramsky Variations, by Morley Torgov, Penguin Books
What the Crow Said, by Robert Kroetsch, General Publishing
Carnival, by R.G. Everson, Oberon Press
Familiar Colloquy: Essays Presented to Arthur Edward Barker, edited by Patricia Bruckmann, Oberon Press
Waiting for the Ice-Cream Man: A Prison Journal, edited by Larry Krotz, CanVerse
Geology Tour of Saint John, by A. J. Gordon, New Brunswick Museum
Canadian Problems in Marketing, by Blair Little *et al.*, McGraw-Hill Ryerson

A fine gift selection

WATERSHIP DOWN
Richard Adams
As a story of enchantment, adventure and animal lore and as a story that can be interpreted on many levels, *Watership Down* has given rare delight to millions, and has carved a place for itself among the classics of the world. It is now a beautiful. animated film.
Penguin paperback $2.95

THE WATERSHIP DOWN FILM PICTURE BOOK
with linking text by Richard Adams Penguin paperback $7.95

THE WATERSHIP DOWN FILM CALENDAR 1979 $5.95

NATURE DAY AND NIGHT
Richard Adams end Max Hccper, illustrated by David A. Goddard
With beautiful drawings and fascinating Facts.
Allen Lana hardback $9.95

AVICTORIAN FLOWER ALBUM
Henry Terry
A colourful keepsake of one spring and summer in 1873.
Alla" Lane hardback $14.95

A HOUSE IS A HOUSE FOR ME
Mary *Ann* Hoberman, illustrated by Betty Fraser
Written in lilting, rhythmic verse with meticulously detailed pictures in splendid colour. Viking hardback $6.95

SOLAR SYSTEM
Peter Ryan and Ludek Pesek
A space age guide to the solar system.
Allen lane hardback $19.95

BON APPETIT COUNTRY COOKING
ed. Heather Maisner Viking hardback $29.95

VIXEN 03
Clive Cussler
By the author of the phenomenally successful *Raise the Titanic!*
Viking hardback $10.95

THE FAR PAVILIONS
M. M. Kaye
The Far Pavilions weaves a rich tapestry of love and war that makes it one of the compelling novels of our time.
860 pages Allen Lane hardback $12.95

THE GREEK ISLANDS
Lawrence Durrell Viking hardback $29.95

THE RUNNER'S HANDBOOK and THE RUNNER'S HANDBOOK TRAINING DIARY
Bob Glover and Jack Shepherd Penguin handbook $3.95
Penguin diary $2.95

HOUSE AND GARDEN'S BOOK OF REMODELING
Editors of House and Garden
With over 400 colour illustrations, the bock is a fascinating storehouse of architecture and interior design ideas in both traditional and modern modes. Viking hardback $45.00

MICHAEL BOND'S BOOK OF BEARS
Penguin paperback $4.95

THE CHRISTMAS TREE BOOK
Phillip V. Snyder Penguin paperback $4.95

SEAL SONG
Brim" Davies
A unique report-l" words and full colour photographs-c" one of the world's most appealing and beautiful animals, the baby harp seal. Viking hardback $17.95

CHAIN REACTION
Gordon Pape and Tony Aspler
Two Canadian authors, journalists who closely watched the present Canadian political situation develop. have produced a spell-binding and all mu plausible scenario. '. *Chain Reaction* is compelling reading.'—*Books in* Canada.
Viking hardback $9.95

FIRE AND SWORD: THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CLANS
John Prebble Penguin paperbacks $11.95

THE FIREBIRD AND OTHER RUSSIAN FAIRYTALES
Illustrated bv Boris Zvorykin, introduction by Jacqueline Onassis Viking hardback $14.95

WHAT IT TAKES TO FEEL GOOD: THE NICKOLAUS TECHNIQUE
Jay Kobler end Benno Isaacs Viking hardback $14.95

IN VOGUE: SIX DECADES OF FASHION
ed. Georgina Howell Penguin paperback $14.95

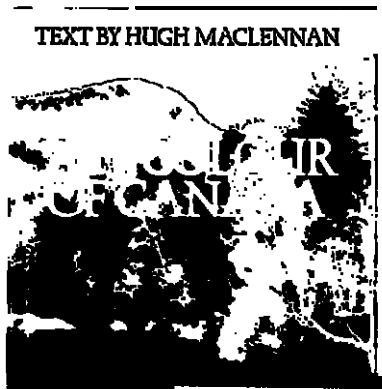
THE IN VOGUE CALENDAR 1979 $5.95

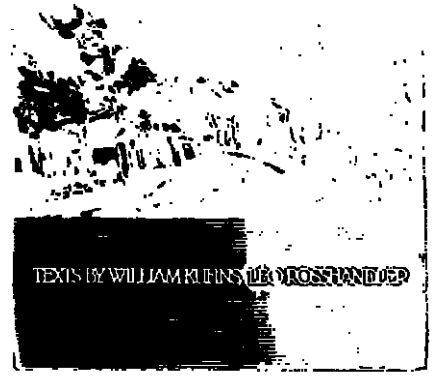
THE MOST AMAZING HIDE-AND-SEEK ALPHABET BOOK
Robert Crowther Kestrel hardback $6.95

CLAUDIUS
Robert Graves Penguin paperbacks $5.95

THE VOGUE BODY AND BEAUTY BOOK
Bronwen Meredith Allen Lane hardback $17.95

Judge these books by their covers





IRAN–ELEMENTS OF DESTINY
by Roloff Beny ($50.00)

SUMMER PLACES,
photography by Dudley Witney,
text by Brendan Gill ($29.95)

THE COLOUR OF CANADA
text by Hugh MacLennan ($9.95)

SAM BORENSTEIN – ARTIST
by Léo Rosshandler and
William Kuhns ($35.00)

LANDMARKS of Canadian Art
by Peter Mellen ($50.00).

AT GOOD BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

McClelland & Stewart
The Canadian Publishers